Blood, sweat and tears

by Superbly_Annoyed

Summary

Jimin had known all along that he was different, but he never quite understood why he had to hide... not until the second prince blew up his cover.

From that point on, everything changed for him.

Notes

I hope that you all will enjoy this story...

Thank you to everyone who came here from Butterfly; I'll try to give you a good story as much as i tried with Butterfly.
King Kim Seokjun was known for his kind demeanor even if he was an alpha, he was a good leader that listened to his people and tried to keep everyone happy even if it meant sacrificing his own happiness.

Uniting the lands into only one kingdom was hard, wolves usually feared other packs, but he had managed with one simple task… marriage.

He married three beautiful women; one from each major land; Jinae from his own homeland, his one true love ever since he was a kid, the woman that had made his heart beat for the first time in a way that had him thinking maybe he’d die any minute. He devoted his first five years of marriage to her and in the fourth decided to try for offspring.

Jinae was known as the First Queen, kind and beautiful, humble and sophisticated in a way that made women in town envy her in a good way; the kind of woman that could only inspire good words. She gave birth to his first son, the crown prince, Seokjin.

The King couldn’t take more time to enjoy his first child and the council started to pressure him into another marriage… wolves in the north side were quite organized and they had decided to join the lands. They offered their most rare wolf, one of the few albino wolves that existed, Yoonsik.

She was a cold woman, like the mountains she came from, encumbered with snow, her hair was white, her eyes were blue and her lips a deep red. Albeit already mated to Jinae, Seokjun fell in Yoonsik’s spell quicker than anybody would’ve thought; she was smart and cunning, but her heart was full of resentment… albino wolves had poor health and her father was a vile and cruel man.

Seokjun allowed her and her father to come and live into the palace; he built two wings, one for the First Queen and one for the Second Queen… he couldn’t harm Jinae’s feelings more than he already had. Her comprehension didn’t mean anything when she shifted and her wolf could only howl in agony at having to share her mate.

Only a year after Seokjin was born, Yoonsik gave birth to Yoongi. A pale and weak boy that Seokjun could only stare in pity, compared to the healthy boy that Jinae had given him, Yoongi was a pitiful sight, smaller than normal, pale like his mother and weak enough that his cries were seldom.

Seokjun knew Yoonsik’s father was a cruel man, but as long as he stayed in the Second’s house, he was not worried. The man wouldn’t harm his own daughter or his grandson. Still… Seokjun noticed how Yoonsik suffered from his words and treatment and that drove him to exiling the old man to his former land.

It made tensions arise within the borders and in no time Seokjun was being pressure to find another wife… the wolves at the South were the most dangerous ones, were violent and most of them were alphas; it wasn’t uncommon to hear of mated omegas that were forced to mate again after losing their former mates to other alphas. It was unheard of that there were betas at the south.

Seokjun traveled to the impoverished land and met the daughter of the general. No, he was not supposed to fall in love with her because she was no royalty, but in the end he managed to convince
the council that she’d do. Haneul was not weak like Yoonsik, but she lacked the amazing beauty Jinae had.

Haneul was a tough woman, quiet as the omegas in her land required her to be, but strong enough that she had managed to kill most alphas that had tried to claim her. Her body was filled with scars, her hands were rough and her eyes were black, like ink… Seokjun wasn’t sure why he fell under her trap, but in no time he had a third wing built for her.

Five years after Seokjin was born Haneul was giving birth as well… the night she entered into labor, Seokjun was traveling, after hearing of the woman’s condition, Jinae dared into the Third House and helped the younger woman to deliver her kid safely into the world.

Jinae felt a connection with her… probably the shared bond they all had with Seokjun, but in the end Jinae couldn’t find it in her to hate the younger woman. Jungkook was born at midnight and his mother held him for only fifteen minutes before she died…

Jinae wasn’t sure why she cried… it was the first time she had seen the woman, but something deep inside made her feel sad.

Seokjun arrived to the news and the anguish he could feel boiling inside his body of not having been there for his youngest wife… How scared had she been? How lonely and terrified of not being able to do it?

His anger soon turned into frustration when the southern land asked for an explanation… marriages worked like that; they were a collateral, but now that Haneul was dead the southern land needed something that stated that Eastern kingdom was not going to eradicate them.

Jungkook. The newborn was sent to live with his grandfather and grandmother in the dangerous lands… it was the only thing the king could do to keep peace. Jinae was the only to question his decisions and it passed a long time before she actually forgave him.

Seokjun learned the hard way what it meant to love and the vast possibility of loving more than one person… it required time and dedication; things that he lacked with the job of being a king… he either made his people happy or his mates.

One day Seokjin would be king… and surely he’d have to understand.

…

Taehyung had arrived to the western lands on the hand of his mother; his father had deceased three years back and he was only five, his mother was kind and warm, always working to make ends meet.

They didn’t have money and had joined a nomad party a year ago; he had seen many things around the world while they traveled, but it wasn’t until he arrived to the western peaceful lands that he met the most intriguing creature he’d ever met in his life.

What he liked about the western lands was they didn’t have a leader; they didn’t have alphas roaming around. Only betas and omegas, they had markets and hostels, the western lands were nothing but a touristic destiny or a place to rest while you traveled from north to south or vice versa.

He was walking aimlessly through the market with few coins in his pockets when his attention was drawn to a kid… he was sitting on a high stool, his feet swinging back and forth while he offered green and red apples to pedestrians.
Taehyung was a kid and the only conception of love and attraction he had was the one he felt for his mother, but he couldn’t take his eyes off the kid as he crossed the street and stopped right in front of the tent; the kid’s silvery eyes stared down at him from the high stool.

“You have nice ears!” The kid had smiled widely and Taehyung could only gasp as he reached up and touched his ears as if only then he noticed he had them. “I like them, they look like chocolate.” He added and Taehyung blushed.

“You have nice…” He looked up and noticed the kid’s ears were not on display, instead he had a fancy blue cloth tied around, making him look like some sort of pirate. “…blue fabric on your head.” Taehyung said and the kid erupted in giggles.

“Are you staying or crossing town?” He asked and Taehyung blinked several times before finally gathering his thoughts.

“Staying, forever… I have to tell my mom we cannot leave now.” He said and the kid frowned, but smiled nonetheless.

“Yes! You do that! We can be friends and play sometime…” He said and Taehyung nodded eagerly before turning around and running back to find his mother. “Wait!” The boy called and Taehyung turned around to see his wide smile. “What is your name?” He asked loudly and Taehyung gave a few blinks again.

“Taehyung!” He yelled over the market’s noise.

“I am Jimin! Don’t forget it!” Jimin waved and Taehyung felt his mouth pull in his usual boxy grin.

“I won’t ever forget it!” He said and then turned around to quickly find his mother.

…

Taehyung believed he had convinced his mother of letting them stay in the western lands for the rest of their lives when it had been actually her plan all along.

The woman had saved enough money to buy a small cabin near the coast and Taehyung would someday learn how to fish and sail; his mother was the kind of woman that knew how to do everything… a fearless omega that he admired.

In no time the woman had befriended Jimin’s mother and Taehyung wondered if maybe Jimin looked more like his father because the woman had black hair and black eyes with black pointy ears atop her head. Taehyung hadn’t seen Jimin’s ears, but it was common for them to have the same color of one’s hair and judging by the silver strands he could see from beneath the cloth Jimin wore on his head he guessed the ears were the same.

Jemin didn’t have a father either and his mother owned a small stall in the market; her home was on the second floor and it was barely enough to keep her and Jimin comfortable… She harvested apples in the small backyard they owned and Jimin was in charge of selling them.

Taehyung came to the realization that Jimin was a really good seller… if he offered an apple to some random person, that very same person would stop, stare down at the boy and then proceed to buy as much as Jimin suggested… it was almost like magic.

Taehyung guessed that only worked with Jimin because he was beautiful, because when his own mother sent him to the market with a few buckets filled with fresh mackerel no one stopped to even look at him.
“Maybe it is because fish stinks.” Jimin said while he pursed his lips and stared down at the full buckets of fish and Taehyung’s pout.

“I think so too, but if I don’t sell these they will go to waste and I won’t have money to buy our food.” He said and Jimin giggled because that was unlikely… Taehyung and his mother could still eat these mackerels, but he understood his worries.

“Let me try…” Jimin said as he came to stand next to Taehyung; he pulled one of the fish from the small hook inside its mouth and then his eyes moved to the oncoming man… he looked like a soldier… probably from the north because of his black uniform. “Excuse me, sir!” Jimin said loudly and the man looked down at him with a frown. “These mackerels are really good, fresh and nice, ready to be cooked with some potatoes and maybe salad.” Jimin said and gave his wide grin.

The man blinked a few times and inspected the food with a small grimace.

“I am not one for fish, kid.” He said and Taehyung frowned, he had offered the food before and no one even stopped to say ‘no, thank you’, but here was the soldier explaining his eating habits to Jimin.

“Oh, because you still haven’t tried this mackerel!” Jimin said again and the man gave a fond smile as his hands came to pet Jimin’s head.

“I’ll trust you on this one.” The man said and pulled out his small pouch of coins and handed more than enough for the fish; Jimin thanked him and handed the food. “Take care, you two.” He said and then walked away.

“How did you do that?” Taehyung said as Jimin handed him the coins. The other boy shrugged and then decided to stay with Taehyung for the rest of the afternoon to help him sell the fish, surely his mother could survive without him for one afternoon.

When the sun settled on the horizon Jimin asked his mother permission to go to Taehyung’s house and deliver the empty buckets and the money. The woman nodded happily, telling him to return home shortly and avoiding the lonely corners.

Taehyung’s mother was honestly surprised and when she heard the tale about Jimin’s magic she could only laugh and hand Jimin a good share of the coins for his help.

Jimin had never had a friend before, but soon Taehyung became his closest one, the only one. Taehyung knew a lot of things from all the trips, even if he was younger, his mother knew a lot of stuff… as the lowest class in the ladder, they didn’t know how to read or write, they didn’t know much about history, science or culture, but as merchants they were quick with numbers and words.

Shifting was a thing Taehyung enjoyed, but Jimin didn’t… Jimin never shifted with him even when they played at the beach… Taehyung’s brown wolf would chase after Jimin and even then Jimin was still too gracious and quick to avoid even touching his friend.

Taehyung and Jimin… Jimin and Taehyung and soon they were known all around the western market, people often asked them to run errands and you’d never see one without the other for long. Taehyung was rather clumsy on his feet whilst Jimin was really quick and stealthy… like he weighed nothing, like he was invisible when running through the crowds while Taehyung bumped always into someone… always ten steps behind his best friend.

As years went by, Taehyung started to hear his mother talking to Jimin’s about what they’d do once they presented and that got Taehyung severely confused… Jimin’s mother looked less happy about
it, Taehyung’s mother was simply enthralled with the prospect of Jimin becoming Taehyung’s mate one day… whatever that meant.

“Do you know what presenting entails?” A ten year old Taehyung asked Jimin one night while they lied on the beach staring at the clear sky.

“Ah… It means to mature, Mom has explained a few things to me…” Jimin shrugged and Taehyung vaguely wondered why his mother hadn’t done so too.

“What is a mate?” Taehyung asked and Jimin hummed softly.

“It is like a person you stay with for the rest of your life. My mother’s mate, my father, died when I was a baby.” He explained and Taehyung sat abruptly.

“My mother thinks we should become mates one day.” Taehyung said and Jimin sat as well and pursed his lips while he considered his options.

“It is not like I have anyone else and I love you anyway… It could be.” Jimin shrugged shyly as he traced his finger on the sand.

“Yes, it’s cool… I didn’t know what it meant though.” Taehyung blushed and averted his gaze to the ground as well.

“We could become merchants and travel around the world.” Jimin said more excitedly and Taehyung turned to see his silver eyes lit up in wonder and his smile widen. “I want to see beautiful places and buy many fabrics for my head.” Jimin said placing his small hands on top of his head.

Taehyung felt his mouth dry, but also his curiosity pike in interest. In all the years of knowing him, Taehyung had never once asked why Jimin used that cloth around his head, hiding his ears, but now… now he wanted to know.

“I want to see your ears…” He blurted out and Jimin’s smile faded as his eyes locked on Taehyung’s for a long moment.

“My mother said I should never show my ears to anyone.” Jimin replied and Taehyung frowned.

“But we are going to be mates one day… isn’t it weird that I won’t know what you look like without your cloth? I haven’t seen your wolf either… but we can shift together some other day. For now I want to see you without your cloth… You can put it back on as soon as I’m done and I won’t tell anyone about it…” Taehyung said and Jimin sighed in defeat.

It hadn’t been hard to convince him and that was mostly because Jimin knew how weird it was… only after becoming Taehyung’s friend he had realized how many things he was not allowed to do.

Jimm reached to untangle the knot on his nape and Taehyung stared while holding his breath… Jimin let the blue fabric fall on his lap and very shyly looked up to see Taehyung’s reaction.

“Oh… whoa…” Taehyung’s mouth fell open and his eyes widened at the sight of the biggest ears he had ever seen… Unlike his, Jimin’s were furrier, the tips dowsed in white and the rest silver like his hair, but really… normal wolves had smaller and pointy ears with less fur. “Those are… gorgeous…” It was true, but it was not normal and Jimin obviously knew that. “You’re like a prince…” Jimin giggled.

“Thank you… my mom says they are beautiful, but that most people wouldn’t understand…” He said and Taehyung nodded in agreement.
“How come your mom doesn’t have them?” He asked in confusion and Jimin giggled.

“I don’t know, but she likes to pet them when I am going to sleep. You can touch them if you want.” Jimin said and leaned a bit and Taehyung reached his hands up and touched them making Jimin close his eyes.

“So soft!” Taehyung breathed out in wonder and continued when he noticed Jimin liked his touch. His friend leaned until he was resting with his head on Taehyung’s lap, almost falling asleep.

“Cute…” Taehyung chuckled at the sight as he continued his ministrations. “So… you must look different when you shift too…” Taehyung said and Jimin hummed softly.

“That’s because I am not a wolf, Taetae…” Jimin mumbled almost asleep and Taehyung frowned. “I am a fox…”

…

“We shouldn’t be here.” Jimin said as he eyed teak forest there were in. Teak trees were not too big or leafy, they grew in dry places such as this one and it was hard to hide behind their slim trunks.

“Well… at the northern lands they have pine forests, those are beautiful, thick and so green, but we only have this… and I think it is better this than nothing.” Taehyung said as he proceeded to unbutton his white shirt and discard his worn shoes. “You do know how to shift, right?” He asked and eyed his friend.

“Of course I know how to shift!” Jimin defended and with a long sigh proceeded to discard the cloth on his head and then his shirt.

Taehyung was naked faster and he could only stare at Jimin while he got his clothes off. His big ears twitching in every direction probably scared that someone would come unannounced. His skin was paler than Taehyung’s and his frame was smaller too. Jimin finished and tucked his clothes safely next to a tree.

“Just… just for a while. I don’t feel safe without my mom.” Jimin said fidgeting slightly as he looked around, his tail swaying behind him.

“Yeah… of course.” Taehyung said and then Jimin nodded and took a deep breath before he twisted in the air, his whole body rebuilding its bones, skin and organs to let the young one land this time in the form of a fox. “Whoa…” Taehyung whispered in awe as he stared at the animal…

He had never seen a fox before, so it was common to have such a reaction, Jimin’s fur was silvery and his eyes were the same, he had long legs, but a rather small body with a long and thick tail and big ears.

“Oh my God! You’re beautiful…” Taehyung mouthed and the fox whined and approached his friend to nuzzle its snout on Taehyung’s hand. “Now we can play together.” Taehyung said and was quick to change into his wolf.

Taehyung noticed he was bigger than Jimin in this form too, his chocolate brown wolf was packed and simply looked stronger, but he was not fooled… even in his human form, Jimin was faster and more flexible…

Soon they were sprinting through the trees. Taehyung had been right to assume Jimin would be faster, but not only that, he was really quick to make sharp turns that in contrast, had Taehyung’s bigger body slamming into trees.
Taehyung never got even close to reaching his friend… they had left home around ten in the morning and they only returned when the sun was about to set…

No one needed to know what they had been doing the whole day and surely their mothers wouldn’t mind if they played like this once a week.

“See? Nothing happened…” Taehyung said when they were walking back home, already dressed and tired from running so much and Jimin looked relaxed and happy and deep down inside, Taehyung felt pride of being the one to do that.

“Yeah… I really liked it, Taetae…” Jimin said and looked into his best friend’s eyes with his wide smile that made Taehyung’s heart almost stop.

“We can come here often… play to our hearts’ content and then go back, Jiminnie… no one needs to know.” He said and the forbidden act made Jimin nervous.

He was not going to tell his mother about that; she’d be really angry if she learned that Jimin had been playing around with Taehyung in his fox’s form.

“I can promise you, Jiminnie… that once we become mates, you won’t ever have to hide yourself again because I am going to protect you.” Taehyung said and his voice sounded so serious and confident that Jimin could do nothing but believe him, but still… Taehyung was a bit oblivious to some things Jimin’s mother had actually explained to him.

Their mating process would be determined until they matured, until they presented… and it would depend greatly on their status once they did. Omegas could mate betas and alphas, betas could mate omegas, betas and alphas, and alphas could mate omegas and betas.

What if they presented as omegas or alphas? They wouldn’t be able to be mates.

Even then… Jimin decided not to worry about it. Wolves usually presented on ages from eighteen to twenty so… they still had a few years before they had to worry about that and in any case, Taehyung looked so sure of his words that Jimin actually believed him.

“Next week will be the Red Moon’s festival. We should save up a bit to buy lots of candy.” Jimin said happily and Taehyung nodded with a boxy grin.

“Sure thing!”

The Red Moon’s festival was once a year during autumn.

It was a rather romantic occasion to celebrate with your mate or someone you loved, the moon turned scarlet red for the night and the pull on the wolves was so strong that it was said that the couples that actually mated during the Red Moon would never face any hardships regarding their bond.

Jimin liked the festival because it meant many new merchants arriving to town with many new things to sell and Jimin was excited about foods and other curious objects.

Still, Jimin noticed the tension during the festival and he only noticed the new people because his mother was whispering about them to Taehyung’s mother. They were soldiers; soldiers from the eastern lands, with their red uniform and sharp gazes… the soldiers of the main palace, the ones protecting the royal family.

Why were they here? The only other occasion the soldiers crossed the western border was when in war, but as much as they knew, there was not such a thing.
“Just don’t stray too far…” Jimin’s mother said as she petted his head and the boy giggled before taking off with Taehyung behind him.

Autumn was Jimin’s most favorite season throughout the whole year. It meant this festival and dances and pretty things all around; it meant he could go out with Taetae and have fun while their mothers sat around a bonfire, eating and chatting about how tall Taehyung had gotten over the last month and how Jimin’s cheeks were plumper.

At least that was what Jimin loved the most about autumn, but one fated night it all could change everything. Tonight would be that fateful night…

Jimin’s eyes strayed from one stall to the other, a small pouch with all his savings in one hand while he pondered on what should he buy first.

“My mother keeps on saying you’ll be a successful merchant one day.” Taehyung commented while he walked behind Jimin with a pout because he had not saved that much because he liked to often buy snacks and toys in the market, but Jimin always saved to buy the coolest things.

“We will be successful merchants one day…” Jimin said as he stopped, opened his pouch and pulled a fistful of coins to hand over to Taehyung. “If that’s what you want us to be, Taetae…” Jimin said and Taehyung blinked in wonder at the shiny coins.

“But you saved these to buy a new fabric for your head…” The slightly younger said feeling guilty, but his friend simply shrugged.

“I’d rather use them to buy something better.” He said and peered up at Taehyung’s face; the taller blinked in confusion. “A smile Taetae… you’ve been glaring all night.” He said and Taehyung blushed a bit as he handed back five coins.

“Here… this is your change.” He said and finally gave Jimin his boxy grin; the shorter boy giggled and then scurried to run between the people.

Taehyung was left to gape, as usual because Jimin was really quick on his feet and he was so good at avoiding collisions while he ran through people that he would never be able to catch up, but still he tried… He was taller and a lot clumsier, he did collide with many others and he was left to pout again until he heard Jimin’s giggles between the crowds.

It was not until they had finally spent half of their money on food that Jimin inspected the beautiful fabrics that one man was selling and a sea blue one called for his attention, but it was too expensive and Taehyung felt bad while he held their food with both arms full.

“It’s okay… I can stick with this one another year.” Jimin said as he touched the fabric on his head, it was a bit ragged and washed, but he loved it because it was a gift from his mother, with bright colors. “It’s fine, Taetae.” He turned and smiled up at him. “I have a better idea now…” He said and grabbed a bit of food from his friend’s arms so he could clasp his hand and pull him away from the stall.

Taehyung looked one last time over his shoulder at the soft fabric… he couldn’t buy it and he had bought too much food and Jimin had helped him with buying it too so… it was all his fault.

Jimin pulled him to the outskirts and soon Taehyung realized they were going to the teak forest, the moon glaring red over their heads and soon they couldn’t hear the music or the laughter of the people in town.

“Let’s put this down… we can go for a run.” Jimin said excitedly as he puled off his clothes without
reserve and Taehyung soon forgot about his sadness as he did the same.

It wasn’t long before they were running around in their animals’ form, Jimin’s fur shining red and making him look like some sort of demon or mythical creature… not that he wasn’t already.

They were playing tag and it had been far too long since Taehyung had been chasing after Jimin, but suddenly the fox’s ears caught on something, a slight noise… a foot on a branch and he came to a stop while shifting back to his human form… his wide silver eyes staring ahead at two figures in front of him.

“Whoa…” One of the boys said, he was really short with huge front teeth and a big eyes, his lips were thin, his ears were pitch black like his hair and eyes and he looked thoroughly amazed by the sight; Jimin blushed and quickly looked at the other boy; he was taller, skinny and really pale, his eyes were light blue and his hair was platinum blonde with white ears atop his head; really pretty.

Taehyung’s loud pounces were heard and Jimin barely managed to move out of the way, when the younger wolf noticed the newcomers he immediately shifted and looked in fear at the boys.

“Who are you?” He asked in annoyance while Jimin took a few steps back and hid behind his best friend.

“I just…” The pale boy said as if he had just been pulled out of his trance. Jimin continued to peek around Taehyung with slight fear and curiosity. “This!” He said and pulled out a blue fabric from his pouch.

Taehyung noticed his clothes… both boys were using really expensive clothes and they looked healthy and well cared for. The fabric in the boy’s hands was the same Jimin had been unable to purchase and he could hear a soft gasp behind him when Jimin noticed it too.

“You wanted this, right?” The pale boy asked almost desperately as he took a step forward with the cloth ahead. “If you still want it, it is yours.” The boy said softer this time and Jimin peered at his face with burning cheeks.

“I can’t pay you.” Jimin said staring up at his beautiful eyes, the boy blinked several times and the snorted loudly.

“I am not asking you to pay me, boy.” He said and took another step towards the pair, but this time Taehyung moved so Jimin was hiding behind him completely again.

“What do you want? Who are you?” he spat and watched as the boy glared down at him with pure hatred.

“None of your business. I just want to give this to the fox.” He said angrily and Jimin widened his eyes at the mention of his race, he came out from behind Taehyung and placed a hand on his best friend’s arm to calm him.

“What’s your name?” Jimin asked and the boy swallowed a sudden lump in his throat before speaking.

“Yoongi. Just Yoongi.” He said and then eyed Taehyung with distrust, but Taehyung only quirked an eyebrow.

“I am Jimin and this is my best friend Taehyung.” He said and Yoongi nodded. “Why did you buy the fabric?” Jimin asked and watched as the boy blushed under the moon.
“You wanted it and I could provide it.” He said simply and Jimin pondered for a bit about it before reaching a hand towards the offered fabric and then a smile split his lips because the fabric was really soft.

“Thank you, Yoongi…” He said and watched as the boy relaxed considerably and then Jimin was tying the fabric around his head, hiding his ears from view, Yoongi frowned at the act.

“Why would you do that?” the other boy suddenly said as he appeared next to Yoongi to stare up at Jimin and the fox smiled down at him.

“No one was supposed to see me like this… only Taetae.” Jimin said and ruffled the kid’s black hair making him smile a bit. “You’re cute… what’s your name?” He asked.

“Jungkook. He is my younger brother.” Yoongi explained and Jungkook nodded with a satisfied smile while still eyeing Jimin. “How old are you?” He asked the fox and Jimin locked his eyes with his, but it was a bit difficult because Jimin had never met someone that beautiful in his life.

“We are both ten… and you?” Jimin said and Yoongi frowned a bit as he eyed Taehyung who was still giving him a nasty glare.

“I am twelve and Jungkook is eight.” He explained and Jimin nodded. “If no one was supposed to see you like that you shouldn’t have been out here playing.” He added and sounded a bit annoyed and Jimin could only blink several times in surprise.

“No one was supposed to follow us! You’re not even from here. Did you come with a merchant?” Taehyung snapped back and Yoongi’s upper lip curled as he glared at the other.

“It’s okay, he’s right, Taetae…” Jimin tried to reason because he had never seen Taehyung so angry before.

“Hyeong, I am hungry.” Jungkook said and Jimin giggled at the opportune comment as he ruffled Jungkook’s hair.

“We’ve got snacks and sweets, Jungkookie… Do you want some?” He asked and Jungkook nodded excitedly for the food. “Cool, let’s go then.” Jimin said and pushed Taehyung ahead before grabbing Jungkook’s hand and giving Yoongi a look that had him following.

As soon as they were back to their departure point, Jimin and Taehyung got dressed and then Jimin decided to share his sweets and snacks with Jungkook and offered a bit to Yoongi too.

“I don’t like sweets.” He declined with an elegant hand with long fingers and many silver rings that Jimin eyed with curiosity, but refrained from voicing his doubts as he sat next to Jungkook.

“Thank you. This is really tasty!” Jungkook said motioning to his huge pretzel dowsed with chocolate.

“It is… I love chocolate too.” Jimin said endeared by the young boy.

“You’re so pretty, hyeong…” Jungkook voiced and Jimin was a bit startled before relaxing and patting Jungkook’s head softly.

“Thank you…” Jimin whispered his reply and then looked up at Yoongi. “You have such a cute little brother.” He said but the elder could only snort.

“He won’t be in a few years when he presents. He’ll be an alpha… such an obvious thing that our
father has already planned his future.” He mumbled in clear distaste and Jimin frowned a bit at his words.

“Where are you from?” Jimin asked and Yoongi sighed.

“The capital.” He replied and Taehyung hummed, that was what the eastern people used to refer to their own land, only because the main palace was there and king Seokjun had been the one to unify the land.

“Rich kids. That’s why he could pay for your fabric, Jiminnie.” Taehyung supplied and Jimin nodded while deep in thought.

Yoongi was despising Taehyung, mostly because it was unnerving how they seemed so in sync that they wouldn’t leave the other out of their speech, always talking about us and not just me.

“I am more than just a rich kid.” Yoongi said because he needed to make known his value as a person, he needed to make Jimin understand why he was the best person the younger could ever meet. “I am the second prince, you ought to respect me.” He snarled at Taehyung who blinked in confusion.

“Second prince?” Jimin wondered with wide eyes as he looked up at Yoongi.

“Yes. Min Yoongi Second Prince to the royal crown.” Yoongi jutted out his chin and crossed his arms over his chest.

“What should we call you?” Jimin asked a bit nervously. “Your highness? Prince Yoongi?” He wondered and Yoongi blushed at the titles

“Just Yoongi is fine.” The elder said and Taehyung shrugged with his mouth full of food.

“Cool, because either way you don’t look like a prince.” Taehyung said and Jimin knew it was more to spite the elder than anything else, Yoongi stood out like a sore thumb with them. Yoongi glared at him.

“You don’t get to see many albino wolves around here.” He said unable to let the younger go with offending him. “My mother, the second queen is an albino wolf, one of the last.” He said arrogantly and Taehyung shrugged indifferently.

“Whatever… I still think you look average. Jiminnie looks more like a prince than you do.” He said and Jimin sputtered feeling that it was not the right thing to say to a prince, but Yoongi merely turned to look at him with a weird look in his eyes.

“Yes, I do think Jimin-ssi looks very… outstanding.” He said and Jimin felt enthralled by Yoongi’s piercing gaze. “He’s not only pretty, but quite rare too.” He added taking a step towards the fox, Jimin blushed heavily unable to stop his reaction, but before Yoongi could touch him, Taehyung had stood up and placed his body between them.

“Yah! You can’t look at Jiminnie like that.” He said angrily while Yoongi glared at him. “Second prince or not, I am the one Jiminnie will mate in the future, so… you’re out of line here.” Taehyung argued and Yoongi scoffed and looked at Jimin in disbelief.

“You’d rather mate a commoner with bad manners than a second prince with lots of money that can buy you many and fancier fabrics?” He asked and Jimin smiled tenderly.

“But Taetae is my best friend anyway…” He said and shrugged still blushing; Yoongi scoffed again
and averted his gaze to the other side.

“If you mated me you wouldn’t have to hide your race because you’d be royalty.” Yoongi said and turned to lock gazes with Jimin. “I’d give you anything you wanted and would show you the world.” He added and Taehyung couldn’t help a growl that rose from the depths of his chest. “Do you even know how dangerous it is for a fox to live out here? In the open field?” He wondered and Jimin frowned.

“I’ve been living just fine.” Jimin said.

“You are a fox, Jimin-ssi… probably the last one too.” Yoongi said and frowned as he stared down at the ground, his fists tightening. “My grandfather killed the whole race… or so he thought.” He added and dared a shameful look towards the fox.

“What?” Taehyung asked in fear as he now casted a new light over the prince’s face.

“It makes sense… I’ve seen pictures in old books and now I understand why I felt compelled by you.” Yoongi said completely disregarding the question. “I’ve read about the nature of foxes. My grandfather fell in love with one, but she betrayed him and he ended up killing her and her whole race… How come you’re even alive?” Yoongi wondered and suddenly Taehyung pushed him roughly, sending him to the ground.

“You can’t tell anyone about Jiminnie!” He said angrily. Jungkook stood at the aggression and frowned up at the other wolf.

“Are you okay, hyeong?” The younger wolf asked his brother and Jimin felt the urge to run and hide, but he still needed to make sure Taehyung was fine.

“I am fine.” Yoongi grunted out as he stood and dusted his clothes, glaring daggers at Taehyung. “I could have you killed.” He hissed and Jimin widened his eyes wounding his arms around Taehyung.

“I want you to try! I am not scared of you!” Taehyung said loudly.

“What’s going on here?” Someone asked and they all turned in time to see a taller boy, he looked to be in his fifteens. Jimin noticed how beautiful he was with pale skin, red lips and soft brow hair.

“Are you two picking fights?” He asked and looked quite upset.


“Why did you push my brother?” Seokjin asked looking directly into Taehyung’s eyes and the younger blushed as he sputtered trying to find his words.

“We were just playing! It got out of hand… We are deeply sorry…” Jimin said dropping to his knees and bowing; Jin frowned and then looked at Yoongi.

“Did you tell him we are the princes?” He asked in disbelief and Yoongi groaned and averted his gaze. “You’re so troublesome. Let’s go… Jongup-ssi has been looking for you two for a while now…” He said and turned to walk away.

“You don’t get it! He’s a fox, hyeong…” Yoongi said, but Seokjin was not listening, the sound of a horse made them look over and sure enough a few guards approached.

“Prince Seokjin… You found them.” The man on the horse ahead said and then eyed the younger princes for any injuries.
“You will believe me, right Jongup-ssi?” Yoongi asked the guard and Jongup frowned in confusion. “The boy over there is a fox!” Yoongi said almost desperately as he pointed towards the two friends.

Jongup looked at the kids and his eyes roamed them for a moment until he saw the shiny silvery fur peeking from behind the taller kid… he guessed it was from the kid covering his head and he swiftly got down from his horse and walked over.

“Don’t come any closer!” Taehyung said loudly as he took a few steps back pushing Jimin further.

“Let me see you, boy.” Jongup said and reached a hand out grabbing onto Taehyung’s shirt and throwing him on the other side; Yoongi frowned at the manhandling and feared he’d do the same with Jimin.

“Jongup-ssi?” Seokjin wondered because he had never liked the violence and they were just kids.

Jongup reached a hand to grasp Jimin, but the kid avoided him and slipped between his legs in a fast sprint, avoiding all the guards’ hands that tried to clasp him. Taehyung widened his eyes and started to run too, but Jongup managed to grab him.

“I guess it doesn’t matter if I kill your friend!” He bellowed and Jimin stopped and looked over to see Taehyung hanging from the man’s hand.

“Run! I’ll be fine!” Taehyung said, but Jimin couldn’t.

Yoongi stared in shock the way Jimin’s eyes shone blue for a second and then how they filled with tears, he trembled and his bottom lip was trapped between his teeth. Jimin was a beautiful kid and made him feel elated… happy to be in his presence.

“Jiminnie…” Taehyung whispered as he too realized his best friend was not going to run away. The shorter boy made his way ever so slowly towards them.

“What are you even doing, Jongup-ssi? I will tell my father how you’ve bullie-”

“Your highness will compensate me for finding such a treat.” Jongup cut Jin short and smirked; he only dropped Taehyung when his other hand was clasped around Jimin’s wrist tightly.

“He’s just a boy!” Seokjin snapped angrily watching how Jimin was sobbing quietly.

“He’s a fox, your highness… Dare I say the last one?” He said as he ripped the fabric form Jimin’s head to reveal his big ears. “Minx… you’ll be trouble when you grow up.” Jongup said in a trance as he locked eyes with the shorter boy.

“You need to tell his mom! She’s going to be angry if he misses dinner tonight!” Taehyung said annoyed and Jongup chuckled pulling Jimin towards his horse and pulling a rope.

“No!” Jimin tried; Taehyung got up and ran towards them, but Jongup kicked him in his gut, sending him flying to the ground. “Taetae!” Jimin cried loudly.

“Let him go!” Jungkook said feeling scared about the whole ordeal; weren’t they just playing a minute ago?

“Jongup-ssi! He’s just a boy!” Seokjin tried, but Jongup only shook his head and tied the rope around Jimin’s arms and then another on his calves.

“Your father will give me a juicy reward.” He tied a cloth around Jimin’s mouth.
“You will release him right now!” Yoongi growled out making them all look at him. Jongup quirked an eyebrow and then scoffed.

“My orders were clear. Keep the princes from danger, obey your king’s words.” Jongup said darkly and Yoongi felt like clawing at the man’s face. “Unless you become king I can’t obey a kid’s words.” Jongup said and dropped Jimin over the saddle, making sure the boy wouldn’t slip.

“You can’t take my friend away!” Taehyung said from the ground, clutching his middle and finally crying his eyes out. “Please!” He begged and Seokjin groaned in annoyance as he came to the boy and rubbed a hand on his back.

“Don’t worry. I’ll make sure he is fine and I will return him to you and his mother.” He promised and Taehyung wailed when the horse took off and Jimin locked his eyes with his for a long moment.

“What did I do?” Yoongi muttered softly as he too stared after the horse; he was feeling honestly bad.

“It’s all your fault!” Taehyung stood and walked over to Yoongi delivering a punch to his jaw and sending the kid down. “They took Jimin and what will I do now!” He cried in desperation and Yoongi felt his lip trembling.

“I am sorry… I… I really am…”
Taehyung knew it deep inside that it didn’t matter what the oldest prince had promised him because he would never see Jimin again and the void of his absence only grew deeper as the days passed.

The princes had left that very same night and Taehyung had been found on the hill the next day by the group of neighbors that had been looking for both kids the night before. His mother had cried upon seeing him… tears of relief, but when he saw Jimin’s mother there he knew she’d be crying… tears of despair.

He had explained what had happened and had seen how the woman crumbled to the ground, motionless… tearless… mute.

Taehyung spent the next days in his bed, crying and hugging his pillow like he’d hug Jimin when he was sad. The boy’s voice still resonated in parts of his mind and it played tricks on his sight.

Sadness had never been such a touchable thing in Taehyung’s life.

…

Jimin had arrived to the main palace with eyes puffy and so tired he didn’t have the will to fight when he was untied and presented with a tall man with broad shoulders. He had a handsome face, a slight frown on his forehead as he continued to stare down at Jimin.

The king Seokjun had sent his royal guard to fetch his sons from a trip to the northern lands and they had returned with what seemed to be a mythical creature. Jongup had a small, satisfied smile on his face while he kneeled behind the boy.

“What is the meaning of this, Jongup-ssi?” Seokjun asked in a deep but kind voice.

“A fox, your highness. I found him at an outer town at the western lands. I searched the place for more, but he was the only one.” He said and the king sighed as he crouched before Jimin’s form.
“He is just a boy. What would I do with a boy?” The king asked and eyed how Jimin sobbed quietly, his lips trembling. “He can’t be older than Yoongi-ah.” He said and then let out a loud breath. “What is your name?” He asked the younger.

“Ji-Jimin.” He muttered in a scared voice.

“Jimin…” The king smiled warmly at him and softly patted his head. “Well, Jimin-ssi… Do you know why Jongup-ssi brought you here?” He asked and Jimin shook his head and sniffled a bit. “You are not a wolf, Jimin-ssi. You’re a really rare species that we thought had disappeared fifty years ago, but here you are…” The king explained.

“Because Yoongi-hyeong’s grandfather killed them, right?” Jimin asked relaxing a bit because the king was just warm and nice.

“Oh… Well, you see… The second queen’s father loved Yoongi deeply and often told him stories, but… yes. He did kill them, or so we thought. Where’s your mother?” He asked with narrowed eyes. Jimin looked up at him with pleading eyes.

“At home! She must be angry I missed dinner!” He said desperately. “Please! I need to go back to her and Taetae!” Jimin pleaded and fisted the king’s robes tightly in his small hands.

“Ah… I understand.” The king said and eyed Jongup.

“She must not be his biological mother, she was wolf.” Jongup said and the king nodded; Jimin frowned at his words, but before he could wonder about them the king was speaking again.

“I will send a messenger to your mother, Jimin-ssi. I will let her know that you’re in the royal care now.” He said and Jimin blinked and frowned.

“I don’t want to be here. I… I miss my mother and Taetae’s mother too. I miss Taetae the most.” He explained and the king nodded.

“I know, but until we find out where do you really come from, we cannot let you go. You are really valuable, you have no idea…” The king said and patted the kid’s head softly. “You can befriend my sons… at least until you all present and we have to make decisions.” He said and Jimin frowned.

“No, please… I need Taetae.” Jimin’s voice had lost strength and the king felt bad for the boy.

“Prepare a room for him in the first house, ask the maids to bathe him and feed him too.” The king said to Jongup and then sighed as he eyed the kid. “We can’t have the last fox looking like a servant…

…

Jimin was curled in a big bathtub, naked and hugging his knees while sobs racked his body… he had a painful bruise on his upper arm from where Jongup had grabbed him and dragged him to the baths… the water had the scent of roses and he would’ve liked it if not for the fact that he didn’t belong here.

“Come on, pup…” One of the ladies said; she looked old and kind, but his mother was kinder.

“Is it okay to call him pup?” Another woman, younger, said and Jimin glared at her from under his silver bangs.

“Why wouldn’t we? He’s a little boy… wolf or not…” The woman said and Jimin felt more tears
prickling his eyes.

The younger maid was about to answer back when the door to the baths opened and the first queen walked in followed by her court ladies… all of them gasped and started to whisper about the boy and Jimin instinctively brought his hands up to try and hide them.

“Wait outside and hush.” Jinae said ushering her ladies outside and then turning to the ones that had been giving the young boy a bath. “You too.” She said and both women left.

Jimin looked up at the older woman that had been kind to him and hoped she’d stay, but she walked out and closed the doors again. He was left staring at the most beautiful woman he had ever seen after his own mother.

“Hello…” The queen said softly as she approached the tub with charming eyes and a soft smile. Jimin didn’t know she was the queen, but he guessed she had to be one when everyone obeyed.

“Hi…” He said in a small voice.

“You’re Jimin, right?” She wondered and then knelt by the tub; Jimin peeked over the edge and watched her robes getting wet from the mess.

“I am…” He said not knowing why felt so at ease with her. “I was bathing.” He said and the queen nodded. “That old lady was going to wash my hair.” He added and the queen rolled up her long sleeves.

“Let me do it for you…” She said kindly and Jimin shrugged, as he got nearer and let the woman do as she said. “You must miss your mom and your friends.” She said and Jimin nodded.

“Though I don’t really had friends… only Taetae.” He explained and the woman frowned.

“Why? Such a lovely boy surely is popular wherever he goes.” She said and Jimin giggled with a blush.

“Maybe at first, but then all of them hated me… I never showed them my ears and tail so… I guess I am just not really likeable.” He mumbled playing with some bubbles here and there.

“Oh… you don’t need to worry. Most boys fear what they don’t understand. They probably liked you a lot, but didn’t understand why, but Jimin-ah… my son and his brothers are different.” She said softly.

“Yoongi-hyeong is mean…” Jimin whispered fearing someone else might hear him and the queen chuckled softly.

“He’s a bit cold… but with good reasons. You will get to know them and soon you will understand why they are all very different.” She said and continued to massage his scalp and if Jimin focused hard enough it was almost like his mother was the one doing it for him.

Only she wasn’t.

…

Against every single nightmare Taehyung had had about Jimin dying a painful death in the hands of the second prince (mostly), a messenger came from the palace two weeks later with a letter written by the very king and addressed to Jimin’s mother saying he was going to take care of her son from then on.
Taehyung had expected her to cry, but the woman looked more resigned to accept the fate than anything else. She was sad, that was obvious, but it still made Taehyung feel on edge about the future.

So… Jimin was going to be cared for in the palace and Taehyung only needed to grow up quickly, get stronger and smarter and travel to the capital and retrieve his best friend because they had promised to marry and mate and be successful merchants if that’s what they wanted.

It became his personal goal in life… and Taehyung put all his efforts into that.

He would get Jimin back some day.

…

It took a long while to adapt… and the first few weeks Jimin refused to eat, refused to speak or do anything but lie under the bed he had been provided with, the maids came and go, every day he was dragged to bathe and then he’d slip under his bed again…

He was told the queen was not supposed to roam about this side of the first house and that he wouldn’t see her much anyway… he got accustomed to the old lady, her name was Sangmi and she had been working in the palace for over fifty years… ever since she was fifteen, but she had other things to do and so he’d go back under his bed…

It became the only place he really wanted to be; he pulled his pillows and sheets and properly made a nest under his bed; his sadness had him only wanting to sleep and sleep and never go out to see the other people… at least not until one day the door to his bedroom slid open and the footsteps that followed were not that heavy.

Jimin was between asleep and awake when he felt his sheets pull a bit and a few pillows shift under someone’s weight, when he opened his eyes he was face to face with the little Jungkook.

“Oh snap!” Jungkook said at being caught and Jimin felt a bit confused by the presence of the youngest prince. “I was going pet your ears… can I?” He asked and Jimin frowned.

“What are you doing here, Jungkookie?” Jimin wondered instead, his voice was sore from disuse.

“I already told you. I’ve been coming to check the territory and see if I could crawl without you noticing, but I failed.” He said and Jimin felt a small smile tug on his lips.

“Why do you want to pet my ears?” He asked and Jungkook shrugged.

“They look soft and Yoongi-hyeong doesn’t like it when I touch him.” Jungkook said and Jimin tensed a bit at the mention of the second prince. “He’s really sad…” The younger added.

“I am sad too.” Jimin admitted as he let his head fall on its previous position and then Jungkook reached his small hands to pet the ears, Jimin closed his eyes.

“Yeah, they say you don’t eat because you’re sad. Yoongi-hyeong is the same… He says it was his fault this happened to you.” Jungkook confided and Jimin opened his eyes while he pondered about this information.

“It was his fault.” He said and then sighed. “How come I never see him around here? I’ve been told Seokjin-hyeong studies in this same house, but we never run into each other either.” Jimin said and Jungkook hummed as he continued his ministrations.
“This is not Yoongi-hyeong’s house… it is Seokjin-hyeong’s. You won’t see Yoongi-hyeong often around here, but Seokjin-hyeong said that we should leave you alone for now… let you like… I don’t know… like, sleep?” Jungkook wondered and Jimin couldn’t help but smile.

“He’s kind.” He said and Jungkook nodded with a grin.

“That’s why he will be the best king ever and I will be the royal guard’s captain.” Jungkook said dreamily and Jimin turned to look at him properly.

“That’s what you want to be when you grow up?” He asked and Jungkook nodded. “I bet your mom wouldn’t like it.” Jimin said and Jungkook shrugged.

“I don’t have a mother… she died when I was born.” He said and Jimin widened his eyes and turned completely to him.

“I am so sorry, Jungkookie…” He whispered on the verge of crying and Jungkook blinked several times in confusion.

“It’s okay. Yoonsik-ssi says she’s in heaven.” He said and Jimin frowned.

“Who’s that?” He asked and Jungkook rearranged to rest while facing Jimin on his side.

“The second queen… Yoongi-hyeong’s mother.” He explained and Jimin frowned.

“That’s why you come and go between the houses… because you don’t have a mother.” He stated and Jungkook nodded.

“But when I become old enough I will be able to live in the third house, the one built for my mother.” Jungkook said. “I will have all the place to play tag and hide and seek. Do you want to come live with me then? We can play all day and eat snacks.” Jungkook said excitedly and Jimin giggled.

“Sounds nice.” He decided to amuse him; Jungkook was not at fault for what had happened anyway. “Maybe I will… who knows…”

“We should like… play tag some day too…” Jungkook said, his voice softer and almost hesitant as he stared at Jimin’s eyes.

“I’ll think about it…”

...

The days passed and Jimin started to eat, only when Jungkook was there and then they’d nap the whole afternoon under Jimin’s bed with Jungkook petting his ears, it somehow seemed to calm the younger prince to do so and then a maid would come in and drag the prince to sleep in his own bedchambers.

It got better of course… he didn’t have much to do, but with Jungkook’s help he started to go out more, play in the gardens and run around the long hallways. Then Seokjin started to come along too.

It was not that Jimin hated the palace. He just missed his mother, Taehyung’s mother and most importantly, Taehyung. He liked the gardens, enjoyed to chase after butterflies, enjoyed to climb trees and eat the fruits directly from them. Enjoyed the pond with countless of golden fish… but he knew he’d enjoy them all more if Taehyung was by his side.
What he probably liked the most about the palace was that he had no need to hide his ears or his tail, but he still felt a bit conscious when a maid walked by or a guard.

The princes were fine. Seokjin was the eldest; he was soon turning fourteen. He was kind and collected; he was soft like his father. Out of the three, Seokjin was the one who resembled the most of the king. He liked to keep Jimin company; they talked about whatever the elder was studying at the moment.

Jimin soon learned that Seokjin was being educated as the crown prince, meaning that after his father’s death, Seokjin would be the king and it warmed Jimin’s heart because Seokjin was a really kind boy, just like Jungkook had said. He also took upon himself to teach Jimin how to write and read, he taught him about geography and math, science and culture.

Jimin didn’t consider himself a good student, but he liked the fact that he could make Seokjin feel comfortable. The elder always looked tense and worried about the future, but when Jimin was with him he laughed the most and Jimin liked his laughter… it made him laugh back.

Seokjin was the only one in the palace that asked him about his previous life, he asked him about his mother and Taehyung and all the things Jimin had liked to do when he was free. Seokjin learned from Jimin how to climb trees and how to make flower chains while thinking about someone to keep the feelings there, while thinking about your problems to transfer the bad vibes there instead of keeping them inside.

Soon Seokjin had become a really close friend and Jimin was not afraid to smile his most genuine smile towards the elder.

“What happened to Jungkookie’s mother?” Jimin asked as he tried to finish his calligraphy lesson, Jin next to him doing much more complicated characters.

“She died while giving birth. It is not uncommon… my mother took care of Jungkook’s first months before he had to leave.” Seokjin said and Jimin perked with curiosity. “Politics… Jungkook had to go back to his homeland for five years before being able to return.” He explained and Jimin nodded not really understanding, but knowing when not to pursue a subject.

“How come I’ve never seen Yoongi-hyeong’s mother.” He wondered ad he knew it had to do with the fact he was staying in the first house, but maybe that way he’d understand why he hadn’t seen Yoongi either.

“Well… for starters, the second queen and Yoongi, both live in the second house, they don’t roam about the first house.” Seokjin said. “And… even if you were at the second house you’d never see her either. She’s sick, she’s too weak and spends most of her time enclosed in her bedchambers reading… she only tends to the king and Yoongi.” He explained.

“What’s wrong with her?” Jimin asked in curiosity and Seokjin sighed.

“I don’t really know… you should ask Yoongi if you see him someday.”

The other two princes were different.

Jungkook was nothing but a little boy. He only thought about toys and games and Jimin loved to spend time with him.

Unlike Seokjin, Jungkook was not scared to climb a tree, he liked to run around and wrestle with
Jimin and the older boy was sometimes astounded by the strength the little boy had, his competitive strike was also a feat and Jimin would often concede defeat just to calm the boy’s insatiable need to succeed, to conquer and win.

Jungkook was nothing but a kid, but… Jimin had noticed how his personality differed from his older brother. Seokjin liked to watch Jimin chase butterflies, watch how his gentle and small hands would trap them only to free them right after…

When Jimin taught Jungkook about chasing butterflies, it took the younger only a week to kill all the butterflies in their garden and Jimin had had to bite back tears because Jungkook didn’t actually know what he had done wrong.

The younger had felt wronged when Jimin had continually rejected his invitations to play tag or to climb trees… Jimin was a carnivore by nature, but he had been raised differently… He had felt sickened when Jungkook presented him with a freshly killed bird. A feat for a little boy… a nightmare for a kind hearted person like Jimin.

Jungkook had been raised amongst alphas, had seen how they killed without a problem and how they liked to destroy and possess. It was in his genes to act like that. Seokjin told him that he should try and explain Jungkook why it was wrong to kill the butterflies.

Jimin tried, but Jungkook only understood about challenges and Jimin soon found out a way to make him stop killing butterflies and birds.

“I bet you can’t catch a butterfly… without killing it.”

Jungkook succeeded on his second try and Jimin was back to smiling again. Jungkook realized he loved Jimin’s smile more than his sad face and catching a butterfly without killing it was harder than killing it right ahead.

…

One day he started to see Yoongi around the halls… it had been almost a year after Jimin arrived to the palace…

Unlike both his brothers… Yoongi was quiet and often avoided Jimin in the halls; it got the fox really curious as to why he was doing it until one day Jimin was chasing a butterfly and jumped over a bush not knowing Yoongi was napping on the other side… he fell over the skinny prince and blushed in embarrassment when the boy glared up at him.

After that time, Yoongi and Jimin talked about a few measly things. Yoongi realized Jimin wasn’t as sad as he used to be a year ago when they first brought him and that made his guilt at ease.

Unlike Seokjin and Jungkook, Yoongi was always elated, always trapped in some sort of trance when Jimin was with him. Yoongi was not very talkative and could spend hours simply listening to Jimin’s quick words and soft lisp, the accent from his town at the outskirts and sometimes Yoongi thought about Taehyung missing his friend like crazy.

Yoongi often kept his lips sealed together and simply stared at the beautiful creature he had found and sometimes his heart ached thinking he had done something wrong, but some other times he felt happy Jimin was here and nowhere else.

They were still young and naïve, but soon they would all present and so would Jimin and he had read enough about why foxes were such rare species… he knew why his father wanted to keep him here, understood why his grandfather had killed that woman and her whole race. Foxes were
dangerous.

Jimin… Jimin would be dangerous.

…

Taehyung couldn’t care less about selling the fish his mother brought from the sea; he had learned to sail and had decided to go with his mom and do most of the job in the open so that she would be the one selling the goods.

Out in the open sea there was no sound aside form the waves, the wind and the occasional seagull. His mind filled instead with images and sounds of past times; giggles and games and smiles…

After the first year, Taehyung had dried his eyes… he no longer smiled that easily and people stared at him in pity, everyone knew now that the young Jimin had been taken by the royal guard, they all knew something had been wrong with the boy and they all knew Taehyung missed him.

Taehyung had to wonder though how Jimin’s mother was so… calm about it… he hadn’t seen her cry like a mother should, but she still looked sad and worn. She sat at her stall and barely spoke… her apples rotted on the boxes and people complained about the smell.

The only constant in his life was the dull pain of loneliness… his own wolf had taken Jimin for granted too long ago and with him gone every time he shifted he could only howl at the skies.

“Taehyung-ah…” His mother called from the doorway of his small bedroom; he was lying on his bed, facing the wall and hoping to will the emptiness away somehow by willpower alone. “Aren’t you coming with me to the sea?” She asked and Taehyung sighed.

“I don’t feel like it…” He said in a flat tone and then he felt his mattress shift under her weight when she sat on the edge.

“It will be better in time…” She said and ran her hand over his back; he closed his eyes and hummed. “It hurts because you cared… it is called a bond.” She added and Taehyung turned to look up at her.

“A bond?” He asked and she nodded.

“Like a link between two people. It makes you feel connected to that person and when you are apart it hurts, but only time can heal that.” His mother said and Taehyung felt like crying all over again.

“What if I don’t want time to heal it?”

…

Jimin had heard the whispers… the hushed words exchanged between maids and guards about him, about how dangerous he’d be when he presented and even some horrible things about what would happen once he turned into a mature fox… it only got worst when they said he could present as an omega and Jimin couldn’t comprehend half of it…

He was only fourteen for heaven’s sake! His mind conjured terrible nightmares of what it all could mean and in the end fear had him barely sleeping at nights. In the mornings, when Jungkook came around asking him to go out and play Jimin was really tired and couldn’t give his best at it.

“You look tired, hyeong.” Jungkook said softly as he stared down at Jimin tired face while they rested under the cherry tree.
“I am tired… I haven’t been able to sleep much lately. I have my head filled with questions and fear.” He said and Jungkook hummed deep in thought.

“When I have questions I usually ask them to Seokjin-hyeong. You should try it.” He advised and Jimin nodded.

…

There were things that Jimin knew he could talk with Yoongi and some other that he knew were better to handle with Seokjin.

Yoongi still liked to spend time alone and Jimin often took classes with Seokjin, the very same crown prince was educating him and Seokjin enjoyed teaching Jimin everything he knew.

“Hyeong…” Jimin said softly as he finished with his practice on calligraphy. Seokjin looked up from his own parchment and Jimin placed down his brush with a delicate hand.

It sometimes surprised Seokjin how much Jimin had changed over the years, surely he had just arrived to the palace when he was only ten and now he was fourteen, but still… it almost seemed as if Jimin had been royalty all along… something in the way he moved with such finesse.

“Why is Yoongi-hyeong so obsessed with presenting?” He asked and Seokjin smiled as he too placed his own brush down.

“As royalty we ought to be concerned. Now I realize I never talked about this subject with you.” He said with a slight frown and Jimin shook his head as he leaned over his own table and placed his face between his hands with interested eyes, his tail swaying behind him; Seokjin smiled.

“Tell me all about it.” Jimin said softly.

“Well… because you’re a fox I am not sure if it works the same, but… Wolves have an age to present. Usually between sixteen and twenty. It is the step into adulthood and maturity, not only mentally, but also mostly physically. Our bodies change depending on our status.” He said and Jimin listened attentively.

“Like Alphas, Betas and Omegas?” He wondered and Seokjin nodded.

“It is very important. It is a trait we have from our ancestors and hold the most primitive of our ways, but also the essence of our nature nowadays.” Seokjin sighed. “Alphas are supposed to be leaders, strong, possessive and violent… their nature dictates they will conquer and win… that’s why our king is supposed to be an alpha.” He explained and Jimin quirked an eyebrow.

“Are you telling me you’ll become a violent person when you mature?” Jimin wondered and Seokjin shook his head.

“It is just a way to put it. We are not basic animals anymore.” He said and Jimin nodded in understanding. “Betas are the best, if you ask me… They change less when they present. Their sent doesn’t become an issue, they remain mostly the same, with the particularity that they can adapt to their mate in… circumstances referred to intimacy.” Seokjin said with a slight blush.

“Are you telling me you’ll become a violent person when you mature?” Jimin wondered and Seokjin shook his head.

“It is just a way to put it. We are not basic animals anymore.” He said and Jimin nodded in understanding. “Betas are the best, if you ask me… They change less when they present. Their sent doesn’t become an issue, they remain mostly the same, with the particularity that they can adapt to their mate in… circumstances referred to intimacy.” Seokjin said with a slight blush.

“Ah… I think I understand.” Jimin blushed as well.

“Yeah, well… and then there are omegas…” Seokjin sighed heavily. “They are there to solve conflicts between alphas, sort of like a distraction, almost like tools. They change in complete opposition to alphas, they are submissive and calm, their bodies change to carry offspring and where
alphas have ruts they have heats. Alpha-omega relationships are the most valued ones because of the responsive parts… It is… complicated and most of it will be easier to understand once you present.” Seokjin said with a forced smile and Jimin nodded.

Now that he understood a bit better he could only hope not to be an omega like the guards said he’d be… he hoped Yoongi wouldn’t become an alpha because according to Seokjin they sounded mean and cruel.

“I hope we present as betas…” Seokjin looked at him with a slight frown.

“Who?”

“Yoongi and me…”

...

Time was a funny thing… or so Jimin thought. The more he spent his time with the princes the more he forgot about Taehyung.

Not because he wanted to, but in his memory the lines that drew his face were a bit blurry and the sweet happy memories they had together were turning into something else… they were bittersweet compared to the days he spent laughing with Jungkook in the gardens or the hours he spent studying with Seokjin… or even the late nights he spent with Yoongi staring at the stars on the rooftop.

Time was a funny, albeit cruel thing.

He was okay, but a part of his mind was still trapped when he was ten years old and the other was simply living the day-by-day, trying to make the best of the situation and he’d be lying if he said it was horrible.

Sure… the palace was a dangerous place… the first house was a rather calm place, but he spent most of his time in the second house with Yoongi and Jungkook, because the younger prince was still not allowed to live in the third’s grounds by himself.

The palace was filled with alpha guards here and there, that only responded to the king’s orders… it was not unusual to see them glaring at the princes and some of them gave Jimin weird looks too, but Yoongi was not afraid and often told them off.

“Hyeong is late.” Yoongi said one night while they rested on the rooftop with their eyes glued to the sky.

“What do you mean?” Jimin asked in a soft whisper.

“To present. He is late to present. He is already twenty, but he is yet immature.” Yoongi sighed heavily. “It is unusual, but not unheard of… it is just troublesome since he’s supposed to be the crown prince and the whole capital is waiting for it to happen.” Yoongi explained in his deep voice.

It was soft and gruff at the same time and Jimin had come to love the sound of it in the darkest nights… it lulled him.

“My mother used to say that everything happened in due time.” Jimin said and Yoongi scoffed.

“She was not your mother and she didn’t understand of politics.”

Yeah, Jimin knew that already and sometimes it made him feel really despicable to actually admit he
harbored feelings for the cold second prince.

Jimin was skipping through the gardens, jumping over walls and rooftops looking for Jungkook… it was not that they had an appointment or anything remotely similar, but Jimin was bored after the long hours of studying with Seokjin.

Yoongi was busy with his own things and now he had nothing to do, but to look for the fifteen-year-old boy. He was jogging soundlessly over the rooftop when he saw the young wolf.

Jungkook looked still like a kid on his face, but over the past year he had grown enough to be Jimin’s height, he was lanky, but his eyes burned with passion when he was set on doing something and Jimin had noticed how good Jungkook was when it came to fighting.

“Raise your elbow. Here; swing forward and move your foot ahead.” The instructor said as he moved Jungkook’s limbs to match his words.

Jimin had seen this scene way too many times not to know who were these people; the instructor was Kim Junsik and the other boy was Kim Yugyeom, one of Jungkook’s closest friends and the instructor’s son.

The practice took more time than Jimin had anticipated, but it was okay, he liked to see Jungkook practicing because even if he was just a skinny boy with big teeth and big eyes, Jungkook looked more menacing than many guards he had seen around.

When the practice was over the instructor and his son bid their farewell to the youngest prince and only then Jimin jumped down from the rooftop and landed swiftly on the ground coming behind the young wolf and wrapping his arms around his waist, pressing his nose to his nape, Jungkook’s scent was barely there, but it was nice in a way Jimin couldn’t explain.

“Hyeong!” Jungkook said immediately, Jimin giggled.

“How did you know it was me?” Jimin asked sniffing the younger’s nape and making him blush heavily.

“You… your scent is… What are you doing here?” Jungkook asked as he finally slipped out of Jimin’s arms and turned to stare at him in wonder.

Jimin had this mischievous smile that had become too familiar on his face… Jungkook liked it… it made his stomach twist and turn in anticipation, but even if Jimin was the embodiment of mischief, he was really innocent. Jungkook couldn’t speak for himself; he knew more of perversion than Jimin did and that was only because of the people he met with on a daily basis…

“I wanted to play…” Jimin said, his tail swaying from side to side behind him.

“Tag?” Jungkook asked and almost pouted as he crossed his arms. “I can’t catch you.” He admitted and Jimin’s smile widened.

“What if I tag you this time?” Jimin wondered and Jungkook hummed in thought.

“I don’t know… I might be able to catch you one day.” Jungkook said and Jimin frowned a bit not understanding his answer. “I enjoy more chasing you.” Jungkook said and his eyes flashed and Jimin blinked several times not knowing why that made him feel so endangered… until it clicked in his head that Jungkook did not enjoy the tag game as it was… he just enjoyed the hunt…

“Right?” Jimin forced a smile as he took a few steps backwards and then twisted in the air, shifting
into his fox and Jungkook rushed to do the same.

Jimin’s fox had longer legs and he was more flexible. Just like Jimin was, but Jungkook’s wolf was sturdier. Jimin knew that in a fight he’d lose, but never in a chase.

…

It was almost midnight that very same day, Jimin was sitting alone in his bedroom in the first house, tending to a wound that had happened while playing tag with Jungkook… in a fit of sudden nervousness he had slipped from a tree and he had scrapped his shin on the bark.

Everything was calm and silence only interrupted by the occasional footsteps from guards here and there, when suddenly the whole palace filled with the soft but saturated smell of recently baked goods, like entering a bakery with the sweetest pastries. It appealed to Jimin, though not in the same way it seemed to appeal to Jongup who Jimin found outside Seokjin’s bedroom demanding to be let in.

Jimin stared at the man that looked almost desperate while he took deep whiffs through his nose. Jimin heard Seokjin whimpering inside and it was weird, because Seokjin was twenty and Jimin had seen him working the bow and arrow like a pro, Seokjin had never showed fear of anyone… even less a guard, but now… even through the hazy sweet smell he could notice the tang of fear.

Jimin took a few steps back as to not call for Jongup’s attention, he was scared of the man, but he must’ve made some sort of noise for he slowly turned his head his way and soon his red eyes landed on Jimin.

Jongup gave him a sinister smirk and Jimin’s eyes widened as he finally sprinted down the hall, making use of his fast legs and his flexibility to make sharp turns, but he felt a few times the way Jongup’s hand grazed his tail and he pushed his legs faster.

“Please, help!” Jimin bellowed as he continued to run. “Please, someone!” He yelled and his eyes spotted when a door slid open a faint light coming from it and he immediately slipped inside, careful around the body that stopped on the entrance.

“Your highness.” Jongup breathed harshly as he stopped before the almost ethereal looking Yoongi that remained unmoving. His eyes traveled to Jimin that kept on looking at him as if he were the very demon.

Jongup looked almost as confused as Jimin of Yoongi being in a bedroom that belonged to the first house, but none of them were about to question it.

“What has possessed you to chase after him?” Yoongi resented Jongup and would forever do it for bringing the fox boy against his will to the palace. Yoongi will forever feel he trusted Jongup too much.

“Seokjin-hyeong is sick, Yoongi-hyeong. You must help him. I heard him cry in his bedchambers.” Jimin said in a harsh breath and Yoongi frowned; he experimentally took a whiff and so did Jongup, his eyes almost rolling back inside his head.

“If I learn you tried to rape my brother I will be the one to rip your fucking head off.” Yoongi snarled and Jongup swallowed and tried to sober as Yoongi closed the door of his bedroom, leaving Jimin inside. “If you ever come after Jimin again I will not act kindly.” He added as he started to walk down the hall and towards Seokjin’s bedroom.

When the two of them got there the king and first queen were already there. The queen knocked
softly on the door while the king continued to stare with a deep frown.

“An omega…” he breathed out in a worried manner.

The door slid open and the queen slipped inside not letting anyone past her; she closed the door and left them all outside. The king swallowed a bit and then turned towards Yoongi and Jongup.

“What are you doing up so late?” His father asked and Yoongi stared at the man in complete calm.

“The whole place is drenched in his scent. I have no qualms since he is my brother, but you’ll want to worry about your subordinates.” Yoongi said and Jongup tensed next to him, his eyes down. The king frowned and then widened his eyes in disbelief.

“You’re dismissed, Jongup-ssi. You are not to return until I summon you.” The king said and then sighed. “In fact… for the next few months, while we deal with this, I don’t want a single alpha as the intern guards.” He said and Jongup looked up in shock. “I trust you with my life, Jongup-ssi. But I won’t compromise your nature and my son’s wellbeing. Now go.” He said and Jongup bit his lips, but nodded and after a deep bow he left the hall.

“A wasted son.” Yoongi breathed out as he eyed the door to Seokjin’s bedroom.

“Don’t make me thinking you’re referring to yourself, Yoongi. Your brother is still the crown prince.” The king said with a narrowed gaze and Yoongi frowned.

“Are you going to let an omega seat in the king’s throne?” He asked in distaste.

“Careful with your tongue. Wouldn’t like the fate to punish your thoughtless words.”

Yoongi growled and then turned around and stomped his way towards his bedroom; he threw the door open and had forgotten Jimin was there. The young fox was sitting by the low table in which Yoongi had been writing before the whole thing happened.

“Is Seokjin-hyeong better?” Jimin asked as he stood, he was shorter than Yoongi and had plump cheeks unlike Yoongi’s skinny body, Jimin always looked healthy and so full of energy… maybe that was what attracted Yoongi so much to him.

“He is fine. He just… He presented as an omega.” He mumbled and sat down on one of the cushions. Jimin sat next to him with big eyes.

“Is he going to be okay?” He asked and Yoongi nodded a bit confusedly until he remembered Jimin had never been taught much about these things. The younger had learned a whole lot of things from Seokjin, but maybe these were a bit too complicated to explain for the older.

“He’s not going to be king.” Yoongi said rather darkly and Jimin blinked in confusion.

“Why not? He’s so kind and nice. He should be king.” He said and Yoongi stared intently into Jimin’s eyes.

“Wouldn’t I be more fit to be king, Jimin?” He asked and Jimin felt a bit lost for a moment; it just was that he had always just assumed only Seokjin could be king.

“I me-mean… Of co-cour-se… If that’s what you want…” He said and averted his gaze; Yoongi always felt lost when Jimin turned his eyes from him.

“I’ll be an alpha some day.” Yoongi said and pushed Jimin on the ground and hovered over him, the
younger widened his eyes in sudden surprise.

He was not scared of Yoongi, not really… he had always felt a pull towards the older boy, even that time when Jimin was still a little kid, that night of the festival and few times he looked into the elder’s eyes.

“I’ll be your king and you will be my mate.” He said softly, his bony fingers tracing softly over Jimin’s cheek. “Completely mine.”

...

At age seventeen and without having presented, Taehyung finally decided to leave his home. He had learned everything he could from the people around him and there was not much his mother could do to stop him since he already had plans.

The whole marketplace knew of his departure and everyone waved him goodbye as he walked towards the exit of town. He had bid his farewell to his mother in a bone-crushing hug, but she knew it was something her son needed to do on his own. Of course she didn’t know his real purpose for leaving.

Taehyung had a big backpack on his wide back when he stopped on his way… his eyes straying to the woman on the apple stall; she had gotten older and unlike his own mother, she had graying hair and some wrinkles. It was the only way to tell she had missed her son.

Taehyung knew he should probably say goodbye, but she hadn’t been the same ever since Jimin was abducted and maybe it’d be better if he came back with her son… then maybe life would be back in her eyes.

He turned around and exited the town.

It would take him time to get there and he didn’t really care, he just knew that he would get there at some point and that was enough. He knew he shouldn’t rush things and maybe the smartest thing to do would’ve been to wait until he presented, but he was still desperate to find Jimin.

He moved over to a few close towns and was in one of them where he met Hoseok the beta with the wide smile that somehow reminded him a bit of Jimin’s, but that was as much because Hoseok was a wolf, with pointy reddish ears and not as fuzzy tail of the same color. Hoseok was taller than Jimin probably was right now, he was lanky and the sun near the coast bronzed his skin beautifully.

Taehyung liked him and Hoseok was really good with the bow and the arrow, he asked him to teach him how to use it and soon they became close…

“So… if you want you can crash at my cottage. You’re good with the rod so…” Hoseok said while they walked back to store away the fish. “If you don’t have anywhere else to stay…” He continued and Taehyung pondered for a moment.

“Are you sure? Don’t you have anyone to ask about this?” He asked and felt a bit stupid, why did he ask? It wasn’t like he cared or maybe it was because Hoseok was the closest thing he had to Jimin at the moment; the boy was just as bright as Jimin had been.

“No… not really. I mean… I help alphas in rut from time to time or omegas in heat, but that is not a serious thing.” He explained and Taehyung frowned in confusion, the young beta smirked. “You’ll know when you present… and I’ll be more than glad to help you through it.” He said and the way his voice lowered had Taehyung more confused than before.
Taehyung spent more time than he had planned in Hoseok’s village.
Jimin was seventeen when he came to a realization… He couldn’t forget about Taehyung that easily.

Jimin found himself with Yoongi on the rooftop again… it just became their hideout in the wide open… After thinking about Yoongi’s words for such a long time Jimin felt he needed to explain it to the elder…

“I can’t be your mate, hyeong.” Jimin said in a soft voice and Yoongi frowned and pushed up with his elbows, turning to be hovering over Jimin in the blink of an eye.

“Why not?” He asked with barely concealed anger.

“I promised Taetae I’d become his mate.” Jimin said and Yoongi snarled down at him making Jimin flinch.

“You will never see him again! You won’t ever leave this place!” Yoongi snapped angrily at him and felt like scum when Jimin’s eyes let some tears fall, a sob made Yoongi’s heart break. “And it is all my fault.” Yoongi said and pulled away from Jimin to curl into himself.

Jimin pushed up and saw the misery that suddenly enveloped Yoongi and now he could understand why Yoongi had avoided him all those years ago. He was feeling guilty and with good reason, if he hadn’t said anything Jimin wouldn’t have been found out and then he would still be living with his mother and Taehyung by his side.

A dark and nasty voice inside Jimin’s head told him to hate Yoongi, but Jimin couldn’t because he had been living in the palace for far too long and had now understood the difficult trails of royalty. Yoongi craved for the throne and always had strived for power and recognition even when no one thought much of him.

Yoongi’s looks made him seem weak, ethereal and frail, like the second queen, she was a sick woman that spent her days closed in her bedroom coughing and reading. Jimin had heard her and had heard Yoongi worrying about her, but she was tainted by greed and she wanted the throne for her child.
Jimin placed a hand on Yoongi’s shoulder, but he wouldn’t look up and so Jimin let his own body drape around Yoongi like a protective blanket. He hugged him and let his cheek flat on Yoongi’s back, his fluffy tail wrapping around the elder’s legs.

“You won’t leave, right?” Yoongi asked in a soft whisper and Jimin felt his own tears falling. He knew he wouldn’t see Taehyung again and it pained him greatly. “You have to stay by my side.” The boy added.

“I will never leave you, hyeong.” Jimin said and thought it wouldn’t be so bad to be Yoongi’s friend now that Taehyung was gone… he should never think about his best friend again.

Yoongi pulled from his embrace and Jimin turned his head to look up at him, only to be reminded of Yoongi’s pure beauty. He was really soft and frail, but his mouth spat fire, his words cut deeply and his sharp eyes could kill. Yoongi was a contradictory mess that Jimin shouldn’t love.

“I’ll make it up to you for the rest of my life, Jimin.” Yoongi said and then before Jimin could even process it the older boy was kissing him.

Jimin was only seventeen when he was given his first kiss and a part of him wished he hadn’t thought about Taehyung when Yoongi pressed firmer against his lips. He was safe inside his head anyway and he still felt attracted to Yoongi anyway.

Nothing could go wrong from giving Yoongi the care and love he so much needed because Jimin no longer had Taehyung to cover with his feelings. He could try and fill the void in his chest with Yoongi because Yoongi was okay… he liked Yoongi.

When Yoongi pulled away from him Jimin saw a flash of something crossing his blue eyes and he thought Yoongi had never looked more beautiful than at that moment and how wrong had Taehyung been saying he looked more like a prince than Yoongi would ever do, because Yoongi looked more like a fallen angel… one that could kill you.

Jin didn’t know much about many things yet. They were still young and naïve, but soon things would change. He had been living around many wolves in his life to notice how they all behaved. Wolves turned dangerous after presenting…

Yoongi… Yoongi would be dangerous.

…

Seokjin hated the fact that he had presented as an omega, but it was in his own nature and personality to never give up no matter the odds. People already talked enough about him, but they didn’t know him… he was giving his best to understand politics and everything regarding authority so he could be a good king…

Seokjin had been raised to reign. In his blood was nothing but the desire to rule the kingdom and give his people better ways and opportunities than even his father had given. He was completely advocated to this, but in the end biology was bound to affect his life and his dream.

Surely he had been taught about heats and his own mother had given him a few talks about them now that he had presented.

He figured he could get used to how every single alpha guard in his household turned around to stare at him as if he was a piece of meat… and maybe that had been the only reason he had been okay with the current situation. Kim Namjoon had never given him a bad glance, but neither a good one.
Seokjin had been raised to be king… thus he didn’t know much about love or relationships aside from the ones he had with his siblings and Jimin, but Namjoon made him feel different… even more now that he had matured and what was worst was that Namjoon had been an alpha ever since he was sixteen.

At nineteen Namjoon now stood taller than Seokjin, his bronzed skin and droopy eyes made Seokjin sigh at the most inappropriate moments. Namjoon was the second man in the royal guard from the first house and it was his job to be present in every meeting with the council, in the king’s offices, in the tactical venue, the practice fields and every other important place.

Seokjin averted his gaze from the tall guard and sipped at his tea while he stared at the sparring practice. He was supposed to pay attention so he could pick his own royal guards that would accompany him to every single place from now on, but it was hard when Namjoon stood next to the second house’s captain Jaebum while they discussed the scene ahead.

For heaven’s sake! Seokjin knew nothing about sparring… he knew swordsmanship, but not the kind of combat that they were displaying right now. It was barbaric. He sighed and looked away.

“Is there something wrong, your highness?” Namjoon’s voice said and Seokjin snapped his head around so fast he heard something crack; the guard was kneeling by his side, never to look down on royalty.

“I am most sorry, Namjoon-ssi, but this kind of combat is nothing I know about, therefore my judgment on picking this or that, won’t really mean a thing.” Seokjin replied in honesty and Namjoon nodded with a smile.

“Your father has assigned me to sort this and he also mentioned I could offer my services to you. He said you’d probably reject me because I am an alpha, but I still want you to know that if you want me, you could have me.” Namjoon dared to move his eyes to the first prince and Seokjin felt awed as he held his gaze.

“I could have you?” Seokjin wondered and his eyes strayed to Namjoon’s lips for a moment, the younger nodded sharply. “Of course I want you.” He said and then cleared his throat. “It’d make this easier and yes, I don’t want alphas around me unless it is you.” Seokjin said, returning to his prince tone.

Namjoon tried to conceal his pleased smile as he nodded and then moved towards Jaebum to give indications, no alphas would battle today, only betas should perform and even if Jaebum was confused he motioned for the soldiers to obey.

…

Jungkook and Yugyeom had just finished training for the day and were now resting, lying down under the big shade of a tree in the third house grounds. Jungkook was supposed to move in soon, leave the first house now that his brother had presented and start living like an adult even if he wasn’t.

“It’s going to be lonely.” Yugyeom commented and Jungkook hummed thinking if Jimin would be willing to come and play with him or if he’d find his grounds too boring and plain.

Since the third house had not been inhabited for such a long while, the gardens were dead and the whole place was submerged into the most deafening silence. The king had promised Jungkook that the huge grounds right beside the manor would be used for sparring purposes and that had excited the youngest prince.
Jungkook was not stupid. He knew he was never going to be king… unlike Yoongi, he had already accepted that fact. There was nothing he wanted that badly that he needed to be a king to get it.

He was good with the sword and his fists so he was more interested on becoming the best soldier ever. He was going to become the general of the royal guard and would protect his older brother.

“I guess Seokjin-ssi won’t become king.” Yugyeom commented and Jungkook frowned.

“He will. He’s the best king we could ask for.” Jungkook said and Yugyeom hummed in thought and Jungkook knew why he had said it. “He doesn’t need to be an alpha, he’ll have me to protect him from predators and rogues.”

“I guess… but what are you going to do about this? You need people here…” Yugyeom said as he eyed his surroundings and Jungkook did the same.

“Maids and other servants will be brought from the first house, my father will deal it later. I still have time before moving here.” He said and then his thoughts strived towards Jimin again. “Do you think Jimin-hyeong will come over to play with me?” He asked and Yugyeom snorted.

“Maybe… but since he’s seventeen I guess he’s more worried about presenting. I mean… Yoongi-ssi is nineteen and is worried about it too.” Yugyeom said and Jungkook sighed.

“I do think about it sometimes, but I think Yoongi-hyeong is obsessed with it. For the greater good I pray he will become the alpha he so much wants to be.” Jungkook said and Yugyeom hummed again.

“I heard Jongup-ssi saying that the fox will present as an omega. He’s really interested in Jimin-ssi. I don’t really like Jongup-ssi.” Yugyeom commented and Jungkook felt his fists tightening and warmth spreading on his chest.

“He can’t touch Jimin-hyeong.” Jungkook snarled and Yugyeom shrugged.

“I guess not… Jimin-ssi belongs to Yoongi-ssi.”

Jungkook felt as if he had been submerged into cold water as those words hit him with too much force.

Were they true? Was Yugyeom right? Did Jimin belong to Yoongi? Why hadn’t he realized their close relationship? It was obviously more special than the one he had with Seokjin or with Jungkook himself.

In Jimin’s eyes Jungkook was just a child he played with. Seokjin was a companion, someone that taught him. Yoongi was a lover… had they kissed before? Had they done more than just kissing yet?

He should’ve known it’d happen… Yoongi had been in love with Jimin ever since he saw him running through the market with Taehyung on tow. Yoongi had stared at the kid with longing and Jungkook hadn’t understood his look until now… because now he looked at Jimin the way Yoongi had done seven years ago.

It was a bit too late… and that only confirmed that yes, Jungkook was nothing but a pup in everyone else’s eyes.

His chest constricted painfully at the thought. Just like his father had always spoken about him, he was destined to nothing but a servant to the king. Even born as a prince he’d be nothing but a soldier at the service of his brothers.
It was nothing that had actually bothered him before; being a king had seemed rather pointless before, but now maybe he understood why Yoongi wanted it so much… the possibility of being able to do whatever he wanted…

Jungkook shook his head to get rid of the useless thoughts and took a deep breath because he knew he wouldn’t be a good king. He still resented his father for sending him away for the first five years of his life, but he had been too young to actually hold onto the bittersweet memories of his old home.

This was his home now.

…

“You’ve been in a really bad mood lately. Are you sure everything is alright?” Hoseok asked while he pulled the bucket of fish into the cottage and Taehyung followed with his own utensils.

“I’m fine.” He mumbled but he wasn’t. He had been thinking nonstop about Jimin lately, it had been a while since he had met Hoseok and even thought they had become friends, Jimin’s face was still fresh in his mind… well… fresh with the ten year-old Jimin.

“I think you’re going to present soon.” Hoseok said and Taehyung looked over at him, he was smiling. “It’s cool… if you’re an omega I can help you with the heat. Since I am a beta I can do both. Help you with a heat or help you with a rut.” He said and Taehyung frowned.

He wasn’t stupid. Not with the amount of things he had seen while traveling, he had seen how alphas, betas and omegas revolved around their mating cycles, he had been scared at first, then a bit disgusted until he thought about Jimin, but then he resigned himself. The adventure of sex was not in his plans at the moment.

Hoseok had presented as a beta when he was sixteen and the boy didn’t suffer from either: heats or ruts. It’d be great to be a beta, or that’s what Taehyung thought, to be in control of his hormones, his body and his needs.

“Do you have any preference?” Hoseok asked and Taehyung groaned as he dropped the net on the counter, flopped down in a stool and then glared at Hoseok. “I am just asking, Taehyung… no need to get all worked up.” Hoseok muttered and his smile fell. “Let’s go hunting.” He said and moved to grab the tools, but Taehyung didn’t move.

Hoseok was lanky and Taehyung had gotten broader and broader in time, his skin darkening a bit more and his hair lightening thanks to the sun and the sea. Hoseok stared at him and then sighed as he averted his eyes to the floor.

“You’re planning to leave, aren’t you?” He said after a long moment of hearing Taehyung’s soft breathing. “I never asked, but I know you are after someone.” He added.

“It is okay, hyeong… I’ve just been thinking a lot lately.” Taehyung said softly and Hoseok snorted.

“You? Thinking? Don’t be delusional.” Hoseok joked and Taehyung finally smiled a bit; he suddenly felt his skin prickling, the weather was not hot; it was actually colder than usual, but his skin felt hot, feverish.

He stood and pressed the heels of his hands against his eyes, he was trembling slightly; Hoseok slowly realized what was happening. He studied the younger’s face until Taehyung looked down at him.

“Oh…” Hoseok said and looked towards the opened door to their cottage. “I should close the door.”
He said and walked over and closed the door softly. Taehyung swallowed thickly and watched in quiet desperation how Hoseok moved back and leaned back on the counter simply waiting.

“Oh my lord…” Taehyung almost whined and sat again. “I feel weird… shit…” He said and Hoseok blinked and could only watch as Taehyung curled in on himself.

“It’s just a rut, calm down.” He said because he had smelled the younger and just knew what he’d be.

“Just a rut? Like… I can’t do this right now… Shit!” Taehyung said and tried to move away, but Hoseok’s salty and warm scent was getting to his nostrils, or maybe it was just the sea and beach and life itself, but Taehyung was dazed.

“Everyone has these all the time and they don’t drown themselves in self pity. Come here so we can get this over with.” Hoseok said and reached a hand down towards Taehyung who only glared up at him.

“How can you be so calm about it? I am talking about a rut here! Do you even understand?” Taehyung asked and Hoseok rolled his eyes.

“Yes, Taehyung I do… I’ve helped with those before and if you ask me… I really want to help you too.” The implicit confession made Taehyung blush hard under his gaze and he wasn’t sure what he should think or do about it. “And I know you love someone else but this doesn’t have to mean more than just two friends helping out each other…” Hoseok said.

“How would I be helping you, hyeong?” Taehyung asked and Hoseok shrugged.

“Because I am a beta. I don’t have heats or ruts, but I am really horny right now.” He said honestly and Taehyung gulped and finally reached for Hoseok’s hand, but instead to getting up he pulled Hoseok on his lap. “Ah!”

Hoseok blinked down at him and it only took them a second of quiet consent to finally kiss each other.

Hoseok wound his arms around Taehyung’s broad shoulders and kissed him for all he was worth; Taehyung was a mess, Hoseok was his first kiss, but the elder was confident on his actions as he moved his hips over Taehyung’s.

“We should take off some layers.” Hoseok mumbled against his lips as he helped the younger out of his shirt and then threw it on the floor.

“Yeah…” Taehyung mumbled, but he was not really paying attention he could only shiver when Hoseok stood and removed his clothes in haste, Taehyung had half a mind to push down his pants. “Hyeong…” Taehyung moaned when Hoseok sat back on his lap and their cocks slid up together.

“Work me up, Taehyung. I am not an omega, but if you help me I can lube up.” Hoseok whispered harshly wrapping his legs around the other’s waist.

“You need to stop talking like that, hyeong…” Taehyung warned with his deep voice and Hoseok shivered and then smiled at him.

“I like this new side of you…” Hoseok said and leaned over to bite Taehyung’s ear softly, the fur tickling his nose a bit.

His big hands traveled down Hoseok’s body until he reached his narrow hips, making sure the
indents of his fingers would stay there, he wanted him marked, wanted his gorgeous tanned skin to sport his trace.

It took him a long moment of messy kisses that held more tongue and teeth than anything else, to finally reach Hoseok’s butt. The older bucked up against him and then moaned long, throwing his head back when Taehyung parted his butt cheeks and teased the rim of his asshole with the tips of his fingers.

“Yes…” Hoseok hissed letting his hard length glide against Taehyung torso. Taehyung knew Hoseok needed more to take him in.

Hoseok bit down on his lower lip when the younger finally inserted two fingers inside him; a bit too sudden and rash, but Hoseok liked to believe Taehyung was like that, impatient and passionate and he wouldn’t take him any other way.

And Taehyung tried his most to prepare the elder, but after scissoring his fingers inside the warmness of his hole, Taehyung was ready to simply pound him, they shared a long look, Hoseok was trembling in his arms, but he didn’t say anything when Taehyung suddenly stood from the stool and walked over to the counter, pushing some tools away and placing Hoseok on the edge. The elder swallowed thickly as Taehyung positioned him and then guided his own hard member towards Hoseok’s opening and finally they were joined.

A loud groan left Taehyung’s lips and Hoseok moaned loudly too, the rock of their hips couldn’t be faster; the strokes were deep and they reached all sort of magical places inside Hoseok… Taehyung was in a rut and he needed the fast paced thrusts, not the slow movements.

He slipped out of Hoseok and pulled him down, turned him around and bent him over the counter before entering him again. He placed his hands on the elder’s hips. Hoseok moaned at the manhandling and braced himself against the wood.

“Fuck…” The younger cursed lowly near Hoseok’s ear as he snapped his hips as fast as he could, bringing Hoseok down on him with his hands… it was harsher like this and Taehyung felt a tight heat on his navel.

He kissed Hoseok’s nape and his shoulders and licked the protruding vein on the side of his neck, the smell of sand and sun and everything that resembled summer, got stronger and Taehyung couldn’t stop now the piston of his hips.

“Ah, shit… Taehyung…” Hoseok said softly. “I can’t hold it much longer… please…” Hoseok moaned and Taehyung disconnected a moment when he felt the base of his cock swelling.

“What the fuck…?” He wondered mildly surprised and Hoseok whined and then gave a breathless laugh.

“Yeah… knot me…” Hoseok said and Taehyung let his teeth graze the soft skin on Hoseok’s shoulder. “Don’t… don’t mark me, Tae… you can’t mate me…” He begged and Taehyung growled and then decided to instead nip at his earlobe.

“Shit… so tight…” Taehyung groaned and Hoseok yelled when the swollen base of his cock caught on his rim of muscle, the stretch made him whine and throw his head back onto Taehyung’s shoulder.

“Ah, Tae… you better push that fucking thing in before you actually break me.” He breathed out harshly and Taehyung hesitated a moment before pushing in rather hard and the knot slid inside.
“Ah, fuck!” Hoseok closed his eyes tightly against the pain and Taehyung let his mouth fall open because of the pleasure.

“You feel so good, hyeong…” He continued to rock his hips shallowly while holding Hoseok around his torso.

“Shit… you’re too big…” Hoseok tried to keep them up with his elbows holding, but Taehyung was heavy. “I can’t keep us up…” He breathed out and Taehyung reached one hand to hold up his own body. “Oh, lord…” Hoseok said as he finally let his frame fall on the counter he moved one hand to hold his forearm around his body.

“I am coming, hyeong…” Taehyung grumbled above him and Hoseok whined.

“Yeah… do it…” He breathed out and then just like that the younger was coming deep inside Hoseok, the knot pulsating against Hoseok’s sweet spot making him come right after against the side of the counter, hard wood digging on his hipbones. “Ah, yes, Tae… so good…” He mumbled unable to move and simply enjoying the ride.

“Hyeong…” Taehyung said after a long moment while he nipped at his earlobe, Hoseok hummed. “I know you like me… but… are you maybe in love with someone?” He asked and Hoseok remained quiet for a long moment.

“Because I didn’t let you mark me?” He asked and Taehyung hummed, the older laughed a bit. “Love is useless, Tae… I could’ve let you mate me, but I don’t love you like that and breaking the bond would hurt us more than we could both stand.” Hoseok said softly as he sighed. “You did knot me anyway… What’s the big deal?” He asked in mild amusement.

Taehyung let his cheek rest against Hoseok’s back thinking if Jimin would’ve said the same to him. Would have let him mate him then and there? Would he have said love was useless? It all felt pointless...

Jimin had never actually liked Jongup. Not only was he the man that had brought him here against his will, but he also gave the strangest looks to the princes… more so to Seokjin now that he was an omega and somehow Jimin could understand.

Seokjin had always been a handsome man, but ever since he had presented a few months ago, he had become even more appealing. His scent got sweeter and stronger and Jimin was only glad that there was Namjoon every day by his side, guarding him with a calm demeanor.

Jemin was unable to see Seokjin as often as he did before now that he was accompanying his father to every meeting and learning the ways of kingship from the very king. He resorted to Yoongi or loneliness because Jungkook was busier and busier these days… maybe Jimin would’ve believed the boy was avoiding him, but he wanted to think better of him.

Still… back to the point. Jongup was known for being the royal guard, he was often seen next to the king and even though he was not a general, he was highly respected amongst the guards and everyone listened to his orders. Jongup was not that bulky of an alpha, but his sharp gaze and smartness made him out rather dangerous.

Jemin stood still at the end of the hall, his whole body frozen as he stared at the man approaching with another guard on tow. Their gazes locked and Jimin felt the hatred, Jongup was not fond of him and that had been obvious, but there was something else in his eyes and Jimin hated it… it made him
disgusted.

“You should not be out this late at night.” Jongup said as he stopped in front of Jimin, the other guard stopped as well and frowned a bit at the exchange, normally no one would address the fox in the halls.

Surprisingly enough, the alphas and guards in the palace were all very superstitious and they all believed the fox was a dangerous creature to be feared… like mermaids had been in old age.

“I am here to see Yoongi-hyeong.” Jimin replied, his face indifferent and only his eyes filled with curiosity as he stared up at Jongup, his tail swaying lazily from side to side behind him.

“You should not bother the second prince.” Jongup said and suddenly they heard a door sliding open; Jongup and the guard turned around and saw the second prince coming out with his impassive face and beautiful features illuminated by the moon.

“I was wondering what was holding you up. Do not make me wait, Jimin.” Yoongi said and Jimin hummed and then walked right next to Jongup, making sure to bump his shoulder into Jongup’s arm.

Jemin glared at Jongup over his shoulder noticing the fact that he was no longer staring at him but at Yoongi and that irked him to no end. He slipped inside Yoongi’s room and then Yoongi did the same and closed the door.

“Did he bother you?” He asked and Jimin shook his head now smiling at Yoongi. “Good, let’s go up.” Yoongi said and they moved to climb to the rooftop through the window.

Jemin was elated to know Seokjin was still the first choice of the king to be his successor, what had happened with Yoongi didn’t mean a thing anymore. Seokjin had proven himself to be worthy of the king’s position and his father was more than happy to keep his decision that way.

Jemin was seventeen, living a rather comfortable life that he had been living now for seven years, almost half his life with Taehyung, half his life without him. It gave a bittersweet feeling to it, but Jemin had decidedly poured his attention and love in Yoongi in the most innocent ways.

He still played with Jungkook in gardens, but the younger had grown a lot, he was barely fifteen, but was taller than Jimin now, lanky and a bit odd to the sight, but nonetheless strong and cute.

Ever since Seokjin presented Yoongi had retracted himself into his bedroom, avoiding his father, his brothers and even his mother, reserving his few words to Jimin who visited him daily, mostly at night. They talked and Yoongi had taken upon himself to teach Jimin about what Seokjin didn’t have time anymore.

Yoongi was only nineteen and looked even more beautiful to the eyes and Jimin feared that was maybe the reason the second prince was hiding in his bedroom for, scared of being judged by the eyes of guards and other royal staff.

It sometimes scared Jimin that Jongup or anyone else would harm Yoongi in any possible way.

They lied down on the rooftop side by side, simply staring into the stars and probably making wishes upon them… None that really worked, Jimin knew.

“What if we stayed like this forever?” Jimin asked.

“Here? On the roof?” He asked and Jimin giggled, Yoongi smiled and closed his eyes, letting the sound fill his mind.
“No… if we didn’t have to present like everyone expects you to do…” He explained and Yoongi frowned a bit; that was a sore subject and it often got him angry, but he could never be angry with Jimin.

“We have to. It is not something we decide. We simply have to.” Yoongi said and then turned to lie on his side and give his back to Jimin. “It is our nature. Omega’s are weak, betas are useless and alphas get everything in the end.” He said in a gruff voice.

“But Seokjin-hyeong will be king and he’s strong, why would you-”

“He won’t be king!” Yoongi said in a harsh whisper as he turned and glared down at Jimin who stared at him in shock, his lips pressed together to prevent an argument and he simply nodded. “I am nineteen … I know I am a late-presenter, but as soon as I become an alpha, my father won’t have other choice but to make me the crown prince.” He hissed and Jimin sighed as he sat up.

“I wish you wouldn’t want to be king.” Jimin muttered softly and Yoongi blinked in disbelief; why was Jimin spouting such nonsense. Everyone wanted to be king. “I think it made you greedy, the possibility.” He added in a soft voice.

“I’ve always wanted to be king.” Yoongi snarled and Jimin flinched a bit.

“Why do you want to be king so badly?” He asked the elder and turned to meet his eyes. He looked angry but gorgeous.

“A simple country boy like you wouldn’t understand.” He said and Jimin gave him a bitter smile.

“Taetae would’ve told you I was more of a prince than you are.” He said and stood from the roof to make his way down. Yoongi stood and grabbed his wrist.

“I’ve told you… He’s gone. You can think him dead if it makes things easier…” Yoongi said and Jimin met his eyes again.

“Thinking him alive makes things easier for me, Yoongi-hyeong. That’s something a prince like you wouldn’t understand.”

…

Jimin now understood what the heavy atmosphere in the palace was about...

Ever since Seokjin had presented, people started to worry about the lands’ futures, he was not stupid, but he also lacked knowledge about politics and such. The guards always whispered in the corridors about loyalties and how the houses would split once Seokjin became king. Why was everyone against Seokjin being king?

The palace changed from a dream come true into a nightmare, tarnishing everyone’s hearts, he could only hope that Seokjin would remain true to himself and that Jungkook wouldn’t let the words get to him, he was not going to be king even if he wanted to, but to Jimin’s surprise the younger didn’t want it or at least he seemed already resigned to the idea of it, like he knew that would never be his seat.

Jimin spent more and more time alone walking around the gardens, thinking about Taehyung and what he was doing, how did he look like right now? Had he grown up? Had he presented yet? Was he a beta? Jimin wished he were.

In winters like this one, his mind strayed to the freezing breeze by the beachside at his hometown,
how he and Taehyung would play in the cold water even if it hurt, even if they later got sick, even if their mothers would be angry about it.

Jimin thought that winters in the palace were beautiful, but also painful… it made him think too much about Yoongi with his paleness and coldness. His heart ached every time he thought of Yoongi. The prince had Jimin’s heart in his bony hands and didn’t even know it.

“Hyeong… what are you doing out here? It’s cold.” Jungkook’s voice had become more mature, getting deeper each day, he wished it wouldn’t get as deep as Yoongi’s.

Jimin looked at the boy. He was still a boy, tall, but still clumsy on his feet when he was not fighting. Jimin smiled and looked up at the tree that was filled with snow.

“I find myself liking winter more and more…” Jimin muttered softly, he didn’t need to explain to Jungkook that the season reminded him too much of his cold brother.

Jungkook had noticed… over the years he had noticed how Jimin’s light became duller and duller, he had noticed how Jimin trailed after Yoongi and often saw them hanging out together at nights. It wasn’t that he cared much, he still had time to play with Jimin, but Jimin wasn’t looking at him like he looked at Yoongi.

Maybe Jungkook had been too young then to understand what everyone meant about foxes. Why everyone was so worried on where Jimin was going and such. He was a soldier and wouldn’t ever show weakness for anybody, but sometimes, his dreams filled with images of him ravishing Jimin in the most disturbing ways and he had to avoid contact with the elder for a week.

“Aren’t you cold?” Jungkook asked as he came closer to the fox, he was now half a head taller than Jimin. He smiled up at him and then his silvery eyes roamed his uniform… the armor he was supposed to use whilst training.

“It isn’t that cold. You look like… a soldier…” Jimin breathed out feeling bad.

Seokjin was trapped, suffering about how he was becoming a king when he was an omega. Yoongi was suffering, he wouldn’t be king unless he became an alpha and Jungkook, surely to become an alpha was bound to suffer the horrors of death.

“I am a soldier now, but I’ll be leading men in the future.” He said and Jimin grimaced and sighed. “It is cold and you shouldn’t be out here with only one layer of clothing.” He said eyeing the silky blue robe Jimin was wearing.

“Then I guess I am sick. I feel feverish.” He didn’t mind the cold or Jungkook’s words.

“If you’re sick then you should be resting.” Jungkook said and reached down for Jimin’s hand, drowned in the silk of his robe, but when Jungkook finally found his fingers he blinked in surprise at the warmth of his skin. “You need to be checked by the doctor.” Jungkook said and Jimin would’ve nodded if not for the sudden dizziness.

He felt heat spread throughout his whole body and his head swarmed with delirious thoughts that he couldn’t quite grasp. The feeling of Jungkook’s hand on his made his skin itch and he turned fully to the younger searching for some sort of comfort.

“Hyeong… you…” Jungkook couldn’t finish, his mouth watered somehow and he felt as if his skin was tightening on his body.

He knew what was happening, he knew he should take Jimin to a safe place and lock him in, away
from predators… like he was feeling right at that moment.

“You smell so good, hyeong…” He said and got closer, leaning a bit and pressing his nose on Jimin’s neck. The elder threw his head back, baring his neck and a soft whine left his lips. Jungkook growled and somehow his tongue slipped out of his mouth and he licked a stripe from Jimin’s shoulder up to his earlobe.

“Jungkook… please…”

…

“You look worried, your highness…” Namjoon commented as Seokjin stared out the window, the night was heavy and dark when they were in stranger lands, but Seokjin found comfort in his royal guard. Namjoon had a way to make him feel safe in any kind of place.

Tonight his father was traveling to go back home so that maybe he’d make it before sunrise. Seokjin was still supposed to stay another day to figure some things with the leader at the northern lands.

“I always feel worried when I am not home. Like… something bad will happen to my brothers when I am not there.” He said and Namjoon smiled at the worried thought.

“You are aware of your brother’s thoughts about you becoming and king and yet you find time to worry about him.” He commented and Seokjin turned to look up at him with big eyes.

“Nonetheless, Yoongi is my brother.” He said softly and Namjoon frowned a bit at the words. “I know what it is said about the loyalties in the palace, Namjoon-ssi and I will not partake in it, second, third or first house… none of that should worry anyone.” He said and the guard bowed his head and tightened his jaw.

“I apologize for angering you, your highness. But coming the moment of it, you should know not to trust lightly and you have my complete loyalty.” He said and Seokjin grimaced and turned to look out the window again.

“I know…”

That was not what he wanted from Namjoon.

…

“P-please… I f-feel…” Jimin couldn’t finish for his knees gave out, but was glad that Jungkook was there to hold him. That snapped Jungkook out of his daze and he picked him up. “Jungkookie…” Jimin breathed near his ear, his arms wrapped around the younger’s neck while they moved.

“We need to get you to your room.” He said as he walked through the halls noticing how thicker his scent got, so much that he almost could taste peaches and cream on his tongue.

“Make it stop…” Jimin whined rubbing his legs together and Jungkook groaned unable to stop his natural instincts.

“No, hyeong. I am going to call Yoongi-hyeong… He’ll know what to do.” He said finally reaching Jimin’s bedroom in the second house.

He pushed the door open and walked inside, he tried to place Jimin softly on his mattress, but the elder wouldn’t let go of his neck and he ended up falling on top of Jimin… He was so far gone in his heat that he couldn’t really tell the difference between Jungkook and anyone else… no, Jungkook
felt right.

Jungkook knew first heats were supposed to be scary and were the main reason most omegas ended up mated to alphas they didn’t love. Jungkook swallowed thickly staring down at Jimin’s expression, so beautiful, so pliant and good.

“Please…” He moaned; the robe had shifted between their bodies and had revealed Jimin’s legs. Jungkook had never really seen them, but they looked soft and his thighs were plump and perfect…

He noticed his bared shoulders and the collarbones and wondered how would he be able to simply walk away when Jimin was presenting himself like this to him, but it wasn’t until he felt his own member hardening that he realized something that hadn’t been there before.

Jungkook groped his own crotch through the thick fabric of his clothes and groaned as he finally acknowledged the knot, the swelling on the base of his cock.

“Fuck… hyeong I am… Me too, I need to…” He had to get up and flee.

“Please…” Jimin pulled him down until their foreheads were touching and then they both closed their eyes for a long moment… it was weird with the tension and the heat spreading, but Jungkook felt like he was watching a scene in his mind…

His own wolf… big and black was making his way through the forest until he came face to face with Jimin’s fox… the lovely silver eyes shone blue and Jungkook’s wolf growled low in his throat.

“What’s this…?” Jungkook wondered as he opened his eyes; the images fading to give way to Jimin’s own face… he looked calm and collected for a brief moment before he opened his eyes… they were shining blue and Jungkook wondered if the omega had seen the same.

Jimin was definitely not in his right state of mind when he stuck out his tongue and licked the new alpha’s cheek… Jungkook shivered and his hands shot out to Jimin’s waist pressing him back to the mattress to get some distance.

Jimin looked surprised for only a fleeting second before his own hands moved down to Jungkook’s and then traveled up his arms when he realized he couldn’t surpass him in strength… frustration building up inside him as he tried to squirm, his thighs pressing together and moving restlessly.

“Hyeong… you need to… stop…” Jungkook said slowly… his mouth was watering too much and when his eyes trailed down Jimin’s body he saw the glistening between his legs… the scent getting stronger.

“It is fine… please!” Jimin whined throwing his head back and trying in vain to get rid of Jungkook’s hands around his waist. “It wants you!” Jimin panted harshly and Jungkook frowned down at him.

“Who wants me?” He asked and Jimin whined some more before finally looking him in the eyes.

“My fox wants you… you can have us…” Jimin said in a high-pitched voice and Jungkook groaned at the thought. “Don’t you want us?”

“Hyeong… you don’t understand what you’re saying…”

“What do you think you’re doing?” It was a deep raspy voice and Jungkook looked over his shoulder only to see Yoongi there with a deep frown and a glare in his eyes.
“Hyeong… He is presenting… You have to call Seokjin-hyeong.” Jungkook said trying to ignore the urge to simply push his hard cock in Jimin’s slickened hole, because he could smell him… he was making a mess on the mattress.

“Get out of here!” Yoongi snapped and suddenly there were guards at the door, Jungkook frowned and would’ve pulled at his own sword if not for how Jimin was still clutching to him. “He’s trying to rape the fox!” Yoongi yelled and the guards marched inside and swiftly grabbed Jungkook, pulling him off Jimin.

“No… please…” Jimin whined as he finally realized what was happening… his heat was messing with his head and he could only turn to look at Yoongi with a confused face. “You’re wrong, hyeong…” Jimin tried to crawl over… Everyone in the room staring down at him as he got on his hands and knees and literally crawled towards Yoongi… not getting too far though, his heat making him shiver and then his upper half was sinking to the floor… his cheek pressed on the wood as his hands reached under him and between his legs to touch his own hard cock.

“I need him…” Jimin moaned closing his eyes tightly. The sight mesmerized the guards and Jungkook growled at them.

“He’s presenting! Get him locked until we can talk to my father about what he tried to do!” Yoongi ordered, the guards finally dragged Jungkook out of the bedroom. Jimin was helpless to do anything and could only stare up at Yoongi in disbelief. “I’ll deal with you in a moment.” The elder said before stepping out of the room and locking Jimin inside.

He followed the guards to the dungeons where they locked Jungkook in a cell, like a criminal.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing, hyeong?” Jungkook bellowed. Yoongi appeared before him with an angry face and a deep scowl. “I was trying to help him!” He yelled and Yoongi scoffed. “Yes… he was bound to ask you to fuck him and you think doing it means you’re helping him?” He said derisively; Jungkook growled out so hard Yoongi took a step back, but didn’t flinch. “Wasn’t it clear that Jimin is mine?” Yoongi yelled again and Jungkook almost whined because yes, he had noticed their relationship.

“I was not… I would never…” Jungkook couldn’t speak and the heat under his skin was still too strong.

In all honesty he would’ve fucked Jimin into the floor if it weren’t for Yoongi’s suddenly interruption… he would’ve loved to think he had more self-restraint, but no… he was just presenting and Jimin was just so tempting…

“Father will ask me about your punishment… and when he does I’ll have your head in a silver plate.” Yoongi said darkly and Jungkook couldn’t believe his brother wanted him dead just because of what had happened.

“Hyeong…?” He tried, but was ignored when Yoongi walked out of the dungeons.

The pale prince walked back to Jimin’s bedroom and slid the door open. Jimin’s sweet scent was intoxicating and he was glad his own father was not in the palace at the moment.

Jimin looked up, his chest heaving with his ragged breaths; his hair was a silvery mess and his usual silvery eyes were glinting blue around the edges… such a sight he was.
“If you could trigger Jungkook’s rut you should be able to trigger mine.”
Chapter Summary

No chapter's summary applies.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the support, lol and sorry for the angst and because of how I wrote Yoongi. I apologize.

Yoongi walked over and knelt on the mattress. The nest of silk and fabric, cushions and Jimin’s own robes made him look royal and Yoongi would’ve agreed with Taehyung today that Jimin was more like a prince that he would ever look.

“Hyeong… Jungkook didn’t do anything wrong…” He said breathlessly, his small hands clasping on Yoongi’s own robe, desperate for contact, but also answers. “Where did you take him?” He asked and Yoongi frowned.

“You should be asking me to take you, not about Jungkook.” Yoongi said, his own breathing hitching as he hovered over the younger. His exposed skin was tempting and teasing and Yoongi wanted nothing but to rip his undergarments and the rest of his deep blue robe.

Jimin opened his mouth and his eyelids fell lazily over his beautiful eyes as he stared up at Yoongi, a soft sound left his throat and Yoongi panted over him.

“Yes, hyeong…” Jimin’s heat returned harder and made him forget completely about Jungkook’s whereabouts. “Please…” He hissed and then lazily turned around, his chest on the mattress and his knees pushing his lower half up.

Yoongi moved to kneel behind him and his long fingers hitched the robe up the curve of his ass; Yoongi wasn’t sure why it was not happening. He was aroused, that was for sure, but if he were to present as an alpha it was high time he had developed a knot at the base of his member.

“Beautiful…” Yoongi whispered the truth and decided to let the blue silk pool at Jimin’s shoulder blades because he liked the contrast on his peachy skin. Under the soft glow of the candles he could see the glistening slick trailing down his thighs.

He had never seen Jimin naked, at least not like this… not purposefully teasing him, tempting him… they had shared baths before… when they were kids and less as they grew up. He knew his little fox was beautiful, but never to this extent.

His fluffy tail swayed slowly from side to side and his pink hole fluttered against the warm air in the room, his small cock was hard and curving against his flat navel. The scent was clouding his senses and soon he was not really caring about a knot…
He leaned over and pressed a kiss on Jimin’s lower back making him release a moan that was almost drowned on the fabric of the nest. His hands continued to rub softly over his thighs and the plumpness of his behind.

While kissing a line up Jimin’s spine, Yoongi discarded his own robe and his undergarments, letting them pool around his knees… his skin much paler than Jimin’s and a selfish thought made him grin… How beautiful would their offspring be?

He placed a hand right in front of Jimin’s face over the mattress to support his weight as he kissed his nape and ground his hips against his ass… his own hard cock sliding between his cheeks. Jimin continued to moan, his mouth always open and his eyes unfocused.

“So beautiful just for me…” Yoongi said and bit on his ear. The fox whined and shivered at the gesture, his own hips moving back to meet Yoongi’s. “You’ll make me an alpha one day.” He whispered and Jimin frowned a bit.

“I… I-ah… I h-hope not.” He moaned while Yoongi kissed his shoulders and the elder stopped right over his lips.

“Oh not?” Yoongi asked, his voice a bit gruff and Jimin tried to push himself up, but Yoongi placed a hand on his back and pushed him back down. “Answer me.” He demanded and Jimin whimpered.

“I love you, hyeong…” Jimin said softly; Yoongi felt at a loss for a moment, his own hips stilling at the confession, but Jimin was still in a heat and he needed the friction, the wet mess between them was not enough. “I wish you’d be a beta… I wish we were both betas…” Jimin admitted and then Yoongi growled and pulled at his shoulder until Jimin was lying on his back again.

“I can’t be king like that!” Yoongi growled out and Jimin would’ve flinched if not for his arousal. He arched his back and closed his eyes tightly. Yoongi swallowed thickly at the sight. “You need to make me an alpha, Jimin.” He said and leaned down to kiss his collarbones and neck.

“Hyeong!” Jimin yelped when Yoongi bit down on his neck softly, not too hard to breech skin, but surely to leave a mark.

“I’ll only mate you when I become an alpha…” Yoongi growled out. “You’re mine…” Yoongi groaned and then his hand reached down to close around his own cock, he aligned himself at Jimin’s entrance and pushed softly, a breathless smile etching on his face while Jimin bit down his lip in pain. “So… tight…” Yoongi said nosing at his neck, relishing in his whines and moans.

“It hurts…” Jimin tried, he was breathing too raggedly to be loud.

“It’ll hurt more when I become an alpha… you have to endure it, love.” Yoongi said and started to rock his hips back and forth.

“Ah- hyeong!” Jimin’s breathing turned loud, moans and whispers of Yoongi’s name soon filled the room, a moving work of art if you asked Yoongi. The fox was enthraling and simply majestic.

So he knew… foxes were magical creatures. Yoongi had read enough about them to know about their magic traits, about how they could manipulate any other race into doing anything they wanted. He knew about their bodies and how they appealed to everyone, being alphas, betas and even other omegas.

Yoongi knew that if mated with an alpha the fox would give birth only to alphas and the bond would make his mate stronger. Yoongi needed to be an alpha soon and mate Jimin… make sure he stayed
with him forever.

He’d be the strongest alpha ever known, probably like his own grandfather had wanted to be, but he failed. Yoongi wouldn’t fail… he had the perfect fox in his hands, under his body, pliant and becoming a writhing mess.

Jimin was trying hard to focus on only keeping his own breath in check, but Yoongi’s pace was too fast and too hard, it was bringing him closer and closer to some edge he was sure would end him. He had never felt this way…

Surely he had kissed with Yoongi countless of times and sometimes those kisses had led to furtive touches here and there and those touches had ended on Jimin having a warm heat spreading throughout his body, but never like this… Never had he been unable to hold off the way his own member hardened.

He raised his head and looked down at their joined hips, how Yoongi’s skinnier complexion actually overpowered him so easily. Yoongi was beautiful above him, sweating and his eyes so dark they almost looked black, his white hair sticking to his forehead and his red lips open and breathing harshly.

“Y-you’re s-so beautiful, your highness…” Jimin said, honest and true. Yoongi groaned and leaned down to mesh their lips together; a hungry kiss, a mess of teeth, tongues and spit that Jimin couldn’t control.

Yoongi picked up his pace even more and made sure Jimin’s moans and whines were drowned on his own lips, sucked them out and swallowed them down his throat to keep forever inside his body. No one would ever see his fox like this.

He pulled at Jimin’s lower lip and then let go, Jimin’s eyes watered as he closed them and then Yoongi felt the wetness hit his torso… Jimin’s release was unannounced, but surely triggered Yoongi’s that finally pressed as hard and deep as he could and let out his own seed.

Jimin panted loudly and let Yoongi fall on top of him, trying to catch their breaths.

He would’ve liked to say something, but suddenly he realized the itch was still there, his skin was still hot and even though he had released, his cock was still hard between their bodies… He didn’t understand, but Yoongi did…

The elder pushed up and grabbed Jimin’s cock without blushing even a bit; the younger whined at the touch.

“It is your heat… it’ll happen four times a year from now on. You’ll be insatiable for two or three days.” He explained while pumping the member in his hand. “Omegas are such a hassle.” Yoongi smirked and Jimin noticed he didn’t really mean that. “When I become an alpha I’ll be able to knot you and the knot will make you calmer… will make you feel sated easier.” He said and Jimin nodded not really caring. “Come, Jimin. Come in my hand.” Yoongi rocked his hips once even though his member was now flaccid he was still inside Jimin.

“Hyeong!” Jimin moaned as he came over Yoongi’s fingers and his own stomach.

“Such a sight you are…”

…

Jungkook was a soldier for many reasons, but he also had a huge deal of willpower. Even though his
rut was still raging he was not tending it. He was locked in a dungeon like a fucking criminal and he was angry… tending his hard cock and swollen knot in a cell was not something a prince would do.

He had pride.

The morning came rather fast and with it the arrival of his father. The king was astounded to see him locked. His father blinked several times when the strong scent of forest and rain entered his nostrils and a small smile was visible on his lips.

“You’re an alpha…” He said proudly as he eyed his youngest son behind the bars, looking annoyed and murderous.

“Yes, I am. Could you please let me out of here.” Jungkook said in a gruff tone of voice.

“How come you’re locked?” The king asked and then a guard walked over.

“The second prince’s orders. The third prince was found taking advantage of the fox. We got there before he could rape him.” The man said and the king frowned at Jungkook when his son moved fast and both fists curled around the bars, a snarl on his lips.

“That’s a lie.” He growled out and the guard swallowed in fear.

“What happened?” The king asked the guard; the man felt a bit uncomfortable with Jungkook standing so close, even behind the bars.

“The fox presented last night. It seemed to trigger the third prince’s rut and they were together. I assume the second prince and the fox have a special relationship for him to be so angry about this.” The guard said and so the king turned back to Jungkook.

“Is that true, Jungkook?” He asked and Jungkook blinked in disbelief.

“Yes, but… Jimin-hyeong asked me to, but I was going to get get hyeong to help him! It was all a misunderstanding.” He said loudly. “I didn’t know what to do!” Jungkook growled again feeling wronged, in his mind it wouldn’t have been that wrong if he had ended up fucking Jimin.

“You’re just fifteen.” The king said with a troubled look. “This is what I feared the most…” The king said softly. “It is my fault for not being here when this was about to happen. You’re all in the age to present… well, you certainly presented earlier than anticipated, but still. It is my fault, Jungkook.”

“What? Are you going to let Yoongi-hyeong do as he wishes?” Jungkook asked in disbelief and the king pinched the bridge of his nose.

“Sadly you’re not kids anymore and Yoongi has a right to be angry even though it was an accident.” He said and Jungkook stared, not able to comprehend. “I’ll talk to him and see what he wants.” He said.

“He wants me dead! He said it!” Jungkook yelled now feeling scared for some reason.

“I won’t let him go that far, Jungkook-ah… but he still needs reassurance that things will be taken care of.” He explained and then sighed again. “I’ll come to you later.”

…”

“What do you mean he’s gone?” Jimin asked Seokjin three days later, when his heat was finally over
and he could think straight. His whole body heavy with guilt and the way Seokjin looked so serious made him even more concerned.

“Exiled to his mother’s land for the next five years. That’s the heaviest punishment my father could think of… aside from death.” He explained the young fox, trying to ignore the marks lathering his neck and what he could see of his shoulders.

Jimin felt his chest tighten… What had he done?

It was his entire fault… he couldn’t believe what he had allowed. While he was begging Yoongi to take him again, to go faster, to kiss him deeper, to touch him everywhere… Jungkook was locked in a cell like some kind of criminal… and then exiled. Exiled to a faraway land that he knew nothing about. Sent away from his family and everything he knew, for a crime he didn’t commit.

“He didn’t do anything.” Jimin said softly, tears springing from his eyes and Seokjin frowned at the sight.

“He would’ve, but I am not here to judge my brothers’ decisions. Yoongi was not better and he shall receive my cold shoulder for what he did to you… for what he did to a friend…” He said and averted his gaze.

“Jungkook…” Jimin whispered and his knees gave out under his weight…

He could only imagine the sense of betrayal. How he must’ve felt leaving the palace in which he had grown with his brothers. How scared he must’ve been of returning to such a cold life.

“You should have seen this coming, Jimin. As an omega… no, as a fox, you’re bound to see this story repeating itself. You drag people in without even wanting to.” He said, but Jimin was not lifting his eyes. “If you truly love Yoongi then you’ll mate him when he presents.” He said, but he wasn’t sure he meant that.

He didn’t want to press Jimin into a relationship that might just be the byproduct of a natural reaction of two bodies colliding. Yoongi was still hard to figure out…

“Be careful were you place your trust.”

Seokjin walked out of the bedroom and closed the door behind himself, he took a moment to breathe when he saw Yoongi a few feet away from the room; he looked indifferent as usual and Seokjin felt angered just by the sight of him.

“You are angry for a pointless argument. Jimin has always been mine anyway and you, as an omega, should know that Jungkook would’ve raped him… Jungkook would’ve done as Jimin had asked thinking he would be helping when in reality he’d be damaging him.” Yoongi said coldly, his words lacked an emotion and it worried Seokjin.

“Asking the king for your own brother’s head was not the way to deal with it. Thinking that sending him away to that land was the next best thing was just as cruel.” Seokjin said in a sharp tone. “You are both my brothers and I love you the same, but this time I am disappointed in you, Yoongi.” He said and Yoongi snorted as he averted his gaze to the garden.

“I don’t care. You can say whatever you want. Once I become an alpha I’ll have you sent away like Jungkook and then I won’t have to worry about any of you.” He said tightening his fists and Seokjin frowned.

“Your mother’s sickness never seemed a physical one to me… and now that I see you like this I
realize that her own greed has been passed down to you.” He said and when Yoongi turned to glare at him the crown prince walked away without a second look.

…

Taehyung stared down at the flyer that had somehow landed on his hands at the main market in the fishing village. Hoseok noticed his estranged look as he stared down at the paper.

“Do you read?” Hoseok asked and Taehyung nodded, not offended… it wasn’t a common occurrence anyway, but he had learned through his trips and what little his mother knew. “What is it about?” The elder wondered interested in the bright colors and the crown at the top.

“They are recruiting.” Taehyung explained. “The royal army is recruiting in a month’s time.” He said softly. Hoseok knew there was more to it than simply the desire of belonging to such an institution. Taehyung was a simple man.

“Are you going to explain this sudden interest?” Hoseok asked and Taehyung sighed and then proceeded to tell the basics to his friend. Bits of the story of what had happened. He left out the fact that Jimin was a fox.

“So… let me get this straight.” Hoseok said as they ate their lunch in one of the many restaurants. “You lost someone to the royal family and you want to get that person back…?” Hoseok wondered and Taehyung sighed.

“Well… that’s the main picture.” He said staring at the soup. It had become harder and harder to try and not picture how Jimin looked right now after so many years.

“How many years have passed since the last time you saw your friend?”

“Eight. He was ten, like me.” He said and Hoseok hummed.

“He might be dead by now… The royal family is a bloodbath. You shouldn’t mix with them.” Hoseok said and Taehyung nodded in agreement, but also felt curious as to how Hoseok would know about it.

“He might be dead, but I won’t really know if I don’t try to find him and I’ve wasted enough time.” Taehyung said and Hoseok sighed.

“I say we go to the capital and kill all those assholes… How about that?” Hoseok asked and gauged Taehyung’s reaction.

“I don’t want to kill the whole royal family… it is fine with me if I only get to kill the second prince.” He said and wished he could picture the second prince in his head now that he was an adult.

“Hmm… I’ve heard he’s a late-presenter. The whole capital expects him to present this year…” Hoseok said and Taehyung turned to look at him with a curious glance.

“How do you know this?” He asked.

“You never talked about the royal family… I would’ve told you I have a few friends in their barracks and I receive news from them.” He explained and Taehyung lifted his head to fully face him. “Ah suddenly you find me interesting…” He joked, but Taehyung continued to look quite serious.

“I want to know all you know about the royal family.” He said in a low tone and Hoseok just knew Taehyung was not having another joke, so he nodded.
The crown prince turned out to be an omega, which is most unfortunate because even though he’s still appointed to be king the alpha rebels won’t have that and will probably kill him as soon as his father dies.” Hoseok sighed. “I think he’s the most suited to be king anyway…”

“An omega…” Taehyung breathed out as he remembered the handsome boy.

“Yeah, they say he’s really into his job though. The second prince has yet to present, but everyone in the barracks talk about his beauty… that and he seems to be a loner, only leaving his quarters during night.” Hoseok said and Taehyung gritted his teeth together at the memories.

“Yeah, he was fine…” He mumbled. “But he’s the vilest man on earth…”

“That’s the memory of a kid speaking, but… whatever. The third and youngest prince was exiled a year ago after presenting as an alpha. Seems like he did some nasty deed that had him out of the palace in a day.” He said and Taehyung frowned at the memory of the young Jungkook stuffing his mouth with snacks.

“What could’ve him done?” Taehyung wondered and Hoseok shrugged.

“Guards are always fearful of talking about the secrets of the palace, but it must’ve been something dealing with the palace’s pet…” Hoseok grinned when Taehyung frowned at him. “A lovely little thing they say… A fox.”

Taehyung widened his eyes and Hoseok felt satisfied to evoke a reaction on the man.

“I know, right? Interesting… I thought they had all been killed years ago, but I guess the little thing actually escaped somehow. Still it is like a rumor, like everyone’s too scared to believe it.” Hoseok continued. “Not everyone is allowed inside the houses, but some of them might’ve seen the creature.” He shrugged not sure if he believed it.

“What more do they say about it?” Taehyung tried to control his expressions and by the look Hoseok sported he guessed he was doing it right.

“They say he’s got a thing or two with the second prince…” Hoseok said amused by the darkening look on Taehyung’s face. “They say he belongs to the second prince.”

“I doubt it… no one would ever stand to be near a tyrant.” He commented and Hoseok narrowed his gaze.

“I am talking about royalty here, Taehyung. Even if the fox did exist, it wouldn’t have a say on who he wants to be with… not when royalty is involved.”

…

Jimin could now easily relate to Seokjin when he said he really hated being an omega for the weakness it supplied. It must’ve been harder for Seokjin, knowing he didn’t have a partner to help him through them must really be awful.

Yoongi had almost asked Jimin to spend every single night in his bedchambers and Jimin hadn’t seen he point in refusing. He still loved Yoongi and would only let the second prince touch him that way, but it also made the guards suspicious of their relationship. None of them should care, but they did.

Yoongi’s bedchambers were huge and his bed bigger than Jimin’s and the young fox had never seen the purpose of it since Yoongi was rather small and barely moved when he slept… not until he was being constantly turned and tossed into different positions to satisfy Yoongi’s delirious desires.
“Please!” Jimin begged loudly as he tried to move away from Yoongi, the overstimulation was now bordering on pain and he wasn’t sure he could take it for much longer.

“Please what?” Yoongi asked with his leveled voice as he stared down at the sight; Jimin’s heats had turned out to be really intense, so much that the young fox sometimes passed out either from pleasure or tiredness and contrary to the belief, his heats were not like wolves’ ones… Jimin would have six heats per year and not only four, like wolves had.

“Stop! Please!” Jimin whined, whole body trembling and covered in sweat as he stared up into Yoongi’s blue eyes.

“I think you mean ‘more’.” Yoongi said and continued with three fingers moving deeply inside his hole and his other hand wrapped around the small member.

“Hyeong! I can’t!” Jimin downright cried, his small hand wrapping around Yoongi’s wrist on his member. “Just… fuck me…” He begged in a soft whisper and Yoongi smiled down at him.

“Took you long enough…”

…

If someone asked Yoongi what he liked the most about Jimin he would’ve talked for hours about his smile and how it lit up his eyes in the most magical way. He would’ve talked about his voice, all soft and whispery with that lovely lisp and accent from his home. He would’ve talked about his hands, about his lips and his skin…

Yoongi wouldn’t have mentioned anything too personal because Jimin’s personality would be his downfall. Jimin was mischievous in his nature and it annoyed him sometimes, Jimin was a minx when he wanted to be, and it irked Yoongi to know his guards fell under the fox’s spell every time.

Yoongi didn’t really know much about Jimin… about the person he was because he was too busy worrying about his own problems and the greed, like Seokjin had said, had blinded him, but he was okay with it because this was his last year to present and then he’d mate Jimin and become the strongest alpha.

But even if Yoongi was too busy with his things he had noticed it…

Jimin had changed in the past year. Everyone noticed… even the guards.

No one really talked about how dull the little fox became after his first heat, after presenting, the guards would stare at the short male with pity and lust mixed together, watching how he wilted away in the beautiful gardens… but it was in his nature to make the garden wilt away too.

The king noticed how the flowers all died, how the tree the fox loved to climb became bare of any leaves, how the grass turned coppery and he was most confused. Wasn’t the fox in love with his second son? Why was he so down?

Yoongi was worried, deeply, but he was more worried about presenting… he needed to soon become an alpha so that Jimin would finally be happy. Helping him during heats often had the fox crying after the itch was gone and Yoongi hated it… that was why he was quick to dress after the fucking and leave for his quarters.

The bond between them was there, but somehow Yoongi could feel the restlessness of the inner fox, the way it would enjoy the heat of the moment, but after that would curl in sadness… and confusion… Jimin loved him; that was obvious.
One day Yoongi became sick. Spring was a weird season to get sick, but still he sported a high fever and his body started to ache. He wasn’t sure what was happening, but he had sort of expected it to be his first rut… only it wasn’t.

The next day, after he was finally coming down from the fever they all realized… the second prince was a beta; the king had been surprised and knew his son would be angered by the fact.

“What?” Yoongi asked the physicians that were in his bedchambers. Seokjin was standing at the door looking serious; he didn’t really care, but he knew Yoongi desired to present as an alpha.

The king merely casted his gaze down, Yoongi had brought this punishment upon himself. His careless words about his older brother were now making him pay.

The silence in the bedroom became thick with tension that was only broken when they all heard the soft, but rushed footsteps coming to the bedroom and soon enough the young fox appeared there, panting with wide eyes that turned to crescents when he finally saw Yoongi.

“It wasn’t a lie…” Jimin breathed out as he stared at Yoongi with love in his eyes, maybe this would be the end of their game to finally settle.

They all watched the fox approach the edge of the bed and then knelt right in front of Yoongi, the shorter male place his hands on Yoongi’s knees, still smiling, his fluffy tail swaying lazily behind him. It was a sweet scene.

“I am a beta.” Yoongi said in disbelief.

“I’ve never loved you more, my prince…” Jimin said sensing a bit of his distress; even if they hadn’t mated yet, the bond still made them able to feel a bit of what the other was feeling. “My prayers were heard.” He whispered softly.

Yoongi frowned deeply at that and before he could even think on what he was doing his hand moved on its own and he slapped Jimin’s face as hard as he could. The sound echoed in the room and Seokjin’s eyes widened.

Jimin scrambled backwards at the violence and immediately placed a hand on his cheek; he stared up at Yoongi in sudden fright as he tried to get away from him. Yoongi stood and curled his lip in distaste.

“Your prayers were heard?” He asked in pure anger. “Your only purpose here was to make me an alpha!” He snapped loudly and before he could take a step forward the king was pushing him back.

“Stop this nonsense now.” The man said with a firm tone while Seokjin moved fast to Jimin’s side, the fox clinging to his robes, but not taking his eyes off Yoongi. “It was not the fox’s job to make you an alpha. This is nature we are talking about. You sealed your own fate a few years ago, Yoongi.”

“Shut up!” Yoongi said in desperation.

“Deal with it.” The king said. “There’s no way I am going to waste the opportunity to make use of a fox’s abilities. Bid your farewell to Jimin.” He said and Seokjin frowned.

“Father?” He wondered; Yoongi frowned too and turned to look down at the scared Jimin who looked almost in a trance.

“Jimin is useless to an omega or a beta.” The king said noticing how Jimin was simply drowned in
Yoongi, not even listening to what he was saying. “I was thinking on letting him stay with you regardless of your status, but after this behavior… He’ll be sent to Jungkook and they will be back in four years’ time.”

“Jimin is mine!” Yoongi snarled tightening his fists.

“I thought he was only here to make you an alpha… since he failed I think you won’t mind that your younger brother is the one to make him useful.” The king bit back and Yoongi growled in desperation; his eyes filled with tears, but he refused to meet Jimin’s wide eyes again.

“Do whatever you want with him.” Yoongi said. “I don’t care.”

…

“You can’t send Jimin there, father…” Seokjin tried to persuade his father from making a mistake.

The king was walking fast along the hall, followed by his son and Namjoon who looked troubled by the situation and was actually thinking as fast as he could to maybe decipher a way to help the fox and ease the crown prince’s worries about his friend.

“He can’t stay here to make Yoongi miserable.” He said and Seokjin frowned.

“You are only thinking about Yoongi’s wellbeing. I know he is your son, but Jimin is my friend and a person!” Seokjin defended, the king turned and faced his oldest son.

“I’ve been trying to find that fox’s origins for far too long and we haven’t been able to find anything. He might be the last fox there is and I am not going to waste the possibilities on a beta. Yoongi has been ungrateful too.” He snarled.

“Yes, but… this is not the way. Jimin loves Yoongi, he loves us three and you can’t force him to be with Jungkook like this. Jungkook is an alpha and you sent him to live with alphas! He will treat Jimin like a toy!” Seokjin pressed. “He’ll be in danger there!”

“I won’t have Jimin living in the same vicinity of Yoongi’s.” He said and Seokjin groaned in despair…

“Don’t send him away.” Namjoon’s voice suddenly sounded and the prince and king turned to look at him with frowns. “Send him to live in the third family’s grounds. Somewhere closer were the crown prince can visit him from time to time. Somewhere the third prince will be coming to at some point and a place we can control.” Namjoon said and the king frowned.

“There’s not much difference there from sending him away to Jungkook. The third family’s grounds are filled with alphas; he’d need a careful watch. What would be the purpose?” The king couldn’t comprehend.

“Put Yugyeom on his case then. I trust him the most out of all the guards from the third family.” Namjoon said and then sighed. “If I may be honest with you, your highness.” Namjoon said and the king nodded for him to continue. “Sending your own son away for five years will probably evoke resentment in the younger prince.” He said softly.

“And you think I haven’t thought about that? Jungkook hates me and will probably want to kill me when he comes back.” The king ran a hand through his hair in despair.

“Then you need something to appease his anger when he comes back.” Namjoon said and the king frowned. Seokjin blinked several times not liking where he was going with that. “Have the fox ready
to give to your youngest son. Since the fox was the second prince’s property and it was the second prince the one to ask for his punishment, the third prince will probably take the fox happily and he’ll probably forget his resentment.” Namjoon chose his words carefully and then waited for the king’s response.

“That was not what I meant when I said I didn’t want Jimin here.” Seokjin said through gritted teeth, his anger directed towards his royal guard now.

“No. He is right. That is a plan.” The king said and Seokjin turned to look at his father in disbelief.

“What?”

“Yoongi won’t be king.” The king said seriously. “You will be the only king I’ll leave this land to and Jungkook will be your army. You will understand this in the future, right now it looks bad, but the fox is a necessary trouble.” The king said to Seokjin and then sighed. “Move the fox to the third house and have Yugyeom on his case, then.” He commanded and Namjoon bowed as the king walked away.

Seokjin scoffed loudly feeling suddenly drained; he had become really close to Namjoon, but the guard had overstepped their boundaries this time, he had done useless things and now Jimin was being treated like a contract.

“Jin…” Namjoon said in his low voice as he approached his secret lover, but as soon as his hand reached for Seokjin’s the elder swatted it away and glared at him. Namjoon swallowed and lowered his gaze.

“You have betrayed me in a way, Namjoon.” Seokjin spoke through gritted teeth and watched how Namjoon’s jaw tightened in anger at being down-talked by an omega. “Your words were unnecessary.” Seokjin added and this time Namjoon groaned and grabbed his arm pulling him inside the closest bedroom. “No!” Seokjin tried, but he was not as strong and in the end he found himself in the darkness of a bedroom with Namjoon before him.

“It was that or Jimin would’ve been sent to alpha’s territory to be ogled at and then he would’ve surely been raped.” Namjoon spoke in a harsh tone, but Seokjin had been raised to not fear anyone.

“It is the way you talked about him.” He growled out taking a step forward and making Namjoon take one back to avoid their bodies touching; he knew he wouldn’t be able to stop if Seokjin got too close. “You do realize it could’ve been me? You… alphas talking about omegas like they are only there to be exchanged for greater good.” Seokjin snarled and Namjoon let out a deep growl before turning around and kicking the closest thing.

“I thought I was helping you!” He shouted in anger, but never turned to meet Seokjin’s eyes. “I know how much you love Jimin, but you know your brother wouldn’t do anything to harm the-”

“I don’t!” Seokjin snapped and Namjoon turned to look at him with a deep frown. “You don’t understand it. We are not kids anymore… I thought I knew Yoongi. I thought he was incapable of ever hurting Jimin and yet he slapped him!” He was really angry. “How can I vouch for Jungkook when I don’t know the kind of alpha he became? How can I trust him when he was sent away out of Yoongi’s selfishness… his heart was damaged and I wasn’t there to protect him!” Seokjin suddenly turned around and buried his face in his hands.

“Seokjin…” Namjoon whispered now comprehending.

“I don’t know the kind of brother that will be sent back to me after five years’ time…” Seokjin
whined and sobbed, but was not about to let anyone see his weakness.

“I am sorry… I should’ve known it was that.” Namjoon lowered his voice.

“Hatred and resentment change people, Namjoon. I am not sure how Jimin can be so pure hearted when we did such horrible things to him. He still could love us, he still fell in love with Yoongi…” The crown prince said as he wiped his tears and only turned around when he was sure he was decent.

They shared a long look before Namjoon averted his gaze to the ground and simply waited in the silent room.

“I know you were not thinking it’d be bad, but… only time will tell now. I will try to convince my father of letting Jimin return to Yoongi.” He sighed heavily before walking to the door and finally leaving the bedroom.

“Fuck.”

…

The king had allowed Jimin and Yoongi to see each other again before the fox had to actually leave the second house’s grounds.

Jimin sat in a chair, a small round table would be between them with two cups of tea and surrounded by the plants and flowers in the second house’s greenhouse. Jimin was fiddling with a piece of his robe while he waited patiently for the second prince to return.

He didn’t have to look or pay attention to his ears because the closer they were the easier it was to feel Yoongi through their bond. His heart hammered in his chest and then the doors opened to reveal the second prince in all his ethereal glory.

Yoongi didn’t even look at Jimin’s face when he entered and sat on the chair. Jimin smiled nonetheless unable to contain his happiness or the sway of his tail as he leaned over to pour Yoongi some tea.

“H-here, hyeong… have some t-tea.” He said and Yoongi sighed and averted his gaze to the side.

“I don’t want it.” He replied and coldly as he could and Jimin bit his lips as he nodded and placed the pot back down on the table with trembling hands. “Seokjin actually ordered me to meet with you. What is this about?” He asked and Jimin stared with wide eyes at the stoic face of his prince.

“What?” He whispered and Yoongi groaned in annoyance.

“I still think the same. I am not an alpha, Jimin. I have no use for you anymore.” He said and his chest constricted when the pain Jimin was feeling traveled trough his own system.

“Don’t you love me?” Jimin asked in a soft voice, barely audible.

“This is not about love.” Yoongi scoffed and Jimin lowered his eyes. “This is about politics and supremacy. What do you think will happen when Jungkook comes back?” Yoongi asked and Jimin shook his head. “I sent him away, Jimin! He will try to kill me and I won’t stand a chance because I am not on his level!” He snapped angrily.

“Jungkookie is not like that.” Jimin said trying to reason with the elder, but Yoongi only snorted loudly.
“I don’t understand how you can be so oblivious to everything. Not everyone is as nice or kind as you are. This is the main palace, place of power and queens and kings not just a market… you’re no longer selling apples in some dingy stall in a market, Jimin. Wake up!” Yoongi snarled and Jimin stood with balled fists.

“I never asked for this!” He yelled to the top of his lungs. “I had my life planned! I’d marry Taetae and become a merchant! Id’ travel with him all around the world and then we would have kids and be happily ever after!” He said as tears streamed down his face. “I never asked to be taken hostage! I never wanted to come to the palace and meet you all!” He then swatted his hand across the table sending the cups and pot to the ground, hearing the loud crash of the china. “I never wanted to fall in love with you!”

Yoongi stared with wide eyes at the face of the boy he had come to love deeply in the past years… now Jimin was eighteen and looked just so perfect and was just so kindhearted that it pained Yoongi to know that he was the one tarnishing such a beautiful boy with hatred and resentment.

“I am sorry.” He lamely replied and Jimin sobbed and shook his head.

“I don’t want your apologies… I just want your love.” He said and then sprinted away shifting into his fox form as he went.

“I can’t give you something I don’t even have for myself.”

Two days later Namjoon was patiently waiting outside Jimin’s door to guide him into the third house’s grounds with his belongings. The fox would be living there from now on and until Jungkook returned to make him his mate.

Jimin stepped out and handed Namjoon a small bag, filled with some clothes and some special things he’d treasure forever; the man frowned down at the item and then looked at the saddened face of the fox.

“Is this everything, milord?” Namjoon asked and Jimin nodded; the guard had seen Jimin countless of times before, but had never stood so close to him that he could finally see how short and simply small the fox was. “Very well… follow me, if you’d be so kind.” He said and bowed, Jimin sighed and grasped onto his forearm before they left.

“Could you… could you place call me just Jimin?” The fox asked, still not meeting the other’s eyes and Namjoon felt endearred. Surely Jimin was beautiful and on another level, but far from feeling lust, Namjoon only felt endearment.

“Of course, Jimin-ah…” He said and Jimin smiled as he started to walk next to Namjoon and not ahead or behind him.

As they moved through the inside passages Jimin soon found himself crossing the threshold to the third house’s grounds and was a bit surprised by how different the place looked.

Surely he had never been there in the past year and even a bit longer than that because he usually played with Jungkook in the other houses. The place had been painted over, replacing the dull old colors with reds, greens, yellows and blues. The gardens were beautiful and there were lots of cherry trees too.

“This is nothing like I remembered it to be.” Jimin said softly and Namjoon nodded.
“I am not highly informed on this place, but the third prince started making renewals even before leaving so… maybe he was already planning on this.” He said as he too looked around the main court in front of the manor.

“It looks really nice.” Jimin commented.

“Yeah… you’ll see that the third house lacks guards. In fact, since the prince is not here at the moment there will be no guards roaming about.” Namjoon said. “Behind those walls are the barracks so… under no circumstance you’re allowed to cross them.” Namjoon said seriously and Jimin nodded as he stared at the tall walls.

“Lots of soldiers…” Jimin said and Namjoon nodded.

“Lots of alphas.” Namjoon added. “The crown prince assigned a maid, a butler and a cook to the third house’s grounds since you’ll be living here and your protection will be under Kim Yugyeom-ssi… he is the”

“He is Jungkook’s best friend. The son of his instructor.” Jimin said and Namjoon nodded. “I saw him a few times before, though we never properly talked.”

“Let’s go…” Namjoon said and then they were entering the manor and then stopped when they saw the new faces awaiting them.

Jimin was used by now to the looks of pure curiosity he got from anyone; people were fairly amazed every time he moved around and since it had been a long time since the last time he had to cover himself, he no longer cared that his tail and ears were on display.

The captain from the third house stood right in front of him; he was a rather skinny man with a nice face, a few steps behind said male was a maid and three other males, one of which Jimin recognized as Yugyeom.

Jimin locked eyes with him for a long moment and vaguely saw a glint of apprehension in his eyes and then it made sense that Yugyeom disliked him after Jungkook was sent away to another land because of his stupid heat.

“This is captain Tuan of the royal guard in the third house. He’s here to welcome you, but from this day on you will be in Yugyeom’s care.” Namjoon said and the man bowed deeply, not taking his sharp eyes from Jimin.

“It’s a pleasure to see you, milord.” He said and then straightened. Jimin grimaced a bit at the way he was called, but tried to overlook it.

“This is Jimin, the fox, as you can see.” Namjoon said in all seriousness. “Yugyeom-ssi has been appointed to be his personal guard while he stays in the third family’s grounds. You’re all sworn to keep his presence here a secret from the rest of the staff and guards.”
Yugyeom frowned slightly as his eyes roamed the beautiful face of the fox, they had heard all sorts of rumors, but since he had seen Jimin before when he came around to play with Jungkook he was not that shocked… and never in a hundred years he would’ve thought his best friend would’ve been sent away because of him. That, and the young fox was alluring in more than one way and Yugyeom felt suddenly nervous.

“If I may ask… Why is he going to stay here?” He wondered just thinking on how many heads he’d have to cut… including his own if Jimin felt he was in danger.

“The king named him of Jungkook’s property when he comes back from his exile.” He said and Jimin finally snapped his head up, that was the first time he heard the truth and it made him confused. “He’s going to be Jungkook’s mate.” Namjoon said with closed eyes, he felt guilty about this too.

“No… hyeong, I can’t…” Jimin said softly, his small hand reaching to clasp around Namjoon’s arm. “Yoongi-hyeong.”

“Don’t, Jimin-ah. Don’t even say his name… He was okay with this.” Namjoon said through gritted teeth and Jimin shook his head.

“No… he wouldn’t. Why would you lie…?” Jimin asked, but deep down inside he knew it was true. He had failed to make him an alpha. Why would Yoongi want him? That had been clear the last time they met, but still… Jimin was suppressing such thoughts.

“I am worried I might not be suited to be his guard. It is… unnerving to be here at this moment, Namjoon-ssi.” Yugyeom said honestly.

“I trust you and in a week’s time the crown prince will come to check on him. Do not fret and do your best job with this.” Namjoon asked in a soft voice and Yugyeom dropped to one knee, lowering his gaze.

“I’ll come visit you often, Jimin-ah.” He said and then extended his hand to Jimin who grabbed it as
a reflex, he was in dire need of affection, but there was no one there he could trust with it. “They will introduce you to the rest of the staff... I need to go back to the crown prince.” Namjoon said and then walked away feeling strangely torn.

Once again Jimin was plucked out from everything he knew to start anew, away from the people he cared.

“There are the people that will take care of you, milord.” Mark said and Jimin nodded, as he looked first at one of the males there; he had a kind face. “The butler and gardener, Jinyoung. The cook Youngjae and your maid... Park Jimin.” Mark said and a smile graced his lips and Jimin sighed not really in the mood for jokes.

Taehyung wasn’t sure what to expect from the capital, but a part of his mind had already figured it would be better at least in terms of appearance. Everyone seemed to have more money than at the outer lands, but that was also expected.

They had only been in the capital for a week and they were surely running out of money. The tests to enter the royal guard were not easy and Taehyung, even if he was good with the bow and arrow, he had yet to learn a whole lot on hand to hand combat and sword combat.

Hoseok was the same, but the older man was far more skilled, flexible and faster than Taehyung was.

They had become a bit more familiar with the barracks in which they were being evaluated and also had met a few people that were almost as desperate as they were to enter the royal guard in any way.

They arrived to the barracks and were ushered inside an office along with other four guys that looked just as nervous. The captain that had been evaluating them smiled, his fangs unusually long and the pointy ears atop his head the same coral color of his tail.

“I’ve summoned you here today to let you know you were accepted into the training grounds as of tomorrow.” Mark Tuan said and watched the look of relief that crossed their features. “We will provide you with a place to sleep and food. In exchange the palace asks for complete loyalty and also that you all give your best in training.” He explained.

“Yes, sir!” They said in unison.

“According to the report you are all fairly good in different grounds and that is why you’ll be taught according to your dexterity.” Mark added. “I just have one more thing that you all should know. As a royal guard I am appointed to give my life to the royal family, but hard times come ahead and this is something you need to understand.” He said seriously and the men frowned at the words. “As you might already know, our crown prince is an omega. Prince Jungkook is an alpha, has been exiled so as a loyal member of the third house I can’t guarantee what he’ll decide to do once he comes back.” He said and Taehyung hummed in comprehension.

“So... if the third prince returns and says he wants to be king...?” Hyungwon suddenly said a bit unsure. Mark smiled.

“Then there will be some sort of argument. Even though prince Seokjin doesn’t like confrontations he’s already making plans for his government, I doubt he’d like to let go of the throne, so... if we get to that point it is most likely that the houses will finally separate and will go one against the other for power.” The captain explained.
“Whoa… The royal palace sure is a fucked up place.” Taehyung said in disbelief and the other men in the room turned to look at him with surprise.

“It is. You should know… you won’t ever be the same once you enter the palace.” Mark said and his eyes seemed to be somewhere else. “In any case… I like you and would like for you to stay here after your training is over, but that’s something you will decide. The heads of the other two houses and the king’s personal guard will come here often to see the progress.” He said.

“Who are the captains of the houses?” Hoseok asked and Yugyeom sighed.

“Mark Tuan from the third. Im Jaebum from the second. Kim Namjoon from the first, he was recently assigned and the king’s personal guard is Moon Jongup.” He finished and Hoseok nodded.

“You’re dismissed. Please refrain from crossing the wall separating the barracks from the palace.” He warned and they nodded and then marched out of the office.

“Someone you know?” Taehyung asked in a low voice, as he looked around the barracks, the other men following.

“Kim Namjoon… we used to be friends before he left.” Hoseok muttered softly as he too eyed the place that would become their home from tomorrow on. “So… What now? Do you have a favorite?” He asked in amusement and Taehyung sighed with a determined look on his face.

“Of course… Anything to get into the second house.”

Hoseok might not understand his motivation, but Taehyung was really sure of what had to be done and killing the second prince was a first on his list.

…

“What is it now?” Yugyeom stopped by the door and eyed the young girl outside; she looked irritated and possibly ready to kill someone.

“He refuses to eat his meal again, milord!” She complained loudly and Yugyeom took a deep breath. “He’s being difficult on purpose! The crown prince will think we are not taking care of him.” She said worriedly.

“Don’t worry so much, Jimin-ssi. Leave this to me, I’ll get him to eat your food.” He said and watched as she blushed.

“I’ve never wanted to change my name as much as I do now!” She said and whirled around to stomp down the aisle and Yugyeom smiled after her, such a strong character she was.

Yugyeom stepped inside the room and scanned the unused place. It looked like no one ever lived there except for the small tray with food that Jimin had delivered for Jimin to eat. The young fox was sitting on the windowsill with a view to the mostly barren garden…

Even though Jinyoung tried to care for the gardens, he was still not aware of the fact that Jimin’s moods could actually affect the plants around him.

“You need to eat. The crown prince will be here tomorrow again and I’ll have to tell him you are not eating.” He said, but Jimin only hummed.

Yugyeom actually felt pulled… it was as if the young fox was calling out to him, or more like he was calling out to his wolf, making him walk over and he only stopped when Jimin turned around and his silver eyes finally pinned him to his spot. He looked a bit surprised to see he had approached him…
“I… I am so-sorry. I just… Jimin-ssi cooked this meal for you and she was really-”

“Jimin-ssi… She hates to share the name.” Jimin smiled fondly and Yugyeom let out a breath he didn’t know he’d been holding.

“She means no evil. She’s a nice girl.” Yugyeom said and Jimin hummed again.

“She is. Are you her mate?” Jimin asked and Yugyeom gave out a bitter laugh.

“No. No… She’s… she’s being courted by the captain from the second house.” Yugyeom replied and Jimin nodded and suddenly he was standing and sitting by the table to eat as if he had not been rejecting the food moments earlier.

“She cooks better than they do at the second house too.” Jimin smiled up at Yugyeom and the boy nodded with a proud smile. “I wish she’d stay to eat with me instead of simply barging in and bark orders.” Jimin said and Yugyeom finally understood… the young fox was lonely.

“I’ll stay today and will ask her to spend her lunch with you tomorrow.” He said and Jimin nodded and motioned for Yugyeom to sit with him at the table, he even shared some of his bread and boiled vegetables.

“Thank you, Yugyeom-ssi… Food tastes better when you’re with company.” The fox commented and Yugyeom felt bad for him. “Is there anything worth knowing that is happening outside?” Jimin wondered to make conversation and the soldier seemed taken aback, but decided to amuse him.

“New recruits. I wish I knew of gossiping, but that’s not my field. I deal with barracks and soldiers.” Yugyeom said with a sheepish smile and Jimin nodded with one of his own.

“It is okay, since I don’t really have anyone to talk to until the end of the week I’d appreciate it if you told me… even if it is just about soldiers.” Jimin said and Yugyeom nodded a bit conflicted. “This is nice, what you’re doing, but I know that you don’t like me.” Jimin said and Yugyeom stared down at him in surprise.

“It is not quite that, milord.” Yugyeom said and Jimin gave him a look to make him continue. “As a simple royal guard I was not told the details. I only happened to meet Jungkook briefly before he was sent away and then I got bits from other soldiers… nothing in concrete.” He said and Jimin nodded.

“I guess it was my fault… Everything seems like it and… I am not even sure why they insist on keeping me here.” Jimin gave a bitter smile as he continued to eat. “Hand the fox down to the next in line and if he messes up then throw him over again.” Jimin said and sighed heavily.

“Jungkook never referred to you in those terms, milord.” Yugyeom felt the urge to defend his best friend’s pride and honor and Jimin could only nod.

“I really wish you all would call me just Jimin. Everyone insists on giving me titles that are not truly mine.” Jimin said and Yugyeom cleared his throat.

“Jungkook never referred to you in those terms, Jimin-ssi.” Yugyeom said and Jimin smiled this time as he nodded. “You should not worry, in time you will come to feel better here.” Yugyeom said confidently. “I promise.”

…

Barracks were horrible and amazing in some ways. The rooms were long and had bunk beds lined against the wall, six men per room. It was horrible because there was no sense of privacy. It was
amazing because there was no sense of privacy.

Hoseok actually hated them and would often go to sleep early after dinner, but Taehyung spent more
time befriending his roommates that were a nice bunch of people. Four betas: Hoseok, Hanbin,
Minhyuk, Hyungwon and two alphas: Taehyung and Hyunwoo.

They were nice, lively and always having fun… Hyunwoo was the ace on hand-to-hand combat, but
then again he was huge, he was muscle over muscles, he was fast, but overall strong. He was lacking
on sword combat, but was actually very good with the bow too.

The trainings were hard, nothing Taehyung had ever thought of doing, but whatever came in handy
if Jimin was in the mix… He was averagely good with the bow and arrow, not that good with the
sword and now was taking his chances with hand-to-hand combat.

The barracks competed amongst themselves to train; Taehyung, Hoseok, Hyungwon, Hanbin,
Hyunwoo and Minhyuk were all in the same cabin and currently facing off another of the cabins in
the improvised octagon they had built with fences, the soil was mud by now, too many rain to
measure...

There was something about this man… Taehyung had seen him a few times during the trainings…
he looked like he’d be bad at almost everything, but then again here he was… Still he was tall and
really skinny, terribly handsome too.

His hair was platinum, his eyes were black and his skin deliciously bronzed, his ears were platinum
too along with his tail and the smirk that often drew on his lips was worth a rut… or a heat,
depending on what you were.

He was a beta, and Taehyung found himself wanting to bend him and fuck him against the fence…
not that it would happen anyway.

His name was Kai. Just that.

All the other men shouted and cheered when Taehyung jumped the fence and landed in the mud,
barefooted and without a shirt, ready to pounce. He felt like he could win, they were the same height,
but he was bigger, had more muscles, Kai was too skinny.

Kai surprised them with the ease with he lifted his body oh-so-graciously over the fence as if he
weighed nothing and then landed softly on the other side, his bare feet barely digging in the soft soil.
He smirked in Taehyung’s direction and then discarded his flimsy shirt.

Beautiful… Taehyung was careful not to show it, but there was something strangely familiar in Kai’s
ways.

“Fight!” One of the higher officers yelled and Taehyung watched how Kai literally slid over the
mud, while he felt he had his feet glued to the ground.

It took him a moment to get used to the amount of strength he had to use to move around, but when
he had it down he charged towards the wolf… Kai bent backwards, placing his hands on the mud
and when he lifted his legs he kicked Taehyung under his chin with his knees, sending him
backwards into the mud.

The crowd laughed and Taehyung frowned a bit as he stared up at him…

“If you catch me I’ll surrender.” Kai suddenly said and Taehyung frowned as he stood.
“That’s not how a fight works. I’ll kick your ass…”

“Only if you catch me…” Kai shrugged and Taehyung wasn’t sure why this whole thing felt so familiar.

“Don’t cry on me when I do…” Taehyung said and then lunged forward again; his big hands reaching out around and he could only stare in amazement when Kai twisted his body to avoid his hands and then managed to slip between his legs to end up behind him. “It’s like Jiminnie…” He breathed out before Kai kicked him rather hard and sent him flying to the fence.

“Get your shit together and kick his ass!” Hanbin said to him helping him off the fence and pushing him back to his opponent.

Taehyung now understood… but it made no sense… Kai was not a fox; his ears and tail were like wolves’, but still he moved like one and he only knew that fact because he had seen Jimin do it before… Wolves were not supposed to be that fast or flexible.

It was a like a dance… for the next few minutes Taehyung moved around trying to catch him, but Kai seemed to be dancing on the mud, his hands dirty along with his feet, but not a single injure. Taehyung already had many bruises and a few cuts from splinters in the wood.

He was reading his movements as best as he could until it happened. The flexible wolf did a split to slide between Taehyung’s leg, but Taehyung managed to catch his ankle and pulled him with all his strength and threw him off.

Kai huffed as he felt his back collide with the fence and it took him a long moment to catch his breath, but when he opened his eyes it was because Taehyung was over him, his big hands wrapped around his neck…

Kai looked up at him in distaste and then a smirk slowly drew on his lips… the crowd around them was cheering loudly now that Taehyung had made the other submit, but the younger boy could only stare down at the beautiful man.

“That’s an interesting way to fight.” He said and Kai’s eyebrow quirked in response.

“Is it? I was taught outside the barracks…” He said, no one really listening.

“Where do you come from?” Taehyung asked with intent and Kai chuckled, a shrill sound that made Taehyung feel annoyed.

“Western lands.” He said as he moved Taehyung’s hand aside and then stood up, grimacing at the pain that shot up his back. “You’re not half bad… if I weren’t mated already I’d probably let you have me…” He said and then he was jumping over the fence without effort.

Taehyung stared after the man for a long while and it irked him… it was an uncomfortable sensation in the back of his head… it annoyed him and in the end he decided to hit the showers first, walking away from his own comrades.

He washed furiously at his skin, getting the mud and dried blood from several cuts off his body. The movements, everything about Kai reminded him a lot of Jimin, but the taller man was a wolf…

It was almost night when he reached the cabin and was greeted by his companions; Hanbin congratulated him on having won against Kai.

“Guys!” Minhyuk whispered harshly as he entered the room with a wicked grin and bright eyes. “I
just heard that the crown prince would be visiting tomorrow.” He said excitedly.

Hyungwon was rather quiet, had the worst sense of humor and sometimes he failed to grasp the situation; he frowned down from his upper bed.

“So what? As far as I’ve heard he at least visits the third house once a week.” He said and Minhyuk frowned in confusion.

“Really? Oh, I thought this was special.” He sighed and Hyunwoo smiled at him and patted his back.

“It’d be special if he actually comes to the barracks to visit us, but he mostly keeps to the palace.” Hanbin explained and Taehyung tried not to sound too eager when speaking.

“What does he come to do here?” He asked and then shrugged. “His brother is not even here.” He stated and they all seemed to wonder about it.

“Yeah, that sounds weird…” Hyungwon said and then his face brightened. “He’s having an affair!” He said and Minhyuk jumped up and slapped his head.

“Keep it quiet! They could kill you for that nonsense! He’ll be our king!” Minhyuk defended.

“Ah… so you’re on his side…” Hanbin said and they all tensed at the implication; the silence filled the room.

“It’s fine though… We won’t be deciding shit until we are finally assigned to one house, right?” Hoseok broke the silence and they all nodded. “Taehyung and I would like to enter the second house.” He shrugged nonchalantly.

“I heard that’s difficult.” Hanbin supplied with a deep frown. “Even though the second prince is a beta I heard that because of the fox the guards are carefully picked from the bunch.” Hanbin said and Hyungwon snorted.

“Okay, so that’s really a widely known rumor I guess. Foxes are extinct. The second prince doesn’t have a fox, he might have something valuable, but definitely not a fox…” He snorted and Minhyuk shrugged.

“I believe it. I have a friend in the second house.” Minhyuk said and they all fell quiet. “Why would he lie about it? He said he saw the fox, he’s a beta too, but he too felt in some sort of trance when the fox presented… he said it was really unnerving. He was there so I don’t see a reason for him to lie.” He said and Taehyung stood from his bed and walked over to Minhyuk.

“The fox presented?” He wondered and Minhyuk nodded and looked up into his deep eyes with a bit of worry. “Was he there?” Taehyung grabbed Minhyuk’s shoulders.

“He… yeah, he told me… I am not supposed to talk about this. They could kill me…” Minhyuk tried, but Taehyung was not letting go. “He’s an omega… or so he said, the second prince must’ve claimed him.” He finished and Taehyung’s eyes widened.

“Tae, calm down… we don’t know for sure.” Hoseok said and stood as well, but before they could say more, Taehyung was stomping out of the room. “Tae!” Hoseok followed and grabbed his arm, making him turn around. “Is it him? Is it the fox you’re after?” Hoseok wondered and Taehyung growled out as he pushed Hoseok away.

“Jimin is mine!” he bellowed and Hoseok was glad there was no one outside. “He wouldn’t have let Yoongi touch him! He wouldn’t do that to me!” Taehyung said running his hands through his hair.
and then Hoseok was glaring at him.

“Just like you wouldn’t do it to him?” He asked mockingly and Taehyung widened his eyes as he turned to look down at Hoseok. “You alphas are all the same. Maybe your little fox is actually in love, but here you are… fucking me every time your rut hits.”

…

“How’s Yoongi-hyeong doing?” Jimin asked softly while he had tea with Seokjin one afternoon in the privacy of Jimin’s barren garden; Seokjin knew it was all because of Jimin’s bitter emotions.

“Fine.” Seokjin lied.

Yoongi had never been sicker in his whole life; he was weak and he refused to eat, he spent his days lying on his bed and refusing to talk to anyone. Seokjin wasn’t sure, the physicians talked about depression because of his status as a beta, but Seokjin knew better.

Yoongi and Jimin had developed a bond… one of almost eight years, one that not only involved them being intimate, but also friends since childhood. It was not as deep as one of mated couples, thank god, but it still hurt… and by the look of it, his younger brother was the one being most affected.

“How was your heat?” Seokjin asked suddenly with a deep frown and Jimin sighed.

“It was supposed to be like a week ago, but it didn’t happen…” He shrugged, he didn’t need explanations; he knew it probably was because of the bond fading or something like that.

“Ah… a messed cycle it is not unheard of when these things happen… Let me know if you need help or if you’d like a physician to check on you.” Seokjin said and suddenly he frowned. “You are not pregnant, right?” He asked and Jimin widened his eyes and shook his head. “Well… it didn’t hurt to ask.” Seokjin said and then sighed again.

“I’ll be better in time.”

…

The first heat away from Yoongi came six months after arriving to the third house… six months late and made Jimin not only desperate, but a crying mess; he was void by the knowledge that Yoongi wouldn’t be there, his nest was cold and too big for only one body, his hand around his cock was not enough, his short fingers inside his hole were not long enough… his lips needed to be kissed, his whole body needed Yoongi.

It seemed the most logical thing to do in Jimin’s heat-addled head when he barely tied the sash around his robe and then made his way to the door, slid it open and stepped into the sweet air of spring.

His legs were trembling, barely keeping him up as he used the wall as a support and started to walk down the aisle… He knew there needed to be a wall he could jump to enter the second family’s grounds. He was good at climbing and he was fast and… a wave of heat hit him and he ended up on knees, letting out a moan.

“Yoongi-hyeong…” He moaned as more tears trailed down his face, sobs and moans mixed and he was sure he had never felt more frustrated and desperate before. He looked over his shoulder, was he maybe taking the wrong direction?
He tried to breathe in the air, hoping he’d be able to distinguish Yoongi’s weak scent; he had always loved that he had to be really close to actually scent his sweet pheromones… he smelled like lilies and winter… it was confusing, but right now he could only perceive his own scent, thick in the air.

“No…” He whined in distress. He got up a moment later and swallowed when after a long walk he came to a high wall that he knew separated the barracks form the third house’s grounds. He took a step forward when suddenly there was a hand around his arm; he turned with wide eyes.

“What do you think you’re doing here?!” Jimin the maid asked in bewilderment; she looked appalled and simply amazed.

“I need Yoongi-hyeong… Please, Jimin-ssi…” He begged and moaned loudly; she was barely on time to help him stand. His breath was ragged and he was covered in sweat.

“You need to go back to your bedchambers! Dear lord! Do you want to die?” She wondered as she helped him turn around to go back to his room. “That wall divides the palace from the barracks! Countless of alphas and betas there and you what? Expected to walk out unscathed in a heat like this?” She was complaining too much, but he was glad she had found him.

“I need Yoongi-hyeong…” He moaned again and she shook her head.

“You need to call for the crown prince or leave us alone, Yugyeom-ssi.” She said bravely and when the other man took a step forward Yugyeom’s hand clasped on his forearm.

“You heard her; go get the crown prince. Now.” He growled out and the soldier glared, but finally obeyed. “His scent is too strong.” He said and she nodded, but didn’t let go of Jimin’s body. “It’s okay. I’ll help him get back to his bedchambers.” He said softly and then pulled a cloth from his pocket and tied it tightly around his nose and mouth.

She finally nodded and Yugyeom came closer until he could lift the young fox in his arms. He didn’t waste time and tried by all means to ignore the dazed eyes of the fox.

Jimin wasn’t sure why it was so hard to look away from Yugyeom’s covered face, there was a rather strong scent filtering through his nose, strong and simply dominant and he was pretty sure it came from the young alpha… of course… he was an alpha.

Jimin got nervous and as soon as they had reached his bedroom she pushed Yugyeom’s arms crawling into his nest again. The young maiden pushed Yugyeom out of the room and slid the doors closed and then turned back to Jimin with worry etched on her face.

“It’s okay… the crown prince will be here soon.” She said and Jimin resorted to cry in silence.

“It’ll never be the same…” He said and she felt her own heart ache. “I need Yoongi-hyeong… he said I was his and he was mine. He said we would mate and marry when we were older.” Jimin cried and cried.

When Seokjin arrived to the fox’s bedroom, the maiden left and then it was just the two of them.
Jimin accepted Seokjin’s help in pure silence. Seokjin didn’t fuck him; he just brought some soft sweets and helped with changing a wet cloth every few minutes until Jimin asked him to leave so he could take care of the urge to have something inside himself…

Seokjin left the room feeling ashamed because even if he was an omega, he was affected by Jimin’s pheromones… Jimin didn’t need to know… Jimin was already too manhandled by the palace’s life to know more of the things his own biology did to people around him. Seokjin sometimes dreamed that he actually kept his promise and returned the young fox to his best friend’s hands.

Sometimes he just acknowledged the fact that was a promise he couldn’t keep.

…

The next day the barracks could only talk about the sweet scent filling the air, the soldiers were restless and alphas all woke up with erections and knots at the ready… easily they all understood an omega was in heat close vicinity… that was the only way to develop such a rut.

No questions were asked and Taehyung ended up fucking Hoseok in the showers, completely unsatisfied while he tried to imagine the body pressed against him was smaller, plumper and his skin was paler…

…

Time passed quickly when you were busy and Taehyung could attest to that… they had grown much during the trainings and sometimes they lost track of time until captain Tuan came around and told them how many months it had been since they did the last checkup.

It just happened that on the day of their last checkup Taehyung stood completely naked next to Kai while betas from the palace measured them and verified their health, physicians all taking notes about them and asking questions…

Taehyung stared at the slightly older man with dread and distrust, but Kai hadn’t even noticed him… he was merely following directions on what to do… the man that was tending him asked him to turn around and he started to touch the bones on his spine; Kai remained calm and Taehyung noticed a tattoo right above his tail.

It was a tribal sun all in black ink, contrasting with his skin.

When they were done Taehyung rushed to catch up with him, walking by his side.

“That’s a weird tattoo you have there.” He commented and Kai turned to him with a bored look until he saw who he was and then smirked.

“Are you honestly interested on my emblem or maybe you were just checking my ass?” Kai teased and Taehyung snorted loudly giving the other a glare. “Stop… I am mated… already told you.” And just like that he was gone.

Taehyung stared at his back with a deep frown… so it was not just a tattoo but also an emblem… what did that mean?

…

Everyone was relieved to know they’d soon be placed inside a house, ready to serve a purpose or in Taehyung’s case, ready to kill the second prince.
The gossip traveled fast and the news of other lands not liking the fact that the crown prince was an omega started to become even more obvious. The soldiers talked about wars and such and Taehyung didn’t want to be in the middle of it, but he reckoned that it might be easier to dispose of the second prince when all eyes were placed on the crown prince.

One day Moon Jongup came around with a list at the ready; it had their names and the houses they would be assigned to. There were a hundred soldiers ready and the way they had been picked was not at random.

That only twenty betas were assigned to the third house let everyone know that the first house did not trust the younger prince once he returned from his exile. It was not unusual the little number assigned to the second house, only ten… Taehyung was on that list, along with Kai, but not Hoseok.

The first house took the rest with them.

Taehyung had been luckily assigned to the second house, the rumors always talked about how it was so hard to enter said house and in the end the rumors started to dissipate that maybe the whole thing about the fox was a lie since they had picked that many soldiers.

The last night in the barracks Taehyung and Hoseok decided to have a private talk in the borders, near the forest… they made sure no one had followed and then decided to sit and talk… but words eluded them for a while until Hoseok took the reins.

“So… I figured you already know, but I don’t lose anything with telling you.” He said and Taehyung frowned up at him. “Do not go up straight to kill the prince. You first need to know if your beloved fox is alive and his whereabouts…” He said and Taehyung blinked a few times. “Unless, of course, the young little thing is nestled in the prince’s bed.” He taunted and Taehyung groaned.

“I do not appreciate your mockery.” The younger said and Hoseok sighed.

“I don’t care, Taehyung… we are friends and I am supposed to tell you things as they are.” He said and then hissed. “Is there anything I can do for you from the first house?” He wondered and Taehyung shook his head as he stood.

“Don’t do anything reckless… anything could get us killed on the spot.” Taehyung said and Hoseok nodded.

“Yes, you’re right. Then I guess I will see you… some other time…” Hoseok said and Taehyung nodded. “Be careful.”

…

Jaebum was a very serious man. He was very responsible and took his time to show the new recruits around the second house’s grounds. Taehyung made sure to memorize every single turn and corner… it’d come in handy to know his grounds.

His job was not that difficult… along with the new soldiers; he was supposed to roam the aisles and detain anyone suspicious. Jaebum was clear on everything and he made sure the new recruits understood that a war was very possible and dangerous. They were there to protect the second prince and his sick mother.

…”

“Are you maybe stalking me?” Kai asked as they were shown their barracks inside the second house;
they were large, but since most guards were assigned to other houses a sense of distance could be place between the beds.

“Don’t flatter yourself… You’re not my type.” Taehyung said in annoyance while he unpacked what few things he owned.

“What are you going to do now without that handsome beta of yours? Hoseok was his name, right?” Kai asked deciding to used the bed lined against the opposite wall to Taehyung’s. “Ruts are hard… literally.” He smirked and Taehyung sighed.

“I’ll take care of them on my own…” He said and then turned to glare at the beta. “Unless you want to help me, of course.” He said and watched as Kai bit down on his lower lip as he raked his eyes down Taehyung’s body and then back up.

“What part of me being mated you don’t understand?” Kai asked in a low teasing tone and Taehyung was done with his teasing. He walked over until Kai was pressed against the wall next to his bed; he looked amused while Taehyung could only glare.

“Stop what you do… or else I won’t give a fuck about you being mated.” He said in his low tone and Kai chuckled and nodded.

“You’re just too fun to tease, but… you’re a rather rough lover.” Kai said and upon Taehyung’s frown he chuckled again. “Showers are not the most private place to fuck…”

…

Two months later he had yet to see a trace of Jimin.

He’d have to find Yoongi first and torture him to obtain answers, but that was easier said than done, because the queen and his son seemed to both be sick and in bed, which meant that the security around them was bigger, assigned to stronger alphas.

“If you don’t mind me asking, hyeong… What’s wrong with the prince?” Taehyung asked Jaebum one night while they walked around. Jaebum had somehow taken a liking to Taehyung, but the question made the captain eye Taehyung warily before sighing.

“His conscience is heavy on his back.” He replied and Taehyung frowned not understanding. “He made a few bad decisions… as royalty they are forced to quit too many things they love. You’d think being royalty was easy.” He said and Taehyung would’ve snorted, but refrained from doing so.

“I see…”

“Autumn is coming… he favors cold weathers anyway. We expect him to light up a bit when the leaves fall from the tree.” He said and pointed to the tallest tree in the second house, it was visible above the roofs of the palace halls and rooms.

“I’ve always wondered why he sleeps in those bedchambers… Why not in the royal quarters?” He wondered.

“Those hold a special meaning.” Jaebum sighed as if he knew all too well what he was talking about. “Our second prince has been tagged as a cruel and mysterious man, but he’s actually just bearing too much on his shoulders. It saddens me that the only person that might’ve loved him was exiled from this house.” He said and Taehyung frowned at the word.

“His little brother?” But that didn’t make sense because Jungkook didn’t belong to this house to
begin with.

“No… Anyway. If you ever see him out do try to talk to him. The queen gave us permission to, she wants her son to recover from his loss.” He said and Taehyung bit his lower lip to prevent another scoff.

Jaebum left and it was not long before he felt another presence, he turned and saw Kai approaching with a curious smirk on his lips while he admired the garden ahead.

“Aren’t you too concerned with the second prince?” Kai asked coming to stand next to Taehyung and the younger sighed.

“There’s nothing much to do here…” He said and Kai nodded.

“I wanted to see if the rumors about the fox were real… catch a glimpse of him or something, but haven’t seen him… Have you?” Kai asked and even to Taehyung’s ears he sounded too interested.

“Aren’t you too concerned with the fox?” He asked back with a narrowed gaze and he smirked before nodding.

“Aren’t you curious? We are talking about a mythical creature here.” Kai said and Taehyung groaned not sure if he trusted the other.

“I am a bit curious, but if you haven’t seen him then… maybe he’s not real.” Taehyung said and Kai’s smirked widened to one side, he looked downright dangerous and Taehyung frowned at him.

“Oh, he is and you know it… you know it better than anyone, don’t you?” Kai pressed and Taehyung swallowed thickly. “You and Hoseok had a funny conversation once that I happened to listen to.” He said and Taehyung snorted.

“Who is stalking who? Whatever you’re thinking don’t make me part of it.” He warned and Kai licked his lips in amusement.

“What if I help you find the fox?” Kai asked and Taehyung felt confused.

“Why would you help me?”

“Because I want to see the fox… like you said, there’s nothing much to do here…” Kai said nonchalantly as he looked around the garden.

“Fine… Help me find him.”

...

But it happened… though only until autumn had passed and winter had fallen upon them. The second queen had died three days ago, but her funeral was small and no one actually attended but the princes and the king. No one really knew of that, only Jaebum that passed down the message and Taehyung felt a bit estranged to the news.

Well… Taehyung had imagined his reunion with the second prince a bit differently. In his dreams he had always drawn out his sword and had slit his throat open on the first chance he had, but then he remembered he didn’t know where Jimin was and that was something he better asked the very same culprit.

It was almost midnight when Taehyung rounded the corner to approach the mysterious bedchambers,
the tree was now void of all foliage; it was eerie and sad to look at, the bushes were naked too and the grass was covered in snow.

He was walking down that aisle when the sound of crushing frost called his attention and when he turned around he saw the rather slim figure walking around the tree, his bony and long fingers grazing the rough surface, his white hair shone under the moon’s light.

Taehyung stopped with wide eyes and a gaping mouth because Yoongi was looking ethereal… unreal… simply magical and his eyes were just like he remembered, the brightest blue, his skin was as pale as ever, but he looked regal there.

His blue robe did nothing to hide his bony shoulders and collarbones and Taehyung knew… he knew that if he wanted it’d be the easiest thing to do… to snap his fragile neck with his bare hands. The second prince fell to the ground with a groan and Taehyung knew he should do something… he jumped down from the wooden floors and onto the snow with ease.

“You shouldn’t be out so late at night, your highness.” He said making sure his voice was the deepest it could go; Yoongi tensed a bit and looked over his shoulder, but his eyes didn’t go up from Taehyung’s boots.

“Piss off.” He said shortly and Taehyung felt the urge to smile. The young prince hadn’t changed much.

“No can do. I don’t get to see many white wolves around here… you must be one of the last few.” He said and Yoongi snorted.

“Are you defying your prince’s orders?” He asked and Taehyung smirked.

“I am heeding the late queen’s ones.” He replied swiftly and Yoongi nodded and then stood with the help of the tree. Snow stuck to his silky robe and Taehyung would’ve loved to dust it with his hands. “Ah… you didn’t grow up much.” He suddenly said and this time Yoongi turned to glare at him, his eyes were impossible.

“What the fuck is wrong with you? Were the late queen’s orders to annoy her son?” He asked and Taehyung shrugged.

“Not my fault you’re short. You do look more like a prince now, though…” He said with narrowed eyes and then cocking his head to the side. “I guess Jiminnie would agree, don’t you think?” He asked and Yoongi’s eyes widened. “Ah… Are you perhaps scared I am here?” Taehyung asked and took a step towards the prince.

“Why should I be? You’re here as a servant to my house…” He said with the same bitter tone he always used. “Or maybe you’re here to kill me?” He snorted and then smirked; Taehyung frowned. “That’d be a huge favor.” Yoongi said lowly.

“Ah… your conscience is heavy on your shoulders. Now I understand.” Taehyung said satisfied with this bit. “So the young prince locks himself in a room because he feels guilty over… stealing a young little fox from his family?” He asked tauntingly.

“Not quite…” Yoongi smirked up at him and Taehyung gritted his teeth together in barely concealed anger. “I don’t regret getting Jimin. I guess you do… you would’ve liked to be the one to see him present… right?” He asked and watched in amusement how his shoulders tensed.

“Shut up…” He warned, but Yoongi saw his chance and smirked.
“Want to hear about it? How he begged for me to take him, to fuck him?”
Yoongi watched the fire burn in Taehyung’s eyes.

“He was so good… so tight, so loud… so soft only for my eyes.” Yoongi said in his raspy tone. “But that was almost three years ago… I lost count of his heats… six per year, do the math… He always begged to be fucked.”

“You’re a liar.” Taehyung growled out and Yoongi felt compelled to step back, but didn’t. “Jimin is not like that…”

“Listen to yourself… You grew up, didn’t you? What makes you think Jimin didn’t? He’s your same age, he’s not a kid anymore…” He said in annoyance, Taehyung was making it sound as if Yoongi had raped his little fox. “I didn’t force anything on anyone, Jimin begged me and I complied.” He stated and that was it.

Taehyung lurched forward and wrapped his large, tanned hands around Yoongi’s frail and pale neck, he pushed the prince against the tree and watched him gasp in pain and surprise before a smirk drew on his lips.

“Well… can’t say I didn’t expect you to do this if I ever saw you again…” Yoongi rasped out, his hands remained by his sides, not moving, not fighting it. Taehyung was so close he could count the eyelashes on Yoongi’s eyes.

“Where’s Jimin?” He asked roughly.

“Wouldn’t you like to know…?” Yoongi smirked, and then Taehyung tightened his grip and Yoongi turned red, his mouth opening and his eyes reddening too.

“I know this is what you want, Yoongi…” Taehyung said harshly through gritted teeth near the other’s ear. “You want to die… and I am not sure why, but I won’t please you… not until you tell me where is Jimin.” He said and Yoongi felt tears prickling his eyes, his bony hand lifting to clasp around Taehyung’s collar, pulling him closer.

“Fucking… kill me already.” Yoongi begged; his eyes filled with sadness, so much fear and emptiness that Taehyung felt winded for a moment before he completely let go of Yoongi’s neck.

He took a few steps back, away from the prince and watched as the older man crumbled to the ground, coughing and clutching at his neck, his robe had glided down his shoulders and Taehyung could see the wounds, the scratches the bark of the tree had caused on his pristine skin.

Yoongi took several breaths trying to even out his lungs until he was giving a breathless and bitter laugh, his blue eyes found Taehyung’s dark ones and they stared for a long moment.

“That will be a problem, Taehyung-ssi… I won’t give you answers until you give me what I want, but I can’t give you what you want if I am dead.” Yoongi said and he stood to go back inside his
bedchambers, but only two steps later he was falling on the ground, unconscious.

Taehyung stared at his limp body and for only a moment he wished the prince was actually dead, but then he remembered his good friend, the kind one that was unable to see the evil on other people and decided to do what Jimin would. He walked over and picked the almost weightless body of the second prince.

Things seemed to take another turn because Taehyung now doubted he’d be able to kill the second prince… even less if he wouldn’t answer his question about his best friend’s whereabouts.

He entered the bedchambers and looked around, not really knowing what he had expected to see there. The place was rather messy with books and parchments here and there… Taehyung placed Yoongi on the mattress wondering why a prince would sleep on a mattress rather than a bed.

He pulled the covers over his frail body and then turned around ready to leave when his eyes fell on the low table in the corner, there were several papers there with drawings.

He crouched and easily recognized the big ears and thicker tail that belonged to Jimin, his eyes widened at the drawings of a much older Jimin, not the ten year old kid that he had known but a man… in the drawings Yoongi portrayed him perfectly fine, with wide grins and mischief in his eyes.

Taehyung wondered if these were only figments of Yoongi’s imagination or if Jimin had truly smiled this way towards the elder. He sorted through the parchments and soon found one that showed Jimin seating in a nest of fabric, his back exposed and the sharp angle of his jaw talked volumes of his beauty… the bright orange robe he was wearing pooled around his elbows and dipped low on his back.

Such a tempting sight he seemed to be even in just Yoongi’s drawings, Taehyung felt annoyed and he tried his best not to ruin a clear work of art, that was what Jimin had been all along and even Yoongi had managed to capture that in his inky drawings.

“I will find you, Jimin…”

…

Taehyung pushed open the door to a bedroom and frowned a bit until his nostrils filled with the sweetest scent he had ever smelled. His whole body warmed and his pupils dilated when he saw the mattress in the middle of the bedroom…

Jimin’s back was facing him, but he took great pleasure when the little fox let the orange fabric around his shoulders fall slowly down his skin, the silk pooling at his hips and around his elbows, the dip of his tailbone and his tail swaying made Taehyung feel in a trance as he approached the mattress with slow steps.

Jimin looked up over his shoulder and made eye contact with his best friend a mischievous smile graced his lips and Taehyung swallowed as he discarded his clothes before entering the nest of fabric and cushions. He let his knees fall on each side of Jimin’s thighs, his chest searing hot against the cool skin on Jimin’s back.

Taehyung traced his fingertips on Jimin’s back and unable to control his sudden hunger anymore he leaned down and bit down hard on Jimin’s shoulder… a mating mark about to be consummated as he grabbed Jimin’s hips and raised him a bit before finally lowering him down on his hard cock.

Jimin’s mouth fell open and Taehyung vaguely wondered why he couldn’t hear him, but the pleasure
was excruciating as he continued to push in and pull out from Jimin’s heat. The elder was leaning
over on his hands and letting Taehyung do as he pleased with his body… but it didn’t matter how
much Taehyung moved, how deep he reached or how fast he pushed the pleasure only built and
built…

“Taehyung!” He heard a voice and he could only wonder if maybe that was Jimin’s voice finally
calling for him.

“Taehyung!” The voice called louder this time and before he could grasp on his dream to never let
go, it all faded behind his eyes.

He opened his eyes and frowned a bit when he saw Jaebum standing by the door with a deep frown.

“The second prince has asked for you.” Jaebum said as he scanned the younger in worry. “Make
sure that is not your rut.” He said and Taehyung groaned.

He had dreamed of the inky Jimin in the drawings, had dreamed about slowly sliding the orange robe
from his body to finally love him in the way only lovers could and he wanted to believe it was
different form everything he had ever done with Hoseok.

A part of him was really angry he wouldn’t be the first time Jimin did something like this, but another
part knew he couldn’t be so selfish because Jimin wouldn’t be his first time either.

“What?” Taehyung asked with a raspy voice, sleep was still making him slow and Jaebum was
losing patience.

“Prince Yoongi wants to see you, Taehyung. You need to hurry. It is the first time he ever asks for a
royal guard.” Jaebum said Taehyung frowned, but this time he did understand what was expected of
him.

“Right…” He mumbled and started to prepare.

It didn’t take him long to be on his way and he was a bit confused when he saw the doors to
Yoongi’s chambers open to the frozen garden in front. He stopped right in front and saw Yoongi
kneeling at a low table with a tea set that made Taehyung snort until he saw the lemon and honey…
his eyes moved to the bandages around the prince’s neck.

“Good morning.” Yoongi said and his voice sounded affected; Taehyung felt bad, but not for long as
he decided not to pretend in front of the cold prince.

“So… am I getting punished?” He wondered as if it didn’t matter.

“It’d be for my own pleasure since no one believes me anymore.” He said and Taehyung frowned. “I
could tell them that these are the marks from your own hands trying to choke me, but… most people
would only think I tried to hang myself again.” He explained and Taehyung felt a cold sweat break
on his skin.

“Oh… so I got away with it.” He said trying to sound amused, Yoongi nodded.

“You could get away with killing me too… they will only think I finally managed to end my life.”
He shrugged.

“Good to know.” Taehyung said with a forced smirk as he finally entered the room and looked
around mildly interested.
“I only realized until today… you’re an alpha.” Yoongi said and Taehyung nodded with a quirked eyebrow. “Ah, such a waste of power.” He mumbled and heaved a long sigh.

“How about this?” Taehyung said as he knelt in front of Yoongi on the other side of the table. “You tell me where Jimin is and I kill you right after… I could even make it quick.” He said and Yoongi seemed to ponder about it.

“Yes, that seems like a plan… I’ll hold you to it.” Yoongi said and Taehyung felt a bit frustrated, but tried not to show it. “Until then I’ll keep you as company.” He sipped at his tea nonchalantly and Taehyung snorted.

“You don’t want to keep me around, Yoongi. I am honestly considering making your life a living hell.” He said in a low tone.

“It already is… sorry to ruin it for you. I don’t really know if there’s something that can actually make it worst.” Yoongi hissed in thought and Taehyung felt sick of this version of Yoongi with no feelings or will to fight. “You might make this a bit more interesting…” He sighed and turned his cold eyes towards the younger.

Taehyung felt frozen for a second, but recovered. He hated the fact that Yoongi even as a beta had such a powerful gaze, his soul; his wolf must be a handful.

“So… I am even more curious now… What’s got you so fucked up?” Taehyung asked and Yoongi smiled softly down at his tea.

“Aside from the fact that I am not an alpha and that my possibility of being king has been banned?” He asked and Taehyung nodded as if those were stupid reasons. “Well… Breaking a bond is always painful.” He said and Taehyung frowned. “I miss Jimin.” He admitted.

“You didn’t mate him. I would’ve been able to feel the mating bond.” He snarled and Yoongi smirked.

“Bonds work like that. Didn’t you feel like dying when he left you? That’s what happened to me… only I got it worst since I actually shared a physical bond with him.” He sighed.

“I might just kill you someday.”

“I await that day with open arms.”

…

Seokjin shivered from head to toes when Namjoon came inside of him, his knot fitted snugly inside of him and it stretched him nicely… he was used by now… it was amazing to have him so close.

“Should’ve let you ride my cock, your highness.” Namjoon whispered against Seokjin’s collarbones, littering kisses and bites there, never too deep, never enough to mark him, but Seokjin wished he would. “Now we are stuck in this uncomfortable position for a while.” He said and Seokjin smiled.

“You know I like to see you work.” He said breathlessly; his chest heaving and Namjoon only had eyes for him, nothing else mattered.

“I know, but you’re busy… I shouldn’t have knotted you.” He sounded honestly regretful, but Seokjin didn’t care, he was the crown prince and if he wanted a knot he was sure to get one.

“I am really efficient on my work, Namjoon. Indulge me for once…” He said and Namjoon nodded
with a warm dimpled smile.

“You’ll be the greatest king this land has ever seen.” He said and kissed Seokjin’s cheek in pure and raw affection the elder moaned at a slight movement from Namjoon’s hips.

“Namjoon…” Seokjin said after a long pause and Namjoon looked up at him noticing his sudden worried face. “What if Jungkook wants to be king?” He asked, a hint of worry on his voice and Namjoon cupped his face and kissed him dearly.

“Then I shall kill him.” Namjoon said and Seokjin pushed him lightly.

“Not even Yoongi. I don’t even fathom seeing Yoongi dead with all the wrong he has done. You can’t damage my brothers, Namjoon… promise me.” He said and Namjoon hesitated a moment before nodding.

“But I do get to kill anyone else…” He said and Seokjin sighed in defeat.

“I feel like there will be enough blood once I become king.” He sighed heavily.

“I have recruited the best soldiers in the past two years, you don’t have to worry about protection.” Namjoon said and Seokjin nodded and suddenly stared into his lover’s eyes.

“Who is Jung Hoseok?” He asked and he felt the younger tensing a small smile on his lips as he felt a slight tug on his chest. “It is fine… you can tell me if he was an old love… it is in the past anyway. I was only curious.” Seokjin shrugged and Namjoon sighed.

“How did you become curious?” He asked and Seokjin smiled.

“I heard you talking to him and he looked pissed off. He looked resentful of you… you should let him know you’re with someone else now.” Seokjin said and Namjoon snorted.

“Hoseok is not the kind to listen, but he turned out to be a great soldier. I am sorry if I caused you anger by hiring him.” Namjoon said and Seokjin shook his head.

“It is okay. Now I understand how you felt about me helping Jimin with his heat even if nothing happened.” He said and Namjoon tightened his jaw; another reason on why he had reduced his visits to the fox even though he had promised him he’d go often.

In Jimin’s defense, Namjoon knew that the young kid didn’t know the crown prince was having an affair with a royal guard, but Seokjin was the one at wrong… of course Namjoon had had a hard time making the prince understand.

“Yes. Anyway… When is the young prince due to come back?” He wondered and Seokjin sighed.

“Another year and a half.”

…

“Yah! Jimin come back here!” Yugyeom snapped as he tried to keep up with the fox and the other Jimin; the maiden. Both Jimins had become really close over the time and they now enjoyed playing pranks on the few guards that were allowed inside the third palace.

Yugyeom was really tired of running after them; both were really unstoppable when together, but he had to admit it was nice to see the maiden so happy and also the little fox that only now started to look more like a normal person and not a caged animal.
And it was just convenient that running after them was such a good exercise too, the fox was
ridiculously fast and sneaky too. Yugyeom was simply amazed that sometimes he thought he had the
little fox cornered, but Jimin all but slipped between his limbs and ran away in a fit of giggles. Little
mischievous fox, he was.

Today was not an exception, but today the maiden was actually playing along on their tag race; he
could hear her open and loud laugh from time to time, very different from Jimin’s giggles and he was
already sweating as he tried to keep up through the long aisles of the palace.

“You two will be grounded until your next life if you don’t stop!” He tried, but he didn’t actually
meant it; he tried stealth and grinned at the sight of the maiden’s soft brown ears peeking from behind
a bush in the closest garden.

He grinned and was about to jump when Jimin’s head peeked from the rooftop and he widened his
eyes at the grinning face of the little fox.

“I see you, Yugyeom-ssi. I won’t let you get to Jiminnie.” He all but whispered and Yugyeom
jumped down ready to jump up to the rooftop, but he frowned when he realized it was actually a
high jump.

“How the hell did you get there?” He wondered and then the maiden was tackling him; once on the
floor, Jimin jumped from the rooftop and joined in tying Yugyeom’s legs with a rope. “Yah! What
are you even doing?!” He was surprised by the seriousness of the ambush.

“Ha! Taken down by a fox and a maid!” Jimin said in her loud voice as she sat astride on his back
holding his wrists together and then the fox was tying the rope around his wrists too.

“I am clearly outnumbered!” Yugyeom defended and the fox hummed. The criminals moved from
over Yugyeom’s back and sat on each side admiring their work.

“Ah… Yugyeom-ssi, do you remember when I asked if you could teach me to fight?” Jimin
wondered and Yugyeom stared up into the silvery eyes. “Since you said you weren’t allowed,
Jiminnie and I decided we could create our own fighting style. How is it?” Jimin grinned and
Yugyeom let his cheek fall on the grass.

“I am sorry, Jimin-ssi, but… I am not supposed to teach you how to fight. I know you scarcely have
things to do here, but that will change soon when Jungkook-ssi arrives.” He said and Jimin’s face
turned serious for a fleeting second.

“I’ll ask Jungkookie to teach me.” He said haughtily with a shrug. “You might not know it, but we
were really close before he left.” He said confidently, but there was always the nagging guilt of how
he had let his exile happen.

“That’s good then, but I don’t think you need to learn how to fight. You’re already really fast and…
I mean… I am supposed to be the lieutenant of the third house and look at me.” Yugyeom said and
the fox giggled.

“Completely dominated!” The maiden said loudly and slapped her hand on Yugyeom’s butt, making
him flinch and blush.

“Ahh, don’t do that. It’s embarrassing enough.”

“But say, Yugyeom-ssi… do you know when is Jungkookie supposed to be back?” Jimin wondered
as he leaned over and then the maid did too as they both started to untie the ropes.
Yugyeom huffed rubbing his wrists in pain and then sat up as he sighed and eyed Jimin with a bit of pity.

“A year from now…” He said and Jimin blinked a few times and he nodded with a bitter smile.

“Ah… five years will go so fast. I am twenty-one now and Jungkook is nineteen… Do you think he still has big teeth?” Jimin giggled and Yugyeom couldn’t help but chuckle at the memory of his best friend.

“I don’t know… maybe he does.”

“I hope he does… I always really liked his smile.” Jimin commented idly as he picked up the ropes and then moved down the hall, away from them and muttering under his breath about Jungkook.

“He’s just so scared.” Jimin said as she watched her friend go and Yugyeom ran a hand down his face.

“I’ve been trying to get in touch with Jungkook, but I think my letters are not reaching.” He said and the girl frowned a bit.

“Well… it is called exile for a reason.” She said and Yugyeom glared a bit.

“I just worry about him. I met Jungkook back when we were both five and he had just arrived to the palace and he was so… so different form his brothers that he stood out.” Yugyeom said remembering the kid. “He was so violent and cruel, he didn’t understand why it was wrong what he did or how he talked to his brothers and it took time for him to finally fall into place with them.” He added.

“He was brought up like that, Yugyeom-ssi. We need to have more faith on what he learned the years before leaving again.” She said and Yugyeom smiled and nodded just to appease her own worry.

He stood and dusted his clothes. She followed and fixed her hair the best she could.

“Ah, if Jaebum-ssi saw me like this he’d think I was someone else.” She chuckled in amusement as she tried to fix her long skirt; Yugyeom stared down at her and swallowed thickly at the mention of the captain.

“Am I invited to the wedding?” He asked and watched as she sighed a smile as if she wasn’t too sure about it.

“Don’t give him ideas. I am… I am considering the options.” She shrugged and Yugyeom frowned; they started to walk down the hallway towards the front of the manor.

“What options are there?” He asked softly and she hummed.

“He wants me to quit my job as a court lady here and…” She took a deep breath and scratched her cheek. “Jaebum-ssi is an amazing man, but his ways are too strict for me and… sometimes I feel like I’ll become a simple housewife if I marry him.” She sighed.

“Oh… I see… Jaebum-hyeong can be like that, but… you know many girls and boys would die to be in your place.” Yugyeom said and Jimin nodded.

“I just… I enjoy my job here. I feel useful even if only to amuse Jimin-ssi, but still… I like to be here and clean this place and have fun with him and he has taught me so many things too! Now I know how to read and I am learning to write too, Yugyeom-ssi… I highly doubt Jaebum will like to know
I am educating myself.” She snorted and Yugyeom nodded in comprehension.

Jaebum was a great man and no one doubted the love he felt towards the young maiden, but it was well known how Jaebum was shaped to the old ways and Jimin… Jimin was just so free and carefree that it was hard to think of them as mates.

“I always thought it looked a bit odd.” Yugyeom said and Jimin looked up at him with curiosity. “Captain Jaebum; the fear in the battlefield, courting a weird girl with the loudest laugh I’ve ever heard.” He joked and Jimin punched his arm. “Sorry… you just… need someone more, carefree and… funny.” He said and she sighed.

“I love Jaebum, but I don’t think that love is enough.” She said and shook her head. “Aish… I don’t know… I’ll give it a bit more of time to think.” She decided with a nod of her head and then turned to Yugyeom. “I’ll catch you later, Yugyeom-ssi!” She waved and then jogged down another aisle.

Yugyeom watched her go and sighed hoping he would somehow be the man she was looking for, but who knew…

…

Every royal guard in the palace was called to a meeting and that was how Taehyung and Hoseok ended up meeting again. Kai noticed the elder beta staring at them from the first house’s barracks and sighed… there was something about Hoseok that he didn’t like.

“So… since the fox is not in the second house are we going to move or something?” Kai wondered and Taehyung blinked away from Hoseok’s intense gaze with a frown to look at the other.

“Changing houses could only mean you are taking sides.” Taehyung said and Kai smirked.

“That would be more fun, don’t you think? I am not taking sides… I just want to see something unusual and you said the fox was cool.” Kai mentioned and Taehyung frowned. “You also have a weird relationship with the second prince, but I am not commenting on it.” Kai shrugged.

“You just did.”

“My point is… we would have more chances if we had eyes in every house.” Kai said and looked over at Hoseok that was frowning deeply at them.

“Then you change houses. I am not risking my advances with Yoongi just because you think Jimin is not in the second house.” Kai quirked an eyebrow in interest.

“Jimin, ah?” He questioned and Taehyung groaned in annoyance. “I could change houses… but the third house is like a ghost house… and you know we can’t change houses so fast anyway.” Kai said as he looked around.

“I don’t understand why the fox would be in the third house at all… I’ll talk to Hoseok after the meeting at the borders if you want to come.” He said and Kai gave Taehyung a long glance before smirking.

“He doesn’t like me and the feeling is mutual.”

“I don’t like you either.”

“You do like me… you’re quite easy to read.” Kai said and when Taehyung frowned he chuckled. “You like everything that’s beautiful.” Kai said quite arrogantly before taking his leave.
“Asshole…”

Just like they had planned, Taehyung and Hoseok moved to the borders to talk in private. The beta looked a bit different, but Taehyung couldn’t really tell what was different about him.

“So? What’s new?” Taehyung asked Hoseok when they finally seated under a tree.

“Nothing much… I was wondering if you could dispose of the second prince and get your foxy before the king dies and his son takes over. I want to avoid the wars.” Hoseok said and Taehyung sighed heavily and then frowned.

“Why would the king die?” He wondered and Hoseok chuckled.

“Top secret information. He’s been sick for a while now.” He explained. “Anyway… what about the fox?” Hoseok asked; his tone was annoyed for some reason.

“Yoongi won’t tell me where Jimin is and Jaebum was sworn not to tell. No guard in the second house knows where the fox is.” He explained. “Some even say that he was sent away to exile, but they can’t be sure.” He said in distress.

“You need to find the right buttons and press them to get answers, Taehyung-ah… don’t give up on that one… now that we are here I actually thrive for drama and we have the perfect roles here…” Hoseok said and Taehyung eyed him wearily.

“How are things going within the first house?” He asked instead and Hoseok shrugged.

“Good thing about paying attention is that I get to know the really juicy details… the ones I’d get paid for. The king is sick; the youngest prince is due to come back in less than a year. The crown prince could get pregnant from a furtive lover?” He said and Taehyung frowned deeply at the last bit.

“But we have nothing against them, right?” Hoseok rolled his eyes at Taehyung.

“I am doing this for fun, Taehyung-ah…” Hoseok said with a snort, but when he saw the serious look the younger had he became annoyed. “What? Are you going to judge me?” Hoseok asked and Taehyung remained in silence. “Whatever… I should’ve some fun since I came all the way here to do this, right? Don’t look at me like you’re better when all you wanted was to kill the second prince.”

“You’re mean, hyeong. They are still a family.” He wasn’t sure why it sounded like he was defending the royal family, but Hoseok merely hummed in interest.

“What? Family? Suddenly you’ll talk about family? You’re about to damage that family, right? You will kill the second prince, right?” He pressed and Taehyung growled out making him quiet with wide eyes.

“Don’t say it as if you didn’t know what we were coming to do, like I forced you to come or something.” He said in anger

“Why haven’t you killed the second prince?” Taehyung widened his eyes.

“I just told you!”

“No… That’s bullshit. You coward… You know what?” Hoseok was really angry. “I might actually
be the one to do it and maybe… I’ll keep the fox for myself since you’re so useless.” He said and Taehyung couldn’t help the loud growl, his voice darkening.

“I’ll take care of Yoongi myself and… Jimin is mine.” He warned with a deathly glare; Hoseok’s ears flattened against his head, but he huffed in defiance not caring that Taehyung was an alpha.

“Am I yours too? Is Kai yours too? Aren’t you being a bit too greedy here, Taehyung-ah?” Hoseok stood and so did Taehyung. “You should stop talking as if you’ve been loyal to that boy ever since you were kids… You’ve fucked me more times than I could count and you’re probably fucking Kai too!”

“You don’t even know what you’re saying!” Taehyung felt attacked and wanted to clear the misunderstanding because Hoseok was important for him, but they seemed beyond repair.

“Ah… not Kai? Then maybe you’re fucking the second prince? Is that it? Is he such a great lover that you can’t kill him anymore?” Hoseok pressed and before he could think it twice, Taehyung had slapped him.

The sound echoed within the woods and Taehyung felt terrible right after doing it. His friend placed a hand over his abused cheek and then snorted, glaring up at Taehyung.

“All alphas are the fucking same…” He muttered under his breath. “A fucking mess because of a filthy magic whore… Even you are under its spell after so long. A favor it’d be if I got rid of it.”

Not being part of the royalty, but not being part of the staff of the houses was a complicated matter; Jimin would’ve loved to keep on learning with Seokjin like he did when he lived in the first house, but since he arrived to the third house he had had to start doing other things…

That’s how he learned how to cook with Jimin the maid and also Youngjae, he learned to bake too and ever since he did he’d spend hours making sweets that he’d later gift to Namjoon or Seokjin, he’d eat until he was full of sugar, feeling high and then a bit lazy.

He learned from Jinyoung to plant flowers and then he was taken to the field the third house used to harvest its own vegetables and Jimin was pleasantly surprised to find they had a cow, a goat and chickens; it was like paradise for him and Jinyoung used to say he was a simple person, easy to make happy.

Jinyoung always thought it was funny to see the fox’s clothes brimmed with mud and dirt while he sat and petted a chicken, cooing and muttering sweet nothings as if it could understand.

Jimin loved to harvest, and with the sun his skin received his skin went back to its usual peachy color that made him look healthier and prettier… the contrast to the life with Yoongi was too big here and he tried not to think too much about that. It was his third chance to make something out of his situation.

“I don’t think the crown prince would like to see your nails filled with dirt.” Jinyoung commented as Jimin dropped some carrots in a basket and then looked down at his dirtied small hands; he smiled.

“But it is fine… when I lived with my mother, we harvested apples. It is not the same since those grow in trees, but I loved to get dirty.” Jimin said and Jinyoung nodded with a smile.

“I know you’re not royalty, but you know a lot of many things and now you also know how to cook and harvest and… you’re a really talented person, Jimin-ssi.” Jinyoung said honestly and Jimin
giggled before approaching the man and looking around for any possible intruders.

“And I found something…” He whispered and Jinyoung frowned not liking the secretive tone. “I found the dancers the other day…” He muttered and Jinyoung gasped.

“How on Earth?!” He asked in disbelief. “You are threading on the borders of this house, Jimin-ssi.” Jinyoung chastised and Jimin pouted and then huffed.

“I just watch them from the wall... but I’ve been learning and it is really entertaining. I’ve gained weight with all the pastries I bake so... I figured I could dance a bit.” He shrugged and Jinyoung shook his head.

“You shouldn’t. Someone like you should not do that.” Jinyoung said alarmed and worried that someone might hear.

“Yes. I figured you wouldn’t like it.” Jimin sighed and then picked the basket to leave, his wide hat shadowing his face as he made his way back to the manor, leaving the gardener behind.

“I worried you’d find yourself with too much time, but you’ve learned so much on your own.” Seokjin said and Jimin shrugged as he retrieved the box filled with cookies to eat some of them.

“Now I can dance.” He whispered and they chuckled as he giggled, but soon his mirth died down as he stared into Seokjin’s eyes again. “But hyeong... are you going to make a big welcoming party for Jungkookie? Is Yoongi-hyeong going to attend?” He asked hopefully and Seokjin only sighed.

“Royal dinner. That will be as much. It’ll be a private dinner, but I am sure you’ll see him when he comes back after that.” He said and Jimin shifted on his spot; his eyes big with eagerness and Seokjin sighed. “Yoongi will be there… has to be there.” He said and Jimin relaxed.

“That’s good then. He should see Jungkookie and maybe apologize.” Jimin fiddled with his fingers. “Maybe then he’ll want to see me again...” He said in a soft whisper.

“No, Jimin. The bond should be severed by now and until you get a new one it will be hard for you to meet him.” Seokjin said and Jimin nodded with his eyes down. “You should tell Jungkook if you don’t want him to mate you.” Seokjin said and watched Jimin for any reaction; they avoided this subject because Seokjin didn’t know how to help Jimin until he actually became king.

“Jungkookie is not like that, hyeong. Maybe I’ll ask him to play tag with me, or maybe we could go together and see the dancers... I bet he’ll like it.” Jimin said, but he was not meeting Seokjin’s eyes... They both knew Jungkook wouldn’t be the same.

“Yes, I mean... you could try, but... The king gave him the rights to claim you. You need to be prepared, Jimin-ah... I really wish I could do more, but I am really useless right now.” Seokjin said and Jimin refrained form saying anything; it wasn’t as if he could control his own life... it had been a while ever since.

“How is the king doing these days?” Jimin dared to ask and Seokjin sighed and lowered his head because there were things he hadn’t shared with him.

“Ever since... ever since the second queen died he became sick.” He said and Jimin’s eyes widened.

“What...?” He breathed out in shock, his hands suddenly trembling. “Yoongi-hyeong’s mother died?” He wondered again and Seokjin nodded.
“Father fell sick… Not even my mother can make him smile these days.” Seokjin said and then heaved a long sigh. “Yoongi is fine, do not worry… he knew his mother would die younger than most. He prepared himself a long time ago, even before we met you.” Seokjin supplied and Jimin averted his gaze to the box of cookies.

“He never really told me much. I never met her and he never mentioned her much.” He said as he reminisced and Seokjin nodded.

“It was his way to deal with it, but… I’ll give him your condolences if you want me to.” He said and Jimin nodded.

“Please… do so.”

…

Taehyung knew he was getting rusty because Yoongi still insisted on having him as company for most of the day and it didn’t matter how many insults he threw the elder’s way, the prince was just on another level.

“Jungkook is due to come back in a week.” He said and Taehyung perked at that, they had never really talked about Jungkook or his exile. It seemed like another topic Yoongi dreaded. “I was the one at fault so he’ll try to kill me, probably.” He mused; Taehyung frowned unable to picture the little boy of years ago killing a fly.

“He wouldn’t kill his own brother.” He said and Yoongi snorted and turned towards him, away from whatever he was writing.

“Why? Because the kid you remember wouldn’t?” He asked and Taehyung lowered his gaze. “Why are you so set on living in the past?” Yoongi wondered, honestly intrigued.

“The past was beautiful.” Taehyung admitted and Yoongi remained in silence. “There was no blood or statuses, only kids playing, only snacks and sweets on a starry night and… us…” Taehyung felt estranged for a moment before sighing. “What did he do that you told your father to exile him?” He wondered and Yoongi sighed.

“I wasn’t there the exact moment Jimin presented.” He said and Taehyung felt his body tensing. “Jungkook was.” His voice was soft, wise and regretful. “He tried to get Jimin safe, Jimin’s heat triggered his rut and it angered me so much that I called on the guards… I said he was trying to rape the fox.” He said and Taehyung scoffed.

“Trying to rape the fox… Whoa… You just reduced Jimin to the fox…” He said completely annoyed. “And you tagged your own brother as a rapist. How vile can you get?” Taehyung asked standing from his position and approaching the prince that was looking down at his lap.

“You have no idea…” Yoongi said as he lifted his gaze and locked eyes with Taehyung, he scoffed again.

“Tell me more, Yoongi.” Taehyung said and he wasn’t sure why he had gotten so close to the prince, so much that he was now crouched by his side, eyeing him like a predator. “Tell me how vile you can get…” He said and his hand moved down to wrap around the pale neck; Yoongi smirked up at him.

“I never asked the king to exile him.” Yoongi said and Taehyung hummed, but he was almost in a trance. Yoongi was truly beautiful, his tongue was a sharp edge that cut deeply, but all in all he was gorgeous.
“Of course you didn’t…” Taehyung said in his low tone of voice and Yoongi quirked an eyebrow. “You probably asked for something worst…” He said running the pad of his thumb on Yoongi’s pulse point feeling it getting faster.

“I wanted his head, but… I guess I couldn’t ask the king to kill his own son for the sake of a fox.” Yoongi said lifting his body up on his knees to be almost on Taehyung’s level to glare at his warm eyes.

“So cruel…” Taehyung said slightly applying pressure on the soft neck, careful not to bruise it this time. “So beautiful too…” He whispered and watched as the prince’s eyes widened and then he was pushing at Taehyung’s hands.

Taehyung reached fast and in a quick movement had the prince immobilized under his body. Yoongi was just so small and skinny, but he still liked to fight… the fight was back in his eyes and Taehyung finally realized a weakness… he grabbed the opportunity with gusto. He loved the almost frightened look in his eyes.

“Ah… so there’s actually something you do fear.” Taehyung said and Yoongi snarled, almost hissed and he could’ve been compared to a cat instead of a wolf. “Tell me about this too, Yoongi… Who was it?” He wondered with evil intent. “Since betas don’t beg to be fucked like Jimin did… tell me who was the one that fucked you so hard that you fear me so much like this.” He asked and Yoongi’s eyes filled with water, but no tears came out.

“Fuck you…” He gritted out and Taehyung smirked. “No… how about the other way around?” He asked and held Yoongi’s wrists over his head with one hand, he was just so skinny everywhere, so breakable. “I’ve always wondered how it must feel to fuck royalty…” He said roughly fighting the squirming body under his.

“I’ll kill you if you do this. I’ll have Jaebum behead you and I will send your head in a bag to Jimin. How about that?” Yoongi seethed trying to fight the hand opening his robe at the front. “I bet he’ll be happy to see you even if it is like that…” He added and Taehyung ignored him and hummed.

“So vile… keep going, I might have a kink for you being a cruel bastard.” Taehyung said instead and Yoongi growled moving his legs to try and kick him off.

“Fuck you, Kim Taehyung. Stop!” Yoongi snapped angrily, but it wasn’t until Taehyung’s hand cupped his crotch that he shed his tears. “Please…” He breathed out shakily; Taehyung smirked and fondled him a moment before looking up at his face and when he saw the tears he stopped… the smile slowly drifting from his face.

Yoongi’s whole body was trembling, he was pale and looked sick.

“Ah… You’re boring.” Taehyung said moving his hands away from his body, Yoongi immediately lurched forward and punched Taehyung hard on his jaw and scrambled form under him, pulling his robe back on.

“Try something like that again and I will be the one to torture you to death.” Yoongi said and Taehyung nodded.

“Noted… Would your highness care for a cup of tea?” He asked and walked over to the tea set to pour a bit in a cup. Yoongi stared in confusion at his actions, but found himself sitting in front of him at the low table. “There you go…” Taehyung handed him the cup with a small smile as if he had not tried to rape him only moments prior.
“You’re fucked up.” Yoongi said with narrowed eyes and Taehyung let his chin rest on his palm, he gave Yoongi an unfazed look.

“No more than you are.”

…

“When do you think it will happen?” Kai asked Jaebum while the captain worked on some paperwork with a deep frown.

“Maybe another month… It’s been hectic and… you chose the worst moment to ask for allocation. With the third prince coming back tensions will rise and… Why do you want to leave the second house so suddenly?” Jaebum stopped writing and looked up at the man in front of his desk.

“It is in my report. I cannot share the second prince’s ideologies.” Kai said as if he had practiced it a whole lot of times.

“Yes, I read it, but you don’t even know the stance he will partake once the king dies.” Jaebum defended and Kai snorted and his lips drew up in a smirk.

“I have reasons to believe he will not accept his older brother’s kingship, but he’s weak and won’t win against his younger brother… I just want to be on the winning side…” Kai said and Jaebum gave him a deep glare.

“Your loyalties are a bit bent.” Jaebum said and shook his head. “I will let captain Tuan decide what to do with you.” He muttered and then returned to writing. “You’re dismissed.” He said and Kai saluted before leaving the offices.

“This should be fun…”
Chapter Summary

No chapter summary applies.

The day the third prince was supposed to come back, the capital submerged into a light atmosphere of fake happiness… it made Jungkook wonder if anyone outside the palace actually understood why the youngest prince had been exiled, but no one seemed to care and they all simply cared about the festival.

It wasn’t like the palace or the royal family was taking part on it, they simply allowed it and provided with money for dancers and music to fill the streets… maybe to give the fake impression of it being a good day, when Taehyung knew Yoongi was probably shitting his pants at that moment.

It sometimes made him think that maybe Yoongi had merely foreseen a disaster if Jungkook and Jimin stayed within vicinity. Maybe he had been afraid the fox would be raped, completely helpless…

Taehyung stopped with his hands deep inside his pockets, he was technically off duty, but he always carried his sword, just in case. He stopped and his ears twitched when he started to hear the mumbles and whispers of people and sure enough he saw the third prince’s caravan, five horses approached and instead of coming in a cart like royalty should do, Jungkook was riding a huge black horse.

Taehyung widened his eyes in surprise… In his mind, Jungkook had been still the little kid with huge eyes and a bunny smile, skinny and short, eating snacks with Jimin. This Jungkook was not that kid anymore and he faintly wondered if there would be traces of that kid in his personality, but it didn’t look like it.

His hair was messy and black, like his ears and tail. His skin a peachy color, some scars grazing his exposed arms, even in the horse it was easy to tell he was taller than Taehyung, probably taller than Namjoon, he was broad and his face was all sharp edges.

His eyes were deep and merciless… he was not a prince.

Taehyung understood this. Even though there was royal blood in Jungkook’s veins, he hadn’t been raised like one. The most decisive years of his life had been spent with rogue alphas, away from the palace, away from royalty and into the wilderness of his mother’s lands.

The other four horses carried rogue alphas, one could tell from simply sniffing the air around them, or by the look on their faces, the smirks and elongated fangs that the people of town was not used to seeing unless they were fighting.

Taehyung followed the caravan until it reached the royal gates that gave way to the royal grounds… the huge doors opened slowly and Jungkook guided his men inside and the very royal guards stared with distrust and a bit of fear.

The doors closed after the last man entered and then Taehyung felt like maybe… just maybe, Yoongi was right to fear his younger brother.
Seokjin blinked several times at the sight of Jungkook’s caravan and he felt fear grip his heart… this was not precisely familiar, but as the crown prince and Jungkook’s older brother he was supposed to greet him…

He followed his father when he stepped down the stairs, Yoongi close behind him, and stood before Jungkook in his huge black horse. The king frowned at the sight and tried a smile when Jungkook jumped down from his horse… the other alphas did the same, but stayed behind the third prince, eyeing Seokjin with interest.

“Welcome back, my son.” The king said and Jungkook merely nodded. His eyes looked different and Seokjin didn’t like it; he looked blank and void of emotions.

“You must be tired and hungry, Jungkook-ah.” Seokjin tried and Jungkook looked down at him with a slight frown before clearing his throat.

“Yes, both, but I’d rather eat and sleep in my own house’s grounds.” He said and Seokjin blinked several times, surprised by the tone of his voice and the fact that he had yet to acknowledge Yoongi. The king sighed and nodded tiredly.

“Of course, but make sure you come see me tomorrow.” The king said and then Jungkook looked at Yoongi. The elder held his gaze for a long moment, never showing how scared he actually was at the sight of the younger. Jungkook snorted quite sarcastically… Whatever Yoongi liked… they had a bond and he could feel a bit of his real emotions.

Jungkook tightened his fists and before they could do anything he moved swiftly, he pulled out his dagger from his belt and stuck it in the rogue alpha’s throat that was on his left. The man made a gurgled noise, blood trickling down his front before he fell to his knees and then backwards. Jungkook’s face was splattered with a bit of the blood and his fist was covered in it… the king gasped loudly and Seokjin took a step back, pulling a hand up to cover his mouth in shock. Yoongi watched the rogue fall and knew what it meant… Jungkook was merely demonstrating what he’d do.

“Go back.” Jungkook growled out at the other rogues that didn’t look as appalled as the rest. “Make sure Seunghyun understands I am not going back.” He said.

“He won’t be happy.” One of them said and then eyed the king; the old man took a step forward with a frown.

“My son has complied with his time of exile. Five years and then he was due to come back.” The king said and the alpha snorted loudly.

“It doesn’t work like that if he killed the previous leader and refused to take charge.”

Seokjin widened his eyes as he stared at Jungkook’s profile… He had done what?

“Why am I being informed of this only now?” The king snapped and another alpha approached him without fear.

“You should be grateful we were sticking to this nonsense… but your son killed our leader and you think we will accept an omega bitch as king?” He sneered and Seokjin tensed in anger. “You’re threading on thin ice here… Seunghyun is… unpredictable… but we obey Jungkook. We go back and deliver his message. What comes from there, well… we’ll see.” He smirked and then spat to the side as he glared at Seokjin.
“I’ll stay here.” One of the rogues said and Seokjin frowned; he didn’t look much older than Jungkook, his eyes were sharp and he had been quiet for most of the meeting.

“Will enjoy it if we meet later, Jiwon… going to enjoy killing you…” One of them added and Jiwon smirked as he nodded.

“Will like to see you try.”

The alphas didn’t say anything else and walked back where they had come from, the doors opened again and they stepped out, leaving behind the young prince, his new rogue alpha and a corpse.

“Please… send someone to clean this mess.” The king turned and addressed Jongup who only bowed before turning around.

“We will go now.” Jungkook said as he started to walk away, but Seokjin swallowed back his fear and approached him.

“Wait, Jungkook… we should probably talk first.” Seokjin said and the king frowned until he remembered that the fox was now in his property.

“It can wait.” Jungkook groaned and mounted his horse; Jiwon did the same. Seokjin frowned at his rudeness and grabbed the horse’s reins with his hand to prevent him from leaving.

“Now.” He said and Jungkook frowned even deeper. A low growl was heard behind him and Jungkook knew Jiwon wouldn’t actually appreciate that an omega was talking to him that way. He still had to admit Seokjin was braver than he thought, his ears remained tall and proud and he didn’t back down.

“Have a guard guide Jiwon to the third house’s grounds then.” He said and Seokjin nodded as he motioned to Namjoon to help him with the task; he saw as his secret lover moved to help.

Jungkook got down from his horse again and sighed, but Seokjin only looked at their father.

“I’ll take care of this, father.” He said and the king nodded and then walked back inside the palace. Yoongi following behind him after sharing one long look with Jungkook.

“Jungkook… some things have changed and…”

“What?”

“As you might have noticed… Yoongi presented as a beta…” He said and Jungkook nodded sharply with a smirk; it was still unnerving to see these emotions in his eyes. Seokjin frowned now understanding that no, this was not his younger brother… not the one he had seen last time.

“Jungkook… Yoongi… he… Because he didn’t present as an alpha he broke up things with Jimin four years ago.” Seokjin said and Jungkook’s frown was quick, but the crown prince noticed it. “It has been complicated, breaking the bond was hard and… Yoongi was not kind about it. He harmed Jimin and… anyway…” Seokjin sighed.

“Where’s Jimin now?” Jungkook asked honestly fearing that they’d tell him Yoongi ordered his death or exile as well.

“Are you aware of how valuable Jimin is after presenting as an omega?” Seokjin asked instead and Jungkook frowned. “If mated to an alpha, Jimin would help that person become stronger through their bond, but… because Yoongi is a beta, the king ordered for Jimin to pass on to your property.”
He said and watched the surprised look on his brother’s face. “You’re the only alpha the king has.”

It took a moment in which many emotions played in Jungkook’s face, but Seokjin saw the most important one; nervousness. Finally Jungkook was reacting.

“Serves them both.” Jungkook said and Seokjin frowned not believing the words that had left his little brother’s lips. “I don’t really mind. I was exiled because of Yoongi and him.” He turned back to his horse again.

“He has been living in your quarters for four years already, Jungkook. I know already he is yours to do what you prefer, but as your older brother I expect you to be a nice host.” The prince said and Jungkook quirked an eyebrow and then bowed before mounting his horse again and galloping to follow his companion. “Jungkook!”

…

Yoongi ran into his bedroom and was almost grateful to know Taehyung wasn’t there; he closed the doors and started rummaging through his clothes in the huge closet before he finally found what he was looking for…

Four years ago, after Jimin left he had been left barren of any weapons, but he had somehow managed to hide a bit of rope. The noose had been done for a while now, but he had never had the courage… until now…

He was ready to die… he couldn’t let Jungkook have the satisfaction of killing him it didn’t work like that and he was not ready to accept that Jimin would be Jungkook’s from now on.

He moved fast and grabbed a chair, the only place to tie the noose was outside, right in front of his door, there was a girder that worked just fine for this purpose… with the rope in one hand and the chair dragged with the other, he moved to the doors. He let go of the chair briefly and pushed the doors open…

He swallowed thickly and quickly got up on the chair and started to tie the noose; his eyes straying off to the tree in the background and he felt like crying, but no… he was ready to accept his fate… he had hurt enough people already.

He tried the knot and when he was sure it worked he placed the noose over his head until it was around his neck. He tightened it and then took a deep breath before kicking the chair.

He choked, his vision blurred almost instantly and a cough was drowned in his throat… he was losing consciousness when he heard the footsteps and voices… he couldn’t make out what they were saying, but suddenly there were arms around his legs preventing him from succumbing to his death.

“Cut the fucking rope!” Taehyung snapped and Jaebum moved and pulled out his sword before the skinny body fell in Taehyung’s awaiting arms.

He knelt and then placed Yoongi as carefully as he could on the ground, his hands were trembling as he discarded the noose around his neck and he grimaced at the purple marks already forming around the pale neck.

“Fuck…” He growled out and then tapped Yoongi’s cheeks as softly as he could; the elder’s eyes fluttered open and they locked gazes for a moment before Yoongi started coughing. “Fucking asshole!” Taehyung said, not caring Yoongi was a prince, not caring Jaebum was there.

“T’ll go get the physician.” Jaebum announced before leaving them.
“Why the fuck did you do that?” Yoongi asked in a pained aphonic yell, his eyes red and lips purple.

“That is my question.” Taehyung said through gritted teeth. “What the fuck were you thinking?” He asked in pure and raw anger.

“Isn’t that obvious? I no longer have time to wait for you to kill me.” Yoongi said in the same aphonic voice. “Jungkook is back and…” He swallowed painfully at the memory of his younger brother.

Yoongi had been looking at the welcoming his father and brother went to do and was honestly startled when he saw that the little and lanky Jungkook was no longer little or lanky.

“He’s not the same…” He admitted softly and Taehyung snorted.

“Of course he’s not, you idiot. He’s vengeful, but I claimed first the right to kill you. No one will touch you without my consent.” Taehyung said and Yoongi frowned and looked up at him in confusion. “So you know… you guys played with Jimin like he was a toy… I’ll do the same with you.” Taehyung said darkly.

“He will kill me…” Yoongi said just to make sure he understood.

“Not before I do.”

…

Mark frowned at Namjoon when he saw the elder was ahead of an unexpected visitor; the scent was enough to tell he was an alpha and a rogue one. The captain approached the gates with his hand over the handle of his sword and then Namjoon sighed walking to meet him with the young alpha on tow.

“What’s this? The king didn’t mention we’d have company.” Mark said eyeing the dangerous-looking alpha behind him.

“He didn’t know. He came with the third prince and is to be fed and given a place to sleep for the night.” Namjoon sighed heavily and Mark shook his head ever so slowly.

“We might have a situation with those orders.” Mark said through gritted teeth. “You seem to forget we have a special guest here.” He said through gritted teeth.

“I know…” Namjoon sighed and then they heard the loud galloping approaching, the horse had barely stopped when Jungkook jumped down from it.

“Your highness.” Mark bowed and so did Hoseok and Namjoon.

“To the barracks. Guide him to the barracks and close the gates.” Jungkook said and Namjoon heaved a sigh of relief.

Mark then turned to the lined up soldiers from the third house and cleared his throat.

“Bow down to receive the third prince; Jungkook!” He yelled and the men all bowed down after yelling their greeting. On the first row, Jungkook saw Yugyeom. He smiled his way and Jungkook felt suddenly compelled to do the same. The soldier approached and then they shook hands in a friendly way.

“It’s been a while, my friend.” Jungkook said and Yugyeom nodded eyeing the blood with curiosity. Jungkook motioned towards the rogue alpha. “You can trust Yugyeom and obey him.” He said and
the alpha mulled over the idea before he nodded. “His name is Jiwon.” Jungkook told his friend and Yugyeom nodded as he scanned the alpha, he looked unfriendly and his tattoos didn’t help along with the lack of a shirt. “You’re dismissed, Jiwon.” Jungkook said and the man walked away to follow Namjoon to the barracks.

“Not better than you, though… I want to hear the tales later, right now I am supposed to look for…” Yugyeom hesitated and Jungkook took a deep breath.

“I’ve heard… Do you know how many days until his next heat?” He asked and Yugyeom hesitated again before answering.

“Eighteen or so.” He said and Jungkook nodded. “But… are you really going to do this, Jungkook?” He wondered and Jungkook narrowed his sharp eyes at his friend.

“You’ve taken a liking to him?”

“You know that was bound to happen. I’ve been the one protecting him ever since he got here. We became friends.” He admitted and Jungkook poked his cheek with his tongue.

“Yes. I will mate him. He was given to us for a reason and we are back to take what’s ours.” He said and Yugyeom frowned. “Now take me to him.”

Yugyeom swallowed and ignored the fact he was talking in plural, in the end could only nod before turning around and leading the way inside the palace… the long corridors were familiar, but Jungkook noticed the painting and the gardens… because of the cooling autumn the leaves were starting to fall, but they looked cared for.

“Your highness; the crown prince had the gardeners tended to them thinking they would help Jimin-ssi’s depression when he got here.” Yugyeom explained after noticing his eyes straying to the open areas.

“Did it work?” Jungkook asked before he could help it.

“No… not at first. He needed company, not a garden. Jimin-ssi the maid became a good friend of his.” He said and Jungkook hummed.

They stopped before Jimin’s bedchambers and Yugyeom knocked softly, but there was no response.

“Jimin-ssi? Jungkook-ssi is here.” He called, but there was not a word. He frowned and opened the doors, but the room was empty. “Ah, fuck…” He muttered.

“What?” Jungkook wondered and Yugyeom blinked in confusion, but before he could do or say anything, Jungkook was pulling up his hoodie and a cloth over the lower half of his face. “No one is allowed to wander the palace.” He ordered.

“Wait… the maid is hiding too.” Yugyeom pleaded and Jungkook nodded as he walked off.

“I’ll spare her. I know you like her.” He said before rounding the next corner.
Jungkook was a master of stealth, over the five years he had been away he had learned the hard way, the wild alphas were faster, stronger and smarter than the trained ones... They were still not as fast as he remembered Jimin to be, but he was up for the challenge.

He heard a wooden board creak under someone’s weight and he crouched to peek around the next corner; there was the young maid Yugyeom had lusted after for almost ten years now... She was coming his way and when she rounded the corner he easily knocked her out as painless as he knew how.

He pulled her inside a bedroom and laid her down on a rug; she hadn’t even seen it coming her way. Jungkook got out and continued to walk around as quiet as possible. Jimin had big ears, which meant he could hear better than wolves.

Hidden in the shadows, Jungkook’s back was glued to the wall when he saw the flash of silver under the moonlight when Jimin quite skillfully climbed down from the roof, his whole body bending and curling around one of the posts until his hands landed on the rail and then he was landing completely soundless on the floor.

It was a beautiful sight and Jungkook vaguely recalled the scent and the sounds the day he presented... so beautifully pliant under his body and he wished he had been faster than Yoongi to claim him then and there.

Jimin stood rigid on the floor, his ears moving from side to side trying to pick on the slightest sound, but when he heard none his feet moved in the opposite direction and Jungkook smirked as he followed. He had to remind himself this was not a real hunt and he didn’t have to kill his target... his hand had grazed his dagger a few too many times for it to be wise.

Jungkook followed closely and when Jimin rounded another corner he tried to rush as not to lose him, but when he rounded there was no sight of the fox. He frowned and approached the railing a bit frustrated when suddenly Jimin’s head peeked from the roof a loud gasp leaving his lips when he realized it was not the maid.

"Are you a rogue?" He wondered in fright; his ears flat on his skull and then he was returning to the rooftop. "Yugyeom-ssi!" He heard Jimin yell while his footsteps barely sounded over the roof tiles.

He made use of his strength and managed to climb up; he saw Jimin not too far from him and watched the fear play in his features before turning around and sprinting as fast as he could. Jungkook followed pushing himself harder and faster than ever before, a grin spreading over his face, hidden by the mask... the thrill of the hunt...

"Yugyeom-ssi!" Jimin kept on calling and it annoyed Jungkook a bit the closeness they seemed to have.

Jimin jumped down on the next garden and Jungkook did too; his landing was heavier than Jimin’s that immediately set off again, his legs were made for running and his whole body bent, twisted and turned the perfect ways to keep his speed and not collide with walls and posts.

But everyone had their limits and he could hear the ragged breaths, fueled by the fear... Jungkook was finally closing in on the fox, only then noticing how much smaller than him Jimin was; he reached out and his fingers slipped on his furry tail making him whine in fear, pushing his thighs and jumping over the next railing.

This time it took him a bit too long to push up from the ground and when he was in mid-jump, Jungkook finally got his hands on him, his arms circling on his torso hard and Jimin gasped in pain...
before throwing his elbow back and hitting Jungkook on his cheek.

“Fuck!” The younger groaned, but then noticed Jimin was on the floor, trembling and looking angry, ready to fight for his life and this was new.

“Who are you?!” Jimin snapped, his voice wavering. “This is the third prince’s palace! You can’t be here!” He added and when he tried to stand his legs gave out again and Jungkook made a mental note to remember Jimin’s legs had a limit.

“You look a bit worn to me…” Jungkook said in a deep voice and Jimin’s ears twitched, his head cocking to the side before shaking his head as if to get rid off unwanted thoughts.

“I’ll bite your face off if you touch me again.” He said trying to sound threatening, but Jungkook only smirked behind his mask.

“I’d like to see you try.” Jungkook added and before Jimin could say anything else he was jumping over; the fox rolled under him and managed to escape, but before he could try and flee Jungkook’s hand closed around his ankle and dragged him back forcefully.

“No!” Jimin turned on his back and lashed out with his claws out, but a hand stopped him and then before he knew it, he was pinned to the ground under a cloaked man with no face. His breathing ragged and eyes filled with fear staring into the dark abyss that was Jungkook’s face at the moment. “You-!” Jimin stopped with his eyes wide, his nostrils flaring. “Jungkookie?”

Jungkook’s hold on his wrists tightened at the diminutive and he felt his chest constrict and it made him angry how Jimin relaxed in his arms… so sure he wouldn’t be hurt… Why?

“You’re back…” Jimin said softly only wincing slightly when Jungkook’s hands around his became a bit too painful, but as soon as the pain crossed his features the younger let go and sat back.

“Is that blood yours?” Jimin asked softly. “Why didn’t you say it was you?”

“I like to hunt.” He said and Jimin flinched. “You’re a good prey I must admit.” He said and Jimin frowned not liking the new Jungkook, he pushed up and took a few steps back… he was now a head taller than Jimin.

“I am not part of a game, Jungkook-ah.” He said and Jungkook scoffed loudly.

“Really, Jimin? Why did they hand you to me…? So… things with Yoongi didn’t work?” He asked and watched how Jimin flinched at the mention of the other prince’s name. “What? Are you still mourning a bond that was not even completed?” He wondered and Jimin hissed at him not really knowing why he felt so threatened and angered.

Jungkook frowned at the display of bravery coming from a simple omega; his own wolf was ready to pounce and make the other submit; Jimin showing his fangs was not a good sign, but the deep growl that came from Jungkook’s chest made him take a few steps back.
“You’re mine now, Jimin.” Jungkook said as he took a step forward, the elder only stopping when his back hit a railing… “Yugyeom said your heat is due in eighteen days. I will take care of our mating then.” Jungkook said through gritted teeth and then Jimin’s eyes widened in fear.

“You can’t do that!” Jimin said loudly; he lifted both his hands ready to lash out, but Jungkook grabbed his wrists and twisted him around until his back was pressed to his chest. “No!” Jimin tried to slip out of the other’s arms.

“Why not, hyeong?” Jungkook asked pressing his nose to the side of Jimin’s head, taking a whiff off his silver hair and almost groaning… he just smelled even better than he remembered.

Jimin gasped and for a moment he froze, his body telling him to relax, his own fox telling him that Jungkook was familiar… no, he was not Yoongi, but he was familiar and he could trust him…

“No!” He trashed again, because his own nature was betraying him, his nostrils filled with the scent of rain and forest and when Jungkook pressed his nose to the side of his neck Jimin felt his body go limp. “What are you doing?” He asked in a weak voice.

“Looks like you had yet to understand what an alpha can do to you, hyeong…” Jungkook said as he knelt on the ground, keeping Jimin cradled in his arms, between his thighs. “You can’t lie to yourself… we have pending businesses, hyeong.” Jimin felt drunk… in a haze… heavy and light at the same time and it made him panic inside; he wasn’t supposed to feel that way.

Jimin felt numb and warm… it was rather comfortable if not for his mind yelling at him that he should run, but his fox was curling and purring… it was nice… nice to finally have someone showing this kind of proximity after so long…

“Yoongi-hyeong…” Jimin said after a long moment. “I want Yoongi-hyeong…” He said and Jungkook felt cold wash over him as he tried to calm down his sudden anger.

“Too bad for you he discarded you like trash.” He said and then stood and pulled Jimin up with him carrying him bridal style through the hallways.

Jimin stared up at him… in the angle all he could think about was that Jungkook’s jaw looked sharp, his lips were thin and set in a firm line, his nose looked bigger, his eyebrows were thick and his ears looked pointier and shiny like black velvet.

“You are not like this…” Jimin breathed out as he suppressed the urge to curl against Jungkook’s warm body. The younger snorted, but refrained from looking down at his face.

“Why? Because you can only remember me chasing fucking butterflies?” He asked and Jimin felt his eyes burn with tears; finally Jungkook frowned down at him.

“What is going on…?” Jimin said softly feeling his eyelids heavier; a sense of dread crept on his body, trying to comprehend what was happening to him.

“It is called dominance… Even though you don’t like me, your fox does and my wolf is coaxing him to relax…” He explained and Jimin frowned up at him.

“How…?” He wondered because then any alpha would be able to have him surrendering like this and it hadn’t happened.

“Because only rogue alphas learn how to do it and we have a bond. Crucial for this trick.” Jungkook smirked down at him and Jimin tried to glare up at him.
“Stop it.” Jimin groaned and tried to push him away, but his whole body was weakened… it was too scary to admit the control his own fox had over their body.

“We are not too far.”

“I hate this…” Jimin muttered and Jungkook frowned not really understanding what he meant; he was angry and sad and just a mess of his own emotions and it had only happened after meeting Jimin… Why was he like this?

He rounded the next corner and found Yugyeom and Jimin talking, the maid looked a bit lost, but when her eyes fell on Jungkook she bowed deeply and then gasped at the sight of Jimin. Yugyeom blinked several times.

“He will be fine…” Jungkook said and Yugyeom nodded.

Jimin turned sideways and stared into the maid’s eyes silently asking for help, but she couldn’t do anything unless she wanted to be hanged.

“We will both stay now in the royal bedchamber.” Jungkook said and Yugyeom bowed once in understanding, Jungkook then started to walk again.

Jimin saw as the walls passing by them and inwardly cursed at his disoriented sense of direction. He was dizzy and too lightheaded to understand his surroundings.

Jungkook let his best friend open the big doors to his bedchambers and he stepped inside. Back when he was fifteen, this place had been under repair, he had never got the chance to see it finished…

A loud and long sigh slipped past his lips because it was a hard contrast to the places in which he had been sleeping for the past five years… he had not been given luxury or even comfort for his status as a prince… No one cared about that at the south.

He walked across the entrance a rather spacious living room and went through the double doors at the end, the bedroom was large, windows from the floor to the ceiling and in the middle a caved in bed with thick blankets, cushions and a canopy of bright colors covering it.

The younger approached the bed and knelt on the mattress as he laid Jimin in the center… he hadn’t expected it to work… surely he had used it before, but never without using his commanding voice… this was merely done through a bond.

He stared down at his face and wiped the tears that had been shed; he didn’t mean to make him cry, but he was severely confused and he could only guess that Yoongi still needed to clear some of this. His own wolf had felt the despair and desolation in Jimin’s fox and a part of him wanted answers as to why his own brother had damaged Jimin’s soul so much.

“You are not to leave this room, Jimin. You’ll want to listen to me… I brought a rogue alpha with me and rogue alphas won’t give a fuck you’re supposed to be mine if he sees you.” Jungkook warned and Jimin could only stare up at him, feeling limp.

“Jungkook-ah…” He said in a broken voice and Jungkook cocked his head to the side in expectation; the elder opened his lips a few times, no words coming out and Jungkook’s heart ripped at what had become of Jimin.

He brought his hand up to Jimin’s face again and brushed his thumb over Jimin’s bottom lip… he leaned ever so slowly towards the fox’s face watching the way Jimin’s eyes widened… he was one
breath away when Jimin turned his face away.

Jungkook closed his eyes briefly, feeling anger and other feeling that he couldn’t quite comprehend, but his wolf was unnerved and annoyed… the huge black creature in his head paced around as if waiting for what his human counterpart would do.

“You’d do good in making an effort to like me.” Jungkook said with his voice gruff and tight. “You will be my mate sooner or later, Jimin. Mine.” Jungkook added staring at Jimin’s profile, his long lashes were wet and his neck bare, but not in the way Jungkook would’ve liked.

Jimin closed his eyes tightly making some tears fall again. Jungkook felt his chest constricting as he pushed from his body and stood up, taking his gear off to be more comfortable now that he was in his rightful grounds.

“I have to meet with captain Tuan.” He said as he moved around looking for clothes inside the wardrobe. “You are not supposed to leave this place unless I am with you, Jimin. Is that clear?” He asked as he stepped out of the adjacent room and stared at Jimin… curled in on himself in the middle of the bed.

He didn’t wait for an answer, probably because it was too hard to stare at him, it was too painful to feel his sadness through the bond, but what was Jungkook supposed to do?

He was angry! Had been angry ever since he was fifteen! Why should he be anything but at this moment? Just because they had given him Jimin? He was just sick about this kind of life, but he also knew it was his life…

He stepped out of the bedchambers and didn’t look back even once. When he was out he came face to face with Yugyeom; his friend blinked in surprise.

“What?” Jungkook growled out and Yugyeom sighed.

“Jungkook… it is not my place to say it-”

“But… I think you should not claim him.” Yugyeom continued nonetheless and Jungkook glared hard at his friend. “He loves Yoongi-ssi…” He said and Jungkook snapped, his hands flying to Yugyeom’s collar.

“You don’t understand.” Jungkook said through gritted teeth. “It’s not like I can stop it.” He added and Yugyeom frowned, but before he could ask Jungkook was walking away from him. “Keep an eye on him!” He yelled before disappearing around a corner.

Jungkook walked away and in no time he was entering the barracks, the soldiers stared at him in confusion. It was only natural; he didn’t look like a prince; not at all. He looked like a rogue and maybe that’s what he had been all along. His mother had been a tough woman and he had no reason to believe otherwise.

He stomped up the offices and when he opened the door he came face to face with captain Tuan, the captain from the first, Namjoon if he had heard correctly and a young beta that stared up at him with fear.

The three of them bowed down when he approached the desk they were reuniting around. He eyed Namjoon with distrust, after all he was Seokjin’s guard and he was not about to trust anything or anyone that was not from his house.
“I need to talk to you.” He addressed Mark and the captain nodded with a long sigh before turning to Namjoon and gesturing for him to leave the office; the captain took a moment before actually walking out, followed by the young beta.

When the door closed Jungkook locked gazes with Mark.

“It’s good to have you back, your highness.” Mark said because even in the past he had always been fond of the youngest prince. “What can I do for you?” He asked and Jungkook sighed.

“We should talk about my rights over the throne.”

…

Jimin felt as if he had submerged into a pit of sadness and he knew he wouldn’t be able to do much if he stayed there on the bed. Jungkook had every right to be angry with him and Yoongi. His feelings were understandable, but he wasn’t so sure they justified the mating.

He pushed his weakened body from the mattress and then finally looked around the beautiful place. This had been in the grounds all along and he had never felt curiosity about them.

He stood and stepped out of the canopy of fabric that fell over the mattress, the place was luxurious and beautiful. Double doors on every wall, the one they had come from, one to the left that led to the wardrobe area, one at the end and one on the right.

He moved to the one in the back and opened it only to reveal a internal garden, big, with many kinds of flowers, small trees ad bushes, there was a fountain in the middle and a stone bench. Surrounded by the rest of the royal quarters. Jimin wondered why would Jungkook need such a large space when there were only two of them, but then he remembered royalty worked like that.

He decided to explore the whole property, he needed to know the place in case he needed to run and hide and possibly flee. He turned back inside the bedroom and walked to the last door; he pushed it open and his eyes widened at the sight of what only royalty would call a bathroom… it was more like a bathhouse. The pool was too big with a fountain in the middle, it looked deep enough to reach Jimin’s shoulders, the whole space was tiled in a nice beige color with small windows high above the wall there were shower heads too and benches in case one would like to enjoy the sauna.

Jimin closed the door again and walked back to the hall outside the bedroom and noticed two adjacent doors on each side… the decorations looked way too expensive. The colors sued were bright unlike the ones they had used in the second house, but he’d try not to think about Yoongi when he was here.

He moved to the left and opened it to reveal a large dining room, there was nothing to look at there, the furniture was expensive, but that was nothing new to him, he moved to the door at the far end of the room and opened the next door… if he was not mistaken, then the whole place was built around the inner garden.

This was a rather small kitchen… why would Jungkook need another kitchen when he already had one in the main house? This was ridiculous, but he wouldn’t question it… the third house had lots of other bedrooms and spaces like this…

He moved to the next door and was surprised to see the storage; all in wooden and smelling of rice wine and other strong beverages he had never tried. Lots of bottles lined on wooden counters and a small circular table with two chairs under a chandelier.

He quickly moved to the next door and slid it open, he came out to an aisle and the inner garden, but
there was no way out unless you jumped on the rooftops and this place was rather high even for him. He walked to a door across the aisle and opened it to reveal a large studio with books lined up against the walls, a desk in the middle with all the supplies one would need to write or study.

The windows that were on the opposite wall had bars… nicely decorated of course, but had bars and that meant they were made to prevent someone from leaving. The room was rather large, bigger than the others, but he rushed to the other side and found a door, he pushed it open and found a large room with wooden floors… sword lined up against a wall and other weapons too, his eyes widened at the sight and moved to inspect the sharp edges.

Why would Jungkook need this place? He swallowed thickly and watched as he grazed his finger over one blade only to see the light cut on the tip bead with his blood. He stuck the finger inside his mouth and eyed the last door… he approached it and was frustrated to find it locked, but then he remembered the door on the entrance hall that probably led to this room too. He sprinted back to the inner garden and opened the bedroom’s door to the hall, but the door was locked too on this side.

He groaned in annoyance wondering what could be there that needed to be hidden… in all honesty he couldn’t care less about jewels or treasures, but maybe there was some secret there and his curiosity was picked to the max.

He opened the door that led to the outside and Yugyeom turned to him in surprise; he scanned the young fox’s body and frowned a bit when Jimin pulled him inside and stopped in front of the locked door.

“Are you alright, Jimin-ssi? Did he hurt you?” Yugyeom asked ignoring the door in front of him, but Jimin only shook his head.

“Do you know why this door is locked?” He asked pointing a finger towards the door and Yugyeom frowned deeper as he stared at the simple door.

“No… not really. I’ve never been here before.” He said and Jimin hummed as he placed in front of the door, his tail swaying lazily from side to side and Yugyeom would’ve laughed at his antics if not because he had been worried Jungkook had harmed him. “Jimin-ssi? Is everything okay with Jungkook?” He asked again and Jimin stopped, his fingers tracing the patterns carved on the wooden door.

“I am going to fix my mistake.” He mumbled softly and Yugyeom frowned at his words.

“It was not your fault… What is there to fix?” He asked and Jimin shrugged turning to stare up at the young alpha.

“It was my fault… I should’ve been stronger, should’ve controlled my body better and not succumb to… stupid needs and hormones.” He gave a bitter smile as he lowered his head. “Jungkookie is not a bad kid.”

“He can hardly be considered a kid anymore, Jimin-ssi and as much as he’s my friend I am afraid circumstances might’ve changed him a bit too much.” He said and Jimin nodded.

“I’ll be fine though… I trust him… somehow.” He said and frowned a bit not understanding how he could trust him after everything that had happened.

“He killed one of his escorts in front of his brothers and father.” Yugyeom deadpanned and Jimin snapped his head up with wide eyes. “Namjoon-ssi told me… I just… I can’t say I know this Jungkook so… please, be careful.”
“Are you sure?” Jimin asked in a weak voice, his small hands clasping Yugyeom’s arms in desperate need for answers.

“I don’t have a reason not to trust Namjoon-ssi.” Yugyeom said and then sighed loudly. “I am scared to know what Jungkook’s plans are now that he’s back.”

…

“Jungkook.” Mark said overlooking the titles; the younger glared at him. “Before doing anything rash you need to meet with your brothers. The crown prince has information that he doesn’t want to share from his last trip. We need to tend first to the foreign business.” He said and Jungkook frowned.


“He’s a lot like your father and I think he is hiding the truth to protect you and Yoongi-ssi. The second prince has not been the same these past few years and without you here, all responsibility has fallen on Seokjin-ssi’s shoulders.” Mark said glad to see the deep frown on Jungkook’s face.

“I don’t need him to protect me!” He snapped angrily. “I am not a kid anymore!” He added and paced around the office.

“He loves you… dearly.” Mark said and Jungkook looked at him and then snorted.

“If he loved me he would’ve said something when Yoongi sent me away…”
“Drink this.” Taehyung said as he woke Yoongi up and the prince glared at him, but in the end accepted the warm cup of hot tea… it smelled like lemon and honey. “My mom used to say this was good for sore throats.” He explained and Yoongi remained quiet as he took a sip.

“It doesn’t taste half bad.” He said, his voice barely heard in the silent night.

Taehyung wasn’t sure if he should ask this, but he had spent the night outside Yoongi’s bedroom, keeping a watch, just in case Jungkook decided to ambush his older brother and he couldn’t understand if it was because he still didn’t know where Jimin was or if it was because he feared the youngest prince would actually kill his own brother.

“When was the first time you tried to end your life?” Taehyung asked and sincerely expected the elder to flip him off, but the second prince seemed to be pondering his answer.

“The night Jimin was taken to the… the night he left.” Yoongi said and Taehyung locked gazes with the royal. “My mother found me on time… I guess…” He sighed as he reminisced.

“You don’t do that to your mother.” Taehyung said in a flat tone and Yoongi nodded.

“I saw her too… she tried to hang herself once when I was a kid…” He shrugged and Taehyung frowned feeling cold at the prospect. “After that night I tried regularly. Until my father thought it was a good idea to put a permanent watch over me…” He sighed. “No one in the palace was supposed to know it had happened… not even Seokjin.” Yoongi said.

“You still tried, right? With the guards?” Taehyung asked and Yoongi lowered his gaze to the warm cup in his hands.

“Not really… I was already too tired to do it anymore.” He said softly. “That person knew it… he knew why I tried it, he knew I ached for Jimin, he knew I was hurting… he knew I wanted to die…” Yoongi said and Taehyung frowned.

“Who?”

“That person… he said he’d give me a valid reason to want to die.” Yoongi said and then sighed. “Nothing good comes out of being a bad person and I learned that the hard way… He knew no one would believe me if I told on him…” Yoongi sipped at his tea to finish it and then handed the empty cup to Taehyung.

“What happened?”

“I got under his skin… I annoyed him and humiliated him on a daily basis… I guess I was asking for it.” Yoongi shrugged as he lied back down and pulled the covers up to his chest.
“He raped you?” Taehyung asked, his eyes flashing red and Yoongi stared in surprise; he simply looked livid.

“Yeah, he did… Just like you said… he wanted to know how it felt to fuck royalty.” Yoongi said slowly and flinched when the cup snapped broken in Taehyung’s hand, some shards cutting deep on his skin and Yoongi watched the red liquid taint his long fingers. “Red looks good on you.” He said and Taehyung finally stood and stomped to the door, stopping before actually going out.

“Who is he?” He asked and Yoongi stared in interest at this side of Taehyung.

“Why? Are you going to kill him for me?” He asked and Taehyung snorted.

“No… you had that one coming. You deserve all the evil that can happen to you.” Taehyung said through gritted teeth and Yoongi smirked coldly.

“Of course I do…”

…

Jimin guessed he had been more tired than usual when he woke up to the sunlight filtering through the soft silk of the canopy above the bed, casting soft orange glows on his skin and making him feel dazed and lazy.

He blinked blearily, enjoying the warmth and the colors until he felt the breath fawning on his nape, hot and heavy and only then he woke up for real, feeling the body wrapped around his own… caging him with long and strong arms and thick thighs over his much smaller frame.

His breath hitched and he moved fast, pushing the limbs away from him and trying to slip out, but he was pulled back.

“No!” Jimin tried and then he was turned and placed with his back on the mattress staring up at Jungkook’s face; he looked even more handsome than yesterday and Jimin’s eyes blinked several times when he noticed the younger was not wearing a shirt.

He swallowed thickly, unable to say anything as his eyes roamed over his wide chest, a necklace hanging over his collarbones with a small black stone. Scars littered his otherwise perfect skin and Jimin saw a burnt mark over his right pectoral. It looked like it had been painful, a simple spiral with a line crossing it vertically.

“Surprised?” Jungkook suddenly asked and Jimin returned his eyes to his, fear settling in his chest.

“A-are t-those b-because o-of-”

“The scars? Those are old… I was too weak to fight them when I was sixteen, but I guess no one here really cared.” Jungkook said and watched as Jimin’s eyes filled with tears.

“I a-am s-so… I c-cared.” Jimin sobbed, feeling his chest tight.

“No, you didn’t. You were too busy asking Yoongi to fuck you to care.” Jungkook bit back and Jimin closed his eyes feeling shame and guilt washing over him. The pain and the feelings were so deep that Jungkook frowned at the way his own wolf tensed.

“I a-am s-so sorry, Jungkookie…” Jimin whispered as tears fell from his eyes. Jungkook couldn’t stare at the pained face and decided to simply leave.
“I have a royal meeting with my father and brothers now.” Jungkook spoke with a deep voice filled with anger and Jimin felt his skin crawl. “I don’t know when I will be back, but my orders remain, Jimin. Do not leave this room.” He said and before Jimin could answer, Jungkook was off him, dressing for the day.

“I am so sorry…”

Yoongi entered the main quarters and sighed when his eyes fell on Jungkook’s wide back; his little brother had grown so much that he could easily snap his neck with this hands.

What had happened last night? Had he finally mated Jimin? No… he couldn’t smell the fox’s sweet scent on him, at least not how it’d be if they had mated. Jungkook had probably slept with Jimin in the same bed…

Jungkook turned around from the window and Yoongi walked over to his own seat, ignoring the younger completely. He knew it was stupid to think Taehyung would protect him, but the fact that the guard was just outside made him calm.

“Please, seat.” The king suddenly informed when he noticed all his sons were inside. Yoongi wearily looked around and noticed Jaebum was there, Namjoon, Mark, Jongup and the tactical captain Ahn Hwasa too.

The princes sat on their respective chairs and Yoongi tried not to recoil when Jungkook flopped down next to him… there was plenty of space to flee, but he didn’t know how fast his little brother was.

“You may begin captain Ahn.” The king commanded the young woman; her bright orange hair matching her ears and tail, her uniform perfect.

“Have a good morning.” She bowed seriously and then she moved to show the huge map behind her. “I will speak honestly and I sincerely hope you all may understand.” She said and the king nodded.

“Please, do so.”

“With the second queen’s death, tensions have risen at the northern border and some of the elders there are asking for a collateral.” She said and Yoongi frowned, forgetting about Jungkook and now listening to this nonsense. “Knowing the second prince presented as a beta whilst the crown prince as an omega they have validated the decision on asking for his kingship instead of Seokjin-ssi’s.” She said and the elder prince nodded, he already knew all of this.

Jungkook was so lost he was angry… he didn’t know that Yoongi’s mother had passed away and for only a second he wondered if he should offer his condolences to his brother, but then Hwasa started speaking again.

“Our contact at the south informed us of the disconformity of its population regarding Seokjin-ssi’s reign and since Jungkook-ssi is an alpha they think he is the rightful owner of the throne.” She said locking her sharp gaze with Jungkook. “But then again… Jungkook-ssi did kill their previous leader and refused to take charge, the new leader is not too fond of the third prince either…”

Jungkook didn’t like her… he had barely heard about her, but she was an alpha and that was unusual in women… still, she was acting as if she owned the place.
“The western lands have given their total support to Seokjin-ssi’s reign so… As of this moment, the majority wins.” She said with a pointed look. “Seokjin-ssi still remains the best choice to be king and… I think we all know that is correct. Pushing aside our own loyalties.” She said and Yoongi snorted loudly.

“That’s only because Seokjin has been the one to be introduced as the crown prince… we were never given the same chances.” He remarked and the king sighed heavily.

“The only plausible option to avoid war with other lands would be for the other princes to acknowledge their own brother to be the rightful king.” Namjoon interjected and Hwasa nodded, she just looked so small next to him.

“You’re asking me to give my loyalties to the same brother that had no qualms sending me away?” Jungkook asked in disbelief and watched in satisfaction how Seokjin flinched. “You are asking me to be loyal to this fucked up family?” He asked again and Namjoon sighed.

“So… war it is, I guess.” Yoongi said and stood from his chair. “Should I return to my own land and plan on my attacks?” He wondered and the king raised his hand.

“Sit down… all of you…” He motioned for the captains to sit as well and they all moved to do the same. Yoongi sat back down with a deep frown.

“This is something I’ve been thinking for a while. I am not going back on my own choice about Seokjin being king of this land, but… these tensions have risen because of how little control we have over other lands.” He felt tired. “What we need is an extension of our authority in every land… rearrange the governments so that my sons can rule over their mother’s lands.”

…

Jungkook sat heavily at a chair in the main dining room in the third house, he was avoiding going back to his royal quarters for now… he knew his wolf was a bit unsettled with Jimin and it might be best to give it time to calm down.

His father had not suggested something too stupid, to be honest. He had been thinking far too long about it… almost the whole day locked inside here thinking on what would be the best course of action.

There was a soft knock on the door and then it opened to reveal the young maid, Jimin, she didn’t raise her eyes and simply placed a tray with a cup of tea on the table, Jungkook eyed the drink with little interest.

“I do not drink tea.” He said and she didn’t say anything before reaching for the cup and walking back to the door. “You’re too stubborn and disobedient to be with someone like Jaebum.” He said and watched as she turned around and glared at him.

“I fail to see why is this of your business, your highness.” She bit back and Jungkook rolled his eyes.

“It is not. Yugyeom is my best friend and he has lusted after you for so long it has become ridiculous.” He said and watched the way her eyes widened. “Jaebum is too tight for you, too stiff and set on controlling people.” He said and then stood and walked towards the door; she was blushing. “Have you been to my bedchambers today? Have you seen Jimin?” He asked ushering her outside and closing the doors.

“H-he’s not feeling too well… refused to eat the whole day and wouldn’t speak to any of us.” She said and Jungkook frowned deeply. “Is he allowed to come out and play with me?”
“No.” He replied shortly. “Bring food for two to my bedchambers in an hour...” And then walked away, leaving her there, with too many questions.

Jungkook walked in fast strides until he reached his bedchambers; Yugyeom was there, looking defeated…

“You may leave.” Jungkook said and Yugyeom nodded after a long moment of hesitation. Jungkook waited until he was out of sight to open the doors and slid inside, he sighed in the darkened hall and then approached the bedroom. It was barely illuminated by the last rays of sun.

His sharp eye looked around the open area until he caught a glimpse of silver, the tall doors on one of the wardrobes outside was slightly open and Jimin’s fluffy tail peeked from them. Jungkook moved as quietly as possible and pulled the doors open and sure enough the little fox was curled and asleep in the lower space, surrounded by blankets and with his head on a cushion.

Jungkook crouched and sighed heavily... his big hand reached out and caressed one big ear... he felt a smile tugging on his lips at a similar memory. Jimin used to do this when he had just gotten to the palace… look for confined spaces to sleep.

“We have changed so much, hyeong….” He muttered and then reached to pull the small body from the confined space.

Jimin woke up when he was halfway out and jumped in surprise, his eyes widening as he looked up at Jungkook, the younger schooled his face to look annoyed and never endeared.

“You haven’t eaten.” He said instead Jimin pushed away his hands, but remained curled between the younger’s legs, with his back against the wardrobe.

“I am not hungry.” He said and Jungkook sighed.

“But you will eat on your own… unless you want me to shove the food down your throat.” He said and Jimin blinked up in fear. “The maid will bring us food shortly.” He said and then stood and walked away.

Jimin watched him enter the adjacent wardrobe and waited a bit, too scared to flee and too weak to do as well… he still cared and he was damned for that, he knew he was destined to a life of pain for ever caring about people.

When Jungkook came back out Jimin gasped at the sight of the naked man and quickly looked away. He buried his face in his hands and felt how his cheeks turned a hot red…

“You will bathe before eating.” Jungkook said and Jimin squealed when Jungkook lifted him off the ground and pulled him against his naked chest. Jimin twisted and turned until Jungkook got tired of it and swung him over his shoulder like he weighed nothing.

Jimin blushed ten shades darker when he saw the younger’s naked backside, but his eyes soon widened at the huge tattoo covering his large back. It was a dragon, all black ink and its tail curled around where Jungkook’s tail protruded from his body.

Jimin was so focused on the inked skin that he didn’t realize the moment they entered the bathhouse… he merely realized so when Jungkook placed him on the ground again and disrobed him with quick hands.

Jimin tried to stop him, but it was like slapping flies around, Jungkook stared down at his naked body and swallowed thickly at the perfection of his skin… just like he remembered… a bit plumper on his
thighs and his belly looked soft. The fox looked delectable. Delicious.

“You’ll stink my bed if you don’t bathe.” Jungkook said and then pushed Jimin.

The elder had failed to notice the huge pool of hot water was right behind him and so he fell and submerged for all three seconds before resurfacing and coughing his indignation.

“Yah!” Jimin snapped angrily with his eyes covered by his silvery hair that looked darker when wet. Jungkook couldn’t help but smile down at the spluttering mess as Jimin ran his fingers through his hair and pushed it back.

When he opened his eyes ready to berate the younger, Jimin realized that standing in the water like this he was rather close to the younger’s member and he could only stare at it for a long moment before turning around and muttering under his breath.

Jungkook slid inside the pool barely making a noise and was not one little bit affected when he reached for Jimin’s waist and pulled him against his chest… Jimin felt warmth spread through his body and tried to move away from him.

“Are foxes as fast and sneaky in water as they are on land?” Jungkook wondered with mischief in his voice and Jimin remembered what the younger had said once…

“I enjoy more chasing you.”

Jimin would’ve loved to do something about it… something else than feed on Jungkook’s desire to chase him, to hunt him, but with their skin all wet and gliding against each other he felt he needed to flee.

He relaxed his muscles and pulled his bones closer to his chest and somehow managed to slide through Jungkook’s grasp, he submerged and moved his legs to swim away from him… he opened his eyes underwater and saw Jungkook was still in the same spot…

Jimin swam far enough and resurfaced, moving his hair back again and glaring over at Jungkook’s smirk. His eyes flashing a dangerous red, but Jimin felt thrilled and he shouldn’t.

“What do I get if I catch you?” Jungkook asked as he ducked briefly to get his upper half wet as well, he moved his hair back as well and Jimin blinked the amazement away from his eyes.

“Nothing. This is not a game. I will bathe on this side and you’ll stay there.” Jimin said in the most commanding voice he could muster.

“We can switch dominance later on, hyeong… right now you are on probation.” Jungkook said and Jimin blushed at the implications and the promise of this not being the last time they might be doing this.

Why was it so easy to feel this way towards the young wolf?

“How about a kiss? We should be getting on with the basics…” Jungkook said and Jimin swallowed thickly; his mind conjuring all the kisses he had shared with Yoongi, how perfect they had felt, how good his second prince had kissed him…

“No!” Jimin closed his eyes tightly and heard the water moving, when he opened them again Jungkook was no longer standing there; he felt his heartbeat quicken and he submerged to search for the man.
There was a fountain in the middle of the pool and Jimin realized Jungkook had to be rounding it if he couldn’t see him ahead; he turned and saw him swimming slowly towards him… Jimin opened his mouth to scream and closed it almost immediately resurfacing and swimming to the nearest edge.

Jimin’s hands flattened over the edge and he pushed up, ready to run out of the place when he was pulled back down… it was too hard to fight back in the water and he felt tired faster. Jungkook swam away from the edge with his arm secured around Jimin’s torso.

The elder tried to pry him away, but couldn’t and he was breathing harsh by the time Jungkook got them to the edge of the fountain and sat him on the step underwater. Jimin blushed at the contact of his large hands with his thighs, helping him sit there.

He looked up in time to receive Jungkook’s lips against his own, he turned his face away, but Jungkook cupped his head and kissed him again, moving forwards until he was between Jimin’s thighs. The elder’s hands were trapped between their bodies, doing all he could to push away, but Jungkook was a wall…

His fox curled in delight and purred… Jimin felt betrayed, Jungkook’s kiss was just too much, Yoongi had never kissed him like this… like he needed Jimin to survive, Jungkook was literally sucking the breath out of him, his tongue slipping in and out of his mouth and Jimin didn’t realize the moment he started to kiss back.

Jungkook’s breathing was heavy and his hands had moved down and felt hot against the skin on Jimin’s back… Jimin gasped when Jungkook pulled him to the edge and it was only then he realized how fast things had escalated…

He would’ve said it was only because he could feel Jungkook’s cock poking his perineum, hard and hot, but he could also feel his own hard cock against Jungkook’s navel and that made him stop. He pulled away from the younger’s lips and placed his small hands on Jungkook forearms, leaning back to gain some distance.

“S-stop…” He pleaded and Jungkook smirked, rocked his hips forward pushing against the underside of Jimin’s scrotum and making him moan. “N-no, Jungkook… t-this isn’t r-right.” Jimin tried and Jungkook let him go, let him pull his hips back, but they didn’t move from there.

“It seemed to me you were enjoying it…” He taunted and Jimin blushed even more.

“D-don’t do s-something like this again.” Jimin said and pushed his hands underwater to cup his own manhood and hide the evidence of his arousal. Jungkook smirked at the gesture and leaned over until his lips were on his jaw…

“You are leaking, Jimin… I don’t need to see your cock to know you want it. I can smell you, even underwater.” He said and placed a kiss there. “Finish washing.” He said and then he was swimming back to the edge and walking away.

Jimin felt ashamed and too aroused for it to be funny or remotely acceptable, he was not even in his heat, but Jungkook had reduced him to… nothing…

He finished washing as quick as possible and then stepped out of the pool feeling still ashamed… he wrapped a silky blue robe he found on the perch and then moved to the bedroom… a low table was already set near the bed with a wide arrangement of food.

Jimin stared at the tall prince, sitting on the floor curved over it while inspecting the dishes.

“Come eat.” Jungkook said not even looking at him and Jimin felt the urge to stand his ground if
only with this.

“I am not hungry.” He said and his stomach growled making him blush again; Jungkook smiled at him and Jimin blinked in surprise at the sight of his big teeth… smirks didn’t favor him that much… Smiles did.

Jimin sat and felt small next to Jungkook’s big frame… he tried not to stare at the younger while he decided upon a strawberry tart, the ones Jimin, the maid, baked. Jungkook snatched it and placed it far from him.

“That is desert.” Jungkook said feeling comfy and warm and it had been too long since the last time he had felt like this and not on a permanent state of alert. Waiting to be attacked, taking care of his food rations or his sleeping grounds. “Here…” He said and handed Jimin a small bowl of rice and some vegetables as side dishes.

Jimin sighed and started eating his food in calm… it was delicious, obviously… the third house had amazing cooks. He felt curious and stared up at Jungkook’s profile.

“You were gone all day.” He stated and Jungkook nodded. “Was the meeting really that long?” He asked and Jungkook looked down at him with narrowed eyes.

“What do you want to know, Jimin?” He asked and Jimin tensed a bit as he looked down at his bowl of rice instead of the black eyes, but he really wanted to know.

“Was Yoongi-hyeong there?” He asked in a soft whisper, expecting the other to yell or even hit him, but Jungkook merely hummed and nodded. “Did you talk to him?” He asked feeling encouraged by the lack of violence.

“No. There’s nothing to talk about with him.” Jungkook said and took a spoonful of his rice; Jimin wanted to differ about that, but he wasn’t so sure…

“Is he okay? I only learned his mother passed away a while ago last week.” He admitted and Jungkook sighed and placed his bowl down.

“She was sick… had been sick even before she married the king.” Jungkook said and Jimin nodded.

“But it is always sad to lose a beloved one.” He said thinking about his own mother, she could be alive, but she could’ve died as well.

“He looked fine to me… the same asshole that sent me away.” Jungkook bit back and Jimin bit down on his lower lip, he felt he needed to fix the past.

“Jungkookie… I am sorry.” He said, his voice steady and Jungkook decided to stir his vegetables to focus on something else. “I should’ve helped you… should’ve done something. It was not Yoongi-hyeong’s fault, but only mine.” He said and Jungkook remained silent for a long moment.

“It was… it was your fault and Yoongi’s too and Seokjin-hyeong’s and my father’s…” He said and then stood up and paced towards the window.

Jimin bit down on his lower lip and nodded… they had all been at fault, how could they all accept Yoongi’s decision to send him away without asking the very same Jimin that had been there to witness the reality.

“I want to fix my mistake, Jungkookie…” Jimin said softly. “I want us to be friends again.” He added almost pleadingly. “We can play together and you can teach me how to fight too! I asked
Yugyeom-ssi to teach me, but he said he was not allowed, bit since you’re a prince maybe—"

“I don’t want to be your friend. I don’t want to play games, Jimin…” Jungkook said not turning to meet the other’s eyes. “I don’t have to forgive any of you either. My decisions are mine alone and… and you know as much as I do that you belong to me.” He said and finally turned to glare down at him.

Jimin was frozen, holding the other’s dark gaze unable to say anything against it, but he knew he had to.

“Yoongi-hyeong is the-"

“No. He’s not. Don’t fool yourself.” Jungkook snarled. “I would advice you to get comfortable with the fact of becoming my mate in the next two weeks, Jimin. I am going to mate you whether you like it or not.” He said before leaving the bedroom.

Jimin stared with wide eyes at the closed door and his fox remained calm… his whole body, his soul and mind, his inner animal… everything about him was confused and he didn’t know anymore…

A striking thought had him feeling weak… if he would’ve been given a choice to live his life the way he wanted he would’ve stayed back in the market, with Taetae… he would’ve mated him and married him and they would’ve had children and would’ve become merchants… they would travel around the world meeting people and places and being happy.

But since that didn’t happen he would’ve picked spending his life with Yoongi, pleasing his twisted desires and loving him every night, getting to know him bit by bit, he would’ve let him mate him and he would’ve loved to have a pretty wedding before finally having children that would look like him… and in their own way… they would’ve been happy.

But since that didn’t happen… Jimin couldn’t say right now that he’d let Taehyung mate him if they actually ever saw each other again. Taehyung had become an illusion… a fantasy of a kid, an unattainable dream.

Yoongi had hurt him so much… but Jimin loved him… his human side was pretty sure Yoongi had been the one, but just like the most basic emotions of humans, Jimin knew that part of his life was done. Yoongi didn’t love him and it was better to let it go… only he couldn’t.

His fox… his fox was another story… his fox had never truly submitted to Yoongi, had accepted him for what he was to the human part and because he made the fox feel good when in heat… but it had taken Jimin meeting Jungkook again to know that his fox belonged to the youngest wolf.

“I should’ve never met them…”

…

“It is not such a crazy idea, your highness.” Jaebum said while staring at Yoongi with a bit of pity while the prince read through some papers.

“It is not…” Yoongi agreed.

The doors of his bedroom were open and if he turned his head around he’d see Taehyung’s back. The younger wolf was sitting outside; nibbling on a bone like a kid would after eating chicken. He looked careless, like he was not really paying attention to what Yoongi was talking with Jaebum.

“You have my loyalty.” Jaebum added and Yoongi eyed him before nodding and looking back
down at the papers.

“You are dismissed, captain.” Yoongi said and Jaebum nodded before standing and leaving without even looking at Taehyung as he walked down the aisle. Taehyung stared at his back with a suspicious look.

“Was it Jaebum?” He asked and Yoongi frowned a bit at the question, he wasn’t sure what he meant. Taehyung stood and walked back inside the bedroom and sat in front of his usual cup of tea.

“What?” Yoongi wondered as he moved as well to his own cup.

“The one who raped you?” He stated and Yoongi stared at his face for a long moment, no smirk or comment… he only shook his head.

“He wouldn’t be here if he had.” Yoongi said and then sighed. “I think we are going to move soon.” He said suddenly and Taehyung frowned. “I will go back to the northern lands, maybe… I am not sure.” Yoongi sighed again.

“You’ve been really weird ever since Jungkook came back. Are you really that scared of him?” Taehyung wondered and Yoongi knew he couldn’t tell Taehyung how much he feared his little brother had already claimed Jimin.

“It is nothing.” He said and then silence settled for a long moment before Yoongi spoke again. “I’ve been meaning to ask… How do you tend your ruts?” He asked and Taehyung blinked several times before shifting uncomfortably.

“Like… with my hand?” Taehyung tried and Yoongi scoffed and a real smile drew on his lips. Taehyung felt winded for a moment.

“Of course I know that. As far as I’ve been informed your rut companion was put in the first house.” Yoongi said and Taehyung stared at him seriously. “Just meant it like… How is it like to have a rut?” He wondered and Taehyung blinked several times before shifting uncomfortably.

“Like… with my hand?” Taehyung tried and Yoongi scoffed and a real smile drew on his lips. Taehyung felt winded for a moment.

“I’m not sure… like… you just need to relieve it. Knotting makes it last less, but since I have nothing to knot I spend almost a whole day… you know… with my hand.” He said and drank his tea in one big gulp.

“Have you ever been with an omega?” Yoongi asked sipping at his tea calmly.

“No… only Hoseok-hyeong. He’s a beta so…” He shrugged and Yoongi nodded.

“Heats usually last three to four days.” Yoongi said and Taehyung glared at him, Yoongi rolled his eyes. “I am just saying it because you think it is so difficult to have ruts, but heats… they simply mess your head and body.”

“Jimin?” Taehyung asked and Yoongi nodded.

“Obviously.” Yoongi traced the border of his cup for a long moment.

“Betas have the best of both worlds, right?” Taehyung tried to cheer him up and Yoongi merely frowned. “Like… you don’t knot, but you still can fuck and… you can lube up in case of being fucked.” He shrugged and Yoongi shrugged.

“I was not given time to lube up, your argument is not valid.” Yoongi said and flinched when Taehyung grabbed the cup and threw it against the wall, the multiple pieces scattering around the
floors.

Taehyung suddenly stood and Yoongi did them same taking a step back, his eyes were guarded and he looked a bit nervous. Taehyung frowned.

“Leave.” Yoongi ordered pointing a finger at the doors and Taehyung could only stare at his face. “Leave and do not come here unless I call for you.”

“What?” He couldn’t believe it. “Do you think I would-”

“Yes. Yes, you would. Leave. Now.” Yoongi repeated and Taehyung felt speechless, but in the end he could only raise his hands in surrender and leave, he stopped by the door and battled the sudden urge to stay.

“You’re right… maybe I would.”

…

“What is your name again?” Mark asked as he checked the papers the new recruit had given him; a deep frown on his forehead.

“Kai. Just Kai.”

“Right… Anyway… You will be on probation until we deem it safe.” Mark guided him through a long corridor away from the main house and into the third house’s barracks. “You stay here, your spot is the 20-B. Guards are forbidden to patrol the third house’s aisles, just so you know.” Mark explained and Kai lifted an eyebrow in curiosity.

“Why?” He dared to ask; only then Mark looked him into his eyes in all seriousness.

“Because I say so. Do you have a problem with following orders, Kai?” He asked and the man shook his head, surely they weren’t that kind in this house.

“It’s fine with me.” Kai said with a shrug.

“Good.”

…

Jimin was starting to feel confined in the most horrible way because it reminded him of the first time he had stepped into the palace. Jungkook only came to the bedchambers to have dinner with him and then sleep… they’d talk about nothing important during dinner and then Jimin would allow the young alpha to pull him against his chest to sleep.

It was rather intimate, but it was not like Jimin could say it was unwelcomed; he’d have to admit that he liked the physical contact, he had always liked it a bit too much and ever since he had been pulled from Yoongi it had been hard to obtain a bit of it… Jungkook was more than willing to sleep close to him and Jimin wouldn’t last long before finally letting sleep swallow him.

Jimin would ask him about his time away and Jungkook would remain quiet and then Jimin would talk about all the things he usually did alone in the third house, back when Jungkook was not here, he’d talk about all the things he had learned and how he and Jimin, the maid would play with Yugyeom…

Jungkook never shushed him… if Jimin was talking too much, Jungkook never admitted to it
anyway. The young alpha would simply let Jimin’s voice lull him to sleep and the next day he’d wake up early to leave to his functions… leaving Jimin alone and wondering if he was the only one thinking they could actually be friends again.

The young fox was still too restless, his fox was anxious… maybe because of the oncoming heat, maybe because he could feel anxiety through the bond he had with Jungkook and he didn’t like to think the strong third prince was nervous about something.

On his tenth day in the third house’s royal quarters, Jimin opened the door and motioned for Yugyeom to come inside. It was obviously not allowed and they had decided to set a low table in the hall to have tea with Jimin the maid, she arrived shortly after with lots of pastries for Jimin.

The young fox had smiled and started to stuff his mouth with the sweet things noticing the uncomfortable stance of both of his friends, but he decided to overlook it for now.

“That rogue that came with him makes me nervous.” Jimin said as she shivered at the memory of Jiwon; only three days ago she had ran into him and the man had given her such a lewd stare that she had yelled to the top of her lungs.

Jungkook had been the one to find her with Jiwon pressing his nose to her collarbones… she had never seen the young prince so angry as he ripped the rogue from her body and ordered her to leave.

“If I weren’t here I could be with you at all times.” Yugyeom complained as he averted his gaze in anger, Jimin brought a cookie to his mouth and turned his eyes to the maid; she was blushing. “I mean… Captain Jaebum is not here to protect you, so I feel like I should in his place.” He tried to mend and the girl lowered her gaze.

Jimin sipped at his tea and grabbed another spoonful of his strawberry tart as he now looked at the deflated alpha.

“He doesn’t need to protect me anymore. We broke things up.” She said and Jimin widened his eyes, but remained silent with the spoon still inside his mouth. Yugyeom turned to her with wide eyes.

“You rejected him?” He asked and she nodded. “Why would you do that?” Yugyeom was really surprised and couldn’t understand her reasons.

“Apparently… I am too stubborn and disobedient to be with someone as tight as Jaebum-ssi…” She quoted Jungkook’s words with a grimace and then sighed. “That and… your highness said Yugyeom-ssi has lusted after me for such a long time it is ridiculous.” She finally looked up at Yugyeom and the alpha blushed heavily.

Jimin popped the spoon out of his mouth unable to believe he was witnessing this, it was almost like those romantic books he had read before.

“I am going to kill him.” Yugyeom said and Jimin blinked at him feeling that now was high time he reminded them they were not alone, but the girl beat him to it.

“Why? Because he was honest? Did he lie?” She asked and Jimin knew she was getting angry. “He had the courage to tell me… apparently you’ve liked me even before I started courting Jaebum-ssi.” She crossed her arms over her ample chest and Jimin gave a soft chuckle trying to dissipate the tension, but the alpha ignored him.

“What was I supposed to do? I wasn’t sure and we were too young and… I never thought you’d let an older man court you!” Yugyeom snapped and Jimin blinked in surprise.
I just thought you’d say something! I know we never were friends or anything, but I kept looking at you and I caught you looking at me too! I thought that maybe if I… I thought you’d do something!” She yelled, suddenly the door slid open and Jungkook appeared there with a deep frown upon the scene.

“What the fuck is going on here?” He asked with sharp eyes and Jimin would’ve said something, but the maid stood and glared down at Yugyeom.

“Nothing! Nothing is going on and noting will ever be going on!” She snapped angrily and then stomped away.

“Jimin!” Yugyeom yelled and stood to follow her, completely ignoring Jungkook.

Jimin stared up at the third prince as he watched the other two go and felt a bit nervous at being left alone with him, he picked up another spoonful of strawberry tart and stuck it in his mouth watching as Jungkook closed the door behind him and then sat on the other side of the low table.

Jimin swallowed the sweet pastry and then gave a small tentative smile.

“Jimin-ssi brought these for me, but you can have as much as you want.” He said motioning for the many sweets. Jungkook looked around with a quirked eyebrow.

“All this just for you?” He asked as he sat and Jimin blushed a bit as he nodded.

“I like to eat sweets when I am feeling…” He dragged on and decided not to say it; he liked to eat sweets when he was feeling sad or frustrated, but he didn’t want Jungkook to think it was because of him… it was just the circumstances. “You don’t say much, but is everything alright with the king and your brothers?” Jimin suddenly said while fidgeting a bit on his spot.

“No. We are likely to go into war…” Jungkook said and Jimin widened his eyes feeling suddenly sick.

“What?”

“Well… Seokjin-hyeong is an omega so… the northern lands want Yoongi to be king since he’s a beta… In any case I am the alpha here so…” he dragged and Jimin tensed.

“But Seokjin-hyeong will be king!” Jimin snapped and Jungkook eyed him with interest at the outburst. “You never wanted to be king and I was told Yoongi-hyeong couldn’t become king because the king had forbidden it!” He added as he stood looking shocked by the news.

It was the price he had to pay for being banned into a house were no one knew much on what was going on outside, but he wished he could see Seokjin now and maybe try to understand better.

“You told me you’d protect him!” Jimin suddenly said his eyes burning and Jungkook frowned and stood as well.

“That was before he allowed for them to exile me! Do you honestly think I will support him with how things turned out?! Do you even understand what I went through back in the south?!” Jungkook’s voice was so loud Jimin was scared as he took several steps back. “Why can’t I be king when I am the only alpha here?!?” His eyes blazed red in anger and Jimin’s ears flattened against his head.

“But you… Seokjin-hyeong is the best to be king… I thought you wanted him to be king too.” He said in a small voice.
“Isn’t it ironic though? That even though I am only the third prince and thus have less authority here I am the one who became an alpha?” He sneered down at Jimin who stood his ground.

“Because you’re not a bad person.” He said and Jungkook frowned. “It all happens for a reason… you were a sweet kid, you wanted to protect your brother because you knew he’d be the best king. You were given strength with purpose, Jungkook-ah and I doubt it was to take the throne because of a vendetta.” Jimin said bravely and Jungkook gritted his teeth as he turned around.

He was so angry and so confused… he had been like that for a while now and he just wanted to understand what he was supposed to do. He kicked the low table sending food, tea and china flying everywhere, but Jimin didn’t even flinch as he stared at the younger’s back.

“What am I supposed to do?!” He yelled turning back to glare down at Jimin. “What do you want from me?! If you’d tell me what to do everything would be easier!” He yelled and Jimin blinked in surprise.

“I… I can’t tell you what to do…” Jimin said softly, but saw the confusion and despair in Jungkook’s eyes, his fox was unnerved at the sight. “I can only give you my opinion… Do you think you’d be a good king?” Jimin asked and Jungkook stopped pacing to simply hold the fox’s gaze.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” He asked with a narrowed gaze, Jimin shook his head.

“All resentment aside… if you hadn’t been sent away and nothing would’ve happened… do you think you’d be a good king?” He asked and Jungkook swallowed thickly. “This is not about your frustrations… and I am sorry, I do care about what we did to you, but… it is a country we are talking about, Jungkook-ah. You can’t play with people’s lives just because you’re angry.” Jimin said feeling bitter.

“They don’t deserve to be kings… none of them! Not Seokjin and even less Yoongi!” He yelled and suddenly Jimin was hugging him tightly around his torso.

“If you’re angry… if you’re sad or frustrated… I’d rather you let it out on me and not on dwelling anymore about this idea.” Jimin said closing his eyes tightly. “Greed consumed Yoongi-hyeong’s heart and I can’t let that happen to you as well. I loved him too much… I love you all too much…”
Chapter Summary

None applies.

Chapter Notes

I am sorry this took me two weeks. I was facing a writer's block and maybe this will seem a bit messy, but hopefully you will enjoy it.

Sorry, again.

“Where’s Namjoon-ssi?” Seokjin asked Hoseok outside his bedchambers, he was diligently waiting for him to be escorted towards the offices.

“It seemed captain Tuan called upon him to discuss some affairs, your highness.” Hoseok replied and bowed deeply.

“Ah… you didn’t have to replace him in his duties.” Seokjin said as he started to walk away and Hoseok sneered; no, if he were to replace Namjoon on his duties he’d be fucking the crown prince right now in his royal bedroom.

It was easy to like someone like Seokjin… he was beautiful and also kind, apparently he was also smart and knew a lot of what needed to be done to make this country a better place. The crown prince was perfect and he was an omega… what more could an alpha like Namjoon ask for?

“Do you know if maybe those affairs had something to do with the third prince?” Seokjin asked as he continued to walk ahead.

“I am sorry, your highness. I was not informed.” Hoseok said in honesty, he couldn’t stop glaring at Seokjin.

He disliked the crown prince. He disliked the fox. What did they have in common? Both were stupid and hormonal omegas that begged to be fucked when in heat, both of them had stolen alphas from him…

Okay, so maybe he was being overdramatic about it… Hoseok had never been in love with anyone, he just couldn’t, but Namjoon had been close to being a person he could’ve loved… Taehyung had been rather transparent from the very first day and Hoseok knew he had someone already in his heart.

If he had been smart enough, Hoseok would’ve stayed behind in his small fishing village doing his thing, fucking every few weeks either with an alpha or an omega, but the sudden prospect of an adventure with Taehyung had excited him and he had decided on a whim that he could… and he actually did it.
He had not anticipated he’d meet Namjoon here… well… Namjoon and some others that he thought he’d never see again. Hoseok was not one to make friends… no, he fucked or got fucked and that was how he related to people and it was okay because he liked it, but Namjoon was not close to fucking him again… why would he when he was fucking royalty? But Namjoon was being nice to him and that confused Hoseok… was he perhaps befriending an old fuck buddy?

“Ah…” Seokjin suddenly said and turned to look down at Hoseok. “Do me a favor.” Seokjin kindly asked and Hoseok wished the crown prince was an asshole so he could properly hate him. “Go to Namjoon-ssi and captain Tuan and tell them that we need to host a meeting soon. My father received notice from the islands.” He said and Hoseok bowed as he walked away to deliver the message.

Seokjin watched him go and wondered if perhaps Hoseok knew about his affair with Namjoon. He sincerely hoped not, it was too risky to let it happen, but he couldn’t control it… they had been careful with scenting each other and even when they were intimate, Seokjin made sure they’d clean good after.

In the few years of their relationship not even his father had come to know this… his mother suspected it, but she was not around much, only when he visited her in her own chambers. Jimin knew because he was Seokjin’s closest friend, but no one else knew.

Seokjin knew it was pointless and that at some point he’d have to give Namjoon up for a wedding with someone from another land, someone important with a royal title that the omega couldn’t care less about. Though maybe… if he became king, he could change rules and have Namjoon as a proper companion for life.

His father had married Jungkook’s mother anyway and far from being someone with a title she was merely the daughter of a general. Namjoon was a general.

“What am I even thinking?”

...

Jungkook saw Jimin, the maid entering the dining room with a stoic face, but he could feel she was angry, she was just this type of woman that loved to let everyone know she was pissed and Jungkook could only wonder why Yugyeom liked her.

“You look upset.” He said when she placed a cup in front of him and he closed his eyes briefly. “I said I don’t drink tea.” He said and she huffed.

“Who knows it could be poison, your highness.” She said sarcastically and Jungkook blinked in surprise.

“What?” He asked and she gave him a tight smile.

“I said I must’ve forgotten your beverage in the kitchen.” She said and Jungkook blinked again.

“Yah.” He called and she turned with an innocent look on her face. “You…” He wasn’t sure what to say. “Why are you taking it out on me?” He asked and she openly glared.

“Is Jimin-ssi allowed to play with me? You’re confining him like a prisoner and in no time he’ll be wilting the flowers.” She said and Jungkook took a deep breath while considering the possibility… he tightened his jaw and felt her flinch, maybe his scent had changed into a hostile one, but he didn’t care.

“No.”
“Are you okay, Jimin-ssi?” The maid asked as she sat next to Jimin with a tray of tea; they were together in the hall ditching Yugyeom outside and trying not to talk ill about him, but Jimin would indulge in anything the maid wanted anyway.

Jimin closed his eyes and let his emotions sort… He felt angered and sad and maybe he was not carved for this kind of life, he couldn’t take this anymore… brothers fighting over a throne and now Jungkook was in it too.

“I feel like a toy… handed down to the next in line.” He muttered under his breath and the maid widened her eyes at the bitter words. “I’ve come to that realization. What is my actual purpose here?” He wondered and she bit down her lip. “If I hadn’t been here Yoongi wouldn’t have exiled Jungkook and then they would’ve accepted Seokjin-hyeong’s kingship.” He sighed. “I just wished I knew what to do to make this better, but… the only purpose of a toy is to entertain, right? In any case… once Jungkook gets bored with me I’ll pass down to whoever wants the fox next.” He said and the maid sighed.

“I think everything happens for a reason.” She said and Jimin smiled because he had said those words to Jungkook only yesterday, but it was hard to take on his own words. “You are… I’ve never met a person with so much love to give, Jimin-ssi.” She said and he looked at her in confusion. “You were ripped out of your home, from everything you loved, your mother and your friends. You were placed in a cold palace were you somehow learned to love the very same people that kidnapped you, you even fell in love with one of them and even when he discarded you… you still held him dear and now you are capable of loving a boy that is clearly not the same…” She sighed. “I don’t know how you do it.” She chuckled softly.

“I don’t regret loving Yoongi-hyeong.” He mused as he stared up at the sky. “Somehow… I don’t regret being here; I met you and Yugyeom-ssi and Seokjin-hyeong, Namjoon-hyeong, Mark-hyeong too and… Jinyoung-hyeong, Youngjae-hyeong… I don’t know how, but… I can’t say I’ve been unhappy here.” He said with a long sigh. “I merely wish my mom and Taetae could be here.” He closed his eyes.

“I wish I could tell you what to do, but… I am only a maid and you’re only a fox. We are not meant to live these lives.” She sighed heavily and Jimin gave her a warm smile before hugging her around her shoulders.

“It’s okay… Even though I am not sure of what to do I won’t give up. I can’t let Jungkook become like Yoongi-hyeong.”

It was almost midnight when Namjoon finally finished his other tasks and arrived to Seokjin’s offices, the door was slightly opened and when he peeked inside he saw the crown prince there, he was writing… his elegant fingers and hand moving swiftly over the parchment while holding the brush.

He pushed the door open and the prince looked up and a small smile drew on his lips at the sight of secret lover and then it faded when he remembered the useless thoughts he had been having in past days… Namjoon would never be his, not completely.

Namjoon immediately sensed the sadness through their bond and frowned down at him, watching as he rushed to finish his letter. The prince stood up and sighed.
“It is late, right? I am tired.” He said and Namjoon nodded, at times he wondered if he was maybe burdening the crown prince with his presence and that was unforgivable, Seokjin would be the king someday and he didn’t have time to fool.

“I’ll escort you to your chambers, your highness.” He said and Seokjin almost flinched at the wall the younger was lifting between them. Maybe he understood as well that their relationship was not one that would last.

Seokjin walked ahead while thinking about it… his emotions swirling inside his head and making his heart heavy… Was he maybe being too greedy thinking he could have the throne and deserved Namjoon at the same time? Maybe Namjoon wanted him to pick between the throne and himself? Did it mean he didn’t love Namjoon?

When they arrived to his door Seokjin turned sharply around and came face to face with his royal guard. Namjoon was too close, their bodies touching through their clothes…

“Stop.” Namjoon said seriously, his voice strained and Seokjin wondered if maybe he had been thinking too loud. “Whatever you’re feeling troubled about… please stop.” He added and Seokjin nodded unable to do anything else.

“I’ll be busy these next few days.” Seokjin said feeling his words collide with the other’s lips and suddenly Namjoon’s hands were on his waist, searing through the fabric. The younger guard nodded. “I want you to take me tonight.” Seokjin whispered and Namjoon swallowed thickly before placing a soft kiss against his lips.

“Not tonight…” Namjoon said and the crown prince shook his head, his arms wrapping around Namjoon’s neck.

“My heat is not due until another two months. It’s fine.” He pleaded and Namjoon knew he was a fool, easy to convince… too reckless.

He leaned over and pressed his lips to Seokjin’s as he opened the door and pushed the prince inside, he kicked it close behind him and walked the other backwards until they fell on the bed.

Namjoon lowered to kiss the other’s collarbones feeling his hands pushing his clothes… he got the hint and stood up to take his gear off and the rest of his undergarments while the crown prince stared at him… his soft brown eyes blown with lust and need and… love…

Namjoon knelt over him, hovering over his body and then moved to undo his robes with care and slow movements because there was no rush… his heat was not until another two months and this time they could do it slowly.

Namjoon made sure to kiss from his neck down to his hipbones as he pushed the fabric aside… he kissed his navel and then grabbed his cock giving it a lick. Seokjin moaned, but then he pulled at his hair, Namjoon looked up and saw the hunger in his lover’s eyes.

“We will do that other day…” Seokjin said pulling him up and then pushing him down to straddle his hips.

“You are beautiful.” Namjoon said watching him above, working his hips in a circular motion, feeling the alphas member sliding between his buttocks, making a mess with how wet the prince was already.

Seokjin arched his back and reached back with a hand to grab Namjoon’s cock and finally push it inside his heat; he sighed loudly a smile drawing his plump lips at the feeling of being full.
Namjoon placed a hand on his hipbone and the other over his navel; a weird thought struck him as he tried to picture Seokjin’s flat stomach big and round with his offspring.

The prince leaned back with his hands over Namjoon’s thighs and continued to move his hips, his own cock moving up and down and leaking over his alpha’s navel.

Namjoon could only stare at the sight before him, moving his hips in time with Seokjin’s to make the prince feel even better. The elder was never too loud in their lovemaking, but his breathing was always harsh…

“Touch me…” Seokjin said pulling his head up to look down at his lover and Namjoon immediately complied, wrapping his hand around the other’s member and stroking him in time with their movements.

“Come for me, Seokjin.” Namjoon said in a gruff tone of voice because he was about to come himself. The prince moaned softly and when he felt Namjoon’s knot forming he finally let himself come in hot spurts.

He continued to move until the alpha finally slipped inside him and then the prince leaned forward, working his hips quickly and making sure the knot stayed inside his body… Namjoon opened his mouth and when he felt his orgasm approaching he pulled Seokjin down for a heated kiss.

The prince groaned when he felt the other filling him up, the knot inside him trembling and the kiss turned sloppy as they came down from the high.

“What will get you so busy these next few days?” Namjoon asked when they were simply resting and waiting for the knot to recede.

“I’ll be meeting with some of the leaders from the neighboring countries.” He explained and Namjoon tightened his hold around his body.

Those were alphas and he feared they’d treat Seokjin in the wrong way, even though he knew Seokjin was used to it and wouldn’t be fazed by anyone’s behavior.

“Everything will be fine, but I need to focus on not messing up so… we should stop seeing each other for the time being.” Seokjin said, his cheek pressed to the alpha’s chest, he felt Namjoon tensing. “Sorry.” He added and felt hands moving up and down his back.

“No. I understand.” Namjoon said. “You have priorities.” He stated and this time it was Seokjin the one who tensed, but neither addressed the subject and decided to let it go for now and simply rest for the night.

…

Jimin sighed heavily because it had to be the early hours before dawn, but he hadn’t been able to sleep and he was strangely aware of Jungkook’s absence. The younger hadn’t come to sleep and Jimin had only then realized how worried that made him.

Sometimes his brain simply supplied images of Jungkook slipping inside Yoongi’s bedchambers to kill the second prince in his sleep… He was worried about many things and he had yet to understand these were not his problems.

He pushed himself up from the mattress and sighed heavily as he made his way over to the front, maybe he’d chat with Yugeom for a while… just to kill time. He pushed the door open and was a bit surprised when the empty hallway greeted him.
“Yugyeom-ssi?” He called as he stepped outside with a slight frown on his forehead, but when no one answered Jimin realized what this meant. “I’m alone.” He whispered softly suddenly excited as he looked out into the open.

Free to go anywhere, to run until his legs burned. He took a deep breath and turned to do just that. He took off, gaining speed as he jumped over the rooftops like he used to do… a smile slowly drawing on his lips as he felt the wind sweeping his hair back and suddenly he could barely see where he was going with how wide his smile was.

He made it to the back of the third house’s grounds and jumped before landing and rolling on the grass… he literally nuzzled the fallen leaves and sighed heavily, his breathing was labored, but he felt alive.

“Uh… are you okay?” A voice asked and he jumped in fright, his silvery eyes looking around until he spotted the figure sitting around the tree; he took a whiff and barely perceived the scent of burning woods.

“Who are you?” Jimin asked as he rounded the tree and came forward in the darkness; the man looked skinny and tall and he did a double take when he saw Jimin’s ear.

“Ka-Kai… that’s my name…” The man replied and Jimin nodded slowly not coming closer, but not feeling threatened by the beta. “Y-you’re the… the fox…” He said and Jimin nodded once more.

“My name is Jimin. What are you doing here?” Jimin asked and Kai stood up slowly and then dusted his pants; he eyed Jimin with curiosity.

“I am a soldier of this house… I just… can you keep it a secret? I just don’t like the barracks.” He said with a grimace. “The third prince brought a rogue alpha and he gives me the chills.” He explained and Jimin nodded in understanding.

“Ah… he tried to hurt Jimin-ssi.” He said as he recalled what the maid had told him, but before Kai could ask Jimin continued. “You have to be careful when you go back. Jungkookie is not on his best moods lately.” Jimin said softly and Kai hummed.

“You mean he’d kill me if he saw me… not only am I in banned grounds, but I am talking to you.” Kai said and Jimin eyed him in confusion. “You have his scent all over you… I’d dare to say he has claimed you.” He said and Jimin averted his gaze in shame.

“You’re wrong.” He said and turned around to stare at the wall. “We are just sharing bedchambers.” He explained and Kai hummed again.

“It must be hard to be so… unique.” The beta said and Jimin eyed him warily.

“What’s unique about me? That I might be the last fox? Aren’t I a human in the end?” He wondered and Kai smiled and gave a nod that had Jimin smiling; Kai was nice and somehow he felt like he could trust him.

“How did you get here?” He asked and Jimin sighed loudly, his smile drifting from his face as he recalled that night.

“It was so long ago that I forgot about it.” He lied and shrugged as he turned to leave.

“We should meet more often if you want… company?” He said softly and Jimin hummed before nodding softly.
“I’d like that.” He said, he could try and sneak out at this time… it seemed that at some point Yugyeom was supposed to sleep.

“I’ll be here whenever you feel like it.” He added and Jimin nodded as he took a few steps backwards, ready to sprint back to his bedroom.

“I’ll see you later, Kai-ssi.” He waved a hand and when Kai returned the gesture, the fox turned around and sprinted down the halls.

“I’ll see you around… you little thing.”

...

What was Jimin doing right now? Was he begging Jungkook to knot him? It’d be obvious since Yoongi could never give him the pleasure of.

The third prince knew it was late to be outside, he still had a sore throat and his mind was full of useless thoughts, but also the prospect of war… everything seemed too big in his head. He placed his hand on the bark of the tree. It was almost painful the idea of leaving this place if he ever decided to leave for the northern lands.

“It is rather late for a prince to be awake.” Taehyung’s voice floated to his ears and he turned to look at him with a quirked eyebrow.

“I told you not to come here unless I called for you.” Yoongi said and Taehyung shrugged as he approached the prince.

“Didn’t you? I swear I heard your voice…” The younger said softly and Yoongi sighed not really in the mood to fight and Taehyung didn’t look like it either.

Still, Yoongi didn’t feel like facing the younger right now; his thoughts all messed up. He took a deep breath and turned around to enter his bedchambers again.

“What’s the big deal with this tree?” He asked and Yoongi frowned as turned around to look at him. “I mean… you like it, I get that, but… it almost feels as if you hate it too.” He said and then grimaced at his useless words. “At the very least you hold it important.” He finished and Yoongi sighed turning to the tree again.

“Jimin liked to climb it and play around here.” Yoongi looked around the garden and could almost see flashes of silver here and there, as if the fox was playing hide and seek. “He liked to play with Jungkook… chase butterflies or wrestle.” He sighed.

“Ah… you didn’t play with him?” Taehyung wondered softly and Yoongi shook his head.

“No. I never liked those stupid games, but…” He frowned as he realized something… “Jimin was the happiest when he was playing with Jungkook. Always smiling…” His voice drifted in the night and Taehyung sighed.

“He liked to play. When I was a kid I always thought that growing up would be a hard thing for him, he was always happy, but I had traveled and knew that the world was not a fancy place. I guess… he learned that the hard way.” He mused staring at the tree.

“I guess he did.” Yoongi agreed.

“I wouldn’t.” Taehyung said and Yoongi stopped, but didn’t turn to look at him. “Just so you
know… I don’t think I could harm you like that… not even you.” Taehyung said softly and Yoongi finally turned to him with a deep frown.

“What is that supposed to mean?” He asked angrily, Taehyung sighed and turned to look down at him. “You wouldn’t rape me, but would kill me?” He scoffed loudly.

“I hate you, Yoongi.” Taehyung said as if it was practiced and Yoongi nodded. “You took my only friend away from me and then you tell me he’s not here.” Taehyung said and his voice got gruffer. “I hate you… there’s no other way and… I vowed to kill you… so, I have to, but I am well aware of the impending war.” He added.

“Ah, your priorities are in order, I guess.” Yoongi said sarcastically.

Of course… this was what he was. He tarnished people and pushed them away from his cold heart, he was not made to love or care, but it pained him greatly and he felt his eyes sting.

“I won’t let you die either, Yoongi.” Taehyung said softly. “I am not sure of what’s going on. I don’t understand it myself, but… whatever, you’re a person too and you’re the second prince, you have a right to the throne too, I guess.” He sighed heavily, Yoongi quirked an eyebrow.

“But I won’t be it. I can’t. King’s orders.” He shrugged, Taehyung nodded slowly. “Make sure Jungkook doesn’t kill me, Taehyung.” He said and Taehyung turned to him with a confused expression. “A war can change everything and if Seokjin accidentally dies… then there’s a high probability that my father will concede my right to the throne again.

“If your older brother dies… we are all fucked up.” Taehyung said seriously and Yoongi smirked.

“You sound just like Jimin…”

...

Jimin knew he shouldn’t talk about Kai to anyone… only Jimin the maid should know and she’d keep the secret because he had begged her to. Kai was just an enigma to him and the promise of a new friend had him excited when the day finally rolled in… no one was aware of his late endeavor.

He sipped on his cold lemonade while swinging his feet back and forth in the calmness of the garden. The leaves were falling in coppery colors and the wind was becoming chilling, but he loved this season.

Suddenly his eyes found a butterfly… unusual to see them in this weather, but it still thrilled him. Something inside his chest expanded and he placed his glass down as he stepped onto the tickling grass.

In the back of his head, the memories played in succession and he could see Jungkook’s huge teeth peeking in a full smile as he jumped around trying to catch the insects, Jimin close behind making sure the younger wouldn’t kill it…

Jimin jumped over a bush, but his hands failed to trap the little blue thing and he giggled softly, the tickle of its wings reminded him of good times… happy times… bloodless times…

He turned around and followed the uneven flight with wide eyes, dilated pupils and a swaying tail, his ears flat on his head. When the butterfly rounded the tree, Jimin sprinted, but fell back on his butt when he had to stop to avoid colliding with Jungkook’s form… the younger clapped his hands so strong on the butterfly that Jimin swore he almost heard the crumble of wings.
His mouth fell open when he moved his eyes from the clasped hands to the other’s eyes… merciless, without a single emotion in them. Jimin let out a shivering breath.

“Y-you…”

“I’m trying to show you something here.” Jungkook cut him off as he opened his hands and let the butterfly fall in a crumpled mess to the grass. “Most beautiful and weak things end up dead.” The younger said watching how Jimin stared in disbelief at the insect. “One can only catch them alive so many times before they actually die.”

“Then… maybe we should stop catching them at all…” Jimin looked up into Jungkook’s eyes and the younger crouched.

“Maybe… but maybe it is in our nature to catch them.” Jimin swallowed audibly and Jungkook looked around. “Come on…” Jungkook said and stood up extending his hand down to Jimin; the elder hesitated a moment before accepting the hand and getting up.

Jungkook walked ahead towards the other side of the garden and entered the studio; Jimin followed him close behind and felt a bit confused when Jungkook crossed the large space to the sparring room and held the door open for Jimin.

Jimin looked around as if it was the first time he was there; Jungkook moved ahead and stopped in the middle motioning for Jimin to approach.

“What are we doing here?” Jimin wondered and Jungkook seemed troubled for a moment before sighing loudly.

“You said you wanted to learn how to fight.” Jungkook said and Jimin widened his eyes at the implications. “You’re not ready to use a weapon yet, but… I’ll teach you how to defend yourself in case someone attacks you.” He said and Jimin frowned.

“Why are you doing this?” Jimin asked softly and Jungkook sighed again.

“A war is not kind to the weak, Jimin. You need to at least protect yourself.” He explained and Jimin felt a bit troubled. The war topic was still not one he liked and now he wasn’t so sure he wanted to learn at all… “Come on… face me.” Jungkook instructed.

“Right…”

…

Jimin closed his eyes as he landed hard on his back, a loud thump echoing in the otherwise silent sparring room. He opened his eyes wide as he stared up at Jungkook, that was looking down on him with a deep frown… he looked severely pissed off at something.

“Get up.” Jungkook growled out as he walked away and paced a bit with his hands on his hips; Jimin frowned not understanding his anger.

“Let’s stop.” Jimin said rubbing at his tailbone in pain; Jungkook hadn’t been kind on him, the younger was not letting him win or pretending that Jimin stood a chance against him and in all honesty it was taking a toll on Jimin’s body already.

“No. Get up.” He said and Jimin felt even more confused by his tone. “Get up, Jimin. No one will give you a minute to catch your breath in war.” Jungkook demanded and Jimin pushed his body up from the ground.
“I don’t want to practice anymore… I am tired.” He said calmly as he dusted his clothes and ran a hand through his hair.

“You will practice some more.” Jungkook said and Jimin felt his own anger rising.

“I said I don’t want to. It is quite obvious I am not achieving anything with this.” He snapped and Jungkook took a deep breath. “I know you’re strong, we all know it! There’s not need for you to brag about your muscles and how I am weaker… really.” He complained.

“That’s why you need to practice. You’re fast and flexible and-”

“Yes, Jungkook. I am fast and flexible. Those are my strengths. I am not a muscle pig like you. I know that already.” Jimin argued back.

“You don’t understand it, Jimin… I am not doing this because it want to brag abo-”

“Then what? I don’t understand… You first say you want to teach me because war is no joke, but then you think I will learn something with how you manhandle me?” Jimin’s eyes were burning and Jungkook was one step away from simply losing the bit of control he had. Jimin tugged on his robe and then huffed angrily. “And these!” He snapped loudly as he motioned for his clothes. “These are not even the right clothes to do this! I keep on tripping on the bloody robe!”

Jungkook stepped forward and pulled on the sash that held the robe together and then pushed the fabric off Jimin’s shoulders.

“Let’s take it off then.” Jungkook growled and Jimin pushed at him, but the fabric still fell to the ground in a pool of silk leaving him in only a pair of loose pants tied around his hips.

“Stop it!” He snarled and mimicked a movement Jungkook had taught him only minutes ago, succeeding in sending his hands away.

Silence fell over them as Jungkook stared down at Jimin; the elder was still panting and sweating profusely, his cheeks were flushed and he didn’t seem to realize what he had done.

“We will do the same tomorrow. Now bathe.” Jungkook said before stomping out of the sparring room, Jimin stared after him quizzically.

Jimin huffed and once the alpha was out of hearing range he flopped down on the floor groaning in pain; he had lost count on how many times Jungkook had twisted him around and then thrown him over on the floor. Hand-to-hand combat was not his thing and he could only hope he’d learn how to use a sword or maybe a bow someday.

…

Yoongi poured himself a bit of the rice wine a maid had brought earlier… today he would’ve been celebrating his mother’s birthday. It was not a common practice amongst the royal family, but he still had liked to spend time with the woman on this particular date.

He took a deep breath and stared down at the clear liquid on his small cup, his long fingers tracing the ceramic softly, careful… it was strange to miss Jimin tonight because he had never shared much about his mother with him, but inevitably, Jimin was the person he maybe would’ve if he had given himself the chance to.

He downed the cup in one go, it was the fourth, maybe the fifth, but it didn’t matter because he had asked to be left alone for the nigh… he should’ve known better though…
He sighed and then lifted his gaze from the table when he sense the other presence and his eyes trailed up Taehyung’s body; the younger had a stoic face that was unusual, but Yoongi didn’t care… not tonight.

“You like to break the rules.”

“Bend them.” Taehyung corrected as he finally sat down in front of Yoongi at the small table and Yoongi hesitated a long moment before he reached for a twin cup to pour some of the wine for Taehyung. “I don’t drink.” Taehyung said eyeing the clear liquid with narrowed eyes.

“You don’t or you haven’t had a chance to?” Yoongi wondered; his words were a bit slurred and the raspy tone did things to Taehyung’s mind that he didn’t want to understand at the moment.

“Never crossed my mind to spend what little money I had on alcohol.” He said scrunching up his nose when he sniffed the cup.

“Luckily for you I am the one spending the money.” Yoongi said and poured another cup for himself before downing it without a flinch. Taehyung grabbed his cup and took a sip, coughing at the bitter taste.

“This tastes horrible!” The young alpha whined and Yoongi smiled despite his usual stoic face and Taehyung pretended not to notice his gums and how much younger the other looked.

“It is an acquired taste. In a few years you’ll enjoy it more.” Yoongi said and this time Taehyung did frown and stared at him.

“You say it as if I’ll still be here.” Taehyung said and Yoongi’s smile diminished, but didn’t disappear, it just looked bitterer.

“Is it wrong to hope so?” He asked and the younger finally downed the cup, grimacing and hissing as it burned down his throat. “I know you hate me…” Yoongi said not meeting his eyes as he poured more wine for both of them. “I once hear my mother say that… feelings of love and hate both start because you care about someone. You… care enough to love them or you care enough to hate them.” The elder sighed heavily.

“She sounded like a wise woman.” Taehyung commented and Yoongi snorted.

“No, she wasn’t. She only wanted to be loved, but she ended up being the second choice of the king.” Yoongi said. “After accepting that she wouldn’t be more important than the first queen she decided to try and get me to be king. She did lots of useless things to get the king to consider me, but… ever since we were kids I was well aware that Seokjin would be king no matter what he presented as.” He downed his cup.

“Sounded like a bitter woman.” Taehyung decided as he reached for the bottle and poured more wine for himself and another cup for Yoongi.

“That, she was. I loved her, but… she poured most of her bitter feelings in me and when… when Jimin left I realized how much I resembled her.” Yoongi downed his cup and pushed it towards Taehyung to get another serving… Taehyung complied after a moment. “What’s done is done… I think I am better now.” Yoongi pondered for a moment before downing the cup.

He hissed and wiped his lips with the back of a hand; he looked up at Taehyung and found the younger’s dark gaze lingering on his face.

“Did you tell her about the man who raped you?” Taehyung asked and Yoongi shook his head.
“Why worry her with even more shame? That’s my problem and no one else’s.” Yoongi replied and then averted his eyes to the tree. “Are there any stars tonight?” He wondered as he felt his body swaying softly.

“No… it is a cloudy night.” Taehyung said unable to take his eyes off Yoongi’s face.

“I liked to lie on the roof and stare at the sky with Jimin… we would talk about measly things, I’d teach him about astronomy and he always looked so enthralled.” Yoongi sighed. “He was always so interested on what I said…”

“Or maybe just enthralled by you.” Taehyung suggested and Yoongi turned to face him with cold eyes. “I can see it happening… and it is the wrong thing to say, but… I can understand why that person raped you.” Taehyung said with a confused expression; Yoongi frowned. “You’re despicable, but beautiful… a troublesome combination.”

“So…? I should be raped because of that?” Yoongi wondered angrily and Taehyung shook his head.

“I just said that I could understand it that way. I need to hate you, Yoongi… hate you and convince myself that you deserve all the evil that can happen to you.” He said averting his gaze to the side.

“Ah… but maybe you don’t…” Yoongi said and moved clumsily.

Taehyung watched with a deep frown as the elder stood, tripping a few times as he rounded the table and came to straddle the younger’s thighs… Taehyung swallowed thickly, Yoongi weighed nothing and felt so fragile between his arms, his skin was so cold and his scent was not too strong, but he smelled like winter… fitting.

“Jimin owns the right to break me, but…” Yoongi traced his cold fingertips over Taehyung’s tanned cheeks. “Since he’s not here… and because I don’t think he’d ever do so, I think you’re the next person in line I’d allow to punish me for my wrongdoings.” Yoongi whispered and smirked when Taehyung’s big hands grasped his waist.

“You must be drunk, your highness.” Taehyung said in his low voice and Yoongi nodded.

“And you want to take advantage… of course.” Yoongi supplied and Taehyung felt angered at how Yoongi always placed thoughts on his head without his permission. “Because you just justified my rape… you feel the same… you would do the same.”

“No. I said I’d kill you. Not rape you.” Taehyung said and the strain on his voice was palpable, but Yoongi was too amused and drunk to give up. “But… if you wanted it…” Taehyung trailed suddenly calm and watched how the smirk faded from Yoongi’s face. “You’d only have to ask nicely. Instead of playing with my head… you could ask for it, your highness…”

“I am a prince. I do not ask for things. I demand them and if I wanted you it’d be to fuck you and not the other way around.” Yoongi said with slurred words. “You are awfully sure that you wouldn’t touch me like that…” The elder added as he let his forehead fall on Taehyung’s and the younger then moved to place his bigger hands on Yoongi’s slim waist.

The second prince was all-sharp edges, from his personality, his face and his skinny body, filled with cold bones and soft skin.

“You’re drunk, Yoongi.” Taehyung said, using his name for a change, the prince merely moved his nose down and nuzzled down on Taehyung’s shoulder.

“I guess I am not a threat for an alpha… you’re not afraid of me so close to your neck, after all betas
cannot claim.” Taehyung hummed and vaguely wondered if he’d feel different if it was Jimin the one nuzzling his neck.

He had only ever felt attracted to betas; Hoseok, Kai and now even Yoongi… it seemed like he was magnet for them, but he couldn’t bring himself to care, he had realized with Hoseok that he was appealed by the fact the beta couldn’t lay a claim on him, but he could claim the beta.

Taehyung suddenly had a striking thought… what if he marked Yoongi right now? What if he claimed the second prince? It’d be so easy to do so right now with how Yoongi was leaning over. What would be the purpose? Well… he’d have the upper hand with him; he would be able to command him… even if the prince didn’t want it.

Taehyung leaned over and watched as Yoongi’s hand fell limp by his hip and then the soft and regular breathing reached his ears… Yoongi was asleep just like that…

Even easier. Taehyung moved Yoongi’s head slightly to the side revealing his pale and delicate neck, unblemished skin ready to be marked, ready to be claimed. Why not? It’d be a great punishment…

He leaned down and pressed his nose to the juncture of neck and shoulder… Yoongi’s skin was everything a royal’s skin should be. He stuck out his tongue and ran the tip on the cold skin.

He should claim Yoongi.

…

“It seems like you’ll need to decide soon. Your father got notice from the islands and it seemed important.” Mark said as he eyed some papers outside the main offices in the barracks.

“Yes… I am working on it.” Jungkook said a bit annoyed at the pressure, but he knew Mark only meant to help. “How’s Jiwon adjusting?” He decided to ask about the rogue that was currently spending his days inside the barracks.

“Not sure… he doesn’t listen, but doesn’t cause trouble either and no one really likes him.” He said.

“No one likes us.” Jungkook muttered softly, but it caught Mark’s attention and the captain looked at the younger with a frown.

“Us?”

“Yes… us, rogues. I spent the most crucial years of my life living with them. I don’t see how I am not considered a rogue.” He was in a bad mood now and it had all to do with the pressure of his decisions. “If my father had been smarter he would’ve allowed for Yoongi to have my head five years ago.” He groaned and stepped down into the square before the palace.

“Jungkook, you’re not a rogue.” The general said as he followed. “We are what we want to be and if you want to be a good person you can still make the right decision.” He said and Jungkook glared at him.

“Don’t give me that speech. I will decide in time and as the captain of my house you will obey me.” Jungkook said and Mark stared at him before sighing and nodding, but it was clear he was not really compelled to the idea. “I need to know about the meeting before hand, see what you can get.” Jungkook said and then turned to leave.

“Won’t you train today?” Mark asked and the younger nodded, but continued on his way back to the
royal grounds.

“I will… Only not with you.”

...

Seokjin wouldn’t like for his brothers to know that he was having private meeting about this whole thing, but he also knew that Yoongi didn’t have the knowledge to go through a meeting concerning these details and Jungkook was too young and his personality too explosive to stay calm and understand.

“I can only think about containing the other princes, your highness.” Hwasa said and Seokjin snapped out of his reverie to look at the woman in complete confusion.

“I’m sorry?” Seokjin asked and the woman lowered her gaze and sighed heavily.

“We should contain the other princes if war arrives. We cannot fight the royal family.” She said and Seokjin stood up ready to berate her for even suggesting that.

“You are telling me to put my own brothers in a cell?” He asked with a cold glare that no one had ever seen on him. Hwasa didn’t dare to look up as she replied…

“So that we wouldn’t have to face them in the war field, milord.” She said and Namjoon frowned at his secret lover wondering why it was so hard to understand. “We have word that the northern land is on the move to retrieve their own prince. They are being guided by the second prince’s cousin.” She said and the king sighed heavily.

“What is our response?” Seokjun demanded ignoring his son’s words; he knew Hwasa didn’t have bad intentions and that maybe it’d be best if they actually contained the other princes for the time being.

“We are preparing, of course, but you have to understand the north and the south won’t be kind on this.” Namjoon said seriously.

“We should first do anything we can to avoid a war.” Seokjin said with a pointed look and Namjoon nodded even though it annoyed him to think that Jin would assume he had not thought about that before. “War would leave our country in the ruin and we should avoid any casualties.” Seokjin added and the king sighed heavily.

“You can’t negotiate with the south. Not on your status and not after Jungkook killed their leader. A war is most likely to come from the south.” Seokjun replied to his son and Seokjin gritted his teeth, he was feeling so angry.

There was a knock on the door and they all quieted when another guard entered with a puzzled look.

“You have a visitor, my king.” He said and the king frowned. “From… from across the sea?” The guard sounded confused and the king blinked several times before going to the door and pushing it open; his eyes widened.

“You…”
Chapter Summary

None applies.

Seokjin approached the door only to see a rather tall man; he was even taller than Namjoon, his eyes were sharp and he looked pleasantly menacing if that could even be a way to describe someone. His hair was blonde and his lips stretched in a small smirk; his ears were blondish as well as his tail.

“It is good to see you after such a long time, Seokjun-ssi.” He said and then bowed a bit, when he straightened his eyes went to Seokjin who felt his breath hitch in his chest.

“It is… interesting to see you again, Yifan-ssi.” The king said and bowed a bit too. “I fail to understand your visit though.” He sounded nervous and Seokjin didn’t like it.

“Is this your oldest son?” Yifan said instead as he made his way inside the offices, his sharp gaze focused solely on Seokjin’s face. “He’s as handsome as rumors said.” Yifan conceded standing right in front of the crown prince. “A smart omega, a brave omega… like few.” Yifan said and Seokjin couldn’t help but blush, not many people here would admit to an omega being smart or brave and Yifan was a regal alpha… it was obvious.

“Yes, my oldest son is our crown prince.” Seokjun said a bit baffled by the sudden visit, like he wasn’t sure how to react and that made Seokjin nervous as well.

“So I’ve heard.” Yifan said still staring intently into Seokjin’s eyes. Seokjin frowned a bit suddenly feeling a pull that shouldn’t be there at all and then Yifan smirked at the reaction.

Before the crown prince could do something Namjoon was pulling him behind his body and glaring at the foreigner, his hand hovering over his sword’s handle, ready to battle the man to death if necessary.

“Don’t, Namjoon-ssi…” The king said as he approached the trio with a hand poised in peace. “Yifan-ssi is a friend of this family. I met him and his father a few years back… though I guess you don’t age as fast.” The king said obviously confused and Yifan finally turned to him with an amused smile.

“I’ve got good genes.” Yifan said mysteriously and Seokjin frowned, but refrained from saying something. “I am only a decade older than our crown prince?” He wondered and again his eyes strayed to the prince behind the guard.

“Ah, yeah… I guess you’re right.” Seokjun said and then sighed motioning for Namjoon to relax and return to his spot, but the alpha took longer than necessary to move away and his eyes lingered on Yifan before giving Seokjin a glare.

“In any case… I see that you were discussing political affairs…” Yifan said as he looked around and noticed the officers. “I am here to make a truce. Our government is willing to help your country.” Yifan said and Seokjin blinked several times again.

“Your government?” The crown prince asked and Yifan turned to him with a pleased smile.
“Yes. My governor wishes to remain anonymously for now, our country has been going through several changes and we are not that fond of foreigners.” He said and Seokjun nodded.

“Yes, because I do remember how your father fled across the sea saying that he’d be stranded for a while.” He said and the man nodded.

“Yes, our country has been in real tough stances and we are still trying to gather the pieces, but we’ve succeeded and though we don’t maintain alliances with other countries we do not wish for war against them. When my governor heard about the news of an omega king he was most interested on starting a truce with you, but I see your country is holding more trouble now…” Yifan said as he stared at the map with many red lines here and there.

“Inner arguments are not new for our history.” Seokjin said and Yifan nodded, but didn’t say more. “My father managed to unify the lands thirty years ago and we plan on keeping them unified.” He added with a strong voice.

“Yes. That’s what I want too… for the greater good, my governor does not need to know about these hardships you’re facing.” He said seriously. “And if the omega crown prince manages to unify the lands… my governor will be extremely pleased with supporting you to any extent.” Yifan said and Seokjin frowned.

“I do feel uncomfortable with not knowing who is your king.” He said and Yifan smiled down at him.

“Yes, we figured that could be it.” Yifan said and then pulled an envelope from an inner pocket inside his robes. “My governor sent me with this to give to the future king of this land.” He said and extended his hand to Seokjin who only stared at the envelope.

“I do not know who that is. The future king can be anyone up to this point.” Seokjin said, not moving to accept the paper, but Yifan took a deep breath and took a step towards the crown prince.

“Let me be the judge to this then. If I could ever pick someone to give this to… it’ll be you.” Yifan said and Seokjin wasn’t sure why he felt so sure and ready to accept it.

“Your highness.” Namjoon’s voice broke through his mind and Seokjin blinked away from Yifan’s dark eyes before clearing his throat.

“I’ll read this first and then we will decide on what to do next.” Seokjin said and grabbed the paper from the other’s hands. He opened it quickly; ignoring the way the taller male smirked.

The crown prince’s eyes widened as he realized what the paper was. It was an old practice… not completely overruled, but certainly antiquated and not one that he’d like to be part of…

“What is it?” The king asked and Seokjin looked up at Yifan.

“A certificate of ownership.” Seokjin replied and they all frowned.

“He’s an alpha.” Namjoon stated the obvious and Seokjin tensed…

Truth was that he had been annoyed with Namjoon for a while now, but maybe it was only because of tensions and how everything was so delicate to approach. Namjoon obviously knew what a certificate of ownership was because he knew that alphas were not supposed to be owned. Only omegas were owned.

It was an old custom. Really old.
“So… your governor is handing you to me.” Seokjin ignored Namjoon’s words and Yifan nodded.

“As I said… if I could pick anyone to give this to… it’d still be you.” Yifan said and Seokjin shook his head as he folded the paper and pushed it inside the envelope again, handing it to the tall alpha.

“You don’t know me, Yifan-ssi.”

“I don’t need to. You wear your heart on your sleeve.” Yifan said and Seokjin widened his eyes, glad that he was giving his back to his father and the rest.

“I will not take part on such an old custom. It’d be laughable for an omega to own an alpha… don’t you think?” He said and Yifan’s eyes briefly moved to Namjoon.

“Is it?” He wondered and then stared down at Seokjin again. “This is collateral… I am an important asset to my government. Yours to do what you please, so you can trust me and my party.” He explained and Seokjin felt troubled.

“I do not own people. I refuse your offer. Stay for as long as you need, since you’re my father’s friend then you’re welcome to stay.” He said and reached to put the envelope inside the other’s robes.

Seokjin nodded his head in respect and then turned around to leave, Namjoon hot on his heels. The crown prince walked fast down the halls feeling troubled and nervous… Namjoon was angry, but also confused and the bond was not helping to clear his head off the many thoughts.

They didn’t stop until Seokjin opened the doors to his bedchambers and turned to look up at Namjoon.

“I need to be alone.” Seokjin said and Namjoon tightened his jaw and fists for a few moments before nodding and taking a step back, the doors closed and Namjoon was left outside to stare at them… longing to simply push them open and kiss his mate senseless…

No… Seokjin was not his mate. Would never be. A mere soldier couldn’t be the king’s mate. He felt suddenly despair gripping his soul and the urge to flee was stronger than anything else.

…

Jungkook closed his eyes as he let his ears do the job; maybe it had something to do with how aware his own wolf was with Jimin that he could now even hear the hurried beat of his heart, the useless attempt to even his breathing into silence, the small graze of his nimble feet on the grass.

He was proud of Jimin… he was pretty sure no one could rival the fox’s stealth… no one but him, of course and the rush of adrenaline coursing through his veins had him excited, his fangs elongating and his eyes bleeding to red… the hunt was his thing. Letting his worries about war and family in the background and simply focusing on hunting Jimin was the only other thing he wanted to do all day aside from his sudden urge to mate the elder.

There would be time for that later. There had to be time for that later.

The training sessions had evolved to Jimin having small missions like getting to certain point of the royal grounds whilst Jungkook tracked him, or Jimin getting certain thing somewhere without Jungkook even touching him.

Jungkook wouldn’t admit to the bonding time; he didn’t have time to bond and Jimin didn’t deserve his affections unless he was fucking the fox into a mattress or the floor or a wall… his wolf answered
with a growl.

No, his wolf didn’t particularly enjoyed how evil intended Jungkook was towards the fox, but the human side was trying to hold onto his bitter feelings of revenge. This was what they all deserved. He opened his eyes right when Jimin jumped over a railing and sprinted across the yard to get to the other side.

Jungkook jumped from behind the fountain and in the haste and the urge to get his hands on the fox his movements were too rough and heavy, he somehow ended up destroying the railing that Jimin so gracefully jumped over.

Today it was the same… Jimin had to get to the training room in one piece or at all. Jungkook pushed his legs harder and jumped. Jimin crouched as if he had somehow read his mind and Jungkook ended up crashing against a wall… the fox swerved past him and ran into the library with ease.

“Fuck!” Jungkook growled as he recovered and ran after him. The challenge was unintentional, he knew it because Jimin never liked these things, but it was there and Jungkook thrived on them.

In the back of his head he was pretty sure there was something else there today, something he was not grasping on, it was in the air… more noticeable now that they were in a closed area…

Jimin got to the door and tried to open it, but when it didn’t budge he turned around with wide eyes, his back against the wood as Jungkook halted and stood to his full height simply staring the fox down.

“It’s locked!” Jimin snapped indignantly and Jungkook scoffed.

“So? Find the key without getting yourself killed.” Jungkook said calmly, his wild eyes betraying his voice and Jimin knew he was simply turning the chase up a notch.

“This is not fair.”

“War is not fair, Jimin.” He replied flatly as he pushed his upper robe off to uncover his naked torso and then Jimin noticed the key tied to his neck. “Rogues are the worst.” He said and Jimin frowned. “A soldier, they’d kill… but an omega?” He wondered and then smirked. “An omega fox?” He added and Jimin swallowed thickly.

Jimin didn’t need him to elaborate; he just needed to confront Jungkook, let him know that he was weak, but still… he’d try. He moved swiftly watching the way the wolf’s eyes widened when he lost track of him for a second… Jungkook tried to follow and he gasped when he felt the necklace on his neck move.

He reached out and managed to wrap his big hand around Jimin’s wrist, but the fox reached with his other hand and ripped the chain off his neck with unusual force. Jungkook growled out and saw the way Jimin’s eyes glinted blue for a brief moment, a small hand raised, claws out, ready to tear the wolf’s face apart.

Jungkook was not scared… no, he had been through worst, but he was more scared when Jimin stopped an inch away from his cheek. The fear soon turned into anger and he roughly pushed Jimin away, making him collide with the nearest wall.

“What is it that you don’t understand?!” Jungkook snapped angrily. “I’ve been trying to teach you something, Jimin! Why is it so hard to understand?!” He glared down at the elder male and Jimin could only hold his gaze seriously.
“What do you want me to do? Do you really expect me to hurt you?” He asked in disbelief and Jungkook turned and paced around for a moment.

“You’ll have to! I need to know that you can do it!” Jungkook yelled again and Jimin averted his gaze to the side. “This whole thing won’t mean a thing if you can’t defend yourself. I can’t be at ease knowing you won’t fight back, Jimin.” He said calmer now as he flopped down on the wooden floor and sighed heavily.

Jimin stared at his wide tattooed back and after a long moment of hesitation he approached the younger and sat down next to him.

“I am sorry I ripped this off.” Jimin said as he handed Jungkook the necklace; Jungkook scoffed in annoyance as he grabbed the chain and stared down at the black stone and the key. “Jungkook-ah… I promise you I will fight back.” He said and Jungkook nodded not really appeased.

“Why can’t you fight me?” He wondered and Jimin thought for a moment and then decided to be honest.

“I already told you. I love you all too much. I can’t find it in me to hurt you… not even Yoongi-hyeong with everything that happened.” He admitted and Jungkook turned to him with a curious glance.

“Can you be true to me and tell me?” Jungkook asked and Jimin looked up into his eyes. “Do you truly love him?” He asked and Jimin felt trapped in his dark gaze.

“I think I do.” He whispered softly. “Love is a feeling that can die easily.” Jimin said and then averted his gaze to his lap. “I am trying to convince myself that Yoongi-hyeong and I are done, but that at some point he loved me just the same.” He felt his eyes burn, but he willed himself not to cry.

Jungkook’s nape prickled and he frowned slightly, but shook his head to get rid of the feeling. He took a deep breath and felt a bit dizzy, but he snapped out of it when Jimin spoke again.

“I’ve been wanting to know…” Jimin suddenly said as he tried to change the subject; he smiled softly. “Does a dragon mean something in the southern culture?” Jimin’s voice carried on to his ears and Jungkook nodded, but refrained from answering. “Is it good?” Jimin added and Jungkook pondered about the time he got the tattoo.

“A new beginning.” He finally said.

“Why would they tattoo a dragon on your back?” Jimin asked with a slight frown.

“It was a new beginning… I was not only an alpha anymore; I was a rogue, not a prince.” Jungkook explained and Jimin frowned deeply.

“You’re not a rogue.” Jimin said and Jungkook snorted.

“You wouldn’t understand it. Tattoos are nothing but a mark at the south. Something they give to the target. Tattooed people are supposed to be killed. You see a tattoo and you know that person did something to anger the leader, something big enough to be given a tattoo.” Jungkook explained and Jimin felt a shiver running down his spine.

“What did you do?” Jimin wondered nervously and Jungkook sighed heavily.

“Nothing I am proud of.” He mumbled in a low voice. “After that they gave me the tattoo and then… I killed Seunghyun’s father.” He said and Jimin swallowed thickly.
“What did you do?” Jimin asked again and when Jungkook glared down at him Jimin held his gaze without fear. Jungkook felt guilty, but he couldn’t do it.

Somehow it didn’t feel right to have Jimin’s anger and he would do anything to avoid such a scenario, but then again he, as a human, had a need to have someone know these secrets and accept him, telling him that everything would be all right. He needed Jimin to know and comfort him.

He could try it, but not with words… he was not good with words. He leaned over and used Jimin’s surprise to his advantage to push him down to the floor.

“Jungkook, don’t d-“

Jungkook pressed his lips against his and ignored the useless attempts to push him off, he grasped Jimin’s wrists with his hands and deepened the kiss opening his mouth over Jimin’s feeling the smaller body trembling under his.

The fox moved his legs and tried to push him off with his shins against his stomach; Jungkook let go of his wrists briefly to push his thighs apart and finally nestle his hips between them; Jimin immediately went to push at his shoulders, but just as soon Jungkook was grabbing his wrists again… this time his lips moved to his jaw and down his neck.

“Please, Jimin…” He begged with a deep voice and Jimin frowned. “Not you too…” He added as he got to the elder’s collarbones.

“W-what? N-not m-me too, what?” Jimin asked worriedly and then Jungkook loosened a bit his hold and kissed softly the skin he had been previously licking and biting.

“I can’t do to you what I did to those omegas…” He said against the white skin and Jimin’s breath hitched. “Do it, unless you want to die.” Jungkook said and Jimin frowned. “Yes, well… I was okay with dying. I told them to kill me.” Jungkook admitted and Jimin felt a sudden sadness sipping into his chest so fast that he almost choked on a breath. “Do it… unless you want the omega to die.” He added and Jimin closed his eyes tightly now comprehending. “I swear I tried to be gentle, hyeong… I tried, but… my ruts have never been kind to my companions.” He explained.

“Jungkookie…” Jimin breathed feeling his tears now prickling his eyes.

“You wanted to know why they gave me the tattoo?” He wondered with a bitter tone lifting his gaze to stare down at Jimin. “I was in my rut. Locked in a cell for the next two or three days, tied unable to tend my needs, completely alone. They waited until the third day, when I was gone, feral, completely rogue… they sent an omega to give me water…” Jungkook’s eyes turned even darker and Jimin could only wait. “I wish I could say I don’t remember, but it was like watching something taking over my body. I couldn’t be kind to her… somehow I…” He swallowed thickly. “I killed her too.”

Jimin’s loud sob reached his pointy ears, but Jungkook couldn’t stop the memories from playing on his mind; they had broken him on some inner level he wouldn’t ever heal.

“She was the old leader’s mate at the time… when he learned what had happened he ordered to tattoo me. I was only eighteen when that happened and after that it was a game to them… I had to kill or get killed.” He said and Jimin tugged on his wrists, Jungkook let him go and took a deep breath when his short fingers combed through his thick hair. “I killed him four months ago. The game ceased since I had killed their leader, but… to get to that point… I did so many things I am not proud of…” His voice was strained.
“I am sorry you had to go through that on your own.” Jimin said without stuttering; their bond felt so unstable at the moment that it made him nervous. “I wished I had been there to at least hold you and tell you everything would be fine. You did what you could to survive, Jungkook-ah…” Jimin continued softly.

“That woman… she didn’t deserve what happened to her.” Jungkook let his forehead fall on Jimin’s chest, he was not crying, but something was making him dizzy and it was frustrating that he couldn’t quite point out what it was.

“No, she didn’t. It was not her fault, but it was not yours either. What they did to you… it was not your fault.” Jimin felt guilty. There was no other way to put it, what had happened to Jungkook was his fault as much as it had been Yoongi’s and the king’s. “You are right…” Jimin said and Jungkook lifted his head slowly to stare at Jimin’s void face. “You have every right to be angry.” He whispered as more tears fell from his eyes.

Jungkook moved up with a deep frown and wiped the tears on one cheek with his thumb; Jimin pressed his lips in a thin line, trying not to succumb to the pain of being part of the problem.

“It doesn’t matter how many times I tell you I am sorry. My words won’t fix anything.” He said softly. “I can’t fix anything.”

He had told Yugyeom that he would fix his mistake, but he hadn’t known then the depth of Jungkook’s wounds; it was not only the scars marring his body, not the tattoo or the burnt mark on his chest… they had forced him to do evil, they had let him succumb to his most basic instincts until there was no stopping him.

He could only imagine how the young Jungkook must’ve felt once the rut was gone. The scarring moment in which he realized he had not only raped an unsuspecting omega, but also killed her… how many tears he had cried for him to be able to tell this tale without shedding even one.

Their biology was strange… and cultures were different from every region; maybe this hadn’t been a huge deal back in the south, but here it was and Jungkook, as much as he said he was a rogue, had known different. He had had contact with two brothers that had loved him deeply when they were kids.

Jungkook had known love before being placed in hell, his mind knew there were other ways to do things, but he was forced into a culture that had been living on basic instincts for longer that they could imagine.

“No, hyeong…” Jungkook shook his head and placed a soft kiss on Jimin’s cheek and then another at the corner of his lips. “You should tell me that everything will be fine… Don’t give up on me. Not you.” Jungkook said and kissed his jaw.

Jimin swallowed thickly and sobbed before nodding and somehow mustering a small smile through his tears and sadness; he cupped Jungkook’s face and ever so slowly he lifted his head form the floor and kissed him on the lips.

“I’ve got you…” He whispered over his mouth. “I’ve got you now, Jungkook-ah. I won’t let you go again.” He promised and Jungkook frowned deeply; he was still way too aware of Jimin’s feelings for Yoongi to believe his words. “We will be fine… somehow…”

…

“Are you okay?” Kai asked him and Jimin heaved a long sigh; they were both laying on the grass,
simply enjoying their company and tracing patterns on the green, plush carpet beneath them.

“I think… I think I might like Jungkook.” Jimin whispered softly not sure why he was telling this to Kai and not to Jimin, but then again she had been working in the kitchens too much lately to avoid running into Yugyeom.

“Ah… You say it as if it is a bad thing.” Kai supplied with a playful smirk.

“It is.” Jimin said without a doubt. “I once loved a prince… I know I care about him to this day, but… with Jungkook it feels too deep and too intense most of the time and I don’t know if I should feel ashamed…” He said and Kai frowned a bit.

“Why should you feel ashamed?” He wondered.

“Am I thinking too highly of myself to allow myself to love another prince? I am not that great to think I can have his heart. I don’t think he’d give me his heart.” Jimin closed his eyes as he let a realization hit him. “Obtaining Yoongi-hyeong’s heart was conditioned to making him an alpha and I failed him.” Jimin muttered and he only opened his eyes when he felt Kai’s hand on his.

“Obtaining Jungkook’s heart is conditioned to make him stronger, right?” Kai asked and Jimin swallowed heavily because he knew it was a possibility. “Conditioned to his revenge… to make him feel some sort of achievement over Yoongi.” Kai pressed and Jimin pulled his hand back from his.

“Or maybe he truly loves me…” Jimin said softly.

“Or maybe you feel you owe him that much.” Kai supplied; he had to step up his game because he had noticed Jimin’s scent had gotten stronger and he was pretty sure his heat was coming soon.

“It’s true I feel guilty for what happened to him, but… in my chest, what he makes me feel doesn’t feel new or unfamiliar. It feels like I had known all along.” Jimin felt his eyes burning as he sat. “Maybe I was the one playing with Yoongi’s feelings.” He’d feel even worse if he admitted to that.

“Jimin-ssi… didn’t you say you felt like the toy here?” Kai added getting closer to him and Jimin looked up into his dark eyes. Why was he making him feel so miserable?

The problem, Kai knew, was that it didn’t matter if he was a beta and mated already because Jimin just had that charm of his that made him so approachable. He reached out again for his hand and Jimin frowned at the action, now feeling his muscles tensing.

“I told you I’d be here no matter what, but you need to know there’s actually more for you out there.” Kai said and the intensity in his eyes had Jimin confused as to what he could mean.

Jimin’s ears twitched when he heard something behind him and he turned to try and discern something in the dark, but he was forced to look back to Kai by a hand on his cheek.

“Your friend Taehyung is here.” Kai’s words sunk in slowly and Jimin’s eyes widened so much a few tears ended up falling anyway, Kai leaned over and pressed his lips to Jimin’s ear. “He’s in the second house.” He whispered before standing and running.

Jimin heard the low growl, but he was completely gone with something else… Taehyung was here. He turned his head and saw Jungkook that was closing in on Kai, the beta was probably aware that he’d die, but Jimin couldn’t care less when he now knew Taehyung was there.

He pushed up and sprinted in the opposite direction… he had to get to the second house’s gate.
Jungkook would’ve loved to stay to rip the beta’s hands off, but when he heard Jimin running away he felt his priorities had changed; he turned and sprinted after him.

He should’ve known that something was up when Jimin slept it the first time; he was known to be an early riser and yet Jungkook had dismissed it as simple laziness. He should’ve known the omega would at some point realize Yugyeom needed to sleep and he didn’t trust anyone else with the task of guarding him. He should’ve known Jimin would be as careless as to befriend a soldier…

“Jimin, stop!” Jungkook bellowed unsure on why Jimin was running like this; he was faster than usual too. He felt panic settle on his chest when they made it to the open square at the front… the tall gate of the second house was his target and he watched as Mark moved just as fast jumping to stop the omega.

Jimin somehow managed to kick the captain on his face and sent him to the ground before climbing up the gate. He was still too far, but his eyes widened when Jiwon appeared out of nowhere and climbed the gate quite expertly right after Jimin, he grasped the omega’s ankle and Jimin kicked his face as well.

Jiwon didn’t fall and Jungkook knew it was only a challenge.

“No! Stop! Let him go!” He yelled; he’d rather chase after Jimin than have Jiwon trap him, but the rogue didn’t listen and when they got to the top he jumped right over Jimin. Both of them fell to the ground.

Mark rushed and pulled out his keys to open the gate so that Jungkook wouldn’t lose time climbing it. He was right on time before Jungkook flew past him and he tackled Jiwon off Jimin’s body.

Jungkook pushed Jiwon’s body on the ground, completely immobilizing him and Jiwon fought his body for a moment before finally settling and calming.

“It’s okay… I’m good.” Jiwon panted out and Jungkook hesitated a moment before removing himself from above him and making his way back to Jimin, the elder groaned in pain when Jungkook helped him turn making sure to move his deft fingers over his neck and vertebrae to make sure nothing was broken.

Once he was sure he noticed Jimin’s temple was bleeding.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing?!” Jungkook growled out at him so loudly that even Mark flinched; Jimin looked desperate as he fisted Jungkook’s clothes to get up.

“You don’t understand! I have to see him!” Jimin pleaded trying to stand, but when he did he got dizzy and ended up on his knees again. “I have to… please.” He tried pressing a careless hand against the wound on his head.

Jungkook didn’t know… he hadn’t heard their conversation and he assumed Jimin was talking about Yoongi. Not even a day ago Jimin had told him he’d never let go and now he was spouting this nonsense. He should’ve known he couldn’t trust anyone.

Jungkook pulled Jimin down with an accurate hit to the back of his head he had the elder falling limp against him. He picked Jimin up and held Jiwon’s eyes for a long moment; the rogue smirking.

“That is not mated.” Jiwon said as he stood from the ground. Mark frowned at how the rogue referred to Jimin and turned to look at Jungkook.

“Not yet.” The prince replied and then turned around to walk back to the royal grounds, he stopped
by Mark and sighed. “I want every beta lined up in the square tomorrow.” He said and Mark frowned.

“Sure.”

Jungkook walked back with Jimin in his arms and entered the bedchambers and made his way inside the bedroom stopping short when the mixed scents hit him and they made him sick… this place should only smell of him and Jimin, but there was the slight scent of Mark and the beta and also Jiwon…

Jungkook knew he might actually be sick, it was not a normal behavior, but he couldn’t help it when Jimin smelled like other people… his own scent was not present and he had the urge to make the fox smell like him.

He made his way to the bathhouse to cleanse the other free of those scents. He knelt on the floor and discarded both their clothes and then he finally slipped inside the warm water with Jimin’s back pressed to his chest.

With his nose pressed against Jimin’s nape, Jungkook made sure to get rid of all the foreign scents clinging to Jimin’s body. He had known all along that his sense of smell was stronger than most, but the pain searing in his chest at having Jimin smelling like other people was ridiculous.

He couldn’t help but lap at the side of his neck, even after washing it, he could still smell Jiwon and it had his wolf growling in anger… maybe he’d end up killing the rogue. Maybe he’d end up killing the beta.

He made sure the fox was clean from sweat and even washed his hair and ears; he noticed the bruises on his back, probably from the fall or the struggle with Jiwon, his wrists were bruised too…

He then dried them both and then carried Jimin to the bed, placing him softly in the middle… his eyes drinking the sight of Jimin in his naked glory, vulnerable and oblivious to his gaze.

He leaned over him and placed a soft kiss on Jimin’s clavicle… then he couldn’t stop and continued delivering soft kisses all around Jimin chest, feeling the fox’s heart beating against his lips and wondering how much faster it’d beat once he was fucking him.

His hands moved on their own to trace Jimin’s sides, brushing his thumbs over his ribs and then his hipbones… he felt the elder stir and then there were hands on his head, pulling at his hair softly. Jungkook lifted his gaze and saw the heavy blush covering Jimin’s face, his eyes glistening with something.

“W-why am I n-naked?” He wondered in a soft voice and Jungkook felt like simply devouring him right then and there.

“You smelled of them…” Jungkook said and Jimin frowned. “Mark, the beta… Jiwon…” He said and Jimin swallowed and nodded before reaching for the blankets to cover himself. “No need to cover yourself when you’re with me.” Jungkook said snatching the blanket and throwing it away. “Who was the beta?” He asked and Jimin sighed and averted his gaze. “Okay then…”

Jimin widened his eyes and gasped when Jungkook dipped his tongue on his bellybutton. He squirmed and tried to push the younger away, but ended up panting and trembling when the younger placed his big hands over his stomach and moved even lower.

“Jungkook, d-don’t…” Jimin couldn’t stop a moan from leaving his lips when Jungkook’s tongue moved over his hipbones. “Please…” He was losing sense of what was happening.
“You just made yourself known to one of the most cruel and strong rogues in the southern lands, Jimin… Do you even know how dangerous that is?” Jungkook asked and then ran his tongue over Jimin’s left groin, then moved to the right, bumping his chin on Jimin’s hardening member.

“S-stop…” Jimin tried, but ended up throwing his head back, his small hands wrapped tightly over Jungkook’s wrists.

“Jiwon will try to get you…” Jungkook said and breathed over the heated member, getting high on the scent.

“A-ah… p-please… Jungkook…” Jimin was sure he’d have a heart attack; last time someone had touched him like this was Yoongi during a heat and… and…

Yoongi.

Jimin sobbed hard and Jungkook looked up at him, seeing the tears streaming down his cheeks. He frowned and realized that even though he was crying his cock was still hard and red. Jungkook moved up his body and kissed Jimin’s forehead.

“It hurts too much…” Jimin cried, trying to even out his breathing and Jungkook nodded and wrapped his big hand around the other’s member making him jump.

“I’ll help you.” He said and Jimin buried his face in the other’s chest. Jungkook moved his other hand to push Jimin’s face, making sure they were staring into each other’s eyes. “You’ll look me in the eyes, Jimin.” He said and pumped his fist hard and in a steady rhythm.

Jimin wished he could say Jungkook was a bad person, wished he was not enjoying his touch so much, wished Jungkook hated him, but it was something really strong in his eyes… so strong that it scared Jimin how it pulled him in.

It was not long before he was whining and moaning in pleasure, unable to hide it, opening his mouth under Jungkook’s, succumbing to his fox’s desires and ways, Jimin stuck out his tongue and licked Jungkook’s upper lip, only the tip and then Jungkook fell over him, kissing him hard while fisting his cock in his hand.

Jimin moaned high inside the other’s mouth and came hard over his stomach with Jungkook’s hand still pumping him… when they pulled apart Jungkook’s eyes were red and Jimin’s were shining blue, an unspoken truth in them…

…

When Jimin woke up again it was almost noon, the day was warm and he felt a bit heavy, his bones ached and his skin felt sensitive to the touch. His heat was close, would probably hit tonight or tomorrow morning… He sat up and looked up when someone opened the door.

Jungkook walked in wearing a long red robe, no shirt under and the loose pants let Jimin know that the prince hadn’t left the bedchambers after what they had done. He felt shy still and pulled the sheets to cover his still naked body, this time Jungkook didn’t stop him and just slipped in the bed to place a tray with some tea and bowls filled with freshly cut fruits.

Jimin felt hungry, but he was also troubled by the fact his fox was so quiet, so uncaring about Taehyung’s whereabouts. He wanted to get to his friend, but he also understood that he first had to clear things with Jungkook.

“Eat.” Jungkook said and Jimin swallowed the bitter taste in his mouth before reaching for a cup of
tea; he sipped at it slowly and willing his stomach to calm down a bit so he could actually have some of the fruits.

The silence between them felt too thick, too heavy and suffocating and Jimin couldn’t help it any longer before he placed the cup down and then knelt on the bed, careful to hide his body. Jungkook frowned at him and saw his serious eyes.

“Jungkook…” He said softly and Jungkook felt annoyed, he grabbed his chopsticks and picked a piece of apple and then pressed it to Jimin’s lips; the fox blinked a few times before accepting it and munching on it quickly. He swallowed. “Do you remember Taehyung?” He asked.

“No. Eat.” Jungkook didn’t even questioned whom he was talking about as he pushed a piece of pear and Jimin munched on it fast before swallowing again.

“My friend… the one you found me playing with all those years ago in the teak forest.” He tried and once again opened his lips to accept another piece of fruit.


“I heard he’s here as a guard.” He said before accepting another fruit. Jungkook frowned.

“How would you know?” He asked instead, his eyes focused on Jimin’s lips.

“I heard it from a guard. Taetae is here and I just want to see him…” Jimin said and Jungkook shook his head.

“The beta. But I’ve gone through the lists a few times and I don’t remember ever seeing a Taehyung in my house or the barracks.” He explained and Jimin shook his head.

“Because he is in Yoongi-hyeong’s house!” Jimin said loudly, desperately.

“Is this why you tried to enter the second house?” Jungkook asked and Jimin nodded. “You made yourself known to a rogue just to see your friend?” He asked again and Jimin nodded again. “And you want me to believe it is not because you want to see Yoongi again?” He asked in a lower voice this time and Jimin took a longer moment to nod.

“I want to see Yoongi-hyeong again, but… Taetae too…” Jimin said lowering his gaze to the ground. “I want to ask him why he’s here as a guard…”

“Wouldn’t that be obvious if he really is here?” Jungkook wondered and Jimin frowned. “He’s here to get you back.” Jungkook said and sighed heavily. “You’re too naïve, Jimin.” He said and pressed a strawberry to his lips; Jimin accepted it with a frown. “Do you have reasons to believe that beta’s words?” Jungkook asked.

“I don’t have reasons not to.” He said and Jungkook was speechless; how could anyone remain that trusting after everything he had been through.

“Jimin… that beta probably wants you trusting him.”

“How would he know I had a friend called Taehyung?” Jimin bit back and Jungkook sighed picking a cherry.

“You don’t know deception. I need you to understand this, Jimin. You have to distrust people, learn to do it. No one is as honest and transparent as you are… not everyone has good intentions. Whether you like it or not, you’re special.” Jungkook said and when he lifted the cherry to Jimin’s lips the fox
turned his face away.

Jungkook stared at his annoyed face and then pondered for a moment.

“I will talk to Yoongi.” Jungkook said and Jimin turned to him with wide eyes. “I’ll ask him if he has a guard under that name and you will trust me and be patient.” Jungkook said; Jimin leaned over with hopeful eyes.

“When will you ask him?” He wondered with a soft voice and Jungkook hummed.

“After your heat.” He supplied and Jimin nodded letting his shoulders sag. “Jimin…” Jungkook’s voice had him lifting his gaze again and this time he did accept the cherry he was offered. “What if Taehyung is really here?” Jungkook asked.

“Then I want to see him. I want to know he’s fine and ask him about my mother and know what he’s been doing all these years.” He said excitedly and Jungkook nodded; a part of him knew he couldn’t compete with Taehyung, not at all… not when they had stolen his best friend.

“What if he wants you?” Jungkook asked and Jimin blinked several times; he looked a bit confused.

“Taetae and I were best friends… Our dreams were fantasies of kids.” Jimin said bitterly. “People change and I know I won’t meet the same Taehyung I did all those years ago.” He said softly reaching for a piece of pear.

“What if he wants to take you away?” Jungkook asked carefully and Jimin met his gaze seriously.

“You say it as if that was even an option.” He said and Jungkook frowned down at him; no matter how much he wanted Jimin to be happy, he knew that he couldn’t let him go like that.

“You’re right.” Jungkook conceded and then he stood up from the bed, he needed to clear his mind off things.

“Jungkook-ah…” Jimin called and the younger turned to look down at him. “You won’t harm Yoongi-hyeong, right? When you meet him? You wouldn’t, right?” He insisted and Jungkook walked away…

“Eat.”

…

Jungkook, Mark and Jiwon entered the cellar in the barracks a few minutes later and found the young beta sitting calmly in one of the cells; Kai looked up upon hearing footsteps and Jungkook despised the smirk that drew on his lips.

“How do you know Taehyung?” He asked and Kai sighed.

“I met him in the second house.” He replied honestly. “He told me about his friend, the mythic fox, Jimin.” Kai supplied in amusement.

“How long have you been meeting with Jimin?” Jungkook asked and Kai quirked an eyebrow.

“Six or seven days?” He pondered and Jungkook groaned.

“Why the fuck would you trust someone you barely knew?” Jungkook wondered and really wanted to smack Jimin in the head for being so stupid, but then Kai laughed and he cold only stare.
“You can’t blame him for that. It is in his nature to trust people… one of the reasons his race was killed, right?” He sad and Jungkook narrowed his gaze at the beta.

“I should kill you for disobeying explicit orders.” Jungkook said.

“Not yet, though.” Jiwon suddenly said as he came forward and wrapped his hands on the bars while staring down at Kai. “I’ve been following you…” The rogue smirked down at Kai that could only blink suddenly pale.

“What do you mean?” Mark asked.

“He’s meeting with someone else in the woods.” Jiwon said and Kai widened his eyes unable to hide his surprise. “He’s been reporting to an outsider in the woods behind the barracks. I know now because of his scent… since he’s a beta it was hard to track, but now I have no doubt it is him.” Jiwon said.

“Is he speaking the truth?” Jungkook asked the beta and Kai really wanted to go back to his usually composed self, but not with the rogue looking down at him like he was a piece of meat. “I guess that’s all I need to know.” Jungkook glared at the beta. “Whom are you reporting to?” He asked.

“Do you really expect me to tell you?” Kai wondered nervously with a trembling smirk, he stood with his back glued to the wall.

“Do you favor torture, then?” Jungkook asked and Kai swallowed thickly; he needed to buy time; everything would soon unravel, but no, he didn’t favor torture… at all.

“You don’t really want to harm me…” Kai said gaining confidence on his acting game. “Soon you’ll understand why I am here and if you touch a single hair on my head you will regret it.” He said calmly.

“He’s lying. Give him to me.” Jiwon turned to look at Jungkook and Kai swallowed thickly at the prospect; Jungkook continued to stare at Kai for a long moment.

“Not yet. We will keep you, but if you try anything… then Jiwon will be the one dealing with you.” Jungkook threatened. “Understood?” Kai nodded with a grimace.

“Understood, your highness…”
Yoongi wasn’t sure he’d ever want to see Taehyung again, at least not for another day. The morning after the night that Yoongi had gotten drunk, he had woken up tangled in another body, a much too warm body, tanned skin contrasting with his and a much too bigger frame.

Taehyung had clearly overstepped the boundaries and Yoongi should be mad, furious, but all he could be was scared.

He had liked the feeling of Taehyung’s body all around him, his rich scent and his warmth… he had liked the vulnerability of his eyes when he woke up and stared at Yoongi’s pale face in wonder, confusion… a bit of adoration too.

This was stupid. Yoongi should’ve been an alpha, but he had been punished and every irony that could come his way had come. His younger brother had presented as an alpha, he had been raped by an alpha… and now? Now he was weakening for an alpha.

No. This would not happen at all.

“You look troubled.” Yoongi looked up and was surprised to see his older brother approaching him; he looked older for his years and severely tired too.

“You look tired.” Yoongi said and welcomed his company when Seokjin sat down next to him; it was unusual for the princes to roam other house that was not theirs, but it was not prohibited.

“I am feeling unusually tired… it probably has to do with everything that’s going on.” He admitted and Yoongi nodded; no matter how much he hated Seokjin’s circumstances, somehow they had always gotten along when harsh times arrived.

“I heard that you were offered an alpha?” Yoongi questioned with a quirked eyebrow, he wasn’t supposed to talk about it, but Jaebum had told him so and he couldn’t pass the opportunity to know more.

“There’s something I dislike about that man, Yoongi.” Seokjin said seriously. “He travelled from a faraway island to do this? To tell me their leader wants to help?” His voice was disbelieving. “I am sorry, but I cannot simply believe it.” He said and Yoongi pondered about it too.

“You think there’s something he wants?” Yoongi wondered and Seokjin nodded.
“First of all… my trust, obviously. He obviously thinks that if I accept the certificate of ownership I will trust him.” He said and Yoongi nodded, glad to know his brother was so smart. “Namjoon-ssi can’t find much on the islands either, that worries me more.” He added and Yoongi hummed.

“If there’s actually something in the islands it’s new. A young government that probably has hard times and wants help from us.” Yoongi supplied and Seokjin shook his head.

“It doesn’t feel like it. As far as I know Yifan-ssi is nothing but a general to his government, but whenever he has spoken about his life there he never mentions any hardships. I don’t think his government or its people have any trouble living.” Seokjin sighed heavily.

“You must be really worried if you’re telling me this… I could play dirty with you and get you off the throne… Did you forget?” Yoongi asked seriously; Seokjin sighed again.

“I haven’t, but…” Yoongi turned to look at his older brother’s face and saw his troubled frown. “You’re my best friend.”

Yoongi blinked several times while he stared at the elder’s profile not knowing what to say or do because this was a sudden confession. It was charged with affection and last time someone had told him something so nice had been Jimin…

“I sometimes wish we weren’t royalty.” Seokjin added. “Free to be happy and love whoever we want to love.” He took a deep breath. “No resentment or pain… Remember that time we visited the market at the west? That time we first met Jimin?” Seokjin reminisced and Yoongi nodded. “Remember happy he looked running around the festival with his friend? So happy that even you were smiling and felt the urge to go and talk to him?”

“I remember.”

“I wish we could be like that now. I wish we could’ve been like that ever…” Seokjin felt his eyes burning and Yoongi frowned at the flare of the pheromones; the uncertainty and fear felt so real that he couldn’t ignore it.

“Yah… the crown prince shouldn’t be like this. Get yourself together.” Yoongi tried to console the elder, but Seokjin only smiled and nodded, his tears still falling.

“I want you to promise me something, Yoongi-ah…” Seokjin said with a calm tone, his eyes looking almost pleading and Yoongi could only nod. “When the time comes… promise me you’ll trust Jungkook.” He said and Yoongi frowned.

“Are you serious?” He scoffed loudly and Seokjin sighed heavily.

“Please… I know why I am saying this.” Seokjin said and Yoongi was about to protest again, but there was something really sad in his older brother’s eyes; some sort of resignation that made his heart clench. “Please, promise me you will trust him.” Seokjin added again.

“What the fuck is going on?” Yoongi asked in a lower voice supposing there could be guards around. “What is wrong with you?”

“I am trying to do my best… but… even a person like me has to accept his flaws and weaknesses.” He said solemnly and Yoongi stared in confusion.

“I swear… if you’re going to give the throne to that brat I am not going simply stand still and watch.” He threatened and Seokjin shook his head.
“I am just asking you a favor… I am still going to be the crown prince no matter what and not even Jungkook can take that from me.” Seokjin gave a small smile and Yoongi wasn’t sure how the small gesture could calm him so much.

He was about to say something when he felt the other presence and he looked beyond Seokjin to see his royal guard there… the young and wise Namjoon. Yoongi didn’t like him either, there was something about him and the way he looked at his brother that made him feel as if he was amiss of something.

“I am most sorry to interrupt, but I have to escort your highness back to his bedchambers.” Namjoon said with a clipped tone and Yoongi nodded not really comprehending his behavior.

The guard approached Seokjin who wiped his tears rather hastily and then stood up, he walked past Namjoon and then stopped briefly to look back at Yoongi.

“Good night, Yoongi-ah.” He called and then walked away leaving the second prince behind with a sinking feeling of disaster.

“Whoa… Your brother sure knows how to make one feel troubled.” Taehyung’s voice sounded from around the corner and Yoongi turned sharply to look up at him; he had been avoiding him and now the alpha was there.

“You should for once try to obey.” Yoongi said angrily as he stood and made his way to this bedroom, but Taehyung got in his way with a deep frown.

“Is this about the other night?” Taehyung wondered and Yoongi merely glared up at him; the younger scoffed. “It could’ve been worse!” He snapped angrily, not sure of his motives for such a feeling.

“Enlighten me.” Yoongi said calmly, crossing his arms over his chest, Taehyung glared.

“I could’ve marked you! I could’ve claimed you!” He growled out and Yoongi quirked an eyebrow.

“You’re so immature, Taehyung.” Yoongi said and Taehyung blinked in surprise. “All you think about is possession… Are all alphas like this or is it just a problem of upbringing?” He wondered watching how the alpha’s nostrils flared in anger.

“You don’t know what you’re saying and I suggest you don’t test my patience…” Taehyung warned him in a low tone, but Yoongi was fearless, so much that his impassive face only made Taehyung more eager to dominate.

“I don’t give a fuck.” Yoongi said stepping forward and making Taehyung walk backwards into the bedroom; the young alpha a bit unsettled by his open control of the situation. “You could’ve killed me, but you didn’t.” Yoongi said once pressing his index finger on Taehyung’s chest. “You could’ve raped me, but you didn’t.” Taehyung swallowed thickly. “You could’ve claimed me… but you didn’t.”

The darkened space was only visible thanks to the light of the moon filtering through the door; Yoongi was not scared of how much red he could see in the other’s eyes. He was not scared of Taehyung… he had wanted to die; there was no purpose of fearing anything else… besides Jungkook, maybe.

And what? Seokjin wanted him to trust Jungkook given the moment?

No. That was not going to happen… Yoongi still had pride and no, there was no way he would trust
someone that clearly wanted him dead.

“Stop playing with me. I don’t have time to spare, not anymore. If you want to do any of those do it now. Either kill me or rape me… maybe even do them all…” Yoongi even dared to smirk. “Do it backwards though… kill me the last, unless you enjoy fucking them dead.” He whispered and Taehyung widened his eyes in sudden fear of the second prince…

“Why are you even… What the fuck is wrong with you?” Taehyung wondered.

“Many things are wrong with me and you’re one of them.” Yoongi admitted; his face suddenly troubled as he stared up at Taehyung. “You start acting like you should… big, strong alphas are not supposed to fear betas.” Yoongi taunted in his low raspy tone.

Taehyung considered himself a really stupid alpha because he had fallen into Yoongi’s trap, but he was also really angry so he felt no remorse when he grabbed Yoongi’s bony shoulders and pushed him roughly towards the wall… the second prince hit his back and slid down to the floor in pain.

Taehyung moved fast and closed the door to the bedroom before turning around walking back to Yoongi… he stared down at the pale prince as he tried to stand back up with the wall as support.

The younger leaned down, he reached over and before he could even see it coming, Yoongi had lashed out and the three gashes embedded deeply on Taehyung’s left cheek from Yoongi’s claws. Taehyung touched his cheek and then looked down at the blood on his fingertips, renewed anger flaring inside him.

He roughly pulled Yoongi off the wall and slammed him against the floorboards; the elder groaning out loud and only moving again when Taehyung ripped the silky robe open at the front…

It was what he wanted he guessed… Taehyung looked too gone to stop now, his scent had gotten thicker too and the warmth radiating off his body was almost suffocating.

Still… he tried to slap the hands away and managed to scratch at Taehyung’s hands a bit before the alpha growled and Yoongi flinched, hissing in answer, not willing to surrender completely… that’s not who he was.

Taehyung moved his thighs over Yoongi’s and then took off his own clothes, loosening the sash around his hips and holding his pants up; he leaned over and Yoongi lashed out at his chest… blood was now mixing with his own scent, but he didn’t care, he grabbed the pale wrists in one hand and pressed them against the floor over Yoongi’s right shoulder.

“This is more like it I guess…” Yoongi still tried to pry his hands off, but had to admit defeat in the strength department.

When Taehyung moved off his body to pull down his pants, Yoongi kicked off and kneed Taehyung on his jaw sending him to the side and then scrambling away… or at least trying to, Taehyung growled as he lurched forward and wrapped his arm around his waist.

Yoongi scratched at his arm, but the younger didn’t care; he ended up ripping to shreds the rest of their clothes; his eyes roaming over the skinny body.

He had known all along that Yoongi was not muscly at all, his hipbones protruded and his legs looked longer than they actually were, his waist was narrow and he could feel his ribs under his arm, but he was still the most beautiful beta he had ever seen… one of the three most beautiful betas he had ever seen.
Something inside him softened at the vulnerability of the second prince’s naked body, next to his much bigger and tanned frame, Yoongi looked simply frail even if his mouth spat fire and venom. Taehyung longed to taste his tongue… just to make sure he wouldn’t die poisoned.

He got up from the floor and pulled the elder to the bed, lying him down and letting the light coming from the window cascade over him; Yoongi glared up at him, pure hatred and venom in his light blue eyes, but his beauty made Taehyung hurt in a divine way.

He swallowed a moan as he felt his own member hardening; was he sick to feel this way? Was it so wrong what the second prince made him feel? Was he betraying Hoseok? Was he betraying Jimin? He shook his head and climbed on the bed a bit surprised when Yoongi slapped his bloodied cheek.

He tensed in anger and turned his head slowly to look down at Yoongi that was giving him pure ice and then his red lips opened…

“Don’t look at me like that…” The elder said in a low tone that would probably never fit with his gorgeous face. “If you’re going to do this make sure to hate me…” Yoongi bit back. “I don’t want anything else from you…” He added and Taehyung frowned.

No. Taehyung shook his head once more… he didn’t love Yoongi, but he couldn’t completely hate him anymore. He wasn’t sure what he felt towards the elder, but he wouldn’t lower himself to simply rape the second prince.

“I beg your pardon, your highness… but we will do this my way.” Taehyung said slowly enjoying the blinks of confusion, but before Yoongi could hurt him again Taehyung grasped his waist and turned him around without much effort.

Yoongi felt cold washing over him at the blindness… not being able to see his face made memories come back to him and the hands on his body could pass up as the ones that had raped him a few years ago. He gasped and clutched the sheets in tight fists when the hands slowly moved to his hips and then long fingers pushed his cheeks apart… he closed his eyes tightly expecting the inevitable pain, but it never came…

His eyes opened wide when he felt something wet moving along his rim and with a sudden trembling body he turned his head over his shoulder to see Taehyung’s face buried in his ass. It should be disgusting… but when their eyes connected, Yoongi felt an unexplainable urge to shiver.

“W-what t-the fuck d-do you t-think –ah! T-think you a-are doing?!” Yoongi tried, but before he could say more he realized he was moving his hips back against Taehyung’s tongue.

He frowned at the sight… Taehyung’s skin was just so beautiful, he was so much bigger and warmer and everything he already knew, but now he really wanted him.

Taehyung hooked a finger on Yoongi’s rim to stretch him a bit and continued to push his tongue in and out of him… a growl slipping past his throat when his tongue finally tasted Yoongi’s natural reaction. He sucked on the puckered hole and hummed.

“Your highness tastes so good…” He spoke against the opening and watched it flutter in response.

“Yes, you should f-feel h-honored.” Yoongi was trying to clutch every last bit of dignity he had and hoped Taehyung wouldn’t leave him so hot and bothered.
“Of course…” Taehyung whispered before delving his tongue inside once more and pushing along two of his fingers, making sure to stretch him until Yoongi’s groans started to turn higher and longer.

“Move f-faster…” Yoongi said biting down in his lip as he rocked his hips back, glad that Taehyung was not holding him in place.

Taehyung hummed and did as told, hooking another two fingers and hearing the immediate response; Yoongi moaned loudly and pressed his face on the mattress to stop the noise, but Taehyung could still hear him. It pushed him to go faster and he pushed the four fingers inside ever so slowly watching any signs of discomfort, but the elder only moaned even louder.

“I think your highness is ready…” Taehyung’s voice rumbled against Yoongi’s hole before giving a long lick and a suck.

Yoongi was trembling and panting heavily, his cheeks blushed and his eyes glistening with pleasure… Taehyung leaned over and trailed a row of kisses up his spine… his big hands gliding on Yoongi’s sides. The elder shivered and moaned and then Taehyung was pressing his hot lips on his nape.

“I guess it can’t be helped since I am an alpha… right?” Taehyung asked with a clipped tone, his dark eyes glued to Yoongi’s profile and watched him nod. “That’s the only reason, right?” Taehyung asked again, the hopeful tone of his voice made Yoongi frown.

“W-what e-else would i-it be if n-not?” He asked and unconsciously moved his hips back, Taehyung’s thick member sliding between his cheeks. “You better hurry up…” Yoongi said and Taehyung gritted his teeth together, his hands wrapping around the pale neck and applying only a bit of pressure.

“If I remember correctly, his highness wanted to choke himself to death?” He wondered and Yoongi smirked, but his breath was cut off short when Taehyung slid inside him, slowly but surely. “So fucking tight…” Taehyung breathed out when he bottomed out.

“Shit…” Yoongi hissed out, not really in pain, but he felt so full it was hard to have space to think about anything else.

Taehyung started to move shallowly and Yoongi smirked when the hand around his neck tightened a bit again.

It didn’t take long for the alpha to almost pull all the way out and then slam his hips back forward, the drag of Yoongi’s walls made him growl and then he couldn’t stop, his thrusts turned frenzied and the hand around Yoongi’s neck tightened a bit more.

Yoongi coughed and Taehyung loosened his hold, getting a sick pleasure from the loud intakes of air
“Shit…” Yoongi groaned when he felt Taehyung’s cock getting bigger towards the base; he knew it could happen, but he was hoping it wouldn’t.

“Think you can take my knot, your highness?” Taehyung asked with amusement, but Yoongi couldn’t articulate an answer, he was honestly considering his options, but there wasn’t much to do. “We’ll find out I guess…”

Taehyung smirked and moved his other hand down to wrap around Yoongi’s member a loud whine leaving the elder’s lips.

“No… S-stop…” Yoongi tried when the knot caught on his rim and made him gasp in sudden pain. “It w-won’t f-fit…” Yoongi moved a hand back to try and push him off, but Taehyung moved them so that Yoongi’s front was lying completely on the mattress, his cock trapped between his body and the silky sheets. “N-no…” He couldn’t move much and he was completely at Taehyung’s mercy like this.

Taehyung moved both hands to spread Yoongi’s cheeks and watched his knot sag on his rim with fascination, he knew it must hurt with how red his hole was, but he didn’t care and simply continued until the knot slipped inside, but he pulled it out, enjoying the whines of pain coming from Yoongi.

“You feel so good, your highness… I think you can actually take my knot…” Taehyung taunted repeating the action a few times until Yoongi clamped down on him and he was stuck inside. “Yes… I bet you like it…” He whispered against Yoongi’s ear and he whined loudly as he shivered, the sheets beneath him soiling with his cum.

Taehyung chuckled and continued to move in short thrusts, his knot nestled snugly inside the second prince and he should’ve known that fucking royalty was different… he pressed as deeply as he could and came inside…

“You’d look so good carrying my pups, your highness.” Taehyung said and Yoongi scoffed weakly; that might be the only good thing of being a beta right now, not having to worry about birth control.

They stayed rather motionless… only Taehyung would rock his hips back and forth every now and then, his hands clasped on Yoongi’s hips, his eyes glued to the lower back of the second prince.

It was not until fifteen minutes later, when his knot had deflated that Taehyung finally pulled out and swiftly turned Yoongi around not giving him chance to say or do anything before finally kissing his poisonous lips.

Yoongi was taken aback for a moment before finally responding to the kiss for only a second before pushing Taehyung away… his eyes noticing the deep gashes on his cheek, but he didn’t regret it.

They stared into each other’s eyes for a long moment before Yoongi took a deep breath and then opened his lips…

“Jimin is in the third house… with Jungkook.”

…

Jimin woke up thrashing in the mattress, tangled in sheets and fabric almost drowning with how hot his skin was at the moment, how much it pricked and how much sweat was making the fabric of his robe stick like a second skin. He whined loudly, trying to disentangle the sheets form his legs…
He sat up and pushed, he felt his eyes tearing and he wasn’t so sure why; he blushed at the sight of the wet mess he had done. He looked around, trembling and hurting; Jungkook was not there, but his scent was and it made Jimin crave even more for him.

“No…” He said and then crawled to the edge to get out of the bed. He stood on trembling and weak legs and then made his way to the bathhouse, panting and trying to ignore the steady leaking of his ass hole.

He almost tripped a few times before he made it to the colorful tiled part with the showerheads; he lifted a tab and stood under the cold spring, letting his face receive most of it as it trailed down his hot body, he waited a few moments before his hands finally moved down to push the fabric of the robe off, letting it pool around his hips for the moment, he just needed to cool down somehow.

His hand still found its way inside the front and he grabbed his hardened member to pump it a few times, his mouth opening and his eyes glazing at the pleasure it brought, but soon it wasn’t enough and he ended up reaching back to press two fingers against his puckering hole.

He moaned loudly letting his torso fall over, his cheek pressed to the wet tiles… he pushed them inside and just like every time he had done this after Yoongi, he felt frustrated at how short his fingers were.

He groaned in frustrations closing his eyes and letting his forehead press against the cold tiles, his breathing ragged as he added another two fingers to try and compensate for not being able to reach his prostate.

He looked up when the water stopped hitting his skin and saw a hand on the tab; his eyes widened as he looked over his shoulder and found Jungkook there; the younger crouched behind him and Jimin vaguely wished he could feel embarrassed.

“Couldn’t wait for me, hyeong?” He asked and even though the question was meant to be amused, his face and his tone only portrayed only danger and Jimin felt a lump forming in his throat.

Jungkook reached down and grabbed Jimin’s wrist, pulling the short fingers out of the slickened hole and then brought them up to his own mouth, fitting one at the time and licking them clean.

It was more than Jimin’s heat addled brain could take and he ended up shivering and moaning loudly, his other hand pumping his small cock in earnest while he watched Jungkook lick his fingers…

“I did remember you smelled sweet…” Jungkook said and then swallowed, he was salivating like he was in front of a feast. “I always wondered if you tasted just as sweet.” He smirked and then sucked on the last finger.

Jimin was beyond words or comprehension at the moment and he could only breathe in and out in a ragged manner, his eyes too dark and glinting light blue at the edges.

Jungkook let go of the hand and pulled him upwards, making him squeal at the sudden motion. He undid the sash holding the robe around Jimin’s hips and then pulled on a towel before wrapping it around Jimin’s shoulders and rendering him unable to move.

“As much as I want to fuck you right now, I can’t let you catch a cold…” He said and Jimin whined, but when Jungkook pulled him up he could stare at the younger’s face.

“Y-you w-weren’t h-here when I w-woke u-up…” Jimin said softly, he was restless, but also unable to move much with the towel wrapped so tightly around his naked body.
“I am here now.” Jungkook replied and Jimin felt the avoidance to tell him more. He swallowed thickly when Jungkook reentered the bedroom… it had to be dawn, the sky on the windows looked too soft and purple to be midnight.

“Wh-where were y-you?” Jimin asked again, he didn’t care if Jungkook ignored him, but he felt the urge to keep on talking.

“Doing my job as the third prince, Jimin. I can’t stay here all the time…” He replied a bit too serious for Jimin’s liking.

The young omega could only stare up at Jungkook’s serious face; his dark irises brimmed with red, his scent overpowering and his whole countenance screamed danger and Jimin knew there was nothing he could do to prevent this from happening.

Jungkook leaned over him and pressed his hand flat on his chest; the fox gasped softly and as if by an unknown force, he closed his eyes and the moment seemed surreal, not fit for the heat of the moment.

Jimin suddenly felt calm… a serenity that was unusual in these moments and he tried to grasp it. The darkness of his mind suddenly transformed into a cold forest, a drizzle falling over him, he was naked, but even as cold as the place looked he was warm. He felt familiar with the surroundings and he was pleased to see his silver fox was too.

The animal was rolling happily in a small clearing with flowers of all colors, grass sticking to his fur, but Jimin felt he was happy and pleased, simply content of being there. Jimin felt a pleasant buzz in his body and he shivered when a huge black wolf walked right next to him.

He would’ve felt scared, but it was familiar and as menacing as it looked, Jimin knew the huge creature wouldn’t harm him. He watched the animal go to his fox and understood why his fox would let the animal nuzzle his neck…

He was brought back to reality ever so slowly… a nose nuzzling on his neck and his breath turned labored again… the fever was still there and the moment was broken, but never forgotten.

His mouth was dry and his whole body was burning; he could feel his cock hard under the towel and he worried he was leaking too much on the silky sheets.

“Jungkook…” Jimin said in a soft voice, a silent question made as the alpha pulled from his neck and locked his eyes with the fox’s.

Jimin stared at his face with fondness and his fox purred as he finally let his fingertips trace softly over his nose and lips; Jungkook had always been cute, but now he was handsome, terribly so.

He should’ve felt scared by the gaze filled with danger and lust, but his fox was only pleased at the sight. He squealed when Jungkook moved his face closer and nuzzled the other’s neck, right under his ear.

“You smell so good.” He growled out and his hands moved to interlace with Jimin’s over the mattress by his head.

“W-what was t-that?” Jimin asked in confusion while the other ran his nose up and down his neck, scenting him. Jimin let the sensation invade him, it was impossible to deny it felt good, but he needed to try and suppress the urge to let the alpha have his way with him.

Jimin tried to wiggle himself into a more comfortable position, but it was hard to push Jungkook off
when he had his hands pressed into the mattress and he could only try to move his legs under the heavy alpha.

Jungkook stuck out his tongue and lapped at the omega’s neck, it was like pouring peaches and cream on his mouth and it was perfect… just like he remembered, so sweet and perfect.

“Jungkook… w-wait.” Jimin tried, but his body was heating up too fast for his liking and he wanted to attribute this to how long it had been ever since he had been touched like this, but even then, he couldn’t think of Yoongi.

Jungkook’s scent of forest and rain was filling his nose and enveloping him completely, even if he wanted to be scared he couldn’t, his whole body and soul seemed to be in perfect tune to Jungkook’s, only his mind was hesitating, but he knew it’d be a matter of time before he’d be begging and that had him feeling guilty, the memories from long ago plaguing his mind.

“P-please…” Jimin begged and whined when the younger pushed his strong thigh between his and then the other until Jimin was fully opened to him.

“I’ll make you feel so good…” Jungkook said still with his face pressed against the heated skin of the omega. “You won’t ever think about Yoongi again.” He added in a growl and Jimin gasped at the hard grind of the alpha’s hips on his.

Jimin felt the slide of the long member, heavy and thick against his hipbone and he vaguely wondered if it would even fit inside his hole…

“J-Jungkook!” Jimin moaned; his breathing labored.

The alpha pulled up and roughly pulled Jimin’s legs up a bit; his peachy skin flushed in a light pink, just like his cheeks, his eyes were hooded, but the blue in them spoke volumes of how much his omega needed him.

He stared down at Jimin; it wasn’t as if this was wrong… Jimin was his and the omega knew it. Jungkook locked his gaze with his, he was still expecting the other to push him off or even cry at his actions, but the elder man simply stared up at him.

Jungkook enjoyed the way the other’s chest heaved up and down with every ragged breath, loved how he swallowed thickly from time to time, loved the look of pure lust in his eyes, loved to know it was for him and not Yoongi.

Jungkook felt anger at the thought of his brother… it was hard not to feel like Jimin had betrayed him, not to feel like Jimin had dared to let someone else touch him like this and the urge to make his anger known was hard to resist too.

Jimin felt like he couldn’t do a thing under Jungkook; it was unnerving and he could only hope he wouldn’t be hurt, but even at this moment and through the bond he could feel Jungkook’s anger, his pain and sorrow and he could almost swear he could hear the howling of his wolf inside his head.

“T-touch m-me… p-please…” Jimin said softly; it was more a reassurance to know the alpha still wanted him even if he was angry, and with those words, Jimin knew he was losing his grip on control.

Jungkook didn’t say anything; he only moved his hand over the elder’s thigh and to his crotch, when he grazed his cock Jimin bit hard on his bottom lip to prevent a moan, his eyes were still locked in Jungkook’s. The big hand moved lower and lower until Jimin felt Jungkook’s fingertips around his hole.
“Ah-!” He couldn’t help but moan, his eyes fell closed and he threw his head back; it felt so good, so, so good. “Please…” He breathed out.

Jungkook pushed the tips of two fingers inside him watching the other male’s face for any sign of it being uncomfortable, but even if he were, Jungkook wouldn’t care, Jimin was his and this was bound to happen.

“D-don’t do t-this, p-please d-don’t t-tease me…” Jimin tried when he felt the tips moving shallowly inside his hole.

“You’re so wet, Jimin…” Jungkook licked his own lips as he moved his eyes down and stared at the wet mess, his fingers were already coated in slick. “Do you want to know why this will be different?” Jungkook asked leaning over the elder to be closer.

“W-what?” He was confused and too focused on Jungkook’s teasing fingers.

“I’ll show you.” Jungkook smirked and slipped his fingers inside until his knuckles, Jimin’s eyes widened and his mouth opened in a silent scream.

Jimin was reduced to a stuttering mess when the other started to scissor his fingers inside, Jungkook was pleased and could only stare at his face. He started to pump his fingers in and out at a rough pace slipping in a third finger. Jimin moaned loudly and closed his eyes tightly.

“Do you know how long I thought about this moment, Jimin?” Jungkook asked over the moans and whimpers, Jimin was not in his right state of mind to answer anyway, but he did hear him. “How many times I dreamed of this moment?” Jungkook asked over Jimin’s moaning lips almost tasting the pleasure. “How many times I thought of you while fucking another?” Jimin yelled when Jungkook added a fourth finger.

The squelch was loud and the scent was so strong that every time Jungkook swallowed he felt like he tasted peaches and cream down his throat.

“So tight on just my fingers…” Jungkook’s breathing turned heavier. “Think you can take my cock?” He asked with a smirk. “Think you can take my knot though?” He asked amusedly and Jimin widened his eyes, he had completely forgotten about that detail. “Well… we’ll never know if we don’t try…” He said as if it was not a big deal.

Suddenly the alpha pulled his fingers out and Jimin snapped his head up to protest, but the sight of Jungkook pushing his fingers inside his mouth to taste him again was too much, his eyes rolled back at the sweetness and when he looked down at Jimin he saw the way he licked his lips.

“Want to taste yourself?” Jungkook asked and before Jimin could answer the younger was pushing his fingers in his mouth, Jimin sucked at the digits, tasted a bit bitter for him, but also tasted like Jungkook.

He didn’t have half a mind to wonder if what they were doing was right because it all felt too good to be true, Jungkook was somehow making the heat more bearable; the simple touch of skin on skin was taking a whole lot of the edge off his body. He gagged a bit when Jungkook pushed too deep…

“Fucking gorgeous.” Jungkook whispered pulling back his fingers to grasp his own cock and coat it with the slick.

“Please!” Jimin whined, his small hands suddenly reached out to grasp the alpha and Jungkook leaned over so Jimin could place them on his shoulders.
Jungkook lined his member and pushed swiftly inside cutting short anything Jimin could’ve said, his head thrown back and his nails digging on the younger’s skin. Jungkook pushed his thighs up against his chest folding the omega in half and then he started to move, fast.

Jimin gritted his teeth together and tried to withstand the attack on his body, he stared up at the alpha’s face between his knees… he felt like he had succumbed to some dark desire, some inner turmoil that was finally unraveling to give way to peace of mind.

“Come.” Jungkook said in a deep voice and Jimin’s eyes widened when the urge to come was unstoppable and he ended up coming between his thighs and stomach.

“Jungkook!” Jimin moaned when the other continued to assault his body with sharp thrusts, but Jungkook didn’t stop, a smirk drew on his lips again.

“I told you I’d show you, Jimin.”

Jimin’s voice was not working… he could only open his mouth wide, mindless of the drool slipping down his chin. It was as if there was no room inside his body for air or even his own spit and tongue. His knuckles turned white from how hard he was clutching the alpha’s shoulders.

“So fucking tight…” Jungkook growled down; he moved Jimin’s legs apart and then let his chest down until he was stuck to Jimin’s sweaty front.

Jimin’s furry thick tail was swaying lazily on his side. The message was clear: the fox wanted him, the human was probably just under the effects of the heat.

Despite this not being a romantic bond between them, Jungkook still felt the urge to kiss along Jimin’s neck, to lick his jaw and whisper sweet nothings to calm the tension and his tremors.

Jimin wondered why he could feel so soothed by the alpha’s words, by his presence, by his scent and his warmth, why? Why? They weren’t romantically involved, but Jungkook could still soothe his fear and pain with meaningless words.

Jimin knew it deep down that Jungkook didn’t love him… this was just revenge for him, but in the midst of his heat, he couldn’t feel hurt, even less when it felt so good. Yes, it hurt a lot, but something about Jungkook was definitely different from Yoongi. His simplest touch made the edge of the heat recede.

Yoongi… Yoongi had never loved him either.

Jungkook continued to move and Jimin’s voice was way too high and unsteady, but it was okay, Jungkook could get used to it, the drag of his cock along Jimin’s walls threatened to make him finish too soon.

Jungkook had had his fair share of omegas in heat, some willingly, some not so much and he had always tried to be gentle, but his ruts were not the kind to be solved slowly and gently. This was not even his rut, but he felt like pounding Jimin through the mattress.

“Ju-Jungkook-ah…” Jimin breathed out when the younger picked up a faster pace, his sharp hipbones colliding harshly against Jimin’s soft skin.

“Do you understand now? You’re mine.” He bit down on Jimin’s ear and felt him tightening around his member. “Fuck… How’s this?” Jungkook asked, his hot breath fanning over the other’s face. Jimin replied with another high moan. “I am going to knot you now.” Jungkook felt the base of his cock swelling and he smirked at the first time it snagged on Jimin’s rim.
“Ah-! Ju-Jungkook! Pl-please!” Jimin begged and now there were tears running down his heated cheeks. Jungkook shushed him softly, but the knot continued to snag every time he pushed in and out.

“It’s okay… you can take it. You’ve taken my cock so well…” He said and continued his rough pace, a sick part of him enjoying the tears, the other part screaming in pain at the sight.

“N-no… n-no, I c-can’t… p-please!” Jimin said now sobering up from the heat in fear of severely damaging his body; he swore he was going to break in half if Jungkook continued this.

“I guess Yoongi was not that good…?” He taunted, but suddenly the knot got stuck inside and the pull made Jimin whine louder, Jungkook knew that was his cue to stop pulling it out and pushing it in.

Jimin felt boneless as he felt the knot bulging inside his hole, heavy and pulsating against his prostate… felt so good and hurt so bad at the same time. He didn’t seem to realize he was rocking his hips on Jungkook’s cock and the younger did the same in quick motions.

“Let us check how you’re doing, hyeong.” Jungkook said and looked down at Jimin’s cock. Jungkook’s hand wrapped around his small cock and tugged on it until he felt the fox’s hole constricting around his knot.

“Come for me, Jimin.” Jungkook whispered and it was like pulling a trigger again. Jimin’s small cock spurted his release on his navel, some catching on the alpha’s fingers.

“Oh G-God…” Jimin breathed out and then, after a few shallow thrusts he felt the big cock inside his hole jolting, he could feel the warm release coating his insides in heavy, thick whiteness.

“Such a good little fox…” Jungkook continued to rock his hips and Jimin would whine every now and then, he was feeling too high, too good, too full, he’d let Jungkook do whatever he wanted right now and he wouldn’t even know.

In the haze of the heat, Jimin noticed several things; they were stuck, he could feel Jungkook’s cock jolting inside him and cum spurting from it, his fox was completely silent at the moment and the heat was not that unbearable.

He gave a soft breathy whine when Jungkook moved and the knot pressed hard on his prostate… the younger shifted for a more comfortable position and rested over Jimin’s body… the elder was not fazed by the proximity.

Jungkook leaned over and kissed Jimin, letting his tongue glide over the fox’s… still expecting the elder to push him away or cry in protest, but it never happened…

One thing didn’t happen even after the third day of Jimin’s heat…

Jungkook still managed to knot him every single time he fucked the fox against any surface in the royal quarters and Jimin wouldn’t complain because it was a rough difference from how it had been with Yoongi.

Jungkook was rough, he was sharp and merciless when he was fucking him, it was how he was in every aspect of his life, actually. He never let Jimin think he had the upper hand, but Jimin couldn’t hate him for it… when Jungkook was not fucking him hard, he was cuddling him. Literally.

When the knot tied them for the next thirty minutes, Jungkook would pamper him with kisses and sometimes Jimin wondered if the younger knew he was doing it, he would hold him close and then
would spoil him with food, all the sweets he thought the omega shouldn’t eat on any other occasion. Then he would carry him to the bathhouse and he’d groom him in the warm pool.

By the end of the third day Jimin was plenty satisfied even if he hurt in all the right places, it hurt to walk and sit and he had resorted to sleeping on his front with Jungkook’s right hand tracing soft patterns on his lower back.

In the dead of the night Jimin was finally out of his heat and feeling light… he thought he’d feel bad, guilty and used, but no. There was not an ounce of his body that felt abused… maybe only his hole, but that was normal.

Still… one thing didn’t happen and it had the omega confused.

“You didn’t mate me.” He whispered softly and Jungkook’s fingers stopped briefly before resuming their movements.

“I claimed you. It should be enough, for now.” Jungkook replied; his voice low. Jimin turned his face to look at him, but the younger was focused on his own hand moving over Jimin’s skin. “Are you that eager to be mated to me?” He asked, but the smirk didn’t reach his eyes.

“What’s stopping you, Jungkook?” He asked curiously and then the alpha stopped and turned on his back to stare at the ceiling a loud sigh signaling his annoyance with Jimin’s questions.

“Nothing is stopping me, Jimin.” He said in a condescending tone. “I am prioritizing. I have a war to take care of.” He concluded and then turned to give the omega his back. Jimin hummed softly staring at the tattooed dragon on his wide back.

“Jungkook…” He called and reached his fingertips to run through the lines drawing the wings of the mythical creature, the alpha hummed. “You said you’d talk to Yoongi-hyeong about Taetae after my heat…” He said and the alpha sighed again.

“I know.”

“Will you actually do it?” Jimin held his breath and it seemed like an eternity before Jungkook spoke again.

“Yes, Jimin. I actually keep my promises.”
Jungkook didn’t need permission to enter another house, this was pretty normal, but he was amused nonetheless, to see the surprised look Jaebum through his way when he entered through the main gate of the second house.

The captain and other guards that were with him at the moment, looked at him with surprise and a bit of fear in their faces; Jungkook smirked.

“Your highness.” Jaebum said and bowed deeply, the other guards followed to the same and then Jungkook stopped before the man.

“I am here to see my brother.” He announced and Jaebum frowned, unable to stop his nose from inhaling the other scent mingling with Jungkook’s.

The younger prince felt annoyed at the long sigh Jaebum let out and then the look of pure disappointment marring his face. Just like Mark, Jaebum was someone that Jungkook used to look up like a brother, but it was high time the captains understood he was a prince and the only alpha the king had.

“Leave us.” Jaebum said and the guards bowed again and then trotted away from the pair, leaving them alone and Jungkook frowning deeply at the open display of authority.

“What?” Jungkook couldn’t help but bark out the question, feeling like a haughty kid and this was not how he should feel, but Jaebum was that kind of person.

“Jungkook-ssi. I will kindly ask you not to do this. Your brother has barely started to get better for you to come here reeking of the fox.” Jaebum said and the biting tone had a low growl rattling the prince’s chest.

“He has a name and I suggest you use it.” Jungkook snarled in a low tone and Jaebum frowned, but nodded. “Whatever Yoongi has been through cannot be compared to what he put me through, so… move aside or escort me to his whereabouts now.” He ordered and Jaebum sighed heavily.

“Does your father know that you’re here?” He asked and Jungkook took a step closer, but the captain was not scared… not yet.

“Move… aside.” Jungkook said and Jaebum recognized the tone, the commanding tone that only rogues used these days. The other alpha couldn’t help but swallow nervously.

“Follow me then.” Jaebum decided and then turned to walk inside the mansion.

Jungkook glared at his back and followed him inside the long corridors that he had loved when he was a kid… Yoongi’s house had been one that he had loved dearly and he could almost see his younger-self playing around with Jimin on every corner of every garden.
The second house now looked a bit pale and stale. The light was gone with Jimin… or maybe it was just Jungkook’s light. He took a deep breath and watched as Jaebum turned a familiar corner and then they were right in front of what used to be Jimin’s bedchambers in this house.

He blinked several times and noticed this was the only garden that looked well cared for and the tree was still there, huge and filled with green for the season. It took him a moment to realize Jaebum had stopped right in front of the bedroom’s door.

He frowned and watched him knock a few times.

“Your highness, the third prince would like to speak to you.” Jaebum announced and the silence was long and heavy before the door slid open and Yoongi appeared.

He looked completely confused by Jungkook’s presence there, but the younger couldn’t really care if he was scaring the daylights out of him. Yoongi looked frail and pale like he had ever been and now Jungkook wondered why he had always made his older brother look so menacing inside his head.

Yoongi’s nose twitched and Jungkook saw a pained look cross his eyes before a guilty feeling settled on his features. Jungkook’s nose itched at the scent of another alpha lingering and overlapping Yoongi’s soft scent of winter and snow, but he was not here to comment on it.

“What do you want?” Yoongi asked, serious and distant… scared.

“Should I leave, your highness?” Jaebum wondered and Jungkook was about to voice his agreement when Yoongi spoke.

“No. You stay.” He commanded and the younger prince sighed, but didn’t comment on it.

“I’ll make this quick. I heard you have an alpha named Taehyung in your barracks.” He said and Jaebum frowned at the mention; he vaguely hoped it was nothing about how obvious the scent was lingering on the second prince.

“Oh? Do you remember him?” Yoongi wondered not sure how the news had reached the other prince’s ears when not even Seokjin knew.

“I do. I need to talk to him.” Jungkook replied and watched the confusion on both males’ faces.

“Why?” Yoongi asked honestly curious.

“We think he might be acquainted with a traitor.” He said and both males blinked in surprise, probably unable to picture Taehyung associated with such people. “A beta, in our barracks, has been reporting to someone outside the mansions. He also mentioned Taehyung to Jimin.” Jungkook explained and Yoongi’s eyes widened.

“Jimin knows about Taehyung?” He wondered feeling a bit faint. What would happen now?

“Yes, he does.” Jungkook scanned his brother’s face for any kind of reaction, but Yoongi only seemed confused. “In any case… I promised him I would talk to you about Taehyung, but since he might be associated with the traitor I cannot trust him.” Jungkook added.

“No. You got that wrong. Taehyung is not that smart to get in touch with the wrong people.” Yoongi didn’t realize the moment he started to defend Taehyung. “You should know by now that Taehyung is here to kill me and retrieved Jimin.” He added and Jaebum gasped with wide eyes.

“I don’t doubt it, but Jimin is mine. At this point I cannot care less about old childhood stuff. If
Taehyung is in any way tied to the traitor then he will be hung.” Jungkook said and Yoongi snorted.

“Taehyung is of my property right now. You have no right to barge in here and demand for him.” Yoongi said and Jungkook frowned and cocked his head to the side.

“Are you compromising our family by protecting a traitor?” Jungkook wondered and Jaebum cleared his throat.

“With all due respect, your highness…” He said addressing Jungkook and the younger prince glared at him. “I keep a close eye on Taehyung-ssi and I can attest to his innocence. Who’s the beta you have imprisoned?” The captain asked.

“He goes by the name of Kai. Mark told me he was from this house.” He said and Jaebum nodded.

“Yes, we talked before about him. He might’ve escaped Mark’s eye, but that doesn’t mean Taehyung has something to do with it.” He said.

“I’ll get this to the first house then and let the king and crown prince decide what’s better.” Jungkook said and Yoongi tightened his fists.

Yoongi was furious and couldn’t help but wonder how Seokjin expected him to trust Jungkook in the future when the younger came barging into his house to demand things like he owned everything and everyone on sight.

“If you don’t want me to involve our father and Seokjin then you will give me Taehyung by the end of the day tomorrow.” He said and then turned around and left the second house.

“This brat!”

Jimin, the maid, was wringing her fingers together while she waited outside the cellar under the barracks; she was honestly scared of whatever that could happen right now, but Jimin, the fox, was such a stubborn person that she had no choice but to follow his orders.

When she had come later to deliver his breakfast after Jungkook had left she had guessed she’d have to tend a traumatized young fox after three days of heat with none other than the third prince, but Jimin was fine… far too fine for it to be real, but she didn’t question much.

When they got to eat she told him everything that had happened after he entered his heat and how Jungkook had interrogated and threatened Kai. Jimin was surprised and had immediately asked her to take him to the cellars while Yugyeom was visiting the bathrooms.

She knew she should’ve said no, but in the end they had somehow managed to get into the barracks without anyone noticing and now she was guarding the door… only now realizing that if anyone were to come she wouldn’t be able to conjure any believable lie.

Jimin was staring down at the pitiful sight of Kai; he looked tired and worn, he wasn’t hurt, which was good, but it was obvious he hadn’t have had much to eat or drink and it pained him. Jimin crouched and pulled a small bag they had brought as an afterthought; it contained a small bottle with water, an apple, a few pieces of bread and some meat.

“Here…” Jimin crouched against the bars and extended the water bottle.

The beta smiled weakly and moved forward grasping Jimin’s wrist with force and then reaching for
the bottle with his other hand, never letting go of the fox, not even while he drank… his dark eyes trained on the omega.

“I’ll talk to him and get you out of here… He can’t lock you just because we were talking.” Jimin said and Kai coughed before chuckling a bit and reaching for the apple in the pouch. He bit down on it and munched a bit, his hands still holding Jimin close.

“I am not here for that, Jimin-ssi.” He said and then moved his eyes all over Jimin’s frame, focusing on his neck free of mating marks. “He claimed you, but refused to mate you.” He said and Jimin blushed…

He had realized that no matter how much he scrubbed his skin, Jungkook’s scent was sticking to his body like his own. Everyone could tell.

“Why are you here then?” Jimin decided to focus on something else and Kai smirked.

“Because I have friends outside the royal grounds… Can you believe it? I can’t have friends anymore…” Kai said and his voice took a dramatic hint that made Jimin’s ears twitch.

The young fox cocked his head to the side with a light frown. Jungkook often said not to trust people and to question everything he was told… why was he doubting Kai though? The beta had only been friendly with him… Kai had never hurt him… if anything the young beta had always looked eager to help him.

Jimin opened his eyes a bit more at a sudden realization… his mouth opened slightly too as he stared at Kai’s deep eyes… The beta noticed the subtle change and when he tried to step back, Jimin was the one to grab his wrist to prevent him from leaving.


Jimin could cut the tension with a knife, but he felt he was close to something; it felt bigger than anything he had touched before… the way Kai was looking at him made him shiver at the secrets hidden in his eyes.

The beta moved closer, wrapped his hands around the bars and looked around to make sure no one would hear him… no one but the fox and when he was sure he pushed his face between two bars to be as close as possible to Jimin’s face.

“Because you deserve better, Jimin-ssi.” He said and Jimin felt pinpricks on his nape, a sudden pain coursing through his head and he was so scared that he pushed himself away from the bars, away from Kai. “Are you okay?” Kai asked with a frown.

“Jimin-ssi! Are you okay?” The maid heard the noise and rushed to the fox’s side with worried eyes and the she glared at the beta. “What did you do to him?” She asked and Kai shook his head. “Let’s go.” She helped the young fox up and Kai watched them go, but before they were completely out he talked again.

“If you truly want to know why you can trust me then you will prevent Jungkook from killing me.” Kai said and Jimin turned to look at him over his shoulder with a deep frown.

“Don’t talk to him!” The maid snapped and then pulled Jimin out of the cellars and towards the mansion, glad that no one had actually noticed them.
“There is not much time.” Hwasa said as she stared up at the crown prince with a stoic expression, she knew she didn’t have to freak out for Seokjin to understand the implications of her update on the enemy’s side.

Seokjin liked Hwasa, she was really efficient and worked silently; she was really loyal too and he trusted her… maybe even more than he trusted Namjoon with these tasks. Sometimes he feared the alpha would hide information just because he wanted to protect him, but not Hwasa.

“I think we stand a chance in negotiating with the north.” Seokjin said and eyed her and she nodded. “Yes. Not the south though. When they get here, and they will… they will tore this place apart.” She said seriously and Seokjin nodded pinching the bridge of his nose. “My suggestion stands. We should lock the princes and anyone else that we cannot trust.” She said and Seokjin smiled kindly at her.

“Would you lock your sister if you were in my place, Hwasa-ssi?” He asked and the woman lowered her gaze for a long moment before squaring her shoulders. “If I were in your place… I would.” She stated and Seokjin nodded, but he couldn’t.

“I am going to ask you to do a very difficult task, Hwasa-ssi…” He said and she frowned slightly before nodding. “I am going to ask you to please… trust my brothers.” He said and she tightened her jaw.

“I’ll have to deny that order, your highness. It is no secret amongst the houses’ soldiers that war could divide us and everyone has already picked their loyalties.” She said and Seokjin sighed heavily.

“But you. Not Namjoon… I cannot have you picking sides.” He said and she felt troubled, wishing Namjoon were there to talk some sense into the crown prince’s head. “Coming the moment we will stand a better chance together.” Seokjin added and then stared at the map Hwasa had just updated on the enemy’s position; they were close to the border.

“Your highness… I really hope that you know what you’re doing.” She said and Seokjin took a deep breath.

“I hope so too…” He said softly. “When is Yoongi’s uncle arriving?” He asked and she blinked out of the previous conversation.

“Tomorrow. He asked to meet with the king first.” She said and Seokjin nodded and then eyed her worriedly.

“You got that information from Jongup?” He asked and she nodded. “Be careful… as much as my father trusts him with his life I wouldn’t with mine.” He said and she nodded.

A soft knock was heard and Seokjin rushed to hide the map and the papers Hwasa had brought with her; she turned to the door and Seokjin spoke to let the guest know they could step in… his eyes widening at the sight of Yifan.

“I hope I am not interrupting?” He said with his perfect smile and Seokjin shook his head and then turned to Hwasa.

“Thank you for your help, Hwasa-ssi. I’ll contact you later.” He said and the woman bowed before stomping out of the room with a guarded look directed towards the foreigner. She didn’t trust him.
When the door closed Seokjin realized he was left alone with the alpha and that did nothing to calm his nerves. He had avoided this very scenario and now he had dug his own grave… he locked gazes with the older man.

“You are a busy man, Seokjin-ssi.” Yifan said as he decided to pace around the studio with a curious gaze. There were many books there about politics, economy and history. “I feel like you’ve been avoiding me though.” He smirked.

Seokjin would’ve scoffed… he could think of many people that thought he was avoiding them, but he was honestly busy, trying to prepare for a war that was not supposed to happen.

“There’s an pending war, Yifan-ssi. I trust you’ll understand that I have no time for pleasantries.” He said politely, but letting the man know he was not a pushover.

“No, not pleasantries. Trust me.” Yifan said suddenly serious. “I feel like I’ve been missing most of everything and even though I appreciate your father like my own it is not the same to hear the tales from him.” He explained. “I am here to serve you.” Yifan said and Seokjin grimaced at the words.

“I have no tales to tell… I believe my father must’ve explained to you the estranged relationship I have with my brothers.” Seokjin replied carefully. “Every other detail is meaningless.” He stated, but watched the knowing look Yifan was giving him.

“I am not your enemy as much as you want to think so.” Yifan said and the crown prince felt sweat breaking on his back from how nervous the man made him. “I am not interested on your affair with that guard.” Yifan said and watched how tense Seokjin became. “Every royal story has an affair.” Yifan smirked as he continued to walk around. “It is not fun if the royalty are too perfect.” He sighed heavily.

“What do you want?” Seokjin felt anger surfacing now that there was not much to hide from him.

“I want you to trust me, Seokjin-ssi.” Yifan said simply. “I won’t tell your father about it… trust me.” He said softly and his face was void from the smirk.

“Why is it so important that I trust you?” Seokjin wondered not really comprehending.

“I like you.” Yifan said in a flat tone and the silence fell over them like a heavy blanket; Seokjin shook his head slowly. “You are everything I look for in a mate.” He added as if he was speaking about weather. “But as I said… I am well aware of your affair and I know you are probably under that alpha’s spell.” He added.

“No. You are after something. You think I am naïve enough to believe you traveled from a faraway land to tell me you like me when you don’t know me?” Seokjin was seriously offended. “I am not under anyone’s spell.” He stated angrily.

“Words travel with the wind, Seokjin-ssi. I didn’t need to know you to feel attracted to you.” He continued approaching the annoyed omega. “I am just saying that I would like to get to know you… hear your own words and not your father’s.” He said standing only a foot away form Seokjin. “I want to help you win this war… I want you to be king.” Yifan said seriously.

“Why?” Seokjin whispered.

“Because you deserve it.” Yifan said and the words reached deep into Seokjin’s heart, because at the end of the day he knew he was an omega and he knew his people still doubted him at times, but ever since he arrived Yifan had always told him how amazing he was as an omega. “You will be a great king, the best this forsaken land has ever seen.” He said and lifted his hand to trace Seokjin’s cheek.
The touch had his gut turning in guilt and he recoiled from it, the image of Namjoon in his head was too bright.

“You know your place… you are not willing to let an alpha tell you otherwise. I think… I think you’d do anything to show omegas how valuable they are.” Yifan said and Seokjin inevitably thought of Jimin; how he wanted to help Jimin get out of this damned palace that was wilting his life away.

Jimin…

Seokjin’s eyes widened as he remembered that Jimin’s heat was supposed to be this week. He turned around and opened a drawer of his desk and pulled out a small notebook, he flipped a few pages and saw the date…

“Jimin…” He whispered in sudden fear… he had missed Jimin’s heat and now Jungkook had probably mated him without his consent. How could he let this slip? He was such a bad friend. “I am most sorry, but I just recalled something, Yifan-ssi. I need to be somewhere else.” He said messily tucking the notebook in the drawer and then moving to the door.

Yifan frowned, but followed him outside the studio and watched as he closed the doors in haste.

The older man watched Seokjin go with a fast pace down the hall… his eyes moving then to the closed doors and then again to the place Seokjin had walked over.

“So… the fox’s tale is actually true…” He hummed in thought. “Jimin…”

…

In no time he had reached the third house and he was so upset about his argument with Yifan that he completely ignored the bows he received from other soldiers there. Seokjin walked inside the mansion not really caring, Jungkook hadn’t asked for more staff even though he had a big house to tend for… he was still sticking to the same few people of all time.

Seokjin stopped when he arrived to the royal quarters and saw Yugyeom there; he was alone, but his duty was clear… guard a door.

“Yugyeom-ssi.” Seokjin called and the alpha tensed before bowing deeply.

“Your highness.” He greeted back and Seokjin approached, but made no move to enter the place.

“Is Jimin-ah here?” He asked and the alpha nodded. “Is Jungkook with him right now?” Yugyeom shook his head. “I am afraid to ask, but… Is Jimin-ah on his heat?” He asked and Yugyeom sighed this time making sure to look at Seokjin’s eyes.

“No, your highness. Jimin-ssi’s heat finished last night.” He said and Seokjin swallowed thickly and nodded in comprehension; he was scared to go inside and see something terrible. “Jungkook-ssi didn’t mate him though.” Yugyeom added and Seokjin frowned deeply.

“He didn’t?” He felt a bit of hope at those words, but that didn’t mean he hadn’t hurt Jimin in any other way. “I have to see him…” Seokjin said and Yugyeom moved to stop him. “Has Jungkook given you explicit orders of no one allowed here?” Seokjin asked and Yugyeom nodded, the crown prince sighed heavily. “I won’t go inside if that means going against Jungkook’s orders, but could you please call Jimin-ah? I promise not to cross the threshold.” Seokjin smiled and Yugyeom sighed in relief and opened the door to the royal quarters.
Seokjin merely knelt down, waiting for Jimin to come back. Suddenly he heard rushed soft footsteps and then saw the whirl of blue when Jimin came running into his arms dressed in a blue robe. Seokjin held him tightly, glad to know he was fine… only completely drenched in Jungkook’s scent, but fine… alive and looking healthy.

“I’ve missed you, hyeong!” Jimin said with a wide smile as he moved back and knelt in front of him inside the place… Yugyeom stood to the side; it was the guards’ way to give privacy when they had to guard someone.

“I’ve missed you too, Jimin-ah…” Seokjin admitted too and ruffled Jimin’s soft silver hair. “I am sorry I completely forgot about your heat.” He apologized and Jimin shook his head with a small smile.

“I am fine… and hyeong, I am sure our Jungkookie is somewhere beneath the surface…” Jimin said excitedly, his silvery eyes brimmed with blue and Seokjin had to frown at the sight.

“That’s good to hear… He didn’t mate you so… I believe you, but you have to be careful, Jimin-ah.” Seokjin said and the younger nodded. “You have been drinking your medicine, right? You didn’t stop?” Seokjin pressed and Jimin nodded.

“I am taking it. As much as I didn’t think this would happen I knew it was a possibility, hyeong… I never stopped taking the medicine. Don’t worry.” Jimin said and Seokjin heaved a sigh of relief. Having a pregnant fox was something they didn’t need at the moment.


“He’s… busy with other things.” Seokjin excused.

“What’s going on? Jungkook-ah never say much on what is happening and I am starting to worry.” Jimin said and Seokjin nodded.

“Jungkook won’t let anything happen to you, Jimin-ah. Don’t worry too much.” Seokjin said and heard the disgruntled noise Jimin made, he smiled. “We are going through some hard times right now and we are preparing for the worst.” Seokjin said and Jimin frowned.

“What is the worst that could happen?” He asked softly.

“War, of course.” Seokjin said. “The south is moving already, I think their current leader didn’t appreciate what Jungkook did to the last one.” He said and Jimin swallowed thickly. “The north wants to either retrieve Yoongi or have him as the new king.” He stated and Jimin gasped.

“They are going to take Yoongi-hyeong away?” Jimin asked in bewilderment and Seokjin sighed; he had hoped that after Jungkook’s return, Jimin wouldn’t have time to think about Yoongi anymore.

“I won’t allow it, but we haven’t had time to talk much about these things… we received guests we weren’t expecting and… more things to think about.” Seokjin sighed and Jimin nodded as he lowered his eyes.

“I am sorry I cannot be of much help…” Jimin stated truly troubled about the whole thing and was confused by the hand on his shoulder when Seokjin leaned over.

“We need to be able to trust Jungkook, Jimin-ah… only you can do that.” Seokjin said and Jimin frowned in confusion.

“I don’t think he did what he did out of love, but I am not giving up.” Jimin said confidently and
Seokjin frowned not really liking the sound of it. “I am partly at fault for what happened to him, hyeong and I won’t let him drown in his own misery…” He said the last bit in a whisper.

Seokjin was about to ask what he meant but they were interrupted.

“What are you doing here?” Jungkook spoke and Seokjin turned with wide eyes, but his brother was still further down the hall.

“Jungkook-ah…” Seokjin said as he stood and then the third prince approached; his resentful eyes lowered on Jimin for a moment before glaring at Seokjin. “I just wanted to see Jimin.” Seokjin said.

“See if I hadn’t fucked him within an inch of his life?” Jungkook taunted bitterly and Jimin frowned at the nasty comment; he stood as well. “Well… you’ve seen him. You can go.” Jungkook added stepping inside the house and making Jimin stumble backwards a bit.

“Jungkook…” Seokjin tried with pleading eyes, but the younger only glared.

“This is my house, hyeong… I do not appreciate you coming over here with your own worries and problems. Please leave.” He said and then slid the door closed.

Jimin stood behind Jungkook watching the younger remain there unmoving until Seokjin’s silhouette on the other side moved and Yugyeom followed him down the hall. Jungkook heaved a long sigh and then turned around and glared down at Jimin.

“I don’t need my brothers pitying me. Don’t do useless things like telling them what I tell you, Jimin.” Jungkook said and Jimin frowned and blinked a few times.

“I didn’t tell him anything. I wouldn’t have.” Jimin said and crossed his arms over his chest to glare up at Jungkook watching his eyes flashing red for some unknown reason.

“Go change your clothes. We are going to train.” Jungkook said as he moved to the bedroom pulling off his gear to find more comfortable clothes. Jimin followed him.

“Not today.” He said and Jungkook turned to him with a deep frown, Jimin only blushed and looked away. “I am… a b-bit sore.” He admitted and Jungkook blinked a few times before nodding in understanding.

Jimin watched him as he undressed until he was only wearing the loose pants, his back showing the big dragon while he rummaged for a robe and then the tattoo was hidden under deep red. Jimin sat on the bed and waited until the younger was staring at him again.

Jungkook locked his eyes with his and then sighed heavily.

“What is it?” He asked and Jimin narrowed his eyes at him. Jungkook sat down on the bed in front of Jimin. “Yes, I talked to him.” He said and Jimin’s eyes lit up with wonder; it annoyed him how easy it was for Jimin to show his emotions.

“What did he say? Is it true?” Jimin asked curiously and Jungkook stared up at his face and then roamed his eyes down to his lips and neck. It was harder now to ignore how much his wolf wanted him… how Jungkook wanted him.

“It is true. Taehyung is within his house.” Jungkook said and Jimin swallowed audibly as he got closer to Jungkook, he looked eager to know more.

“I want to meet him, Jungkook-ah…” He said softly, pleading with his eyes and the younger felt
mesmerized.

“You will leave me.” Jungkook stated with emotion printed on his voice, Jimin blinked a few times in confusion and considered his words for a long moment. “We took you from him after all… I guess it is only right you’d leave.” He added.

“If you say it like that it almost sounds as if you’re giving me a choice.” Jimin said softly searching the younger’s eyes for an emotion, but even if his voice sounded affected, Jungkook remained as stoic as ever.

Jimin couldn’t shake the feeling that Jungkook needed him there; the younger wolf had shared with him his hardships of the past and Jimin couldn’t simply ignore them… one part of him wanted to make him believe he was there out of obligation, but Jimin knew better… he loved Jungkook, maybe as a brother, maybe as a friend… maybe as a lover.

The connection between them was so obvious that sometimes he feared Jungkook could read his thoughts… Jimin wanted to believe it was for a reason; this kind of connection had never been there with Yoongi… Would it be there with Taehyung?

“If you were given a choice would you leave me?” Jungkook asked; his eyes focused on Jimin’s unmarred neck and ignoring the need to bite him and end this uncertainty once and for all.

“I… this would never be about you.” Jimin said and Jungkook frowned as he looked up into the silvery eyes. “As I’ve told you before… I’ve come to love you and your brothers. If I wanted to leave it wouldn’t have anything to do with you.” He added and Jungkook averted his gaze to the side.

Jimin saw the familiar gesture… his tongue poking his cheek and he couldn’t help a soft smile as he leaned closer and placed his small hand on Jungkook’s cheek turning his face around…

“Taehyung is my best friend. I understand that people change with time and circumstances, but I really want to see him again.” He said and hesitated a moment before continuing. “I just need to try something…” He admitted and Jungkook frowned.

“Try what?” He asked and Jimin sighed heavily as he leaned back, his hand falling from Jungkook’s face.

“I’ll tell you after I meet him.” Jimin said seriously and Jungkook scoffed, he stood up from the bed and stomped outside towards the garden. “Jungkook-ah.”

…

It was night when Yoongi strode towards the barracks in his own house and was not surprised when he opened the door to one of the cabins and found Taehyung there; he was lying on the bunk bed with his back towards Yoongi, but when the beta entered the room the alpha tensed and turned to look over his shoulder.

“So? You’re the kind of person that fucks another and never talks to them again?” Yoongi said as if it meant nothing and he walked inside the cabin.

“What are you doing here?” Taehyung wondered, not feeling in the mood to amuse the second prince with his riddles.

“Just wondering why you are here?” Yoongi asked and Taehyung frowned. “I told you Jimin was in the third house. I figured you’d run there as soon as you knew.” Yoongi explained.
“There must be a catch, right? Nothing is ever easy with you.” Taehyung said as he stood from the bed, but didn’t approach the shorter male.

“Well… just the obvious. He is with Jungkook and he hates me…” Yoongi said with a shrug and Taehyung narrowed his gaze in distrust.

“When you say ‘he is with Jungkook’ what do you mean exactly?” He asked and Yoongi licked his lips before smirking at the obvious pain Taehyung would feel.

“Well… since Jungkook is an alpha, my father deemed it more useful to hand the fox to him than leave him to me.” Yoongi said and Taehyung blinked in confusion. “You’re just as naïve as Jimin was… Jimin is a fox… it means he can make an alpha really strong, but that only works with alphas…” Yoongi sighed as if it was a tragic thing.

“You handed him to Jungkook? Just because he’d make him stronger?” Taehyung asked in disbelief.

“Not everything is about love here.” Yoongi said in a soft tone as he turned to look out the window. “Jungkook came to visit me today… He reeked of Jimin, so… anyway…” Yoongi turned to look at Jungkook. “He wanted you to go visit him. Seems like Jimin already knows you’re here.” Yoongi stated, deciding to omit the part in which Taehyung was probably going into a cellar for his link with a traitor.

“Jimin knows I am here?” He asked and felt suddenly very nervous, but somehow he could read the pain lacing Yoongi’s words. “Do you need to tell me something before I go, Yoongi?” He asked seriously and Yoongi frowned.

“Why?”

“Because I am not sure I am coming back once I’ve got my hands on Jimin.” He stated and Yoongi would’ve scoffed at the possibility of Jungkook letting them run away just like that, but Taehyung’s determination was scary.

“No.” Yoongi lied…

Why was Taehyung leaving him?

The question left him frozen for a long moment, simply staring at the alpha’s eyes and for only a second he thought Taehyung knew, but then he was turning around and walking towards the door.

“Good. Better that way.” Taehyung mumbled before stepping out of the cabin and then making his way out of the barracks in search of the gate that lead to the third house’s grounds.

What was he expecting? Yoongi was not a person crafted for love… he was a cold prince with a cold heart and cold hands. Yoongi enjoyed making people suffer and Taehyung was an idiot for falling under his beauty spell.

He didn’t realize the moment he made it to the gates and his eyes strayed to the other side behind the bars… Captain Tuan looked at him with cautious eyes and Taehyung felt a bit troubled by his actions…

He shouldn’t have fucked Yoongi… he shouldn’t have fucked Hoseok and shouldn’t have fallen for Kai… there was no excuse. If he had truly loved Jimin he wouldn’t have done those things.

“Why didn’t you tell me you knew the fox?” A voice asked behind him and he turned in time to see Jaebum approach with a serious expression on his sharp face.
“I doubt you would’ve believed me. Or worst… you would’ve thought I was here to take him away…” Taehyung said in his deep voice; the captain frowned.

“Aren’t you here for that?”

“Yes, I am.” Taehyung said confidently. “Jimin is mine. He has always been mine. He was mine before your prince took him away.” Taehyung said venomously.

“The same prince you fucked, Taehyung?” Jaebum questioned in a low tone and Taehyung averted his gaze to the front and tightened his jaw in anger.

He shouldn’t have fucked Yoongi. Out of everyone… Yoongi had been his worst decision. Should’ve fucked Kai… yeah…

“How about your relationship with the traitor?” Jaebum decided to ask and Taehyung frowned as he turned to look at the other man. “Kai… He is in a cell now. He was reporting to someone outside the royal grounds. Do you know any of this?” Jaebum pressed and Taehyung blinked in confusion.

“No… Is he okay?” Taehyung wondered and Jaebum sighed and shook his head.

“That’s for the third prince to decide now. Not only was he meeting with someone outside, but it seemed he was seeing with the fox in secret.” Jaebum said and Taehyung felt disgusted.

Was Kai fucking Jimin? Was Jimin really that easy that everyone wanted a piece of him? Would he deny Taehyung if they ever saw each other again?

“Once you cross this gate I won’t be able to protect you. Jungkook-ssi will probably put you in a cell next to Kai.” Jaebum said and Taehyung scoffed because Yoongi was probably intended not to tell him all of this, but he didn’t care. It was good to know that the second prince’s hear had been evil right to the end of their relationship.

“Well… as long as I get to see Jimin…” Taehyung said and took a step forward.

“We have notified Jungkook-ssi.” Mark said as he approached with and deadly glare and Jaebum nodded. “Are you going to cross?” The captain asked and Taehyung nodded. Mark moved to unlock the gate and once it was opened Taehyung stepped inside.

“I hope you know what you’re doing, Taehyung.” Jaebum said and Taehyung nodded.

Mark locked the gates again and then moved to walk ahead, motioning for the new alpha to follow him towards the royal grounds.

“You will meet the third prince in his grounds. He’s not fond of anyone seeing Jimin-ssi and in the barracks that would be hard to accomplish.” Mark said and Taehyung felt his skin crawl.

“What happens after that?” Taehyung asked.

“That depends of what Jungkook-ssi wishes from you.” He said before opening the doors to a wide room, there wasn’t much furniture and it was way too big to be a simple waiting area. There was a low table in the middle with four cushions to sit and a maid was placing a tray with tea. “Thank you, Jimin-ssi.” Mark said and the girl nodded.

Taehyung frowned at the probabilities of the girl sharing the same name as his friend, but didn’t comment on it. Taehyung heard as Mark closed the door and almost at the same time another door
opened on the other side of the room; an alpha soldier walked first and then moved aside to let the third prince inside.

Taehyung held Jungkook’s hard glare and realized how difficult it was to do so. Out of every other alpha he had ever met, Jungkook had something that truly scared him and he wasn’t sure what it was.

Jungkook stood rooted to the spot and then Jimin walked around him; his large silvery eyes immediately focusing on Taehyung and the alpha felt his breath hitch in his chest. He took a few tentative steps forward, not sure of what to do, but Jimin had no qualms with sprinting over and crashing into his chest.

Taehyung was speechless as he stared down at the silver hair and ears; Jimin was as small as he thought he’d be, soft and simply gorgeous. He finally decided to place his arms around his smaller frame and held him close.

“Taetae…” Jimin muffled against his chest; his small nose inhaling the new and unfamiliar scent of his alpha friend. It was like a hot beach, like sand burning under the sun… it was warm and cozy.

“Jiminnie…” Taehyung felt his knees buckle under his weight and flopped down to the floor still clutching onto Jimin’s body. He buried his nose in his hair.

His nose twitched at the weird mix… Jimin faintly smelled like something sweet, but overlapping it was the thick scent of forest and rain. He felt a growl growing in his chest at the implications and as much as he nuzzled the fox’s hair he couldn’t find a place free of the alpha’s scent.

He lifted his eyes to the alpha that was still standing by the door; Jungkook was not amused by this reunion, but he was not interrupting them, he was just standing there with his fists tight and his eyes red like blood.

Taehyung felt his claws growing along with his fangs and he wondered if he’d end up marking Jimin like this… the urge to sink his fangs on his neck was unbearable and when Jimin pulled slightly away craning his neck to look up at him Taehyung knew that yes, he would mark Jimin then and there…

Jimin’s teary eyes and small smile faded as soon as he saw the red eyes staring down at him, long fangs peeking from lips and claws now poking his back… the dangerous flare made the omega want to scramble back, but Taehyung was holding him in place… He watched in horror how Taehyung leaned down to bite him…

Taehyung gasped, his eyes widened when he felt a hand wrap around his neck, so hard that he could barely breathe. He followed the wrist and the arm that fell over Jimin’s shoulder and then he moved to the face looming above Jimin’s head with a deep glare and fangs on display.

“I suggest…” Jungkook started, his voice low and commanding like nothing Taehyung had ever heard, it made him weak in some kind of way. “…You get a hold of yourself.” He added tightening his hold on Taehyung’s neck.

“Jungkook-ah…” Jimin said, his small hands going to the third prince’s forearm to try and stop him from strangling his friend. “It’s okay… he’s fine…” Jimin tried, but Taehyung’s eyes were still deadly red and his scent was still too thick. “Come on, Taetae… calm down.” He tried.

“You… are… m-mine…” Taehyung mouthed the words and Jimin frowned not knowing why those words hurt so much to hear coming from Taehyung. He deflated against Jungkook’s chest feeling a
sudden sadness envelope him.

Jungkook felt the sudden change through their bond and the hold around Taehyung’s neck became stronger.

“He’s not yours.” Jungkook growled, angered at the alpha that had upset his omega.

“Let him go, Jungkook-ah… You’re going to kill him.” Jimin said pushing Taehyung’s hands away from his body and the disappointed look in the fox’s face was what had Taehyung relenting… His eyes rolled back and only then Jungkook let go of him.

Taehyung let his back hit the ground and started coughing… Jimin knelt by his side nonetheless and pushed the alpha’s hair out of his face, cupping his cheek and giving him a sad smile.

“You’re fine…” Jimin said and Taehyung felt tears prickle his eyes.

“Why?” Taehyung sobbed and Jimin frowned. “Why do you look at me like that?” He asked, his voice getting louder. “Why do you look at me like that?! Why am I the one at fault?!” He yelled startling everyone in the room.

“Tae…” Jimin felt suddenly very scared; why was Taehyung so angry after so long?

“Why did you let them touch you?! Why did you let them touch what was mine?! First Yoongi and now Jungkook! Why would you do this?!” Taehyung got up and Jimin blinked in surprise at the accusations.

It broke his heart in many ways… Jimin was happy to see Taehyung and could almost ignore the soft scent that he recognized as Yoongi’s lingering on his friend. Why was Taehyung reproaching him this?

Jimin felt frozen and angry, but he remained quiet… Jungkook was the one to address the other alpha.

“Can you talk about that when I could smell you all over Yoongi-hyeong?”
Chapter Summary

None applies.

Chapter Notes

Sorry it took me so long but i had lots of things to do and i wanted to fix a bit the plot line i have planned.

Sorry and i hope you enjoy this one.

The more he thought about it, the more Jimin believed there was actually no one that actually wanted him for whom he was. It was not a matter of victimizing himself or making drama just for the hell of it. He was just devastated that his only childhood friend had acted that way.

He was glad for the space… the distance Jungkook had allowed him, he was glad for many things that night. He was glad for the chance of meeting Taehyung again and knowing that his childhood friend was fine.

He hugged his knees tighter against his chest and let his cheek rest over them; the warm water surrounding him wouldn’t reach the coldness that had embraced his heart ever since Taehyung had last spoken.

In a strange fit of sadness and not knowing what to do, he had ran away from there and had come into the royal quarters to submerge himself in the deep pool… he was not yet prepared to admit how much it bothered him to have Taehyung’s scent on him, mingling with Jungkook’s.

He had scrubbed his skin until it was red and the strong scent of summer and sea had left him. He was angry and he thought he deserved to be angry, but he was not familiar with the emotion, it was weird to feel this way and it made his stomach hurt.

He groaned and felt his eyes burn, but he didn’t want to cry… but how couldn’t he? Taehyung had been his best friend! The only friend he had ever had! Taehyung had been a beautiful illusion of pure love!

He groaned and moved so he could submerge until he was sitting on the bottom of the pool, holding his breath trying desperately to find calm within himself. He needed to… but the memories kept assaulting his mind and rage made him scream underwater…. bubbles rising to the surface.

He inevitably gasped out of surprise when a hand wrapped on his arm and pulled him up rather forcefully; he coughed and when he was sure he wouldn’t choke he looked up, between his wet bangs he saw Jungkook’s face… pale and unsettled.

“What do you think you’re doing?” He asked in an annoyed voice, his hand still tightly wrapped
around his arm.

Jimin didn’t say anything and simply stared up at him; so much worry and anger that he could feel through their bond and he really wanted to let out all of his worries and thoughts, but Jungkook wouldn’t really appreciate it if he did… he was just there to serve Jungkook’s vengeance.

“I’m fine.” Jimin said and pulled his arm free from Jungkook’s grasp. The younger blinked in surprise.

There were many things that Jungkook hated, really. He could make a list and half of them would be of something in the royal palace, but he realized there was nothing he hated more than for Jimin to be hurt like this.

“I want to be alone.” Jimin said and turned, giving Jungkook his back and in any other circumstances Jungkook would’ve slipped into the pool with him and remind him how much he had wanted him inside a day ago, but not today…

Today Jimin’s heart was broken.

“Don’t do anything stupid, Jimin.” Jungkook warned him before rising to his feet and leaving the bathhouse.

Jungkook didn’t stop until he was out of his quarters and Yugyeom looked at him with a deep frown. Jungkook ran a hand through his hair feeling desperate and useless…

“Is he okay?” Yugyeom asked and Jungkook growled in annoyance.

“I am going to kill Taehyung.”

…

“Are you upset because he didn’t let you mark him or because you wanted to mark him in the first place?” Kai asked with a hard look in his eyes, but Taehyung was not staring at him.

The alpha was staring at his hands on his lap; he was sitting on the ground of the cellar, looking defeated and severely confused… Kai knew he had met with Jimin because of what Captain Tuan had said when they brought him in.

“We are in the same cell, Kai. I don’t think you should anger me.” Taehyung said in a flat tone; he didn’t sound angry or anything… he was simply stating something.

“What? Are you going to hit me?” Kai asked. “I am not scared of you.” He said and finally Taehyung’s gaze locked with his in all its intense glory. “Talk it out… tell me what is bothering you…” Kai pressed.

“I am not going to talk to you…” Taehyung said and returned his eyes down to his hands. “They told me you are the enemy.” He said and Kai snorted.

“Am I?” He asked amusedly. “Anyway… at least I know Jimin won’t let Jungkook kill me.” He said and this time Taehyung couldn’t help it any longer.

He stood up at the same time Kai did, but the beta was not fast enough to move out of the way and the alpha ended up wrapping both his hands around the other’s neck. His eyes seemed murderous, tints of red marring them and his hands cutting the air supply for the beta.
“What did you do to him? Did you fuck him too?” Kai frowned at the menacing tone. “Was he good? I bet he was… Yoongi said he was good.” Taehyung said not realizing he was leaning closer until his forehead was over Kai’s, his deep eyes focused on the beta’s lips.

Taehyung was so immersed in his actions that he didn’t hear the sound of the gate unlocking and the next thing he knew was he was slamming bodily on the opposite wall, outside the cell. Kai fell to the ground panting and holding his bruised neck.

“Fuck!” Taehyung groaned in pain and when he looked up he saw Jungkook glaring down at him, but he was not about to show him any weakness.

“I should kill you. I really should.” Jungkook said in a low gravely tone as he walked closer; Taehyung got up and glared back. “I had to listen to Jimin every day for years talk about how much he wanted to see you again…” Jungkook said and watched in satisfaction the way Taehyung’s eyes widened.

“W-what?”

“Every time we played he’d talk about your games, about how funny you were, always talking about his memories with you…” Jungkook was now only a few inches away from Taehyung. “And when he learned about you being here he almost got himself killed or worst, by a rogue, while he tried to flee into the second house… just to see you…” Jungkook snarled the last words.

“I wanted to see him too. I wouldn’t be here if I didn’t want to.” Taehyung said, his voice low and Jungkook’s ear twitched as he noticed the insecurity in his words… a smirk drawing on his lips.

“Maybe at first… I can tell you have changed targets.” Jungkook said and Taehyung frowned. “Yoongi seemed to know pretty well that you were here to kill him.” Jungkook added and the other swallowed. “You had two jobs, Taehyung… Kill Yoongi and get Jimin back… and you failed both.”

“So you want me to kill your brother?” Taehyung scoffed, but Jungkook remained serious.

“I can do that myself… since you’re pretty useless.” Jungkook said and Taehyung widened his eyes.

“You can’t kill Yoongi… he is your brother.” Taehyung said surprised by the serious look in Jungkook’s eyes.

“Yes, he is… the only reason I wouldn’t kill him is because Jimin fucking loves him… which is the same fucking reason I can’t kill you.” Jungkook said and Taehyung’s shoulders slumped in defeat.

“I… I r-really want t-to see him…” Taehyung said and Jungkook narrowed his eyes to slits. The dangerous tension increased and the older alpha found himself lowering his gaze… completely scared of the young alpha before him.

“Do you honestly think I’d let you see him again?” Jungkook had to ask… he really had to because it was ridiculous.

“If he asks for me… you have to let him see me.” Taehyung said with his eyes still down. “If he wants to come with me… You have t-”

“I don’t have to do shit.” Jungkook said as he pressed his forearm against Taehyung’s neck making him look up into his dark eyes, the elder gasped for air. “You dared to try and claim him as yours with no base whatsoever… you don’t know what has happened between us. You wouldn’t understand… you enjoy fucking people… that’s all I see.” Jungkook said through gritted teeth.
“Would you have fucked Jimin if I hadn’t been there?” Taehyung considered his question and before he could help it a groan left his constricted throat.

“What about you?” Taehyung managed to ask and Jungkook frowned as he let the other have some air to speak. “You were there when he presented… that’s enough reason to think him yours?” Taehyung bit back.

“My wolf chose his fox. His fox chose my wolf…” Jungkook said angrily. “I haven’t mated him for a reason.” He found himself saying, the anger loosening his tongue even though these were things he wouldn’t admit to anyone… “I won’t do it until he wants to be mine as much as I want to be his.” He stated and Taehyung frowned.

“Why?” Taehyung couldn’t help but ask.

“Because I…” Jungkook choked on the words and blinked a few times wondering why he had let his guard down this much. “That’s none of your business.” He said and then turned to Captain Tuan that had been behind him all the time; he reached for the keys and pushed Taehyung in the next cell.

Kai frowned at the action; he was pretty sure Jungkook wouldn’t give two shits if Taehyung ended up raping him or killing him for being in the same cell.

The third prince locked the gate and then shoved the keys to the captain’s chest.


Kai sighed in defeat… Now that was more like the third prince he had heard about.

…

“Seems like this treaty must come to an end Seokjun.”

Seokjin stared with a deep frown at the newcomer; true to Yoongi’s traits, he had white hair and pale skin, his eyes were small as well, but unlike his brother, this man was taller a broader, his eyes were pitch black too.

“You speak like you have no other option, Yoonseok.” The king addressed the brother of his late wife; the man had never been someone of his liking, but he had to make this work in order to have peace. “Yoongsik-ah would’ve liked to see you again and not in this scenario.” Seokjun tried, but he knew Yoonseok had never liked his sister.

“Yoongsik was not only weak, but pathetic.” Yoonseok said and Seokjin gritted his teeth together; the alpha turned to look at him with a sneer. “And it seems Yoongi is not better actually.” He said.

“Yoongi is still my son and you’d do right to respect him in my presence.” Seokjun said while Seokjin continued to glare at the alpha.

“You say I should respect him, but you are not respecting his status as a beta and actually will allow your only omega son to rule?” Yoonseok said and Seokjin sighed tiredly.

“It has nothing to do with status here.” Seokjin said. “I was educated from the very start to become the crown prince. If we were to go by status then Jungkook should be the rightful heir to the throne.” He spoke and the man glared at him.

“Doubtful. The so-called third prince is the son of a commoner, a whore from the south.” He said
and Seokjun stood from his chair, suddenly angry and Seokjin felt the flare reach him in frightening waves.

“You will not speak ill about Haneul-ssi. She was a strong woman that never did evil to anyone; she’s not here to defend her honor. I suggest you refrain from bad mouthing my family.” Seokjun spoke strongly.

“Do whatever you want to do here, but Yoongi is my blood too... He is to return to the north and lead us to become the next capital. If you want to join then do so, but not as a king...” Yoonseok said.

“First you’ll have to convince Yoongi-ah.” Seokjin decided to speak again. “He’s got your blood as much as he’s got the king’s. If he so wishes, he will remain here.” He said and the man actually snarled.

“With how he’s been belittled here! I doubt he will want to stay to be the shadow of an omega.” Yoonseok added in a mocking tone. “I demand to meet him now.” He said loudly turning to Hoseok that was mounting guard on the doors along with Hwasa.

There was a long silence amongstst them while both guards awaited the direct orders from either the king or the crown prince. Yoongi’s uncle was losing patience and it was with a long sigh that Seokjun finally locked his gaze with Hoseok.

“Go fetch my second son.” The king said and Hoseok bowed deeply before rushing out the door with a fast beating heart and feeling he had finally hit jackpot, maybe he’d be able to meet Taehyung there.

…

Jaebum guided the guard from the first house through the halls in the second with quick steps. Hoseok had only said he had important news to the second prince from the king…

The captain knocked on the door to Yoongi’s quarters and Hoseok frowned at the thick lingering scent that he already knew to belong to Taehyung. It almost felt as if Taehyung had spent a lot of time here, but he couldn’t ponder much about it when the door slid open and the second prince stood before them with a confused frown.

“The king sent a guard to relay a message directly.” Jaebum said with a bow and then Hoseok rushed to do the same finally realizing Taehyung’s scent was sticking to Yoongi’s skin and not so much the place itself.

When the guard straightened again he locked his dark eyes with Yoongi’s cold ones and a smirk drew on the second prince’s lips.

“You may go, Jaebum.” Yoongi said and Jaebum nodded before leaving them alone; Hoseok swallowed the sudden hurt and remained impassive.

“Your uncle is in the first house. The king has asked for you.” Hoseok said flatly, but Yoongi didn’t look surprised, the smirk was still present on his lips.

“Jung Hoseok.” Yoongi said and Hoseok tensed a bit. “Taehyung’s bitch.” Yoongi said, now the smirk was gone and Hoseok felt offended as he decided to glare back at the second prince.

“You might be mistaken, your highness... I am no-”
“Oh, I know. There’s no point in hiding it.” Yoongi said and Hoseok blinked several times. “Must be exciting to roam the royal palace, waiting for the opportunity to kill the second prince.” Yoongi said taking a step forward, but Hoseok didn’t move back. “Are you perhaps here to help Taehyung on his quest?” Yoongi wondered.

“Killing you, your highness?” Hoseok asked with a fake tone that Yoongi perceived anyway. “Oh, I offered to do it, but Taehyung felt he was more suited to do it.” Hoseok said, his eyes narrowing and Yoongi continued to glare.

“I think you are more suited. As you can see, your friend is no longer here.” Yoongi said and Hoseok frowned. “The third prince caught his intentions along with some more issues…”

“Oh… is he finally meeting the fox bitch again?” Hoseok asked watching Yoongi’s eyes flashing.

“Well… even if he got to meet Jimin I don’t think Jungkook will let him just stay there… The way I see it, Taehyung must be already dead or maybe locked since it seemed he was linked to traitors.” Yoongi shrugged nonchalantly and Hoseok frowned.

“Traitors? Aside from killing you and getting back his bitch I never heard of him befriending traitors.” Hoseok said suddenly worried.

“Some beta called Kai. In any case… Taehyung is out of reach.” Yoongi said and turned to walk away, but Hoseok spoke again.

“So… did you let him fuck you before or after knowing he wanted to kill you?” His question made Yoongi’s blood boil.

“Does it matter? You’re a beta yourself. Shouldn’t you know how pointless it is to pretend they’ll ever know an alpha belongs to you?” Yoongi questioned and Hoseok frowned.

“Were you hoping you’d call Taehyung your alpha?” He asked and Yoongi scoffed, but there was a pang of pain in his chest.

“No… that’s you. I was hoping he’d kill me.”

…

“Do I get time to think about it?” Yoongi asked, his eyes locked on Seokjin’s face; he needed answers and hints to what was happening and even though it was weird he was willing to trust his older brother on this.

“What do you have to think?! For god’s sake, Yoongi! You would be king in the north!” Yoonseok said and Yoongi sighed not really fazed by his words.

“You must think I don’t know why you’re doing this, uncle.” Yoongi said calmly. “As you often said, my mother was a weak bitch, but she was far from naïve. We are very similar, you and I… we were both banned to rule our own lands.” Yoongi said and Seokjun and Seokjin frowned.

“Shut up.” Yoonseok said through gritted teeth.

“You want a puppet… that’s it, but I am not willing to become a puppet. You should be grateful, if I were to become a king in the north the first thing I’d ask for would be your head in a silver plate.” Yoongi said sharply, but his uncle could only fume.

After that it will be war and I’ll personally gut you out.” Yoonseok said in a low tone, hoping Yoongi would give away under his higher status, but the second prince was a cold rock.

“I am scared.” Yoongi said flatly. “A week should be enough…” He said before turning around only to see the doors being pushed open by a bewildered Namjoon.

“I am most sorry to interrupt, your highness. South is far too close, past the borders now.” He said and his eyes briefly moved to Seokjin who immediately stood.

“Gather stealth.” Seokjin told Hwasa, but before she could nod he spoke again. “No… go to Jungkook first.” He said and the shorter alpha moved to follow his orders, Namjoon bowed to the king and moved after Seokjin as the crown prince walked.

“What do you plan, exactly?” Namjoon asked not caring that he was treating Seokjin without respect.

“Seunghyun is a beast, a wild man with no morals or honor. I do not wish for men to die on battles just because. Hwasa already knows what has to be done.” Seokjin said as he stopped by the tactical room’s door and turned to look at Namjoon. “If you can actually forget who you’re talking to, Namjoon-ssi, then I suggest you remain inside the royal palace.” His voice was cold and it hurt Namjoon.

“I apologize.” Namjoon immediately knelt before the crown prince.

Seokjin heaved a long and heavy sigh of regret, he wasn’t sure how to deal with so much pressure and he really needed Namjoon the captain and not Namjoon the lover right now, but a part of him was on the brink of simply snapping… having to pretend they weren’t more than strangers was painful for their bond.

“Please come in.” Seokjin said as he opened the door to the office. The alpha moved inside and ran his hands through his hair, his pointy ears standing at attention too tensed and worried to be other way.

“You’re hiding things from me.” He said not meeting Seokjin’s eyes.

“My father said something interesting the other day.” Seokjin decided to say while he leaned over the war map on the big round table. “To understand happiness one must first experience sadness.” He said and Namjoon frowned approaching the older male with cautious steps.

“What are you trying to tell me, Seokjin?” Namjoon asked and Seokjin finally turned to meet his gaze.

“I made a mistake.” He stated simply, his eyes filled with emotions and suddenly he was caressing Namjoon’s cheek with affection. “But I don’t regret it. I don’t think I ever will.” He smiled and leaned towards the alpha, placing a soft kiss on his cheek. “I just… should’ve waited. Things I hide from you are because I love you, Namjoon.” He said and Namjoon pushed him away with wide eyes and a deep frown.

“What is going on?” He wondered. “Is this about the foreigner? Are you accepting the contract?” He asked desperately and the omega shook his head. “I don’t care, Seokjin… I can wait… I don’t care if you marry another person as long as you still have me there… by your side… I understand I am not royalty, but my feelings for you are real and-”

Seokjin kissed him on the lips, pouring all his feelings, stealing his breath away until Namjoon felt dizzy, but maybe in this forsaken war, dying for love would be the best way to go. Seokjin pulled
away softly…

“I know… I have a favor to ask you.” He said, his eyes flashing bright blue and Namjoon felt trapped in his gaze. “You can’t pick a side… never pick between Yoongi or Jungkook, but when the time comes I’ll need you to trust Jungkook.” He said and the alpha frowned.

“Why are you speaking like this?” Namjoon asked instead.

“Just promise me this, Namjoon.” Seokjin almost begged and there was no way Namjoon could say no.

“I promise to trust Jungkook when the time comes.”

…

“Don’t rush.” Jungkook told Hwasa when she arrived to his own barracks with the news about the rogue alphas already at the border. “They’ve been there for a while and they are actually letting us know for a reason.” Jungkook didn’t even meet her eyes; he was too busy staring at the wall… considering his options about killing Taehyung.

“The crown prince has wants to gather stealth teams to go.” Hwasa said and Mark hummed in thought.

“Then let him… he is the crown prince.” Jungkook sighed; he didn’t care if Seokjin wanted to send his men to die. “He does what he wants anyway… Seunghyun is a smart man, but if Seokjin loses his men in the battlefield so soon then who will guard him if that beast gets here?” He said even while his mind was still filled with only Jimin and Taehyung.

“Should I trust you?” Hwasa was not scared to ask and this time Jungkook did meet her gaze; he was not fazed by her audacity.

“No, you shouldn’t.” Jungkook said and Hwasa smirked.

“Thanks for your insight on the matter, your highness.” She said and bowed before leaving; Mark scoffed amused by the conversation.

“You’re actually helping the crown prince. Why the change of heart?” He asked and Jungkook sighed not caring about it at all.

“I am not eager to die.”

…

Yugyeom was just that kind of person that had intuition and somehow whenever he had a hunch it’d come true. He had been feeling restless for quite a while now, but it was until this very moment that he understood that it was the imminent war.

Surely every other soldier could guess it, but now that he grasped the feeling as it was, he realized that it was closer than they all anticipated. He huffed hoping that everything would be ready and in order when it happened.

“One would think you actually have a brain to look so thoughtful.” A mocking voice said from his side and he stopped with wide eyes wondering how he had missed Jimin walking by his side.

She looked as pretty as ever, her big eyes looked worried and he knew her mocking tone was just
because she was terrible at expressing her feelings. It was okay… he knew how to work with her, but they had barely spoken ever since their argument.

“Yes, well… I have a war to think about.” He said and regretted it almost immediately; she looked suddenly pale and sick. “Jimin…” He swallowed as she clutched tighter the fabric she had been carrying in her arms; she took a step back and let her back against the wall for support. “I am sorry. It is true though… It is most likely that Jungkook will send his best men to the southern border soon… I just want you to understand how dangerous this is, but I’ll do anything in my power to keep you sa.”

“You’re in charge of Jimin-ssi. Jungkook won’t send you anywhere. You’re not even that good.” She said; it was stupid, she knew Yugyeom was one of the best men the third house had.

“I am pretty sure I’ll be going. It’s just a hunch.” Yugyeom said and watched as she shed a tear, but before he could react she wiped it with the heel of her hand.

“Yeah… whatever. Good luck then.” She said, not meeting his eyes and simply turning around, but before she could get far Yugyeom grabbed her hand, not pulling, just preventing her from leaving… he wouldn’t be forceful, not now… not ever.

“I don’t want us to be angry anymore.” He said and she turned to him with watery eyes and a deep frown.

“Then what do you want us to be Yugyeom?” She wondered taking several steps towards him, he backed away until his back was against the rail.

“We’ve known each other for so long, Jimin… let’s not be angry now.” He said instead and she shook her head.

“What do you want us to be, Yugyeom?” She asked again and the alpha sighed in defeat.

“Friends. I want us to be friends like we’ve been all these years, Jimin.” He said and she scoffed, hurt evident in her face. “There’s a war looming and I don’t want to do things that we could regret. Let’s be friends…” He added and she gave a bitter smile before shaking her head again.

“That’s… that’s not enough.” She said and this time she did walk away, hiding her tears as she rounded the next corner.

Yugyeom gritted his teeth together and paced a moment before aiming a punch on the wall, his knuckled leaving a bloody mark, but he didn’t care.

“Fuck…”

Two days later Jungkook was almost done with this whole ordeal…

He had asked the maid to bring any sort of sweet pastry that Jimin loved and his fucking sweet teas too and he waited patiently… he could feel the emotions through their bond and never had he ever thought it’d hurt so much to have his omega in pain.

Still… Jungkook was not a patient man and sitting there on the floor of their bedroom, waiting for the omega to come out of the stupor of sadness and depression. He didn’t like to wait at all.

Jimin usually spent the afternoons in the bathhouse, submerged in the water like sadness and
Jungkook was done. Now he was done.

“Fuck this.” He grumbled as he stood from the floor; he took a step forward when Jimin emerged from the adjacent room; his silver hair was wet, his eyes red and puffy, his nose red and looking terribly vulnerable.

Jungkook froze on his spot and simply watched as the other man walked around to the wardrobe. Jungkook stared as Jimin let the towel around his body fall to the ground and then pull a black robe over his shoulders.

“You should have something to eat.” Jungkook finally decided to speak, but Jimin only shook his head and turned to walk to the inner garden instead. “Jimin… you will eat.” Jungkook said and the omega sighed.

Jimin hadn’t been eating much and mostly slept when he was not literally drowning in rejection.

“I am not hungry.” He said in a small voice and then continued his way to the wide doors leading to the inner garden.

Jungkook reached him before he was completely out of the bedroom and grabbed his arm turning him around forcefully, Jimin glared up at him, his ears back and low.

“I want to be alone!” Jimin snapped angrily and Jungkook flinched, his own ears moving back in anger.

“You have been alone!” Jungkook said. “It’s been enough.” He added and Jimin wanted to argue, but he knew there was no purpose on being angry or sad anymore, what had happened had happened and that was that.

“You don’t understand.” Jimin said lowering his gaze and feeling his eyes burning.

“Yes, I do. I can feel it. I know how much you care about him. I know, Jimin, but moping is the worst way to deal with anger or pain. I know it… I’ve done it.” He said and Jimin felt stupid, of course Jungkook knew about disappointment and sadness. “Come on.” Jungkook motioned for the fox to follow him and Jimin frowned.

“Where?” He asked mildly curious and Jungkook smiled to himself once he was walking towards the door; he loved the curious Jimin.

“You need a drink and I do too.” He said and Jimin hesitated a moment before following the third prince towards the storage with all the liquors.

Jimin looked around the tall shelves holding bottles upon bottles and some barrels towards the end of the long aisles. He had been here before, but never to truly appreciate it… He curiously watched as Jungkook roamed his long fingers over the bottles until he stopped on one and pulled it.

“Sit down.” The prince said and Jimin pursed his lips as he sat down on the low table there; there was a set of cups there that was hardly used. “You shouldn’t drink on a empty stomach, Jimin.” Jungkook said and Jimin huffed crossing his arms over his chest.

“I am pretty sure I can hold it just fine.” He argued and Jungkook rolled his eyes, but decided not to argue anymore and simply flipped two cups filling them with reddish liquor.

He watched in amusement as Jimin immediately leaned over to sniffled at the beverage, his furry tail swinging lazily behind him. He scrunched up his nose, but nodded as he reached it and after a
moment of hesitation he downed its contents in one go; Jungkook widened his eyes.

“You don’t drink wine like that, Jimin!” He reached for the empty cup and sighed in defeat watching as the fox licked his lips in interest.

“I want more… tastes like grapes?” He cocked his head to the side and Jungkook nodded.

“It is made out of grapes, but you don’t drink it like that… take tiny sips of it, enjoy its scent too.” Jungkook said bringing his own cup to his lips to take a sip. Jimin nodded and Jungkook poured more in the cup before handing it back.

Jimin brought the porcelain to his nose and locked eyes with Jungkook as if to make sure the younger was watching him doing it right. Jungkook nodded and then Jimin took a sip.

“It is kind of boring.” Jimin said licking his lips again, Jungkook followed the movement with his eyes.

“Drink it however you want.” He relented and Jimin smiled before downing the cup again, Jungkook shook his head, but let the fox have his way with the wine. He was mending a broken heart anyway.

Two hours later Jungkook was tipsy and Jimin was completely gone… there were four empty bottles of wine and Jimin was currently leaning one over his tongue to try and get the last drop out.

Jungkook could only stare at the fox, his cheeks were flushed and his eyes darkened by the drunken stupor, but even in this state, Jimin was not only beautiful, but also terribly graceful… Jungkook had seen him walk back and forth three times to fetch the wine from the shelves and he hadn’t tripped once.

“Should I get us another one, your highness?” Jimin asked a giggling mess as he placed the bottle down on the table and stood up again, but this time Jungkook reached for his wrist and pulled him down.

Jimin landed on his lap, cradled between his legs and arms and Jungkook shook his head before downing his last bit of wine.

“You’ve had more than any normal person should…” He said ready to stand up and take the fox to the bed to let him sleep the drunkenness off, but suddenly there was a small hand on his cheek, pushing his face to the side so they could stare into each other’s eyes.

“I… really… It feels different when I am with you.” Jimin admitted in a whispery tone and Jungkook blinked in confusion. “I don’t quite understand it, but… it is not the same than what I had with Yoongi-hyeong and it definitely wasn’t there when I met Taetae.” Jimin said all this in a slurred way.

“That’s what you wanted to try with him?” Jungkook wondered and Jimin nodded, Jungkook scoffed. “This is primal, Jimin and it doesn’t happen to everyone… it is not every day that your inner animal picks a partner and as humans, there’s no way we can convince them that it is wrong…”

“Because it doesn’t feel wrong.” Jimin said and Jungkook took a moment before nodding.

“It doesn’t.” Jungkook said, his eyes staring into Jimin’s, almost willingly staring into the fox’s eyes too.

“Why didn’t you mate me then?” Jimin asked and Jungkook closed his eyes briefly to swallow a lump. “If it felt right for you… it felt right for me…”
“Because I am… I am angry, Jimin. I feel like I can’t forgive you… my human side and my primal side want different things.” He said and cocked his head to the side because no, that was not it.

They wanted the same, but as a human, Jungkook craved for more than just a body to fuck and call his own. Jungkook wanted Jimin’s very soul.

“But… I don’t hate you.” Jungkook said and Jimin widened his eyes at him. “I can’t… I don’t think I ever have.” Jungkook grimaced unsure of what he was trying to say, sometimes he felt so insecure…

Sometimes he just felt like he didn’t belong anywhere, like he didn’t belong with anyone and he had nothing to grasp on, nothing that he could say was his, no one that cared, his mother had died giving birth to him and his brothers had allowed for his exile when he was only fifteen. Jimin hadn’t done anything to save him and now he was here… powerful and unstoppable, but lost.

He was brought back to reality when a small hand cupped his cheek again, before he could process what was happening, Jimin was pressing his lips against his. His lips were plush and tasted sweet like wine…

Jimin opened his mouth briefly and Jungkook didn’t miss the chance to slip his tongue inside his mouth, Jimin moaned, his hands moving until he had his arms around Jungkook’s neck and the kiss deepened along with their breathing.

Jungkook knew he probably shouldn’t… Jimin was drunk, but the need to have him, the urge to feel loved was almost unbearable and he decided it was okay, that he could be selfish for the rest of his life if he so wanted.

Jimin moaned loudly and that pulled Jungkook back from the bruising kiss; Jimin looked so vulnerable and pliant over him in the dim lit room… Jungkook hadn’t fucked him here during his heat, he probably should…

“You’re drunk.” He said almost as if to remind himself of what he was doing, but Jimin took the chance of his doubt and moved until he was straddling the third prince’s thick thighs.

Jungkook moved his hands to Jimin’s waist, swallowing the saliva accumulating on his tongue… his ears buzzing with rushing blood in his system and subtly aware of his wolf lurking closely to the surface.

Jimin started to rotate his hips to create the so needed friction between their bodies. Was it wrong to want Jungkook outside of his heat? Should he feel ashamed?

Jimin cupped Jungkook’s face and stared deeply into his eyes; Jungkook suddenly felt a spike of danger… some blaring alert on his mind telling him that what Jimin was doing was dangerous. The fox’s eyes were bright blue at the edges and Jungkook felt a pull that dragged him without his consent… or maybe way too willing he was pushing forward, wanting nothing but to drown in Jimin’s eyes.

It took him a long moment of grinding hips and harsh breathing to realize that this almost felt like the commanding voice only rogues used only Jimin was not an alpha and he was not speaking… in any case… Jungkook would do whatever the elder asked of him without a question. Was Jimin even aware of it?

“Jimin…” Jungkook muttered softly, he felt relaxed and gone…

“T-touch me, Jungkook-ah…” Jimin asked almost shyly and Jungkook swallowed again watching as
his hands moved on their own accord to trace the other’s hips and down his thighs.

Jimin leaned over, still moving his hips in slow circles and pressed his lips to Jungkook’s cheek… a whine left Jungkook’s throat and he felt so soft and vulnerable that he knew then that it didn’t matter that he was the alpha… Jimin already owned him…

Jimin littered soft kisses all over his face and there was not a particle in his body that didn’t feel loved… their bond felt warm and fuzzy, straining with emotions that were too real and unable to be masked by the liquor intoxicating their bodies.

Tomorrow they’d feel the lingering affection and would probably wonder why had it happened while they had both been drunk.

“Mine…” Jimin muttered as he pressed his lips down the side of Jungkook’s neck, the alpha trembling slightly, powerless to do anything but run his hands over Jimin’s body like he had asked before. “Tell me you’re mine, Jungkook-ah…” Jimin whispered in his ear before licking the pointy appendage.

“I am yours, Jimin…” He said with a deep frown.

No… Jimin couldn’t be aware of what was happening, this was not how the fox usually behaved. He was not complaining, but he was worried Jimin would ask something else… something more…

Jimin’s small hands moved to open the slopes of Jungkook’s black robe, pushing it over broad shoulders, marred with battles scars and what not… he kissed the most visible ones and traced his fingertips over others.

Jungkook wasn’t sure why, but he felt tears prickling his eyes… it had been a while since the last time he had shed a tear, but it felt right to do so now… now that Jimin was actually worshipping his pain. It hurt though… if this meant nothing to Jimin… If tomorrow they’d wake up filled with regret then Jungkook would have to pick the pieces of his own broken heart.

Jimin pushed him down on the floor feeling his anxiety through their bond; their eyes met and Jimin didn’t look surprised by the tears in his eyes.

“I am sorry, Jungkookie…” He said, voice charged with affections and kindness; Jungkook sobbed and opened his mouth to speak, but his words died on his throat and Jimin gave him a soft smile. “What I made you do that day… what Yoongi-hyeong did to you and how Seokjin-hyeong allowed it, how your own father allowed it…” He continued in a soft voice.

Jungkook closed his eyes and felt the tears trail to his temples… he felt as if a weight was being lifted off his chest with Jimin’s words.

“I am sorry for what they did to you, what they made you do, I am sorry and will forever be sorry, Jungkookie… I never wanted that to happen to you…”

Jungkook opened his eyes and stared into Jimin’s… he vaguely realized Jimin’s words were clear and not slurred like they should’ve been with how much wine he had, he frowned slightly.

“You’re drunk.” Jungkook managed to get out and Jimin gave him another smile and a condescending nod.

“I am not lying though.” Jimin said softly. “I wanted to be sorry for the situation we are in now, but…” He paused for a moment, tracing Jungkook’s eyebrows and nose with care. “I missed you… I didn’t know how much I had missed you until I saw you again. I didn’t know how many of your
traits I had missed until I saw you again.”

“I missed you too.”

“It seems like… my fox already knew what I tried to ignore.” Jimin said suddenly too serious as his eyes fell on Jungkook’s lips. “I couldn’t have been any other way… I guess.” He frowned a bit unsure. “I’d still be in your arms today even if you hadn’t been punished.”

“You would.”

“I missed Tae a lot.” Jimin said and Jungkook nodded. “I missed my childhood friend with games and jokes and boxy smiles, but… he wasn’t there when we met and… it frightened me.” He admitted and Jungkook nodded again. “I know people change. I know he cares, but… when you look at me, what do you see, Jungkook?” Jimin locked his eyes with the wolf’s dark ones.


“Jungkook…” Jimin’s voice was soft, but steady. Jungkook hummed, his hand rubbing slow circles on the other’s back. “Promise me something?”

“Anything… everything.”

“You won’t kill Yoongi-hyeong.” Jimin said, his eyes closed and listening to the heartbeat under his body.

“I promise.” Jungkook would’ve argued, but not now.

“You will help Seokjin-hyeong.” Jimin added.

“I promise.”

“You won’t harm Taehyung.”

“I promise.”

Jimin lifted his head to stare into his eyes.

“You will always come back to me…”

“I promise.”

Jimin stared into his eyes, hesitating with the next petition; he knew he was taking advantage of many things here. He leaned over and pecked his thin lips adoringly… his hand grasped the younger’s chin softly.

“Jungkook… promise me you will be the one to mate me.” Jimin said and Jungkook’s eyes widened.

“Jimin…”

“Promise me.” He insisted and Jungkook swallowed a lump in his throat. He was only too glad Jimin was not asking him to do it now. So he nodded.

“I promise.”
“Don’t torture him.” Jungkook said as he arrived to the cellars and stared down at Taehyung, albeit a bit later than he should have, he was here.

Mark frowned up at him, only two days ago he had been here almost killing the young alpha inside the cellar and now he was not even allowing for torture.

Taehyung gave him a deep annoyed frown; Jungkook was clearly playing with him, last night he had gone through a painful session with Mark and even though he was glad the third prince had decided to stop the gore he would’ve been happier if he had come earlier.

“He is labeled a traitor, Jungkook-ssi.” Mark reminded him and Jungkook sighed.

“He’s too dumb to be a traitor.” He said and Mark blinked a few times before sighing, Taehyung pushed up from the ground; his clothes were soaked and he had a blistered lip, but aside from that he looked fine.

Jungkook pinched the bridge of his nose and thought for a long moment before taking a step forward and staring deeply into Taehyung’s eyes.

“I don’t want him here.” Jungkook said and Mark frowned. “Send him back to Yoongi. Let him decide what to do with his new fuck toy.” He replied and Taehyung scoffed in annoyance.

“I want to see Jimin, if your highness would allow.” Taehyung bravely declared and Jungkook quirked an eyebrow.

“No. Tell Yoongi I said hello.” Jungkook said simply before turning around and walking out of the cellars and hearing the other alpha screaming all sorts of profanities at him.

Mark came out with him a bit confused.

“We are still allowed to torture the beta?” He asked and Jungkook nodded as they started to walk towards the main offices, Jungkook’s quarters in the barracks. “He’s hard to brake though…” Mark said as he approached the closed doors; he watched the tenseness in Jungkook’s shoulders with a slight frown and his nose prickled with the strong scent. “Your rut is close. Maybe a week?” He changed the subject and Jungkook turned sharply towards his captain.

“Maybe you’re being too light on him.” He ignored his last statement with a glare and Mark sighed.

“I’ll be harder then. The southern troops have lifted a camp at the border. Should I send someone?” He wondered and Jungkook shook his head.

“Seunghyun will be careful, I know. We wait until he moves. Make sure Seokjin-hyeong understands that.” Jungkook said and Mark gave him a knowing smile. “Don’t comment on it. You know what? I will do it. You’re dismissed.”
“You amaze me, your highness…” Yifan commented just as he caught the crown prince returning from the second house in the middle of the night. “You move with such caution and manage to deliver your own messages with such efficiency that I cannot help but applaud you.” He said and clapped three times for effect.

“Yifan-ssi…” Seokjin gave him a slight nod. “You should be resting.” Seokjin replied as he continued to walk down the aisle trying to ignore the tall man.

“I apologize if I come across rude, your highness… but I believe we are running out of time.” Yifan said loudly and Seokjin turned around to look at him with a deep frown. “There’s only so much time to hide mistakes. What will be your next step?” He asked and Seokjin paled.

“I don’t even wish to know how you know what you know, but if you so enjoy watching me from afar you should already know I have everything figured out.” Seokjin said angrily and Yifan let his mouth fall open in admiration.

“Of course… You can count on me even though you probably don’t need me.” He said vaguely. “You have just said it yourself.”

“He won’t attack. I have word he has lifted a camp… southern camps are almost small towns; they might even be traveling with omegas. They won’t move yet and if they do I’ll be the first to know.” Jungkook said while he updated the war map in the first house.

“I see… Do we know what kind of weaponry they have?” Seokjin asked warily and Jungkook eyed him for a long moment before looking at the king and Yoongi, both of them seemed just as eager to know.

“They don’t have weaponry.” Jungkook scoffed. “They will shift as soon as they decide to fight. They are rogue alpha wolves… bigger and stronger than regular alpha wolves. They don’t need weaponry.” He added and Seokjin swallowed thickly.

“Our alphas can shift too, but I see where the disadvantage is.” Seokjun mumbled tiredly; he was too pale and sick these days and he could only pray he’d live enough to help his sons win the war.

“Do we have a weakness?” Seokjin wondered.

“Yes. They are bigger, not faster. Their bulky bodies don’t allow them high speed.” He specified.

“You don’t feel troubled telling us this?” Yoongi asked all of a sudden; Jungkook stared at him with a hard glare. “Sharing with us everything about the southern culture so we can beat them.” Yoongi added and Seokjin sighed tiredly.

“Yoongi-ah…” He tried, but Jungkook cut him off.

“No. I don’t owe them anything.” Jungkook said sharply. “Just like I don’t owe you anything. Only a fool would assume I know everything about their culture.” Jungkook added angrily. “Are you a fool, hyeong?” He asked.

It was subtle… very subtle… but even to Yoongi’s ears something had changed about Jungkook and his whole demeanor. He was warning him, not threatening him.
“Enough of this… we will work more tomorrow. How long until your rut…?” Seokjun asked waving a hand to dismiss the issue, but Jungkook simply ignored the question. “You clearly need to go back and I still have things to talk to you about.” He said and the three men stared at him in confusion. “I will talk first to Jungkook.”

“Can’t you tell him with us here?” Seokjin wondered politely and Seokjun sighed heavily.

“No. I will have my time with each of you. First Jungkook.”

…

Yoongi stared at his uncle’s face a bit annoyed by resemblance the man had to his mother… but instead of love, in his eyes, Yoongi could only see greed, the same greed that had tainted his mother, but completely wild and let loose.

Yoongi didn’t consider himself a good person… no.

Taehyung had been returned to him a few days ago and he had asked Jaebum to put him to train twice as much; he knew he was maybe a bit too resentful towards the younger alpha, but he didn’t care.

He took a deep breath and gave his uncle the most bored expression he could muster as he talked…

“I will go to the north with you.” The man seemed surprised. “When do we leave?”

“Three days.”

…

A week had gone by…

Jimin was not stupid. He could feel it buzzing in their bond; he could scent it in strong pungent forest and rain; he could feel it under his palms whenever he touched his skin, feverish and sweaty; he could see it in his red eyes and tensed muscles… maybe he could even taste it if he licked the alpha’s cheek or his lips…

It was distracting and he knew Jungkook was losing patience with their spars, Jungkook expected him to be stronger and just sort of invincible and Jimin knew he wouldn’t be able to make the alpha fall.

“You have to move faster.” Jungkook commented; his eyes were dazed and Jimin could see the way saliva accumulated on his mouth… something was wrong with him but the prince refused to accept that he was starting a rut.

“I would, really… but we’ve been doing this for hours now…” Jimin said, trying to catch up his breath against the wall of the training room.

There had to be a breaking point, Jimin guessed… Jungkook was an alpha, a too big one at that. He shouldn’t be able to hold it off for so long.

“Jungkook… we should stop for now.” He said and Jungkook shook his head a moment before glaring at him. “I will help you with it.” Jimin said softly and Jungkook widened his eyes before taking a step back. “I am saying it now… I don’t want you to think it is just the heat talking later.” He added.
“No.” Jungkook said and turned around to grab a cloth to wipe his sweat.

“Jungkook…” Jimin called, but the alpha didn’t turn to look at him. “You won’t harm me, if that’s what’s worrying you.” Jimin said and Jungkook scoffed. “I’ll stop you if I think I can’t handle it.” Jimin said with confidence and that made Jungkook frown.

He turned around and was a bit astounded to see the silver eyes lined with bright blue; Jimin looked serious and sure of what he was saying.

“And how will you stop me?” He snorted at the end and Jimin lowered his gaze to the other chest for a moment before looking back up into his eyes.

“Like I had you touching me the day we were in the storage.” Jimin said and Jungkook blinked in surprise, but before he could speak Jimin was talking again. “No, that had never happened before to me, Jungkook and… only later I realized I had forced myself on you. I am sorry if you didn’t want me.” He said and Jungkook could only stare at him. “I never knew I was able to do something like that… and to be honest I don’t think I would be able to do it again, but… I want you.” He reached for his hand and Jungkook let him.

“I won’t be myself.” Jungkook explained and Jimin looked up into his red eyes. “I won’t be kind. I will use you for my own pleasure, Jimin.”

“I did the same… Guess we would be even.” Jimin tried to joke and Jungkook shook his head.

“I won’t care if you’re hurting… I’ve never cared.” He said and a dark look crossed his eyes and Jimin felt the ghosts of the past claiming him.

“But it won’t, right?” Jimin asked as he lifted his other hand to cup the younger’s cheek. “Because it feels right, this is something only us can explain, right?” He wondered and Jungkook ended up believing him.

He moved and clasped his hands on Jimin’s waist making the elder’s breath hitch in surprise. Jungkook turned them around and pressed Jimin against the counter that held their water and other supplies… Jimin’s lower back colliding with it, his tail flicking around. His eyes moved to Jungkook’s lips just in time to have the alpha leaning down and kissing him.

Jimin placed his hands on the other nape and held on for dear life, Jungkook was hot a sweaty from their workout, but he didn’t care… he could now taste it. It was very noticeable the exact moment Jungkook’s breaking point happened because Jimin felt it in a hard buzz traveling through the bond and he could only wonder how many more things they’d be able to feel when they actually mated.

He moaned into the alpha’s mouth when the younger pressed his body so hard into Jimin’s that the counter creaked with the weight, his back hurt and had only enough space to move to sit on the counter. Jungkook growled out and when Jimin saw his eyes again they were completely red and instead of white they were swimming in black.

He’d be lying if he said he was not scared, but he had promised Jungkook he’d be here and that he’d do this. In fact this was the perfect moment to check if he’d be able to command Jungkook again… both of them wanted it anyway.

“Jungkook.” Jimin called, but was ignored when Jungkook’s hands moved to untie the sash holding his pants. “Jungkook…” He tried again, his heartbeat accelerating as the other continued to undress him with rough hands. “Jungkook, listen!” Jimin said louder and cupped the other’s face in his hands to make sure he was staring into his dark orbs.
“Omega.” Jungkook all but growled in such deep voice that Jimin widened his eyes when he felt his own body lighting up like a candle.

“Oh…” He muttered feeling himself leak uncomfortably in his sweaty clothes; Jungkook’s nostrils flared and his eyes rolled back before he was over Jimin again, kissing his neck and finally ripping the rest of his clothes to assure the omega was naked.

Jimin vaguely noticed that it felt very much like the times he was in heat and he worried that his body was acting up… or maybe it was only to accommodate Jungkook’s rut… whatever it was, Jimin couldn’t ignore it.

“Are you mine, alpha?” Jimin asked with his eyes closed enjoying how Jungkook’s hands traveled the expanse of his back and then settled on groping his ass.

“From the very first moment.” Jungkook conceded and Jimin whined; he needed him.

“Jungkook… take us to the baths…” Jimin said in a pant.

The alpha groaned, but pulled Jimin off the counter and carried him to the inner garden before entering their bedchambers, Jimin kissing him deeply, his small hands still cupping his face. Jungkook managed to walk inside the bathhouse, the warmth from the pool making his skin even stickier.

Jungkook reluctantly placed Jimin on the ground and discarded the last of his own clothes, his mouth opened in a muted groan when Jimin’s small hands wrapped around his hard member. The shorter male’s lips were kissing his collarbones, moving to his pectorals and then to his hard torso… lean skin tightened over muscles, salty to Jimin’s tongue.

Jungkook was not a patient man… and even less when he was in rut. He didn’t mean to be so rough, but he hoped Jimin would understand… He grasped Jimin’s jaw with one hand feeling the other’s pulse under his fingers… completely exhilarating.

“No…” Jimin clasped his wrist, but Jungkook only snarled, angered that Jimin was rejecting him, or so he thought. “Stop, Jungkook.” Jimin said again, his eyes flashing a bright blue and the alpha relented his grip, towering over the small fox. “Come on…” Jimin said pulling the alpha into the pool only a few steps so that the younger could sit at the edge only submerging his shins. “Sit.” He said and Jungkook, almost as if guided by an invisible force, sat on the edge.

Jimin stared down at him, his eyes were still black and red, completely gone, but if he could still listen then they were fine. He ran his fingers between the other’s pointy ears and smiled at the groan that left Jungkook’s lips.

“Such a good boy…” Jimin cooed, but Jungkook only stared up at him in awe, as if he had never seen such beauty. Jimin sunk down to his knees in the warm water; his forearms placed on top of strong thighs. He never tore his eyes away from Jungkook’s… not even when he grabbed the hard cock with one of his hands and pumped it leisurely.

Jungkook’s hand shot up from his side and he fist Jimin’s silvery hair on the back of his head, ready to force the fox’s mouth down on his cock as far as it would go. He fantasized for a moment, he could picture Jimin’s throat bulging as it nestled his cock.

Jimin looked deeply into his eyes and refused to let the alpha manhandle him at that moment; Jungkook frowned.

“Let go.” He said and Jungkook opened his mouth wanting to protest, but nothing came out and he
watched as he retreated his own hand from Jimin’s hair. Jimin stared in satisfaction now that he knew that it was actually working. He gave the alpha a smile and leaned up to peck his lips. “Let me take care of you...” He whispered before sinking back down.

His silvery eyes still edged with bright blue and never losing contact with the alpha as he opened his mouth, let his tongue out and proceeded to finally place the hard member inside his mouth; hot and silky… wet and perfect.

Jungkook let his hands support his weight back and continued to stare down into Jimin’s eyes as the fox pulled up and then pushed down, drool coating his shaft and the outline of his little tongue under the girth of the heavy cock was driving the wolf mad, but he didn’t want to upset his omega.

Jimin understood… Jungkook’s rut was not like a heat. Not like a heat in which he’d still be able to word his thoughts and ask for things… Jungkook seemed beyond words now and even though it scared him a bit, he knew he was glad he could be the one taking care of Jungkook in this moment.

He quickened his movements up and down, trying to push more and more of the cock as he went down, but Jungkook was too thick for it to be comfortable. He gagged a bit and tears came to his eyes as he stopped for a moment to regain his bearings.

Jungkook moaned loudly and moved his hips upwards, watching the stretched lips around his cock and wanting nothing but to kiss them, but that would be counterproductive at the moment so he settled for watching his cock disappear inside Jimin’s greedy mouth.

Jimin’s small hand moved to Jungkook’s balls and felt them tensing in the sack, an indicator if he’d get any… he pulled his lips off the cock with a pop and licked them with his pink tongue. This time Jungkook wouldn’t wait as he placed hand on Jimin’s nape and pulled him up to devour his mouth.

Jimin’s neck was straining back to be able to kiss Jungkook in this position, but with the way the alpha seemed to be licking every corner he couldn’t complain. Jimin moaned when he felt the lack of oxygen was too much and Jungkook let go...

Jimin watched as he stood up on his strong legs and felt drunk on the third prince’s beauty… he smiled to himself as he gave a sultry and almost shy look to the alpha before turning around and swimming inside the pool, submerging and then coming out again, pushing his silver hair back.

Jungkook could only stare at his lips… so swollen and red and wet… Jimin was beauty. Period. He walked heavily inside the pool and felt frustration building up when he realized he wouldn’t be able to fuck Jimin as hard as he wanted when underwater.

When he was fully inside he submerged and emerged in a quick motion, his eyes still dark and dangerous as he stared at the fox. Jimin backed until he was by the edge underwater and waited for Jungkook to be close enough to guide him over to sit down… water reached to Jungkook’s middle like this and Jimin was quick to straddle his thighs.

Jungkook’s hands moved again and this time he let out a deep growl as he clutched Jimin’s waist, the fox let him because he knew there would be a moment in which he’d had to let the alpha do as he wanted… he needed to see Jungkook in every phase.

“Calm down...” He said softly and leaned over to press his lips to the alpha’s neck a sudden urge to bite him overcame him, he wanted Jungkook marked all over, he wanted him mated, completely reeking of his own scent.

He licked over the younger’s neck feeling his fangs elongating and he let the other drag him closer to
his hips, the tip of his hot member grazing his perineum and Jimin knew he should’ve been more
thoughtful. He hadn’t prepared himself for this and he doubted Jungkook would actually sit and wait
for him to…

Jimin reached down for the hard member and lined it up with his entrance; he was staring deeply into
Jungkook’s eyes, a warning in them that the alpha seemed to understand because his hands were
trembling on Jimin but they were not forcing him down.

Jimin slowly eased himself down, his mouth opening when the stretch became too much, when
Jungkook’s cock was completely engulfed by the omega’s heat he let out a low growl again.

The elder started to rotate his hips back and forth, the drag of Jungkook’s cock on his tight hole made
him bite down on his lower lip, it felt too good even if it hurt a bit. It’d get better in a while, he
picked up his pace with his fingers softly tugging on the younger’s hair on his nape.

Jungkook felt as if he was watching Jimin’s beautiful face from a window, he didn’t feel there… he
was enjoying it and it felt numbing, but he felt like he was sharing his body with someone else… He
knew it was his alpha nature and that was what scared him the most. He had killed an omega before
while doing this; he wouldn’t forgive himself if he did again.

He was elated on another level… the fact that Jimin was accepting everything of him was rewarding
and he felt at ease too. He had noticed how Jimin was handling him… other omegas hadn’t been so
lucky and by this time he’d be probably fucking them into the floorboards at the training room.

Jimin threw his head back, completely drowned in pleasure… his moans high and his hips moving
fast. Jungkook’s breathing was labored and heavy, but other than that one wouldn’t think he was
much into what was happening.

Jimin could feel his tensed muscles under his, but also through their bond was palpable the tight coil
of pleasure and raw need. The hands on his waist tightened and Jimin looked at Jungkook again, his
eyes were like dark magic, like evil and danger and Jimin couldn’t feel anything but affection for the
boy in front of him.

Jimin felt his breath hitch at a particular hard graze on his prostate and he tightened his grip on the
other’s cock; Jungkook let out a loud grunt and suddenly the base of his cock started to swell with
his knot… Jimin keened loudly as it snagged on his rim.

Jimin felt his mental grip on their bond slip a bit and next thing he knew he was being hauled off the
water; his back colliding painfully with the tiled floor outside the pool and his eyes widened briefly
before Jungkook pushed again inside his slick hole with renewed fervor; his big hands still grabbing
at his waist painfully hard and pressing him to the ground while he pounded him.

“Jungkook!” Jimin yelped in pleasure deciding he could manage this… he tried to reach his hands to
Jungkook’s abdomen to control his movements even if only a bit, but his fingertips barely grazed the
alpha.

The younger was on his knees, clutching Jimin tightly to make sure the omega wouldn’t move even
a bit away from his sharp thrusts. His hips propelling forward with force and fast, Jimin’s legs were
dangling over his own thighs helplessly, his smaller cock bouncing against his stomach.

So wet… so tight.

Jungkook wanted to tell him how good it felt, but he couldn’t, his vocal chords didn’t belong to him
at the moment, later he’d make sure his omega was well groomed and cared for, but right now…
right now the need to fill him was stronger.

Jimin was loud, but Jungkook guessed he would’ve said something by now if he were against this… Jungkook felt a smirk drew on his face… he had let his knot form outside his omega and pushing it inside now would hurt, but he knew Jimin was strong… he’d be able to take it.

He pressed his hips forward and Jimin’s eyes widened, his mouth opened in shock, his face turned red, and tears pricked his eyes again as Jungkook felt the bulge finally settled inside him… Jimin sobbed and Jungkook leaned over him, his hips still moving, he nuzzled Jimin’s neck and licked the place he’d bite… if they were to mate.

The alpha felt the fox’s cum shot onto his stomach and he groaned at the warm sensation… and when Jimin’s walls tightened impossibly hard around him, the alpha let go and came in hot spurts inside his omega.

Jimin whined loudly at the sensation of being filled and swallowed thickly, overwhelmed with pleasure and feelings and he looked up to stare into Jungkook’s bottomless eyes. He cupped his face in his small hands and then leaned up to kiss his lips. Jungkook humped his hips and Jimin moaned, shaking his head.

“Stop… it hurts…” He said and Jungkook growled out in what seemed anger, but his hips stopped and Jimin felt the insecurity dancing in their bond. “I am fine…” He said softly.

Very much like a heat, Jimin lost track of time… Jungkook was still pretty much the same, rough and gone in his rut, his eyes still the same dark pools and Jimin knew after taking four knots that he wouldn’t be able to withstand the abuse on his body, no matter how much he came to enjoy it.

Jungkook had just fallen into restless sleep under him right after Jimin had commanded him to stay still so he could ride him, it was easier to control his strength like that, but Jimin could feel the cum leaking out… it had been too much already.

He felt weak and dizzy and he knew he had to get up and get them something to eat and water… He used his tired thighs to push up feeling the pain and moving from over him… his legs trembled as he wrapped a robe around his body and made his way to the kitchen. He grabbed some bread and nuts and fruits. He filled two cups with water and was chopping green apples when he heard a knock on the front door.

“Oh, no…” He whispered as he tried to be as fast as he could to reach it before they could awake the alpha. He pushed the door open only a slit and looked up into Captain Tuan’s eyes.

“Oh…” He said, a blush covering his cheeks when the scent inside the room leaked out and reached his nostrils. “Wait… Are you okay?” He asked worriedly.

“I am fine, Captain…” Jimin smiled reassuringly; he knew his eyes were still lined with bright blue, it was the only reaction he could get from his alpha being on a constant lustful state.

“I was confused since he was absent yesterday and now he didn’t come today, but… anyway… I’ll leave.” He said and Jimin absently reached a hand out and clasped his forearm before he could leave.

“Yesterday?” Jimin stared in confusion and then his brain did the math… they had been locked inside for almost 48 hours now… “Oh.” He said after a moment and Mark swatted his hand away, his eyes wide and before Jimin could question him the door slid completely open and Jungkook appeared right behind him.
“I didn’t touch him!” Mark said taking steps back; he was completely frightened by the crazed look on Jungkook’s face and also his dark eyes… this only confirmed that yes, Jungkook had rogue blood in his system.

“Stop!” Jimin said and Jungkook’s whole body froze on the first step he took outside the royal grounds. Mark stared with wide eyes at the huge and naked alpha in front of him. “Come back inside.” Jimin added; his small hand on Jungkook’s forearm.

The alpha glared at the captain before he reluctantly turned around and made his way inside again; Jimin gave Mark a shy bow before closing the door, he turned around a bit affected by the fact Jungkook was so close to him. He craned his neck back to look into the alpha’s eyes…

“He was worried you weren’t there yesterday and today.” Jimin said softly, but it was quite obvious Jungkook didn’t care what the captain had come to do, leaned down and nuzzled Jimin’s neck, making sure the captain hadn’t touched him. “Jungkook… we need to eat.” Jimin whispered, closing his eyes.

Jungkook grunted in response and his hands moved to open the robe at the front and Jimin clasped his wrists with little strength he had left.

“We are going to eat.” He stated and Jungkook locked his unnerving eyes on Jimin’s, his hands trembling with the effort of not continuing his actions. “Come with me.” Jimin said and moved away from him.

Jungkook followed in all his naked glory until they reached the kitchen and saw the many fruits the other had been arranging into a huge bowl. Jimin eyed the wolf warily before he resumed his task.

Jungkook paced around him until he finally settled behind him, both hands coming to rest on each side on the counter. Jimin saw his tensed muscles and his strong aura, radiating power behind him… Jungkook was powerful and strong, but right now… Jimin had him under complete control.

Jimin finished what he was doing and when he turned around to tell Jungkook to sit, the alpha lifted him from his waist and sat him over the counter, standing in the space between his thighs. Jimin blinked a few times before Jungkook leaned over, but the fox was quick to push a cup against the younger’s lips.

“Drink.” He said and Jungkook swallowed thickly before letting the elder cant the cup against his opened lips and he down the whole thing in a few gulps. Jimin took a sip of his own cup and sighed before pulling a piece of apple and pressing it to the other’s lips. “Eat.”

Time moved like this for a while with Jimin feeding him fruits and nuts and the bread and some more water, he ate too and was not surprised when Jungkook decided he was full enough and then started to kiss the fox’s jaw and down his neck…

Jimin wrapped his arms around Jungkook’s neck and kissed him deeply, letting his tongue inside the alpha’s mouth… Jungkook tasted sweet, maybe from apples or maybe it was just his natural taste, but Jimin was addicted.

Jungkook hummed against the other’s lips and hugged the fox against his chest, pulling him off the counter and carrying him back to the bedroom; he was feeling more at ease now… calmer and clearer even though he was still unable to voice his thoughts. He fell to his knees on the mattress, still holding Jimin, still kissing him…

Jimin was naked under the robe, still wet from the last time, still leaking and still hurting, but he
didn’t care… he was so pleased that he’d do whatever Jungkook wanted him to do. Jungkook undid the sash holding the robe together at the front and then pushed it over Jimin’s shoulders.

The elder let go of Jungkook’s neck to discard the fabric; his breathing was labored when Jungkook placed him down on the mattress, staring at his perfect beauty, his alabaster skin, his silvery eyes and hair, his furry tail and his big ears, his plump lips… everything about Jimin screamed perfection.

Jimin swallowed under the scrutiny and gasped when Jungkook held his hips and turned him around to lie on his front. Instinctually, Jimin raised his lower half on his knees, but let his chest to the silk of the sheets… his tail swaying slowly form one side to the other.

Jungkook traced his fingertips over his spine and then dipped two fingers inside Jimin’s heat, hearing the ragged moan the fox let out. He pulled the digits out and sucked on them before getting closer until the head of his member, swollen and red, was aligned with the puffy entrance.

Jungkook pushed slowly until he was to the hilt and then waited, Jimin was trembling under him. The younger gave him a minute before pressing a hand on his lower back and forcing Jimin to lower his hips back to the mattress. Jungkook straddled the back of his thighs and looked for the fox’s hands with his to interlace their fingers.

The calm and slow movements didn’t last long… In this position, Jungkook was able to literally pound Jimin into the mattress and Jimin was rendered useless as he moaned loudly into the silk… Jungkook stared at the way Jimin’s plump butt swallowed his cock, the wet sounds spurring him on until he was pretty sure he was knocking the air out of Jimin with each thrust.

“Please!” Jimin whined. Jungkook leaned down and started to rotate his hips instead as he nuzzled the other’s nape. “M-mate m-me…” Jimin said between sobs and the whole alpha’s body went taut and stopped. “No… don’t stop, p-please!” Jimin tried to push his ass back, but Jungkook was too heavy, buried deep inside him.

Jimin tried to look over his shoulder when Jungkook remained frozen and he saw his closed eyes, as if he was fighting something and Jimin didn’t want him to win… he tried to move again and Jungkook’s hold on his hands became stronger.

“Jungkook…” Jimin called and the alpha pulled out of him and turned him around roughly; Jimin swallowed again at the look… one of his eyes was still completely black with the red iris, but the other looked more human now. The red iris swimming in white, like it should.

“Don’t.” Jungkook said, his voice raspy and low as if he had just woken up from a long dream and Jimin felt tears prickle his eyes.

“You don’t want me.” He said and the pain his fox felt at that moment made him sob loudly before Jungkook was cupping his face.

“I d-do.” He reassured and Jimin’s eyes shone bright blue.

“Then mate me.” He said and Jungkook’s words died on his throat before he stared down at the place he should bite. His hands moved down the other’s body until they were pushing his thighs apart to push back inside the elder. “Mate me…” Jimin said again, breathless as he exposed his throat and closed his eyes.

Jungkook felt his knot expanding quickly at the base of his cock and as he started to move he decided to spare the other the pain, keeping the bulging skin inside his hole and only moving shallowly or in smooth circles back and forth.
Jimin reached up and pulled Jungkook’s head down against his neck again, his lips close to his pointy ear as he breathed harshly.

“*Mate me, alpha...*” He said and Jungkook closed his eyes before his mouth opened, fangs long and sharp. Jimin felt the moment Jungkook came and he let go as well, his own mouth opening and his own fangs protruding and before he could control it he was biting down on Jungkook’s shoulder at the very same moment Jungkook bit down on his.

Pain seared through their tired bodies, the metallic taste of blood coated their tongues. Jungkook snapped out of his trance like he was hit by a ton of bricks, his eyes widened and unknowingly he bit harder on the tender skin.

He felt a surge of something traveling his veins, it was like electricity and he felt overwhelmed with emotion, but overall he felt whole and full, he felt complete and at peace... yes, there were his bad memories, but somehow this seemed to have marked a new beginning for his tortured soul. His whole body was trembling and he felt weak, but at the same time he felt stronger than ever before, it was so unnerving that he felt scared, but reassured too.

Jimin pulled his fangs out of the wound and licked over the wound, watching as the edges of the two holes seemed to burn in a bright amber color. This was his mating bite with none other than Jeon Jungkook, the third prince, the small kid that had wanted to play back when they were kids, the same kid that liked to pet his ears, the strong alpha that was so confused and so troubled...

“I love you…” Jimin mumbled softly, unaware of the state the third prince was in at the moment. “I love you, Jungkook-ah…”

...

It was not that it bothered him, they had come too far for it to matter too much, Jimin knew and understood what love meant for most alphas, for most men that fought battles and conquered lands. Love was nothing but a burden... love was forbidden in the battlefield.

He lazily traced the lines that formed Jungkook’s tattooed dragon on his back. He could feel it more clearly now through their bond. Jungkook was in such turmoil that he couldn’t understand most of it and Jimin wondered why. He was not mad or sad, he was only curious.

“I feel strange.” Jungkook said, his voice gruff in the dead of the night of their third day locked inside. Their mating marks burning heavily on their shoulders. “Like... exposed.” He said and Jimin sighed.

“Only to me.” Jimin said softly. “Does it really matter?” He wondered.

“I... just wished I would’ve been able to ask you if you were sure you wanted this.” He added and Jimin leaned and pressed his lips to his inked skin.

“I want it.” Jimin confirmed, but Jungkook wasn’t so sure. “Do you?” He asked feeling trepidation building up inside and Jungkook frightened at way he could feel that as if it was himself the one feeling it.

“Jimin, we are in war time, danger looming in every corner with more foes than friends. I am scared this will pose an even bigger threat for you.” Jungkook said as he sat up and Jimin did the same. “I swore to myself I would protect you, but now... I don’t even know anymore.” He ran a hand through his hair.

“I don’t regret it.” Jimin bit back in annoyance; Jungkook frowned down at him as the elder stood up
from the mattress, body littered with bruises and love marks, and pulled on the first robe he found. “For once… for once I get to have what I want, do what I want… and you-”

“I’ve wanted you for so long you have no idea, Jimin!” Jungkook snapped as he stood from the mattress as well; he hated the feelings he received from Jimin’s part. “You can’t blame me. I just want to do what it is best for us… I wished I’d know if a mated fox will be less troublesome than a not mated one.” Jungkook said and Jimin turned to him with a slight frown.

“Troublesome?” He asked and Jungkook recoiled realizing his mistake.

“No… not troublesome.” He said softly trying to approach the elder. “I am sorry… I feel like everyone out there is out to get you.” Jungkook admitted and Jimin huffed.

“I feel that hiding me doesn’t do good to anyone here.” He said tersely. “Everyone knows I exist, but if you don’t let them see for themselves that I am as normal as they are then they will always think I am some sort of magical thing that is actually valuable.” He bit back and Jungkook stared deeply into his eyes.

“You are.” He said even thought he knew Jimin would be hurt. “You are different, Jimin… but you are your own person… and even though I want to protect you I can’t bear to feel this way. You won’t have a guard out your door anymore, you’re free to roam the palace.” Jungkook said and moved to grab his own robe; Jimin frowned up at him.

“You can’t bear to feel what way?” Jimin pressed as Jungkook tied the sash around his waist. “Why are you suddenly changing? Why?” He was completely enraged but also nervous and desperate to understand why Jungkook was doing this.

Jungkook ignored his questions, as he made sure he was presentable before walking to the front door and sliding it open to the rather cold night. Jimin followed him outside not caring that he was wearing too little, Jungkook overlooked that too…

“Jungkook! Why? Why are you suddenly letting me free? Is it because you finally mated me? You got what you secretly wanted? The big alpha son of the king finally knotted and mated the fox?! Let him become the strongest alpha in our kingdom?! I thought you were different!” Jimin yelled as he followed the prince down the aisle, he was now spouting hurting words, he knew, but he also knew he needed to understand. “Why? Tell me! I am used to being used after all!” He felt his eyes burning and Jungkook flinched before turning around sharply and grabbing Jimin’s arms with force, almost lifting him off the floor.

“Because I love you!”

Jimin felt winded for a long moment as he stared into Jungkook beautiful black eyes; he looked so vulnerable and he knew they’d need time to adjust to a mating bond… but he could now understand how much he had craved to hear those words.

Yoongi had never loved him… Taehyung had probably never truly loved him… he just needed to know that the man he had picked to be his mate loved him.

Jimin relaxed in the alpha’s hold, he felt suddenly exhausted, but at peace and he knew Jungkook could feel it.

“It just feels like it won’t ever be enough to protect you. Jimin… promise me you won’t ever command me again.” Jungkook said and Jimin frowned a bit at that. “I wouldn’t hurt you and neither would my wolf. I know that now.” He stated and Jimin nodded.
“Just like I hope you won’t ever command me.” Jimin said and Jungkook nodded in agreement, his big hand reaching for Jimin’s.

“I promise.”

…

Taehyung was glad that Jaebum had decided to let him off tonight as he marched his way to Yoongi’s bedroom; he was ready to finally face the second prince and maybe had his way with him for being so damn childish with his punishments.

He was sweaty all over and tired, but over all he was damn angry and ready to act upon it. He took a deep breath as he rounded the corner to the bedchambers when he scented another alpha… he walked closer just when the doors opened and out walked the king’s royal guard.

Taehyung resisted the bow he had been ordered to do every time he saw the man in favor of frowning and giving the man a questioning look. The captain looked confused to see Taehyung there and in that state.

Taehyung was reminded of the man… the way he had grabbed at Jimin and tied him over his horse to ride back to his king. Everything they had gone through in their lives was because of this man’s greed.

“This is not the place for commoners.” Jongup said with a quirked eyebrow and Taehyung scoffed as he approached the man and slid the door of the bedroom open only to make sure Yoongi was not there… he wasn’t.

“Neither for a guard of the king.” He said and Jongup narrowed his gaze. “I am a guard of the second house.” He said venomously. “You wouldn’t remember I think… I am Taehyung from the western lands.”

“A western land rat… no, of course I don’t remember useless things.” Jongup bit back, glaring at the younger boy.

“No… but I would remember your face in hell.” Taehyung said as he walked closer and the man frowned and took a step back out of confusion. “I would still remember how you tied my best friend to your fucking horse to take him to the king… because… what was it? Foxes were supposed to be extinct?” He said and Jongup’s eyes lit in recognition.

“Ah… That little bitch. Yes, now I remember.” Jongup smirked. “Taehyung… yes… your name has reached my ears before. They whisper that you actually raped the second prince.” Jongup said and Taehyung blinked in shock and took a step back.

“What?”

“They say that in the first house… I wouldn’t believe such things if it weren’t because the man spurting them is actually the same man you used to fuck in the barracks… a Hoseok?” Jongup said and watched the color drained from the other’s his face.

No… Hoseok wouldn’t know this happened, he wouldn’t tergiversate things to make him look like the bad guy. They were both in this together.

“It wasn’t rape.” Taehyung said softly; he was now scared.

“Oh… so you admit you engaged in such actions with the second prince?” Jongup asked amused by
the other’s naivety. “And do you honestly think that the king would believe that his second son willingly let you fuck him?”

“The k-king?” Taehyung felt his whole world spin at the prospect of the older man ever knowing and punishing him for it.

“Oh… yes… he will hear of this.” Jongup said.

“Yoongi wouldn’t let me fall like this!” Taehyung bit back and Jongup scoffed.

“Yoongi? Yoongi? You call him Yoongi?” He laughed. “And you think the king would believe his word over mine? In the king’s eyes his son is completely off his head… mental, if you know what I mean.” Jongup said. “Poor thing even tried to kill himself… He hasn’t been quite himself after the bitch left.” He said and Taehyung swallowed thickly.

“Stop it…” Taehyung breathed now fully scared.

“Oh, but don’t worry, Taehyung-ssi.” Jongup said as he leered down at him. “I do know how good it feels to fuck royalty.” The guard added and Taehyung frowned deeply at the words before finally comprehending.

“What? What’s that supposed to mean?” He asked suddenly feeling really angry.

“Wouldn’t you like to know…?” Jongup smirked before he pushed the younger alpha apart and pressing his hand on the other’s neck. “This will spice things up here… it’s been too boring for a while now.” Jongup said as he marched away.

Taehyung felt honest fear… he hadn’t felt like that before. No until now… before it was just his knowledge of this being dangerous, but now… what Hoseok had said and what Jongup was implying just made him honestly scared.

Yoongi wouldn’t let him succumb to his own death, right? He was cold and a bastard, but he wouldn’t… right? Right?

He swallowed thickly and felt anger again… he now knew who had been the one that had raped Yoongi. Maybe he could get away with killing Jongup before being sentenced to death for a rape he didn’t commit.
Taehyung hated uncertainty.

After his unforeseen meeting with Jongup he had been really nervous, waiting the moment the king’s men would arrive into the second house and demand him to die. He knew the punishment that awaited him if Jongup went ahead and told the king, but after two weeks of simply waiting he couldn’t help but feel that maybe the guard had forgotten about it.

With Yoongi gone to the north and with the pending threat from the south, there was nothing much to do in the second house but endure the inhuman trainings Jaebum was putting them through.

The captain looked worried and pale lately, but Taehyung couldn’t find in himself to care… Why had Hoseok told Jongup a lie? Hoseok couldn’t have known what had happened between him and Yoongi, so why? Why was Kai considered a traitor? Why had Yoongi left without telling him? Why had Jimin looked so scared…? No… Why had he tried to claim his best friend without his consent?

He pressed the heels of his hands against his eyes and rocked back and forth for a moment. He wished he were back at home, with his mother, trying to sell stupid fish in the market. Not here, trying to understand the game the royalty liked to play.

…

Jungkook nuzzled Jimin’s nape while he slept and the fox literally purred into the fluffy pillow. It had been a while since happiness like this had seized his body, his mind and soul.

It had only been a week since Jungkook had mated him, but it had been the best week he had ever had since Yoongi’s illusion of love and care and sometimes his chest hurt, but never for long. Jungkook had come to fill empty spaces with his feelings and love and everything the alpha was.

So… when Jimin thought that this happiness was not breakable he should’ve known otherwise.

The loud knocks on their quarters had the couple straightening with alarm. Jungkook was the first to get up and when Jimin tried to go after him the alpha pushed him back. Jimin watched his naked body walk away, ripping his dagger from his holster and making his way to the door with killing intent before they heard Yugeyoom’s voice.
“Jungkook! Open up!” Yugyeom said and Jungkook opened the door with a deep frown, the day was barely starting and this was happening now. “Several things.” Yugyeom said; he seemed out of breath. “Your father has been informed that your second brother had been raped.” The guard said and Jimin gasped, both hands clamping over his mouth.

Jungkook grimaced at the bitter feeling he got from his bond.

“When?” The third prince asked through gritted teeth.

“Not sure. Perhaps a few weeks ago… That traitor, Taehyung, he’s going to be judged in a few minutes.” Yugyeom said in a lower tone and Jungkook understood why, but Jimin’s ears were bigger for a reason.

“No!” Jimin stood and Yugyeom averted his gaze when the naked fox approached the door. Jungkook slammed the door shut and grabbed Jimin’s arms. “You can’t let him die! You promised me you’d protect him!” Jimin cried, his eyes spilling tears.

“No. I said I wouldn’t harm him.” Jungkook said and Jimin twisted out of his grasp to glare, his ears low, clearly distressed. “If he raped Yoongi then justice must come his-”

“He wouldn’t rape Yoongi-hyeong! He wouldn’t rape anyone!” Jimin screamed as he returned to the bedroom and grabbed some pants.

“Just like he wouldn’t mark you?” Jungkook felt completely helpless as he watched his mate dressing. “Jimin, listen to me! My father will be the one to judge!” Jungkook snapped, but Jimin was swiftly pulling on a robe.

“I’ll decide who to believe once I see Taehyung and talk to him with my own words.” Jimin turned and glared at him. “You promised to never command me. You said I was free to roam.” He said and Jungkook felt like his reality was shattering.

Yes, those he had promised to, and the urge to break his oaths was almost palpable. Jimin walked past him, bumping his shoulder against his arm as he did and then all he could hear were his rushed footsteps.

…

Taehyung’s eyes couldn’t be bigger even if he wanted. He was tied with a rope, his neck, down to his arms on his lower back and then his ankles. He had felt Jongup’s hands working on the knots and he knew the man liked the power he yielded amongst the guards.

As he was pulled inside the wide room in which they judged the crimes, his eyes roamed about, trying to recognize on single face, but he saw no one… no one but Hoseok…

His friend was standing on the side with the king’s men; his eyes were dark and cold, filled with revenge and not an ounce of love… of the love they once had had. Taehyung refused to ask for his help and then his eyes moved to the crown prince. The older man had a deep frown on his beautiful features, not for the first time, Taehyung was enthralled by the royal beauty.

Still… the crown prince didn’t seem to recognize him and Taehyung couldn’t blame him for that. He was pushed until he was right in front of the king’s throne and someone kicked the back of his knees, forcing him to kneel.

“Jongup?” The king asked, his voice raspy and all in all sick. Taehyung couldn’t but notice how ill the king looked up close.
“This is the boy, your highness… This alpha has raped our second prince, Yoongi.” Jongup bowed and the king’s eyes moved over to Taehyung’s huge ones, filled with fear.

“Why would a guard risk everything just for a fleeting moment of release?” The king asked and Taehyung shook his head, but how was he supposed to say that Yoongi had wanted him as well.

“Revenge, of course.” Jongup said and the rest of the men in the room gasped softly as a murmur raised amongst them. “This boy here happens to be an old acquaintance of… of Jimin-ssi.” Jongup finished with a pointed look and only then Seokjin seemed to finally recognize him.

“I did not rape Yoongi!” Taehyung said, his voice wavering. “But I know who did!” He added and glared at Jongup.

“Of course. He tried to accuse me of such thing.” Jongup said and the king frowned a bit more, but he just seemed too tired.

“I am not up for gore this early and on such a young face.” He said and Jongup nodded.

“I can make it quick and clean.” The guard said and pulled out his sword. Taehyung swallowed thickly at the sight and looked over at Seokjin who looked completely lost and unsure.

“I think Yoongi’s word would be needed for a complete verdict, father.” Seokjin said, his own voice trembling.

“Your brother is in the north and we won’t wait a week to receive an answer.” The king said and then motioned for Jongup to proceed.

Taehyung looked one last time to where Hoseok was standing; the beta still looked pleased and ready to watch his demise, something else was still dancing in his eyes… fear maybe… but they all knew their place in the palace. No one could do anything against royalty and they were paying the price.

Taehyung felt his eyes filling with tears and closed them tightly when Jongup placed the cold blade of his sword against his nape, lifting it so he could strike down… He had forgotten any prayers he had ever learnt and he could only think of his mother…

“Tae! Taetae!” He heard the voice and his eyes snapped open, but he didn’t move. “No! Stop!” Jimin yelled as he ran over to him.

The king watched as the fox burst through the door, his eyes frantic and his legs carrying him fast towards his friend as if they were not being looked by other guards… What had possessed the kid? He weakly stood from his throne to protest…

Jimin approached fast, but before he could reach his friend he received a hard smack on his face that sent him to the ground; his eyes turned wide as he looked up at Jongup in disbelief.

“Filthy bitch! These are royal matters!” Jongup barked ready to strike him again, but before he could there was a hand around his neck and when he finally focused he found himself staring into Jungkook’s red eyes.

“And royal he is.” Jungkook gritted out. “I should cut your fucking hand for smacking my mate.” He added, as Jimin stood on trembling legs unsure of what to do, but before he could say something the alpha had made his choice. “As a matter of fact, I will.”

Jongup widened his eyes when Jungkook pulled his hand off his neck, he twisted the guard around
and pushed him onto the ground, straddling his lower back and making sure the other’s forearm was pressed hard on his own back. He pulled out his dagger and before anyone could say anything he was butchering the limb off the wrist.

Jimin’s eyes widened and he flinched at the sight of blood; there was a collective murmur and gasps from the others. The screams Jongup was letting out were haunting and Taehyung was too, shocked, but unable to tear his gaze away from the way Jungkook held the hand with one of his, pulling so the knife’s work would be easier.

Tendrils of flesh, blood and the white of bone had the crown prince turning around and throwing up while Namjoon held his waist.

“Jungkook!” The king shouted with the little strength he had; he was looking even paler, but the third prince didn’t stop until he finally had the guard’s hand hanging from his fingers.

Jimin felt sick too, but… he knew. He could understand it in how his eyes had bled to black, the iris red and when everyone in the room noticed the change, silence fell heavily over them. Jungkook turned around, facing Jimin and let the hand fall to the stone ground as if he was presenting his mate with something… with a gift.

“J-Jungkook…” Jimin stuttered as he tore his eyes away from the hand, Jongup continued to scream on the floor, clutching what he could to prevent the bleeding.

“Healer!” The king yelled and a woman dressed in a white robe came rushing forward to tend the man’s injury. “Jungkook! What is the meaning of this?” Seokjun asked angrily, but when Jungkook turned his gaze towards him he felt lost of what to do. “This boy has been accused of raping your brother.” He explained, but just like the last time Jimin had seen Jungkook like this, the alpha was beyond his knowledge of words.

“I can prove his innocence if you’d let me, your highness!” Jimin said loudly, his small hand grasping Jungkook’s wrist in fear of his mate doing something he could regret.

“You were supposed to stay locked! What has possessed the two of you to act so rashly?” The king was furious.

“I have mated your only alpha son!” Jimin bit back in anger and desperation. “Just like you wanted, your highness! Can’t you grant me a last wish?” He begged; his eyes shining blue and the king frowned.

“A last wish?” The king asked and Jimin gave him a pointed look; the king took a deep breath and nodded. “I guess I owe you… You never caused too much trouble and I have only done you wrong.” Seokjun pinched the bridge of his nose and everyone looked appalled.

“Let Taehyung live.” Jimin said softly and the king sighed.

“I can’t let my son’s rapist live, young fox.” He explained softly.

“But I’ve told you! I can prove he is innocent!” Jimin said loudly again and the king eyed him before opening his hands in an affirmative gesture. “Thank you, your highness.” He said and then turned to look up at Jungkook. “Please, don’t move.” He said and Jungkook didn’t answer, but Jimin let go and knelt before Taehyung.

“Tae…” Jimin said cupping his face with gentle hands; the alpha was trembling in fear of the third prince, his big eyes looked even bigger as he stared into Jimin’s silver ones… bright blue around the edges. “Calm down.” He said and Taehyung let out a harsh breath he didn’t know he had been
“Holy fuck! What the fuck is his problem? Oh gods! Is he mental?” Taehyung was babbling and trembling.

“Taehyung… tell me the truth.” Jimin said. “Did you rape Yoongi-hyeong?” Jimin asked, his fingers running through Taehyung’s dark locks and suddenly Taehyung felt relaxed and could only stare into Jimin’s eyes, his friend was asking him a question… a fairly easy one.

“No. No, I did not.” Taehyung said trying to get closer to Jimin, a hard feat considering he was tied on his back. “I swear… I swear he wanted it too.” Taehyung said and Jimin felt a pang of something in his chest.

He wasn’t sure how he should feel that his best friend and his first love had had a romance, but it was not the time to think about it… not anymore, he was mated now.

“I believe you.” Jimin said as he turned and eyed Jungkook over his shoulder. “Why do you think Jongup-ssi would incriminate you?” He added turning back to his friend.

“Because he was the one to rape Yoongi!” Taehyung snapped out of his calm state and felt anger coursing through his body.

“That’s what he wants you to believe, your highness!” Jongup yelled still clutching to his injured arm. Jungkook glared at him over his shoulder and the man closed his mouth.

“Jimin-ssi… Why should I believe this boy’s words?” Seokjun asked patiently and Jimin stood again.

“Because Jongup-ssi will tell the truth now.” Jimin said and turned to Jongup; the alpha frowned up at him and trembled in fear when Jungkook stood behind the omega as if willing the guard to attack him again. “Tell me the truth, Jongup-ssi…” Jimin said and Jongup nodded; the king frowned from above finally comprehending what was happening. “Did you rape Yoongi-hyeong?” He asked softly, but loud enough for everyone to hear.

“I…” Jongup swallowed, clearly trying to fight the magic in Jimin’s words… but failing. “I did. I did rape him.” Jongup said and everyone gasped, Jimin felt anger in his veins as he glared down at the alpha, the man smiled wickedly. “And I enjoyed it too! So many years of servitude to this family with no recognition and I would’ve gotten my hands on the crown prince if not for your fault!” He snarled at Jimin. “Would’ve gotten my hands on you, if not for Yoongi…” He finished.

“Our condemned has taken on another name, I believe…” The king said, his anger contained by tiredness and sickness, but before he could proceed with the rightful changes Jungkook was pulling out his dagger again.

The alpha pushed his mate aside rather roughly, but Jimin was too angry to feel bothered by it. Jungkook extricated the guard from the healer’s arms and pulled him up from his hair. Jungkook stood with Jongup knelt, his back against Jungkook’s legs and then he presented the rapist to the king.

“You hit my mate. You raped my brother. You lied to my father.” Jungkook’s voice was almost unrecognizable as he pulled Jongup’s head back and then slit his throat open… blood splattering on the ground and life leaving the guard’s eyes.

The body fell heavily on the ground and continued to bleed in the silent room. Their court has never been known to be a bloody one, a merciless one, but the king was old and his only alpha son was a
Seokjin clutched onto Namjoon’s arms while he stared at his brother, wild, violent… unstoppable.

“You seriously want me to trust Jungkook?” Namjoon asked lowly in the crown prince’s ear. “Seriously?”

... 

“You’re not a traitor… I know it.” Jimin said to Taehyung while they had tea in one of the many rooms in the third house; Jungkook was standing outside the room, giving them privacy, but obviously ready to burst in and kill.

He had regained his senses shortly after they arrived to the third house and with how scared Taehyung looked; he was willing to give them some space. He guessed he wouldn’t try anything funny after witnessing what Jungkook would do if anyone dared to give Jimin a wrong look.

“I am sorry.” Taehyung said after a long moment and Jimin lifted his gaze to his friend’s dark one. “I shouldn’t have done what I did last time we saw each other.” He admitted and then took a deep breath. “I… thank you. For saving me even though I tried to claim you that time.” He felt the words come out with difficulty.

“Tae…” Jimin muttered and Taehyung shook his head.

“I don’t know what I was thinking, Jimin.” Taehyung continued. “I traveled and trained to get here, just to save you, but… lots of things happened on the way and… somewhere along the way I drifted. My target remained, but not for the reasons it started and I am sorry.” Taehyung was startled when Jimin reached his small hand over the table and grabbed his bigger one.

“I know what you mean.” Jimin admitted.

“I guess I felt betrayed because of how many hardships I went through to get here and never thought you had one since you were special. I knew they wouldn’t really harm you.” Taehyung frowned and watched the uncertainty in Jimin’s eyes.

“I’ve faced my own sadness. For the longest time I felt I was betraying you when I was back in the second house, but… I don’t think my feelings for Yoongi-hyeong were false.” He said softly, hoping Jungkook wouldn’t really hear. “He just expected too much from me…” He gave a bitter smile.

“Yoongi loved you… I think he still does. He… the Yoongi I met was consumed by sadness and guilt, he hated not having you.” Taehyung insisted and Jimin blinked a few times feeling the restlessness Jungkook was feeling through their bond.

“Tae…”

“No. You deserve to know.” Taehyung wasn’t aware of what he was doing. “Yoongi tried to kill himself after you were taken away.” Jimin widened his eyes and felt his chest constrict at the thought. “I came here to kill him and retrieve you, but… I couldn’t… I think I let it get too deep and… in the end you don’t want to be saved, do you?” He narrowed his gaze at his friend.

“It is different now.” Jimin said watching Jungkook’s silhouette on the paper doors; he looked tense and uncomfortable.

“Because he claimed and mated you? Jimin… you deserve freedom. You deserve to do what you want to do. You said you wanted to be a merchant one day.” Taehyung said earnestly. “This whole
life has been forced on you!” That did it. Jimin watched as Jungkook finally moved away, almost running away from them.

“Wait!” Jimin yelled, but the alpha didn’t stop and Taehyung blinked in confusion only then realizing what had happened.

“Truth hurts.” Taehyung said and Jimin felt anger as he glared as his friend.

“Want to hear another truth?” He asked and Taehyung frowned. “I love Jungkook.”

Taehyung felt a pang in his chest and couldn’t move when Jimin stood and ran out of the room to follow after his mate.

Jimin had to jog after Jungkook’s long strides and he wasn’t sure how to approach the subject; he was too scared to face his own truths and Jungkook should know by now…

“Please wait!” Jimin said loudly and Jungkook stopped and turned, Jimin almost collided with him.

“Jungkook… I love you. You know it.” He said and heaved a sigh when the alpha’s big hands cupped his face with care.

“I know. I know you love Yoongi too. You love Seokjin and Taehyung and you probably love Yugyeom too and Jimin-ssi and probably the beta in the cellars… Given your way you’d love everyone in this forsaken world, Jimin.” Jungkook said in a grave tone; Jimin staring at his deep sorrowful eyes. “I wish I could say the same… wish I could see the good you see in everyone. I wish my heart was just as big, but I can’t!” He said and Jimin raised his hands to his wrists.

“You don’t have to. You just have to remember I love you.” Jimin said softly. “I picked you…”

“Because this is the only life you’ve known! I forced this upon you! Taehyung is right! We all forced you into a life you never asked for!” Jungkook snapped and turned around to pace around the aisle.

“We are meant to meet who we are meant to meet, Jungkook. Out of everyone I thought you’d understand of not living in the past. Live the present and right now, in this instant… in this life… you’re mine because I wanted to.” Jimin said through gritted teeth. “I could still be crying my eyes out because I haven’t seen my mother in years, but I decided not to!” He said angrily. “And you could be a killer and a rapist, but you decided not to be those!”

Jungkook turned to him and felt his chest ripping apart at the sight of his mate crying like this, so frustrated and in pure anguish. He felt lost when he opened his mouth to apologize, but before the words came out they heard rushed footsteps.

They both turned to watch Yugyeom arrive with a worried face; his dark eyes immediately landing on the third prince.

“Seunghyun is moving.”

…I thought that since you were the prince you’d stay here.” Jimin said as he watched Jungkook preparing to go, they were in the main office in the barracks while the alpha put on some gear, not too heavy, but enough to make Jimin understand how real this was.

“I am a commander. I know the southern tribe… they need someone that understands.” Jungkook said without meeting Jimin’s worried gaze, it was enough having to feel it through the bond.
“Yeah, but… you won’t actually fight, right?” He wondered and Jungkook heaved a long sigh before finally turning around and facing Jimin.

“Come with me. I need to show you something.” Jungkook said, his voice serious, but a bit more gentle. He walked out of the office and Jimin followed.

Outside the men were preparing, all around, everyone talking and too busy planning to pay attention to the fox that now walked freely amongst them. Jimin liked the change, but he didn’t like what it entailed. Mark saw them and before he could speak, Jungkook raised his hand.

“We leave in fifteen. Have everything ready.” Jungkook said and continued to walk back to the royal grounds.

They arrived to the royal quarters and Jimin frowned. He sighed heavily and followed him inside the lobby thinking they’d go out, but instead the third prince pulled a key out of his robe and walked to the locked door that Jimin had been wondering about ever since he arrived here. He frowned as he waited for the door to open and when it did, he didn’t waste time in stepping inside right behind Jungkook.

He entered a rather small room, all in wood and with no windows. He stood in the middle when he heard Jungkook locking the door again. He turned around and looked at Jungkook; he seemed a bit nervous. Jimin looked around the room taking everything in.

The carpet under his feet was plush and beautiful with black and golden threads; it looked expensive and simply royal. He noticed several paintings lined against a wall, all of them covered with white blankets. Several chests and smaller boxes, everything looked expensive, beautiful and… abandoned.

He took a tentative step towards a large wardrobe, its wood carved with flowers and some details in gold. He opened one of the doors, a soft creak was heard and then his eyes widened at the sight of the amount of silk and fabric.

His soft fingers pulled on a sleeve, it was black silk and as he inspected it closer he saw that it had butterflies embroidered with golden thread; it was impossible, but then again… this was royalty.

“What’s all this?” Jimin wondered and when he lifted his eyes to turn around he saw the portrait hanging on the door of the wardrobe… how could’ve he missed it?

The woman on the portrait had deadly black eyes; she looked young and fierce, her skin was pale and her lips were thin, her black hair was long and shiny. Jimin stared at her face and then turned to look at Jungkook…

“Is this… the third queen?” He wondered and Jungkook nodded as he approached him.

“I wish I had met her.” Jungkook said as he came to stand behind Jimin. “The first queen always told me tales about her… most of which were probably lies… some of which were real. I met my grandfather when I was in the south, so he confirmed some of them.” Jungkook said and Jimin remained quiet while he listened.

“She was beautiful.” Jimin said tracing the old painting softly.

“Apparently not so much… according to her father, she was tough and her skin was marred by scars. She never let an alpha touch her until she met the king. She killed anyone who tried to touch her.” Jungkook explained.
“She was brave… like you.” Jimin said.

“My mother was not supposed to be a queen, not even the third one. She was a simple rogue omega with no knowledge of anything regarding royalty, but… my father fell in love with her.” Jungkook said and Jimin nodded.

“So… these are her belongings?” Jimin wondered looking around and Jungkook nodded.

“Yes. Most of these will pass down to you… jewels, fabrics… useless stuff.” Jungkook sighed and Jimin nodded in understanding. “Since she didn’t live much to begin with, she didn’t gather much, but my father seemed to gift her with many things for the short period she actually lived here.” Jungkook looked around.

“You look a lot like her.” Jimin added as he turned around, he wanted to kiss his mate, but before he could, Jungkook nodded and walked to the furthest corner of the room.

“I’ve heard so.” He mumbled absently as he pushed a big chest to the side and then crouched to lift the carpet; Jimin walked over, filled with curiosity and saw the trap door hidden beneath.

“What is this?” Jimin crouched right next to him.

“If something happens to me today I want you to come here with Taehyung. Do not bring anyone else.” Jungkook said seriously, but Jimin felt restless all of a sudden.

“Nothing is going to happen to you!” He said and Jungkook sighed tiredly.

“Jimin. Please, listen.” He said and Jimin literally pouted as he lowered his gaze and gave a small nod.


“You can bring the maid, but Taehyung will be instructed to protect only you.” Jungkook said and Jimin frowned.

“I know how to fight now, Jungkook… you taught me.” Jimin argued and Jungkook nodded.

“Yes, but it's not the same to fight one on one than one on five. Rogues are not known to be fair.” He explained and Jimin swallowed thickly.

“Seokjin already has a whole army ready to protect him and we already have this thing figured out. Do not worry about him.” Jungkook said the last bit slowly, making sure Jimin understood. “Please, Jimin. If the whole palace burns down you will flee with Taehyung and not worry about Seokjin. Trust me… he will be fine.” Jungkook said and Jimin nodded.

“Fine… so… just me, Tae and Jimin…” He said softly and Jungkook nodded.

“Good. You get down there and follow the passageway down… it will be long but it will take you to another trapdoor far away from here.” Jungkook added and Jimin nodded. “If you don’t deem it necessary to use this escape route, then do not tell anyone about it.” Jimin nodded again.

“But you will come back, right?” Jimin asked and Jungkook pushed the carpet over the trapdoor again to avoid answering the omega’s question. “Jungkook?” He felt his voice wavering.

“I can’t promise it.” The alpha said as he stood and Jimin did the same, his eyes already burning with unshed tears. “But I’ll do my best to be back.” Jungkook added and cupped Jimin’s face before
leaning down to kiss his lips.

Jimin kissed him back and wrapped his arms around his neck tightly, deepening the kiss and praying to every god out there that his mate would be returned to his arms safely at the end of the day.

Jungkook pushed him away and gave his arms a squeeze before turning around and leaving the room. He collected his thoughts and calmed his nerves of leaving his mate alone. He was walking down to the square when he saw Taehyung pulling on some boots.

“You stay here.” Jungkook said next to him and Taehyung frowned. “You stay here and if Jimin tells you to follow, you do. You will protect him with your life and that’s the end of it.” Jungkook’s voice didn’t leave space for arguments, not that Taehyung wanted to argue anyway.

“Okay…” He mumbled and watched with a bit of envy the wide of Jungkook’s shoulders as he walked away; ready to slaughter some rogues like he had done with Jongup only a few hours ago.

Jungkook watches his men all around and swiftly barks orders that everyone complies, he tries to leave the betas on the back working as archers, riding horses instead on going on foot like most alphas will.

He acknowledged the fact that his house didn’t have that many alphas and that most of them were serving the first house, but since Yoongi was not here Seokjin had allowed for the army of his house to march with him… he gave Jaebum a nod when the alpha walked by.

“How many men?” Jungkook asked and Yugyeom sighed.

“Almost ten thousand, but that’s only what we have seen.” The alpha said nervously and Jungkook nodded.

“There are more… at least the double.” He said and turned when he heard a horse and as he turned he saw Hwasa; the woman quickly handed him a roll of paper.

“Your highness, the crown prince sends this.” She said and Jungkook ripped the thread off to read, his face barely changing even though the news were hard to take; he gave a nod and handed Yugyeom the letter.

“Take this to Jimin and then come back. Tell him he’s not to move without Taehyung.” Jungkook said and Yugyeom nodded before sprinting off. “Are the first house’s men at the ready?” Jungkook asked the female alpha and she nodded with a confident smile.

“Always are.”

“Good, when we come back things won’t be like they used to be.”

…

Jimin had found the maid in the kitchens chopping off vegetables like that was the last thing she was supposed to do… Jimin knew no one was really hungry after the whole ordeal, but he let her and tried to get her mind off things with little success.

He was about to say something else when the doors to the kitchens opened and in walked Yugyeom; she turned to him with wide eyes and Jimin blinked in confusion when the alpha walked slowly to them and handed Jimin a piece of paper...

Yugyeom seemed to have something more to say, but the fox didn’t want to intrude in their little
moment.

“Jungkook sends this…” Yugyeom said and Jimin nodded before giving him a small smile and giving the maid one last look before leaving the kitchens.

Jimin closed the door behind him and opened the paper to read… a frown marring his forehead when he noticed this was not Jungkook’s calligraphy; he’d recognize Seokjin’s calligraphy anywhere, he had been the one to teach Jimin how to write.

The note was short…

Jungkook-ah,

*I will take care of father. Right now he is in his deathbed and wishes you luck in the battlefield. He knows you will do the right thing… he’s never doubted you, he’s never stopped loving you even for a second.*

Seokjin

Jimin widened his eyes and clutched the paper tightly in his hands before sprinting off to the gate leading to the first house’s grounds; it was open, obviously, with so much movement no one was willing to lose time closing and opening gates.

Jimin knew his way around, a few hours ago he had ran through these halls so he’d make it on time to save Taehyung from a horrible death.

“Jimin-ssi!” Someone called and Jimin stopped and turned around to see an unfamiliar face. “I was appointed to escort you once you got here.” The man said and Jimin frowned.

“How would you know I was coming?” Jimin asked with a slight frown, the man was slightly taller with tanned skin and a friendly smile that Jungkook wouldn’t trust.

“The crown prince seems to know you well enough.” The man said and then motioned for the fox to follow. “My name is Hoseok, by the way… I am pleased to meet you after hearing so many tales about the mythical fox.” He said and Jimin decided to follow him.

No one would try to hurt him now that he was Jungkook’s mate and even less with so many things happening all around.

“You must be disappointed now that you’ve seen how normal I am.” Jimin said as he walked next to the beta and Hoseok chuckled.

“Quite the opposite. You are magnificent.” He admitted and Jimin eyed him for a moment before looking ahead again. “I must say that I never believed much in Tae’s words of your unparalleled beauty.” He said and Jimin’s face brightened at that.

“Oh, you must’ve trained with Taetae!” He said and Hoseok hummed.

“We actually arrived here together… we lived together for almost a year before coming here to train.” Hoseok said and Jimin blinked in surprise. “Silly me… I was hoping Tae would want to mate and marry me.” He said with an embarrassed laugh. “You were always on his mind so… now I understand why he never took me seriously.” Hoseok said and watched the guilt play in the younger’s face.

“But Taetae seems to be really close to Yoongi-hyeong now…” Jimin said a bit apologetically.
“Oh… Those terrible rumors of him raping the second prince! Who could’ve said something so evil to harm someone like Tae?” Hoseok mulled and Jimin nodded in agreement.

“I am glad I was in time to save him.” He sighed tiredly and Hoseok quirked an eyebrow at the comment.

“Yeah… so lucky.” He mumbled as they arrived to the king’s chambers. “Off you go, little fox.” Hoseok gave a friendly smile and opened the door for the other to step inside.

Jimin’s eyes immediately fell on the man on the bed. Seokjin and the first queen were by his side with tears staining their cheeks and Jimin felt like an intruder as he approached the family.

“He’s here.” The first queen was the first to notice him and Jimin gave her a bitter smile before kneeling by Seokjin’s legs and placing his small hands on his friend’s lap in reassurance.

“I feel that… I need your forgiveness, young fox…” The king suddenly uttered and Jimin turned his gaze to the sick man.

“You need not such a thing from someone like me.” Jimin said softly and take the king’s offered hand. He was cold and wrinkled and Jimin had completely missed his aging to this extent.

“Greed took you here… not your own though.” Seokjun said. “If it is too much to ask, then I won’t insist… Will you forgive me for bringing you here?” He said and Jimin gave him a true, kind smile as he nodded.

“I have nothing to forgive, my lord, but if it makes you feel at peace then yes, I forgive you.” He said and the king sighed heavily, closing his eyes.

“You’re too good for this life. Tell Jungkook I am sorry. I should’ve argued with Yoongi’s request. I should’ve fought for him, but I was scared…” Seokjun admitted. “I was scared I wouldn’t know how to raise a rogue, I knew why his mother had been so scared to give birth and I only realized that day that I knew nothing about rogues…” Jimin squeezed the older man’s hand.

“Jungkook loves you despite everything that happened.” Jimin said softly.

“When he came back I worried I had done the wrong thing and I guess I did.” He coughed up and Seokjin buried his face in his hands. “You’ve had so much love for all my sons… I feel blessed I met a fox.” Seokjun smiled and Jimin nodded unsure of how he had managed not to cry up to this point.

“I am scared…” Seokjun admitted. “Scared of dying…”

“No… you don’t have to be scared.” Jimin said; his eyes flashing bright blue and the king stared intently at him. “It’ll come to pass and you won’t even know…” Jimin’s voice trailed like a veil and the king slowly let go with a nod… his tired eyes closing and a small smile drawing on his lips before his limp hand fell to the bed.

The queen remained strong as she continued to hold onto his husband’s other hand and then Seokjin stood up from the bed and stomped outside; Jimin bowed to the queen and followed his friend out.

Seokjin was leaning on the railing to one of the inner gardens, taking deep breaths and hoping he could calm and collect his nerves.

“I am sorry, hyeong.” Jimin mumbled softly as he came to stand next to him and the elder only nodded with a pained smile.

“He’s been sick for a while now. I am just… I feel guilty that Yoongi and Jungkook couldn’t be here.” He explained and Jimin nodded.
“Where is Yoongi-hyeong, though? I thought he’d be here.” Jimin said and Seokjin sighed heavily before turning to meet his eyes.

“Up north.” Seokjin explained and Jimin blinked several times. “Our relationships with other lands are weakening. We need allies and we need them now.” Seokjin said and Jimin lowered his gaze and nodded.

“I hope he’s safe.” He mumbled and Seokjin smiled and placed a comforting hand on the younger’s shoulder.

“Yoongi has become unusually brave these past few weeks. I cannot explain, but he took the reins of his house and is willingly pulling forward.” He added. “I trust him and I trust Jungkook. Do you trust them, Jimin?” Seokjin asked and the younger looked up in confusion.

“Yes, I was more worried about you. I believe that mating mark was made with consent?” Seokjin asked and Jimin sighed heavily.

“More consent on my part than on Jungkook’s.” Jimin said and Seokjin frowned and then let out a soft chuckle.

“Then I have nothing to worry. Jungkook loves you.” He said and Jimin felt a small smile tugging at his lips. “Breaking a mating bond is hard and painful, so I wish you both luck. Maybe when everything is over we can celebrate a wedding for you.” He suggested; his eyes filled with misery. He was not able to stop his brain from bringing Namjoon up; if only he were a commoner or maybe even a soldier… He’d trade his throne for one lesser wooden chair any day.

“Yeah, maybe.” Jimin agreed.

...

Hoseok snorted loudly once the fox was inside the bedroom and then he made his way back, he was curious… With the third prince and his whole army gone into war maybe he’d have the time to actually sneak inside and find Taehyung.

“You have a peculiar scent grazing you.” A voice said from behind him and Hoseok turned in time to see the foreigner; he looked interested and Hoseok couldn’t help but sniff at his own clothes, searching for the suggested scent. “Not a wolf’s scent.” Yifan added with a kind smile and Hoseok scoffed.

“Yeah, I was appointed to escort the fox.” Hoseok said and Yifan’s eyes glinted at the answer as he approached the beta. “Or should I refer to him as the third prince’s mate? Should I call him prince already? I don’t even know how this fucked up place works.” He murmured, but Yifan heard him and his eyes widened.

“Mate, you said?” He asked, his voice a bit more serious. Hoseok nodded as if it was not a big thing. “The third prince had the… audacity to mate the fox?” Yifan asked again, disdain now evident on his voice and Hoseok couldn’t help but frown. He had always thought the foreigner was not to be trusted, but right now his attitude could only confirmed his suspicions. “They think they own this world…” He muttered the last bit and then laughed, took a deep breath and then looked at Hoseok again.
“So many people after a magical whore.” Hoseok muttered and Yifan’s eyes glared a deep red before they were back to normal and Hoseok felt fear sparking inside him.


“Then we care for each other, Hoseok-ssi.” He said and the beta frowned a bit before giving the man his complete attention. “I have power to make your dreams come true. Tell me about this vengeance.” He coerced and the beta took a step back.

“If I want someone dead?” Hoseok asked, Yifancocked his head to the side.

“As long as they are not the crown prince or the fox.” He stated and Hoseok felt anger resurfacing.

“What’s with everyone and the fox? Why is everyone so concerned with it?” He snapped angrily and Yifan sighed heavily.

“No one here deserves the fox. He is valuable, but not here.” Yifan explained. “The best that could happen now is that the third prince actually dies in battle; as much as I am not concerned with him I know the pain of breaking a mating bond is devastating, not many survive it.” He sighed again. “I will take care of the fox… Who do you want dead?” Yifan asked.

“The second prince and Taehyung.” He said and Yifan frowned in confusion.

“I do not know of someone named Taehyung though, but just show him to me and he will be dead along with the second prince.” He said and Hoseok nodded.

“What do you want in exchange?” Hoseok asked. He knew this didn’t come along free and he was asking for two deaths not just one and not just ordinary people.

“I need a distraction and I need to get someone out of a cellar in the third house.” Yifan said. Hoseok snorted loudly.

“Not just anyone can get anyone out of a cellar in the third house.” He mocked and Yifan shrugged.

“Not just anyone can get the second prince dead. Think about it and let me know.”
Jungkook rode his horse just for the sake of it. He felt restless as they rode through the city, the townspeople were cheering for them once Jungkook had passed by… he was not affected by the general dislike people felt towards him, but living inside the palace could sometimes make him forget people feared him.

The more he got away from the palace, from Jimin, the more he felt the strain on the bond, but there was also something else coursing his veins. His wolf was unnerved by it too; he shook his head when they left behind the city’s huge walls.

Thousands of men on horse and some other on foot followed him to a battle that would probably be the first of many and none of them really knew what to expect.

“Where’s the rogue you brought with you?” Mark asked as he approached the young prince; he looked in several directions hoping to catch a glimpse of said man, but Jungkook merely shook his head.

“He shifted before leaving. He won’t be travelling with us.” Jungkook explained and Mark nodded with a deep frown. He was still a bit affected by the image of Jungkook he had from when he had knocked on his door during his rut and he didn’t want to upset the alpha ever again, but he was curious too.

“Would you rather travel that way too?” He asked and Jungkook remained quiet and looking ahead for a long moment before actually answering.

“I am a prince too. I am the king’s son too.” He said and then turned to glare at Mark. “Don’t forget that, captain.” He added and Mark smirked and nodded.

“I was just curious. I guess that now that most of us know that you are mated to Jimin-ssi there’s a general sense of curiosity and expectation.” Mark explained. “Word has spread about how a fox mated to an alpha would actually make them stronger. We all want to know if that’s true, of course.” He shrugged and Jungkook sighed and averted his gaze to the direction of the palace.

“I guess I am curious too.”

…

Yoongi had definitely forgotten why he hated the north; the biting cold and the wind reminded him of it as soon as the crossed the forest and in the open, filled with snow, he thought back to his mother and how she had been able to endure this hostile place with how poor her health had been for most her life.

The tall gates of the city opened as soon as they were near and his uncle was the first to cross, riding his white horse proudly, but Yoongi noticed the people around were not particularly happy to see him… he looked around the thin faces of the northern people and wondered if they were actually
doing good.

He knew his grandfather had died not too long after his own mother died and he hadn’t know much of how the old man ruled, but this tangible hatred was obviously directed towards his uncle.

He briefly looked into a woman’s eyes and he frowned when her face lit with recognition, her eyes wide as she followed Yoongi with her gaze.

“Lady Yoonsik’s son is here! Prince Yoongi is here!” She yelled pointing towards his horse, in no time everyone was staring at him and their faces filled with happiness.

Yoongi felt weird... he had never been on the receiving end of such reactions and it made him feel a bit confused. He slowly pulled his hood back to let his white ears and white hair in the open; people’s words got louder as they waved and Yoongi couldn’t help but blink and give them a confused face.

His uncle was tense, it was obvious and Yoongi couldn’t wait to be inside to finally ask what the hell was going on here. The gates to the northern palace opened and the horses rode in. Yoongi got down from his horse right on time to see two women approach. One of them caught his attention; her deep eyes seemed familiar for some weird reason.

She was covered in thick layers of clothes and a deep blue cape covered her whole body; her eyes were deep and her hair was as white as Yoongi’s. Her face resembled his own and Yoongi vaguely guessed she was family.

He stared at her fierce countenance, she was his same height... she bowed and the other did the same; she was beautiful too, her cape was black.

“Your highness.” The familiar girl said and Yoongi nodded.

“Gather everyone, Chaerim! Don’t waste my time!” Yoonseok said and the woman closed her eyes briefly; it was obvious she didn’t like the man better than Yoongi.

“Everyone is gathered, father.” She said and then Yoongi realized she was his cousin. Chaerim was as beautiful as Lady Yoonsik had been in her days, only Chaerim looked healthy and strong.

The man walked past them with an angry scowl on his face, he didn’t say another word to his daughter and then Chaerim was staring into Yoongi’s eyes again.

“Get ready for a party.” She said seriously and Yoongi frowned.

“I don’t really enjoy parties.” He replied.

“Me neither, but this one?” She smirked and Yoongi frowned. “This one will be a bit on the wild side.” She said and moved the cape to let Yoongi see the sword she was carrying.

“I am unprepared for this party then.” Yoongi said and she nodded.

“Of course, Lord Yoonseok wouldn’t like you prepared.” She sighed heavily. “Go get Sehun.” She told the other girl and the woman went without saying a word. “We will prepare you.” She said cryptically and then motioned for him to follow.

“I don’t think I want to even be there.” Yoongi sighed as he continued to move behind his cousin and wondering why anyone would go armed to a party. What was his uncle planning to do?
“You perhaps need to know a few things.” She said and Yoongi got closer so she wouldn’t have to talk to loud. “There are two kinds of people in this party. The guests Lord Yoonseok invited and the ones Lady Yoonsik would’ve invited.” She explained and Yoongi frowned.

“Why is everyone talking about my mother as if she was still alive as if she did something more than marrying the king and going away to live in the east?” He asked and Chaerim gave him a brief, but kind look.

“Her legacy lives. Grandfather made sure of that, when he was exiled he made sure his people loved at least one of his children. Even though she wasn’t here to attest to her father’s words, people never had a reason not to believe the northern king.” She explained as they walked through the aisles. “Lord Yoonseok instead always made the wrong decisions and poisoned people’s minds. You can only guess who invited me here, right?” She smiled and Yoongi took a deep breath.

“So they all think I am what our grandfather talked about my mother?” Yoongi wondered and she nodded and then stopped at the entrance of the large hall.

“Yes and I don’t have a reason to distrust you… yet.” She said with narrowed eyes and Yoongi understood the warning, but no one here knew he hadn’t been prepared to be king, not in the east and not in the north.

“Oh, Yoongi-ssi… such a pleasure to meet you again.” A man said and Yoongi felt confused. He could swear he had never seen this person, he looked older, but not ancient and he had a welcoming smile. “You wouldn’t remember me. I went to the eat to meet you when you were only months old.” He said with a soft chuckle, his voice was gentle and soft. “My name is Daesung. Northern king’s advisor.” He explained and nodded. “Eager to work with you, I must admit.” He said and Yoongi swallowed.

He wanted to say more, to argue with everyone’s words, but before he could, footsteps were heard and he turned in time to see the woman from before and a tall lanky man wearing thick layers of clothes.

“Our best warrior. Oh Sehun.” Chaerim introduced. “His family has served your mother’s side for generations. He is your personal guard.” She explained and Yoongi stared at the tall man with sudden realization of what was happening… could it be that his mother actually knew this would happen some day?

“Wait…” He suddenly said and turned to look at Chaerim. “This is all too much.” He said and eyed the advisor too.

“We will have this conversation later.” She said and then turned to Sehun. “Your orders are obvious and clear. If anything happens to Yoongi you know what goes.” She warned him and Sehun nodded more seriously now. “Come on, Dara.” She called and the other girl followed her to the main hall.

“Shall we go, your highness?” Sehun said as he motioned with an elegant bow and a gesture of his hand. Yoongi frowned at him and then moved inside the hall when Daesung gave him a nod.

There were too many guards, too many people… some on the left and some on the right and then there were some at the center at the end, Daesung walked over there. Chaerim and Dara stood to the left near the end and Yoongi was about to follow when Sehun discretely grabbed his elbow and guided him to the right.

“You wouldn’t want to be on the wrong side when this gets dirty.” Sehun joked with a smirk and Yoongi already hated him, but for now he’d have to trust him.
“I brought my late sister’s son to rule over the north as my father wanted.” Yoonseok said to everyone in the large hall, he looked worn and pale. “I ask our council to allow for his marriage with my only daughter and let me become regent king while he learns.” He announced and there was a murmur, Yoongi widened his eyes at the marriage petition, he looked to his sides to the annoyed faces of old people that could only belong to the council on his mother’s side.

“There is a reason why your father left a council after his death and didn’t name you regent king.” An old man said and Yoonseok actually growled.

“I am king by right! I am only allowing this nonsense because of the love I had for my fat-”


“Yoongi is the rightful owner to the throne as per the king’s last words.” The old man at the front said. Daesung nodded solemnly.

Yoonseok turned to look at Yoongi with clear killer intent; Yoongi frowned.

“Have it your way.” Yoonseok mumbled loud enough and Yoongi tensed when he heard the sound of a sword being pulled right behind him.

Sehun pushed the second prince out of the way and swiftly stuck a dagger inside the man’s belly, pulling it sideways to make sure all his guts splattered to the floor, right in front of the pale prince who couldn’t believe what had just happened.

The man fell on his own mess, dead and Sehun extended a hand towards him to help him stand. Yoongi was trembling with wide blue eyes staring at Sehun.

“Welcome home, your highness.” He said right before all the guards on Yoongi’s mother’s side pulled out their sword and in one swift motion ended the lives of anyone against her.

Yoonseok widened his eyes at the mess and the screams of soldier falling to their death, old men that belonged to the council too… it didn’t matter. His daughter had killed someone too and he could only glare at her from his spot in the middle of the hall.

“Your life is in Yoongi’s hands now.” Daesung announced and Yoonseok turned to glare at the man. “He is the owner of the throne… and just like the late king used to say…” He said and turned to look at Yoongi seriously. “Yoongi will become a kind ruler, someone who will worry about its people’s bellies and lives. A king that won’t let kids die in the winters and omegas lose their alphas in vain. Do you understand, Yoongi? Are you willing to become the king that we need?” Daesung asked seriously and Yoongi swallowed.

This was not what he had had in mind when his uncle said he had to come to the north… this was a whole lot more and he wasn’t sure he was the right person to do it… but one look at his cousin and her blood-splattered face and he felt confident enough. He belonged to this frozen land…

“I know nothing about being a king…” He said loudly as he stepped ahead, trying hard to ignore the corpses littered all around the hall. “Sadly, those were classes reserved for my oldest brother.” He said and Daesung gave him an encouraging nod. “I can always try, with the council’s help.” He stated and the man nodded with a smile.

“Of course. Therefore we name you king in the north.” Daesung said and just like that Yoongi became what he had wanted ever since he was a kid.
“No!” Yoonseok yelled and he ran ahead shifting in the air, but when he landed Sehun was waiting and the wolf impaled itself on the guard’s log sword. Yoongi watched the point protruding on the wolf’s back and then the white fur tainted with deep red.

“I’ve been told Lady Yoonsik’s wolf was ten times more beautiful.” Sehun said as he pushed the huge wolf off himself and Yoongi swallowed thickly, tying to remember never to anger the young guard.

Yoongi looked around the messy hall and sighed heavily. This was not a sight he was used to, back in the east, his father had always made sure to never shed blood in front of them… His father didn’t believe in violence, but Yoongi wasn’t sure there was any other way around this.

If his uncle had been left to live in exile nothing guaranteed them that the man wouldn’t be back to take what he thought belonged to him.

“You’ll get used to this… your highness.” Chaerim approached him with a small and bitter smile and Yoongi could only nod… he wasn’t so sure.

...

Jungkook stared ahead at the place in which the southern tribe had settled; they were the perfect nomads, knew how to travel and they seemed to be doing quite well. They were not afraid to battle, but they weren’t stupid either and Seunghyun probably only wanted one thing: Jungkook’s head and nothing else.

“Well… this doesn’t look good.” Yugyeom said from his hiding spot next to his best friend. Mark was there too and Jiwon, the rogue looked rather calm.

“No. They weren’t this much when I left.” Jungkook said and turned to look at Jiwon.

“Seems they recruited some loners and pirates too… they haven’t moved much though… I’d dare to think they want justice their own way.” Jiwon added and Mark frowned. “I could go and talk to Seunghyun, see what he wants.” Jiwon suggested.

“Do that. If he wants a battle on their own terms then they will have it.” Jungkook said and Jiwon scoffed.

“Whatever…” He said before shifting and running in the direction of the campsite.

“Won’t they hurt him? He betrayed them…” Mark said and Jungkook sighed.

“They might, but if Seunghyun wants us to talk, then he will let him live.” He said as he stood and turned to return to their campsite. Yugyeom and Mark followed him.

“What’s a rogue battle like?” Yugyeom asked fearing the answer and Mark awaited it too.

“Unfair.”

They returned to the campsite and made sure everyone was ready and aware of whom they were fighting. Made sure they understood the dangers and how to maybe gain some control of the situation… the best that could happen was that Seunghyun settled for a single battle and Jungkook knew it was likely that he’d die in said battle, but with the right contract everyone else would be able to return home safely… to their families and mates.

The night was darker here in the open and Jungkook didn’t feel like sleeping; he decided for an
isolated part in the steep along with Yugyeom, both of them staring into the other campsite.

“Once we are back you have to mate the maid.” Jungkook said and Yugyeom turned to look at him with a deep frown.

“I don’t think so.” Yugyeom gave a bitter chuckle. “We are at war and… I could die at any moment.” He said and Jungkook contemplated his answer.

Why was it easier to give advice than to take them?

“It is because of that reason that you have to mate her. You’ve been in love with her since we were kids and I think it is time to do something about it. Your life could end at any moment and you would’ve let her pass by.” Jungkook said and Yugyeom sighed.

“When we get back… I will think about it.” Yugyeom said seriously and Jungkook remained quiet; it was easier that way.

The quietness made him aware of the footsteps and Yugyeom too stood on alert, pulling on his sword, but Jungkook stopped him when he saw the two figures approaching. He frowned a bit until they finally came to the moon’s light.

“He wanted to do it personally.” Jiwon said as he moved away to let the southern tribe’s leader. Seunghyun looked cool, not angered or ready to fight, simply calm as he looked at Jungkook and his companion.

“So… you became a prince again?” Seunghyun asked, his deep voice made Yugyeom swallow in nervousness. Jungkook frowned a bit at his weird stance. He seemed worried.

“How are we going to solve this?” Jungkook asked and Seunghyun grimaced as he looked away and scratched his head.

“We’ll see, but right now you have to come with me.” Seunghyun said and Yugyeom took a step forward, but Jungkook placed a hand on his shoulder to stop him, the soldier looked fairly confused.

“You are not going alone, Jungkook. Jimin would kill me.” Yugyeom argued, but Jungkook ignored him and walked towards the rogue leader.

“Tell captain Tuan where I am going and if I haven’t come back in an hour—”

“Make it two.” Seunghyun supplied and Jungkook frowned a bit more unsettled, the rogue was so compliant and calm.

“If I am not back in two hours you have permission to attack.” He said and Yugyeom wanted to argue, but Jungkook gave him a pointed look and he understood it was not open for discussion.

“Stay here too, Jiwon.” He said and Seunghyun gave the traitor a glare before turning around and leading the way back his own campsite with Jungkook on tow.

“It is quite a pity, really.” Seunghyun said as they continued to walk and Jungkook had no reason to distrust the rogue when he was walking ahead, unarmed and unguarded. Seunghyun had never been like this. “You are a fierce fighter… one we could use.” He gave a smirk over his shoulder.

“ Heard about the pirates and loners. Are you gathering an army?” Jungkook asked because usually the southern tribes didn’t believe in fighting for political reasons. Southern tribes only understood of land and strength… physical strength.
“We have encountered trouble.” Seunghyun admitted and Jungkook frowned. “You should stop spying on us and start worrying about what’s beyond the south.” He gave another look over his shoulder and Jungkook immediately put his brain to work.

“Southern Islands? What’s there to worry about them…? I thought they were inhabited.” Jungkook said and Seunghyun chuckled. “We have a foreigner with us… from beyond the eastern sea.” He added and Seunghyun frowned as he stopped and stared at Jungkook; they were the same height.

“A loner.” Seunghyun said and Jungkook shook his head.

“No. He was taken there a long time ago, stranded in a weird government with no way in or way out. Seems like they don’t trust anyone from the mainland.” Jungkook said and wasn’t sure why he was telling all this to Seunghyun.

“Interesting… What is he doing in your palace?” Seunghyun asked and Jungkook frowned.

“That’s… confidential.” He said and Seunghyun scoffed as he resumed leading the way.

“Nothing is really confidential when the first blow is delivered.” Seunghyun mused and Jungkook could now see the edge of the campsite; there were two men on each side of the open path and Jungkook squared his shoulders.

As soon as the approached the site Yongguk emerged from the shadows, upper body naked and painted in red stripes here and there.

“Yongguk.” Jungkook greeted and the older alpha gave a brief smirk. “You haven’t changed much.” He added.

“You say so as if you had left years ago.” The elder rasped out, his deep eyes moving to the other rogue and Jungkook saw an unfamiliar face. “Latest acquisition. Name’s Wonho… pirate, ship included, can you believe it?” Yongguk joked and Jungkook glared back at the daring and strange rogue.

“Yeah, his fucking nose is useless… too much salt in the air and now he’s fucked up.” Seunghyun said without an emotion as he stepped inside and Jungkook watched the distaste in Wonho’s face. “Come on…” He said and Jungkook started to follow the man through the tents, ignoring the glares of other rogues.

Jungkook saw the largest tent and took a deep breath before Seunghyun pulled the flap to let him inside.

There was the familiar scent of fire, soil and alpha. It was a scent that clung to everything in the southern border. He walked inside the comfy area, Seunghyun was definitely tidier than his father had been and to his surprise there weren’t omegas inside like they had been with the last leader.

He suddenly stopped when he scented something different… it was something that shouldn’t be there… he turned sharply around, but came face to face with Seunghyun.

Jungkook had to admit he had always felt a bit scared of the rather quiet rogue, Seunghyun had such deep eyes that sometimes he didn’t have to harm his prey but only give the right look. He had seen lesser alphas pissing their pants in fear.

Seunghyun walked over to a table and poured a cup with ale; he made to pour another and gave Jungkook a questioning look, but the younger shook his head. Jungkook waited patiently as the elder took a long gulp of his beverage and then he turned his deep eyes towards him again. Seunghyun
was not too bulky, but he was tall and had enough muscle to scare people off. His ears and tail were black and his skin was lightly bronzed.

“Why am I here?” Jungkook asked and Seunghyun took another gulp and hissed.

“I want to address that mating mark you are exhibiting.” Seunghyun said and Jungkook frowned as he unconsciously placed a hand on his mark. “I never wanted to believe the rumors of you having a fox in your hands.” He smirked.

“Long story.” He decided to reply and Seunghyun waved a hand, dismissing the issue. “What do you want to know?”

“How did that happen? A rogue doesn’t let an omega mark him…” Seunghyun said with a deep frown.

“That’s why you never have mating bonds, but what is it to you?” Jungkook felt honestly confused.

“I heard… that if you mate a fox they make you stronger. Are you?” Seunghyun continued to ask and Jungkook was severely confused by now, scared to answer.

“I didn’t do it for that.” Jungkook said and Seunghyun scoffed, but then a bitter look crossed his eyes.

“Magical whores.” He muttered low under his breath and Jungkook frowned deeper at that. “You can skip the fight… under one condition.” He said and Jungkook was ready for the worst. “Follow me.”

Jungkook wanted to argue, but in the end he followed the elder deeper into the tent, moving flaps until the stench of Seunghyun’s scent became too thick, but he endured it when he finally saw what was on his mattress.

His eyes widened at the sight and felt his breath hitch…

“You have a fox…”

…”

“Are you okay?” Taehyung asked as he climbed up to the rooftop one night, Jimin was lying on the tiles and when he heard Taehyung’s voice he turned with curiosity.

“Yeah… I was just… thinking.” Jimin said and Taehyung nodded finally coming to sit next to his friend. “I used to do this a lot with Yoongi-hyeong.” He explained and Taehyung nodded again. “Do you like Yoongi-hyeong, Taetae?” Jimin asked with a serious gaze.

“I mean… he is beautiful. His attitude is shit, but he’s pretty. I like him.” He shrugged and Jimin felt his forehead creasing with that answer. “I didn’t force him on what we did, Jimin.” Taehyung said.

“Who is Hoseok?” Jimin decided to ask and watched the way Taehyung tensed like a rod, his eyes wide and mouth opened.

“How do you know about Hoseok-hyeong?” He asked and Jimin quirked an eyebrow.

“I met him… when I went to see Seokjin-hyeong. He was the one to escort me to the royal bedchambers.” He added and Taehyung shook his head suddenly grasping Jimin’s shoulders.

“Don’t get near him! You have to avoid him!” Taehyung said nervously, he knew Hoseok didn’t
like Jimin and it unnerved him to know the beta had been so close to his best friend.

“Why? He already told me how he met you… It seems he loves you.” Jimin said frowning deeply
and Taehyung let go of him and shook his head again.

“No, he has changed… Jimin, he told Jongup I had raped Yoongi.” He said and Jimin’s eyes
widened as he remembered the conversation he had had with the beta. “Hoseok-hyeong is not
someone you can trust… not anymore.” Taehyung looked a bit sad to admit that much and Jimin
couldn’t help but reach a hand pat his back comfortingly.

“I am sorry…”

“Yeah, so… Don’t talk to him and don’t trust him.”

Jimin hummed, but didn’t answer… Who was he supposed to trust when his mate wasn’t here…?
He was even a bit scared to trust Taehyung. He knew he could trust Jimin, Jinyoung and Youngjae,
but in the end and with the right motivation, the best people could turn evil.

“I won’t.”

…

Jungkook couldn’t believe his eyes.

“Yes… isn’t she something…” Seunghyun stared down at the woman almost like in a trance, but her
silvery eyes were glued to Jungkook. “Her name is Moonbyul and I found her near the coast; she
looked done for, but she struggled to survive and here she is.” Seunghyun said taking his eyes away
from the girl.

She was something indeed… Her beauty, very much like Jimin’s, winded Jungkook; her hair was
long and wavy, silvery, the very same shade of Jimin’s. Her furry tail was the same and so were her
ears, she was naturally skinny and small, her skin fair and pale and with a sharp face.

“Jeon Jungkook, here, is the third prince.” Seunghyun addressed the girl. “He is actually mated to a
fox.” Seunghyun said and her ears perked, her eyes widening a bit, but her small lips remained
sealed.

“Why did you bring me here?” Jungkook turned to ask Seunghyun and the elder approached him
enough so that when he talked Jungkook could smell the scent of the ale.

“She has stopped talking to me.” Seunghyun said lowly as if she couldn’t hear him. “Is your little fox
magical too? Can it heal wounds like mine does?” Seunghyun asked and Jungkook frowned. “I take
that as a no… If you fix this I might let you go.” He said and Jungkook wasn’t sure what he meant,
but suddenly Seunghyun had turned to look down at the girl. “I will leave you two to talk.” He gave
her a meaningful glare and Jungkook watched him leave the sleeping area.

He turned back to the girl and eyed her surroundings, she looked plenty comfortable, but then he saw
the chain leaving from under her robe and locked around one of the posts keeping up the tent.

“How come you’re here?” Jungkook crouched, careful not to step too near in case she was violent,
in case Seunghyun felt like he had changed his mind. “I thought my mate was the last fox… Where
do you come from?” He asked and watched as she opened her lips.

“Your mate…” She said; her voice was rather deep for a woman. “Your mate has to be Jimin.” She
said and Jungkook frowned deeply.
“How do you know him?” He asked and Moonbyul sighed in relief as she shifted a bit on the mattress.

“I am his older sister.” She said and Jungkook blinked several times unable to believe it. “Can’t you see him in me?” She asked and yes, Jungkook had initially thought all foxes looked the same, but maybe not. He nodded. “We were all taken back home, but Jimin was lost before we could come and get him. The woman our mother had picked to take care of him had lost him.” She said and Jungkook remembered how Jimin had talked about his mother…

“How did you get here?” He asked.

“I came to look for him and mother. Hid inside a ship a traveled to get to them, but our ship sunk and I was barely able to get to the shore…” She explained. “I was too weak to defend myself when Seunghyun found me.” She said and Jungkook frowned deeper.

“Ship? You come from the islands…” He was slowly tying the knots of the story. “How long ago was that? I was in the southern tribe for five years and I never heard about you.” He said.

“A month ago.” She said desperate for answers and help. “Is Jimin healthy and fine?” She asked and Jungkook rushed to nod. “That’s good then…” She said and lowered her eyes; her delicate hand touched the chain with an angered look.

“I have to get you out of here.” Jungkook stated and she looked at him with wide eyes. “Where is your mother?” He wondered and she shook her head.

“I don’t know… she left the islands a few years ago to look for Jimin on her own, but she hadn’t returned when I left.” She said softly. “How would you get me out of here? Seunghyun has claimed me and I bear his mating mark.” She said and pulled on her robe’s slope to show the scar on her shoulder.

“Are you pregnant?” He asked and she shook her head.

“I wouldn’t know… it’s only been a month, but with how many times he…” She swallowed thickly and looked away. “It could be.”

“I will talk to him. You have to remain mute to him.” Jungkook said and she nodded with a bitter smile.

“That’s not hard to achieve.” She said and Jungkook stood and walked outside; Seunghyun was calmly sitting at a table with a new cup of ale in one hand; his deep gaze lifted when Jungkook stepped out.

“She has a beautiful voice, doesn’t she?” He smiled down at his cup and Jungkook frowned at the sight. Everyone was right to think Seunghyun had changed. “It’s been like… two weeks since she last spoke to me.” He sighed. “Did she tell you why she wouldn’t talk to me?” Jungkook scoffed.

“Aside from the fact that you’ve raped her and forced a claim and a mating mark on her?” Jungkook asked; voice filled with sarcasm. “No. She’s flattered with your courtship.” He said and Seunghyun slammed his fist on the table in a fit of anger, Jungkook didn’t even flinch at the action.

“I am a rogue. I am the leader of the southern tribe. I do not court. I do not ask for permission or for forgiveness.” He said through gritted teeth.

“Then you won’t hear her voice ever again.” Jungkook said simply, Seunghyun made a grimace and averted his gaze as he looked around the tent, a crazed look on him.
“I want her gone… I want her dead, completely destroyed.” He said and then took a deep breath. “But I can’t. I can’t lay a single finger on her to hurt her like that. I can’t! So… you think… What you’re saying is that… if I apologize…” He seemed amused and possibly drunk.

“No. She won’t forgive you like that.” Jungkook cut him short and Seunghyun glared at him. “There is something you could do though…” Jungkook decided to say and Seunghyun gave a look of confusion. “She wants to meet my mate.” He said and Seunghyun frowned and then scoffed. “Do you think I am stupid?”

“You asked for a solution and that’s the only thing I think would work. Think about it and if not I will see you tomorrow morning to fight on your terms.” Jungkook said as he turned to leave, but the rogue spoke again. “I didn’t call you just for this. Sit down.” He said and Jungkook frowned, but turned around and sat at the table with the rogue.

“This is not just about what you did back in the south. You not only killed our previous leader, but also refused to take charge.” Seunghyun started. “You also raped his mate and killed her.” He added and Jungkook felt his muscles tensing at the memory. “You killed one of the men we sent to deliver you to your kingdom and now… now you pretend we submit to having an omega king.” Seunghyun said.

“My brother’s kingship is not negotiable, everything else is. I will repent for my wrongdoings, but not for Seokjin’s right to the throne.” He said and then sighed heavily. “Seunghyun… my brother is the kind of king we need to stop this nonsensical wars.”

“You might be right.” The man acknowledged and Jungkook frowned. “You might be right, but I am not alone on this. I am leader thanks to loyal friends, but we have our own problems within the tribes.” He said in a low tone and Jungkook frowned.

“Who?”

“You know men will follow the strongest without a question. As of right now I can only trust a handful of men here. Yongguk, Junghong, Taeyang and Seungri.” He said calmly. “I have Minho, Siwon and Wonho’s crew on my neck. One wrong step and I will be done for.” Seunghyun explained.

“I always thought you were smarter than you looked.” Jungkook said and Seunghyun smirked.

“I’ve always thought we were born into the wrong places, but there’s nothing we can do… If you manage to get them off me I might be able to convince the rest that your bitch brother would be the best king.” He said and Jungkook frowned.

“You’re… you’re willing to side with us.” Jungkook stated and Seunghyun shrugged as he drummed his fingers on the table.

“Your men will have a difficult battle against us, you know it, but they don’t stand a chance against loners and pirates… and Miho has lots of those.” Seunghyun added.

“Why would you help us?” Jungkook asked with narrowed eyes.

“I don’t know. A month ago I could only think on beheading you.” He ran a hand down his face as he stared at his cup. “I’ve committed my own share of crimes, I’ve killed and raped and stolen… I’ve been cruel and mean…” He took a deep breath. “But if somehow I get that little bitch to talk to me
again… I feel like… anything can be forgiven.” He admitted staring deeply into Jungkook’s eyes.

Jungkook knew what Seunghyun was talking about and more than ever he believed that foxes were not that simple or ordinary… something about them called for lesser men, they attracted people with the illusion of purity and forgiveness… He knew it because he had felt the same way with Jimin.

Had Yoongi felt the same?

They were dangerous creatures… but it was not in their nature to be cruel or take advantage of their position. They could have the world at their feet if they so wanted… but in the end Jimin was there, dealing with his demons. In the end that girl was there, in that mattress, waiting to be freed, unafraid of death.

“Minho doesn’t have a reason to believe you.” Jungkook stated and Seunghyun remained quiet. “Was he aware of every rumor about me? Of how I wanted to take revenge on my own family?” Jungkook asked calmly and Seunghyun felt a smirk pulling at his lips.

“I don’t know… but we can always spread the word.” He said. “Give me four days to have some men taking care of it and then we can deal the fight.” He said and Jungkook nodded. “You can still die in that fight, Jungkook… don’t forget it. I don’t really care about your life.” He warned and Jungkook nodded as he stood from the table.

“I will see you in four days’ time.” He said and turned to head out of the tent and return to his own campsite, but then Seunghyun spoke again.

“Jungkook.” He called and Jungkook stopped before he could step out into the night, he turned and looked over his shoulder. “About Moonbyul wanting to see your mate…” He said and Jungkook nodded so he would continue. “Is it for real?” He wondered and Jungkook nodded after a moment of hesitation.

“I guess they could relate.” Jungkook supplied and Seunghyun nodded lowering his head.

“I will think about it. Be gone.”

…

“We should crown you soon, your highness.” Yifan said while he shared a dinner with Seokjin and his mother; the woman didn’t look up from her plate and continued eating as if she hadn’t heard, Yifan narrowed his gaze.

“I’d like to wait until both my brothers are here.” Seokjin replied while he continued eating as well; despite all the events that had taken place in the palace, he was hungry.

“Of course, but your second brother won’t be here in a while, perhaps you’d consider doing it without him.” Yifan said and Seokjin lifted his eyes to glare at the man.

“You seem eager.” He said and Yifan snorted.

“Why, yes… I am excited to finally have an omega ruler such as yourself, your highness.” He said honestly, but Seokjin was beyond trusting him. “If you recall, I am here because my government wants to help yours as long as you become king.” Yifan said and Seokjin placed down his fork.

“What if I don’t?” He asked and his mother gave him a warning look, but the young prince ignored her and Yifan quirked an eyebrow.
“I should hope you do though…” Yifan said and then sighed heavily. “But if you don’t then it’d mean war.” Yifan said and Seokjin heaved a long sighed before standing up.

“That’s all I need to know from your government, Yifan-ssi.” He said and with a motion of his hand the nearest guard approached: Namjoon. “Namjoon-ssi will escort you in a week’s time to the docks and make sure you get on your ship to return home.” He stated and Yifan widened his eyes.

“You don’t want a war with my country.” Yifan said and Seokjin frowned slightly.

“Are you threatening me?” Seokjin wondered and Yifan approached the crown prince, but Namjoon stood between them with a glare, his hand on the hilt of his sword. Yifan glared at him.

“I am not!” Yifan said in a harsh whisper; he was well aware of the queen. “I am trying to protect you.” Yifan said through gritted teeth.

“He doesn’t need your protection.” Namjoon all but growled, making the other alpha stand back.

“This is enough.” Jinae stood from her seat and looked at all of them before settling on Yifan again. “You will heed my son’s orders and go willingly. Your leader is welcome for negotiations if they so want it, if not… then war it’ll be.” She said and Yifan huffed before stomping out of the room.

The silence fell heavy upon them and the queen did a gesture with her hand so that the maids would leave before turning her eyes to the other guards present in the room.

“Leave.” She said and they did. Namjoon was about to leave as well… “Stay, Namjoon-ssi.” She said and Seokjin tensed, Namjoon did too as they both turned to eye the queen; she had a tired face.

“Mother?” Seokjin asked, his voice small and nervous.

“You two have to settle whatever is troubling you and stick to the rules of the palace.” She said strictly. “You are crown prince and you are his royal guard. Do you understand your positions?” She asked and Seokjin swallowed.

“How did you…?” Seokjin felt his shoulders slump.

“I’ve known for years now and I don’t really mind, Seokjin… I know you’re careful and you don’t have an official relationship yet, but I need you to be composed and alert.” She said with a bitter look in her eyes.

“I am sorry, mother…” Seokjin said with a bow of his head, Namjoon did the same and only looked up when he felt a soft hand cupping his rough cheek; he found himself staring into the queen’s eyes.

“You are a brave man, Namjoon-ssi, but perhaps too easily confused.” She said. “I need you with a clear mind and ready to fight for my son’s life, ready to give yours if it comes to that… do you understand?” She asked and Seokjin wanted to protest, but Namjoon beat him to it.

“I do, your highness. My life belongs to him and je knows it. Whether for eternity or the next hour… he may do as he pleases with me.” Namjoon said and she sighed and lowered her gaze.

“You have spoiled him.” She said and then turned to walk out. “Have a good evening.”

When the door closed again, Namjoon turned to look at Seokjin and the elder man was giving him his back. Namjoon felt too grounded at that moment to actually comfort him. He was Seokjin’s royal guard. His life was at the ready to be lost if it meant he could safe him.
“I love you.” Namjoon decided to say, his voice rather rough and when Seokjin turned to face him, the prince expected to see him sad, but the alpha looked angered and probably frustrated. “And I know you know it. I know you probably feel the same way. I know this is a burden for both of us. Nothing will come out of this.” He continued and Seokjin frowned. “I will make things easier for you. As of this moment I won’t act out of my role. I will be nothing but your guard.” He said staring intently into Seokjin’s eyes. “This will be the last time I’ll look directly into your eyes… your highness.” He swallowed thickly before bowing and after a long moment he turned and walked out of the room.

Seokjin felt his voice trapped somewhere in his throat; he just couldn’t believe he had left Namjoon walk out on him like this… a tickle on his cheeks made him realize he was crying.

“I do love you too…”

…

“I have less than a week now, Hoseok-ssi.” Yifan said and stared down at the shorter male. He was well aware of Hoseok’s insecurity with his wish for revenge, but he didn’t have time to waste on convincing a meager beta. “I just need to know if you will still fulfill your part of the deal. Get me Kai and I will make your dreams come true.” He stated seriously.

“I want to know first… how do you plan on taking the fox?” Hoseok decidedly ignored the question and Yifan quirked an eyebrow. “It is not like Jungkook left him unguarded I can guarantee that the bitch is protected.” Yifan sighed.

“What are you trying to say, Hoseok-ssi…? I don’t enjoy this small talk.” He said and Hoseok took a deep breath.

“You should know that I couldn’t get you Kai and stay to live here comfortably.” Hoseok said and Yifan pulled a smirk.

“You’re welcome to come with me, but I won’t hesitate to kill you at the first sign of distrust. I am not as kind as these royals…”

“I didn’t think you were.”
Yoongi stared down at the letter he had recently received from his older brother, stating his father’s death… He felt a void forming in his chest and suddenly his mind was plagued with the scarce memories he had with his father from when he was little kid.

The man had always pitied him for his weak body, always looked at him with guilt and always stopped him from running too much or playing games that could potentially hurt him… and now he was gone.

He heaved a loud sigh as he approached the fireplace in his recently acquired office and let it catch fire. He stared at it as it burned and thought on the next moves they’d have to make, but he also had come to the realization that the north was not ready to face a full battle… even less against the southern tribes.

“Rumor has it that your brother’s kingdom is facing tough times.” Daesung said from behind him, but Yoongi didn’t turn. “He hasn’t been crowned yet… Do you perhaps know the reason?” The man asked and Yoongi cleared his throat as he turned.

“No. I do not know the reason.” He stated simply. The older man nodded calmly.

“If you think you have to, you can march south with your men.” Daesung supplied and Yoongi scoffed.

“I won’t take what little men we have here to a pointless death in the south. Northern soldiers will fare better if they fight in their own grounds. I highly doubt we are a target.” Yoongi said and Daesung nodded with a smile.

“A wise decision… not quite ambitious, but wise. We should probably address your engagement though…” Daesung said and Yoongi gave a deep frown at him. “I know it doesn’t seem important with everything that is going on, but customs are important here.” He said.

“I am the king. I make customs. I won’t marry.” Yoongi stated simply.

“A culture make customs, a king makes rules.” Daesung corrected with his eternal smile. “Please, consider it. Your appointed bride is Chaerim, but…” Daesung trailed when Yoongi gave him a bewildered look. “Since she’s your cousin… I understand it might be a bit unsettling.” He said.

“More like a whole lot disgusting.” Yoongi said and Daesung laughed at his honest words. “I fail to
see the funny thing here.”

“Oh, you’re quite a lot like your grandfather.” Daesung said. “Anyway… if you happen to have a relationship with someone form the east I am sure townspeople wouldn’t mind, but they care for proper relationships and customs.” He explained.

“I will not marry.”

“Young highness… let me explain it differently.” Daesung said and walked a bit closer, but the beta was not scared of him. “A king needs someone he can trust… I am good at reading people and you clearly don’t trust anyone here.” Daesung said. “I am merely helping you in getting a friend for you. Marriage is nothing but a contract for royal people.” Daesung said seriously. “Please… Think about it.”

…

It was past midnight on the fifth day since Jungkook had left and Jimin was still reluctant on going to sleep… he preferred to climb to the rooftops and stay there alone, staring at the stars with a hand over his chest while he processed whatever he got from the thin strand that had become his mating bond.

It was the only way to truly know Jungkook was alive; he could feel him… faint, because of the distance, but real and there. Last night he had fallen asleep here on the rooftop and he had woken up in his bed, he guessed Taehyung had carried him there.

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath when suddenly his ears picked on a very subtle noise. He blinked and frowned as he soundlessly made his way to the edge of the roof to peek down; he couldn’t help the smile widening his lips when he saw Taehyung… on his tiptoes trying not to make a noise.

“Taetae?” Jimin asked and watched the alpha freezing on his spot as he slowly looked up; his big chocolate eyes made Jimin’s chest clench… it was almost like staring at Taehyung the kid…

“I thought I was being silent.” He said scratching his cheek in a shy manner; Jimin giggled at him and jumped down with ease, barely making a sound as he landed.

“I think you’ve forgotten no one is as silent as I am.” He replied cheekily and Taehyung scoffed.

“I have received military training, Jimin. I am a deadly weapon.” Taehyung said and Jimin quirked an eyebrow only to amuse his friend.

“Are you?” He asked and Taehyung nodded crossing his arms over his chest. “Well then… let’s put you to the test.” Jimin said and Taehyung frowned. “Catch me… if you can.” Jimin gave him a smirk before turning around and sprinting.

A giggle bubbled up from his chest when he heard the loud noise Taehyung made when running; even a kid would be able to tell where the alpha was with how loud Taehyung’s steps sounded. It had been too long since the last time Jimin had played like this and it felt nice.

“Yah!” Taehyung yelled trying to push his legs harder, but that only resulted in him being unable to turn fast enough not to collide with a wall, the loud impact made Jimin yelp and turn with wide eyes.

“Taetae!” Jimin exclaimed as he rushed to him with worry etched on his face, he crouched when Taehyung groaned in pain while clutching his nose with his hands.

“I think I broke my nose.” The alpha said with watery eyes and Jimin softly pulled his hands away to
inspect the nose. Taehyung stared at him, not for the first time thinking how beautiful Jimin had become.

“No… I think it is not broken.” Jimin said, his lips in a pout of concentration while he softly pressed his thumbs on both sides of Taehyung’s nose. “You have a big nose, that’s why…” He smiled. “Jungkook has a big nose too.” He muttered.

“You’re beautiful.” Taehyung suddenly said and Jimin widened his eyes as he tried to pull away, but Taehyung grabbed his wrists. “No… I am sorry, Jimin.” He said softly, with pleading eyes and Jimin relaxed a bit. “I can’t help how I feel.” Taehyung said and Jimin sighed heavily.

“But you probably have feelings for Yoongi-hyeong too and… Hoseok-ssi?” Jimin said softly and Taehyung blushed and lowered his gaze.

“I loved you.” Taehyung said and Jimin felt his heart beating faster. “I can’t say I don’t love you anymore.” He added with a bitter chuckle. “I feel… I feel like I missed my chance.” Taehyung said and Jimin lowered his gaze as well. “I know it sounds wrong, but… you were here with Yoongi while I—”

“You were with Hoseok.” Jimin cut him short and Taehyung tensed and sighed heavily before nodding. “You said you hated Yoongi-hyeong, but you still did what you did with him too. I loved you too, Taehyung, but… We all have changed.” Jimin said and Taehyung felt like crying.

“I made all the wrong choices, Jimin.” He said and Jimin felt his heart breaking; he leaned over and pulled him into his arms. Taehyung buried his face in Jimin’s chest and cried.

“I am glad you are here.” Jimin said over the alpha’s sobs. “I can’t thank you enough for coming all the way here for me.” Jimin closed his eyes tightly and let him hug back; his big hands on his back. Taehyung wasn’t sure how much time passed with him crying on Jimin’s shoulder, but he was sure Jimin made him feel better, calm and collected. A question was looming around in his head…

“You think… that if none of this had happened we would’ve been happy? Happy together?” Taehyung asked after a long moment and Jimin could only wonder.

“Who knows…? Maybe… Maybe you would’ve still become a flirty alpha.” Jimin tried to joke and Taehyung pulled from him with a watery smile.

“You’re right. There’s no point in wondering about that.” He said softly and Jimin smiled as he reached over and wiped his tears.

“You are a great person, Taetae… you will find your mate someday.” Jimin assured him and Taehyung wondered why he suddenly thought of Yoongi, he frowned and averted his gaze, wondering how the beta was doing so far away from his home.

“Do you have any news regarding Yoongi?” Taehyung asked softly and Jimin’s smile turned a bit more mischievous… even if he still felt a weird pressure on his chest every time Yoongi’s name was mentioned, he had to admit Taehyung and Yoongi seemed to have what the other needed.

“No. Last time I saw Seokjin-hyeong, he didn’t know much himself.” Jimin admitted softly. “Don’t worry too much, Yoongi-hyeong might look frail, but he’s strong.” Jimin said with a forlorn feeling in his chest.

What would he do once he saw Yoongi again…? Would he ever see him again?
“Yeah… you should probably go to sleep.” Taehyung suggested and Jimin nodded, they both stood up ready to go to their respective rooms when suddenly they heard rushed footsteps before a guard appeared before them.

“Are you two alright?” The man asked out of breath and Jimin frowned, but nodded.

“What is going on?” He asked and the guard sighed.

“A prisoner has escaped. The beta, traitor.” He said and Taehyung frowned.

“Kai?” Jimin wondered and the man nodded. “How? He was being guarded.” Jimin continued and the guard groaned at the statements

“Change of shift. He couldn’t have done it alone. We were actually looking for this one too, since they were friends.” The man glared at Taehyung, but before he could argue, Jimin spoke,

“Taehyung has been with me for a while now.” Jimin said and the guard nodded in understanding.

“Anyway… you should return to your chambers, Jimin-ssi. It is dangerous with this one on the loose.” He said and with a bow he turned around and left.

“Yeah, let’s get you to the bedroom… I need to check something.” Taehyung said and Jimin grabbed his forearm.

“I’ll go with you.” Jimin said and before Taehyung could argue the fox continued. “It’ll be best if we are together at all times. No one would believe you if I am not with you.” Jimin explained and Taehyung groaned, but nodded in the end.

They made their way to the barracks, guards were too busy talking amongst themselves and looking around to be concerned with them. Taehyung entered the cellars followed by Jimin and the fox frowned when he saw that the lock hadn’t been forced…

“It was a guard.” Taehyung said and then he took a long whiff. Jimin did the same, but didn’t perceive much. The cellars didn’t smell particularly good. “Shit…” He groaned and Jimin gave him a questioning look.

“You know who did this.” Jimin said softly so that only Taehyung could hear him. The alpha turned around and ran a hand through his thick brown hair.

“Yeah… but I can’t let him do this, Jimin… He is still important to me.” Taehyung said and Jimin narrowed his eyes.

“Kai or Hoseok?” He wondered and Taehyung blushed as he lowered his gaze.

“I mean… I don’t have much against Kai either, but I don’t want Hoseok-hyeong ruining his life like this.” Taehyung said and Jimin sighed and nodded.

“What are you planning to do then?” Jimin wondered and Taehyung sighed.

“I need to find him first. If the guards catch him they’ll probably kill him on the spot.” Taehyung said and Jimin nodded. “But you need to stay locked in your bedroom, Jimin. Jungkook would kill me if something happened to you.” Taehyung said and Jimin nodded.

“Don’t worry. I will stay out of your way, but Taetae?” Jimin said and the alpha turned to look down at him. “Don’t do anything stupid.” Jimin said with a pointed look and Taehyung frowned. “You
were the one that told me not to trust Hoseok-ssi.” He said and Taehyung grimaced and then nodded.

“I still have to do this.”

…

Hoseok stared down at Kai; the beta was beaten and bloody and had obviously seen better days. He had to admit Kai had guts and his loyalties were in order… to be honest, it wouldn’t have taken Hoseok a minute to betray his government if it meant he’d be left alive.

He didn’t like Kai… it reminded him of Yoongi. They were all betas in a world that belonged to alphas and omegas.

“Where am I?” Kai asked when suddenly he opened his eyes and looked around. His chapped lips looked pale and Hoseok reached for a bottle with water, helping the beta to sit against the headboard of the bed.

“A cottage in the woods behind the palace.” Hoseok explained and Kai nodded finally understanding and accepting the water. The wounded man looked at Hoseok with little interest and after he was done with the water he gave a small smirk.

“Must be outrageous to be helping me.” Kai said and Hoseok scoffed and then rolled his eyes, he stood and walked to the small window to make sure they were still alone in the dark forest.

“I am helping myself.” Hoseok said with narrowed eyes; he wasn’t sure he could smell anyone, but he hated how the shadows moved in the dark.

“Taehyung knows?” Kai asked and Hoseok frowned. “Does he know you’re doing this?” He clarified and Hoseok turned to glare at him.

“It doesn’t matter.” Hoseok said. “I shouldn’t have come here in the first place. Should’ve let Taehyung on his own…” He sighed heavily. “Why are you after the fox?” He wondered and Kai smirked.

“I can’t tell you, but even if I could, I wouldn’t. You’re the traitor here.” Kai said mockingly and Hoseok took a step towards him, ready to hurt him when the door to the cottage opened, making them both jump.

“You…” Hoseok felt winded for a moment as he stared at a disheveled Taehyung standing on the doorway. The beta on the bed relaxed and averted his gaze.

“Just what do you think you’re doing, hyeong?” Taehyung growled out as he slammed the door closed and walked towards Hoseok, the beta couldn’t help but take a step back.

“W-what do you m-mean?” Hoseok felt suddenly smaller and nervous as he stared into Taehyung’s eyes.

“You told Jongup I had raped Yoongi!” Taehyung said through gritted teeth and Kai quirked an eyebrow at the new information; he had missed a few things it seemed. “You met with Jimin! And now you’re helping a prisoner escape?” Taehyung asked and Kai scoffed.

“You should’ve been locked too, remember?” Kai said and Taehyung glared at him from his height; Kai sighed and decided to ignore them for a bit.

Taehyung returned his angry gaze to Hoseok, the beta was staring at the floor and his eyes looked
confused and clouded. He felt suddenly very bad about yelling at him… a sighed ripped through his lips and he reached for the beta’s hand. Hoseok frowned and blinked up at him.

“Let’s talk outside.” Taehyung said and didn’t wait for his answer before pulling him along; he opened the door and closed it once they were out.

Hoseok felt very scared… it was like facing judgment. Taehyung seemed to know everything he had done and now he was really nervous about it.

“I guess you don’t really care about me.” Taehyung started and Hoseok looked up at him in surprise. “You were there after all, the morning I was to be killed for a crime I didn’t commit. You stared at me like that was what you wanted anyway.”

“Taehyung, you said you’d kill Yoongi.” Hoseok snapped. “You said you’d kill him, but you ended up fucking him!” He said and Taehyung opened his mouth to argue, but Hoseok shook his head in anger. “Don’t even try to deny it! I met Yoongi and he told me! He wouldn’t have had to since your scent was all over him!” Hoseok gave him a disgusted glare.


“What am I doing here, Taehyung?” Hoseok asked and Taehyung frowned. “I only traveled this far because you wanted to save your friend from the evil hands of royalty, but now he’s fucked and mated the third prince. What the fuck am I doing here?” He asked again and Taehyung nodded.

“Yes. I am sorry. I failed you and I failed him.” Taehyung said. “I know this is a mess, but… you can’t go around meddling in royalty’s business, hyeong… it is too dangerous.” Taehyung tried to convince him. “I don’t know what is Kai’s deal, but… I can’t let you take part of it.” Taehyung said and grasped Hoseok’s hand again.

“I just want to be gone from here.” Hoseok admitted in a soft voice. “I want to go home and forget this ever happened.” He added feeling his chest tightening and taking a step forward until Taehyung was wrapping his arms around him.

“I know… I know…” Taehyung said rubbing his hands on the beta’s back. Not too long ago he had been crying on Jimin’s chest and now he was here, letting Hoseok cry on his.

“Come with me.” Hoseok’s voice was barely audible as he spoke, but Taehyung heard him and a sudden sadness entered his chest… he wanted to go home, but he wanted to go with Jimin.

“Jimin’s here.” Taehyung said and Hoseok pushed from his chest, his eyes filled with tears as he glared up at the alpha.

“He is here, mated to another man! Happy to be so!” Hoseok snapped angrily and then felt the urge to say it. “He won’t be here for long.” He said and Taehyung frowned deeply.

“What do you mean?” He asked and Hoseok swallowed.

“Can I trust you, Taehyung?” He asked. “Can I tell you everything I know and still let me walk out of here? Would you let me go before they can caught me and put me in a cellar or kill me?” Hoseok asked through gritted teeth.

“Hyeong…” Taehyung felt scared of what his friend was meddling with; it seemed bigger than them. “Just… just what do you know?”
“You are asking us to trust you on some plan you have, but we can’t be sure of how to act.” Mark said and Yugyeom nodded as he stared at Jungkook’s back while the alpha walked ahead of them towards the appointed place for his trial.

“Loyal. That’s how you have to act. Whatever I do… whatever I say… you don’t have to be happy or consider it rightful… You just have to be loyal.” Jungkook said knowing he was risking too much here, but for it to work he needed the less people involved as possible.

“This is not reassuring at all, Jungkook.” Yugyeom said and Jungkook scoffed.

“I never said it would.” He said and he sighed loudly as they approached the entrance to the campsite. “Let’s not talk about it any longer.” He said under his breath and both alphas hummed in agreement.

Yongguk stood there with a smirk upon seeing Jungkook and Wonho only glared again. Jungkook barely acknowledged the pirate, aware of the look of surprise Mark had at the realization.

“We have a few visitors…” Yongguk said with an amused tone and Jungkook nodded already knowing whom he meant. “Follow me.” The three alphas did as told and once they were far enough from Wonho, Yongguk started talking again. “Minho and Siwon are a bit edgy. Worst thing you can do is line up with loners and pirates.” Yongguk gave a pointed look to Jungkook over his shoulder.

“Pirates?” Mark asked almost scandalized. “We have years fighting them off ports and now you tell me rogues are befriending them?” He asked in a lowered voice, but Jungkook stopped him with a gesture of his hand.

“Pirates on sea, loners on land. You’d be surprised with how much worse they are from rogues. I guess you could even say we have morals compared to them.” Yongguk said with a somber look in his eyes.

“You should work the same though…” Yugyeom said and Yongguk turned to glare at him over his shoulder. “You care for power.”

“Loners don’t know about loyalty. Pirates don’t care about land. Why would they fight amongst us when we do care about those?” Yongguk asked and Yugyeom lowered his eyes in deep thought.

“They don’t. They don’t care…” Jungkook said with a frown of sudden realization. “They are just playing a game.” He said and Yongguk gave a stiff nod.

“Minho thought those would be his winning card within the southern arguments and maybe they are, but he can lose his head to them as well. You know Minho, though… he won’t admit he made the wrong move.” Yongguk said.

“You can’t win over an enemy that doesn’t have weaknesses.” Mark mumbled while he also though about it.

“We need to make them weak.” Jungkook said and Mark frowned. “They might think they don’t care about power or land, but if we offer them the possibility they might change their mind. Pirates care for gold and loners for survival.” He said and they quieted when the murmur of a crowd reached their ears.

“They are excited.” Yongguk said with a smirk as they finally reached the cage.
Yugyeom widened his eyes at the sight of the dome made out of wood and leather; it looked like a cage, a rather big one… the sand inside it was stained with blood and there were currently two alphas fighting.

“Is that Jiwon?!” Yugyeom exclaimed when he noticed the rogue fall to the ground with a bleeding nose, but he barely looked in pain.

“Seunghyun never said anything about him having to fight.” Jungkook said and Yongguk shrugged.

“He was the one to ask if he could fight.” Yongguk said and Jungkook sighed tiredly, there was a weird kind of honor going between the southern tribe that he had failed to see before. “You know there’s no debt paid if there’s no blood in the south.” Yongguk reminded the young prince and Jungkook nodded before they walked down the steep towards Seunghyun.

The leader was hard to find because he was not in some higher place; he was staring at the fight with a serious face; Jungkook could swear the man was not really paying attention to it. His knuckles were white from how hard he was clutching the branches of the cage.

“They’re here.” Yongguk said and Seunghyun pulled away from the cage to look at the newcomers.

“Change of plans… as much as I wanted you to fight Taeyang or Yongguk… Minho insists you fight one of his men.” Seunghyun said and Jungkook nodded. “He’s a loner.” Seunghyun said and Mark tensed.

“Jungkook… I won’t be able to protect you once you’re in there.” He said lowly on the prince’s ear.

“I don’t need you to. Don’t worry.” He replied and Seunghyun took a deep breath before looking inside the cage again. “Stop this and please announce the main event.” Jungkook said with a smirk that Seunghyun mimicked before he gave a loud whistle.

Jungkook turned to look inside the cage and noticed Taeyang was inside; it was unusual, but the man nodded and then proceeded to separate both alphas from killing each other. Jiwon wiped his mouth and then noticed Jungkook…

To enter or exit the cage, you had to climb the net to the top where there was a wide gap. Jiwon moved quickly and in no time he was jumping off the side and landing near Jungkook. The prince remained quiet and then heard as Taeyang announced the fight to take place.

“Fancy seeing you again, Jungkook!” Minho said from afar and the crowd parted to let him through. “I thought you’d be comfy at home doing what your father told you to… or maybe your omega bitch brother?” Minho said with a sneer and Jungkook easily gave him a smirk.

“It is called plotting. As the only alpha son my father had I should be king… Don’t you think?” He asked and something in Minho’s face changed.

“Even princes lack morals I guess.” Minho said watching the startled looks Mark and Yugyeom sported. “Let me know when you decide to dispose of this brother of yours… I’ve heard enough tales about his beauty.” Minho said licking his lips and Jungkook schooled his face to not show an emotion.

“I’ve heard the palace is actually filled with beauties.” Seunghyun said and Jungkook tried not to show his anger as he gave the leader a frown. “Jungkook is actually mated to one.” He added and Minho quirked an eyebrow in surprise.

“Will we have to fight, Jungkook-ah? You know I like beautiful little things. Heard your brother is
actually tall, but the prospect of fucking royalty gets to me.” Minho groaned and this time Yugyeom lunged forward.

Jungkook was barely on time to grasp his collar and stop him from attacking the rogue. Minho seemed amused by the reaction…

“IF Minho wants to fuck royalty then let him… I’ll make sure to keep Seokjin alive until you get to him then.” Jungkook said and Yugyeom turned to him this time grabbing his collar in raw anger.

“What the fuck is your problem, Jungkook?!” The alpha snapped angrily. “I thought you were over this!” He looked desperate; Jungkook pulled his dagger from its holster and pressed the tip right under Yugyeom’s chin, digging the blunt tip on the soft skin without breaking it.

“What house do you serve? Do I need to kill you right now?” Jungkook asked in such a dark tone that Yugyeom felt faint and a bit weak; his eyes moved to Mark, the captain looked torn, but in the end he averted his gaze.

Yugyeom turned his eyes again to Jungkook, almost pleading with him to come back to what he had been for a while now.

“What would Jimin think of this?” Yugyeom asked in a low tone, but the other men heard him anyway.

“He’s not required to think. Do not worry.” He snorted with a smirk and Minho laughed. Jungkook pushed Yugyeom back and then turned to Mark. “Take him back to camp. Make sure he understands what house he serves.” He gave the captain a pointed look and Mark did as told leaving him alone.

“Seems like I was wrong…” Minho said with a sick smirk. “You might still be a rogue… but either way you have to fight.” He said and Jungkook pulled off his upper gear to uncover his back.

“That’s all I’ve been doing my whole life.” Jungkook muttered, Minho’s smile disappeared and he got close enough to whisper in Jungkook’s ear.

“If you kill this man I will put my men to your service, not your brother’s… yours.” Minho said and Jungkook nodded. For Minho to risk so much it meant the man he was about to fight was definitely dangerous. “Taekyeon!” Minho yelled with his eyes still fixed on Jungkook.

The young prince watched as a rather tall and bulky man appeared; he had a deep scar on his face and his eyes were already black, the red iris staring intently at him. Jungkook was not scared. He had learned to welcome death… that was what he had learned from his time in the south, but now that he had Jimin… now he would try his best to go back to his mate.

“How about it, Taekyeon?” Minho turned to the man with a questioning gaze and a smirk. “You will be fighting a prince!” He said loudly making some rogues laugh.

“Doesn’t matter…” Taekyeon said in a deep gruff voice. “They all bleed the same. They all break the same. They all die the same.” He said and then started to climb the cage.

Jungkook took a deep breath and was about to climb up when Seunghyun placed a hand on his shoulder and leaned to whisper in his ear.

“Kill him if you have the chance, Jungkook. Mercy doesn’t work with these ones.” He said and Jungkook swallowed thickly as he nodded and then proceeded to climb the cage as well.

Taeyang didn’t step inside the cage this time and merely gave a pat on Jungkook’s back as he
jumped down only to be kicked in middle as soon as he landed. The crowd started to jeer loudly.

Jungkook landed and recovered quickly; his eyes bleeding to black as well and the other rogue smirked at the sight.

“A rogue prince?” Taekyeon said. “Interesting…”

…

A scream ripped through Jimin’s throat when he felt a sudden pain flaring from his ribs, tears prickled his eyes as he scrambled to remove his clothes to check what was happening to his body, but he didn’t find any sort of bruise or anything.

The maid rushed inside; she had been on her way to bring his breakfast when she heard him scream. She stepped inside the main bedroom and saw him crying and heaving.

“Are you ill?” She wondered kneeling by his side and her hand absently landed on his mating mark. Jimin yelled and she retrieved her hand when she felt her skin burning. “What’s this?” She wondered seeing her reddening skin in worry.

Jimin placed his own hand over the mark and immediately knew something was happening to Jungkook. He started to hyperventilate, tears streaming down his cheeks as he looked at Jimin.

“Jung-Jungkook! Something happened t-to h-him!” He cried hard; Jimin was completely lost for what to do and she could only stare when the fox stood on wobbly legs, but he was on the floor in no time, another scream piercing her ears and he clutched his stomach.

“Jimin!” She rushed to his side again not sure if she could touch him.

“They are killing him! Oh God, please no!” Jimin cried hard unable to move, the pain was too real. “Please! Please, stop them!” He sobbed weakly and a strangled groan left his lips and he moved his hands to his chest. His face hurt too…

The maid watched as he crumbled to the ground, crying and then he passed out; she felt panic rising and looked around wondering where the hell was Taehyung when they needed him.

“Help! Someone help!”

…

Seokjin stared down at Jimin’s face; the fox was still unconscious, sweating and pale. According to the physician Jimin’s pain was related to the mating mark on his shoulder… It seemed that Jungkook and Jimin were sharing more than just feelings through the bond. Right now Jimin could feel whatever that was happening to Jungkook.

The physician was still taking on Jimin’s pulse on his wrist with a deep frown.

“Do you perhaps know when is his next heat, your highness?” The man asked and Seokjin frowned as he tried to remember the date he had wrote down on his own book, just to keep track.

“Another three weeks I believe.” Seokjin said worriedly and the man hummed and then let go of the wrist with a sigh. “Why?”

“I’ll have to wait until he wakes up to ask a few questions, but I believe he might be pregnant.” He said.
Seokjin felt void and heaviness settle in his stomach. No. Jimin couldn’t be pregnant, not now… not with so much danger looming around. This was not in their plans and definitely no one could know about it.

“Sir.” Seokjin called and the physician stopped on his way out of the room. “This stays here. If anyone learns about this I will know it was from you and I won’t really care you’re the royal court’s physician.” Seokjin said in an eerily calm tone; the man nodded a bit confused.

“Of course, your highness.” He said and bowed before leaving the room.

Seokjin watched the door close and then turned his eyes to Jimin, running his fingers through the silver strands.

“How did you let this happen, Jimin?”

…

Jungkook spat out the blood and coughed a bit, his insides were burning from pain, but he was also filled with some sort of need to win, to kill the bastard… he could even say he was enjoying the fight.

Taekyeon didn’t look much better either; Jungkook had managed to break a few ribs and that was clearly hindering his movements, but Taekyeon had also managed to open a deep wound going from his shoulder down to his ribs, when someone had thrown a dagger into the cage.

He was tired, but also thrilled.

The man sprinted towards Jungkook, heavy footsteps digging on the sand and then he jumped, ready to pounce… Jungkook readied to receive him down, but he widened his eyes when the man shifted and when he landed he did it in the form of a huge wolf.

Jungkook felt all air leave his lungs as the huge animal fell on him a sharp pain traveled up his right leg; his own wolf screamed to be let out, but Jungkook was having trouble with controlling his second nature at the moment. He groaned and before Taekyeon could stand again he tried to wound his arms around his torso.

Jungkook wasn’t sure where he got his strength from, but even though he couldn’t meet his hands around the thick animal he used all force to crush…

The wolf let out a loud yelp and a howl when Jungkook felt the bones cracking under his arms, he moved them up a few inches and crushed again, the cracks continuing until the animal lost all strength and fell to the side.

Jungkook stood up and wiped his bleeding nose before coming to stare down at him… the ragged breathing soon turned gargled and the wolf started to cough up blood. The animal shifted back to his human form and Jungkook stared down at the mangled body with sick satisfaction.

Taekyeon coughed up more blood and smirked up at Jungkook before he probably drowned in his own blood… ribs had probably pierced the lungs. There was nothing anyone could do.

Jungkook stood a moment longer there and then the loud cheering crowd made him deaf… he shared a long look with Seunghyun and then saw the way Minho was frowning at him… disbelieving.

He took a step forward and fell with a groan of pain… he pushed up from the ground with his arms and looked down to see his leg twisted in an odd angle.
“Shit.” He muttered, but before he could ask for help someone was pulling him up and helping him out. Jiwon had a smirk on his face as he helped Jungkook on his way out of the cage.

“Take him back to his campsite, he needs to be tended.” Seunghyun told Jiwon.

“Jungkook.” Minho called and everyone stopped to look back at the alpha. “This is not the best place to camp. If you plan on going back to your palace make sure to take us, yes?” Minho pressed and Jungkook understood.

Seunghyun was not that eager, but Jungkook knew his reasons now. Minho, on the other side, wanted to make sure Jungkook was honestly thinking about taking the throne for himself and he needed time to sort what they had to do.

Jiwon carried him back while talking about the fight. Jungkook wasn’t really paying attention; he was more focused on how his mating mark was burning… He felt worried about Jimin, but couldn’t exactly tell why.

When they arrived to the camp, Jungkook was more unconscious than not. He fell on a cot and soon he felt hands working on his wounds, voices muttering about how bad it was and it was only when he heard Mark speaking that he opened his eyes.

“I need you to write to Seokjin-hyeong. Now.” He said weakly and Mark nodded as he moved to fetch something to write with. Jungkook motioned for the alpha to get closer until he could whisper in his ear.

From the entrance to the tent, Yugyeom watched as the physicians worked on stopping the bleeding of his chest. Other several cuts and bruises lathered the third prince’s body, but Yugyeom hadn’t forgotten how rude Jungkook had been and the way he had referred to his brother and mate.

He wasn’t sure what Jungkook was planning, but even for a plan it was evil.

Mark nodded and then stood and left the tent in a hurried way and Yugyeom watched as the healers moved then to the broken leg. They grabbed it and twisted it back into place, Jungkook was too gone to even react and Yugyeom felt bad, but he needed answers… he turned around and followed Mark into the adjacent tent.

“What is going on? Did he win? Are we free to go home? It was a lie, right? What he said about the crown prince and Jimin-si.” Yugyeom said and Mark sighed heavily while he wrote.

“You will have to trust him and do as he told you to. Act your part… loyalty is what he needs right now.” Mark said and then stared into Yugyeom’s eyes. “Whether it is for real or an act… Jungkook will have to make some nasty things before we can finish this war and if one of those things is to hand Seokjin-si to that rogue then you will shut up and stay loyal.” Mark said and Yugyeom blinked.

“No! I cannot! Jungkook is my best friend, but I cannot let him do that!” He argued and Mark groaned as he finished and tied the parchment with a bit of rope.

“The you’re not needed, Yugyeom. You have to trust Jungkook…” Mark said, but Yugyeom could see how the alpha was having second thoughts.

“Do you? Do you trust him? Do you think what he’s doing is right?” Yugyeom pressed and the captain refrained from looking at him.

“I am going to stay loyal, because that was what the late king asked of me.”
Jimin opened his eyes blearily as he looked around the unfamiliar place; his head hurt and he felt tired. He was too weak to even move his head. What had happened?

“Good to see you’re awake.” Seokjin said with a smile as he came into view and Jimin felt relieved upon seeing the crown prince.

“What h-happened t-to me?” He asked and Seokjin sat on the edge of the bed, grabbing the smaller hand to give some comfort.

“Jimin-ssi said you were suddenly in deep pain and you said something about Jungkook…” Seokjin explained and Jimin frowned, trying to remember. “Your mating mark was burning and you lost consciousness.” Seokjin said and Jimin nodded.

“Where’s Taehyung?” He wondered and Seokjin frowned.

“I’d like to know that too, Jimin… Is he someone we can trust?” Seokjin asked and Jimin stared at him with a bit of anger, but he nodded anyway.

“He’s just tending personal businesses. I gave him permission to leave the palace.” He said and Seokjin sighed heavily.

“Jimin… I know you’re mated to Jungkook, but without a proper wedding you have no authority to give orders. Jungkook would kill him if he learned he wasn’t here when you needed him.” He explained and Jimin almost pouted at the thought. “You and Jungkook have a tendency of doing things backwards. From now on I need you to be smarter when it comes to yourself.” Seokjin said and Jimin nodded.

“Do we know something from Jungkook?” Jimin asked softly. He was trying his best not to worry about what this whole thing meant.

“Yeah… we got a pigeon this morning. Mark wrote to tell me that Jungkook is alive. Badly hurt, but alive.” He was honest and saw as Jimin nodded.

“That’s good then. When are they coming back?” He asked and Seokjin sighed.

“Maybe tomorrow night or the day after in the morning.” Seokjin said.

“Does it mean the war is over?” His hopeful tone made Seokjin smile tenderly as he ran a hand through the silver locks.

“It means we have a truce, but Jimin… we don’t really have time.” He suddenly said and Jimin frowned. “Jungkook will bring some of the higher ranks within the southern tribe with him… really dangerous people. They want Jungkook to be king.” He said and Jimin shook his head.

“Jungkook doesn’t want to be king. You will be king.” Jimin stated and Seokjin sighed.

“Jimin… I hope that despite what Jungkook deems necessary for the kingdom to be safe, you will stay by his side and love him.” Seokjin said and Jimin blinked up in confusion. “Some people are meant to live and some are meant to die.” Seokjin replied.

“What are you saying, hyeong?” Jimin felt nervous.

“Jimin… have you been feeling dizzy lately?” Seokjin asked instead and Jimin shook his head.
“How about nausea?” He added.

“No… not really. Why are you asking me this?”

“He might be wrong, of course… but the physician thought you might be pregnant.”

Jimin’s eyes widened at the thought. This was not the best time to be pregnant and he sincerely hoped he wasn’t.

“Anyway… if you are, you need to keep it a secret… We’ll deal with it later. Do not tell Jungkook.” He advised and Jimin nodded. This time he could really understand why it was important to keep it a secret.

“I won’t…”

...

“I don’t think you should trust Hoseok or Taehyung.” Kai said as he prepared for his mission of that night. He had an easy job, get in the third house without being noticed, fetch the fox and meet with Yifan at the port the next morning.

“I don’t trust them. That’s why I let them go… Hoseok might be a snake, but Taehyung is an open book. He won’t let Hoseok get in trouble.” Yifan said as he stared into the night. “Are you sure you’re all better now?” Yifan asked and Kai smirked.

“I am ready to get Jimin-ssi where he belongs. Let’s hope Taemin can overlook the mating mark.” Kai commented and Yifan sighed heavily.

“If the third prince doesn’t die in the battle field then we will have to kill him… it is the only way we can actually hope Jimin-ssi won’t die from breaking the bond.” He pinched the bridge of his nose. “And knowing Taemin as I do… he is not going to forgive such a thing, even if Jimin-ssi is not to blame here.”

Kai gave him a somber look.

“You know Taemin is my best friend, but I am not blind to his cruelty.” He said and Yifan eyed him. “Jimin-ssi is a nice person despite his circumstances.”

“Well… sometimes bad things happen to good people, Kai. I must say it is rather unusual such behavior in foxes, but it happens form time to time.” He sighed heavily. “Some people are meant to live and some are meant to die.”
Chapter Summary

None applies.

Chapter Notes

I almost never write here, but I wanted to ask for patience. For some of you this story is taking to long to develop and I am sorry if that's a problem for you, but i don't want to rush things. I know this will be a long story and sorry that's not what you wanted lol

Anyway... thank you for all the support!

“He was not in his bedchambers.” Kai said with a troubled face while Yifan frowned at the information. “He was not in the second house. I looked everywhere, but he wasn’t there.” He added and the older man narrowed his eyes deep in thought.

“Could it be those two said anything?” He asked and Kai shrugged.

“I don’t think so. They might not be the most loyal out there, but they definitely don’t want any problem and I haven’t been able to find them anywhere either.” He said with a long sigh.

“Did they run away together?” Yifan wondered.

“Wouldn’t you have heard from the crown prince?” Kai asked in confusion. “From anyone actually. I don’t think they would’ve remained calm knowing the mate of the third prince had gone missing on their watch. Jungkook would slaughter the whole palace if he learned.” Kai said and Yifan nodded in agreement.

“Well… we don’t have time anymore.” Yifan sighed heavily as he resigned to his fate, or so it seemed to Kai that frowned deeply at him.

“Hyeong… you can’t go back with your hands empty. Taemin would kill you!” Kai said alarmed and worried as he ran a hand through his hair.

“What else can I do, Kai?” Yifan asked and Kai’s eyes glinted with a plan.

“We escape. We run before they can put you in that ship.” He said and Yifan gave him a smirk.

“I’ve always wanted a bit of adventure in my life.”

…

Seokjin was not scared… not so much. He had told Namjoon to leave that morning to tend to Yifan’s departure. Make sure he got on his ship and left. It’d take Namjoon two days to make it there and back and maybe he should’ve waited a bit more to make sure his personal guard was here when
Jungkook arrived with the southern rogues, but time was not something he had.

His mother was by his side, supporting his decisions and trying to help him on the way, but even she knew that their time was running out. With Jungkook’s last letter Seokjin had been forced to realize how much help they’d need.

Hwasa had ridden that morning and had come back with the dreadful news. Jungkook was coming back in a carriage, wounded and worn, unable to defend if the circumstances presented, accompanied not only by his own soldiers but also the soldiers from the south.

Seokjin was not stupid. He knew what it meant and he was still willing to listen to Jungkook’s reasoning. No one of his guards truly trusted Jungkook; even Hwasa was having second doubts when she came back, furious, saying how the third prince was bringing the enemy with him

Seokjin had already known of course, and the first thing he had commanded was for every omega and beta that did not belonged to the army packed their stuff and left in a convoy to the western lands. He was not going to risk innocent lives if whatever Jungkook had on mind backfired.

He knew it was hard to trust his little brother when he was riding back with the enemy, but if Jimin could trust him enough to mate him then something had to give.

He took a deep breath as he looked at the grim and pale faces of the soldiers that had agreed to be by his side on this day. They didn’t look happy to be there… they hadn’t been the first time Jungkook came back either, but they seemed to understand how important this was for the crown prince.

He sighed heavily and turned his eyes back to the road when the first noises of horses were heard and he squared his shoulders, ready face whoever came along. Jungkook’s men galloped past the square right outside the palace aiming for the third house’s entrance. He spotted Yugyeom riding away with them, his jaw set and his eyes hard with anger.

Mark stopped his horse closer and jumped down as he made his way towards Seokjin, bowing when he was close enough.

“How’s he?” Seokjin asked and Mark nodded.

“He will live. He’s healing faster than normal…” He said and then cocked his head to the side. “And the way he fought and endured was not like any other wolf I’ve ever seen… rogue or not.” Mark added.

“Foxes are magical creatures indeed.” The queen said with a small kind smile and Mark nodded in agreement. “Jungkook is lucky, hopefully he won’t think himself invincible.” She said and Mark snorted.

“Too late my queen. I do believe he thought that way even before mating Jimin-ssi.” He said and the queen sighed with a fond smile. He turned to Seokjin again. “I don’t know what is going on, your highness…” He said honestly and Seokjin nodded.

“Who comes with him?” Seokjin asked calmly.

“Seunghyun, leader of the rogues and he agreed to settle his people beyond our land on the hills. He is coming with his closer men, a man called Yongguk and other called Taeyang.” Mark said and Seokjin nodded.

“Their reputation precedes their names.” Seokjin admitted. “Thank you for your help, captain.” Seokjin said when the carriage neared and then he noticed the three men on horse that rode next to it.
Seokjin had never met the southern leader before, not the previous one and not this one and in all honesty he didn’t want to, but the man seemed to want to meet him as he jumped down from his horse quite skillfully. No garments on his upper half just like the other two; muscles on display; the purpose was obvious... intimidation.

“You must be Jungkook’s brother...” Seunghyun said and Seokjin swallowed thickly at his deep voice. He had always imagined a rather grotesque man, not a rather pleasing one to the eye. “Our crown prince?” He chuckled as his eyes diverted towards the queen and he let out a whistle. “Even the crown prince’s mother is a beauty.” He said and the woman hardened her face.

“Have some respect.” Mark warned him and Seunghyun quirked an eyebrow.

“What? Am I being disrespectful? For saying they are beautiful? Wouldn’t it be worst if I called them omega bitches?” He drawled out and Mark was quick to pull his sword out, but Seokjin raised his hand to stop him.

“Seunghyun-ssi is right.” Seokjin said and the rogue gave him a pointed glare. “He is not lying anyway. I inherited my mother’s beauty and yes, in fact it’d be worst if he called us omega bitches.” Seokjin gave the rogue a tight smile.

“I like you.” Seunghyun said and Seokjin would’ve felt scared, but he couldn’t feel any hidden intentions with the man. He didn’t feel off or something. “I like you and if I didn’t have my eyes set on another bitch, I’d go for you.” He said with a smirk.

“Your highness.” Mark said through gritted teeth and Seokjin only sighed, unimpressed.

“Take Jungkook to the infirmary at his house and accommodate Seunghyun-ssi and his men there.” He said and Mark nodded.

“We’ll meet again, your highness.”

...

“Where’s my mate?” Jungkook asked weakly; he was still too wounded to get up and run around looking for Jimin and he wanted to complain for hours because Seunghyun could’ve let Moonbyul heal him, but the rogue was stubborn and dubious.

The physician didn’t reply and Mark merely frowned directing his gaze towards Seokjin. The crown prince had his eyes glued to the rogue leader, still not trusting him for one second.

“In the first house.” Seokjin replied after a long moment and then looked at Jungkook’s frown. “Taehyung disappeared a night ago and I couldn’t let Jimin in the third house without him.” Seokjin explained.

“I am going to kill him.” Jungkook groaned as he closed his eyes.

“You’re in no position to make threats and for all we know he could already be dead.” Seokjin said heavily. “Still... Would you like me to call for him?” Seokjin asked eyeing Seunghyun again and Jungkook did the same.

“Yes. He is my mate, he should be here.” Jungkook stated and Seokjin frowned a bit at the demanding tone despite the weakened state.

“Fine.” Seokjin decided not to go against what Jungkook wanted, it seemed a bit off how everything was going, but he wasn’t here to argue and his younger brother looked plenty wounded. “Go get
him, captain.” He told Mark and the man turned to leave immediately.

Jungkook sighed heavily, wondering why was it that he couldn’t feel Jimin through the bond. It was unnerving, he knew the young fox was a live, he could feel his heartbeat, but nothing more and it worried him that something had gone wrong.

“Can we have a minute alone while he arrives?” Seokjin asked and Jungkook gave him a slight frown.

“We should get comfortable with each other, your highness.” Seunghyun said, not willing to leave the brothers alone. “I’ll be staying here… for a while.” He said with a small smile and Seokjin frowned, not liking the implications.

“You’re right, but there are things I only want to discuss with my younger brother and I am sure you wouldn’t mind to give us a minute alone.” Seokjin repeated and Seunghyun turned to look down at Jungkook.

“You have a bossy brother…” He said and Jungkook swallowed thickly. “You need to remind him his position here.” Seunghyun said and the physician tensed while he continued to heal the wounds.

“I will.” Jungkook said and Seokjin frowned. “Get out so I can talk to him.” Jungkook bit out and Seunghyun snorted before he left the room and then the physician stood to leave as well. “Are you done?” Jungkook asked the elderly before he could leave.

“There’s not much I can do, your highness. You’ve been treated in the field and in any case you seem to be healing properly. You should rest and avoid moving too much.” The old man said and Jungkook groaned, dismissing him with a wave of his hand.

“What is going on?” Seokjin asked as soon as they were alone and watched the struggle Jungkook had to sit up.

“I am trying to save some lives, but… this won’t do. You have to leave before Minho gets here.” Jungkook said and Seokjin nodded.

“As soon as Namjoon gets back, not before.” He stated and Jungkook groaned in annoyance. “Why did you bring that man though?” Seokjin wondered and Jungkook took a deep breath, he wasn’t sure he should tell Seokjin about the other fox… at least not yet.

“It’s complicated and it is not that I trust him, but I have… I have a leash on him.” Jungkook said and Seokjin sighed heavily.

“Jungkook… I think it’d be best if you send Jimin away too. You don’t trust that man and neither do I, but if you take your eyes off Jimin when he’s around something might happen.” Seokjin said.

“It is not Seunghyun the one that worries me. Minho is known for taking what he wants and I know you’d rather leave with your personal guard, but the more we wait the less time we have. You will leave tonight at midnight whether Namjoon is here or not.” Jungkook said and Seokjin scoffed.

“I will leave when Namjoon gets here… otherwise I’ll probably get killed anyway.” He said and before Jungkook could argue some more they heard rushed footsteps and then the doors flew open.

Jimin burst inside in a blur of green silks and Jungkook felt a whine on the back of his throat at the sight of his mate, but as soon as Jimin saw his wounds he stopped and pressed his small hands against his mouth in horror.
“Now we know why it hurt so much.” Seokjin said with a kind and supportive smile, he patted Jimin on his shoulder and the fox nodded; Jungkook was confused, but before he could question it, Jimin approached him and sat carefully on the bed’s edge.

“Is it hurting too much?” Jimin asked softly, his fingertips grazing the edges of the deeper wound on Jungkook’s torso.

“No. Kiss me.” Jungkook said with a hand already at the back of Jimin’s neck and Seokjin quietly stepped out of the room, closing the door after.

Jimin blushed a bit at the action and then leaned over and pressed his lips on Jungkook’s. The younger tried to deepen the kiss, but Jimin pulled away and started to check his body for more wounds, finding small cuts around that were healing, but still it made him feel his eyes sting.

“Why are you the only one hurt? I didn’t see a soldier in the other rooms.” He said wiping his nose and staring at the broken leg with sorrow; he wanted to cry, but he didn’t, instead he turned to look into the wolf’s eyes, waiting for an answer.

“Because I didn’t want anyone else to get hurt, this was the easiest way to get us all back home, alive and unscratched.” Jungkook said feeling his patience wearing thin; he wanted Jimin close, wanted to touch him and kiss him. “Come here, please.” He tried, but Jimin ignored the petition and stood by the bed with a confused look.

“Why did you bring the enemy home?” He asked and Jungkook opened his mouth and then closed it because he wasn’t sure how to explain this to Jimin. In fact he believed it was best if the young and naïve fox didn’t know anything about the war tactics or else. Jimin was just too pure and anything he’d do from here on would probably go against the fox’s peaceful ways.

“Do you trust me?” Jungkook asked and Jimin frowned.

“Why did Seokjin-hyeong ask me to trust you too? Why can’t you explain things to me?” Jimin wondered and bit unsettled by the secrets.

“Because I need to protect you, Jimin. On the long run it is better if you don’t know this stuff.” Jungkook said sternly, he too was getting agitated.

“I am not some useless, stupid doll you need to stop from breaking. I am your mate and I am pretty sure I could understand if you explained.” Jimin said and Jungkook frowned.

“I never said you were useless or stupid! You’re putting words on my lips.” Jungkook said and Jimin averted his gaze because he knew he was right. “What was Seokjin-hyeong talking about that it hurt you?” He asked and Jimin huffed and crossed his arms.

“Excuse me, your highness… I’ll have my own secrets too.” He said and then turned around to leave the room.

“Don’t go!” Jungkook yelled feeling like an idiot for riling him up like this; he tried to stand, completely forgetting his leg was broken and he fell on the ground in a loud thump; Jimin turned with wide eyes.

“Jungkook!” He rushed to him and knelt by his side, pulling him as best as he could into a sitting position.

“Fuck!” Jungkook was sweating from the pain that traveled up his leg. He clung to Jimin’s arms, preventing the elder from leaving. “Don’t leave me when I just got here and I missed you so much…
please.” He said in a soft voice, panting from pain and Jimin nodded before trying to stand to get him up on the bed, but Jungkook pulled him forward and kissed him again.

Jimin relaxed against his wounded body and against his better judgment started to kiss back fervently, threading his small fingers through Jungkook’s dark locks. Jungkook pulled him on his lap, not caring for the slight ping on his knee or the raw flesh of his wound… he felt his lower garments tightening around his hips and Jimin whined into his mouth when he felt him.

Jimin pulled away and cupped Jungkook’s face; his own eyes were probably blazing blue, but Jungkook’s were sparkling red with arousal.

“You’re wounded and you need to rest.” Jimin said as he stood and then helped the alpha up into the bed.

Suddenly the door opened and Jimin swiftly turned in time to see Seunghyun step inside the room with someone else in tow; whoever the person was, had a cloak on with a long hoodie hiding them from inquiring eyes.

“Oh… Lovely reunion.” Seunghyun said and Jimin glared at him, his big ears flattened against his head and he hissed at the rogue. “Don’t fret little fox… I just brought my own healer to help your mate.” Seunghyun motioned for the cloaked person and Jimin barely eyed them before glaring at Seunghyun again.

“Jimin… it is fine. Seunghyun is-”

“The enemy. He won’t touch you, not while I am here.” Jimin said through gritted teeth. The rogue scoffed and took a few steps forward. “Don’t come any closer.” Seunghyun said and Jimin hissed at the cloaked figure.

“You too… If you move any closer I will claw your guts out.” Jimin hissed leaning over Jungkook as if to protect him.

Jungkook had never seen Jimin like this, but he guessed it had to do with the mating bond and the fact that his alpha was wounded and unable to protect himself. Was this a normal reaction for mated omegas? He sat up more and pushed Jimin softly off him, still holding his hand.

“Jimin… actually… this person is rather important.” Jungkook said, but Jimin continued glaring at the dark figure. “She is a fox too.” Jungkook said and Jimin frowned and looked at Jungkook in complete confusion.

The movement from the stranger made him look in time to see as she pushed the cloak back and then her face was uncovered. Jimin’s eyes widened as he realized not only was she a fox, but her skin and fur was just like his. Her eyes were big and filled with wonder, her lithe hands trembling as she held onto the fabric of her hood and then her mouth opened.

“Jimin, do you remember me?” She asked and Jimin blinked a few times before frowning again and then shook his head slowly.
“Do I know you?” He asked softly. Seunghyun frowned too; he didn’t know his fox knew Jungkook’s.

“My name is Moonbyul. I am your… older sister.” She said and Jimin felt faint for a moment; what was she even saying? He had family? “You wouldn’t remember… of course… you were too young when I last saw you.” She said with a tender smile.

“M-my s-sister?” Jimin’s voice was wavering as his hold on Jungkook’s hand tightened with nerves and confusion.

“You two should probably sit to talk…” Jungkook said and Jimin snapped out of his trance to look down at him with a deep frown.

“Yes, I’d love to, but first let me heal you.” She said and Jimin pulled a bit to give her space, his eyes scanning her features in wonder and a bit too curious.

He watched her soft hands glide over Jungkook’s wound on his torso and then how they magically lit with a soft gold hue… He gasped loudly when the skin started to grow and stretch to sew itself. Jungkook’s groan let Jimin know it was not painless and the fox clutched his hand tightly.

“You’re lucky they didn’t use wolfs bane, would’ve been too dangerous.” Moonbyul said in her rather deep voice.

“Not so much… In the south we usually chew on wolfs bane clumps to become resistant to the poison.” Seunghyun said and Moonbyul refrained from looking at him. “Jungkook hasn’t munchsed much on it, but I guess he would’ve been safe anyway.” He added and Jimin turned to look at him with his ears perked in interest.

“Did he fight you?” Jimin asked and Seunghyun smirked. “Were you the one that hurt him like this?” He demanded and the rogue sighed, still unable to move much.

“No. He fought against a lo-”

“Someone else… another rogue.” Jungkook cut in and gave Seunghyun a pointed glare. The rogue seemed amused by how Jungkook wanted to hide the facts from his mate.

“Jungkook, stop!” Jimin said in annoyance, but he was still clutching his mate’s hand while his new founded sister healed him.

“I promise I will tell you everything once the war is over, but for now… please, trust me.” Jungkook said and Jimin bit down on his lip.

He was feeling obviously frustrated with this whole thing, but he had to trust his mate on this. He was keeping his fair share of secrets too.

It didn’t take much for Moonbyul to finish healing the wolf and when she was done, Jungkook was quick to try his weight on his recently healed leg. It felt tender and a bit weakened, but it was fine, he could walk on his own and now he wasn’t so scared of what could happen.

“I have to talk to my brother. You two can talk now.” Jungkook told the foxes and Jimin nodded before he turned around and motioned for his sister to follow. She did as told, ignoring Seunghyun as he walked out of the room. “I guess I forgot to say Jimin had his own share of magic.” He smirked when Seunghyun tried to move his legs and sighed in relief.

“For a moment there I thought I’d become a statue.”
Jimin knelt before the low table in the adjacent room and thanked Jimin the maid when she entered to deliver tea. She was amazed by Moonbyul’s beauty, barely able to tear her eyes away from her pale face. She placed some sweets Jimin loved and then excused herself out of the room.

“This is my favorite pastry.” Jimin blushed and pushed a small plate with the cherry cake and then rushed to pour tea for her too. “And my favorite tea.” He said softly and when she looked up into his eyes, he looked down.

“Thank you. It looks delicious.” She said and then took a small bite of it, humming at the sweetness. “You always liked sweet stuff.” She said softly.

Jimin remained quiet and she sighed.

“Don’t you have questions?” She asked and he shrugged.

“All this time I always thought I only had a mother and she was a wolf. I had no one else so… this is a bit unreal for me.” He said and she nodded, feeling bad.

“Our mother left our home to go look for you, but she hadn’t returned and I came looking for you two.” She said and then sighed a tired chuckle. “I can’t believe I found you after I had lost all hope.” She said and then Jimin remembered she had come with the rogue.

“Why are you with that man?” He asked and she pulled the collar of her robe to show him the mating mark on her shoulder. Jimin gasped.

“He found me at the shore and helped me, he fed me and healed my wounds when I was too weak to do it myself. I thought he was a good man.” She sighed. “Rogues are weird creatures and I know I don’t love him. I don’t think I like him, but… if he hadn’t found me then I’d be dead.” She frowned; it was the first time she was confronted with her own feelings. “He could’ve handed me to someone else when he got bored…He could’ve killed me.”

“That doesn’t mean he loves you…” Jimin said softly and then she looked up and smiled.

“No. You’re right.” She said and then sipped at her tea. “I was wondering if…” Her eyes fell to Jimin’s belly. “Does he know that you’re pregnant?” She asked and watched how Jimin’s eyes widened.

“That’s… I am not sure… How would you know?” He asked in a frightened voice.

“I just feel it, I guess it is because I have a blood bond with you.” She said and chuckled again. “So, he doesn’t know. When will you tell him?” She asked softly.

“When the war is over.” Jimin said firmly and she blinked a few times in confusion.

“This war could last longer than your pregnancy.” She said. “I think you have things to work out, but… moments of happiness are scarce during wars, Jimin.” She said and he averted his gaze.

“Wars are meant to be sad and dark. Wars are not meant for kids or love.” He said feeling too bitter. “I am sure he will understand why I hid it.”

“I hope he will.”
It was too late at night when Jungkook finally arrived to his bedchambers and saw Jimin sitting on the terrace at the other side, hugging his knees and seemingly distracted with the moon. He walked over and realized the moon was full and big.

“What took you so long?” Jimin asked in a soft whisper that reminded Jungkook of their relationship, of their intimacy and how much he had missed Jimin even if it hadn’t been so long.

“I had to explain a few things to Seokjin-hyeong.” He said crouching behind Jimin and nuzzling his ears softly. “I missed you, Jimin.” He said and felt the fox relaxing in his arms. “How was the talk with your… sister?” He asked and then Jimin turned around, his eyes casted down.

“I feel like she expected too much.” He said and Jungkook frowned down at him, not sure of what he meant. “Should I had run up to her and hugged her while I cried?” He asked a hint of bitterness on his tone. “I just don’t understand why they abandoned me.”

“Did you ask her?” Jungkook waited, but then Jimin buried his face on his chest to avoid answering the obvious question. “I think she loves you, but you don’t remember her or your mother so… no, you didn’t have to cry or hug her. Don’t worry… I just… I thought you’d feel better knowing you weren’t the last fox.” Jungkook now felt he had wronged Jimin in some way.

“I know… sorry…” Jimin said and unable to refrain anymore from approaching his mate he got up on his knees and wrapped his arms around Jungkook’s neck, placing a soft kiss on his neck and then another on his jaw. “I missed you too.”

Jungkook tensed his jaw and then easily pulled Jimin up from the ground, the fox wrapped his legs around the wolf’s waist, still kissing his mate’s neck… Jungkook placed him down on the soft mattress and locked his gaze with Jimin’s lazy eyes, his plush lips and the soft blush on his cheeks… He had only been gone for a few days, but he had missed Jimin like a mad man. How was he going to survive when he had to send him away? How was Jimin going to react to the news? Would he get angry?

He leaned down and kissed him hard and slow… mashing his mouth over Jimin’s, breathing through his nose and swallowing Jimin’s moans. He let his tongue glide over Jimin’s and groaned at how sweet he tasted.

His hands moved from his neck down his front over the robe, but Jimin stopped him and pushed his hands away to turn himself around to lie on his front. He looked over his shoulder at Jungkook and pulled his robe up over his hips to uncover his lower half… Jungkook licked his lips and ran his hands up the thick thighs.

He swallowed before grasping Jimin’s sides and pulling him up on his knees; Jimin gasped softly and smiled lazily as he parted his knees and pulled his tail up to finally show Jungkook his pink puckered hole. The furry appendage tickling Jungkook’s face for a moment, but he was too focused on the scent to care for the teasing.

If Jimin couldn’t wait to take off his clothes then Jungkook couldn’t either; he undid the front of his pants with deft hands and pulled out his hard cock, already weeping and red with arousal… He didn’t try to prepare Jimin, his mate looked desperate.

He moved forward and aligned his member with the fox’s entrance before pushing inside to the hilt. Jimin’s lips fell open and he closed his eyes. Jungkook pulled out and then pushed back inside fast; he repeated the motion in fast succession. Breathing getting ragged, watching Jimin’s face squished against the mattress.
Jungkook knew he was not going to last long with how much he had missed Jimin, but he didn’t care, because he saw Jimin’s left hand moving under his body and between his robe to tug at his own cock.

“I am coming, Jungkook-ah…” He whispered and Jungkook groaned at the sound, he just loved when Jimin whispered to him, made him feel so close… He leaned over Jimin, his arms supporting his torso up while he pounded his hips on Jimin’s plush butt. “Ah… y-yes…” He hissed at the sensitivity and then he tightened around the bigger member.

“Fuck!” Jungkook growled out feeling his knot expanding and Jimin widened his eyes because he was too sensitive to take a knot. He whined as he tried to overcome his orgasm to push Jungkook away, but the pleasure ripped through him and by the time he was in control of his body again Jungkook had pushed the knot inside him.

“Ah!” Jimin snapped loudly, tears sprung to his eyes as he tried to look for Jungkook’s eyes over his shoulder, but the alpha had them closed while he kissed Jimin’s mating mark. “Jungkook, pl-please! Stop!” He tried, but he knew they were already stuck.

“Almost there…” Jungkook pushed hard until Jimin’s knees gave out and Jungkook’s hips fell over his butt with the hard tug on his member. Jimin moaned loudly. “You feel so tight!” He said and then he shivered when he came.

Jimin gritted his teeth together and swore he had come a second time even though the pain was too much. His whole body was trembling when he felt a soft kiss being pressed on his temple.

“Are you okay?” Jungkook asked, his hips rotating leisurely against the soft cheeks of Jimin’s ass. Jimin nodded slowly and reciprocated when Jungkook found his lips with his. “I love you.”

Jimin felt breathless and wasn’t even sure the moment he fell asleep.

He woke up several times during the night… every time Jungkook would kiss him senseless and then he’d fall asleep wrapped in the alpha’s arms and his warmth, covered in his scent of forest and rain.

Next time he woke up it was because of the knocks on the door… he snapped his head up and when Jungkook stood he followed a bit sleepily, but already fearing the worst… it just seemed like a bad thing. Jungkook opened the door to a very unsettled Yugyeom; he was sweating covered in grime and panting.

“What happened to you?” Jungkook asked, but his eyes moved to the sky that was lit in an unusual orange hue. Jimin frowned at the sight and stepped outside with a sinking feeling of fear.

“I… You have to come over.” Yugyeom said and Jungkook nodded, already moving down the hall following his friend towards the front square. Jimin followed too with a deep frown when he saw the ashes falling on the ground… something was burning.

When they stepped out into the open Jungkook’s eyes widened along with Jimin’s… on a close distance they could now see that it was the first house’s grounds the ones burning. Jungkook felt frozen for a moment before he saw Seunghyun approach him, he too was sweating covered in grime and panting.

“Minho got here early.” He said in his deep voice when he was close enough to Jungkook. Jimin continued to stare in shock at the scene. “At least you managed to get your brother out because we can’t find a way in to find survivors or try-“
“I didn’t.” Jungkook felt a knot on his throat when he spoke. His eyes were still stuck to the sight of the tall flames and then Jimin snapped his head around to look up at Jungkook.

“What?” He asked in a shocked whisper. Seunghyun frowned.

“You told me you were going to get him out of town tonight just in case this-”

“He said he’d wait for his guard’s return. He… He didn’t listen to me.” Jungkook’s voice wavered as he felt his eyes burn and Jimin gasped at the sudden pain flaring through their bond. “You… are you telling me m-my brother is…”

“No one got out. No one from the staff, your brother, his mother…” Seunghyun shook his head. “I thought he wasn’t even here anymore.”

“I have to get him out…” Jungkook said and Seunghyun stopped him when he tried to leave.

“I am telling you Minho is here. If he sees you trying to save your brother… the brother you hate… everything we’ve managed to make him believe will go to waste.” Seunghyun said. “Your friend can tell you what I already did.” Seunghyun said and glared at Yugyeom.

“Is it true? Is Seokjin-hyeong… was he not able to…” Jimin’s eyes were filled with tears, his lips trembling.

“We tried to… get inside but the fire had already consumed the entrances and exits.” Yugyeom lowered his head and Jimin felt his knees gave under his weight as he continued to stare at the scene.

“He’s fine. He has to be… the first house has secret passages. He must’ve taken one to escape.” Jungkook said confidently and swallowed his pain before he turned to glare at Seunghyun. “Minho did this?”

“Not sure if he made the order. He’s traveling with loners and pirates; they could’ve done it themselves. Minho wanted your brother, remember?” Seunghyun said trying to placate the other’s anger, but Jungkook’s eyes were already swimming in black. “Be smart… this helps a lot.” Seunghyun said.

In a flash Jimin had stood and had punched the rogue’s face, the elder took a step back in surprise… staring down at the angered fox.

“You are disgusting! You can’t talk like that about him!” Jimin yelled and lunged to attack him again while tears streamed down his face, but Jungkook stopped him with an arm around his waist pulling him against his body and then looked at Seunghyun one last time.

“Find out who did this anyway.” He growled out and then turned to leave while carrying a thrashing Jimin.

“You have to save him! You have to! You promised me! Jungkook! What are you doing?! You have to save him…” Jimin’s cries weakened the more Jungkook walked and soon they were back in the bedroom.

“I need you to stay here for the time being. Minho is not someone I can trust, but this works in our favor and-”

Jimin slapped him. Hard. Jungkook didn’t meet his eyes… He had known deep down inside that Jimin would be angry with him for taking some decisions, but Seokjin’s death had never been in his plans.
“Who are you?” Jimin asked still trembling and crying. “Why did you bring these people here?” He asked again and when Jungkook reached for his arm the fox slapped him again. Anger surfaced on Jungkook’s face as he forcefully grabbed Jimin’s arm.

“I am your mate. I am your alpha…” He said pulling Jimin along from their bedroom towards the room in which he kept his mother’s belongings. “I will probably become your king.” He added with a bitter, empty chuckle.

“Stop.” Jimin said trying to get off his hands, but the alpha was stronger and soon he was opening the door and pushing Jimin inside.

“What I do… the decisions I make, are to keep you safe. I don’t need to explain myself to you.” He said angrily and Jimin felt like he was staring into a stranger’s face.

“Jungkook…”

“You will stay here and obey.” He said before pulling the door closed and locking it from the outside, vile rising on his mouth because he didn’t hear anything else form his mate and just like that their bond constricted again making him flinch in pain.

He stepped out and made his way back to the square… eyes still black and red and this time he found Minho there. Mark was there too and as he looked around he saw Hwasa and some of the first house’s soldiers restrained on the ground.

“So… I was just told your pretty brother died in the fire?” Minho said carelessly and Jungkook easily realized he hadn’t been he one to call the order. “I guess that makes you king…” He sighed heavily.

“Who started the fire?” Jungkook asked the foreign men and one of the smirked at him.

“I did… Why?” He was not that tall, but he had muscles and his skin was tanned. He was probably a pirate; he looked vicious and cruel.

“Just wondering who I had to thank for it.” Jungkook said, forced the words out as he stared down at the man. “Fire seemed a fitting end for my omega bitch brother I guess…”

“Ah, glad you liked it. Not many people see the beauty in the flames. I just love fire…” He said as if he was flattered. “Jonghyun is my name.” He said and faked a bow.

“Jonghyun…” Jungkook tried the name and committed it to memory. “Are you a leader of your kind?” He asked and Jonghyun cocked his head to the side, amused by Jungkook’s questions.

“I am… at least of a part… Pirates are not precisely loyal.” He chuckled a bit. “Now… I am far more interested on the rumors about your mate.” He said and Jungkook felt the tension fill the air around them. “I mean, do not fret. I know how to respect mating bonds.” He said and his crew laughed.

“Make sure you do. I don’t give a shit about my brother, but if you touch a single hair on my mate’s head I will be glad to gut you out and hang you to dry.” Jungkook said and Jonghyun’s smirk diminished in a glare… a dare.

“But we are here to talk about businesses! Not bitches!” Minho said loudly and Seunghyun nodded. “Pirates want land!” Minho said.

“Land you can have… as long as you pledge your loyalty to my kingship.” Jungkook said and Jonghyun chuckled.
“Did I not just say pirates are not loyal?” He asked and Jungkook took a step forward.

“The we can move on to the gutting part…” Jungkook threatened and Seunghyun pulled him back.

“What lands do you want?” Seunghyun asked instead and Jonghyun shrugged.

“Shores… We don’t do well in the inner lands. Makes us sick.” He joked. “But you have some nice omegas at the hills…” He said.

“Have them… we don’t care.” Minho said and Seunghyun tightened his jaw.

“Those are southern omegas.” Seunghyun reminded his rogue colleague, but Minho shrugged nonetheless. “As long as they are not with anyone and they don’t kill whoever tries to touch them.” Seunghyun settled and Jonghyun laughed.

“Yes! I did hear about those. Your mother was one, right, Jungkook-ah? A wild bitch swayed by royalty…” He licked his lips and Jungkook tightened his fists in pure and raw anger. “Let’s have dinner tomorrow after you calm the fire? I’d love to meet your mate.” Jonghyun said and then turned to walk away. Minho followed him.

Jungkook watched them go and then turned to walk towards the gate that would lead him to the first house.

He worked along with the rest until the fire died down… the sun was already up and he made his way inside the shambles, followed by Mark and Yugyeom. He easily found what were the royal chambers and stared at the burnt corpse on what remained from a bed. He frowned in pain and tried to will his tears away… He had brought this upon his family… so much disgrace; maybe he should be the one to die.

“Gather the corpses and bury them. Make sure to bury his body along with father and the first queen.” He said and then turned to leave the room.

He knew he was crying by the time he reached the front square, everyone was too busy to notice him, but then his eyes fell on someone.

Namjoon looked lost as he stared at the scene of the burnt palace, the many people working around, moving debris and cleaning or moving corpses that won’t ever be identified. His droopy eyes soon fell on Jungkook and he approached after bowing.

“Your highness… What happened here?” He asked and Jungkook felt anger surfacing again and he pushed Namjoon so hard he sent the alpha to the floor with a gasp and wide eyes.

“What the fuck were you?!” Jungkook snapped angrily as he delivered a punch straight to Namjoon’s face.

“What are you doing?!” Namjoon avoided the next punch and managed to stand again to glare at the young prince on his full height. “I was on a mission. The crown prince sent me as an escort for Yifan-ssi’s departure.” He defended, confused by Jungkook’s tears.

“You are a fucking personal guard! You are supposed to be there all the fucking time!” He yelled and pushed him again, but this time Namjoon remained standing.

“What happened here? Where’s Seokjin?” He asked not caring he wasn’t supposed to speak so informally.
“He’s dead!” Jungkook yelled and Namjoon blinked several times; he wasn’t sure he could understand what Jungkook was saying. “He is dead. He burned along with his palace. Along with his mother and all his beliefs.” Jungkook felt void as he spoke.

“What?” Namjoon shook his head right as Mark and Yugyeom came out holding a white blanket with a body wrapped inside. “No…” Namjoon shook his head again and approached the pair.

He pushed the blanket aside and stared at a blackened body, burned flesh and bones staring back at him… amongst the burned flesh of the body’s hands he caught sight of a golden ring… the one with the house’s emblem.

“No…” He felt his throat constricting as he tried to pick up the hand only to be left with a ring finger in his. He felt sick and only moved fast enough to turn around and empty his stomach.

“Take him away.” Jungkook said and Yugyeom and Mark moved along with the body again. He didn’t spare another glance at Namjoon and decided it had been too much for a night and a day.

Namjoon felt faint and when he was done purging his body he weakly walked until he sat on the steps that would’ve led him to the main hall on the first house. He stared at the ring in his hand and clutched it tightly before letting his body succumb to his cries, to the pain of a bond never consummated.

He couldn’t remember the last words he had spoken to Seokjin… he couldn’t remember if he had made sure the omega prince understood the depth of his love, but he knew it had been pointless with how things had turned only a few days ago for them.

He cried until he had no more tears to shed and then sobbed tiredly. He felt weak and too empty. Seokjin had been his mate, whether they had or not a mating bond. He had never loved anyone like he had loved Seokjin to the extents of accepting the fact that they might never bond like that, accepting that Seokjin would maybe one day had another man or woman to mate.

Why was life so cruel to them?

What was left for him now that half his life was gone?

“I have a favor to ask you.” Seokjin had said once. “You can’t pick a side… never pick between Yoongi or Jungkook, but when the time comes I’ll need you to trust Jungkook.”

Namjoon frowned and then felt a sudden realization hit him…

Seokjin knew he’d die. He knew he’d die and it’d have to do with Jungkook… that’s why he had asked him to trust the younger… Namjoon tensed his jaw.

Never had he felt angrier before.
Jimin hadn’t been aware of the time that had passed… he couldn’t care about anything else because all he could think about was that Seokjin was dead and all because of Jungkook’s decisions.

He wasn’t even sure he could stay mad with his alpha, but right now he knew he didn’t even want to see him. He knew it wasn’t intended… Jungkook was not a bad man and Jimin knew he, himself, lacked the understanding of purpose in war and maybe that was why Jungkook had locked him in here.

He couldn’t stop crying, sniffling and thinking he had lost a brother… He lifted his gaze, immediately catching sight of the third queen’s portrait hanging on the open door of the dresser.

The first queen had also died and now… now what? Where was Yoongi? Where was Taehyung? Why was everyone leaving him behind? Why was Jungkook acting this way?

He tensed when the door opened; his red eyes looked to the alpha; Jungkook was sweating and covered in dirt. His eyes were still blackened and red. Far from looking like someone Jimin could trust, the alpha looked feral in a way that scared him too much.

“You have to eat.” Jungkook said in a serious tone and then Jimin watched the maid entering the room with a tray filled with food, but he returned his silvery eyes to his mate.

“I am not going to eat.” He said with wavering voice and Jungkook tensed his jaw.

“Fine. You’ll eat when you’re hungry.” He said simply and Jimin felt once again that he was staring at a stranger.

“Jimin, you have to eat…” The maid gave Jimin a pointed look; she knew of his pregnancy, but Jimin couldn’t care less about that right now.

“Do you want to assist the burials?” Jungkook asked and Jimin stood, tears still falling from his eyes.

“May I?” He asked through gritted teeth and Jungkook took a moment before nodding.

“Yugyeom can take you there and bring you back once it is over.” Jungkook said and was about to leave when Jimin spoke again.

“Why? Where are you going?” He questioned, but Jungkook only lingered a moment longer, glaring
at his mate before leaving the room.

Jimin bit down on his lip and closed his eyes tightly; he crouched again and clutched his head not knowing what he should do. Not anymore. Seokjin had always been there to guide him when the times were hard and now he was gone and Jungkook was gone with him it seemed.

“Jimin… please eat. You have to think of your baby.” Jimin tried to persuade him, but the fox shook his head feeling more tears staining his cheeks.

“If you don’t eat you will fall sick.” The sudden voice of his sister filtered into the room and Jimin looked at her warily; he just felt weird with her. “If you fall sick your baby could die… Male omegas have more risks when pregnant, Jimin.” She added. “I don’t mean to scare you. I just want you to take care of yourself… foxes are even more delicate when it comes to pregnancies too.” She said and Jimin slouched against the wall weakly.

“I’ll throw it up.” Jimin said softly and Moonbyul entered the room with a small kind smile, she knelt next to the maid and grabbed the bowl of soup.

“Soup will help you.” She said and picked up a spoonful, nearing it to Jimin’s lips. The fox stared at her for a long moment before allowing the food inside his mouth and she smiled. “I used to feed you when you were a baby.” She said forlornly. “I used to sing you to sleep too and now… you’re going to have your own baby to sing for…” She said with a long sigh.

“I’ve been wondering… How come you could feel I was pregnant, but no one else here could until I was examined?” Jimin wondered and Moonbyul sighed.

“It’s called evolution. Since foxes have always been rare we developed some defense mechanisms.” She explained stirring the soup absently. “Wolves can smell the change in scent easily, but they can still hide a pregnancy with certain herbs. Mixed right they are highly effective. Get the wrong dosage and they could kill themselves and the baby.” She explained.

“How do you know so much about this?” The maid asked interested and Moonbyul smiled a bit at that.

“I like medicine. That was my function back home.” She said. “As for foxes… we developed in a way that when an omega is pregnant and feels threatened by their surroundings they can mask their scent to prevent attacks on the vulnerable life.” She said and then sighed. “But of course you can only hide it so long from your mate, Jimin… foxes’ pregnancies show earlier too. You must be a month along and if you plan on keeping intimacy with your mate he’ll notice.” She said and Jimin averted his gaze to the ground.

“I don’t think… I don’t think we are good to do so at this moment.” He admitted bringing his knees up to his chest.

“I know, but the baby is not to blame for the mistakes of the parents.” Moonbyul said calmly and handed Jimin the bowl of soup. “Don’t put it in danger.” She chastised softly and Jimin nodded. He accepted the bowl and started eating slowly.

“Very well… now that you’re eating I’ll leave. I have to help in the kitchens.” Jimin said as she stood with a smile and Jimin waved his hand softly. “See you later.” She said before stepping out of the room leaving the siblings alone.

Jimin tensed slightly, hoping Moonbyul wouldn’t notice, but she did and smiled softly at his reaction. She knew he was still confused about her sudden appearance in his life… she hadn’t offered a full
explanation anyway.

“Jimin… Do you want to know more about your family?” Moonbyul asked in her soft deep voice and he looked up into her eyes, surprise evident in his and she nodded as if she understood. “It is a miracle that we are still standing here. Foxes had suffered three raids before the last one, the one our grandparents suffered. Right now there’s one fox for every ten wolves… that’s… really sad, don’t you think?” She had a bitter smile on her lips and Jimin nodded. “Our mother’s name is Sohyang, Jimin…”

“Sohyang…” Jimin repeated the name. It felt foreign and weird, just like Moonbyul.

“We were born in the southern nation.” She said and Jimin frowned. “There used to be two fox nations.” She added.

She was happy to be able to share this information with Jimin, happy to be with her little brother, but she had too many things to explain.

There had been two nations… one in the south beyond the sea of the mainland and one in the east in the same way. Not all foxes were nice, it seemed. Sohyang had married a rather simple man, a merchant. They had lived happy by the sea when Moonbyul was born, but only two years later the man had died in a trip to the eastern islands.

So, Jimin learned he only shared a mother with Moonbyul. That would explain why they shared so many features, but not that much that people would’ve been able to tell they were sibling at first sight. People would mostly think they were the same breed.

Sohyang had taken Moonbyul and had traveled to the capital to find a job to raise her daughter. After long nights of suffering and endless days of hard work, a man that was renting a small cottage in the district she worked had approached Sohyang.

Moonbyul described him as a really handsome man, kind and with the brightest smile ever. He had been captivated by Sohyang’s silver hair and eyes as it turned out not many foxes shared these traits.

Jimin couldn’t help but smile at the dreamy eyes his sister was showing. She was honest and told him that this man had been also her own first love. He had not only fallen in love Sohyang, but had also tended to Moonbyul like she was his own daughter; he loved to braid her hair and play with her in the hills near the district. He cared for her while Sohyang worked.

Moonbyul had explained that even though the man had offered his own money, Sohyang had declined and had continued to work…

“What was his name?” Jimin finally dared to interrupt the tale that seemed impossible.

“Jiseok.” Moonbyul said the name and this time Jimin refrained from trying it; he only nodded and his sister continued to elaborate.

Sohyang had never intended to fall in love again and that explained why she never married Jiseok. The man was only happy to stay with them, play with Moonbyul and probably spend loving moments with their mother. Moonbyul had blushed saying they often took walks off to the hills.

Jimin was already falling in love with his mother’s tale; felt sweet and heartfelt.

It was not a surprise when Moonbyul learned his mother was pregnant and it had been then that Jiseok started to change. He became possessive and protective and would always try to convince Sohyang from leaving her job…
Jiseok proposed to Sohyang and she accepted, of course. Jiseok was happy and finally moved in with them. Not too long after the wedding he told them that he had to make a trip; he didn’t say where, but they trusted him.

Jiseok left and came back after two months. Sohyang was soon to give birth and he was only too happy to be back to receive their son into the world.

Moonbyul depicted his birth as a very traumatic experience for a child her age and Jimin couldn’t help but giggle at her gestures and expressions. In the midst of her telling, Jimin realized that aside from Moonbyul’s father’s death, his mother had lived quite a calm and normal life.

Sure she had had struggles, but who didn’t? Only royalty people managed to live their lives in calm when regarding money issues, but instead… struggled with wars and deaths like these.

Turned out Jimin had actually met both, his mother and father, but he had been too young to even remember them. Moonbyul explained how Jiseok had been infatuated with him, but that the kind man never once pushed her apart.

“How did he look like?” Jimin asked after a long moment.

“Handsome, of course. He had black hair and big ears like ours. He was tanned and… his eyes were like yours, the shape and your smile is his. Your lips and your small nose too. He was kind like you. Our mother often called him naïve.” She smiled softly and Jimin sighed.

Moonbyul then moved to explain that twenty years ago the eastern nation started to move to unite with the southern one, to become one big nation, but their ways and methods were based on brute force and soon everyone was too scared, tensions rising and men gathering weapons to fight back. It seemed surreal that a whole war had developed and no one in the mainland had known about it.

Moonbyul explained how one night a man came to their door and delivered a letter to Jiseok. Moonbyul didn’t know what the letter said, but by the morning they were all packed and ready to go. Jiseok had taken them in a carriage to the port and had given clear instructions to Sohyang. Find a woman that lived in a market in the eastern lands and hide there. Never let anyone know we were foxes and take care of his pups. Moonbyul had seemed fairly touched by these words as she actually grew up without her real father, but it seemed Jimin’s one had loved her all the same.

“I never saw him again.” She lowered her face and Jimin saw the tears glistening in her eyes. “Our mother had mated him… I hadn’t realized it, but being apart took a toll on her so… I was not really surprised when she said she had to go back and look for him.” She said and Jimin frowned.

“She left you too?”

“I don’t blame her. She was desperate to find her mate and reunite her family, Jimin.” Moonbyul said. “A year after she left, one night some men arrived. Hanah hid us both, but they came barging in anyway; your were barely three… They kept asking for Jiseok’s kid. I realized they didn’t know if you were a boy or a girl, so I stepped out and let them take me.” She said and Jimin froze at the realization he had only been protected, not forgotten.

“You… saved me…”

“I was taken back home… only it wasn’t like home at all. I met our mother again and she was fine, healthy and cared for. I didn’t understand. The new leader had two sons growing. I was told I’d have to marry his oldest one.” She explained and then shrugged. “I was a kid… the dreams of mating and
having a big wedding were the only thing I thought of. Chanyeol looked really cute, you know?” She smiled sheepishly. “We became close friends.” She shrugged again.

“What happened then?” Jimin asked.

“I don’t really know how, but… a few years later a letter arrived to Chanyeol’s father. This time I overheard his conversation with our mother. He told her she had lied and that there was another silver fox roaming the mainland.” She said.

“Why was he after us?” Jimin frowned and Moonbyul eyed him carefully before shaking her head.

“Not us, Jimin. He was after you… but I don’t know why. I never learned why.” She sighed heavily. “That very night our mother came to me and told me she had to go look for you before they found you.” Moonbyul explained. “I don’t even know if she actually managed to escape or if she was stopped and killed on the spot, but I haven’t seen her ever since.” She wiped her nose and Jimin felt bad.

“How did you escape?” Jimin suddenly asked and she sighed.

“Chanyeol and I are friends more than anything. He got me inside a ship, but it wrecked on the way to the mainland and… I am not even sure how I survived.” She gave a bitter smile and Jimin nodded. “I wanted to look for her and for you. I would’ve never guessed I’d find you even though I was captured.” She said and Jimin smiled because now he felt closer to her.

“Thank you for… coming to find me… noona.” He said and Moonbyul widened her eyes, it took her a moment of hesitation before pulling Jimin to her and hugging him tightly.

“I know it is difficult, but… I love you and so did our mother, your father. You were a loved child, Jimin and even now… there are people who love you dearly. Never think otherwise.” She said near his ear and Jimin nodded.

“Thank you, noona.”

Suddenly there were a few knocks on the door. They pulled apart and turned to look up at Yugyeom.

“Sorry to interrupt, but the burial will start shortly.” He said, his tone bitter and sad; Jimin couldn’t blame him. “The third prince has ordered for you to wear your royal garments.” He said and Jimin frowned.

“The… third prince?” He wondered briefly and watched the anger on the alpha’s face at the mention of his best friend. Jimin sighed and then nodded as he stood. “I will see you later, noona. I have to get ready.” He said and Moonbyul nodded; she felt happiness welling in her chest.

“Your mate is waiting for you outside.” Yugyeom added and she nodded, also standing and making her way out of the room.

Her eyes soon found Seunghyun’s chiseled face and weirdly enough, he was wearing rather customary clothes; she frowned once she was outside and stared him up and down. He seemed uncomfortable with the attention.

“You need to hide and you will remain locked for the rest of the afternoon and night.” He said and she blinked in surprise.

“I would like to accompany my brother to the burials.” She said softly and Seunghyun tightened his
fists; he wanted to please her, but he couldn’t risk it.

“No. Rogues, pirates and loners are roaming the palace and you can’t be seen.” He stated and she frowned.

“Why is Jimin attending then?” She questioned.

“Because Jungkook cannot hide him anymore. Everyone knows about him, but they don’t know about you.” He explained and she shook her head, taking a step back, ready to run and hide, but he grabbed her arm.

“I want to be with my brother!” She said through gritted teeth, but Seunghyun pulled her and twisted her around, one arm around her arms and torso and the other hand against her mouth, silencing her please as he dragged her away.

“I think Jungkook’s mate is a terrible influence for you.”

Jimin stood next to Yugyeom in his black and red robes, watching all the high staff from the first house line up to watch how they buried their rightful king along with his mother. Seokjin had been a loved man with how everyone was barely containing their tears and vaguely, Jimin noticed how hard Hwasa’s and Namjoon’s faces were as they watched the ritual.

They probably hated Jungkook and there was nothing he could do to change that and the fact the alpha was missing was not helping.

“What will happen with the guards from the first and second house now?” Jimin whispered to Yugyeom who leaned a bit to hear him and then heaved a long sigh.

“Hwasa has given Jungkook her word to follow his lead and she was appointed commander before Namjoon left on his last mission. Seokjinssi, trusted her more with the charge it seemed.” Yugyeom said. “And as for the second house… Jaebum-hyeong too has decided to follow Jungkook at least until and if Yoongi-ssi replies from the north.” He explained and Jimin nodded with a slight frown.

It seemed a bit off that Hwasa would follow Jungkook’s lead when she had always been so wary of him, but he was not going to question it. Union was something they clearly needed, but Jimin also feared they’d attack Jungkook in a surge of vengeance.

“You wouldn’t let anyone hurt Jungkook, right?” Jimin asked and turned to look up into Yugyeom’s eyes; the alpha frowned a bit and averted his gaze.

“I believe it is more likely that Jungkook will hurt someone.” He said and Jimin frowned at his vague answer.

“Yugyeom… you wouldn’t, right?” Jimin pressed feeling trepidation building up inside when the alpha didn’t answer. “Jungkook would never plan his own brother’s death.” Jimin said through gritted teeth.

“He wanted Yoongi-ssi dead. You seem so forgetful these days, Jimin-ssi.” Yugyeom narrowed his eyes down at the fox and Jimin felt a void forming in his chest before he turned around and started to walk away.

Yugyeom followed him, of course. Jimin didn’t stop until he reached the royal quarters; he opened the door and blinked in surprise at the sight of his mate. Jungkook was sporting his royal garments,
consisting of black and red, he had never seen him wearing them, but he recognized them because he had seen Yoongi and Seokjin wear their own. Yoongi’s had been black and blue and Seokjin’s had been black and green.

“Are you done?” Jungkook asked and he looked a bit different from before; a bit angrier, his eyes were still too dark, no white in them and something about his demeanor looked downright menacing.

“Why weren’t you there?” Jimin decided to ask, the bite on his tone was obvious, he too was angry, but too sad to fight.

“I had more important things to tend than a burial.” Jungkook said as he finished with his garments and turned to Jimin, giving the fox his whole attention. “We have dinner in a few minutes. Come on.” He said and walked towards the exit, but Jimin didn’t move.

“I am not having dinner with those monsters.” He said weakly, tired… and Jungkook looked at him.

“Jimin… You will do as I tell you to. Obey. Every word I say.” He said and Jimin felt even more confused by the flat tone.

“Tell me… Please tell me. I need to understand. I need to know you’re still here.” He begged clutching to Jungkook’s sleeves. A brief look of despair crossed Jungkook’s eyes and that was enough to give Jimin hope.

“I can’t be what you want me to be right now.” He said softly and Jimin nodded mutely. “You will do as I say.” He then said and Jimin swallowed thickly, scared, but ready to comply. He could only pray there was some bigger plan behind Jungkook’s words and orders.

“Okay… I will do as you say.” Jimin agreed looking straight into his eyes. “I…” Jimin hesitated a moment, because Jungkook was drowning in sorrow and anger and maybe he could make the alpha happy or hopeful again. “I have to tell you something.” Jimin said softly.

“Me too… but first we have to get over with this dinner.” Jungkook said and Jimin frowned, but he ended up nodding.

“Okay.”

“Let’s go.”

…

Jimin had never heard or seen such chaos within the dining area, low tables had been arranged on after the other to accommodate the many people there already drinking and eating. Any other day this would’ve been disrespect, but tonight Jimin understood that maybe Jungkook was playing their game.

Jimin blinked in surprise at the sight nonetheless and made sure to walk right behind Jungkook. One of the men suddenly looked up at the sight of Jungkook and his eyes traveled to Jimin almost immediately. He didn’t look too surprised, but was clearly interested and Jimin hated it, he averted his gaze and focused on Jungkook’s back instead.

The room slowly drifted to silence as they finally took their seats at the far end of the table and Jungkook made sure Jimin was seating next to Seunghyun. Jimin was not too pleased, but he kept his lips sealed and focused his eyes on his lap.

“Beautiful indeed.” Minho mentioned with a sick smirk that Jimin refused to look at, but Jungkook
caught it all too soon. “Is he truly a magical bitch?” He asked and Jungkook cleared his throat directing his gaze to Jonghyun.

“What is his name?” Jonghyun asked.

“Answer him.” Jungkook said in a gruff tone and Jimin felt wounded, but he played along and lowered his ears.

“Jimin.” He softly replied and Jonghyun nodded, his deep gaze roaming Jimin’s face in search of something, but he resorted to downing his cup of liquor with a rather annoyed look.

“Pleased to meet you, Jimin-ssi.” Jonghyun said and most rogues at the table frowned at the weird display of respect. Jimin too was confused and he dared a look up at the pirate, “Can you blame me for being like this? He looks like fucking royalty.” He said with a scoff, his deep gaze focused on Jimin.

“Technically he is. He is Jungkook’s mate.” Seunghyun said as he downed a cup of his own liquor.

“Whatever.” Jonghyun seemed to give up on something as he reached for the bottle of liquor and poured some more for himself. “We are reunited here today to celebrate…” He mustered a grin as he raised his cup.

Jungkook was handed a cup and Seunghyun handed one to Jimin who eyed the liquor and shook his head, the alpha tensed his jaw.

“That’d be disrespectful towards Jonghyun… just drink it.” He said and Jimin shook his head again and before an argument could rise, Jimin, the maid was crouching besides him placing a bottle filled with apple juice… the color was very similar to liquor’s one.

“This is the beverage we usually prepare for Jimin-ssi.” She lied without meeting Seunghyun’s suspecting gaze, but he was quick to pour the new beverage and hand the cup to Jimin.

“Thank you.” He said softly and then turned around; Jungkook was frowning down at him as if he too suspected something was wrong.

“Done?” Jonghyun asked and Jimin blushed as he raised his cup, the man smiled. “As I was saying… we are here to celebrate. Celebrate the fall of the omega bitch that pretended to be king.” He said and Jimin felt a knot form in his throat. “Celebrate Jungkook’s new reign!” He said loudly, he looked too pleased and Jimin didn’t like it one bit. “Celebrate the land he will give us.” He finished and then jerked his cup in Jungkook’s direction. “To the new king!” He said and the rest of rogues, loners and pirates at the table repeated before drinking.

Jungkook hesitated a moment and didn’t miss how Jimin refused to say the words or even drink his whole cup, only taking a small sip.

After that, they served the food and everyone started to eat again, minding their own businesses. Having fun at old tales and such, but Jimin was too shocked to eat, only a few hours ago he had assisted the burial of his beloved people and now he was here having dinner with people that celebrated his death.

“Aren’t you going to eat?” Jungkook asked under his breath after swallowing a piece of meat, his dark eyes glued to his own food.

“I am not hungry.” Jimin said and instead took another sip of his apple juice; Jungkook’s eyes followed the movement and after a brief moment he resumed eating. “I don’t understand how you
can sit here and eat.” Jimin mumbled his thoughts and Jungkook felt his impatience building; he dropped the meat he was about to eat and turned to him.

“Is there anything I can do anymore? My father is dead, so is the queen and Seokjin. Do I have magical powers to bring back the dead?” He asked through gritted teeth and Jimin frowned up at him.

“I am not asking you to bring anyone from the dead. I am asking you how can you eat with the people that killed your brother and his mother.” He bit back, his eyes blazing blue with anger. They were speaking in hushed tones so that no one would hear them.

“Because it serves a purpose.” Jungkook said looming over him and Jimin swallowed thickly, his resolve to fight crumbling.

“One that you can’t explain to me…” Jimin said sadly and then averted his gaze down to the untouched food on his plate. “Seokjin-hyeong would’ve told me.” He mused and Jungkook scoffed loudly.

“There are many things Seokjin failed to tell you, Jimin.” He said venomously and then he cocked his head and stared down at Jimin in disbelief. “Could it be?” He asked and Jimin frowned in confusion. “Could it be Seokjin was the one you liked all along?” He asked and watched how Jimin’s eyes widened.

“What?” He was speechless.

“Well… I wouldn’t be surprised. You did say you loved us too much.” He said and even to his own ears he sounded wounded.

He would’ve loved to see a reaction out of his mate, see him angry, hear him yell, feel his fist, but instead Jimin stared at him for a long moment before standing up and walking down the back of the large room.

“Jimin-ssi!” Jonghyun called and Jimin stopped and turned to the man, his features schooled to look calm and collected. “You can’t leave like that! We still have dessert for you!” Jonghyun said and Jimin swallowed a lump, but Jungkook spoke first.

“He is tired. It’s been a long day.” Jungkook said and Jimin lowered his gaze. “Leave.” Jungkook said and Jimin nodded once before resuming his way out of the room, only to find Yugyeom there, ready to escort him back to his bedchambers.

“You look upset.” Yugyeom said and Jimin refused to answer. He knew Yugyeom was a friend, but said friend was angry with his mate and Jimin was still too in love with his mate to allow Yugyeom the satisfaction of agreeing with him.

“I am fine. Just tired.”

… Hoseok cursed his luck.

The first time he had ever had feelings for an alpha had been back when he was barely fifteen and he had met Namjoon. He had honestly been head over heels for the boy that not only was too smart, but also sweet and caring and when he matured Hoseok had been there for him.

Namjoon with droopy eyes and dimples and big clumsy hands, had been his first love and Hoseok
had fallen too deep too fast… too hard.

He had known all along that Namjoon would’ve never stayed behind to live a happy, normal life with him because Namjoon dreamed with serving his country in the most practical way. Namjoon often talked about being the king’s guard as his dream.

Hoseok had only had one dream… to be Namjoon’s mate.

Namjoon had left with a wave and dimples and Hoseok had kissed his dream goodbye… until Taehyung appeared with his boxy smile and deep eyes and he had fallen… without even noticing.

He stared at Taehyung sleeping face with fondness… the young alpha was kind and caring, but clearly too easy to fool into love. Taehyung loved everything beautiful and nice and Hoseok was neither the most beautiful nor the nicest… particularly less the nicest.

He had his flaws and more often than not he realized he was tainted with envy and the need to put people through suffering because of his own failures. Hoseok knew that he’d never be at peace if he fled with Taehyung like this.

It had been barely two days since they started to travel towards Taehyung’s old home with the purpose of living a happily ever after together, build their own life and finally be happy; away from royalty, magical foxes and wars.

At first Hoseok had been excited, but just seeing Taehyung’s doubt made his stomach curl in fear of trapping the alpha into something he didn’t want. Hoseok knew that Taehyung was in love with Jimin. That was obvious.

He took a deep breath and turned on his back to stare up at the night sky. He would never change his adventure time with Taehyung because he had learned a lot from it, had met lots of people and not everything had been bad, but maybe it was time to heal his wounds for real and not simply change the bandages every now and again.

“Aish…” He complained as he pushed up and sat; he looked around the forest they were currently crossing and he knew what needed to be done. He turned and looked down at Taehyung’s sleeping form before leaning down and pressing a kiss to his temple.

The alpha stirred a bit and spoke with his eyes closed.

“Why aren’t you sleeping, hyeong?” His voice was thick and low and Hoseok smiled down at him.

“I need to take a piss… Going to find a tree and come back.” He said and Taehyung grunted an answer before falling asleep again. “We’ll be fine.”

…

It was close to midnight and far in the distance Jimin could still hear the noise coming from the dining hall, they were now playing some sort of music too and the laughter plagued his mind, making it impossible to sleep.

He had resorted to stare at his reflection in the large mirror inside the wardrobe room; his sister had been right. He was already showing a small bump on his navel, more obvious to the touch than to the sight, but still…

Jimin wanted to be angry or nervous, but when his fingers softly grazed the slight swell on his navel he could only feel warm and happy. He was filled with life in the middle of death and it made him
feel hopeful of the days to come, like no one could take this happiness from him at all.

Maybe Jungkook would feel the same.

He was startled when he heard the front door sliding close and he rushed to put back his robe before walking out of the wardrobe room with the candle. In the darkness he saw the familiar silhouette that belonged to Jungkook… the alpha staggered a moment and Jimin realized he was drunk.

The fox placed the candle down near the bed and then rushed to his side, but as soon as his arms wrapped around Jungkook’s waist, the prince was burying his nose in his neck, cradling his face with one big hand.

“Why are you doing this?” Jungkook slurred and Jimin frowned a bit as he tried to guide them both to the bed; it proved a difficult task, but he sighed in relief when the younger fell heavily on the mattress. Jimin moved to take off his clothes. “Don’t ignore me, Jimin.” Jungkook slurred again and Jimin looked down at his face before sighing heavily.

“What do you mean?” He asked instead and continued to undress his mate.

“There’s something weird with your scent…” Jungkook said. “You thought I wouldn’t notice?” Jungkook asked and Jimin tried to school his face into nothing. “You’re messing with our bond too… I haven’t been able to feel much through it…” He said and pressed the heels of his hands to his eyes in frustration.

“You’re imagining it.” Jimin tried and Jungkook grabbed his wrist to stop his advances and make him look at his face again. Jimin hated how Jungkook’s eyes were still black and red.

“Don’t lie to me.” He said through gritted teeth. “It feels like you’re blocking me… like… like you’re hiding from me.” Jungkook said then took Jimin by surprise when he pulled him over his body.

Jimin fell on his chest and was about to push away when Jungkook flipped them over quite clumsily, his weight on Jimin and the omega panicked for a moment; what if Jungkook accidentally hurt the baby?

“Don’t do this…” Jimin’s breathing had turned ragged and he was one step away from breaking the promise of never commanding Jungkook again. “You’re not like this…” He said and Jungkook scoffed a bitter smile gracing his lips before he leaned down and kissed his neck.

“But I think I am… everyone always talked about me like this so… I am being the person they all expected me to be.” Jungkook said rearranging his legs to push Jimin’s apart with his.

“You’re hurting me.” Jimin said and Jungkook stopped for a moment, pulled up and stared deeply into his eyes.

“You’ve hurt me too.” Jungkook said and Jimin swallowed, unable to argue with that one because he had actually felt the pain and the sorrow. “So… I am sorry, but tonight I want to be selfish. Tonight I want to feel you… I think I deserve it.” He said and leaned again. He caught Jimin’s lips in a bruising kiss and Jimin would’ve lied if he said he didn’t like it.

Jungkook was his mate for a reason. His fox purred inside his head and Jimin felt himself leaking in response to his mate’s antics, but he was also worried… he reciprocated the kiss knowing it was dangerous to deny Jungkook and it was most likely that he’d realize his secret sooner or later anyway.
“You will leave.” Jungkook said between kisses… his hands releasing Jimin’s, but the fox was too weak to protest or fight back. Jungkook moved so that he could pull Jimin’s robe and apart while his lips trailed down to his chest, licking the swollen and pink nubs.

“Where?” Jimin closed his eyes, unaware of how Jungkook was staring at his nipples because surely they had always been pink and perky, but they were swollen.

“To the north.” He said, enthralled by the small swollen nubs, pinching them softly with his fingers. “Yoongi-hyeong will keep you safe while this whole thing is over.” Jungkook explained slowly and Jimin snapped his head forward, eyes wide as he looked at Jungkook’s face.

“What…” He wondered softly and then pushed Jungkook’s hands aside to sit up, making the alpha retreat a bit to let him straighten. “You… you’re sending me to Yoongi-hyeong?” Jimin couldn’t believe it.

“I will trust you, Jimin.” Jungkook said, finally tearing his eyes away from the fox’s chest to meet his gaze. “You remain mine.” He said and while staring into Jimin’s eyes. “This is only to protect you.” He added.

“I don’t want to leave you.” Jimin said in a whisper; the prospect of leaving Jungkook surrounded by the enemy and unprotected made his stomach curl.

“You will.” Jungkook said and pushed forward to make Jimin lie down again. He kissed his collarbones and then trailed down; Jimin was still thinking about Yoongi and the possibility of seeing him again that he failed to notice where Jungkook was going with his lips.

“I can’t leave you here.” He said breathlessly when Jungkook pressed his lips above his bellybutton and then… then he was kissing his navel, his thumbs tracing circles around his hips when he stopped.

A frown marred his face while he slowly separated from Jimin’s skin… he remained there… close and staring at the slight swell. It was then that Jimin realized and he tensed, finally looking down at his mate’s face.

“Ju-Jungkook?” Jimin felt suddenly very cold and scared as he waited for anything… he could feel Jungkook’s warm skin on his own, his hands still on his hips.

The alpha moved slowly, he pushed up from Jimin’s body, keeping his dark eyes on Jimin’s navel. Once he was sitting up between Jimin’s thighs, Jungkook trailed his fingers slowly from Jimin’s hipbone to the taut skin of his navel… and when he felt the slight bump he quirked an eyebrow and moved his eyes to Jimin’s.

“You are pregnant.” He stated in the deadly silence of the room. Jimin was practically holding his breath as he stared up at his mate’s expression.

Jimin’s silence soon made Jungkook’s face morph from vague questioning to one of pure horror and fear and Jimin finally unblocked the bond letting the rush of emotions hit them like a tidal wave.

Jungkook growled out and stood from the mattress in a blur of red and black silks and leathers, he roughly ripped the rest of his upper gear to gain a false sense of freedom. He felt suffocated and angry and scared… mostly scared.

“How’s this even possible? You have been taking your tea.” Jungkook said and Jimin sat up and pulled his robe closed at the front; this was not what he had imagined would be Jungkook’s reaction to his pregnancy, but he understood… he really did.
“I think… I think it had something to do with the fact that I am a fox.” Jimin said softly; he wouldn’t be surprised by it.

“This complicates everything.” Jungkook said and the fox looked at him. “Why couldn’t I fully smell it? I just felt your scent had gotten a bit sweeter.” He asked with narrowed eyes and Jimin averted his gaze.

“Just… something we foxes do it seems…” He said a bit scared to reveal too much; he just wasn’t sure if he was supposed to say it, but he was his mate anyway.

Jimin stood from the mattress and stood before the man with nervous eyes; he was filled with uncertainty and the fact that his mate was not comforting him was making him even more nervous.

“I know this is bad, but it is not like I did it on purpose.” Jimin said and Jungkook buried his face in his hands out of frustration; he groaned.

“You didn’t even do it on your own, Jimin and I am not blaming you. I am just stating the facts.” Jungkook said and turned around to pace the room. “This is more of a reason to send you away. You cannot stay here with so many rogues, pirates and loners roaming the palace. This is no longer a safe place for you.” Jungkook said and Jimin nodded.

“I know. I know, but… do you think it’d be better for us to be apart?” Jimin asked and Jungkook turned sharply to look at him.

“This is not about us anymore, Jimin. You could beg me to let you stay here and I would tie you up and send you up north anyway.” Jungkook looked desperate and Jimin understood, he really did, but he didn’t want to be apart from his mate.

“I worry you’ll be attacked and I won’t be here.” Jimin seriously admitted.

“You are pregnant, Jimin.” Jungkook paused on every word. “I will be attacked, that’s what wars are about and the only way I will be able to sleep at night is knowing you are safe with Yoongi.” He said and Jimin hardened his face as he nodded and turned to look out the window.

“Very well then… When shall I leave?”

“Two days. I need to figure out where the fuck is Taehyung.”

Taehyung woke up alone and cold… The sun was barely on the sky when he opened his eyes and realized Hoseok was not around. The side in which he had been lying before was too cold for it to be recent and his scent was vaguely lingering.

He looked around the small clearing and noticed some of their things were missing… mostly Hoseok’s things. He felt panic build inside him and when he straightened up a small piece of paper fell down on his lap. Hoseok’s calligraphy; like his own, was messy, but they had only learned to read and write when they arrived to the barracks anyway…

The note was simple. He left so that Taehyung could go back to his best friend. Make sure he gave his very best to win his heart so that his trip had not been in vain. Hoseok was giving up on him and the raw pain searing his chest startled Taehyung. He wasn’t sure anymore of what to do… What was the right thing to do?

Jimin was already mated to Jungkook; Yoongi had left to the north and now Hoseok had left him as
well, probably tired of his indecision. His lack of will to make things actually happen was probably too much for the beta.

He wanted to feel calm… Hoseok had been a great friend, but he had too much baggage and it was hard to admit it, but Taehyung couldn’t stop thinking about Jimin either… maybe he should’ve tried harder.

He would have to give it his all. Make Jimin understand his love…
Chaerim stared at her cousin in mild interest... There was something different about him from other people and she couldn’t help but think it had to do with the fact that even though Yoongi was a beta he thought of himself as an alpha. He was not scared to command and stand up to people.

“Do you need something or will just stand there staring at me?” Yoongi questioned without lifting his gaze from some parchments he was asked to read. Chaerim smiled and stepped inside the office.

“You seem to be taking your brother’s death quite well.” She said and this time Yoongi looked up and placed his quill down to consider his answer with care.

“He used to say that some people were meant to live and some were meant to die.” He said slowly and then took a deep breath. “I loved him. For the most part of my life I could only grow up admiring him. He was our father’s first choice to be king. I envied him too, but Seokjin was nothing but a great older brother. I wished he had been nasty so I could hate him, but no.” He eyed his cousin and she nodded.

“I heard only good things about him. Seemed like a great pick to be the king.” She said, her eyes analyzing Yoongi’s expressions. “I also heard rumors about a fox... Are they true?” She wondered and Yoongi felt a pang in his chest.

“Yes. He is Jungkook’s mate now.” He said careful of his tone. “In fact, I received a letter yesterday. It seems there are rising tensions there so he will send him over to keep him safe.” Yoongi said and Chaerim quirked an eyebrow.

“We will be hosting a fox?” She asked in amusement.

“There’s nothing peculiar about him.” Yoongi said, it was more to convince himself, but the possibility of having Jimin close to him again was really tempting.

“It is still odd to have you favoring Jungkook’s demands of keeping his mate safe. I believed you weren’t on the best terms.” She trailed off and Yoongi eyes her warily.

He wasn’t stupid. He was not the kind to trust people so easily, not even if they had helped him before. He had the distinct feeling that Chaerim wanted to know something form him or his life before the north.

He hadn’t agreed to take care of Jimin that easily either. He knew Jimin was untouchable. The only way he’d advance on the fox again was if Jungkook died and even then he knew breaking a bond was a dangerous thing... it could actually kill Jimin.

He had agreed on taking Jimin and keeping him safe under the condition that Jungkook sent Taehyung along.

When Daesung had talked about trusting people he had been struck with the alpha’s face and at first
it hadn’t make any sense, but in the end he felt like he knew Taehyung’s intentions only too well… felt like he could trust him even if he clearly was after him to kill him.

It still made him nervous to receive both friends in his palace… it made him nervous to lose the bits of his life he had built up after Jimin left for the third house.

“I have my reasons…” He curtly replied. “How are the trainings going?” He changed the subject and she nodded; she knew when to stop her questioning.

“Fairly better now that the soldiers can focus on it and not on stupid missions in the middle of nowhere.” She said with a smile as she turned around to leave.

“Next time you want to question me about my life before here you better try better not to alert me…” Yoongi said focusing again on his papers and the woman smirked as she left; she wasn’t particularly freaked out at being found out.

…I won’t ask where you were or why you left Jimin when I clearly said you were to protect him with your life.” Jungkook said as he stared at Taehyung with hard eyes that were still black and red.

It had been a whole week since his brother’s death and he was still too unsettled to control his emotions or his own rogue wolf. He wanted many things done, but he still didn’t have enough power to do so and he was striving to do so with the less deaths possible.

He could go ahead and call all his men to fight to rogues, but how many would die and how many had families waiting for them in the western lands? He was not heartless and he needed to first have everyone under on ideology.

“I shouldn’t trust you with this, but you are part of the conditions so… There’s nothing I can do there.” He added with a long sigh.

“What are the rogues doing here?” Taehyung decidedly ignored his words and asked what had been roaming his mind since he arrived back in the palace.

“None of your business. You need to get ready to leave tomorrow before dawn.” Jungkook said and Taehyung frowned. “I am sending Jimin over to the north. Yoongi will keep him safe. Yugyeom will go with you.” He stated and Taehyung blinked several times.

“You cannot send Jimin back to Yoongi!” Taehyung screeched and Jungkook glared at him.

“Jimin is pregnant and cannot stay here, surrounded by rogues, pirates and whatnot.” He said and Taehyung widened his eyes in disbelief.

“What…?”

No… surely Jungkook was wrong. Surely he had heard him wrong. Jimin couldn’t be pregnant.

“I think even someone like you can understand why it is important to get him out of here.” Jungkook said in annoyance as he stood up and walked to open the door to his offices. “Now leave, you have until before dawn to escape if you so wish to do. I won’t stop you, but if you do and you cross Jimin’s path again after that I will make sure to kill you.” He said and Taehyung swallowed thickly as he stared at Jungkook’s eyes and after a moment of hesitation he nodded and left the room.

It only made it seem unreachable. Jimin seemed to be on another level now. One that he couldn’t
reach no matter how much he tried. It seemed like he was always late when it came to Jimin. Why? Because he was always after something else, it was high time that he made up his mind.

... 

Jimin was not angry with Jungkook; he was just scared of what was to come for them once they were apart from each other. It was difficult to show care and love even in their own bedroom when there was a huge wall between them.

He was kneeling on the mattress, his small hands on his lap and his face lowered to them, inspecting his nails to have something else to focus on instead of looking at the alpha’s face right in front of him.

Jungkook too, was kneeling on the mattress, but unlike Jimin, his eyes were focused on the omega’s face, searching for anything, but he wasn’t sure what he wanted to find there. He only knew that it’d be a few hours before they would part ways and he was not making the right moves.

His eyes moved down until they rested on Jimin’s navel. When he wore clothes it was hard to tell… and his scent was well concealed. He hoped they’d get quickly to the north so that he could rest easily at night. He trusted Yugyeom more than he trusted Taehyung anyway.

“The road you will take is a long and hard one, but the main one would be too dangerous for you. Yugyeom is instructed to keep you safe and help you, I told him you were pregnant.” Jungkook said and Jimin nodded. “It’ll take you close to three weeks to get to the north.” Jimin nodded again.

Jungkook swallowed thickly… he needed to hold his mate, he needed to reassure him and himself that this was the best decision, but Jimin looked too tired and he understood. He really did.

“I want you to bite me, Jungkook.” Jimin suddenly said, his eyes still down on his lap while he spoke and it took Jungkook off guard, but it was the least he could do and it let him know that his mate still loved him despite his decisions.

“Yes, of course.” He said and shuffled to move closer, but Jimin moved faster and with swift movements he sat on his mate’s lap; pressing his forehead to Jungkook’s, his eyes closed and Jungkook felt compelled to do the same.

It was funny how it had become a common ground in their minds for their beasts to meet in a clearing surrounded by tall trees, a soft drizzle over them while Jimin’s fox curled with the wildflowers. Jungkook frowned at the sight of the fox this time… whilst other times the fox had been ecstatic to meet his wolf like this, the silvery furred animal now looked down and depressed.

Jimin watched in his own mind how Jungkook’s huge wolf approached his fox, circling him and sniffing him all around until his muzzle started to push on the fox’s head as if to get his attention… It was not a surprise that his fox was behaving like this.

“I love you.” Jungkook said and it sounded like he was pleading for understanding, like he was trying to explain something. Jimin opened his eyes slowly… his small hands rubbing slow circles on Jungkook’s neck.

“I am going to lose you.” Jimin whispered over his lips and Jungkook refused to open his eyes as he shook his head.

“No, you won’t. I will kill everyone that gets in our way and then I will come back to you.” Jungkook’s hands tightened on Jimin’s waist.
And I will wait for you, Jungkook.” Jimin said and then grabbed Jungkook’s hands and moved them to his navel to the small bump there. “Don’t keep us waiting too long…” Jimin whispered and Jungkook finally opened his eyes and stared down at how small Jimin’s belly looked between his big hands.

“I am sorry…” Jungkook whispered and pushed Jimin a bit away so he could bend down until his forehead was resting over Jimin’s stomach. “I am sorry, pup.” He said and Jimin felt his resolve crumbling, his hands running softly through Jungkook’s hair as he tried to keep his composure. “You deserve so much more, so much better… I am not even sure I deserve your father to begin with. I am even less sure if I deserve you.”

Jimin bit down on his lower lip to prevent himself from sobbing, his eyes were filled with tears, but he was doing a great job to not cry. He had never wanted to seem weak in Jungkook’s eyes and he knew that if the alpha saw him crying it’d be harder to part ways.

“You deserve us and more.” Jimin said softly and swallowed thickly when the alpha pressed his lips to his small bump.

“We will meet again… maybe you’ll be born by then.” He smiled bitterly and before he could indulge in his feelings of despair he pushed up and sighed when he met his mate’s eyes.

“Haneul.” Jimin said the name and Jungkook frowned on confusion. “It was the third queen’s name. Whether it is a boy or a girl… I will name the baby Haneul.” He stated confidently and Jungkook gave a stiff nod before pulling Jimin back on his lap.

“I love you.” Jungkook muttered as he nuzzled Jimin’s neck in affection and then pulled the collar of his clothes to uncover the mating mark. “I’ve loved you for a while now.” He kissed the marred skin and felt Jimin uncover the mark on his own shoulder placing a soft kiss as well.

“I love you too.” Jimin whispered and then he opened his mouth over the scar, his hot breath fawning over Jungkook’s skin and he found himself doing the same.

They sank their fangs in the flesh at the same time and bit hard… harder than necessary, but Jimin knew it was supposed to be fresh, to hurt… to be a reminder that they were still there for each other, that somewhere in this big world they were waiting for each other.

Jimin blearily opened her eyes in the darkness of her own bedchambers when she was shaken. It was dark but she could easily distinguish Yugyeom’s face mingling with the shadows and it made her jump in surprise, pulling the covers to her chest in fright.

“Yu-Yugyeom-ssi! What a-are you d-doing here?!” She screeched and Yugyeom placed a finger against his lips to silence her; she frowned but nodded.

“Pack anything you might need for a long trip.” He said and she blinked, shaking her head as she lowered her arms unaware of how her robe had opened a bit on the front, but the alpha did notice and quickly pulled the covers up against her chest. “We don’t have time to answer questions. I will tell you on the way.” He said and stood to leave, but then she spoke.

“Why would I leave with you?” She asked and he turned to see her face looked angered and sad at the same time.

“Jungkook is giving me a chance to bring one single person I care about with me.” He said and she felt even more confused. “The palace is not a safe place for anyone, but even less omegas. You were
supposed to leave when the crown prince ordered every omega and child to leave to the western lands... don’t be stubborn this time and do as I am telling you.” He said and then stomped out of the bedroom.

Jimin felt winded, but she knew Yugyeom was right. The palace had long since been a safe place for anyone and the fact that they were leaving upon Jungkook’s wish then it meant things were getting messier.

She stood up and pulled a bag to fill with whatever clothes she had and other things she might need. She didn’t own much anyway and she had never traveled before, but she was glad that Yugyeom had thought about her anyway.

It wasn’t long before she was stepping out of the bedchamber and meeting with Yugyeom outside; he was wearing normal clothes, nothing that would let anyone know he was a soldier of the palace. He looked nice, but way too worried.

“Come on.”

…

Moonbyul was awake when the door to her bedchambers was opened and Seunghyun walked inside. For a moment she feared he was there to force her, but the man only gave her a fleeting look before walking to their belongings and pulling clothes inside a sack.

She frowned at his actions and stood from her mattress where she had been reading one of the romantic novels Jimin had recommended. She approached the man and then noticed how hot his skin was even to the distance, his eyes were red and his whole body was tensed.

“You’re in rut.” She stated and he ignored her and continued to push clothes inside the sack; he grabbed a small pouch with silver coins and placed it inside as well; she blushed when finally his scent made it to her nostrils and she took a step back.

“No need to fear me.” He said in a low voice and she frowned. “You will leave tonight, so I will find another partner to take care of this.” He said and stood up again, closing the sack and then pulling a simpler set of clothes for her.

“Leave? Where?” She asked unsure on why it annoyed her to know he was in rut and was not spending it with her.

“Change into these.” He shoved the clothes against her chest and she recoiled from the impact, but only pushed his hands away, glaring up at him.

“Where are you sending me?” She asked again and he took a step forward, she backed into the wall and he shoved the clothes again at her; his eyes bleeding to black around the irises and she swallowed thickly.

“Change into these... now.” He felt bad for doing that, but he couldn’t stay near her when his rut was on a rampage. “I'll be waiting outside.”

…

Taehyung arrived to the royal quarters earlier than the rest, but Jungkook still let him inside and guided him to an adjacent room where Jimin was sitting in. The young fox’s ears twitched at his arrival and he looked up with a small smile.
“Good to see you again.” Jimin said softly and Taehyung made his way over to the chair, staring down at his friend.

“You’re pregnant.” Taehyung said and Jimin’s expression faltered as he gave Jungkook a brief questioning look, but upon seeing the warning in them he could only nod. “How far along are you?” Taehyung asked with a deep frown and Jimin averted his gaze to the window with a bitter smile.

“A month probably.” He said.

Taehyung opened his mouth to say more when suddenly the front doors opened again and he heard other voices. He frowned and turned in time to see as Jungkook let another four people inside; his instincts immediately kicking in when the scent of an alpha in rut filtered and Jimin tensed as well.

“Who are they?” Taehyung questioned when he saw the cloaked woman accompanying the rogue alpha.

“Ah…” Jimin stood. “Tae, this is my older sister.” Jimin said at the same time Moonbyul pulled off her cloak and let her ears sprung up and Taehyung widened his eyes in disbelief. “And that’s her… mate.” Taehyung pulled his eyes away from the woman and noticed the rogue was giving him a deep glare.

“Who is this, Jungkook?” Seunghyun asked in a low growl as he stepped in front of Taehyung, shielding Moonbyul from his eyes. Taehyung swallowed thickly and took a step back, feeling Jimin’s hands on his back as if to calm his nerves.

“This is my best friend.” Jimin said pushing Taehyung back and facing the rogue without fear, his eyes blazing blue. “He will be traveling with us.”

“He is part of the deal, Seunghyun. Let it go.” Jungkook said ignoring the questioning gazes as he moved to open the trapdoor on the corner. “You will travel to the north. Get to my brother’s palace there and stay until I deem it safe. None of you are to return until I explicitly tell you to.” He said and stared at Yugyeom’s eyes, the other alpha frowned.

“Jungkook, I am a soldier. I am supposed to fight. I can’t stay there to-”

“Until I tell you to.” Jungkook said through gritted teeth and the maid recoiled from his tone and Yugyeom closed his eyes feeling like this was not a good signal. “Yoongi will take care of you, make yourselves useful and… please keep Jimin and the pup safe.” Jungkook begged to his best friend who could only nod.

The maid was a bit surprised to know the young prince was finally aware of his unborn pup. She looked at Jimin, but the fox had his head down; a blank expression on his face while the third prince spoke.

“Now go.” Jungkook said and Yugyeom was the first to approach him; they only exchanged a look before Yugyeom jumped down the trapdoor and then the maid rushed to get down with his help.

Moonbyul turned to look up at her mate, but didn’t say anything before walking to the trapdoor and stepping down with Yugyeom’s help. Seunghyun turned and left the room.

“Come here, Yugyeom will help you down.” Jungkook said.

Jimin moved towards his mate Jungkook enveloped him in a tight hug, Jimin clung to his robe for a long moment before they pulled apart and the fox got down the trapdoor helped by Yugyeom.
Taehyung went to follow when Jungkook pulled him back roughly with a hand tightly grasped on his shoulder. The older alpha frowned in confusion, eyes wide in fear when he noticed Jungkook’s glare.

“Remember what I said.” Jungkook said through gritted teeth and Taehyung rushed to nod in understanding. Jungkook let go of him. “Go.”

Taehyung jumped down and immediately followed Jimin down the long aisle barely illuminated by the fire Yugyeom was pulling ahead of the row. It took them a while to finally reach the end and then Yugyeom handed the maid the small torch to lift the trapdoor.

The wind swept inside and even though the spring was coming to an end they shivered from the cold. Yugyeom skillfully pulled up and scanned the area for any sort of unwanted attention and then proceeded to help them out.

Taehyung closed the trapdoor and only then noticed the horse tied to a tree; it had some bags tied to the saddle and he guessed it was all Jungkook could afford without anyone noticing a horse was missing.

“You should be the one riding it.” The maid spoke to Jimin with a worried gaze, but the fox shook his head and gave her a bitter smile.

“I will if I get tired, but for now maybe we should let it carry our bags.” He said and Yugyeom nodded, making sure he had his sword on his belt.

“We don’t have armors so… that means no fighting unless it is necessary. We will avoid towns on our way and the main road. With a bit of luck we will arrive to the north in three weeks.” He explained and they all nodded. “It is going to be a long way so make sure to tell if you need help or if you get injured.” Yugyeom said eyeing both Jimins and Moonbyul and then turned to Taehyung. “I’ll count on you to watch our backs.” He said and Taehyung nodded.

Jimin figured he ought to be scared of being outside the palace after so long, he had never seen the world after getting to the palace and now he was supposed to roam unknown lands to save not only his life, but his baby’s too.

Yugyeom handed the maid the reigns of the horse and in no time they were immersing themselves inside the thick woods. One alpha ahead and one behind… Jimin didn’t need to be a soldier to understand how dangerous their numbers were and even though he knew how to fight thanks to Jungkook’s training, he was pregnant and in all honesty he’d like to avoid any confrontation.

“We’ll be fine.” Moonbyul whispered to him and Jimin gave her a nod before the two of them pulled their cloaks over their big ears.

“We will.”

…

On the next few days, Jungkook tried his best to conceal his pain and anguish of knowing his mate was traveling without him, facing the danger of the wilderness and even though Yugyeom was with him, he couldn’t help but worry.

He had things to do now that Jimin was not here facing the dangers of their kind. He had to make some trials, make the rogues unite once and for all and send his best men in arms to find out more about the so called pirates and loners that seemed to be taking on the southern coast.
The first thing was to face Minho... face him in a battle to death to take on his leadership amongst
the rest of the rogues. The probability of a rebellion was high and that was the main reason he hadn’t
wanted to tell Jimin about it...

The rogues would’ve never accepted an omega as a king, but that didn’t mean they were happy with
Minho. Rogues were terrible, yes, they didn’t have many betas if at all, but they had more omegas
within them than alphas. Majority counted in Jungkook’s eyes and he knew that most rogues were
merely following their instincts, but fed with the right ambition they could move along with
Jungkook’s plans.

He was not a king. Jungkook knew he hadn’t been born to be king. He had sworn to become
Seokjin’s sword, but now his brother was dead and he still had to live to fulfill their dream of uniting
the nations as was right. Like their father hadn’t been able to.

What king Seokjun had managed to do was to stop wars amongst nations, with treaties and weak
bonds forged through marriages. Jungkook could’ve married someone from each nation; Seokjin
could’ve done so too, but they understood that it only was a smoke curtain, an illusion of peace and
wellness.

In the end the southern tribe faced rough conditions when it came to weather and natural disasters,
they had high rates of vandalism and deaths, rapes and other crimes because they lacked authority.

The northern lands were a most forgotten place that faced the same hardships as the southern, with a
bit too much of abuse of authority, with people dying from starvation and cold, they didn’t have
many alphas, but they had survived. They deserved attention as well.

The western lands seemed to have fared well enough for the times faced; no one really paid them
much heed, but Jungkook felt that it was time to expand their richness, expand the possibilities of all
towns and cities having merchants and better economies.

He hadn’t learned this in a day and it was only thanks to Seokjin’s view that he now understood how
hard it was the road to become a rightful king. Seokjin hadn’t closed the possibility at all, but he had
known that he’d need an alpha to make some nations understand.

His father’s wish to have his sons to rule one land each was not ridiculous. It should’ve been that
way, but his father had not known how weak it was the bond they had with the south... Jungkook
had.

What he regretted the most was that in the end, if they had had better communication amongst
themselves they could’ve fixed this whole ordeal faster, avoiding as many deaths as possible.

Now they were down on two people that could’ve helped solve the conflict and Jungkook was
struggling to keep his mind set on helping his people the way Seokjin would’ve and not helping
himself, which he would’ve if his brother was still alive.

“You’re thinking too loud, your majesty.” Hwasa’s voice reached him and he closed his eyes briefly
before turning to her. “You called for me.” She said and he nodded.

“I am going to send you to the southern coast.” He said and she frowned. “There’s something I need
you to find out, but not yet. I need to talk to Minho first.” He said and she took a deep breath before
approaching him.

Jungkook was by the pond filled with koi fish in the first house. Seokjin had always liked this place
and it had been the place in which they had met often so that he could tell Jungkook all he knew
about the politics between the nations.

“People die everyday.” She said as she leaned on the rail and stared at the colorful fish there. “But having someone like Seokjin-ssi die can only mean trouble and despair for many people.” She said and Jungkook hummed in agreement.

“I am not sure what was his plan with this, but he was clearly missing something. The southern people would’ve never followed him.” Jungkook said and Hwasa shrugged.

“Maybe he didn’t intend for them to follow him.” She said and Jungkook frowned at her. “Southern people are quite simple. We often belittled them saying they only thrived on strength and brute force, but… I’ve roamed the hills and I’ve seen them.” She said and sighed.

“They don’t like to think of the consequences.” Jungkook said and she nodded.

“But why?” She asked and Jungkook remained quiet and pensive. “I’ve seen omegas stand up to alphas without fear, strike them on the face and kill them if they can.” Hwasa said. “I think your brother would’ve never approved on violence like that, but I admire their guts to survive even their own kind.”

“Everything is a game for them.”

“Because they had never known any different.” Hwasa argued back with kind eyes and a smile. “But… imagine their surprise when they see the youngest prince arrive to their horrible land.” She said and Jungkook frowned. “A pampered little boy with zero chances of survival because… what do people in the east know about southern people?”

“My mother was a rogue.” Jungkook argued.

“But they couldn’t see her in you… did they?” She watched as he frowned and thought about it. “So… this boy arrives and they want him dead as soon as possible, get him to suffer what they have suffered. They bullied you and tormented you and made you do horrible things and what happened?” She asked him. “Tell me, what happened after that hell?”

“Nothing.”

“Exactly. Nothing happened because no matter what they throw at you, you will fight back and… survive.” Hwasa said and Jungkook finally comprehended. “You are one of them. They might not like to admit it, but… when they see you, Jungkook, they see the possibility of being something more than what they are. You faced the same hardships, you know them; you see them and feel them. There’s not a man on this land that can understand them like you do.”

It was amazing how he could now see the bigger picture. Hwasa was right… Now he knew why Seokjin had trusted him with the plan. Now he knew why his older brother hadn’t been scared to have the whole southern nation within their own lands and stay to face them.

“Seokjin-ssi didn’t intend for them to trust him. He didn’t let you bring them so you could convince them of accepting him as a king.” He stared down at the rather small girl; she was an alpha and now he had a whole new level of respect for her. “He intended for you to rule them…”

…

Jimin frowned when he felt a sharp pain on his navel. He used a tree to support his body while he doubled over a bit, gasping and looking around in fear until his sister approached him with a worried gaze.
“Is it hurting?” She asked and he nodded. She helped him to sit down and Jimin groaned in pain.

“Why is it hurting?” He asked worriedly. She pressed her hands on his navel and she sighed.

“Foxes’ pregnancies are a bit shorter than wolves; seven months approximately.” She explained and Jimin moaned in pain as another flash coursed his body. “It is normal, but since you’ve been forcing yourself so much the past two weeks it probably has taken a toll on your body too.” She said.

“Is he okay?” Taehyung jogged to them as soon as he caught up. He knelt by Jimin’s side with worry etched on his face.

“He will be, but he needs to rest. Please call the others, we won’t move anymore for the day.” Moonbyul said and Taehyung nodded and ran up ahead to reach for Yugyeom and Jimin.

“I… I didn’t know this would last less.” Jimin said and pressed a hand on his navel; his sister smiled.

“That’s why you’re showing even though you’re probably only a month and a half along.” She said and then turned serious again. “Remember what I said before, Jimin?” She asked and he looked up at her in confusion. “Foxes’ pregnancies are also riskier and delivery too.” She said and he nodded.

“I remember.”

“I never said this because you weren’t safe in the palace anyway, but this trip is dangerous too. From this point on I don’t think you should walk so much, but even riding the horse could be bad for you.” She said softly.

“Don’t tell them. They don’t need to know.” Jimin pleaded and she pursed her lips, but before she could argue the maid was kneeling by their side with worry etched on her face.

“We need to move faster. At this rate it’ll take us another two weeks.” Yugyeom said and Jimin eyed him warily, but his sister was the one to talk.

“He can’t keep up. We will have to slow down.” She said and Yugyeom took a long moment to nod. “We are getting higher too, which means colder nights and omegas don’t tend to have high body temperatures. If he falls sick it’ll be messy.” She explained and Taehyung piped in.

“I will keep him warm during the night. I’ll raise a tent.” He said without waiting for an answer. Moonbyul eyed him with a deep frown, but let him act upon it.

Once the small ten was up Taehyung came over to his friend and wrapped a thick blanket around his shoulders. It was not that cold yet, but the alpha wouldn’t risk it anyway.

“Are you okay?” He asked in his deep voice and Jimin nodded with a small smile. “I am going to take you inside.” He said and Jimin nodded again. The alpha pulled him up without a problem and pushed him inside the small tent.

“I will let you know when dinner is ready.” Moonbyul said with a smile and Jimin nodded. “Keep him warm for now.” She instructed Taehyung and the alpha nodded before slipping inside and lying next to Jimin, pulling him against his chest.

“Are you really okay?” He asked again, his lips grazing Jimin’s temple softly.

“Yes. I am feeling a whole lot better now.” He admitted as he relaxed in Taehyung’s hold; the alpha was emitting such heat that it almost felt comfy.
“I keep forgetting how delicate you are…” Taehyung mumbled and Jimin hummed in annoyance. “You used to be so clingy when we slept together back when we were kids, always getting cold feet and pressing them to my shins, making me jump and then demanding to be cuddled back to sleep.” He didn’t realize the moment he started to rub small circles on Jimin’s covered arm.

“Keep talking… I like your voice.” Jimin said with his eyes closed and turning so he could bury his nose in the warm chest. It smelted like summer and burning sand. It was nice, but it was not forests and rain.

“You’ve always lived like a prince, Jimin. Not just in the palace, but when we were kids… you had a nice bedroom; your mother had painted it with colorful drawings and flowers. You’ve always been cared for and loved…” He said and placed a kiss on Jimin’s forehead.

“Why are you telling me this?” Jimin asked calmly, but Taehyung could feel his heart beating faster. Maybe fear… maybe love.

“It doesn’t matter… not anymore.” Taehyung said and shuffled to get more comfortable. “Let’s sleep for a bit.”

…

Jungkook didn’t talk to anyone in particular before leaving the third on his horse and riding towards the hills where the southern tribe was settled on in the moment. He didn’t have to, he was the only royalty in the palace at the moment; he made his own decisions and was sure that this was what he was supposed to do.

It took him over three hours to finally get to the settled camp… He had always admired that southern people had the ability to make the best out of what they had. He was not surprised to see the bunch of tents, the fires and how everyone seemed to have a chore to do.

He got down form his horse with a deep frown when some omegas that were walking by holding baskets with fruits stopped to stare at him. They looked like most rogue omegas did in the south… wary and careful, ready to lash out if necessary.

“Is it?” An amused voice called form behind and Jungkook turned to look at a rather skinny alpha. He had a mischievous smile on his lips as he approached the young prince. “Is it really the mighty prince? Gracing us with his presence?” He asked still grinning.

“Yah! Give it a rest Kyung-ah.” One of the omegas finally said; she was pretty. Jungkook had failed to notice her before. Her skin was pale and her eyes were big, she was small and her hair was dark like a night sky. “Do you mind coming with me, your highness?” She asked bowing her head in mild respect and Jungkook frowned even deeper at that.

Jungkook nodded and she started to walk in the opposite direction; he started to follow and after a long moment he realized the man, Kyung was following as well.

“You almost seemed to be waiting for me…” Jungkook mentioned while he stared at her back; she gave him a brief look over her shoulder before looking ahead again.

“I have not. My mate has been.” She said and Jungkook nodded in understanding even though that only made him even more confused. “Kept saying you’d come… I must admit I never thought your highness would actually set foot here. Not after all they did to you.” She said and suddenly she was stopping by a tent, opening the flaps and guiding him inside.

“Look who we found!” Kyung yelled loudly and Jungkook frowned deeply at the sight of the man
inside the tent. He was blonde with dreadlocks on his head, one iris white and one blue, his ears were pointy and blonde as well and he had a bandana around his head.

He was sitting at a table with a wide map on it. The sight immediately told Jungkook the man was not a simple civilian. He gave Jungkook a lopsided smirk and he finally stood. He was tall and rather lanky, but Jungkook knew he was a pirate too.

“Didn’t I tell you he’d come, Jieunnie?” He asked and the woman nodded stepping further inside to deliver the fruits in some bowls. “It is a pleasure to finally meet you, your highness.” The man bowed quite dramatically. “My name is Jiho, but in the sea they know me as Zico.” He said again. “I see you’ve met not only my mate, but my first man too. Jieun and Kyung.” He introduced and Jungkook nodded.

“Why were you expecting me, Jiho-ssi?” Jungkook asked warily.

“Oh… there are a few things we need to discuss, but… sending a messenger to you was quite too risky for me. I rather not call for unwanted attention.” Jiho said suddenly serious. “You seem to place a lot of trust in Seunghyun and Minho…” He dragged on with narrowed eyes.

“State your business.” Jungkook said. He was not willing to share anything with the stranger.

“Very well… Come here.” Jiho said motioning for his map and Jungkook approached noticing it was not much of the mainland but of what was beyond. “Have you ever been outside the mainland?” He asked and Jungkook shook his head as he took in the whole territorial division on the islands.

“I have been busy.” He said absently.

“Being tortured by southern people and then out casted by his own family.” Jieun said while she folded some clothes; Jungkook eyed her with a deep frown.

“Oh, don’t mind her. She’s just a big fan of yours.” Jiho said with a chuckle and Jungkook returned his eyes to the map.

“What am I supposed to see here?” He asked trying to make sense of it.

“Look… I need to know first.” Jiho said placing his hand on the map to get Jungkook’s attention on his face. “Your mate… the one they say is a fox…” Jiho said and Jungkook felt sick for a moment. Why was everyone after Jimin?

“What about him?” Jungkook asked.

“There are really powerful people looking for him. There’s a juicy ransom on his head too.” Jiho said and Jungkook frowned deeply. “Please tell me you did not show him to Jonghyun.” Jiho said and Jungkook remained quiet.

“Well… fuck.” Kyung said as he ran his hands through his hair in a desperate manner; Jungkook noticed that even Jieun looked appalled by the news.

“Really, man? You show a rare fox to a pirate?” Jiho sounded disbelieving as he shook his head and returned his gaze to the map.

“What do you want with Jimin? Are you after him because of the ransom? Who are these people that are looking for him?” Jungkook had too many questions.

“You must already know how it is said that foxes extinguished a long time ago.” Jieun said and
Jungkook eyed her again. “We also believed that, but it doesn’t mean there are millions of foxes out there. They are scarce, but… your mate is rare species even amongst them. He is a silver fox, right?” Jieun asked and Jungkook refrained from admitting such things.

“I still don’t understand what am I doing here.” Jungkook said and turned his eyes to Jiho who suddenly looked very serious.

“Pirates are not on your side.” He said and Jungkook nodded.

“They are on no one’s side. They are not loyal to anyone.” He said and Jiho snorted.

“That’s what they want you to believe.” Jiho said and Jungkook felt winded as he waited for his next words. “Pirates are loyal to someone. They serve someone, but it works in their favor if we believe they don’t.” Jiho explained. “You already let a very strong one into your house and you showed him your mate. You need to gather the southern tribe and start killing some pirates.” Jiho said pointedly.

“You are a pirate.” Jungkook said.

“The only one that’s telling you the truth.”

“I need you to gather a team and go to the southern shore. I’ll need you to infiltrate amongst the pirate and find out more about whom they are serving. If they ask who is your captain say his name is Zico.” Jungkook said in a rush while he moved around the office searching for some papers Seokjin had once given him; he was pretty sure there was something he was missing.

“So now I become a pirate?” Hwasa asked in amusement and was about to leave when Jungkook spoke again.

“Hwasa-ssi…” She stopped and turned, but Jungkook was still giving her his back. “You said I was supposed to rule over the southern people, but… who is supposed to rule over the eastern lands?” Jungkook asked and she tensed a bit.

“How am I supposed to know? Our crown prince is dead.” She stated and Jungkook took a long moment before nodding.

“Do you think maybe Seokjin-hyeong knew it wasn’t the southern tribe the one we should worry about?” He asked again and she hummed in thought.

“Maybe. Ever since that foreigner arrived he started to research more and more about the islands.” She said and then sighed. “But most of his research was in his offices in the palace. Everything burned down.” She said and Jungkook turned around ever so slowly.

“Yes, but Seokjin-hyeong was the smartest person I’ve ever met.” Jungkook said as he started to doubt a few things. “He wouldn’t have let his research unguarded.” He looked at her and Hwasa gave him an encouraging smile.

“Then I will be taking my leave to the south.” She said and Jungkook spoke again.

“Before you leave… make sure you take Namjoon with you.” Jungkook said and she frowned a bit at his request. “He’s a very strong man, but right now he’s not someone I can trust. The further away he is from me, the faster I will work.” He explained and she nodded in understanding.

“Reasoning with him right now is like talking to a rock, but I will make sure to take him with me
even if I have to tie him down to my horse.” She saluted and then left the offices.

Jungkook took a deep breath and tried to calm his raging heart… there had been too many things for a day and he was still trying to get his head around the fact that other people were looking for Jimin.

“Please, let them be safe.”

…

“You won’t.” Hwasa said while she stared at Namjoon’s wide back while he sharpened a blade.

The man looked sick and clearly affected by the crown prince’s death. He looked uncared for and abandoned in some way, his hair had grown a bit too much that he had to tie it at the top of his hair, his undercut looked dirty and greasy too. His tanned skin was sweaty and dirty.

Some soldier had explained to her that Namjoon took to revising the palace, every inch and corner in search of something. Hwasa was not stupid and having been so close to Seokjin had let her realized the close relationship between the royal guard and the crown prince.

“Why not? I am a royal guard, but I don’t have a crown prince to guard.” Namjoon said in his monotone voice while he continued.

“Because the crown prince explicitly told you to trust him not to kill him.” She argued and Namjoon scoffed bitterly as he turned to her. His eyes were red, had been for a few days now, but she was not scared of those…

“He isn’t here anymore.” Namjoon said checking the blade against his thumb, making it bleed a bit. “I lost my purpose.”

“Your purpose as a royal guard remains. You’re supposed to guard the royal family and if you are thinking about killing the third prince then I’ll have to kill you.” She said seriously.

Namjoon frowned at his own reflection on the shiny blade and felt disgusted; Seokjin would’ve never liked to know he had become this person.

“Look. I am tired to lifting everyone’s spirits around here. They don’t pay me enough for this shit.” She said in annoyance. “You were given orders and the least you could do is to follow them. If you cannot then I’ll kindly ask you to step aside so that the ones that want to actually do something for their land, can do. Seokjin-ssi was a great leader and no one here would deny that… not even Jungkook.”

“Don’t say his name.” Namjoon closed his eyes tightly.

“But he is dead. He died, Namjoon. Seokjin-ssi is dead.” She repeated and Namjoon looked at her with a warning in his eyes. “The sooner you understand that, the sooner you’ll be fulfilling his wish to see this land united.”

“You want me to take orders from the man that caused his death?”

“Jungkook didn’t kill him. He didn’t command the rogues to set the palace on fire. He’s suffered the same if not more than you have. Stop victimizing yourself with it and do something. Do something!” She snapped and then moved to open the door to leave. “We leave in one hour. We will wait by the gates.”

The door closed with a loud bang and Namjoon grimaced as he continued to stare at his eyes in the
blade. He looked like shit and he felt even worse, but Hwasa had a point… one that he didn’t like, but a point nonetheless. He could kill Jungkook now or get killed by the prince, but either way no one won. Jungkook would lose a great warrior and if he managed to kill the prince then they lost what hope remained.

“You selfish… selfish man.”
“Here have some of this.” Taehyung crouched in front of his friend with a worried face, but Jimin accepted the food nonetheless and ripped a piece of the meat with his teeth, he chew on it and then swallowed thickly. “Here, some water.” Taehyung then pushed a small tin cup to the fox’s lips.

“T’m fine.” Jimin said, his voice was hoarse and his face reddened by the fever.

Apparently it was all very common… or so Moonbyul had explained. It seemed they had picked the worst time to travel with Jimin being pregnant and the fact that they were traveling north was not any better for the fox’s health.

They had encountered a few loners on the way too and they had had to take detours and considering they were on the mountains now it meant long… really long detours. Yugyeom and Taehyung had had to fight a few and luckily they had come out unscathed, but the lack of food wouldn’t help if they had to face another.

Yugyeom was really nervous and stressed… his main objective was to bring Jimin safe to Yoongi’s palace, but the fox’s health had declined a bit too much and what was supposed to be a three week trip had turned into a month long. He didn’t want to snap at anyone, but if only they could go faster… if only Jimin could move faster.

He knew they were putting him through great pressures, Jimin couldn’t walk for long periods of time and even riding the horse meant a great pain on his lower back. Having Jimin sick made them all nervous and worried even though Moonbyul assured them it was normal.

It was normal… what was not normal were the conditions Jimin was facing his sickness with. This wouldn’t pose a threat if the fox were on his comfy bed, being fed regularly and resting his fever with his mate by his side.

Yugyeom sighed as he stood from the ground.

“I am going to scout the area… I’ll do the first watch so you can warm him.” Yugyeom addressed
Taehyung and the alpha nodded.

Jimin refused to meet Yugyeom’s eyes. He was scared he’d see blame there. He knew he was slowing them down and he was scared too, but no matter how much he tried to force his body to endure sometimes it just hurt too much that as soon as he was within Taehyung’s arms he’d pass out for the night.

“Come on.” Taehyung pulled him from the floors when he was done eating and slipped inside the tent. He placed Jimin softly on the furs and the fox sighed in relief, his whole body was in pain.

“I am sorry.” Jimin whispered and Taehyung shrugged.

“I am not. I get to hold you every night and keep you warm and it almost feels like the old times.” He smiled and Jimin mimicked him and shook his head.

“This couldn’t get worse.” He sighed and Taehyung hummed in thought.

“You could have a heat. I could have a rut.” Taehyung supplied and silence stretched over them while Jimin stared at him with wide eyes. “I am kidding, Jimin. You can’t have heats while pregnant and my rut is not due to another month.” He chuckled and Jimin slapped his arm.

“You are mean.” Jimin said while his friend made sure he was enveloped in the furs and then he rested by his side with his nose pressed to his temple. Jimin closed his eyes.

“Sleep.” Taehyung said and stared at Jimin’s profile; it was easy to have Jimin sleeping and he was not actually complaining about his circumstances, but he knew it was hard on the young fox.

He was having a hard time with each day that passed… His own scent was slowly replacing Jungkook’s and it was rather appealing to have Jimin smelling like him instead of the rogue. His head swarmed with possibilities and a dark voice in his head kept telling him that the only way Jimin would accept to be his was if Jungkook died.

He tried to never dwell too much on that. Jungkook needed to survive because he loved Jimin and he knew that if the alpha died the fox was likely to die too; he couldn’t even imagine the pain of being pregnant, away from his mate and having him die. He shook his head to get rid of the useless thoughts and closed his eyes to sleep.

He only opened his eyes when the flaps of the tent were opened and Moonbyul walked in; she looked tired and Taehyung couldn’t blame her, she was working hard to keep everyone in good health.

“Can’t you use your magic to heal Jimin?” Taehyung asked as she settled on Jimin’s other side to sleep the rest of the night.

She would go to sleep with the maid in the tent Yugyeom had raised for the girls, but she would come to Jimin’s tent when it was Taehyung’s time to guard, just in case Jimin needed something during the early hours of dawn.

“I can’t. Foxes’ magic doesn’t work on other foxes.” She explained and Taehyung blinked in surprise. “I guess that makes it easier to understand why wolves insist we are to be owned.” She curled around her brother and hugged him tightly. Jimin barely moved.

“Yeah… it does.” Taehyung frowned down at Jimin’s peaceful expression and felt troubled by his reality. He pushed away with one last sigh and made his way out of the small tent.
The air was chilly now they were in the mountains and snow sometimes fell during the day. He walked over to the maid’s tent and moved the flap aside to check on her, she was asleep, but just when he was about to close the flaps he noticed the thing on her neck.

He moved inside and pulled the needle off her flesh and examined the item with a deep frown. He was pretty sure this was not supposed to be there.

“She’s not dead.” Taehyung turned sharply and was astounded to see Kai there. Last time he had seen the beta he had been in bad health, but now the man looked completely fine. “It will keep her knocked out for a few more hours.” He added.

“What are you doing here? What do you want?” Taehyung asked and moved his hand to his waist only to realize he had left his sword at the other tent.

“Yugeom is out too. I know my limitations… two alphas on a beta?” Kai chuckled amusedly as he moved around and then noticed the other tent. “Is Jimin-ssi there?” He questioned and Taehyung refrained from answering.

“Why do you want him?” Taehyung asked and Kai sighed, but before he could reply Taehyung noticed the other figure approaching. The same man he had seen with Kai before.

“Taehyung-ssi! Lovely to see you again…” Yifan greeted amicably, but the other alpha only regarded him with a frown. “Last time we met I was supposed to kill you and now… now you are missing Hoseok-ssi?” He seemed truly curious about Hoseok’s whereabouts. “Anyway… we don’t have much time. Tracking you has been difficult, but we are finally here and now we can’t afford to lose much time.” He said and then eyed the tent. “Please, Kai… go get Jimin-ssi.” Yifan said.

Taehyung turned to look at Kai and tried to stop him from moving when he felt a pinprick on his neck, immediately moving to take out the needle… Yifan had attacked him as soon as he had turned.

“Please, no…” Taehyung said and Kai sighed as he watched the alpha fall down, completely knocked out.

Kai moved along with Yifan to the tent and they moved out the flaps only to witness how Jimin and his sister were huddled together in fear, but as soon as Jimin saw Kai he felt a bit relieved. The beta was staring at the woman’s face in surprise.

“Lady Moonbyul…” Kai said and Jimin turned to look at his sister in wonder. She looked completely devastated, scared and miserable at the sight of Kai.

“Please, don’t do this.” She said, her whole body trembling as she came from behind Jimin’s body to protect him.

“We are so lucky.” Yifan said as he eyed the woman and then the boy. “Your highnesses, Taemin-ssi and Chanyeol-ssi will be very happy to know their mates are actually alive.” He commented and Jimin frowned angrily.

“I already have a mate.” He growled out despite his poor health at the moment.

“Not the right one.” Yifan said and reached out to grasp Jimin’s forearm.

“Don’t touch me!” Jimin said; his eyes flaring blue and Yifan stopped a sudden smirk on his lips and then a scoff.

“It is interesting to see you try… but those little tricks won’t work on me.” Yifan said and curled his
hand on Jimin’s forearm, the fox’s eyes widening in surprise as he was hauled out of the tent into the chilly night air, his eyes soon finding Taehyung’s body on the ground.

“Taetae!” He yelled in fright.

“Stop! You don’t get it!” Moonbyul yelled when Kai pulled her out of the tent trying to keep her from struggling. “Taemin will kill him!” She said, her lips trembling and tears gathering in her eyes.

“I know Taemin-ssi is often called a cruel bastard, but Jimin-ssi is his mate. I am pretty sure he’ll keep the torture light.” Yifan said and Kai grimaced at the thought.

“He is pregnant with Jungkook’s child!” She snapped and time seemed to stand still while Kai considered her words and then turned to look at Yifan in bewilderment.

“Hyeong… we can’t let that ha-”

“It will be his decision. There’s nothing we can do about it.” Yifan said staring down at Jimin with narrowed eyes. “How far along are you?”

“He’s two months and a week.” Moonbyul answered seeing as Jimin was refusing to use his own words. “You know Taemin better than most. You know he won’t take this nicely… even if he lets them live… he might change his mind later!” She tried to reason.

“She’s right, hyeong… They are foxes. We should protect them, not kill them.” Kai said letting go of her arm and Yifan took a deep breath and rolled his eyes.

“You take a pick, Kai. If we return without them he will surely kill you and torture me. If we return with them as they are we might all get away with a bit of torture.” He said and Kai pondered for a long moment. “Think about Kyungsoo.” Yifan said that seemed to do it for Kai.

“I am sorry lady Moonbyul.”

…

“Send a group to find them.” Yoongi told Chaerim one day. It had been already been a month a few days since Jimin and his crew had parted from the east and long since they were supposed to arrive.

“You know… they are probably dead by now.” She said softly and watched something flash across Yoongi’s eyes, but it was not for long.

Yoongi stood up and walked to the window just in time to see the soldiers by the gates opening them; eh frowned a bit. He was too far away from the gates to make out something, but he had a hunch.

“Were we expecting anyone aside from them?” Yoongi asked.

“No. All the groups are in the barracks right now.” She explained.

“They are here.” He turned from the window and made his way out of the offices with long strides, ignoring the looks given by others as he tried not to let on how nervous he was. He grabbed his horse and jumped on it before taking off towards the gates.

As he approached he could only make out three figures, dressed with heavy furs and looking pale and worn. His eyes immediately distinguishing Taehyung, but he pushed back sudden emotions when he realized Jimin wasn’t there. He jumped from his horse before it actually stopped and strode
“Your highness.” The guard at the gate bowed and Yugyeom and Jimin rushed to do the same while Taehyung only set his heavy gaze on the pale prince.

“Where’s Jimin?” He asked the alpha and Taehyung averted his gaze to the side as if was a drag to address Yoongi on the subject.

“We were attacked on our way here… that was five days ago.” Yugyeom explained. “We were low on provisions and… we either tried to follow them and die or arrived here to ask for help.” Yugyeom looked truly torn.

“You let them take the fox?” Yoongi asked with venom and disbelief; this time Taehyung glared at him and spoke in his low baritone.

“Are you in any position to speak about him in any way?” He asked and the guard looked surprise before he placed his hand on his sword.

“Taehyung…” Yugyeom spoke, afraid that they would be locked because of his lack of manners.

“He is not going to be harmed. Kai and a foreigner took him. I think his name was Yifan, but I can’t be sure.” Taehyung explained and Yoongi’s eyes widened.

“Fuck!” He cursed and then turned to go back to his horse. Taehyung frowned trying to follow Yoongi, holding the reins of his horse to stop him from leaving.

“What? What is it? What do you know?” Taehyung demanded and Yoongi gave him a look of pure distaste.

“Remember your place and stay down there.” He snatched the reins seeing how Taehyung’s eyes flashed red. “These are not matters I can discuss with ignorant guards like you.” He spat and then took off.

“Yah… that’s no way to speak to a king. You know how tricky Yoongi-ssi is and you still provoke him.” Yugyeom said in annoyance right when another horse approached, this one ridden by a woman; she jumped off the horse like Yoongi had done minutes before and looked at them in interest.

“I will show you to your chambers. Follow me, please.”

…

Jieun dreamed with someday having a small piece of land to live peacefully with her mate and her children. She dreamed with trees and flowers and a house made of wood with many rooms to keep her sons and daughters safe.

She had probably fallen in love with the wrong man. Jiho dreamed of the sea, he dreamed of adventures and gold, recognition and the excitement of battles. Jiho dreamed with peace too and with being a person of good deeds.

She knew she’d have it no other way… they said that you couldn’t miss what you never had, so... the prospect of ever becoming a mother was not something she actually needed, while her life without Jiho was not something she could even try to imagine. The man had been odd for a pirate, too soft and goofy for a man of his height, lanky and extravagant, almost theatrical with his ways.
She knew, from the very moment they stepped foot in the southern tribe that Jiho wouldn’t be able to walk away and ignore the hardships of the people there. The man had started to care for people he didn’t even know about and soon Jieun was mingling with them too.

Jiho was a master of words… of convincing people, but he got bored easily. That was the main reason of why he was so adamant on having Jungkook understand it was his destiny to rule over the south.

When they had learned about Jungkook a few years ago, Jieun had been disgusted with how they had treated the boy. She had been there to tend his wounds on more than one occasion, but Jungkook had never been conscious to actually remember. She had seen how they tattooed his back, she had asked to deliver him food and water when his first rut happened, but in the end they had sent the old leader’s omega.

She could’ve been that omega that died raped and manhandled. She had known then that Jungkook was not at fault, but after that she had become wary of him and his kind. Jiho was a rogue too, but she had never been forced into anything with him. She had cried in Jiho’s arms that night and Jiho had promised her that Jungkook would become the kind of man the south needed to be reborn.

He had promised her he’d do something about it… he had started slowly. Delivering a few messages to the right people until the unhappiness within the southern tribe became too noticeable for the very same people. Instead of continuing with their ways, they started to wonder why they were unhappy? Why was it that no matter how much they tried to live they still remained unhappy?

Jiho wished he could’ve moved faster, but he had Jieun and he didn’t want to call for unwanted attention. He was not one to trust the leaders and friends; Seunghyun, Minho, Yongguk, Junghong and them… they were not people Jiho would trust.

The next step was for them to think about Jungkook’s circumstances and that’s when Jieun played her role. She was stoic and fearless, she’d meet with other omegas in the market and she’d talk about the boy… talk about his misfortune and how he had been treated…

Soon omegas were all talking about him. What helped the most here was that Jungkook’s tale was not a lie and there were multiple witnesses of it. Also that Jieun was really passionate when she talked about him, she believed her words and that was really important. And then… Jungkook’s father was not your typical rogue alpha, but his mother was your typical rogue omega, fearless in a land that often crushed her kind.

The south had many omegas, almost none betas and many alphas too. Omegas could be achieved through the story… through the detailed story of Jungkook’s mother and his own. Alphas could only be won through force and Jungkook had killed a loner in his wolf form with his bare arms.

Jiho had been there… had seen the looks on the rogues. Why was Minho leading a part when Jungkook was clearly stronger? Why was Seunghyun leading the other when Jungkook was clearly stronger? Those questions started to be heard and the fights had ceased a bit.

Why? Because Jungkook was not fighting to prove his strength even though he could clearly kill anyone. Jungkook was fighting to prove he was deserving of more, he was the epitome of what every other rogue dreamed to be and more. Jungkook represented hope for men that had only known the justice of their fists… men that knew power only through submitting omegas.

Jungkook knew he was strong, but he didn’t need to shove a weaker person down to prove it. He was not even trying to prove it. He had more important things to do.
Rogues started to believe it.

“Your highness... Hwasa-ssi, Namjoon-ssi, Jaebum-ssi and Jiwon are here.” Mark announced as he opened the doors to the offices.

“Let them in.” Jungkook said while he leaned over the new map Jiho had provided him with. His mind was constantly filled with tactics and new information about the southern lands. He needed to keep his mind busy with other things because it had already been a month and ten days and he was still missing news from Jimin’s whereabouts.

“You look like you could use a good night of sleep.” Hwasa mentioned worriedly while she stared at Jungkook’s crazed eyes, still black and red and marred by dark circles, his hair greasy and unkempt.

Namjoon noticed too and frowned slightly, they had left for the south a few weeks ago and last time he had seen Jungkook he hadn’t look like this... beastly. He was not the same and the guard could only wonder what had happened.

Hwasa’s eyes moved to the other figures in the room. Jiho was inspecting some books, and Seunghyun was by the window, playing with a dagger; he looked gloomy too, tense and ready to snap.

“Fill us in.” Jungkook said, his voice gruff and low. He never looked up from the map and simply moved around trying to see something.

“First thing is to chase the pirates out. We cannot have them there.” Hwasa stated and Jungkook nodded, he had figured that much out. “Minho mingled with the wrong people for gold. It seems that Jonghyun already has his loyalties elsewhere.” Hwasa said and this time Jungkook looked up and towards Jiho.

“I did tell you that.” Jiho said with a shrug. “Minho is an idiot and I only trust Seunghyun because you do.” He mentioned and motioned towards the rogue by the window who remained looking out as if he couldn’t care less about their words.

“You still ought to tell me who they serve.” Jungkook said and Jiho sighed.

“I would if I knew. I have a suspicion, but it’d be best to first hear what they figured out.” Jiho said and motioned for Hwasa to continue.

“Do you know a pirate named Hakyeon?” She asked next with narrowed eyes and Jiho frowned a bit before nodding.

“It’s been a while since I last was in contact with him and his crew. I do trust him. Why?” He questioned and Hwasa nodded.

“Fair enough. He said he trusted you too. He knew we were not part of your crew as soon as we told him that we were.” She said and Jiho nodded. “He didn’t blow our cover, but he asked a lot of questions and since we didn’t know you particularly well he wasn’t so sure about trusting us, but...” She cocked her head in thought. “We heard a few funny stories about him and his crew...” She dragged on.

“What did you hear?” Jiho asked with a quirked eyebrow.

“He doesn’t have a nation.” She said and Jiho nodded.
“You see… pirates are not supposed to have nations, but a few years ago they started to get into territorial fights on the sea. Do you have an idea of how stupid that is for a pirate?” Jiho laughed.

“Someone is clearly giving them enough gold to have them fighting for a land they don’t put foot on.” Namjoon said and Jungkook eyed him briefly before looking down again to the map.

“Gold. Yes, pirates like gold and adventure.” Jiho said and then sighed. “Hakyeon and I grew up in the west, by the coast and as soon as he presented we left.” He approached the map and showed Jungkook with a finger their route. “All along through the western coast, it is mostly inhabited, no large towns, only loners and whatnot. We arrived to the southwestern coast. There is a rather large town there, No One’s Land; that’s how we call it amongst the pirates. Best secret kept from everyone.” He chuckled at the irony.

“Are you trying to tell us pirates have a whole city in the mainland?” Jaebum asked in disbelief.

“Well… we need a place to land. We can’t live only on fish. Western merchants sell most of their meat and food there anyway. We are helping the economy in a way.” He shrugged. “Anyway… Hakyeon and I joined the same crew until the captain died and then we fought over the ship. I won, but some of the men left with Hakyeon.” Jiho explained. “A pirate clearly is born on the land, but once they set foot on the sea they become outlawed. After the pirates started to fight for land I met Hakyeon twice. The first time we talked to him about the sea wars, but he was just as lost. We told each other we would find out more about it.” Jiho sighed loudly.

“And the second?” Namjoon pressed.

“He knew something. I know it, but he only told we wouldn’t stand a chance if more pirates continued to join the sea wars.” He ran a hand down his face. “I arrived to the southern coast with Jieunnie and I was thinking on making a new life on the land, but then I saw the way people in the south lived and I just couldn’t believe it.” He shook his head. “I kept on wondering what kind of king could let their people suffer like this and then I heard it was the same king that sent his son there as a punishment.” He eyed Jungkook and the prince looked appalled.

“You were there when I was fifteen?” He asked and Jiho nodded.

“Jieunnie healed your wounds on more than one occasion.” Jiho said and then leaned over the map to stare into Jungkook’s eyes. “The south is yours.” He said confidently.

“He’s right.” Seunghyun spoke and all eyes turned to him as he stood from the ledge on the window. He looked ready to kill. “It is time to dispose of Minho and Jonghyun.” He said through gritted teeth.

“Agreed.” Hwasa interjected.

A sudden knock on the door caught them by surprise and when it opened Jungkook was ready to lash out until he saw the ragged guard; the man was holding a parchment in his hand.

“A message, your highness! From the north.” He explained and Jungkook walked over and snatched the paper ripping the thread off it and immediately scanning the content. His eyes widening the more he read.

“I should’ve killed the bastard…” He muttered when Kai’s name appeared. He crumpled the parchment in his fist and threw it across the room. Seunghyun frowning as the parchment landed on the floor.

“What is it? Did they arrive?” He asked and Jungkook shook his head. “What? What is that supposed to mean?” Seunghyun felt his whole body tensing and the other alphas in the room let their
ears back in caution.

“They were both kidnapped.” Jungkook supplied.

“Yifan?” Jiho asked. He had picked up the note from the floor and had read through it in curiosity. “Yifan… I am pretty sure I’ve heard that name before. Jieunnie is better with names than I am.” He scratched his head in wonder.

…

“Yes. I do remember him.” Jieun said, all the eyes on her while she sat in a chair looking all pretty and serious. “We met him maybe six years ago in No One’s Land. He said he was gathering pirates for his government, promised lots of gold to those who joined him. How can your forget him? He was really tall and handsome.” Jieun frowned up at her mate and Jiho pursed his lips in annoyance.

“He was sent here months ago by his government to strike a peace treaty as long as my older brother accepted him as a mate, his government was literally selling him off.” Jungkook said and noticed how Namjoon closed his eyes, clearly in pain.

“That sounds tricky.” Jiho said and Jungkook groaned.

“Do we know what is beyond the sea? This government… do we know who they are?” Jieun asked and Jiho shook his head.

“I think hyeong knew.” Jungkook said.

A few weeks ago he had found some books form Seokjin’s research, but most of them were burned. The storage had only saved a few pages and most were about things Jungkook already knew… the others were about foxes, but nothing too obvious that could finally tie it.

“I think we should visit Hakyeon.”

…

Taehyung knew Yoongi was a king now and he looked like one.

The young alphas had resorted to helping with tough tasks, already hating the weather and wishing nothing but to return soon to his land. He wanted to go back and find his mother, live with her without thinking about friends, foxes and kings. He wanted calm and safety.

Yoongi had told him that he’d let him know if Jungkook requested a search party for Jimin, but chances were low since it had been so many days since Jimin and his sister had been kidnapped. Trackers hadn’t found anything to go after and Taehyung was left to worry in the frozen palace.

The barracks were nice, but everything was so cold that Taehyung just hated the idea of staying here until Yoongi deemed him useless again.

Seeing him again had sparked doubts again and Taehyung wished he could hide better his resentment towards the king. After leaving his house he had hoped to never seen him again, but now he was here, looking ethereal with his blue robes and white hair, his cold blue eyes and Taehyung had to admit this land complimented him so well it almost felt magical.

People here loved Yoongi. The guards, the maids, and the people in general, everyone talked about him as if they ignored how cold the king could be, cruel and evil. Taehyung hated how unreachable Yoongi looked in this land. He hated it.
Yoongi entered his bedroom ready to hit his bed and sleep all his tension off. He knew Jungkook would’ve received his letter by now and could only wait for what his younger brother would do once he learned Jimin had been kidnapped.

He lit a candle and stared at the burning flame for a long moment, simply wondering about the chances of Jimin being alive.

“I can’t help but wonder why I was part of the deal for you to take Jimin under your protection.” Yoongi turned and blinked in surprise at the alpha sitting on his bed. Taehyung looked dark and mysterious in this lighting, but Yoongi wondered how he could’ve missed his scent. “I would’ve thought you’d take Jimin eagerly into your arms.” The alpha scoffed.

“Our actions cannot be erased. I still sent Jimin away that time, I slapped him and hurt him in a horrible way.” Yoongi muttered.

“Jimin would’ve forgiven you. I am sure. He would’ve been so happy to meet you again.” Taehyung said; his words oddly filled with poison. “That’s how naïve and nice Jimin is. I wonder… what could anyone do to him bad enough for Jimin to never forgive.” He sighed as he pondered.

Yoongi waited… he knew there was something Taehyung wanted to tell him… something important. He just had come to know how Taehyung worked and it was almost nostalgic to have him here.

“Ah… imagine if someone were to hurt Jungkook.” He said and Yoongi tensed despite his wishes of not caring about Jimin’s affections. “Oh, I know something better!” Taehyung said as he stood from the bed hitting a fist on his opened palm. “Imagine if someone were to… hurt his baby.” Taehyung watched in satisfaction how Yoongi’s eyes widened. “Ah… you didn’t know?” He asked as he approached the king.

Yoongi summoned all his strength and did his best to pull his face into nothing. He stared up at Taehyung, but there was not a smirk there or haunting words to bite back at the younger.

“You’re hurting.” Yoongi stated and just like that he realized the difference now. He didn’t care that Jimin and Jungkook had mated or were to have a baby, he didn’t love Jimin like he had done once, but… Taehyung was hurting. “You think… you think that we could both be hurt?” He asked softly and Taehyung hated the understanding in the king’s voice.

“You never said what I longed to hear back then…” Taehyung decided he had had enough of hurting for love; he should let his words out before it was too late like it seemed to happen all the time with Jimin. “You let me walk into the third house, you knew Jungkook would lock me, you knew they had mated, you… you wanted to hurt me.” Taehyung said and Yoongi nodded.

“Surely you can understand. You were there to kill me.” Yoongi said, his blue eyes still glued to Taehyung’s dark ones.

“At first… yes I was.”

“Then what happened? I am pretty sure I am still guilty of my sins.” Yoongi cocked his head in amusement, but his facial expression remained serious.

“I…” Taehyung felt lost for words and he frowned down at Yoongi. Why was it so easy for the king to turn the tables? “I should’ve killed you as soon as I saw you.” Taehyung said and Yoongi swallowed and nodded.
“We already had this conversation… of all the things you could’ve done, but you didn’t.” Yoongi sighed. “You’re so set on living in the past.” He moved away from the alpha towards the door to his bedchambers and held it open. “You should leave. I will call for you if I need you.” Yoongi said and Taehyung moved towards him again, but stopped a few feet away.

“Just answer one question, Yoongi.” Taehyung asked; his eyes were filled with tears and Yoongi wasn’t sure he could tolerate to see him cry, he gave the younger a nod. “Why was I part of the deal? Why did you want Jungkook to send me here?” He wondered.

Yoongi felt uncovered when the question dropped and he swallowed once again before replying with the truth.

“I trust you.” He said and watched how Taehyung frowned again; he seemed honestly confused and disbelieving. “Funny, isn’t it?” Yoongi chuckled and averted his eyes to the side. “Leave.” He said again.

Taehyung walked over and pushed the door closed instead; Yoongi turned to him with a frown, but before he could question him the alpha was pushing him against the closed door, cupping his face between his big hands and pressing his lips to Yoongi’s.

How repetitive they seemed. Yoongi thought this wouldn’t happen again; at least not so soon. A part of him had wanted the alpha to kiss him as soon as he set foot in the north; the other part knew Taehyung wouldn’t.

If their love came in the way to see who could hurt the other more then he was ready to take it. He wouldn’t care. He would take it… Taehyung knew his pain and shared the burden of loving the same person. They were broken in more than one way; they were both evil in their own way, selfish people, craving for love and affection. They were imperfect and both knew they would never deserve someone like Jimin, but what was the point when Jimin was already happy with another man.

Yoongi returned the kiss after a long moment of simply letting the alpha ravish him, he moved his hands up Taehyung’s chest and towards his thick neck; the alpha shivering at his cold hands.

“Fuck me.” Yoongi mouthed the words against his hot lips and Taehyung didn’t need to be told twice before clutching Yoongi’s waist and turning the beta around to face the door.

Big hands moved to Yoongi’s front and ripped the robe open to then shove it down the king’s body, his pale and bony back bared to the alpha’s lusty gaze.

After being with Jimin, after fucking him so many times and relishing in the pleasure of having him in that kind of intimacy, he would’ve never thought he’d let another person do to him what he did to Jimin. After being raped by Jongup… he had made up his mind that he would never let anyone touch him again, but with Taehyung had been rather easy.

The alpha clapsed his big hands on Yoongi’s hips, keeping him glued to the door unable to move. He kissed the king’s nape and slowly made his way down his spine, feeling the cold soft skin under his lips.

Yoongi’s whole body was trembling, but it felt good to be touched and kissed like this… tender and slow… He let his forehead hit the door’s surface and closed his eyes when Taehyung licked the dimples on his lower back. His breathing turning ragged, willing his legs to keep him standing.

The alpha moved his hands down Yoongi’s hips to his thighs, his hot forehead resting on Yoongi’s
tailbone, his cheek pressed to the spot his tail protruded out of his body. Yoongi seemed made of snow under his tanned skin; cold and soft. He traced his hipbones with his fingertips.

“Why are you taking so damn long?” He asked the alpha with trembling voice, Taehyung kneeling behind him, his eyes red and his scent heavy and thick.

Taehyung moved his hand to lift Yoongi’s tail and the pale man made sure to keep it upwards. Taehyung licked a stripe down between Yoongi’s butt cheeks, making the king arch his back and throw his head back with a moan. Taehyung didn’t stop; he pushed his tongue inside Yoongi’s heat, tasting the slick, keeping his cheeks apart with his thumbs.

Yoongi groaned loudly and felt his legs were about give up when the alpha stood up again and pressed his hot chest against his cold back. Taehyung had shed his clothes rather easily and refused to wait any longer. Yoongi was not ready for him, but their relationship had never been a soft one to begin with. He grabbed the base of his cock with one hand and pushed the tip against the puckering hole.

“W-wait… Taehyung… y-you have t-to…” Yoongi’s words were cut off when Taehyung pushed inside; his eyes widened and his mouth opening in a silent moan of pain, but the alpha didn’t stop.

“No need to, your highness…” Taehyung said in his low voice and finally bottomed out, he leaned over Yoongi with his arms on each side to keep him trapped against the door, Yoongi’s butt flush against his hipbones. “Your body seems to remember me…” He sighed as he started to move shallowly… fast.

“Fuck…” Yoongi grunted.

Taehyung didn’t let him adjust and simply pounded away wondering if anyone were to walk by the door right now they’d hear how hard he was pushing Yoongi against the door, his breaths coming out in forced huffs, but Yoongi refused to be loud. Taehyung didn’t care.

He knew his fingertips would be imprinted on Yoongi’s hips tomorrow with how hard he was grabbing him, but he didn’t care… he leaned down and pressed his nose to Yoongi’s delicate neck.

Maybe it was because of how riled they were, but Taehyung didn’t wait long before he felt his knot forming and Yoongi finally let out a high moan the first time the bulge sagged on his tight rim. The loud noises of skin slapping against skin were driving him crazy and even though his cock hurt with how hard he was being shoved against the door, he couldn’t care… he was about to come either way.

Taehyung growled out as he pushed the knot inside the king, the elder whimpered in pain and then the thrusts became deeper, the alpha refusing to pull out his knot from the warmth. Yoongi’s knees gave out and he feared for a moment that Taehyung would let him fall, but the alpha surrounded his waist with one arm and continued to pound him until he finally came…

He registered the tightness around his cock and when he pulled Yoongi away from the door he saw his cum trailing down the wood. He absently pressed a kiss to Yoongi’s temple as he brought him towards the bed, still forcing the king to put one foot in front of the other, stuck together and spent.

Yoongi hung his head, unable to withstand the pleasure, with each step he took the knot rubbed against his prostate and he could feel another orgasm building scarily fast until he could no longer and tightened again around Taehyung’s member… his soft cock spurting his second orgasm as they finally reached the bed.
He was too unfocused to notice how Taehyung laid down with him, cradling him in his arms, keeping him warm and safe. Blankets were pulled over them and he closed his eyes unable to keep up with what was happening.

…

“What in the name of hell are you doing bringing the fucking king to my ship?!” Hakyeon snapped in a frighteningly high voice when he was introduced to Jungkook, he looked appalled. “Nice to see you again Jieunnie, you look as beautiful as usual.” He gave the woman a kind smile and then returned to looking murderous.

Jungkook looked troubled and impatient, but so were Seunghyun, Hwasa and Namjoon.

“Yah, calm down.” Jiho said raising his hands in peace, but Hakyeon was ready to flip a table.

“I am not the king.” Jungkook interjected, but Hakyeon scoffed loudly and then started to laugh maniacally.

“Yes, you are. Your older brother is dead and your beta brother rules the north, you are king. We don’t care for formalities.” Hakyeon said dismissingly as he turned to eye Jiho. “What the fuck do you want?”

“This is about the islands. Hakyeon we need to know about it…” Jiho looked terribly serious and Hakyeon gave him a disbelieving look.

“You know… I wanted to believe you were smart for Jieun’s sake, but you might be the dumbest man I’ve ever known!” Hakyeon snapped.

“Please!” Jieun said as she stepped forward and grabbed Hakyeon’s hands. “Jungkook is a man of good and his mate has just been kidnapped by people beyond the sea.” She pleaded and Hakyeon shook his head slowly.

“Hakyeon… have you heard who is Jungkook’s mate?” Jiho asked with a narrowed gaze and the other pirate shook his head.

“Another royalty or whatever… I don’t care. No offense meant, your highness.” Hakyeon said and Jungkook blinked in confusion, the man just changed demeanors too quickly. “What I know from the islands is… very little… and-”

“He’s a fox.” Jiho cut in ad Hakyeon’s face slowly paled, his eyes widening as he turned to look at Jungkook in question, the king slowly nodded.

“A fox? A boy?” Hakyeon asked and Jungkook frowned as he stepped forward and pushed Jieun aside softly to tower over the pirate. “A… silver fox?” He asked again.

“You know an awful lot for someone that hadn’t heard the rumors about my mate.” He said in a low voice.

“Oh my God…” Hakyeon gave a nervous chuckle as he took a step back. “Oh… oh no, you said he was kidnapped?” He suddenly asked.

“Who are the people that kidnapped him?” Jiho voiced the question slowly as if to make sure his friend understood that they were not playing.

“Do you remember a man called Yifan? From No One’s Land?” Jieun asked and Hakyeon grimaced
“Yes. Yifan… his father was a wolf, but his… other father was a fox.” Hakyeon said.

“I am pretty sure he had a mother.” Namjoon interjected. “The king spoke to him about his mother.” He added.

“That’s what he wants everyone to believe. His wolf father brought him to the mainland when he was just a baby. He married another woman.” Hakyeon explained.

“He is a wolf.” Jungkook stated with a frown.

“Yes. Look… I don’t know a whole lot about biology and stuff, but it is possible anyway.” Hakyeon said. “I can show you to someone who knows… since your mate is… Jimin-ssi.” Hakyeon said and Jungkook took a step forward, his hand closing around Hakyeon’s neck.

“Who are the people after Jimin and why do they want him?” He asked through gritted teeth, Hakyeon’s eyes turning red from the threat.

“I can tell you who they are.” Hakyeon said, his voice scratchy. “They are foxes.”

The room’s air became tense and they all stared with deep frowns at the pirate while he stared into Jungkook’s eyes.

“Yifan comes from the fox’s nation beyond the sea; no one knows much about it, they are not friendly. They pay pirates in gold to join their side on the front lines, but pirates don’t do well on the land. Thus they took a hold on loners too… they want this land. They want to enslave wolves and they will do it. They have the manpower to do it…” Hakyeon said as Jungkook finally tied the dots around the whole thing. “And they probably deserve it too.”

“To enslave wolves?” Hwasa asked. “You think they deserve to enslave wolves?” She was outraged by the pirate’s words.

“They do…” Seunghyun said as he turned and paced around the enclosed space.

“Now tell me why they want Jimin.” Jungkook tightened his hold on the other’s neck again; he’d deal with the other implications later, right now he needed to understand why his mate seemed to always call for unwanted attention.

“I can’t. That’s not my story to tell.” Hakyeon said and Jungkook pressed harder on his windpipe, making the pirate choke on air.

“Yah, you can’t kill a pirate like this… his whole crew would kill us as soon as we stepped out.” Jiho tried to calm the third prince, but Jungkook was not letting go.

“I can t-take t-to someone t-that can a-actually tell y-you!” Hakyeon rasped out and Jungkook let go only slightly so the pirate could breathe. “Fuck!” He cursed as he filled his lungs again.

“Who is this person?” Jungkook asked as he finally pulled his hand away; the man clutched his neck and coughed a few times before finally speaking again, meeting Jungkook’s eyes.

“Her name is Sohyang… she’s a fox too. She’s your mate’s mother.”
Taemin stepped languidly inside the throne room, his poise and confidence pouring out of his pores like sweat, his golden skin on display and the loose pants and fabric on his lower half hanging precariously low on his hips, a tribal sun all in black ink, contrasting with his skin right over his navel, between the lines that lead to his groins. His hair golden along with his hair and eyes… Arms covered in bracelets, necklaces hanging from his long neck and rings lining his big fox ears.

Anyone who would look at him would think he was made of gold… Taemin had been blessed with unparalleled beauty for an alpha. He lanky and rather tall, his lips seemed to always be slightly stretched in a smile.

“Must you walk around exposing yourself like this, brother?” Chanyeol questioned with slight annoyance.

He was taller than his brother, broader and muscled, pale skin and reddish fur covering his furry tail and ears, his eyes were blue and his voice was deep. In comparison, no one would ever think they were blood related… it was just that Taemin took after their mother and Chanyeol after their father.

“This is my palace. I fail to understand why anyone should care what I wear or if I wear anything at all.” He sighed heavily as he plopped down on the throne and Chanyeol shook his head approaching his brother. “What are you doing here? Shouldn’t you be reviving the southern islands or whatever you think you’re doing…?” He wondered boringly turning around to pick a grape from a large plate filled with fruits.

“Have any of your counselors told you what is happening in the mainland?” Chanyeol asked and the younger shook his head.

“I don’t really care for what happens with them. Kai and Yifan have a mission and unless you’re here to tell me they killed Kai I am not interested.” Taemin eyed his brother and Chanyeol closed his eyes briefly.

“You are a king now, Taemin-ah… You should be aware of what is happening all around the world.” Chanyeol tried. “If you are incapable of it then I might have to dispose you from your rank.” He said and Taemin’s eyes flared red for a brief second as he stood from his throne.

“Is that a threat? A threat not only to your brother, but your king?” Taemin smirked and Chanyeol pursed his lips. “You can’t take from me what you so willingly gave me.” Taemin said in his silky tone. “I never asked to be king, but I’ve taken a liking to this… try to threaten me again and I will have your head.” Taemin locked his eyes with his brother’s fearless ones.

Chanyeol opened his mouth to argue back when suddenly the big doors opened and a guard stepped inside.

“We have brought Kyungsoo. Your highness.” The man announced and Chanyeol frowned deeply
at the name. He turned around with wide eyes when he saw Kai’s mate walk in.

He noticed the state the shorter male was in, all battered and scared. Chanyeol had known Kyungsoo since they were kids and just like Kai, Kyungsoo was not the kind to get easily scared, though he guessed that anyone would pee their pants if Taemin requested them by force.

“Finally!” Taemin said with a wide smile and open arms, but Kyungsoo didn’t approach and simply knelt at a good distance. “It is not everyday a wolf gets to set foot in this room, Kyungsoo-ssi…” Taemin reminded him and the wolf lowered his head even more.

“I’ve been blessed, your highness.” Chanyeol was glad that at least Kyungsoo was not stuttering.

Taemin pursed his lips as he moved around the room lazily… approaching his prey slowly.

Taemin had grown up playing with Kai, the beta wolf had been the son of his maid and Taemin had always thought his best friend was the most beautiful creature he had ever laid eyes on.

Only his Taemin’s father hadn’t been too happy to know his youngest son fancied a wolf… and the son of a maid. Taemin still remembered how his father had tied Kai’s skinny arms around a pole in the garden and then had proceeded to flog the kid’s back. The warning had been clear… Taemin was ordered to sit on a chair and watch. The more Taemin cried, the more blood Kai would shed. If Taemin turned his eyes away, the more blood Kai would shed.

It had been a long day… It had also been a miracle Kai hadn’t died at the tender age of thirteen. It had also surprised Taemin when the wolf refused to stop being his friend, but Taemin’s whole world had changed.

Wolves became disgusting creatures, deserving of suffering and torture… he enjoyed torturing other wolves, they ought to feel what his father had done to his one true love and then…? Then Kai had grown up and had met another beta.

Taemin couldn’t put into words the hatred and pure distaste he felt towards Kyungsoo with his small body and huge eyes. A disgraceful wolf that his best friend had picked to become his mate.

“I have decided that if Kai has not returned within this week I will have you become my concubine.” He said and Kyungsoo couldn’t mask his aversion.

“Yah! This is your best friend’s mate!” Chanyeol snapped and Taemin turned to look at him as if that didn’t mean a thing.

“A mating mark between betas it’s a lie… a stupid fantasy.” Taemin laughed as he turned back to Kyungsoo’s big eyes. “Thought you could keep Bummie company.” Taemin said leaning down to inspect Kyungsoo’s face.

No one in the eastern island ignored Kibum, the royal concubine. No one could. Kibum was a fox, but had gotten on Taemin’s wrong side and had been lowered to wolves’ levels. Anyone who tried to help Kibum was killed for treason, fox or not, and the only thing they could imagine was the treatment Taemin bestowed upon the poor man.

Kyungsoo had seen Taemin’s hands dripping with blood on the few occasions he had been summoned along with Kai to his palace. Taemin was a sick bastard who fed off people’s pain.

“I can’t say I haven’t wondered why Kai would like to fuck you…” Taemin chuckled as he crouched before the young wolf.
“You know, Taemin…” Kyungsoo knew he was walking on thin ice here and the lack of a title made both royalties tense the slightest, but he was tired and sick and for all he knew Kai could be dead. “I just never understood…” He added a bitter scoff for effect and watched the fox’s beautiful face. “You would have anyone you desire. No one can tell you otherwise. It is not like you’ll be judged for it…”

Taemin narrowed his eyes at the wolf; he felt he was close ripping him to shreds if he continued speaking. He hated the Kyungsoo, hated his voice, his eyes, his lips he hated everything about him, but what he hated most was that he was Kai’s choice.

“I just don’t understand why you never indulged in your infatuation with Kai.” Kyungsoo’s eyes were glistening with tears while he waited for an answer.

Chanyeol held his breath as he looked at his younger brother… he had wondered that too, but in the end he had been too scared of the monster that was Taemin to even fathom asking.

“Wouldn’t you like to know…” Taemin smirked. “What is Kai, Kyungsoo? What’s his status?” He asked leaning over Kyungsoo.

“B-beta…”

“Yeah… Does he fucks or gets fucked in your relationship?” He grasped his long fingers around Kyungsoo’s neck making him gasp. “I am pretty sure he fucks… Look at me.” He said and Kyungsoo lifted his gaze into Taemin’s suddenly red eyes.

Kyungsoo would’ve blushed when sudden images of his most intimate times with Kai invaded his mind; all the times his lover had pushed him on to the bed and had pushed himself inside his heat… Kai’s dual nature was more inclined to the alpha side and Kyungsoo had never minded… but now… now he was starting to understand why the fox had never taken Kai.

“Ah yes… He fucks you good.” Taemin drawled; his eyes still flaming red as he leaned down and licked Kyungsoo’s jaw. “Maybe I will too…” He whispered the word into the moist skin. “What’s my status, Kyungsoo?”

“A-alpha.” Kyungsoo was losing his voice with how hard Taemin was clutching his throat.

Chanyeol stood frozen by this sudden behavior.

“Yes. I fuck. Kai fucks and I wouldn’t matter to let a beta fuck me as long as that beta is Kai, but… I don’t think he would… not willingly. Just like I don’t think he’d let me fuck him… not willingly.” Taemin chuckled letting go of the neck and watching the wolf fall on his butt, gasping for air. “But with the right incentive… we will see…”

Kyungsoo looked up at him with teary eyes… Taemin’s face looked dark and dangerous now and he had never feared someone so much.

“Take him to Bummie’s room.” He said and the guards approached; this time Kyungsoo fought back biting, punching and clawing at whoever tried to hold him.

“Taemin! You can’t do this to Kai!” Chanyeol said and Taemin turned to him with red eyes, prompting Chanyeol’s alpha to do the same.

“Yes, I can. If you question my authority again I won’t hesitate, brother…”
Moonbyul was glad that at least Yifan was smart enough to get them a carriage as soon as they stepped down from the mountains and into the desert on this side that would led them to the coast… It was the cold kind of arid land because of how much far up north they were still.

Jimin’s fever was a constant now and Kai looked honestly worried the little fox wouldn’t make it to the port. He was already on his third month; his navel showing more and she knew he’d be on his fourth by the time they arrived to the eastern islands.

“How are you feeling?” She asked moving Jimin’s damp hair from his sweaty forehead; the boy merely smiled and nodded.

“You know… if I close my eyes… sometimes I feel another presence in the woods.” Jimin said and she frowned not comprehending, fearing her brother was losing his mind.

“What woods?” She wondered and he hummed.

“Didn’t I tell you?” He wondered weakly. “The night I presented so did Jungkook-ah. I prompted his first rut.” He explained and watched her eyes widening.

“You met his wolf.” She stated in disbelief. “In your head.” Jimin nodded with a smile.

“It felt so right.” He sighed and closed his eyes. “The landscape in my head is now in the woods, in a clearing filled with wild flowers… a soft drizzle of rain… smells like him.” He took a deep breath trying to imagine he could soak in his mate’s scent.

“Jimin… you know that almost never happens?” She said and he hummed absently, opening his eyes slowly. “You had a bond even before you decided to you liked him.”

“I haven’t seen his wolf in a week… I guess because we are too far away from each other, but…” Jimin swallowed. “I can feel another presence there, running in the shadows… wants to play. I think it is Haneul.” He rubbed his navel with a fond look.

“It most probably is.” She smiled and continued to run her fingers through his damp hair.

“I wish I didn’t feel this weak.” He frowned and she shook her head.

“It is normal. You’d be better if you actually slept and were relaxed, but as long as you’re far from Jungkook you will feel drained. None of us could’ve known we’d be taken.” She said and he nodded.

“You’re right. I just hope Taetae, Yugyeom-ah and Jimin are okay.” He sighed.

“Don’t worry… I am sure they are fine.” She reassured him and Jimin nodded.

It was true; he hadn’t been able to sleep well for even one night ever since they started their trip, but even less now that Taehyung was not there either. He was always scared that something would happen to his baby. He felt too weak to fight and now that he knew his magic didn’t work on Yifan it made him even more scared.

“What can you tell me about this Taemin?” Jimin wondered and watched his sister’s face blank and pale a bit.

“I wish I could tell you good things, but no. Taemin is well known for his cruel ways. He enjoys inflicting pain… he is the complete opposite to Chanyeol.” She sighed and suddenly she was thinking about Seunghyun…She was confused.
“You said he’d hurt me… that he’d kill me.” Jimin frowned and she remained calm as she contemplated lying to her brother.

“I can’t be sure. I was scared… I am scared. Taemin was told you were his, so… I can only think he’d be really pissed to know you have mated and are pregnant.” She said and Jimin nodded in understanding.

“I won’t let him.” Jimin said seriously and Moonbyul stared at him with a slight frown of confusion. “I won’t let him touch me or the baby. I won’t let him hurt me or Jungkook or you.”

“He won’t hurt me. I am Chanyeol’s and he was in the south last time I saw him. It is likely that I will be sent away as soon as we get to the islands.” She felt bad and Jimin swallowed his fear. “I know he will help me get you back. He wanted me to find my mother…” She said softly.

“What is Taemin’s magic?” Jimin asked softly and she let a somber look on her face.

“I am not sure, but… he’s one of the few foxes whose magic works on other foxes.”

“Where are you going?” Jungkook asked Seunghyun one night when he came to tell him that Hakyeon had written to let them know they could meet Sohyang the next morning when the ship she was in landed, the rogue was packing a few things.

“I won’t stay here.” He said and Jungkook frowned. “I don’t care about that woman. I need to find Moonbyul. She’s weak and clumsy… she could be dead by now, but I can’t stay put another second.” He explained.

“I have a mate too.” Jungkook said through gritted teeth.

“I know. I am not judging you. You have your hands full, but I don’t. South is yours and I will travel towards the east. We know where they are taking them and I can go. I will… I will find them and bring them back.” Seunghyun said and Jungkook shook his head.

“No. We know they have too many men. We can’t rush like this and your actions could place them in even more danger.” Jungkook said, but his wolf was unsettled too, he wanted to go too, leave everyone to their own fates and find his mate, but he knew he couldn’t.

“That woman doesn’t even love me.” Seunghyun said, his back to Jungkook while he spoke and the younger wolf frowned. “I raped her… I forced a mating mark on her and kept her hidden. There’s no way ever that she’ll love me, but still… I just need to see her one more time and she can tell me to my face that she’s better there. Your mate loves you so… it won’t be a trip in vain.” Seunghyun finally turned to Jungkook and the younger scoffed.

“You want me to trust that you will bring Jimin back to me without thinking of touching a hair on his head?” Jungkook asked and Seunghyun sighed.

“I wouldn’t be able to anyway… he’s got his stupid magic going on.” He said and then lowered his gaze to the ground. “I can’t stay here while knowing she’s there… I… I don’t need her to love me to feel this way. No one in the south needs a leader like me anyway. I told Yongguk to follow you, obey you and tell the others to do the same. Say the word and I won’t get close to Jimin.” Seunghyun said his eyes serious and Jungkook swallowed thickly.

“Tell him I will go back to him.” Jungkook said and Seunghyun nodded; he was not going to press the issue on him.
“Very well… Give my greetings to Sohyang-ssi.” He said with a smile and Jungkook nodded feeling like he was biding farewell to a brother, which was weird considering his start with the rogue, but here he was. “You are a good man, Jungkook. What happened to your brother was not your fault.” He placed his hand on Jungkook’s broad shoulder and gave a fleeting squeeze.

“Thank you. Don’t make the same mistakes if you ever get Moonbyul-ssi back.” Jungkook advised.

“I won’t.”

…

“How do I look?” Jiho looked down at his mate and she frowned in confusion.

“Ugly as usual… I hate your dreadlocks. I’ve told you before.” She said making Kyung chuckle behind her and Jungkook frowned at the question too.

“Shit! So much for wanting to look presentable to the first fox I will meet.” Jiho sighed heavily. “The mother of the king’s mate.” Jiho shook his head.

Hwasa then turned to look at Jungkook and quirked an eyebrow when she saw the young prince running a hand through his greasy hair. He looked worse then Jiho to be honest, at least the pirate looked clean and wore clean clothes, but Jungkook had gone quite a few days without a bath and was always sweating and looking crazed.

She knew that having his mate away was taking a toll on him, but he could’ve tried looking like a decent person when he had been told he’d meet the mother of his mate. She guessed he was finally realizing how disgusting he looked.

“There are more important matters at hand than looking good in times of war.” Jungkook decided to justify and Hwasa bit her lips to prevent a laugh.

None of them were sure of what kind of woman they were about to meet when Hakyeon said he would bring her to the main room of the ship, but they all stood up from their seats when the doors creaked open.

Jungkook immediately frowned at the sight of the pale and skinny woman, she looked cared for, but she looked clearly sick; she was walking with the help of two sticks tied to her forearms. Her hair was long, tied in a braid over a shoulder, silver like her big ears and the tail peeking behind her… her eyes were the same when she looked up at them with interest.

She didn’t look particularly scared. Jungkook immediately saw Moonbyul in her features. Maybe Jimin was more alike to his father…

“This is Sohyang-ssi, from the southern islands.” Hakyeon introduced once she was sitting on a comfier chair; she tried a small smile while all of them stared at her frame. “These are people I trust, Sohyang-ssi. If they ever try to come at you the wrong way I will behead them.” Hakyeon said with a kind smile.

“Ah… thank you, Hakyeon-ssi.”

“Wait… How did you come together?” Jiho asked suddenly curious.

“I found her at the No One’s land. She was being tortured.” Hakyeon said and Jungkook felt rage building inside his chest. “Wolves at that side are not particularly nice, Jungkook-ssi.” Hakyeon said when he noticed the man’s anger.
“So you just took her?” Jiho asked again and Hakyeon sighed heavily.

“It is not every day you see a fox. I thought I had hit it big, but let’s say I grew fond and the torture took a toll on her. There was no way I could leave her to her fate in No One’s land.” He said exasperatedly. “Anyway… Sohyang-ssi… these people are rather important.” He said and she nodded eyeing them all.

“Jungkook-ssi is yo-”

“Let me speak first.” Jungkook cut Hakyeon’s words and approached the woman that eyed him with curious eyes.

Jungkook felt suddenly inadequate. He felt underdressed and dirty and simply no presentable. Having Jimin away from him was keeping him from taking care of himself and his appearance and now he regretted it.

“So… you want to know about the islands.” She said and Jungkook nodded. “What should I do, Jungkook-ssi? I am not that well versed when it comes to politics.” She said and Jungkook rushed to shake his head.

“Anything you can tell me will be more than I currently know.” He assured her. “Tell me about your home.” Jungkook said and she smiled bitterly.

“I grew up in the southern islands.” She said and Jungkook noticed how she was fidgeting; he knew she was nervous, but if she omitted information then this wouldn’t work. “We were not that advanced. The southern islands always were struggling, maybe because of the harsh weather and such. The land is a bit too dry summers are difficult, but so are winters.” She explained.

“What about your government?” Jiho asked and she briefly looked at him.

“We had a council. The elders of our tribe guided us. Not so much a system, but foxes in the south were known for being peaceful. We never heard of altercations until foxes from the east started to invade.” She explained and Jungkook nodded.

“I guess if you didn’t have a political system a defense one was even more unlikely.” Namjoon said and she smiled in affirmation.

“The invasion started like twenty or so years ago…” She said softly. “Not like a thousand men marching in our territory, but small groups coming to mark our lands and study how we lived.” She said and shrugged. “The district I lived in was not that much visited so we never worried.”

“Must’ve been hard…” Hwasa said and Sohyang nodded.
“We started to fight back and many southern foxes died during the wars.” She sighed. “Around that
time I fled to the mainland.” She scratched her neck and averted her gaze to the ground.

Their calm and quiet environment was disturbed when a loud explosion was heard and Jungkook’s
reflexes prompted him to lift Sohyang in arms.

“Who the fuck dares to attack a ship on land?!” Hakyeon snapped as he moved to the door. He saw
one of his men there on the way to the deck.

“Come on, we have to get out!” Hwasa yelled and Jungkook nodded as he threw a fabric on the
woman’s head; she looked frightened, but felt obviously safe while Jungkook navigated with ease
through the corridors until they finally arrived to the deck.

“Jonghyun.” Hwasa said and pointed towards the pirate that was currently driving a sword through
another man’s chest.

“Great timing.” Jungkook said and turned to Namjoon. “You’re in charge of keeping her alive.” He
said and Namjoon nodded before taking the woman in his arms. “Namjoon can’t fight, keep close
and protect him, Hwasa.” He said and she frowned.

“What do you think you’re doing?” She asked placing a hand on Jungkook’s shoulder.

“Killing Jonghyun.” He said and pulled his upper garments off his body.

Sohyang stared with wide eyes at the naked back in front of her; her delicate hand reaching out to
trace the ink that formed the dragon on Jungkook’s back, but before she could touch him the alpha
was surging forward.

“We have to move.” Namjoon said and Hwasa nodded, but then bit her lower lip.

“Let me clear it for you. Be on alert.” She said pushing out of the door and pulling on her dagger.
Namjoon watched her slitting some man’s throat and then she looked form side to side, urging him
out.

Sohyang’s eyes were still glued to Jungkook’s naked back while he fought with the pirate…

“He’s the dragon.”

…

Jungkook marched towards Jonghyun ready to snap the man’s neck in half. Seokjin’s burned body
flashing on his mind, making him even angrier, Jimin’s scared eyes too, everything the man had done
to his family.

A man got in front of him and drove a dagger towards his side, but Jungkook deflected the attack
with quick hands and put the man on a headlock until he heard a crack and when he let go the man
fell down… dead.

Jonghyun turned in time to see him; he didn’t look scared, but also looked careful when he took on
his fighting stance.

“I thought we had a deal. Didn’t you want lands?” Jungkook asked and the man laughed.

“Yes, sure. I wanted them… my men wanted them…” Jonghyun said. “We had a deal until the
moment you sent your mate away.” He said and Jungkook tightened his jaw in anger. “You see…
His head was worth more gold than I could ever need to live. More gold than any land can cost. Gold that could even buy your fucking castle with all your men in them.” He said.

“Who offered so much gold?” Jungkook asked and Jonghyun laughed as he jumped forward with his sword ready to lash out.

Jungkook was beyond angry; his whole body was burning with the desire to shed Jonghyun’s blood all over the deck. He blamed Minho too, but in the end Jonghyun had taken the decision in his hands and had burned down his brother’s palace.

“If you can land a hit on me… then maybe I’ll tell you.” Jonghyun arrogantly said while he made his swords dance between his fingers in a useless display of ability.

Jungkook refrained from saying anything and simply waited until the man jumped at him again the struggle a bit harder when the man managed to cut at Jungkook’s side, blood pouring down to his hip.

Jonghyun was fast on his feet, but Jungkook was observing him carefully, measuring and getting ready to strike… he was aware of how some of the men from either side had stopped their fights to stare.

Jonghyun came again at him and punched his cheek, close to his lips making him bleed, but this time Jungkook caught his forearm, kept him up and drove his own fist at his ribs hearing a loud crack and a gasp as Jonghyun staggered back holding his side in pain.

“That was good.” Jonghyun said trying to resume his posture, but the pain must’ve been too much as he had to bent his body a bit to endure it. “But I won’t talk… sorry.” He chuckled.

“I don’t fucking care.” Jungkook’s voice was gruff and low. “I couldn’t care less. I am going to enjoy killing you.” He said and something in his voice, his words or his appearance made Jonghyun finally swallow thickly in fear. “You burned my brother… I should impale you on a fucking spear and light you up like a fucking torch.” He growled.

Jonghyun swung his sword out and managed a cut on the prince’s cheek, more blood pouring out, but it seemed Jungkook was beyond the pain when he grabbed at the sword by the sharp blade and threw it away, the sharp object burying in another man’s chest.

With his bloodied hand Jungkook reached out and grasped Jonghyun’s neck. The man did punch him, but Jungkook easily twisted him around, being bigger had its perks, until he was falling heavily on the wooden floorboards with Jungkook sitting on his lower back.

“Do you even know the name of the man you killed?” Jungkook asked as he ripped the pirate’s upper shirt until his skin was on show.

“A fucking omega bitch!” Jonghyun snapped; his whole body was trembling.

Jungkook reached for his dagger and only then noticed it was missing, he looked around until he saw Jieun there, in front of him; her eyes were big and she looked pale, sick of what she was seeing. She shouldn’t be there at all… where was her mate? Jungkook noticed the dagger in her hands.

“Don’t do this… please.” She said softly. Jungkook sighed.

“He killed my brother. He has done nothing but crimes. If I let him go now he will do worst.” He tried to reason with the young woman. “You shouldn’t be here, Jieun. Hand me the dagger and leave.” He said slowly.
“I saw you kill enough people in the south when you were barely sixteen. What you said you’d do to
him… you will become a monster just like him.” She said, her hands trembling. Jungkook sighed
and waited; Jiho was behind her, he swiftly grasped her and took the dagger from her hands. “No!
Stop! Jiho, stop!” She yelled watching as Jiho handed the dagger back to Jungkook.

“Kill him.” Jiho said still keeping her from moving, his face was serious and Jungkook looked
around the ship were everyone was looking at him expectantly, he wondered why even Jonghyun’s
men were waiting for what would happen next.

He returned his eyes to Jieun and held her gaze when he dug the sharp blade on the pirate’s back,
only enough to carve as he slowly moved the weapon like a quill, drawing the characters that formed
his deceased brother’s name along the pirate’s spine.

She froze at the sight and when the pirate started to scream she closed her eyes and turned to hug her
mate, burying her face in Jiho’s chest.

Jungkook continued, making sure everyone was watching and when he was done he leaned down,
he pulled on the pirate’s hair lifting his face off the floor, straining his neck and placing the blade
against his throat. He whispered near his ear…

“Your king’s name is Kim Seokjin.”

Jiho stared when Jungkook slit his throat open and left him to bleed there before he stood up against
with the bloodied dagger in his hand, he was bloodied in places too, he looked far from the right
sight to a king or a prince, but he looked right what southern people believed in.

“I will say this only once.” Jungkook spoke. “I do not care for wars nor do I want them.” He stated
and then pointed towards Jieun. “This is not something I want to see ever again, but I do not want
omegas, betas or alphas weeping for the loss of a mate either.”

The ship was silent as he tried to give every single man a glare to convey a message.

“You are pirates, rogues… loners, guards, alphas or betas… If you so wish to keep on living this
way then you’re against the crown.” He stated. “If you want to see the land my brother had wanted
for all men and women alike then you’re welcome to the mainland. I will not allow more blood to be
shed for gold, not on my land. I will not allow for more omegas to be raped or for alphas to commit
crimes without punishment.”

“Big words for a boy that just killed a man.” Someone said from somewhere.

“Like I said. You’re either for or against.” He glared at the man and watched him swallow thickly. “I
count on you all to pass down this message to your fellow pirates. I am sure we can reach an
agreement. Make sure people in the eastern and southern islands know of what happened here
today.” He said and then crouched and with a few more cuts on Jonghyun’s neck dislodged his head
from his body. “Take his head to the king of the islands. Let him know this will be his fate if we ever
cross paths the wrong way.” He said and threw the head to the man that had spoken. “Make sure he
understands… this is not a game.”

…”

There was a thick silence hanging heavily over them when they were making their way back to the
southern camp. Jungkook refused to acknowledge the glare Jieun was giving him. He didn’t want to
talk about what had happened in the ship.

Most of the pirates had cleared the coast in a matter of minutes and now only a few ships remained.
Hakyeon had made his way back to the camp with them and his crew, Jiho still holding Jieun’s hand.

He had never stopped to think much when he had to kill someone and it was obvious Jieun was not thinking like a soldier or a royalty needed to. Jungkook knew that if he hadn’t killed Jonghyun then and there, pirates would’ve thought him weak, they would’ve thought they could continue to commit crime without a worry because their possible king was weak and had forgiven a dangerous man.

Jonghyun had committed lots of crimes in the past and couldn’t be forgiven if he wanted to impose his authority; he needed people to understand that crimes needed to be paid for. She was just unsettled because she had been so close to it… but he guessed he’d have to talk to her.

As soon as he entered the tent he spotted Sohyang sitting on a chair with Hwasa handing her a tin cup of water. She lifted her eyes and stared into Jungkook’s eyes in disbelief… her gaze soon following all the places he was bleeding from.

“Did you kill him?” Namjoon asked with a raspy tone and Jungkook nodded a bit confused by the loud sigh Sohyang let out.

“Jungkook-ssi…” She called and Jungkook watched her hold her tin cup with whitening knuckles. “If we could speak in private…” She said and he nodded once approaching her to lift her form the chair; she let him, unbothered by him soiling her clothes.

Jungkook took her to an adjacent room and placed her softly on a chair, when he was about to pull away she clasped his hand with one of hers and the other used it to tilt his chin up so they’d stare into each other’s eyes.

Jungkook felt his breath hitch at the bright blue lining her silvery eyes and then suddenly he was overcome with memories of Jimin. Everything from the very moment he met the fox at the festival, to when he arrived to the palace, the moment he had presented and everything that followed until the very day he had told Jimin to escape with Taehyung…

He felt a cold sweat wash down his back when the clear images faded and then everything turned foggy… no real faces there… Only symbols. He could see a bright golden sun, blood, a moon and stars. Nothing was concrete and he couldn’t make anything out of it.

He gasped loudly, trying to regain a breath that he hadn’t realized he lost, when Sohyang let go of his hand, tears falling down her cheeks as she continued to stare at Jungkook.

“You are the dragon.” She said softly.

“What did you just do?” He asked in fright, he felt like he had just revealed all of his secrets, but the woman only stared at him and continued to sob quietly.

“You’re Jiminnie’s mate.” She said and Jungkook frowned unsure of how she could know that, but then again he guessed she had seen all that had flashed inside his mind. “You are the dragon.” She said again.

“Please… make sense, Sohyang-ssi.” He said and she took a deep breath before nodding.

“You know what’s funny… Foxes’ magic is not supposed to work on other foxes, but it never mattered to me. I could see Jiminnie’s past and future, Moonbyul’s too… I guess I am special amongst foxes too.” She said bitterly. “I can see. If you’ve witnessed my Jiminnie’s magic and Moonbyul’s too then you know what I mean.” She said and he nodded once. “Ever since the first time I stared into Jiminnie’s eyes I kept seeing the dragon in his life. The past is easy to see, but the future comes in symbols and foggy images with no faces or names in them. I can only assume
“sometimes.” She said.

“So it is not like you can see the future.” He said and she shook her head.

“I can see things that could happen in the future, but it all depends on the decisions you make in the present.” She explained. “There’s death in your future, but I cannot tell if it will be yours…” She narrowed her eyes.

“I guess you already know Jimin was taken.” He said and she nodded and averted her gaze.

“Yifan and Kai.” She said and sighed heavily. “Jimin is going to be taken to the eastern islands, to Taemin.”

“Who is Taemin?” Jungkook asked with a frown.

“Current king in the eastern islands.” She wiped her tears and cleared her throat. “I guess I should tell you more so you can understand.” She said and Jungkook pulled a chair and sat closer to her. “I grew up in the southern islands, Jungkook-ssi. There used to be two fox nations, I moved to the capital after my first mate died, with Moonbyul-ah. I worked there and then I met Jiminnie’s father… he wasn’t from the south, he had a distinct accent, but I hadn’t know where it was from.” She sighed. “You know… in the south we used to believe only foxes walked the land… we never knew about wolves, we were that ignorant.” She chuckled softly.

“What was your mate’s name?” Jungkook asked and she smiled at the memory.

“Jiseok. I never learned his last name until some time later.” She took a deep breath to continue.

“After I got pregnant with Jiminnie, Jiseok started to change. He was always worried and got possessive and protective. We married and then he had to leave.” She said. “He never said where he was going, he only said he was going home. I trusted he would be back… and he did, after two months. I gave birth with him by my side.” She said. “We foxes are delicate creatures when it comes to birthing. Being apart from our mate makes it dangerous and difficult. Not many survive so I was scared he wouldn’t make it on time.” She said and Jungkook felt a void forming in his chest.

“Of course…” He swallowed thickly.

“You have to get to Jiminnie before he has to give birth… but only if Taemin doesn’t kill him.” She said and Jungkook tightened his jaw, but she continued. “Shortly after Jimin’s birth the eastern nation started to send more men, all armed and ready to conquer.” She felt sad at the memories. “Jiseok was always there to protect us, but one night he received a letter. He never told me what it said, but by the morning Moonbyul-ah, Jiminnie and I were ready to aboard a ship and leave for the mainland.”

“It sounds like it was a warning.” Jungkook pondered and had to actually wonder about Jimin’s father and how suspicious he seemed.

“I thought so too.” She sighed again. “He had already figured everything. Where we would stay, with whom and for how long… I never saw him again after that. I felt it through our bond… the moment I stopped feeling anything at all. I knew he had died and I couldn’t fathom the idea of him dying somewhere far away and because I didn’t know anything about his past I kept thinking I needed to bury him properly.” She wiped her eye and Jungkook felt horrible at the simple thought of losing Jimin like she had lost her mate.

“I am sorry.” He said and she nodded slowly. “You never tried to see his past?” He wondered and she gave a kind smile.
“Why would I? I never once doubted him and I felt he’d tell me when he was ready…” She explained.

“Yeah, I guess it makes sense…” He said.

There was a long pause in which her sobs became a bit harder and he feared she was too affected to continue, but then she started again…

“I went back to look for him! I left Moonbyul-ah and Jiminnie here! Alone! I made a mistake, but I really wanted to do things right. I would’ve never thought things would become so messy.” She sobbed and wiped her tears again.

“I understand and I won’t judge you.” Jungkook grabbed her delicate hand.

“As soon as I was spotted in the port I was taken prisoner and brought to the leader… they had already taken the southern islands.” She explained and Jungkook frowned. “I had never thought much of my appearance. No one in the south had ever cared about how you looked… I never realized silver foxes weren’t common.” She scoffed and Jungkook tightened his jaw in anger.

“Did they hurt you?” His voice was low and menacing; she shook her head.

“Not physically. I never mingled much with them while I stayed in the palace.” She said. “The leader’s name was Minseok. He was already old when I met him, an alpha, rough and cruel.” She said with a faraway look. “He had two sons; Chanyeol the first born and Taemin the youngest; both alphas.” She took a deep breath. “I thought he only wanted me for my fur…”

Jungkook frowned deeply at her resigned expression; she looked tired to relive the memories, but he figured this was what he needed to know.

“He didn’t want me… he wanted Jimin.” She lifted her gaze to Jungkook’s eyes; the look of confusion had her blinking away tears. “More exactly he wanted Jiseok’s firstborn.” She said.

“Why?” Jungkook was honestly confused.

“The previous king in the east was an old man with a kind and big heart who didn’t live long enough to unite both nations on his own terms. He had a first wife with whom he longed to have children, but she couldn’t conceive so he married a second woman; she soon got pregnant with Minseok.” She said and Jungkook nodded. “Only a week later his first wife was confirmed to be pregnant as well…”

Jungkook blinked several times trying to finally comprehend.

“The king faced the political problem with a simple thought. Whoever was born first would become his legitimate heir… the crown prince.” She said slowly. “The first queen gave birth first even though she was confirmed to have conceived later than the second.”

“So Minseok was not the crown prince.” Jungkook said with a deep frown.

“No.” She confirmed. “Jiseok was.”

Jungkook felt a void forming in his stomach, as he finally understood why… why Jimin was so wanted all around. Surely he was a fox too and it seemed silver foxes were not common either, but he was the son of the crown prince of the eastern fox nation. It meant that he was the rightful heir… the king of said nation.
Jimin was a king. Jimin was royalty. He had always been. They had snatched a prince and raised him like he was lucky to be there with them when it clearly was the other way around.

“Shit…” Jungkook stood from the chair and ran his hands through his hair trying to cope with this information. “He can’t kill Jimin. He can’t kill the rightful heir.” Jungkook said in quiet desperation, but she only gave him a sad smile.

“But he can… No one dares to go against Taemin’s word. Those who had end up dead or worst.” She said. “Jimin was promised to be his mate and you mated him first and he is pregnant too… There’s no way Taemin will let him live.” She said and Jungkook felt rage building up inside.

“He can’t. He can’t. He can’t touch a single hair of Jimin’s head. I will kill him before he dares… I will go right now and then-”

“You have a land to rule, your highness.” She cut him short with a serious face and Jungkook frowned down at her feeling like he was being lectured. “With how things are here I don’t think people will accept their king chasing after his mate, not matter how romantic this seems.” She said.

“I am talking about your son.” Jungkook said through gritted teeth and she nodded.

“I’ve been looking for him myself. I saw too many times into my kids’ futures, Jungkook-ssi. I can assure you that the blood I saw on Jimin’s future is not his.” She said seriously. “If you go after him I can assure you that blood will be yours.”
“I don’t think this is a good idea, your highness.” Chaerim said while she eyed Taehyung out of the corner of her eye. The alpha was loading a carriage along with other men.

“It is not.” Yoongi agreed letting Sehun help him with the official gear of the north, the armor was not heavy and was designed to keep him warm. “You should enjoy your time as queen regent while I am gone.” Yoongi said and Chaerim frowned deeply.

“You know I won’t. People hated my father and in extension they hate me.” She crossed her arms over her chest and Yoongi hummed absently.

“I don’t know… many of them have changed their mind after learning you were the one delivering food rations when they had nothing to eat or that you were the one to help me attain the crown.” He muttered and Sehun smiled while he continued to tie the armor on Yoongi’s side.

“You did what?” She asked in disbelief.

“Being a hero must feel nice, if not then it is a lost cause. It works for me too.” He said as Sehun finished and then turned to his cousin. “The north is not in conditions to fight, but if we get to that then fighting in the mountains will be better than in the dessert. I will take a few men and leave you the rest.”

“Are you doing this because of the fox?” She asked loudly and watched how Taehyung turned to give her a glare, Yoongi noticed too, but only sighed.

“I am not sure of what’s going on… Jungkook has not written in quite some time and he’s got loyal people around him.” Yoongi said. “Jimin is innocent and he doesn’t deserve what is happening to him… and even if I didn’t want to see Jungkook, I have another meeting with someone else that I cannot ignore.” He said and Chaerim frowned.

“Daesung doesn’t know about this meeting.” She said and then eyed Taehyung.

“Well… he wanted me to have someone I could trust here. That’s why Taehyung is here.” Yoongi said as he pulled out a small piece of parchment and handed it to her; she quickly unfolded it and read fast, her eyes widening.

“Sandeul is quite a big name…” She said handing the paper back with narrowed eyes. “Amongst pirates…” She added.

“I don’t want to know how you know that… But I am only telling you this in case you need to know where to send a messenger.” He explained.
“Are you going to tell your brother that you’re going to cross the southern sea?” She asked and Yoongi took a long moment before shaking his head.

“Jungkook is carrying enough weight as it is. It feels like this is the only way I can help anyway…” He sighed again. “I will leave most of the men at the capital and will continue down only with Sehun and Taehyung.” He explained and she nodded.

“Good luck then, your highness.” She said and he gave her a smile that showed his gums and Taehyung stared…

“No… good luck to you, my queen.” Yoongi said faking a bow and then he turned to leave. Sehun bowed to her as well and then they were all mounting their horses.

Taehyung rode his horse closer to Yoongi and pulled on the strings Sehun had just tied to make sure they were tight. Yoongi eyed him with a frown.

“Just checking… this is a job I could’ve done myself.” Taehyung commented, his eyes ahead, clearly pissed and Yoongi wanted to think Taehyung was sporting jealousy, but maybe not.

It was unclear were they stood on this whole ordeal after everything they had done in the intimacy of Yoongi’s bedroom. Taehyung had taken residence in Yoongi’s bedchambers, sharing his bed and his sleep every night.

Yoongi was confused… confused by the gentle touch when they weren’t fucking. Taehyung was a deep contrast and Yoongi was starting to comprehend a bit more of what the alpha was feeling and how he was dealing with the pain.

They were using each other to clear their systems of feelings for Jimin… and though Yoongi felt he had been faster on the task he wouldn’t judge Taehyung for his urge to hurt him when he was mounting him. Taehyung was dealing with the sense of guilt for having feelings for a man he should’ve killed long ago… the man that had placed his best friend in the most precarious situation.

Yoongi was greedy and patient… he wouldn’t mind to wait…

He was curious for what their future held or if they had a future at all.

…

It had been two weeks ever since they had left the coast and only two days since they had finally settled back in the palace. Hakyeon had given Jungkook a pledge of loyalty and told him he’d fight on the sea if he ever needed him, which was obvious he would. Jungkook didn’t have ships. The capital was too centric to have ever worried about sea wars. The only ships the kingdom owned were the merchants ones.

Jiho stared from the door at the sad sight that had become Jungkook. He had barely spoken a word or two ever since he had talked in private with Sohyang, as soon as he placed foot back in the eastern lands Jungkook had ordered to have all the pirates pick a side and as soon as they picked the wrong one they had been disposed.

Jieun had been staying in the third house, in one of the many rooms, trying to stomach the idea of so many deaths, but she wouldn’t understand… her heart was too soft and soft people died faster than anyone else.

The massacre had lasted almost the whole day, with the advantage that pirates did not do well on land. Jungkook had even shifted and Jiho had refrained from approaching him when the rogue prince
went on frenzy… completely feral while he tore apart wolf after wolf.

The fights had finished a couple of hours ago and now most of the southern alphas were cleaning the mess and Jiho knew Jungkook was far from stable, but he had people to rule and help; a land to guide and the elder wished he could’ve let him mourn his thoughts longer, but this required his immediate attention.

“I know you probably don’t want to hear this…” Jiho said as he watched the younger from the door; still shirtless, his mouth, chin, neck and chest covered in foreign blood, his eyes had gone a long way since the last time they were a natural color. The third prince looked downright wild. “They are asking for trial. A battle to death one.” Jiho specified and Jungkook only moved his eyes to look at the man from beneath his greasy bangs.

“Minho?” Jungkook’s voice was gruff and low.

“Yeah… they gathered his closest men. All of them are in cellars, ready to die at your hands… if you will.” Jiho said with a bow and Jungkook would’ve scoffed if not for how unsettled he felt ever since he had met Jimin’s mother. “Great opportunity too, if you ask me…” Jiho said with a shrug and Jungkook frowned. “If you want to attest authority and mercy at the same time… State Minho’s crimes, battle him to death and forgive his men.” Jiho numbered.

Jungkook felt like crying for only a second before feeling angry again; he just wanted Jimin. To hold him and kiss him and his pup… he leaned back and ran his hands through his hair in frustration.

“I don’t know what Sohyang-ssi told you, Jungkook, but the sooner you fix this mess, the sooner you’ll be going to the eastern islands to retrieve your mate.” Jiho said and Jungkook swallowed a thick lump. “Just… listen to me on this. If you state Minho’s crimes as acts that need punishment you will be teaching them, it is terrible to kill, but at this point I don’t think anything else will work. If you kill Minho it will tell everyone that you are not the kind of king that will turn a blind eye on them ever again. If you forgive his men people will understand that you can be compassionate too.” The pirate explained.

“I killed enough for one day.” Jungkook mumbled retreating into his offices and plopping down heavily on his chair again. Only then Jiho realized he had not seen him sleep at all since they left the coast; he just looked torn, worn and ready pass out.

“Yes, you did. Sleep and I will tell them you will be there tomorrow to tend the trial.” He said and Jungkook nodded, but the pirate doubted Jungkook would.

At this rate it was highly possible that he would end up losing the fight and that was something they couldn’t allow… Not at this point, not when everyone was so aware of Jungkook, his power, his mate and his morals.

Jiho wasn’t sure of who could help the young alpha, but in the end he’d have to make a hard decision.

…”

The sun was about to set and Jungkook’s eyes continued to stare out the window in his offices, letting the harsh light burn his pupils while he went over and over again over the memories he treasured of his mate. If he tried hard enough he could even pretend he was caressing Jimin’s belly, muttering sweet nothings to his unborn pup.

The mating mark was useless at this point. He could only tell his mate was alive and even though
that was relieving, he wanted more… he wanted to soak into Jimin’s feelings.

“Jungkook-ssi?” A soft voice called his name and he only moved his eyes towards the door to see Jieun there; she looked wary of him and he couldn’t blame her; she had seen him do some disgusting things. “I have prepared the bathhouse for you.” She said equally soft and he grunted.

“It wasn’t necessary.” He said gruffly. She took a deep breath and walked inside the offices until she was standing in front of him a slight frown on her face.

“It is. You not only are covered in dirt, sweat and blood, you stink too and this is not the look a prince should have.” She said and he stared into her clear eyes.

“I don’t care.” He said stubbornly.

“Jimin-ssi wouldn’t like to know you’re like this.” She said and something inside Jungkook’s chest ached. “Not only are you miserable, but you’re unable to take care of yourself. How on earth are you going to take care of him?” She asked in annoyance and Jungkook frowned deeply at her. “How can you take care of your people when you can’t even take a bath? Your mother-in-law is here, seeing you like this… completely surrendered to your feelings instead of acting upon them.” She continued and Jungkook felt his anger flaring. “If you continue to act like this it will only prove that Minho is right and you’re not only a kid, but a common rogue with no shame or values…” Her voice had gained volume and Jungkook was done already… his patience ready to snap. “Are you what he says you are? Are you, Jungkook-ssi? Because if you are, then I am about to give up with you and simply wa-!” She took a step back when Jungkook stood up.

“Shut up.” Jungkook growled as he turned and walked towards the door, but he stopped on the threshold before leaving. “Tell Youngjae I want meat and something spicy.” He said and then disappeared.

Jieun waited until she could no longer hear his footsteps to finally crumble down, clutching her heart because Jungkook was scary, but in the end Jiho had known better and his plan had worked.

…

Jimin was roused from his light sleep when the carriage he was in jolted and he looked around blearily, confused for a moment before remembering where he was. He was drenched in sweat, pale and in pain. He rubbed a hand over his navel and then sat up, grunting at the dizziness that overcame him.

The door to the carriage opened and Moonbyul made her way in, she was freezing form the harsh wind and Jimin distinctly smelled the scent of sea. He blinked already knowing where they were. His sister swiftly grabbed a bag and pulled out thick clothes pushing the blankets off his body and helping him in the new set.

“Yifan has a ship waiting for him.” Moonbyul explained and Jimin nodded not really caring, he was scared for his pup; that was it. So far there hadn’t been a threat, but that didn’t stop Jimin from wondering if he’d be able to protect himself if a threat ever came his way. “We are far up north, sailing to the eastern islands will take us two weeks at most.” She said and Jimin sighed.

The door opened again and Kai appeared there.

“Come on, we have to leave soon.” He said and Jimin stood up with Moonbyul’s help and then made his way over to the door, grabbing onto Kai’s hand tightly.

The wolf helped him down the carriage and Jimin shivered at the cold wind slapping against his face.
Kai smiled and pulled the hoodie up and lifted the collar of Jimin’s clothes to cover up his nose. The fox looked up at him with gratitude.

“I think you will like this.” Kai said as he helped the fox walk towards the port; most of the men working there were completely covered from the harsh wind, they moved fast from one side to the other, minding their own business.

Jimin took notice that it was a rather big town at the coast, ships lined up against the deck and men carrying huge boxes onto them… it was lively and the sea made Jimin warm somehow. The sight felt familiar in a weird way, but he guessed that if he had been born in an island it was most common to feel this way.

Jimin was helped towards the deck and then onto a ship… he was about to step down from the platform when he felt his balance give way, but suddenly there was another hand grasping his.

“Thank you!” He said, alarmed by the close call. He looked down at the person that had helped him and was a bit surprised to see he was a fox, he had big black ears and a furry black tail, but he was undoubtedly a fox.

“You must be Jimin-ssi.” The man said, he was taller than Jimin with wild black hair and lovely tanned skin. “It is a pleasure to finally meet you.” He said and made a deep bow that made Jimin confused. “I am amazed to finally be in the presence of a prince.” He said with a mischievous look.

“Yah, be careful Yukwon-ah. You don’t want to be heard by the wrong people.” Kai said as he helped Moonbyul into the ship; she had a slight frown on her forehead at the words from the other fox.

“Aren’t you a prince though, Jimin-ssi?” Yukwon asked with a crooked smirk. “I was told you were a prince’s mate… Doesn’t that make you a prince?” He asked and Jimin blinked in confusion. “Anyway… my name is Yukwon! Owner of the ship and I would like to say loyal to my crown, but… I can’t. Not when the crown is on the wrong head.” He said and Jimin felt even more confused.

“Shut up. If Yifan hears you he will have your head.” Kai warned.

“I’d like to see him try.” Yukwon scoffed and then turned to look amongst his crew; only then Jimin noticed most of them were foxes. “Jaehyo-ah!” He called and Jimin watched another fox turn around. Beautiful face with a lanky but tall body; his fur was brown and he had a lovely smile when he approached them. “Could you please show Jimin-ssi and his sister their quarters?” He said proudly and Jaehyo nodded excitedly before motioning for them to follow, but before they could move a man jumped behind them into the ship.

Jimin was startled, but not the other men; he turned in time to see a wolf with a mean look on his face; he was carrying a bag on one hand and looked thoroughly annoyed.

“What can I do for you?” Yukwon wondered with a slight frown.

“You’re headed for the eastern island, right?” The man asked and Yukwon nodded. “Then take this to the king.” He said and threw the bag towards Yukwon that barely caught it before opening it and looking inside.

Jimin placed a hand on his mouth and nose at the stench.

“Tell him this is a warning from the king in the mainland.” He said and Jimin’s ears perked at that. “Tell him this will be his fate if they ever cross paths the wrong way.” He said and Yukwon puled
out the head from the bag, holding it from its hair.

Jimin gasped at the sight of Jonghyun’s head.

“And what is this king’s name?” Yukwon asked looking at the butchered skin of the neck. “I thought the real king had died in a fire…” He added.

“Yeah, a fire this man caused.” The pirate said motioning to the head. “Jungkook is his name; Seokjun’s third son, his only alpha too. Rumored to have lost his mind after his mate died or something… he fucking carved his brother’s name on this man’s back before slitting his throat open and then… he butchered the head off, threw it at my feet and told me to give it as a present to the king in the eastern islands.” He said. “Tell Taemin… the new king’s name is Jungkook.” The man said while Yukwon continued to admire the head.

“Yeah, sorry to pop your bubble, but I am not traveling with a fucking head in my ship.” Yukwon said as he approached the rail and dropped the bag with the head in the ocean; the pirate’s eyes narrowed. “I am sure Taemin-ssi doesn’t need another reason to claim the mainland.” Yukwon said seriously.

Jimin frowned deeply at that. This was completely new to him; Taemin wanted to claim the mainland?

“Yeah…” The pirate said and looked around to make sure he was safe to speak. “Tell him the southern land is taken too. This man is good… people are willing to follow him.” He said and Yukwon scoffed.

“You just said he was crazy.”

“Maybe… maybe he’s just finally doing what needs to be done. Jonghyun is dead and we are putting our ship to his service. Hakyeon too… What are you going to do, Yukwon-ah?” He asked and Jimin looked at Yukwon in expectation.

“Sorry…” Yukwon smiled. “My king is yet to be announced. Until the crown in the islands falls on the right head I am not pledging loyalty to anyone.” He said and the pirate spat to the side in annoyance.

“Yet you’re shipping on Taemin’s accord.”

“It is convenient.” Yukwon winked and then took a deep breath. “Anyway… we have things to do, seas to sail and people to meet. Be gone!” He waved a hand and Jimin watched the pirate leave. “Jaehyo, take them to their chambers.” He said.

Jimin finally moved to follow the other fox… it was almost unreal to see so many foxes mingling with wolves and not being preys. It was nice.

“I can’t kill Minho.” Jungkook said and everyone in the room frowned at his words; Jungkook sighed heavily feeling all of their gazes on him. “List his crimes.”

“Really?” Hwasa asked with a scoff, but she noticed how Jieun and Jiho’s eyes widened as if they suddenly realized something. “For starters we can say he is a rapist and a killer.” She said as if that was enough and Jungkook nodded.

“Yes… that should be enough to kill him with reason.” Jungkook admitted and Hwasa felt even
more confused.

“Those things were not your fault…” Jieun suddenly said and all eyes turned to her. Jungkook stood from his chair and walked around the space before the table with the war map.

“I have killed before… just like them. Killed because I had to eat or protect myself, or because I was chased as a hunting game.” He explained and realization downed on them; the knowledge of what kind of life Jungkook had lived in the south once. The young wolf lifted his eyes and locked them with Hwasa’s. “I have raped too.” He swallowed thickly.

Silence stretched over them and Jungkook looked back to Namjoon’s gaze this time.

“Seokjin-hyeong would’ve understood. I cannot judge a man for the same crime I’ve committed.” He said and suddenly Hwasa was stepping forward, teeth grinding together.

“Then say the word and I will kill him myself.” Her eyes flashed red. “We’ve come too far to step back on this point.”

“She’s right.” Jieun said softly.

“Apologize.” Namjoon suddenly said and Jungkook frowned at him. “Alphas don’t need your apologies, but omegas do. Apologize to them; teach alphas what they’ve been doing wrong. Condemn Minho for other crimes… like treason, thievery and conspiracy.” He stated. “You are a good man, Jungkook. I know your brother didn’t ask me to trust you for nothing. This won’t be the first or the last bump on your road, if you give up like this now then I am going back on my word…” His voice was deep and left not space for doubts.

Jungkook swallowed thickly and turned to look at Mark, the captain was sporting a kind smile, encouraging. When he spoke, his voice was filled with determination.

“Sounds like we have a plan, your highness.”

…

Jungkook decided to ride his horse flanked by his closest men and Hwasa. Jiho and Jieun had told him they’d be there when he arrived to the new risen town, home of rogues; omegas and alphas all the same and what little betas the south had.

He frowned a bit as soon as he crossed the first houses and markets… people stopped to look at him. Very much like had happened once when he had first met Jieun, but this time he was forced to slow his horse down so that he wouldn’t hurt someone.

People started to call his name… call him king…

He blinked several times as he realized the streets were now crowded with people, all of them waving and smiling at him. He made his way slowly towards the place he had been told about.

“I think there is no need to worry, Jungkook-ah…” Mark said close to him, handing him a yellow flower a woman had passed him, the young alpha taking it and examining it in disbelief. “These people love you.”

“Because they don’t know what I’ve done.” Jungkook felt guilty.

“I think they do know, Jungkook, but they care for the greater things you’ve done. They care for the fact that you changed.” Mark said softly. “Remember what Seunghyun said, alphas here care for
power and strength. I think you have that already. Omegas care for justice… I think you have proven that too.” Mark patted his back as they finally arrived to the cage.

Jungkook saw Yongguk, Junghong, Taeyang, Seungri, Kyung, Jiho and Jieun standing close to it… people already surrounding it to witness the trial. He stared at them all from the height of his horse and was surprised when Jieun dropped to her knees in a bow.

Jiho was next and then the others did too… He was astounded when everyone else followed suit after them… simply unreal to have the strongest men in the south to kneel before him, but even more unbelievable to have everyone else do so as well.

Minho stared with wide eyes from inside the cage… a looming sensation overcoming his senses, the silence was thick with tension and Jungkook felt like he shouldn’t waste more time. He jumped down from his horse and climbed up the side of the cage until he was atop.

He took a deep breath, watching as people started to lift their faces and stand up again. He knew what he wanted to say and many of them probably knew it, but many of them didn’t.

“My name is Jeon Jungkook! My mother was Jeon Haneul!” He yelled, trying to calm his nerves. “She was a rogue omega. Daughter of a commander… I heard she was strong and fearless, but I never met her because she died giving birth to me.” He said, no one said another word. “My father was Kim Seokjun. The king that unified the lands… or at least he tried.” He sighed.

He found Jieun’s eyes in the crowd and she nodded, encouraging him to go on; he took a deep breath and continued. Wishing Jimin was here by his side.

“The south not only runs in my veins, but it was my home since I was born and until I turned five and then I came back when I was fifteen and until I was twenty!” He said with a grimace at the memories. “Some of you may remember me! Running down the streets, fighting to death for a ration of food or simply because of the need to stay alive. I have killed!” He said. “My hands are bloodied.”

There was a collective murmur, but he couldn’t make out what was being said. Most faces looked angered, but not at him precisely.

“I killed the first man when I was sixteen! I can’t even remember why… all I know is… I was scared and I wanted to live.” He explained. “After that many more men died at my hands and I can’t remember their faces or how many… I had to kill because that as the only law I knew in the south. That’s the only law you knew in the south.”

Another collective murmur and some nods here and there. He saw an elderly woman crying silently, a hand over her mouth.

“I had my first rut when I was fifteen and because of a misunderstanding I was condemned to go back to the south. My cycles were off after that, but the next time I had another one I was placed in a cellar, tied to the bars so I couldn’t move, starved and forgotten for almost three days until they untied me and sent in an omega, to give me water.” He swallowed a lump in his throat because these were things his men didn’t know about. “I raped her.” He said; voice strained. “I killed her.”

This time only silence greeted his words and he lowered his eyes, his nose was burning, but he calmed his nerves before looking up again.

“Given a choice I would’ve never killed those men… I would’ve never raped that woman… or the ones they would’ve killed if I didn’t. A part of me wanted to believe those omegas wanted to live even though they had to be forced to tend my needs when in rut in return.” He saw some omegas
lowering their heads. “I am sorry.”

His apology fell heavy on everyone and he saw the shame on some alphas; he saw some crying and some looking plainly relieved, as if they had been waiting all their lives to hear that.

“No one deserves that.” He added. “I have a mate… and he’s the man I’ve loved since I was a kid.” He said and some of them smiled at him. “Given a choice, he’d be the only omega I would’ve ever touched. He is the one who marked me.” He said as he pulled on his collar and showed the scar on his shoulder. “And I am not afraid, because I love him and I am his as much as he is mine, but the fact remains; I committed those crimes.”

He looked around the faces, the understanding and sympathy.

“These men in the cage are here for those very same crimes and the only thing that separates them from me is that I never raped because I enjoyed the imposition. I never killed because I found pleasure from proving my strength.” Jungkook looked down at the criminals. “They are also here for treason, thievery and conspiracy. Minho has been appointed as their leader, thus if the rest of them confess to their crimes, pledge loyalty to my name and swear to never incur on these again they will be forgiven. If not then they will face their fate in the last trial in a cage.” He said leaving no space for doubts.

Another collective hum and he noticed how Jieun was smiling up at him.

“This will be the last time our conflicts are resolved through the cage!” Jungkook said loudly. The silence was thick with anxiety and excitement. “Thieves, rapists, killers… all of them will from now on be judged for their wrongdoings and punished accordingly, and I don’t care if this is not how the south has gone about it for past centuries. It is how it will go from now on.” He said, he saw some omegas look around as if expecting someone to say otherwise.

“Kill our traditions, why don’t you?!” Minho yelled and then laughed maniacally when no one spoke up. “So you get to judge and condemn our sins?! You will make the south submit?!”

“Haven’t you done the same?” Jungkook asked him in a leveled voice, only a few heard, but the hum became evident. “I will fight you and whoever else wants to go against the crown.” He said and looked around, making sure they all understood. “I am willing to hear your concerns and help as much as I can, but to do that I need you to trust in me… in my cause and ideals.” He said again.

“So be it.” Minho said seriously. “I will kill you and become king.” He said as Jungkook looked down and then jumped inside the cage, eyeing the other rogues.

Jungkook would’ve guessed he’d see more men here, but it seemed Minho’s crew had been reduced to Siwon, Leeteuk, Kyuhyun and Donghae. All of which Jungkook had met back in his teen days. All of them stood up from the ground, looking ready to snap if provoked.

Kyuhyun was the first one to step back; he was a tall man with muscles, a rather impassive face and dark hair and fur. Jungkook had always thought he looked lost, merely following the first people he met, but then again many pups grew up like that in the south.

“Scared, Kyuhyun-ah?” Donghae asked in a mocking tone of voice. The younger man simply made sure his back was against the cage.

“I confess!” Kyuhyun said loudly as he fell to his knees, he looked pale and sick, probably too scared of what was happening. “I have done all of those things and I swear to never do them again. I will follow you…” He said making eye contact with Jungkook and finally bowing until his nose was
an inch above the ground.

“Thank you, Kyuhyun.” Jungkook said. “Please step out of the cage.” He added and the young wolf stood quickly and started to climb the side with a bit of difficulty.

“It is a pity your brother is dead.” Siwon spoke next and Jungkook stared at him, deciding if his words were honest or not. “Always thought he’d be the one making this better.” He sighed heavily.

“I hoped he’d be too.”

“I confess… I stole and killed; of those I am guilty. I swear to never do them again and for as long as you are a just king I will follow.” Siwon said with a narrowed gaze and Jungkook held it for a long moment before nodding.

“Fair enough. Step out.” Jungkook said and the man moved, but Donghae placed a hand on his shoulder to stop him.

“What? Are you even a rogue?!” He was furious, when he tried to attack Siwon the man seized his neck with one hand.

“Take a pick, I don’t care, but I am tired of this…” He growled out and then pushed the man back making him fall on his butt, but Donghae was not letting up.

He jumped up and shifted in mid-air, Minho did the same and suddenly Leeteuk was shifting as well. Jungkook took a step back. He hadn’t foreseen that he’d be fighting against three wolves.

He shifted into his huge black wolf, his fangs on display and growls reverberating through his chest. From outside the cage, Jiho stared worriedly and so did Jieun.

“I know he is strong, but… he cannot fight against three wolves at the same time!” She gave Jiho a concerned glance and bit don on his lower lip.

“But he has to. This is the main event and even though southern people want to be free they also need reassurance that their new leader is strong enough to take down these criminals on his own.” Jiho said and Jieun felt angry at the prospect.

“You can do it, Jungkook.”

…

“How far along are you?” Jaehyo asked when he brought Jimin his food; the silver fox looked up from the book the very same man had lent him a few days ago.

“Three months and two weeks. Right halfway through.” Jimin smiled up at the fox.

Jaehyo was nice, calm and always ready to help anyone. In the few days Jimin had been sailing, the man had been the only one visiting him on a daily basis aside from his sister and Kai.

“Are you from the islands?” Jimin asked when Jaehyo sat in front of his with his big eyes glued to Jimin’s protruding belly; he seemed eager to touch and Jimin would’ve let him, but it always made him sour that other people got to touch his belly but the actual father.

“Yes, but I left a few years ago to live with Yukwon in the sea.” Jaehyo said, always a pleasing smile on his face and Jimin slowly started to realize it was actually fake. “Helps my stress.” He said with a forced chuckle.
“What was it like? Life in the islands.” Jimin asked and watched how Jaehyo’s eyes filled with uncertainty and then determination.

“Yukwon trusts you so… I guess I could do too.” He said and Jimin gave a small smile trying to encourage him. “I grew up in the palace’s kitchens. The last king noticed me once and he asked that I became his personal butler; said he liked to stare at pretty things.” He said reminiscing of the old memories. “My mother was quick to accept and I received nice clothes.” He looked eager for a moment. “It was a whole new world for a boy from the kitchens.”

“I bet it was…” Jimin mumbled still running his hands over his belly and listening.

“The king sometimes allowed me to eat with him at the same table. I never understood why he’d let me do such things and no one ever told me to be careful… he gifted me with fabrics and jewels, but I was still nothing but his butler.” Jimin already knew what was to come and he braced himself. “When I turned sixteen I presented as an alpha.” Jaehyo explained and Jimin frowned. “Surprised? I know I have no scent.” He gave a bitter chuckle.


“The king was disappointed, obviously.” Jaehyo lowered his gaze. “I had heard the king was a mean man, but I had never witnessed his acts, not until I presented… The night of my first rut he came to my bedroom and…” His face filled with dread and fear.

“He raped you?” Jimin asked feeling cold and wary when Jaehyo smiled and shook his head.

“No, that night he made sure nothing down there would ever work again.” Jaehyo said and Jimin widened his eyes. “I am an alpha only to those who knew I presented once as such. To the rest I am a beta, scentless and mangled.” He explained. “Of course he raped me later on… and then he started to beat me. For serving his food late, for serving it early, for being too quiet, for talking back, for being scared, for holding his gaze, for smiling, for not smiling, for being an alpha, for feeling pain when he raped me… I don’t know… anything and everything.”

“I am really sorry…” Jimin felt his eyes filling with tears and Jaehyo shook his head.

“I used to be so on edge, scared and worried that I couldn’t eat or sleep so I fell sick. He was kind enough to send me to a healer. I met Yukwon there.” He explained. “He was delivering meds when he saw me in the bed… I can’t remember much of it, but next time I came to I was in a ship, being fed in a comfy bed.” Jaehyo smiled.

“Yukwon-ssi is an alpha too.” Jimin said with a slight frown and Jaehyo nodded.

“He is. I mean… we don’t really chose who we love. It just happens. He is well aware that alphas’ bodies are not meant to take, but to give… he is aware that for me, pleasure comes along with too much pain, but we’ve learned to balance each other.” Jaehyo shrugged and Jimin smiled.

“I am happy that you at least found him.” Jimin said honestly and Jaehyo nodded.

“He found me.” Jaehyo said. “If had presented as a beta or an omega I would’ve been locked for the king longer, I’d probably still be there, so… being an alpha is okay.” He nodded and Jimin did as well. “I heard a bit of your story from Yukwon. He’s always so aware of rumors and such.” Jaehyo said and Jimin seemed confused for a moment.

“How? I mean… how could he know?” Jimin wondered and Jaehyo gave him a confused look.

“I mean… Most people here thought you were dead.” Jaehyo said looking equally confused.
“Most people? What are you talking about?” Jimin asked and Jaehyo let his eyes slowly widen as he finally realized that Jimin was truly unaware of his own importance.

The tense moment was broken when the door opened and Jimin’s ears immediately flattened against his head when he saw Yifan there, the alpha looked and Jaehyo with indifference and the young fox gave him a tight and fake smile before standing from the bed and making his way out of the room.

When the door closed, Yifan moved around the small bedroom, looking around as if he was interested by anything at all. He stopped by the rounded window and looked on the sea.

“I hope you’re enjoying the trip.” Yifan said and turned to look down at the fox with a pleasant smile, but Jimin was glaring at him. “I guess you have every right to be angry, Jimin-ssi.” He said and then sighed heavily. “But some lives are owned by their own destinies and yours in particular is bound by a bigger purpose.” He said and Jimin frowned.

“I don’t even know you. All I know is that you serve this Taemin and by how things happened I guess he is the enemy.” Jimin stood from the bed, wishing he were taller to look more menacing.

“The enemy?” Yifan asked with a scoff. “You are a fox, he is a fox. You should know you’ve been sleeping with the enemy… quite literally.” The man said eyeing the swollen belly and Jimin placed hand over it protectively.

“You cannot say anything about me, you don’t know me.” Jimin almost growled out and Yifan hummed with a cunning smile as he paced around the room again.

“I know more about you than you think.” Yifan said. “I guess you should be aware of certain things before we arrive.” He said and Jimin frowned. “Do you know anything about your father, Jimin-ssi?” he asked and Jimin blinked a few times in confusion.

“His name was Jiseok…” He said in a small voice.

“Oh, yes. His name was Jiseok.” Yifan said with a nod and Jimin swallowed thickly, maybe he wasn’t ready to hear what Yifan wanted to say. “His father was the king.” He said and Jimin’s eyes widened in disbelief. “The king in the eastern islands, king of the foxes… Do you understand what that makes you?” Yifan asked.

Jimin continued to stare into the other man’s eyes, completely disbelieving of what he was saying. What it meant. It didn’t make any sense with the life Jimin had lived up until now to realize he was the son of a prince.

“Jiseok was the rightful heir to the throne. So that makes you his rightful successor.” Yifan smirked at the paleness of Jimin’s face. “Of course there were some issues because your father refused to mate and marry the woman his father chose and in the end ran away with your mother. You are on the exact same level as Taemin-ssi and he knows, that’s why his father fixed the problem with the arranged marriage between you two.” Yifan explained.

“I am not going to marry him or anyone else. I have a mate. Someone I love.” Jimin said seriously feeling his anger growing. “I don’t care for those things. I am not going to be forced into anything, I never was and I am not starting now.” Jimin’s voice was low and dangerous for an omega; Yifan frowned down at him.

“Are you suffering from the delusion that you have a choice?” Yifan asked with a mocking tone. “Taemin-ssi is not kind like the princes you’ve met, he won’t care that you are pregnant or mated. He has ripped mating marks before, watched mates dying from the sole pain of it, and enjoyed it too.
Raped and flogged for his own pleasure.” Yifan numbered out and against his own will Jimin felt scared.

“I won’t let him touch me.” Jimin said through gritted teeth and Yifan shook his head before grasping the omega’s shoulders.

“If I can give you advice it’d be to stay low… don’t talk back, don’t anger him, don’t glare at him and let him always do what he wants. If you want to live… if you want the slightest chance to actually give birth to your pup.” Yifan said and Jimin felt his lower lip trembling and his eyes burning with unshed tears, but when he spoke his voice was firm.

“I won’t let him touch me or my pup. I won’t.”

...

Sohyang was not worried per se. Jungkook’s back was filled with scratches and deep gashes, bloodied and torn apart, but the alpha hadn’t complained even once since she arrived to his chambers to heal his wounds.

The alpha had refused the healer’s help before, but when she crossed the threshold with a few rags and bandages he had no chance to say no. Her crutches made the task of carrying stuff difficult, but she insisted and now he was sitting on the mattress with her sitting behind him, healing the wounds over the inked skin.

“I’ll ask them to prepare some tea for you, it will help with the pain.” She said as she continued to clean the blood first, considering stitching some of the deeper wounds.

“I don’t drink tea and I am not in pain.” He said in a gruff voice and she hummed softly not wanting to rile him up, but the alpha seemed too quiet and down, she was a bit worried by his silence.

She had given him bad news when she had seen his future and she figured the man was not particularly fond of her. He didn’t have to be, actually… She was fine as long as the man could make her son happy, but now Jimin was not there and she felt guilty.

“Can I hear how it went?” She asked and there was a long moment of silence in which she feared Jungkook wouldn’t answer, but then his voice was heard, gruff and low.

“As good as it could.” He said. “While I am here trying to be something I am not Jimin is probably being tortured. Feels wrong. I cannot be here, but I cannot be there.” Jungkook said and she sighed heavily.

“Decisions are made every day. Futures can change every day.” She said and Jungkook took a deep breath.

“Could it be mine has changed?” He asked and she placed her hand on his shoulder.

“I need to be staring in your eyes to see it.” She said and Jungkook moved to turn around, towering over her, leaning slightly and reaching out his hands to her much smaller ones.

She took a deep breath while she held his hands, examining the dirtied fingers and bloodied nails. She knew he was sad and too gone in missing Jimin to take care of himself and it pained her the amount of love she could visibly see in this man for her son.

“You need to understand this is not something explicit… and-”
“And it can change. I know. We all made decisions every day.” He nodded and she looked up at him in a bit of surprise. “It is all you can tell me Sohyang-ssi. I think I have already made my decision…” He said and she tightened her hold on his hands.

“Very well…” She said and then Jungkook looked into her silvery eyes when they shone a bright blue.

It was fairly dark before Jungkook finally made something out. The thick fog cleared only a bit for him to distinguish an open place filled with snow, cold and unforgiving with the blizzard, he shivered as if he could feel the coldness.

Behind a high mountain covered in snow he saw a dragon flying up into the sky; the sky cleared, bright blue a sun burning down on the dragon until Jungkook saw the beast lighting up in flames and then it was falling and falling, the snow replaced by darkness until it landed in what looked like the night sky only to be a reflection of it on the water. A bright full moon surrounded by little stars glinting down, but the dragon bled to death in the water.

So much blood… so much that it poured out of the lake and stained the grass… so much blood that Jungkook felt like he was drowning.

Sohyang let go of his hands in a rough pull and Jungkook gasped when the magic pulled from him; he focused on her wide eyes; she looked scared and he understood why… If she was right and he was the dragon then it was pretty obvious he had foreseen his own death.

He tightened his jaw.

“I am not scared. If I have the slightest chance to get Jimin back and safe then dying is worth it, but I cannot be away from my mate when he’s pregnant and in danger.” He said and she frowned slightly.

“You were right…” She said and he held her gaze. “You’ve made your choice already.” She said and he nodded. “You know what awaits you there and you still…”

“I love Jimin. I cannot let him do this alone, I need him.” He said and she sighed heavily, her shoulders slumping in defeat.

“I know. You will wait for the snow.” She said and cocked her head to the side. “I am not sure what the snow represents, but you will have to wait for it.” She said and he frowned a bit, considering the options before it downed on him.

“Yoongi-hyeong.”
Guys, I am sorry this took me so long to update, but really...

First i was sick and then work became too much and then i fell sick again and i honestly fell deep into shit with it.

You can skip this part.

On September 1th i received news from some classmates from school to tell me that the boy i used to have a crush on killed himself just one month after his mother died. I was speechless.

Truth be told, i was never close to my classmates from school because they used to bully me and stuff, but that never stopped someone from falling in love. I am not sure why i am telling you all this.

After i learned of his death something weird happened to me... in the past i often wondered about suicide and i always felt too much of a coward to actually act upon it and then i started to work and fear turned into "i can't do it because i have to take care of my family" and anyway... I think we all wonder about it sometimes, but after he died i just started to dream about him every single night.

I cannot explain... I started to delve into his death; asking how was it and one of his closest friends, who happened to be a rather close one of mine told me everything about it... How they had talked the night before about watching a football game together, about what they’d do for his birthday in october, about the girl he was currently dating, about how he was coping with his mother's death, about some outing they had the next day.

He told his friend he was fine, his girlfriend was staying with some aunt in some other town at the moment, he told him he already had packed for the next day and that he'd be punctual on the bus stop. They said their goodbyes and then apparently his brother called him to ask if he wanted to watch the game in his house instead of alone. He declined. He hung himself that night.

I was honestly sick, but a part of me was in denial... what was it like to leave people behind? I went on his FB account and i didn't realize i scrolled through his whole timeline, checked all his pictures and read all the comments on them.

I am not sure what i was hoping to find, but then i came to realize that it was nothing. There was nothing there that could've told people he was going to do that... and even though we were never friends i felt ridiculously guilty about it. Why? How could no one
notice?

Anyway... suicide has always been a rather odd topic for me. I feel weirdly affected to the point i cried my eyes out when he died. We were never close. He even mocked me when i told him i liked him. He was a popular kid. He had tons of friends and went to many parties, always had girls to pick from, but... in the end none of that mattered enough for him to stay.

I think some of you might know why i am saying this.

I kept on thinking... i will say this about BTS because this is a BTS fiction, but we don't really know how they are. We think what we see is real, but we will never know, we sometimes are so sure this is how they are or that is how they feel, but... we don't know.

You can obviously disagree, but i just wanted to say this because i am scared... Scared that we take for granted how our idols feel.

Kpop pulled me out of a deep depression years ago and it is just really sad to think that the same people who cheered me up are going through what i felt sometimes or even worst.

This is just how i think and i wanted to share it, of course you can disagree...

We just need to respect each other a bit more... respect how we feel even if you don't know each other.

I hope you enjoy the reading ahead.

“We have a letter from the west.” Jaebum announced as he entered the main office in the third house, not for the last time wondering why Jungkook insisted on staying there when he could use the royal room from the main palace. The young prince had also forbid anyone from calling him king.

Jungkook looked up from the map and swiftly took the parchment from Jaebum’s hands. He quickly broke the seal and unfolded the paper to read. His eyes moving swiftly form left to right until a long sigh escaped his lips.

“Something wrong?” Namjoon asked from the desk in which he had been helping with paperwork, things Jungkook was not too good on doing and maybe required a bit too much of brain to deal with, money and debts and whatnot.

“All the omegas and betas Seokjin-hyeong sent to the west for protection refuse to come back now that they know the capital has expanded.” Jungkook sighed and plopped down in another chair, pressing the heels of his hands to his eyes in frustration. Namjoon chuckled as he continued to write, but spoke as well.

“You don’t seem to enjoy this ruling thing.” He commented and Jungkook hummed.

“I remember I once thought I’d be king. Jimin made me change my mind.” He said and Namjoon listened while he wrote. “When Seokjin-hyeong died I felt obligated to assume his position, but… I guess all along I never wanted this.”

“People from the south acknowledge your ruling.” Namjoon said.
“Yes, but they would’ve acknowledged Seokjin-hyeong’s ruling as well if he had ever had a chance to let them know him.” Jungkook knew Namjoon had had feelings for his brother.

After many nights sharing drinks, swarming with the bitterness of not having their significant other by their side, Jungkook had come to know a lot of what had transpired all along with his older brother and his royal guard. They had become closer and after once finding out that Jungkook was, perhaps, giving too much money to one of the citadels, Namjoon had decided he could be of more help than just for his sword and fighting abilities.

“Your brother would’ve been the perfect king. Kind and collected, always thinking on everyone else’s behalf and putting others before himself. Omegas are like that by nature… Why would we even want an alpha as a king? I sometimes wonder about those things…” Namjoon sighed and Jungkook stared at him a bit confused until he found himself nodding.

“You’re right. If omegas are like that it makes sense they are the rulers… Who ever got the idea that an alpha was better at it?” Jungkook asked with a groan.

“It is not like that. That’s why when an alpha becomes king he is supposed to marry an omega. Rule together so that they can give the best of their own abilities to make a good system, but over time… when the omegas got pregnant, they obviously found less time to deal with political affairs and thus the alphas assumed more power…” Namjoon continued to speak, unaware of Jungkook’s and Jaebum’s interested looks. “Over the years it became an implicit behavior… an acquired conduct to believe alphas were meant to rule alone.”

“Hyeong…” Jungkook spoke and the title made Namjoon look up at him in surprise. It was the first time Jungkook pulled close the gap of royalty and servant. “How do you even know this stuff?” He asked and Namjoon gave a brief questioning look to Jaebum.

“I read.” He finally replied and then continued to write a bit flushed by the attention. “In any case, what I am trying to say is that… even though omegas and alphas have different traits of personality and anatomy, they are supposed to work together to guide a pack.” Namjoon said, deciding to ignore their stares. “Omegas are obviously weaker if it comes to physical strength, but… for example…” He eyed Jungkook. “Pregnant omegas are known to fight to death if their pup or mate are in danger and cannot defend themselves at the moment and are known to pull strength out of nowhere, they would fight a lost cause, where alphas would turn around and survive.” He explained.

“That doesn’t make me feel any better.” Jungkook groaned.

“I am trying to tell you that Jimin-ah will make sure to keep your pup safe.” Namjoon said and Jungkook decided to keep quiet on that; he was not about to share such deep feelings with anyone.

“I will think about this some other time, Jaebum.” He said as he motioned to the letter and then stood to leave the office. Namjoon eyed him warily, but then continued to write.

Jungkook walked down the hall deep in thought. He was not ready to admit to anyone outside his relationship that he was not that scared for his pup’s life as he was about Jimin’s. It might sound despicable of him, but Jimin’s life was priority… of course he’d want to save both, but if he was made to chose then the decision would be easy for him… it filled him with shame, but what else could he do if they came down to that?

“You look troubled, my lord.” Jungkook jumped a bit and turned around to see Jieun standing behind him with a basket filled with recently washed sheets.

“What are you doing?” Jungkook frowned and she gave him a sarcastic look gesturing to the basket.
in her arms. “What are you doing here, Jieun-ssi; in the palace. You don’t work here.” He corrected and she shrugged.

“I like to keep an eye on you… make sure you actually eat and bathe.” She said and he felt annoyed as he crossed his arms over his broad chest. “Someone has to do it since Jimin-ssi is not here.” She added.

“I am not a kid. I take care of myself ever since I was a kid.” He said and she clucked her tongue in fake disappointment.

“You fail at it every single day.” She said and he was about to speak, but she beat him to it. “Do you mind if I cut your hair a bit? It is getting in the way.” She said and he blinked several times, his hands reaching to his shoulders where his wild black locks rested and he sighed.

“Please do, I never enjoyed the long hair.” He said and then they both walked to one of the many inner gardens, he sat on a bench and she pulled a blanket to place it over his shoulders.

“Every night I wonder if I’ll get to see you next day.” She said while pulling a sharp knife and starting to pull on the dark strands of hair to cut through them with slow calculated movements.

“Why?” He asked with a slight frown, his hands resting on his knees while he listened closely to the cutting motions.

“So hyang-ssi told me she feared for your life… she didn’t say much more, but I keep on wondering if you’ll maybe die from starvation or drowned in your own filth.” She said and Jungkook scoffed; in all honesty, Jieun amused him and she had become a nice company.

“She said future could change based on our every-day decisions… I am not worried about my life.” He said honestly and then heaved a long sigh. “I am worried about Jimin…” He admitted and she hummed softly.

“That was obvious, but Jimin is a strong person and we can only trust his intuition.” She said and Jungkook closed his eyes briefly.

“I love Jimin, but he has the worst intuition ever. He trusts easily and sometimes is blinded to people’s true intentions. The fact that he is pregnant also worries me, means he might be ready to fight a lost cause, just like Namjoon said.” Jungkook gnawed on his bottom lip.

“So… you are going to get him?” She asked and Jungkook nodded; there was no point on hiding it. “You cannot leave your throne alone, though.” She said and Jungkook frowned slightly at the realization.

“That’s why I must wait for Yoongi-hyeong.” He said and Jieun stopped her motions.

“You think your brother is going to help you?” She asked and Jungkook snorted and turned to look at her over his shoulder.

“Hard to believe someone like Yoongi would help anyone?” He asked and she shrugged, he smiled and then lowered his eyes to the ground. “Jimin would’ve convinced you that Yoongi was a sweetheart. He is not.” Jungkook corrected at the end. “No matter how much Jimin loves him… Yoongi is still cold and mostly ruthless. I am glad he didn’t present as an alpha… he would’ve become unstoppable.”

“But you still want to leave him in the throne before you leave?” She asked and Jungkook sighed.
“Only momentarily… until I come back.” If I come back… He wanted to say, but there was no point in making her anxious. “I just… I’ve come to realize I never wanted to rule. Namjoon does most of it I just… I am just a picture people like and they might like Yoongi even more.” He said.

“I will always trust you, Jungkook. If you think your brother will do good, then I will believe you.” She said and he nodded once.

“Thank you, Jieun-noona.”

…

“Only two more days and we will be in the capital.” Sehun said with a pleased smile as he started to eat his soup; Yoongi eyed him for a moment.

“Have you ever been outside the north?” He asked and Sehun shook his head.

“No, my king. I’ve always served lady Chaerim in the north.” He said and then sighed. “Tough girl… too stubborn.” He smiled down at his bowl.

Taehyung that was by Yoongi’s side eating his own share tried to let the conversation flow without interrupting, but just having Yoongi’s attention placed on the other made his blood boil with anger…

“You like her.” Yoongi suddenly said and finally Taehyung’s ears perked as he lifted his eyes and stared at Sehun’s smile.

“Like her is an understatement, my king. If my lady allowed for it I would share her bed and comply to her every wish.” Sehun waggled his eyebrows and Yoongi made a grimace as he placed his bowl of soup down and stood to leave for his tent. “Why are all the Mins like that?” Sehun smiled and shook his head while he continued to eat.

Taehyung slurped the last bit of his soup and stood to follow Yoongi to the tent; he got in after him and Yoongi turned to give him a questioning gaze.

“Now what?” Yoongi asked and Taehyung stared down at him unable to understand why he had followed the man inside his tent. He felt suddenly ashamed of his behavior and couldn’t help but blush.

“I… I just… Is… It is cold at nights.” He said and Yoongi frowned deeply and nodded a bit unsure. “Maybe it is best we… that I stay… here.” He said and Yoongi blinked in honest confusion.

“Yes… like every other night. I fail to understand what you mean.” Yoongi said and Taehyung swallowed thickly, he took a few steps forward until he was so close he could count Yoongi’s freckles.

“I think… I think I’ve come to like you.” Taehyung said in his deep baritone and Yoongi felt stupid for some reason. He averted his gaze to the side and hummed, his chin remained high and proud, his face impassive and his tone flat.

“Considering you once wanted to kill me I think this is a good step. Don’t you think?” He asked and Taehyung felt the mockery even though he was not changing his speech.

“I think you like me too.” Taehyung said and Yoongi scoffed this time.

“I’d say so. I wouldn’t let you fuck me if I didn’t find you remotely pleasing to the eye.” He said and the younger felt his annoyance rising.
“You know what I mean and I know what you’re doing. If you keep provoking me we might just fuck for the rest of our lives.” Taehyung said in a menacing tone, but Yoongi was perhaps having too much fun pressing on the alpha’s buttons.

“Well… I don’t see the problem there. What else would there ever be?” Yoongi asked and Taehyung opened his mouth when he realized Yoongi was right.

There was nothing for them in the future… Not more than just fucking and pleasuring their bodies. Yoongi was not a man of feelings and Taehyung was too easy to give into his heart’s desires for company and affection. He was quick to accept what other bodies could give him, but in the end there was not a solid concoction behind the moans, the heat and the pleasure.

“I am the king in the north, Taehyung. Keep that in mind.” Yoongi said, but his eyes suddenly looked pleading and Taehyung was confused. “Is there a soul in the north that can tell me what to do with my life?” He asked in a soft voice.

“No.” Taehyung blinked several times and his hands moved on their own accord to Yoongi’s frail neck, fingers wrapped around it and thumbs pushing his chin upwards. He leaned down slowly, his eyes glued to the beta’s lips before he kissed him softly, chastely… unfamiliar.

Yoongi’s skin was always cold… it was like winter lived inside his body. The alpha pulled away from his lips and when he opened his eyes again Yoongi saw devotion and much more.

“What’s scaring you then?” Yoongi asked; Taehyung let his dark eyes stare into the cold ones.

“You. You have always terrified me.” Taehyung said. “Ever since you appeared before me, gifting Jimin with fancy fabrics… your beauty, your power… your strength… I can only wonder why would you ever need someone like me…” His voice was raw with emotion and Yoongi took a deep breath.

“I wonder too. Why would I need you? An alpha… a man who wanted to kill me, you’re not even a decent warrior, not that smart and certainly not a loyal lover.” He said and Taehyung felt a smile pulling on the corners of his lips. “I like you.” Yoongi said and Taehyung nodded.

“Perhaps ‘like you’ is an understatement, Yoongi.”

…

“King Taemin will receive you now.”

Jimin stared at the guard in a bit of wonder; the man was obviously a fox. Tanned skin and brown eyes with black fur. He had a sharp gaze and was really tall: a beta. His clothes were skimpy, only wearing jewels on his upper body and really lose garments hanging low on his hipbones.

Huge, golden double doors opened before the small group and Jimin followed along with his sister. Yifan and Kai at the front while the guard closed the doors behind them and took his spot next to the throne in which Jimin finally noticed, was Taemin.

Taemin wasn’t sure what he was expecting… Of course he felt a little twist in his chest at the sight of Kai, but he was also suddenly terribly aware of Jimin. Unsure of why his whole attention was pulled towards the small fox. He stood from his seat and made his way down the few stairs.

“We bring you Jimin-sssi, your highness.” Yifan said eyeing the trance in which Taemin seemed to be.
“After only listening to songs and poetry about you I guess it actually has to be this way. Do you maybe felt it, Kai? The pull...?” Taemin said with his golden eyes still locked on Jimin’s face. “You’re truly fascinating.” Taemin smiled. “I wish I could say I am not surprised, but I think they underestimated your beauty.” Taemin said.

“I’ve heard a lot of you myself.” Jimin said in a small voice; Taemin hadn’t said anything bad yet and he seemed kind enough for now.

“Really?” Taemin seemed eager to know.

“Not such good things I must admit.” Jimin said and Taemin’s smile slowly faded. “I’ve seen evidence on the streets as I traveled to this palace. I cannot help but wonder how you can let wolves live as slaves here... Why would a leader like you do such a thing?” Jimin asked; ignoring the warning look Kai sent his way and how tight his sister was clutching his hand.

“How else should they live?” Taemin asked feeling his anger slowly bubbling as he stared down at the face of purity and innocence. “They raided the mainland from foxes, Jimin-sssi. I am pretty sure you know that. This is their rightful place... I am just doing what had to be done, we are a superior race.” Taemin said.

“You’re leading on a vendetta.” Jimin said softly and Taemin sighed heavily.

“So... you’re saying you passively accepted to stay with the wolves... that was your pick?” Taemin asked in a disbelieving tone and then scoffed. “I now know you’ve mated with one, you let him impregnate you, I heard the gossip of your story with the beta prince too, but... you can’t look me in the eye and tell me you love them.” Taemin said in distaste locking his golden stare with Jimin’s silver one.

“I loved Yoongi-hyeong. I loved Seokjin-hyeong. I love Jungkook.” Jimin said; his big eyes glistening with the desperation of having the alpha believe him.

“No. You think you do. That’s the life you were forced to live.” Taemin said slowly as if he was speaking another language. “If you hadn’t been forced to live that way you would’ve realized how disgusting wolves are for hurting our race and thinking you to be a prize... a toy.” Taemin said and Jimin frowned...

He felt suddenly confused. He had tried to never ponder about his life in the palace, about the circumstances that had taken him there, but to have someone else dig down his biggest fears of not truly loving Jungkook and his brothers made him feel exposed and nervous.

His fox growled in anger... it was very usual for Jimin to digress with his fox, the creature was pure instinct and Jimin had always felt that maybe the animal never truly thought wisely, never actually considered anything aside from his own needs and what he thought was right.

Taemin had given him one look and had easily examined him. Jimin was speechless when Taemin sighed in disappointment.

“As I see it you’re actually a necessary trouble right now. I will make sure you understand why wolves are not our friends...” Taemin said and motioned to the guard for something before motioning to Kai and Yifan.

Jimin felt Kai grasping his arms to prevent him from moving and Yifan moved to do the same with Moonbyul, making her gasp and then the guard approached with a box.

“Thank you, Tao.” Taemin said as he opened the lid on the box. “I’ve been waiting for you to finally
use this.” Taemin said with his kind smile and when he pulled the contents out of the box, Jimin finally realized he had mistaken kindness for simply a disturbed mind. “Since you’re still special you will have a special one, but because you still want to mingle with wolves, then I will treat you like one.” Taemin said and pulled out a golden collar.

“No!” Moonbyul yelled and Jimin tried to move away from Kai, but his hands were holding him there; his ears flattened and he felt his fangs growing, ready to fight his way out of it, his claws enlarged as well and before he could actually do it, Taemin clasped his hand around his neck.

“Hold him still.” Taemin told Kai; the commanding tone made the beta hold him tighter. “Don’t test me, Jimin-ssi…” Taemin warned. “I could easily get rid off of your pup right now.” He threatened and Jimin felt powerless with his swollen belly unprotected before the man.

Jimin could only stare at the item.

“This will remind you who you belong to…” He said and Jimin bared his fangs and hissed at the man, but the collar fell into place around his frail neck, cold and rough against his skin, too thick and heavy. “Almost done.” Taemin mumbled and turned to pull something else from the box, Jimin paled at the sight of the chain that was swiftly clasped on the collar… he had just become a pet. “Beautiful.” Taemin said, his eyes flashing red for a brief moment.

Jimin froze completely when the hand that was fingering the collar moved to his collarbones and ever so slowly two fingertips trailed down his torso until they were grazing over the rounded and soft belly.

“I can see why anyone would like to fuck you.” Taemin sighed heavily. “But you still deserve to be punished for betraying me. I should’ve been the only one to fuck you, the only one to mate you and impregnate you. You let someone else taint you… and I cannot forgive that.” He explained and then moved his eyes to Yifan. “You are dismissed. Make sure to hand her to Chanyeol and see them off the border as soon as possible.” He said and pulled on the chain, making Jimin jolt forward.

“Stop! No!” Moonbyul yelled and Jimin turned towards her, reaching out, but feeling Taemin pull on the chain, making him choke a bit.

“Leave. Now.” Taemin commanded and Yifan clasped Moonbyul tightly and made his way out of the throne room. The double doors closed with a heavy sound and Jimin felt even more scared now that his sister was not by his side.

He turned around and glared up at Taemin.

“I am not a pet. Take this off now.” Jimin growled out through gritted teeth, ears flat and fangs out.

“These are safety measures. I’ve heard you’re quite disobedient.” Taemin explained testing the chain and Jimin swallowed thickly, feeling even more constrained. “I will teach you to behave.”

…

Yoongi got down from his horse right in front of Jungkook’s one and he couldn’t help but frown at his little brother’s state. He looked haggard and ready for a kill that had probably happened a few months back. His eyes were black, only the iris blaring red and Yoongi wondered how long had it been since Jungkook’s eyes had been normal.

“It is good to see you.” Jungkook said in a clipped tone, his thick arms crossed over his chest while he stared down at his brother.
“Really?” Yoongi asked in an impassive tone as he looked at the men accompanying Jungkook. Only Jaebum bowed in respect and Yoongi heaved a long sigh before he returned his eyes to Jungkook’s.

“We need to talk.” Jungkook said and Yoongi nodded.

It wasn’t long before Yoongi was sitting in the main offices in the third house, surrounded by many people, but not questioning anything. One his right was Taehyung and on his left Sehun looked completely out of place.

“I’ve heard enough as we traveled and I am pleased to see how well things are going.” Yoongi said to break the silence, but Jungkook continued only staring for a long moment before he sighed and averted his gaze to the side.

“We have other problems. The capital has expanded because the south practically disappeared.” Jungkook said and Yoongi nodded. “The pirates took the shore and as of this moment they must be fixing stuff their way.” He added.

“But the town seems fine. No fights even though they are mixing with rogues.” Yoongi said and Jungkook ran a hand down his face.

“Seokjin-hyeong evacuated the omegas and betas to the western lands before the south got here… they all refuse to come back with the rogues here.” Jungkook said and Taehyung seemed surprised by this information.

“Well… they are betas and omegas and you are an alpha. They have thousands of years of history to distrust you.” Yoongi said and Namjoon sighed heavily because he knew that the beta prince had a point.

“Rogue omegas from south trust him.” Jieun said from the side, she was standing by the table with the refreshments even though Jungkook had told her it was not required and she didn’t actually belong to the palace’s staff, but he now guessed she was only there to hear everything.

“Yes. But those omegas have thousands of years of history tying them down to their fate of always submitting.” Yoongi added and Jieun bit on her lower lip because she understood his point.

“You’re a beta.” Jungkook said and Yoongi nodded slowly.

“Thanks for pointing out the obvious.”

“No. I mean… if you were to rule…”

“No. No, Jungkook it doesn’t work like that. I am a beta, but I have my own story that most people in the capital have heard about. They cannot care less about me.” Yoongi said and Jungkook shook his head.

“They will have to. I can’t stay here.” Jungkook said and Yoongi frowned deeply.

“Is this about Jimin?” He asked.

“When has it ever not been about him?” Taehyung mumbled bitterly and Jungkook glared at him, but decided not to say anything about it.

“He was kidnapped. He is my mate and he is pregnant with my pup. When I say that and think about him I cannot be a damn king, not when my mate is more important to me than a whole nation.”
Jungkook said and the room submerged in silence.

“There are other ways I could help you, but it would require you to stay here for a bit longer.” Yoongi said and Jungkook frowned.

“How much longer?”

“At least two months.” Yoongi said and Jungkook scoffed.

“Jimin is four months pregnant already. I don’t know how much time will take me to find him. Seven months are what foxes’ pregnancies should last… I can’t be sure my pup won’t be born earlier.” Jungkook said.

“So? You find him later… when your pup is already born. This is important, Jungkook I can’t—”

“Jimin is important!” Jungkook snapped letting his fist hit the table and making Jieun jump in fright. “Most foxes don’t survive giving birth from wolves… even less if their mate is not there!” He argued loudly. “The way I see it you’re asking me to wait for Jimin to die along with my pup.” He said in an eerily calm voice.

“Jungkook, you know that’s not what he means.” Namjoon interrupted as he stood up, but Jungkook’s eyes were boring holes on Yoongi’s cold ones.

“How long has it been since you’ve been in frenzy?” Yoongi asked; it was just a thought, but seeing Jungkook’s dark eyes made him a bit wary.

“Since Seokjin-hyeong died.” Jungkook’s voice was low and raw when he uttered the words and Namjoon closed his eyes briefly. “If I lose Jimin too…”

Yoongi nodded. He didn’t need to hear the rest to understand… If Jungkook lost Jimin then all hell would break loose and more damage would come… more than they could repair and Yoongi was pretty sure Jungkook was not ready to assume a throne anyway. Not with Jimin absent.

“Fair enough.” Yoongi said and the tension dissipated in the room for a brief moment before Yoongi spoke again. “Jungkook, if you’re truly going to the eastern islands I think you should know that their king is not someone you truly want to battle.” Yoongi said.

“He’s battled more than one rogue at a time though.” Jiho interrupted, but Yoongi continued to stare at his brother.

“You know what I mean. He is an alpha, he is as strong as you are, but you know better than anyone here what to hunt a fox is like.” Yoongi said and Jungkook immediately understood. “Did you ever manage to catch Jimin?”

Jimin was not surprised to find out he was locked in the highest room of the palace with a window towards a cliff. The waved crashing hard on the rocks beneath and even from his height, Jimin could see the pointy edges… it was pretty clear Taemin would rather him die than escape.

He was at the window, watching the sun setting when the door opened and he turned around to find two omegas there; both of them were foxes and obviously staff from the palace.

“Anything of what you expected, Luhan?” One of them said with a quirky tone; he looked confident as he moved around the room to change the sheets on the bed and Jimin could only stare while the
other placed a tray with food on a small table.

“That and more.” The other one; Luhan, said and then bowed deeply, surprising Jimin with it. “It is an honor to meet you, your highness.” Luhan said.

“Do you know who I am?” Jimin asked and heard the other scoff loudly.

“You are The Luna, of course we know who you are. The silver fox of our legends, the one alluring omega that enchanted everyone around, bewitching men and women and appealing to all races without a fault.” He said in a mocking tone.

“Excuse him, your highness, Baekhyun lacks manners.” Luhan said and Jimin blinked in confusion.

“I… I meant to ask if you knew my father.” Jimin corrected and Baekhyun perked his ears at that.

“Yes, we do, but people outside the palace merely intuit about you.” Baekhyun said and Jimin slowly nodded before looking back at Luhan.

“What was that about legends?” Jimin wondered and Luhan blinked surprised by Jimin’s ignorance.

“Ah… well… because in old folk stories they said wolves used to howl to the moon because they fell in love with it.” He said. “It allured them and pulled them in… in our culture it was mostly the same. It was said the moon would call for the wolves and would make them submit, over time the representation of the moon here became a silver fox.” He explained and Jimin frowned a bit at him.

“You think I am your moon or whatever?” He asked and Luhan nodded.

“You are the rightful heir and a silver fox.” He said with a shrug. “Foxes believe the moon, The Luna will do them justice against wolves… The moon will come and meet the sun, together they will guide us through the ages and time to become a peaceful land.” Luhan explained.

“Is the sun… Taemin-ssi?” Jimin wondered and Luhan nodded.

“The sun has the power to guide and the moon has the power to submit, make the races obey and submit to the sun’s commands.” Luhan explained. “I am not too sure of how the tale goes, but after the raid in the mainland, foxes started to believe it more than ever…” Luhan sighed. “Do you remember how it goes, Baekhyun-ah?” He asked and the other shook his head.

“No, Chanyeol doesn’t believe much in those things, but I know of someone who probably knows.” Baekhyun shrugged.

“Chanyeol-ssi? The other prince? Do you know if my sister was taken to him?” Jimin rushed to ask and the other omega glared at him.

“Of course Lady Moonbyul was taken to him… Where else would they take her? She is his promised.” Baekhyun looked clearly pissed, but Jimin didn’t know much about him to begin with. “In any case… and back to the stories… I believe those legends never talked about The Luna being mated or pregnant before meeting the sun… wouldn’t that be a plot twist?” Baekhyun joked and Jimin rubbed his hands over his belly.

“Who is your mate?” Luhan asked with a slight frown. Jimin eyed him for a brief moment before replying.

“Jeon Jungkook.” He said; both omegas seemed clueless. “Son of King Kim Seokjun of the mainland and Lady Haneul from the southern lands.” He said and watched their eyes widen.
“A wolf?” Baekhyun asked in disbelief.

“You let a wolf mate you and impregnate you?” Luhan looked just as shocked.

“You will be lucky if your pup is a fox!” Baekhyun exclaimed and Luhan bit down on his lower lip, his mind seemed to be working fast on something.

“What if it’s not?” Jimin dared to ask.

“He will kill it, of course! We don’t need more wolves here! Haven’t you seen them in the streets, slaving away?” Baekhyun said and Jimin felt his eyes burning. “I don’t really have something against them, but… those things are dangerous and violent.” Baekhyun shivered and Jimin felt anger.

“This is violence.” Jimin said pulling on the chain locked on his collar. “Foxes are not better than wolves if you’re allowing him to slave them on the streets.” Jimin snapped angrily and Baekhyun quirked one eyebrow.

“You’ve lived with wolves for too long, of course you’d think like that.” The other omega said and Jimin’s eyes blazed blue making Baekhyun gasp in surprise.

“Let’s calm down… we didn’t mean to upset you, your highness.” Luhan interjected standing in front of Jimin to block his sight. "You shouldn't stress yourself."

…

Jungkook was not surprised, he had not common sense to be surprised when his body started to feel hot and he felt restless during nights before he finally hit his rut and wisely decided to lock himself up in his royal bedchambers.

He pulled out every single robe; garment and fabric Jimin had ever used and littered them on the bed, rolling on them, burying his nose in the ones that held the sweet scent more strongly.

He had made sure to tell Jieun to rely his condition to his closest men and his brother, made sure to tell her not to step inside the bedchambers at all, made sure no one would do such a thing… not when he was so vulnerable and the only thing aiding his state was the memory of the times he was inside his mate, ravishing his neck and marking his skin.

It was easier when he lost consciousness and could only dream… in his dreams it looked more real. Jimin looked more present, touchable and… real. His mate’s moans were engraved forever in his brain, the feeling of his satin skin under his fingers and his eyes… everything about Jimin was perfectly portrayed in his dreams.

In his dreams he was allowed to kiss him breathless… he didn’t have to pull away to recover his breath, his lungs never complained and neither did their bodies, not even after Jungkook knotted him for the tenth time. Jimin was never too sore or too tired to keep up with his rhythm… His dreams were the best place for a rogue wolf in rut with his mate absent.

But when he was awake and the itch to knot was too strong, Jungkook actually shed tears at the impossibility of filling Jimin to the brim and he hated how the fabrics and robes started to smell more like his own cum than Jimin.

It was not until the fourth day of utter damnation that Jungkook fell in a trance and Jimin’s face blurred away. The urge to sate his need was too strong to be picky and his hand was not providing enough, but deep down inside he knew it was too late to ask anyone to bring a willing omega to help him.
At the stage he was in right now, he knew he’d end up regretting it… like he had done years ago and the guilt was the only thing keeping him from bursting out the room to find prey.

Completely naked, tired and probably dehydrated… that’s how Jieun found him, lying on a bed filled with stained fabrics and clothes. She looked honestly unsettled by the sight, but then she actually looked at Jungkook and saw his state… his lips were chapped and he looked pale.

She knew he had told her not to step inside the bedroom, but she was worried. He hadn’t touched the food she had been bringing for the past four days and she feared he’d let himself die at this rate. She took a step forward and watched as his eyes opened… unfocused, still red and swimming in black.

“Your highness?” She called nervously; his eyes moved towards her and she gasped at the bottomless pits of his pupils. “You need to eat something and drink water.” She said crouching and placing the tray with water and food on the floor and pushing it over.

“Ji…min…” Jungkook tried with his voice too low, too raw and different that somehow Jieun felt he was someone else completely. It broke her heart to see his state, so prone and vulnerable.

She realized how selfish some omegas were, never anticipating alphas suffered like this when in rut and mated. Jungkook was clearly in physical pain; too weak because of the lack of food and water and completely crushed emotionally… he was a prey in this state. Anyone could come in here and kill him so easily…

“When I see this deplorable state I somehow become grateful for presenting as a beta.” A voice said behind her and she turned to the door to see Yoongi there.

Jungkook trusted him… sort of, but Jieun did not. Seeing the beta prince in the middle of the royal chambers made her nervous and worried.

“How are you here to help him?” Yoongi wondered as he walked inside the bedroom, looking around with little interest. “I heard he once killed an omega while on his rut.” He added and she glared.

“I am already mated; happily so. Your brother is in no shape to receive visitors, your highness. I’ll kindly ask you to leave.” She said and Yoongi turned and looked down at her with a quirked eyebrow.

“Did I just become a threat?” Yoongi asked in disbelief and then loudly snorted. “To the almighty rogue Jeon Jungkook? Only alpha son of King Kim Seokjun?” He mocked with a cynical grin. “Wouldn’t that be a story to tell…?” He sighed heavily. “Imagine the faces of people if they learned their leader died at the hands of his meager beta brother.” Yoongi chuckled softly as he returned on his steps and stood towering over Jieun’s small frame.

“You might be his brother, a prince and a beta… but if it comes down to me I’ll have no qualms with killing you.” She said and Yoongi was surprised by her bravery, he frowned.

“I kept wondering… Who are you? Why are you here? Are you a rogue omega? Who do you think you are to meddle in royal businesses?” Yoongi argued, but she continued to glare. “I am his older brother. He might be the alpha, but I am his older brother and I cannot help but think that maybe you are the one that came here to hurt him… Or what? Did you think he’d fuck you? Maybe get you pregnant so that you could sit on the throne some d-”

“Hyeong.” Yoongi stopped and turned to see Jungkook kneeling on the mattress, his arms trembling with the effort of keeping himself upright, his eyes still dark and dangerous. “It’s okay… I trust her.” He said and Yoongi scoffed.
“I think Jimin rubbed off on you… You cannot trust people so easily like that. They take advantage of you, Jungkook.” Yoongi argued with a nasty tone while staring down at Jieun. “Take it from experience… you trusted me and what did I do? That should’ve prevented you from trusting anyone ever again, but here you are… trusting this peasant in the worst moment of your vulnerability…”

“Hyeong.”

“Listen to me for once and stop trusting people you barely know. Stick to the ones you already do; Namjoon, Mark and Jaebum, stop bringing people in and ju-”

“I trust you too, Yoongi-hyeong.”

…

“Before we refer to Kyungsoo-ssi I think we should talk about Jimin-ssi.” Taemin said and watched as Kai frowned; the beta wolf looked pale and awfully worried and the king knew it had to do with the fact that the beta had gone home to find his mate absent and it actually pained Taemin that he had ran here to demand for his mate’s whereabouts.

“What is there to talk about him? We brought him; he is yours. What more could you want me to do?” Kai’s voice sounded desperate and it was slowly angering Taemin.

“He is pregnant.” He stated the obvious and Kai blinked in confusion. “He is pregnant and mated.” Taemin added and the beta realized. “He is pregnant with a wolf’s seed. Do I need to explain what is wrong with that?” Taemin asked with quirked eyebrows.

“That’s something I couldn’t foresee…” Kai said softly and Taemin hummed in thought, but it was clear he didn’t care for Kai’s explanations. “But he might have a fox!” Kai tried.

“Let’s hope so, if he doesn’t it will be a wasted pup.” Taemin said and Kai grimaced at his choice of words. “Anyway… this was a mediocre job. You two were gone for almost two years to retrieve him and you bring damaged goods.” Taemin said.

“I apologize, Taemin… Things were not that easy. Our initial plan of getting the power through Seokjin-ssi failed too early on the stage; he was already in love with someone else, unwilling to take such an offer.” Kai explained and Taemin waved a hand to dismiss his words.

“Yes and now he is dead. A shame that someone as beautiful as him had to die… he would’ve been a lovely concubine.” Taemin sighed heavily and Kai tensed his jaw, but refrained from saying anything. “Kyungsoo-ssi has been keeping Kibum company for a while now.” Taemin said and Kai widened his eyes at the implications.

“What have you done…?” Kai’s voice was breathless… completely scared.

“Nothing yet.” Taemin said. “You should already know I don’t fuck wolves unless they truly catch my eye and I cannot see what you saw in him.” He said and then stood from his throne and made his way over to Kai, the beta completely frozen.

“Don’t hurt him… please.” Kai whispered when Taemin stood right in front of him; his golden eyes boring into his dark ones.

“I cannot make such promise…” Taemin said. Uttering the words over Kai’s lips, but not actually touching them. “Instead we can play a game.” He said with a smirk and Kai swallowed thickly. “Let me look into your memories and if I find what I want I will not hurt him.” Taemin said.
“Promise it. Swear on it.” Kai said through gritted teeth and the alpha hummed, his eyes focused on Kai’s lips.

“I swear I won’t hurt Kyungsoo if I find what I am looking for in your memories.” Taemin said, one hand moving to Kai’s nape, gripping the short hair there.

“Do it.”

Kai wasn’t sure of how Taemin’s powers worked; he knew there was more to just looking into the memories, but he didn’t know the extent of it, he actually didn’t want to find out, but in the end there was not much he could do to help Kyungsoo.

Taemin brought back to the front of his mind all their memories from their childhood, the good and the bad ones, every single scene playing before his eyes like he was actually living them and not simply remembering.

It was the moment when Taemin’s father had flogged him mercilessly when he realized the real Taemin was there, not the kid, but the man… he watched the solemn expression on his face as he approached Kai’s younger self, hurt and bleeding, but somehow conscious.

Taemin knelt before the kid… Kai was hugging himself to a post so he wouldn’t fall, pale and trembling, covered in blood, sweat and tears when the man moved his platinum fur to the side.

“Do you know why you were punished, Kai?” Taemin asked the little boy and Kai watched himself nod; that had not happened, but ever so slowly Kai started to feel like it had… “Do you know how much I loved you?” Taemin asked and the kid lifted his tired eyes to meet his.

“Not as m-much as I love y-you.”

Taemin’s eyes widened at the words and he couldn’t help but stand up and take one step back from the kid as if he was a monster.

Kai watched the memory fade like fog and then he was staring into Taemin’s red eyes, blazing and filled with many emotions… he noticed there was a hand around his neck, but he didn’t have half a mind to protest.

“Who is Kyungsoo, Kai?” Taemin asked and just like that Kai felt the first memories of Kyungsoo drift to the front of his mind; the first smile, the first words, their first kiss and touch, the first time Kai made love to him, everything and anything regarding Kyungsoo… and then… nothing.

Kai frowned staring deeply into Taemin’s eyes.

“Who is Kyungsoo, Kai?” Taemin asked through gritted teeth.

“I…” Kai swallowed and trembled. “I don’t know…”
Chapter Summary

None applies.

Chapter Notes

I hope you guys have a great New Year’s Eve and an amazing 2018!

I wish you lots of blessings and I hope your year will be filled with new opportunities.

Stay strong and healthy!

“No!” Baekhyun snapped in a harsh whisper while he tried to sort the laundry; some of the staff turned to look at them and he cursed their good hearing; he lowered his voice so that only Luhan could hear him. “This is dangerous and we shouldn’t mingle.” He said and Luhan sighed.

“This is the right thing and even if you say no, I will do it because there’s no way Jimin-ssi will survive giving birth without his mate and with Taemin literally breathing down his neck.” Luhan argued and Baekhyun grunted.

“So? What’s the big plan? Two omegas plot against the crown to escape along with The Luna to… Where exactly are we taking him?” Baekhyun asked.

“I don’t know, but Jaejoong and Wheein will help. I know.” He said in annoyance; his beautiful face scrunches in anger.

“Rebels. You are now talking about rebels.” Baekhyun shook his head and tried to go back to fixing the laundry. “If Taemin learned about this he’d hang you out to dry… no, you’re to pretty to die. He’d probably have you keeping Kibum company for the rest of your miserable life.” Baekhyun said.

“But at least I’d feel like I did the right thing.” Luhan said angrily, placing his hands on his hips.

“You have no sense of preservation. You’re running into your grave.” Baekhyun shook his head again, worried about his friend, but also angered. “Wolves killed all the foxes in the mainland, Luhan. We are just returning the favor and we are not even killing them…” Baekhyun said and Luhan narrowed his eyes.

“No, we are enslaving them. Jimin-ssi was right with what he said. We are not different from them.” Luhan said. “The raid happened too many years ago, Baekhyun it was not Jimin’s mate’s fault, not even his father’s one. It didn’t have anything to do with us, how can we exert justice when we weren’t there to begin with.” Luhan complained and Baekhyun sighed heavily.

“You think you are going to convince me, but the more quiet I live my life, the higher the possibility is for Chanyeol and I to actually leave this palace together.” Baekhyun said through gritted teeth.
“Yes, along with Lady Moonbyul.” Luhan added and watched the pain flare in his friend’s eyes. “If you actually helped me maybe we could send them both back to the mainland.” Luhan said and Baekhyun closed his eyes briefly after heaving a long sigh.

“What do I have to do?”

…

He was worried… It had been a week since he had arrived to the palace in the eastern islands, but neither Taemin nor anyone else aside from Luhan and Baekhyun had visited him. He didn’t know where was his sister, if she was fine or if they had harmed her in any way.

He was also worried because his pup had been moving too much… he could only guess it sort of missed his father and he couldn’t blame it if it truly was that, but also it had been hurting a bit, he felt tense and sometimes cramped so hard he was left breathless. It couldn’t be normal, he was over the four month’s mark, but was still too early to think about giving birth.

He tried not to think about the outcome. Jungkook was not there and probably wouldn’t get here. He had to be strong.

He flinched and gasped at a sudden kick and placed a hand on the protruding limb on his belly, rubbing softly with a pained smile.

“You are just eager to come out, right?” Jimin asked softly; the night was warm and the silence felt thick, but welcomed. “I think you will be just like your father. Strong and stubborn.” He said and received another kick in response. “Ah, your father loves you so much…” He said softly, his voice breaking a bit at the end.

It was at these moments of solitude when he could finally think of Jungkook and his pup, the reality that he tried to ignore on a daily basis so he could remain strong, but when the night fell he could only accept the pain in his chest for what it really was… desolation, fear and longing.

The uncertainty of not knowing what they expected from him, of not knowing when Taemin would appear with his wicked ways. The collar on his neck always reminding him that he was no longer a wanted guest, but a commodity.

“No matter what happens here… I will protect you with my life.” Jimin assured the pup and actually felt it relax, settle into his womb as if ready to sleep and that made him smile. “Sleep, pup. There will be plenty of time to play when you’re born.”

…

When Jaebum guided Yoongi to some bedchamber in the royal quarters of the third house, the beta was not actually thinking on what it could mean; he was more worried about all the thought he had given to Jungkook’s cause to find Jimin in a strange land filled with magical foxes that, for sure, were stronger than his little brother.

And Yoongi was very well aware of his worried he was about Jungkook. After Seokjin’s death, Yoongi had tried not to show his emotions about it to anyone. After faking so long not to have them at all it was easier, but still… he didn’t want to go again through the same pain.

He had agreed to stay there to take care of the throne while Jungkook was gone, but one long night spent thinking about it made him change his mind. He stopped after Jaebum when the guard knocked and announced his presence… Jungkook called from the inside and Jaebum opened the door for Yoongi.
Jungkook was at a table near a window to the left, there was a tea set, but Yoongi felt the urge to explain as soon as he was there, so he cut off whatever his little brother had been about to say.

“I can’t let you go to the islands, Jungkook.” Yoongi said and Jungkook frowned. “This could mean war with a difficult opponent.” Yoongi said and then shook his head, but then Jungkook spoke in a calm tone.

“I think it does, but not necessarily because of Jimin. We’ve got word that Taemin plans on enslaving the wolves. He’s got an army and the pirates on his side.” Jungkook explained and Yoongi frowned slightly. “I am going over there to retrieve Jimin and examine the situation. Once I am back with my family we can talk about the strategy.” He said and Yoongi stared down at him.

“Jungkook…” The younger stood with a frown. “There’s no way wolves can fight alpha foxes and win. We are talking about alpha foxes with magic. That’s a war we cannot win.” Yoongi said.

“Maybe… but if it comes down to that I am not going to let him enslave the very same people I freed.” Jungkook said and Yoongi bit down on his lower lip. “Anyway… there’s someone I want you to meet.” Jungkook said suddenly and motioned to the other side of the room.

Yoongi had entered in such a hurry that he had been completely oblivious to the other presence in the room; he turned towards the bed and his frown slowly faded to give space for surprise when he saw the silver hair braided over one shoulder, her face was pretty even if aged, she looked healthy even if in bed…

“This is Sohyang-ssi, from the southern islands. Jimin’s mother.” Jungkook said and watched how utterly astounded Yoongi frowned at the sight of her.

The woman looked wary of him and Yoongi vaguely wondered if maybe Jungkook had told her everything about who he was… what he had been to Jimin once.

“So you are the blizzard.” She said softly and Yoongi frowned; Jungkook cleared his throat.

“As you know… foxes have magic. Sohyang-ssi can interpret the future and dig the memories.” He explained and Yoongi hummed, still enraptured by the woman before him.

“I never learned what Jimin’s magic did.” He softly said and Jungkook gave a stiff nod, trying not to think too much about Yoongi’s sudden curiosity.

“He can command wolves… even alphas… sort of like the dominance rogues use.” He explained and Yoongi hummed again. “Anyway… Sohyang-ssi has been through a lot and while I am gone I will need you to take care of her.” Jungkook said.

“I see…” Yoongi muttered and then shook his head away from her to stare up at Jungkook. “We need to think this through, Jungkook. You could die.”

“I… I probably will.” Jungkook said, avoiding Yoongi’s eyes as he moved towards the window.

“What? What do you mean you probably will?” Yoongi asked and then realized as he turned towards the woman; she sighed dejectedly.

“I’ve told him countless of times, but he still wants to go.” Sohyang said tiredly and Yoongi felt anger rising.

“Do you even understand what you’re doing?!” He snapped angrily; Jungkook’s eyes blazed red as he turned towards Yoongi, but before he could open his mouth to argue, Sohyang spoke again…
“Yoongi-ssi…” She called and they both turned to look at her. “May I see your future?” She asked extending her hand; Jungkook frowned and so did Yoongi. “Your lives are intertwined, sometimes to see the whole picture is convenient to change perspectives.” She said and Yoongi blinked several times.

“Is this going to help anything?” Yoongi asked and she looked briefly at Jungkook and then nodded. “I just want to know about Jungkook, I don’t know how this works, but anything else you see… you will keep.” Yoongi warned her as he approached.

“Of course…”

Jungkook was annoyed by his behavior, but he guessed that’s who Yoongi was that not even Yoongi’s mother could change his antics… He watched his brother extend his hand towards her and then how she grabbed it with both of hers.

“I’ll need to look into your eyes.” She said and Yoongi lifted his cold gaze to hers, watching her silver eyes blazing blue before many memories rushed to the front of his mind.

It all happened to fast… but to have to relive some of his fondest memories with Jimin made him a bit uncomfortable… The words were muted and he wondered if maybe she was just respecting his privacy. The times moved so fast before his eyes that he started to breathe raggedly.

Everything was there… out in the open, but she was not listening to any of it and he was glad for it; she was like fast forwarding to the present and Yoongi saw the conversation he just had had with Jungkook before suddenly everything turned into a thick fog.

Everything started with darkness… and then ever so slowly a flame started to grow and screams. People running and more fire until it all blacked out again.

A blizzard made him shiver and he looked around, but there was no one there… then the wind stopped and the snow under his feet turned into sand, hot and unforgiving. He watched as blood started to rain from the skies, or so he thought until he looked up and saw the dragon flying, eclipsing the burning sun… its wings were almost burned completely and the blood falling was the one from long wounds on the rest of its body.

He heard a loud hum in the distance and then felt the slow tremble of the sand under his feet. He turned and looked over his shoulder to see like a thick fog overtaking the desert… another murmur ahead and he turned back to see more of the fog… it looked the same, only coming from different sides.

He felt panic when he realized he was going to be consumed by the fog if this continued… he was about let put a yell when the magic pulled and he scrambled backwards into Jungkook’s arms.

“Hyeong… it’s okay. You’re okay.” Jungkook tried, clasping Yoongi’s arms to try and calm his trembling body.

Yoongi was staring with wide eyes at the woman that was pretty much looking equally appalled. She was breathing raggedly as well. Jungkook made Yoongi sit back in one of the plush chairs before turning again towards her.

“What did you see?” Jungkook asked and she took her gaze off Yoongi to look at the younger brother.

“Fire… and then… blood in the sand… so much blood.” She shook her head trying to sort her thoughts. “I am not sure of anything anymore… your destiny is the most complicated one I’ve ever
seen so far. I just cannot understand. In his future you’re terribly wounded, but alive.” She said and Jungkook swallowed thickly. “In yours… you’re bound to die.” She said and then turned her eyes towards Yoongi. “When I saw Jimin’s future back when he was a kid the dragon always died as well.” She swallowed a sob.

“Wait… I thought foxes’ magic didn’t work on other foxes.” Yoongi said, still winded by what he had gone through.

“Sohyang-ssi is an exception, you could say…” Jungkook said and sat heavily in a chair.

“There will be a war…” She said. “That’s what I could see from his perspective. The two forces colliding mean only that, confrontations. The sand… I am pretty sure it means either a desert or a coast. Either one of the islands or the shore in the mainland.” Sohyang seemed even more troubled now.

She was about to say more when suddenly there was a knock on the door before it opened and Mark appeared there with a worried frown on his face.

“There’s someone you have to meet, Jungkook-ah.”

…

Jimin was having a nice dream… he knew that much. He knew it had something to do with Jungkook, with his lips and his hands… he hummed and tried to recover the remnants of the dream, tried to imagine his mate’s scent of forests and rain.

Suddenly one ear fluttered at the soft breeze grazing it and his senses woke on alert, his eyes widening when he realized he was not alone. The weight on the bed behind him was suddenly too obvious, the heat coming from the other body too and he felt panic settle in his bones before he snapped his head back and came face to face with Taemin.

The alpha smiled down at him… almost tenderly, but Jimin only felt a shiver running down his spine, before he flipped over, felt Taemin’s hand trying to catch him, but surprisingly enough Jimin was faster. He stood on the other side of the bed, watching Taemin closely until he saw the alpha had managed to catch the chain.

“We have a long day ahead of ourselves, Jimin-ssi.” Taemin said in a singsong tone, not giving Jimin a chance to reply before he started to walk towards the door, pulling faintly on the chain to make the omega walk behind him.

“Where are we going?” Jimin asked as he followed the alpha through the long halls, his skin felt cold with fear, but he tried not to show it.

“I’ve heard so many things about your mate from Kai and Yifan…” Taemin commented while they walked and Jimin frowned slightly at that. “It seems he is a brave man dominant to a fault, but perhaps what made me more curious was that he was marked in the south?” He asked and turned to look at the omega over his shoulder.

Jimin frowned a bit and remembered the dragon tattoo on his mate’s back, but he failed to understand what did it have to do with anything.

“The only mark people get here are tribal suns, that’s the symbol of our land… your land. It is small either on your tailbone and sometimes on your navel… but since you’re pregnant…” Taemin said and Jimin swallowed thickly now comprehending. “Don’t you think you should have your own tribal sun, Jimin-ssi?” Taemin asked as he finally opened one door.
“No. No, I don’t want it.” Jimin said and tried to stop walking, but in the end Taemin was stronger and he widened his eyes when he finally saw Tao and an old man sitting at a small table with a few tools he failed to recognize.

“This is our ink artist, his name is Jaesook. He has been marking foxes for over fifty years and so did his father before him.” Taemin said watching the slight frown on the man’s eyes. “Oh, are you surprised to see another silver wolf, Jaesook-ssi?” Taemin asked and the old man seemed to pull out of his stupor to stare up at the king.

“Your highness… This boy is pregnant.” He said and Taemin quirked an eyebrow in question. “Inking happens to be painful. I am not sure we should strain him that much.” He said and Jimin swallowed thickly.

His eyes were taking in the strange chair before the man… it had cuffs and looked a bit uncomfortable to say the least.

“Ah, Jaesook-ssi, do not worry.” Taemin waved his hand off pulling Jimin’s chain over until he forced the young omega to straddle the chair, locking the chain on the ground so that Jimin had to be bent over the back. Then Taemin pulled harshly on one wrist and cuffed it low.

Jimin tried to move, but he didn’t want to hurt his belly; when Taemin was done Jimin realized he couldn’t move at all, his back was vulnerable and his belly pressed to the back of the chair. He couldn’t lift his head either and then he felt Taemin tear apart his robe to reveal his back.

“You see… Jimin-ssi here has been living with wolves and his mate happens to be a really strong one.” Taemin said and Jimin felt even more fear now that he could only hear his voice. “I think Jimin-ssi can endure it.” Taemin said amused.

Jimin heard the artist sigh heavily and he felt even worst because it was just like no one here could even imagine standing up to Taemin. He was surprised when the king knelt before him so they were on the same eyelevel.

“Do you know how this works, Jimin-ssi? Did your mate ever tell you how the inking works?” Taemin asked and Jimin refused to talk to him. “Well… for the ink to actually stick, Jaesook-ssi has to carve your skin first, let the ink settle on your raw meat, mingle with blood… it hurts…” Taemin said.

Jimin widened his eyes at the prospect of pain… he felt a void in his stomach and then almost as if the pup knew he was about to go under pain it started to move restlessly.

“I told you I’d teach you to behave.” Taemin said seriously and then his eyes lit up with an idea. “Wait, Jaesook-ssi! I have a great idea.” Taemin said still staring into Jimin’s silvery eyes. “Since Jimin-ssi’s mate is so strong and he loves him so much I think it is only right to tattoo a dragon on his whole back to match the one his mate has. What do you think?” Taemin asked.

Jimin felt vile rising in his throat.

“Your highness… There is always blood loss when I ink, I really think it to be wrong since he is pregnant.” The man said and Taemin hummed, but never took his wicked eyes from Jimin’s ones.

“What’s the worst that could happen? He faints? He has a miscarriage? He dies?” Taemin wondered. “Let’s see how strong Jeon Jungkook’s mate truly is, then…” Taemin said and finally stood to round the chair and stand behind Jimin; with the pads of his fingers Taemin traced from Jimin’s nape down to his tailbone. “I want it to start here and end here.” He said and then traced his spine transversally.
“Let his wings be this wide… It is going to be a rather small dragon, though.” Taemin chuckled.

“Your highness…” Jaesook said when the king moved to a plush chair right in front of Jimin. The young omega watched him reach for a cup of tea on a nearby table.

“Do you perhaps want me to send Tao looking for your grandson?” He asked and the man gasped. “Or perhaps your lovely granddaughter? How old was she again? Thirteen? I think she’s too young to be a concubine though…” Taemin mused and Jimin flattened his ears against his back in sudden anger.

“Just do it, Jaesook-ssi.” Jimin said and Taemin smiled.

“That’s the spirit!” Taemin mused and then moved his eyes to the artist before giving a nod. “Please begin.”

…

“I think you are forgetting who I am!” Baekhyun said in anger as he stared down at the small woman in front of him; she had a nasty grimace on her face, her arms crossed over her chest, looking pissed and not really surprised by the other omega’s behavior.

“A stupid maid in the palace! That’s all you’ll ever be!” She snapped and Baekhyun widened his eyes ready to simply strangle her. “You think anyone will ever believe Lord Chanyeol remotely likes you?” She asked in distaste.

“You… freaking… little… bitch!” Baekhyun finally couldn’t hold it no more and lunged forward, wrapping his hands around her neck and making them fall to the ground while she slapped him continuously wherever she could. “You think you are better than me?! You country girl!” Baekhyun was seeing red in pure anger, shaking her back and forth, watching her braids moving along and her eyes fill with the same anger.

“Yah! Stop!” A voice called from inside the house and Baekhyun lifted his gaze ahead and watched the man he had come looking for. “What in the world do you think you’re doing, Baekhyun-ah?” The man came over and Baekhyun dropped her before he could reach them, hearing her head hitting the floor.

“Aish!” She complained rubbing her head and then her neck when the man finally pulled her up and away from the other omega.

“What is going on?” The man asked.

“He comes into our home demanding to meet you! I live here too, Jaejoong-ssi!” She said loudly. “Isn’t he supposed to ask things nicely?” She said pouting her lower lip trembling while Baekhyun glared daggers at her.

“Yah, Wheein-ah… I’ve told you Baekhyun is allowed in here whenever he needs to, you don’t have to ask him what he wants.” Jaejoong said and Wheein curled her upper lip at the words, clearly annoyed before she huffed.

She flipped one braid over a shoulder, her whole hair a mess as she turned and left the room, not before sending Baekhyun one last glare.

“I am sorry, Baekhyun-ah… She’s been in a bad mood lately. Her heat is coming soon.” He explained and Baekhyun eyed him with disgust.
“Please don’t tell me you are going to take care of that.” He said and Jaejoong choked on his own spit, looking equally disgusted.

“For heaven’s sake, Baekhyun! She is just a girl!” He said while shaking his head and finally Baekhyun nodded in agreement. “I can’t say she’d oppose to it, but I am like… seventy years older than her?” Jaejoong considered and Baekhyun walked in to take sit on a cushion at a table.

“Well… if I were her and you looked like you do with a hundred years then I probably wouldn’t be mad at all.” He commented and Jaejoong groaned. “You barely look to be in your twenties.” Baekhyun said in his defense.

“I am glad at least someone in this household has morals.”

“Thank you!” Baekhyun said with a nod; the man glared.

“I was talking about me.” He groaned again. “On with it… You only come here when you need favors and I swear I can’t arrange another meeting with Chanyeol-ssi; he and his promised were taken to the border five days ago.” Jaejoong said and Baekhyun couldn’t help the look of pain that crossed his features.

“Chanyeol can wait.” He decided to say and Jaejoong frowned, but when the omega met his eyes the older man seemed surprised by the amount of determination in them. “We need to talk about the story you used to read to me when I was a kid.” Baekhyun said.

“What do you mean?”

“The one with the moon and the sun… the legend of how they would guide us and that nonsense.” Baekhyun sighed. “Jaejoong… Sohyang… Moonbyul…” Baekhyun said; the man frowning in confusion. “I thought we were done counting silver foxes and thus, your stories were nothing but that… old tales to tell dumb kids before tucking them to sleep.”

“What do you mean, Baekhyun-ah?” The man seemed suddenly very interested.

“Jimin. His name is Jimin.” Baekhyun said and Jaejoong widened his eyes. “He arrived to the palace a week ago. Moonbyul is his sister. Sohyang-ssi is his mother.” He said watching the man look simply appalled. “He is Jiseok’s son.”

“The rightful heir.” Jaejoong said.

“Forget about that… that boy cannot do a simple thing against Taemin, rightful heir or not, his life is in Taemin’s hands right now.” Baekhyun explained and Jaejoong frowned.

“Wait… he is… an omega?” Jaejoong asked in disbelief and Baekhyun frowned in confusion as he nodded. “Oh…” He averted his gaze and suddenly seemed deep in thought. “Ah… yes.” He smiled, but he was also pale and his hands trembling.

“Are you okay?” Baekhyun asked worriedly when the man chuckled a bit before becoming serious again, reaching out to grasp Baekhyun’s hand.

“He’s not alone, right?” He asked and Baekhyun blinked several times.

“He came with his sister… if that’s what you mean…”

“No… no…” Jaejoong said letting go of Baekhyun and making his way to a tall bookshelf holding old books. Baekhyun stood and followed him, stood behind him and watched as the man dropped on
the floor the book he used to read to Baekhyun when he was a kid.

“This is the one, old man.” Baekhyun crouched and picked it up.

“No… This is the one.” He pulled a book that was hidden behind others.

“I don’t get it.”

“Because silver foxes have had little variations according to our powers… most of us have been able to interpret the future. That’s why we wrote the legends. We referred to them as legends even though they hadn’t happened yet.” The man said bringing the book to the table. “It was easier to dismiss them when the other foxes thought we were crazy.”

“I can confirm that you’re crazy, old man… This doesn’t make any sense. What about this one?” Baekhyun asked holding the other book.

“If we ever learned something from interpreting the future it was that destinies can change and actually are in constant modification. It depends a whole lot on the decisions people make every day.” Jaejoong explained as he opened the book and Baekhyun leaned over to watch the old drawings on ink.

“Not only you were crazy people but also terrible artists.” He said with pursed lips, but Jaejoong was used to his antics, so the older man ignored him.

“We’ve been completely sure of only one thing ever since the first silver fox decided to write about this: there would be The Luna and a The Sol.” He showed Baekhyun the drawing of both things on the old pages of the book. “But aside form that, everything changed from one generation to the other… some foxes wrote The Luna down as an alpha and The Sol as an omega, sometimes they were both alphas, sometimes betas and even omegas, sometimes The Luna was an omega.” He said flipping to the page that portrayed the drawing of a fox sleeping on the moon.

“Okay… so… Why is not Moonbyul The Luna?” Baekhyun asked massaging his temples in annoyance.

“We deciphered that The Moon and The Sun both had royal blood in their veins… at this point: Sohyang, Moonbyul and I are disqualified to be The Luna.” He said and Baekhyun hummed.

“Okay, so… now we know which story is the real one.” Baekhyun said flipping a few pages and realizing that there was only one more page and then the book was completely blank. “Where is the rest?” He asked eyeing Jaejoong.

“Well… my grandmother was the last to write in this and then my mother’s magic was that one to control the fire….” Jaejoong looked sheepish as Baekhyun glared at him. “Ah… then I guess since I can only see the future in my dreams and I tend to forget most of them…” He blushed as Baekhyun groaned.

“Aish… all of this for nothing… What do we know from the real one?” He asked in annoyance.

“Yes…” Jaejoong turned to the only other page and read, glad that at least only he could read this ancient language. “The Luna will bring the night, that’s why I asked if he was alone. Is he pregnant?” He asked and Baekhyun’s ears perked at that before giving a slow nod.

“Does your stupid book say that his freaking mate is a wolf, a rogue one? A wolf!” Baekhyun snapped and the older man seemed a bit troubled as he continued to read.
“It just literally says that The Luna will bring the inky night, the bright stars and the end.” Jaejoong said with pursed lips.

“Aren’t you a hundred years old?” Baekhyun said in a high tone, not caring the other was older and should’ve been respected. “Shouldn’t you be all wise and shit?” He said angrily. “Aish… forget it…” Baekhyun sighed in defeat. “We will think about this later. For now we just have to get Jimin out of the palace. Do you think you can do that?” He asked and the man nodded.

“Out of the palace… hide the trace and keep him safe until we can understand what is going on…” Jaejoong said and then Baekhyun pondered about it.

“I will ask Jimin-ssi… maybe he can interpret the future… who knows.”

…

“Can you believe it, Jaesook-ssi?” Taemin asked with a chuckle; he was on his fifth cup of tea, lounging comfortably in a chair while the artist continued to break Jimin’s skin, making the blood pour down his satin skin, injecting the ink to give color to the black, tribal dragon that would decorate his back for the rest of his life now. “A wolf…” Taemin added with a shake of his head.

The word tasted foul on his tongue even with the sweet tea he was having. He had been waiting for the moment Jimin would truly break under the pain, but the stubborn fox had held his gaze for almost over two hours that they had been there… enduring the pain with gritted teeth and silent tears roaming down his rosy cheeks.

“You… a rare and special breed, dared to let a meager wolf fuck you, mate you and impregnate you.” Taemin continued his monologue; no one was actually interrupting him or even answering to his words. “You let a wolf taint you.” Taemin said again through gritted teeth. “You are a disgrace for this race as well.” He said and Jaesook saw how Jimin’s ears flattened against his head, the small fox seemed to coil from the harsh words, but then something crossed the omega’s eyes and suddenly Jimin was looking up into Taemin’s eyes.

“What you’ve done… what you’ve allowed… The way you’re treating wolves out there doesn’t make you a king.” Jimin said suddenly breaking his previous silence; his voice was worn and tired.

“Would you look at that, Jaesook-ssi?” Taemin snorted loudly. “An omega, a fox raised by wolves, a fox fucked by wolves thinks he can tell me how to rule my kingdom!” Taemin said loudly and then laughed. “I think I like him. He is funny.” Taemin said with an evil smirk.

Jimin held his golden gaze while his body filled with more and more fear of the future and he tried not to coil under his heavy stare. He was Jungkook’s mate and he had never seen the alpha show fear… Jimin willed his face to stay brave even if just for a bit more…

“Not satisfied with fucking one prince, I was told of your affair with the beta prince too.” Taemin said and against his own will, Jimin felt his cheeks redden. “You are a greedy little omega… Luckily for you from now on if you get fucked it’ll be by me.” Taemin said and Jimin tightened his jaw, his fists coiled and trembling.

“That won’t ha-happen.” Jimin said weakly; the pain was too much and Taemin’s pleased smirk only made him even more nervous.

“I guess you could be known as the mainland’s whore.” Taemin said; amused by the courage the omega was displaying while holding his gaze and enduring the pain of the inking. “I should treat you like one…” He said, making Jimin widen his eyes briefly. “But I would rather wait… see if you will
survive giving birth without your mate here… see if your pup will be a fox or a wolf… I will truly enjoy it if it turns out to be a wolf; I actually want it to be a wolf… It will be… entertaining.”

…

Jaesook stared at the biggest inking he had ever done… he felt troubled to think it had come along perfectly, but the simple fact he had been forced to do it on a pregnant omega fox, would forever haunt him.

The little fox’s body was trembling, covered in drying blood, cold sweat and tears trailing down his cheeks, but the little thing had been brave, never crying or uttering a single sound of pain, never jerking or moving so that it’d make his work more complicated than it already was.

“It always amazes me how people fail to see the beauty of pain.” Taemin suddenly said as he approached the chair, leaving his cup of tea behind. “Like the most expensive silk… pain suits you lovely, Jimin-ssi.” He said tracing the omega’s cheeks with his knuckles.

Jimin tried to move his head away, but he was too tired… almost numb by now; the only thing he was aware of was the constant movement inside his belly, reassuring him that his pup was fine; it was everything he needed to know…

“I bet you’re tired… six hours in the same position must be a bit too… exhausting.” Taemin said as he unlocked the chain and the cuffs, but Jimin was too worn to even appreciate that fact.

“I think we should call a physician, my lord. Make sure he is fine and his pup.” Jaesook tried and Taemin smirked and crouched in front of Jimin’s face; his silver eyes were unfocused and his breathing was ragged.

“I don’t think so…” Taemin said leaning forward and pressing a kiss to Jimin’s forehead. “Jeon Jungkook’s mate is not that weak.” He said and then stood up; he jerked the chain and Jimin gasped at the way his head was forced back.

His whole body started to hurt when he was finally able to move, but too sore to actually try to… he stared up at Taemin suddenly focused and angry as well.

“Come on… you have to eat, bathe and then sleep. It was a long day.” Taemin said pulling again on the chain; Jaesook watched as Jimin forced his numb legs to stand and then he trailed after the alpha with tired body, upper half of his body uncovered and his back covered with a dragon tattoo.

Jimin swallowed the urge to throw up and did his best to relax his muscles as he walked after Taemin. He had never felt so much pain in his whole life and the only thing he could think about was that Jungkook experienced this as well…

Jimin was pulled out of his stupor when he saw Luhan standing by the door to his bedchamber, holding a few towels in his arms, his eyes going immediately to him and widening in surprise… He rushed to open the door and Taemin stepped inside first, Jimin sharing a long look with the maid as he walked past him.

Luhan gasped and let the towels fall to the ground as soon as he saw the tattoo on Jimin’s back. Taemin pulled on the chain and made Jimin sit on the edge of the bed, keeping the pull on the chain tight so that Jimin was forced to look him in the eye.

“You have to rest, Jimin-ssi… Tomorrow will be another long day for us…” Taemin said and Jimin couldn’t help but frown, what more could he ever want? “I am feeling creative with you.” He said slowly.
Jimin only stared at him with pure hatred; there was no other way to put it. Taemin was cruel and completely cold. He couldn’t understand the people that had said Yoongi was a bad man… people that called Jungkook cruel when they hadn’t met Taemin.

“I will see you tomorrow.” Taemin said before standing up and walking out of the room, not sparing a single glance towards the maid omega by the door.

Luhan waited a moment even after the door was closed, he made sure Taemin was far down the hall to finally move to Jimin’s side, scanning his appearance and immediately worrying about the fever breaking on him. He was too pale, worn and weak to even talk and tear continued to stream down his cheeks.

“Wait here… I… I will go find Baekhyun.” Luhan said and Jimin eyed him up, such sadness in his eyes that Luhan swallowed back a moan of pain. “You won’t stay here another day. We can’t risk it.” Luhan said and let go of Jimin’s hands to move to the door.

He stepped out of the room and made sure there was no one in close proximity. He was quick on his feet moving towards the kitchens; it was a long way and when he made it there he was just on time to see Baekhyun entering the backdoor.

Luhan ran to him and pushed him outside again; the other omega a bit annoyed by the welcoming, but then he saw the look of pure shock in the elder’s eyes and frowned.

“What’s going on? What happened?” Baekhyun asked and grasped the other’s arms in fear of what his answer would be.

“We need to take Jimin-ssi out tonight.” Luhan whispered, his big eyes moving around frantically as if making sure no one would pop out of nowhere.


“He is going to torture him… He already did.” Luhan said closing his eyes tightly and trembling. “If we don’t take him out I don’t think he might survive what Taemin plans to do tomorrow.” Luhan said.

“What is he planning?”

“I don’t know! I don’t know, but it has never been good! If Jimin-ssi happens to be important then we can’t let him-”

“He is important.” Baekhyun said and Luhan blinked down at him in confusion. “Jaejoong seemed to know more, but he is missing a few things, but the essential thing here is that Jimin-ssi is actually important.” Baekhyun reassured. “We have to take him out…”

“So…” Jungkook said slowly as he stared at the two newcomers with a bit of distrust; it was just a bit unsettling and he could tell by the tension in the room that he was not the only one thinking it. “You say you’ve met with Jimin before he was taken to Taemin…” He said and both males nodded once.

“I am the captain of the ship he took to the eastern islands. My name is Yukwon.” The tanned male said and Jungkook nodded once before turning his eyes to the pale one next to him. “This is Jaehyo.” Yukwon explained and Jungkook nodded again.
“Yukwon-ssi… What are you doing here?” Jungkook asked; even though Jieun and Jiho were there as well, none of them had talked about the pirate at all…

“I wasn’t really that eager to do this, but Jaehyo insisted we should meddle a bit more… At least we’d be meddling on the right side this time.” Yukwon said with a long sigh; Jaehyo rolled his eyes and leaned over the large table.

“What we mean is… that we want to help you.” Jaehyo said and this time Yoongi scoffed.

“I am sorry, but… Are we going to trust foxes now?” He asked turning to look at his brother; Jungkook seemed troubled by what to do. “Until Jimin came to us we thought his whole race had been banished and now it seems they’ve been living quite comfortably in an island. Clearly they never cared much for being found.” He said and Jungkook sighed softly, turning to look at Namjoon.

“Oh… well… Yukwon-ssi, Jaehyo-ssi…” Namjoon spoke and both foxes turned to look at him. “You can’t blame us for being careful.” He said and the pirate quirked an eyebrow.

“So… it is because we are foxes. I can fucking see Zico back there and I haven’t said one thing about it. Pirates can’t be trusted either and I am both: a pirate and a fox, but I came all the way here to offer help…” Yukwon stood from his chair, giving Jungkook his most menacing glare.

“Yukwon-ah… let’s not get viol-”

“No.” Yukwon cut Jaehyo off, not taking his eyes off Jungkook. “It seems to me you don’t know how important your mate is for our race, but only if he actually gets a chance.” Yukwon said and Jungkook swallowed thickly. “He won’t survive the birth of his pup without you there, but not only that… You don’t know how Taemin is. He likes to torture people and I am sure Jimin-ssi will not be an exception.”

Jungkook stood up from his chair; his eyes wild with the desperation of getting Jimin back and Namjoon reclined back with a defeated sigh. He knew Jungkook was going to agree anyway.

“I will trust you.” Jungkook said and Yukwon nodded.

“How many men will be coming with you?” Yukwon asked and Jungkook shook his head slowly, the fox scoffed. “How do you intend to win this war?”

“There is no war.” Yoongi interjected.

“There will be.” Yukwon countered.

“I won’t bring men with me.” Jungkook stated. “Wars are not won by killing soldiers anyway.”

...“You will have to go without me.” Yoongi said while he continued to write a letter. Taehyung cradling his smaller body from behind, keeping him warm; the alpha hummed a bit as he stopped the movement of his hands on Yoongi’s back.

“Why?” Taehyung asked with a slight frown.

“I have important things to do here, but my former task is not less important. It needs to be accomplished, Taehyung. I will send you along with the northern men.” Yoongi said and suddenly felt Taehyung’s arms tightening around his torso.
“Sehun too, right?” He asked and Yoongi hummed in affirmation.

“I think it’d be good to take someone smart with you. I will ask Jungkook if he can send Namjoon too.” He said and the younger wolf rolled his eyes.

“I am smart.” Taehyung argued; Yoongi hummed absently.

“Not Namjoon-smart. We all are good for something, but we can’t be good at everything. Don’t be greedy.” The beta said and Taehyung gave a nasty glare, as he pulled away and stood to busy himself with something else.

“You know… you can be gentle when you insult people too… I don’t know which way I hate most.” Taehyung commented letting himself fall on the fluffy bed, unaware of Yoongi’s smirk. “When do you want us to leave?” Taehyung asked.

Yoongi sealed the letter and placed it to the side of the table so he wouldn’t forget to grab it tomorrow when he stepped out of his bedchambers. He stood and made his way to the bed, standing at the edge and staring down at Taehyung’s stretched body.

“Tomorrow.” He said simply and Taehyung frowned, but refrained from saying anything; Yoongi maybe read his mind as he slowly discarded his robes and then crawled over the alpha’s body, straddling his thighs and moving to undo his own garments.

“Are you serious?” Taehyung asked and Yoongi nodded, not meeting his eyes, focusing only on the task at hand. “Yoongi… wait…” Taehyung grabbed his pale wrists and stopped him; the beta finally looked down into his eyes. “I don’t want to leave you alone here.” Taehyung said pushing up into a sitting position.

“What could even happen? Jungkook got rid all the loners and pirates that threatened the throne. Made the rest retreat into the sea… if anything, you will be the one in danger.” Yoongi said and Taehyung swallowed thickly.

“Still…” Taehyung muttered softly, letting go of his hands. “People are not particularly loving towards you.” Taehyung said and Yoongi hummed.

“But don’t I have my ways to make them love me?” He smirked as he sunk one hand in Taehyung’s lower garments, wrapping his long fingers around his heated member. Taehyung gasped and opened his mouth in a silent groan. “I don’t think I’ve ever met anyone that wanted me dead so much like you did…” Yoongi leaned and mouthed the words over Taehyung’s opened lips, his hand moving along the shaft, feeling it growing hard and bigger. “And here you are… letting me do as I please…”
Jungkook knew nothing about ruling more than doing what was right and never stomping on anyone else, but when it came to his mate everything else seemed too unimportant and plain… the fact that he was willing to die on a quest to save his mate and not to stay and rule, told him that he was not really made to rule.

Namjoon had done the right thing and had called the leaders of the most important packs around the capital along with the southern people and had explained that Jungkook would be gone for a while. Jungkook felt that he didn’t actually owed anyone an explanation, but Namjoon clarified that it was because of political tensions with the nation in the eastern islands and the leaders seemed calm and actually agreed on the chosen regent king.

Most of them had been confused about why Jungkook was so quiet and still on frenzy, but Namjoon guessed that seeing their appointed king in such a state was not a welcoming sight to start making questions.

It didn’t matter how much he wanted to go alone, Yoongi had said he couldn’t and somehow Jungkook didn’t want to go against that, so… in the end he was already set to go along with Mark, Yukwon and Jaehyo.

Then it was Yoongi’s mysterious journey to the southern seas. Jungkook didn’t want to ask much and had decided to actually trust his brother not to do something stupid that they could regret, so he had accepted to send the party from the north along with Namjoon, Jiho and Jaebum.

Hwasa had asked to go with Jungkook, but the younger alpha had told her that she should stay and make sure Yoongi didn’t set the whole world on fire and that had seemed to make sense for her as well.

And so… everyone moved.

…

At first Jungkook had not questioned how Jaehyo and Yukwon had moved from the coast to the inner land, but when the pirate captain had told them not to bring anything to carry and to come naked he understood.

They stood at the border; Hwasa had been their escort to the outer part of the capital and she had frowned the whole way at the prospect of traveling naked and thus, unprotected, but one part of Jungkook was thrilled for the adventure.

“We part ways here.” Hwasa announced from her horse; Jungkook jumped down from his and so did the others. She took the reigns and tied them to the hooks on her own horse’s ones. “Put your clothes on the sack.” She said and winked at Mark when he started to undress; the captain was bit baffled by the gesture.
Yukwon was naked in a second and so was Jaehyo, both of them unperturbed by their state while they saw the other two discarding their gear and making sure it was stored in the sack so Hwasa could take them back.

Her eyes roamed Mark’s naked body, receiving a glare from the man, but she was too amused until she saw the many scars on Jungkook’s body, the marks and burns and the tattoo… she had seen it before, but it was never a nice sight… the meaning behind it made it a bit too sad to look at.

“I trust you’ll keep Yoongi from world domination.” Jungkook said looking up at her and she gave a stiff nod; he nodded and took a deep breath before turning around and overlooking the hills ahead. “Ready, Mark?” He asked and the captain nodded coming to stand by his side.

“As ready as I’ll ever be… It’s been like a year since the last time I shifted.” He commented and then Yukwon approached them.

“I’ll tell you how we are going to do this.” He said and Mark frowned at him, but Jungkook nodded to let him know he was listening and willing to do as told. “We travel nonstop for two days, we hunt; we rest and repeat.” He said and Mark widened his eyes.

“Run for two days straight?!” He asked in disbelief the fox nodded and then looked at Jungkook; the alpha took a deep breath and patted Mark on the back.

“Let’s try to keep up, captain Tuan.” He encouraged and Mark seemed ready to decline and maybe switch places with Hwasa, but in the end he could only watch them all shift to their beast forms.

Hwasa stared at the huge wolf with black fur… his eyes were still red swimming in black, his fangs too long and his claws too sharp. Yukwon was not impressed by the look and watched as Mark shifted into a bit smaller wolf, reddish fur and amber eyes.

Jungkook turned to the foxes and watched as both of them shifted at the same time, both were black, long legs and slim bodies made for speed and flexibility, big ears to let them know if an enemy was close… smaller bodies compared to wolves.

Yukwon’s fox nodded its head once before he took off followed by Jaehyo. Hwasa widening her eyes at the sprint and then she watched as Jungkook took off as well, trying… and failing to keep up.

“Good luck keeping up with them, Captain Tuan!” She said and Mark huffed before taking off as well.

Jungkook was aware of the benefits of traveling in beast form. Their basic needs weren’t that ominous and food was not something they actually had to worry about for long periods of time. But he was now painfully aware of how fast the foxes were and how slow he and Mark were, still he pushed his legs harder, his heavier body making too much noise and making the ground tremble with each landing. Jaehyo and Yukwon seemed almost to be floating, paws barely grazing the soft grass underneath.

Jungkook remembered Jimin… Surely foxes were amazing creatures all the same, but he had never seen anyone as graceful as Jimin. His mate was truly magical…

“…This, Jimin-ssi, is the Moon Tower.” Taemin said with a wide grin as he showed with open arms the view from halfway up the tower.

Jimin swallowed thickly. He was terribly thirsty… he was pretty sure Taemin had water on him, but
had refused to give him any and he was really tired now. His lower back was killing him, but every
time he slowed his pace the alpha tugged on the leash making him stumble a bit.

“This place was built in honor to the moon, obviously.” He chuckled as he turned to look down at
the worn fox, feigning a look of worry. “Oh, are you tired?” He asked and Jimin grimaced and
opened his mouth to speak, but the alpha beat him to it. “Oh, silly me… of course not. I seem to
always forget you are a wolf’s mate, the almighty Jeon Jungkook. Of course you’re not tired.” He
snorted and then turned around.

Jimin stared at him with wide eyes. He just wasn’t sure how cruel Taemin could get, but to make him
climb stairs up a really high tower under the sun of the midmorning, without water or breaks, was
really proving a point. He gasped a bit when the alpha pulled on the chain.

“My father used to bring me and Chanyeol here every full moon, to pray or some nonsense. He
made us walk up without water nor breaks and if we stalled he’d beat us the rest of the way up.”
Taemin commented.

That explained a lot, actually. Jimin tried his best, but his belly was tense and it really hurt, his hand
slowly rubbing softly as if to calm his pup and then he just couldn’t anymore and let his back slide
down against the wall opposite to the rail. Taemin tugged several times until he sighed heavily and
turned around.

“Yah, Jimin-ssi… Should I beat you the rest of the way up?” He asked and he received a glare from
the omega, eyes blazing blue and upper lip curled to show his elongating fangs. “What? Are you
ready to admit you are actually worthless? Just like your mate?” Taemin asked.

Jimin refused to open his lips to say anything. He just needed to rest and drink a bit of water; his eyes
moved to the leather sack hanging from the alpha’s hip, he was pretty sure there was water in it.
Taemin placed a hand on it and pulled it free from the belt.

“Oh… Are you thirsty?” Taemin asked as he crouched in front of the omega with the sack in his
hands. “I am sorry… How come I never noticed?” He chuckled and pulled the cork and placed the
tip to his lips, drinking a few big gulps before handing it to Jimin.

The omega was too thirsty to still look angry when he snatched the sack over his lips, ready to drink
its contents… only it was empty. His eyes widened in pure desperation and fear; was he maybe
going to die there?

“Ah… sorry… I didn’t bring enough it seems.” Taemin sighed. Watching how Jimin’s eyes filled
with tears and his lower lip trembled.

“You…” Jimin’s voice was raspy and raw. “You are… the most evil… cruel… person I’ve ever
met…” Jimin said through gritted teeth; his reaction was from anger and not fear and that made
Taemin slip out of his smooth character.

“You haven’t seen anything, Jimin-ssi.” Taemin leaned over. “Every night I pray your mate gets here
soon so I can kill him in front of you, or maybe I will wait until your pup is born to kill him in front
of both of you… I will make sure to rip out his heart since it seems you’re so sure he loves you.” He
said watching the fear playing in Jimin’s eyes, his whole body trembling. “I make sure to write down
all the ways in which I could kill him, but then I really wish to see you both suffer. I want your pup
to be a filthy wolf so I can kill it too.”

Jimin slapped Taemin as hard as he could only then realizing his claws had grown, probably from
the anger and he had left three gashes on the king’s cheek… the man slowly turned to him again.
“You know… if you shifted you could save yourself from dehydration and exhaustion.” He said and Jimin frowned, but then Taemin looked down at his collar and fingered it absently. “But maybe you could actually die, choked by this very same collar.” He explained. “I am giving you ideas, Jimin-ssi… It seems some people have given you the wrong idea to believe you’re actually special.” Taemin sighed.

“My fa-father was-”

“My uncle, yes.” Taemin cut him short. “But no one here knows who you are. If I kill you it wouldn’t make a difference; we would all just agree that the son of the throne’s heir actually died in the mainland because his stupid mother actually thought it’d be a great idea to flee.” Taemin said softly. “And even if they knew you were alive you are an omega, Jimin-ssi… An useless omega.”

“There are some people who know.” Jimin said in a small voice ignoring his last words.

“Yeah… Do you know what my magic can do, Jimin-ssi?” Taemin asked and Jimin widened his eyes remembering his sister had told him that Taemin’s magic was one of the few that worked on foxes, but she hadn’t been sure of its power. “I can literally access your mind… see your memories and be part of them to know what you were actually thinking at an specific moment. Talk to you in them… modify them…” Jimin was having trouble breathing with the alpha so close. “Erase them…”

“No…” Jimin whispered in disbelief.

“Yes. I could get myself in your memories, erase Jungkook’s trace and make you believe I was the one you’ve loved all along. Make you believe Jungkook is the actual enemy.” He continued. “But… it feels too early for that… I still want to see you break, see you beg me to kill you or change your memories so you won’t have to suffer this anymore.” Taemin said.

Jimin stared for a long moment into the golden eyes and then Taemin stood up again, tugging on the chain a bit.

“Come on, get up… we are barely halfway up.”

...

The trip to the southern shore was not long; it had taken them less than a week on horse, but now they had to be careful… The pirates occupied the shore and it seemed they all were working on a port or something. Whatever it was looked a bit too organized to be on the pirates’ end and Namjoon knew not to be fooled.

“Anyone here knows what Yoongi-ssi was coming here for?” Namjoon asked the rest of the men. All of them looked nervous to step out.

Jiho was still staring down the hill to where the wolves moved fast to work; the day was barely starting and they all seemed to already know what was expected from them. Pirates didn’t work like that… something seemed fishy.

“He gave me a letter and a name to look for when we got here, but that’s it.” Taehyung said as he pulled the envelope from inside his garments.

Jiho frowned a bit and stared down at him.

“What name did he give you?”

“Sandeul.” Taehyung said and Jiho quirked an eyebrow; Namjoon noticed the reactions and kept his
serious face.

“Who is Sandeul? Someone you know?” Namjoon inquired the pirate and Jiho nodded a bit.

“Last time I heard form him was like five years ago… He retired and built a cottage by the sea in the southern island. He sold his ship and bought a small boat to fish.” He explained and then frowned. “I am not sure, but I heard some pirates say they had seen him traveling with the south a few months ago, before Seokjin-ssi died.” He said and Namjoon felt a bitter taste as he nodded in understanding.

“Is he good? Someone we can trust?” Namjoon asked again and Jiho sighed.

“He is a pirate. Was a quiet person when I met him, but… it’s been years.” Jiho said and shrugged, not really wanting to give the wrong answer.

“Okay… Only Jiho and I will go down to the shore. See what we can find.” He said and Jiho nodded.

“I am going too. Yoongi gave this letter to me.” Taehyung said and Namjoon nodded after a moment before he nodded to Jaebum. The man understood that he had to stay and then Namjoon looked at the others…

He had noticed that Yoongi’s men from the north didn’t look that good. The heat and environmental conditions of the south were not sitting well with them. It was better if they could avoid any confrontation.

The three of them moved down the hill and it didn’t take them long when they finally arrived to the shore, now noticing there were some shops and people trading products. It looked fairly normal and no one seemed too concerned with them as they walked by.

Suddenly Jiho stopped and he scoffed… his eyes trained ahead. Namjoon followed his gaze and noticed a man sitting on a box, playing with a knife; it was a strange sight because no one else was sitting idly like him. The man flipped the knife once again and then turned is head to the right. He was missing half an ear, his fur was black and wild, skin a bit tanned by the sun, but as soon as his eyes settled on Jiho he smirked.

Namjoon watched him stand up from the box and make his way over to them with glinting eyes. Jiho took a step forward, mirroring the smirk.

“So it is true!” The man said loudly, the knife was still in his hand and Namjoon felt a bit tense at the prospect of fighting. “They kept saying Zico was serving the crown and we didn’t want to believe it, but you show up here with two soldiers…” He mocked as he turned his eyes to Namjoon and Taehyung.

“Well… Jieunnie wants a bit of peace and… so do I.” Jiho shrugged and the man stared up at him for a long moment before he spoke again, this time he looked friendlier.

“How is she? Still as beautiful as the day we met her?” He asked and Jiho grinned from ear to ear.

“Even more so!” He said and suddenly they were both exchanging a friendly hug, patting their backs. Namjoon relaxed a bit. When they pulled apart Jiho turned to his companions. “This is Baro.” He said and Namjoon nodded. “These are Taehyung and Namjoon.” He told the pirate.

“Sandeul said he was expecting a king.” Baro frowned and Jiho nodded.

“Yoongi-ssi, but he couldn’t come… there are really pressing matters right now with the eastern
“Yeah, we know… There was a large amount of money on a silver fox’s head awhile ago and now they doubled the amount for your king in the capital.” Baro said and Jiho blinked in surprise. “He’s lucky he made a statement a while ago too… and Yukwon’s men are not participating.” He said and Jiho nodded.

“Yukwon was in the capital a few days ago too.” Jiho said and Namjoon took a step forward before the man could reveal more information.

“Why are we here?” Namjoon asked and Baro looked at him and then sighed.

“We’ll catch up later, Zico… Follow me.” Baro said and Namjoon stopped him.

“We have more men.” Namjoon said and Baro shook his head.

“We can take you three, but not more. Let them stay in the hostel down the shore.” Baro pointed and Namjoon nodded.

“Taehyung, go back and fetch them. We will wait for you by the ship.” Namjoon said and Taehyung nodded once before leaping and leaving.

“World is getting hectic, right Zico?” Baro said as they walked towards the appointed place and Jiho nodded as he sat down on one of the boxes.

“Like we never thought it would. I’ve seen silver foxes, Baro… can you actually believe it?” He scoffed and Baro chuckled.

“Yeah? You are up for one hell of a ride in the south then…” He said and Namjoon frowned.

“What exactly are we going to see?” He asked and Baro sighed.

“Foxes, of course… They inhabit the southern islands too, but I guess what really matters will have to wait.” He said cryptically.

It didn’t take them too long to settle everyone in the appointed hostel and then Namjoon, Taehyung and Jiho were getting into the ship, ready to part with the mainland.

The sight of the shrining shore made Namjoon a bit nostalgic, but he had to remind himself that there was nothing much for him there anyway. Even if he died in the southern island it was not like he’d miss the mainland.

The probabilities of even having his body buried next to Seokjin’s were so ridiculous that in the end he could only pray he’d meet his beloved king in their next life, ready for it where they wouldn’t need to worry about royalties and wars… maybe.

…”

“Do you have a plan to beat Taemin?” Yukwon asked and Jungkook frowned a bit and then shook his head.

It was their first stop after two days of traveling in wolf form; they had just finished eating some rabbits and now were resting all around a small fire. Mark was silent, his eyes focused on the sky and Jaehyo staring at Jungkook.

“I don’t plan to mingle much there, I’ll just get Jimin and leave.” Jungkook said and Jaehyo turned
his head; he had been quiet the whole time, but upon hearing that he felt suddenly the tension rising.

“You can’t.” Yukwon said and Jungkook frowned deeper at that. “Jimin is ours.” He said and took a bite of his rabbit leftovers. “I am sorry, but… the only way you will get Jimin is if you beat Taemin.” He added, but even to Jungkook’s ears it sounded fishy… like the fox was not telling him everything.

“Your nation’s problems are not of importance to me. Jimin was my mate before this thing blew up. It is not his business either.” Jungkook felt anger rising. “If Taemin wants a problem with us then we will deal with it when he decides to set foot on the mainland.” He said and Yukwon only stared at him.

“He is enslaving wolves.” Jaehyo said and Jungkook turned his dark eyes towards the other fox. “He plans to invade the mainland at some point, but there are wolves in the islands… all of them are enslaved.” Jaehyo explained.

“What about Kai and Yifan? They didn’t look like slaves to me.” He said and Jaehyo snorted and shook his head.

“Yifan had a privileged position and Taemin had Kai’s mate to threaten him with. Two wolves living decently cannot atone for the other hundreds that live enslaved and in precarious conditions.” Jaehyo said in a firm tone.

“What exactly do you expect me to do about it?” Jungkook questioned. “For all I know those foxes were born there, which means they have to adjust to the li-”

“Nothing. We don’t expect anything from you.” Yukwon cut him off. “As I said… Jimin is the one we care about.” He stated and Jungkook felt anger flaring.

“I don’t think I am your friend right now.” Jungkook said and Mark sat up, feeling the tension rising and the alpha fox snorted.

“I am bringing you because someone needs to get Jimin out of the palace, but I have more faith in Jimin than I would ever have in someone like you.” Yukwon said in a mocking tone and Jungkook frowned as he stood up and so did Yukwon.

The younger wolf was taller and broader, but the sharp gaze the fox directing at him let him know that he was not afraid.

“We’ll see what happens when the moment arrives. I am sure Jimin will chose the right thing.” Yukwon said and Jungkook’s anger snapped, he moved fast as he grasped the fox’s neck in one hand.

“Jungkook.” Mark called as he stood and moved to his side. “This is not a good idea, we still need them to get there.” He added.

“You’re only taking advantage of his good heart. You might already know he won’t turn a blind eye on someone suffering beca-”

“Like a king should.” Yukwon cut him short and Jungkook’s mouth opened and closed unable to refute the statement. “Your brother should be ruling the mainland. Just like Jimin should be ruling the islands.” Yukwon grasped his wrist and Jungkook let go of him ever so slowly.

“My brother is dead and I won’t let Jimin succumb to the same fate.” He growled out, his eyes flashing dangerously and then Jaehyo spoke.
“None of us want that. Jimin-ssi is a great man and we don’t want to harm him, but blood calls and he has a responsibility… one greater than simply titles and royalties. He is the one we’ve been waiting for.” He said and Jungkook frowned down at him.

“What are you talking about?” Jungkook asked in confusion.

“As soon as we get there we will take you to someone that can actually explain.”

…

Baekhyun was losing patience… he had promised to get Jimin out on the first day after Taemin’s torture, but it was proving to be too difficult. Taemin had placed Tao on Jimin’s door all night and even though he and Luhan had access to the room there was no way to get him out without the guard knowing.

They had considered the window, but the rails were too thin for a pregnant person.

“How are you feeling?” He asked as he changed the damp cloth from over Jimin’s forehead. He had a high fever and it had been a while since he last heard the fox’s voice.

Luhan had also expressed his worry when Jimin stopped talking a week ago… they would ask him things, but the fox would remain quiet. His eyes often locked at some point in the bedroom, never wavering… as if he was thinking really hard about something.

Taemin would come every day and pull him outside on tiresome activities that no pregnant person should ever go through. Taemin was careful, never taking him out of the royal grounds so as to not let people see him and that was enough of a reason for Baekhyun to understand the alpha fox was obviously threatened by Jimin’s presence.

Baekhyun closed his eyes briefly. He had never wanted someone to disappear, as he wanted Tao to at that moment.

“I promised to get you out of here.” Baekhyun said slowly, his eyes drifting to the open window. “I am not strong enough to do so. Luhan is not either.” Baekhyun said absently, not really talking to Jimin, but was surprised when the pregnant fox clasped his hand and gave it a faint squeeze.

It was meant to be reassuring, but this was not the same person Baekhyun had met the first day Jimin arrived to the palace. With each day that passed Jimin looked more and more like a carcass; like an empty shell.

Jimin had been distracted lately… spending more time inside his head, in the shape of his fox, walking around the endless forest and missing the soft drizzle of rain. Maybe it was because Jungkook was not close, but his fox, even inside his mind was restless and sad.

There was not the sensation of being watched, of another presence and he wasn’t sure if Jungkook was actually coming for him. Everyone talked about how Jungkook would not let him go that easily… maybe Taemin was messing with him and was succeeding in making him doubt and it infuriated Jimin to no end.

What was the point of giving birth if he was likely to die without his mate by his side? What was the purpose of bringing a kid into this world if Taemin was likely to kill it?

One part of him was honestly frightened. Jimin wanted to be strong and he had never held such ill feelings for another person, but Taemin was surely becoming a very first. Another part of him was so angered that it scared him to accept he had thought of harming the alpha fox.
Jungkook would’ve been proud of him for finally distrusting someone. Finally doing what had to be done to survive because Jimin had been stupid enough to believe everyone could be good.

Taemin was not.

…

“Are you going to be like this for all the ride back home?” Chanyeol asked as he cut his meat during dinner one night. Moonbyul hadn’t been eating enough and had been quiet ever since Chanyeol escorted her back to the carriage that would take them both to the southern island.

The woman remained quiet as she munched on her food. It was not long before she stood up, bowed and then made her way to the adjacent room.

Chanyeol sighed heavily as he placed his utensils down and stared at his food. He was known for being patience, not quite brave, actually. He feared Taemin, like any normal person should. He could pretend he didn’t in front of his brother, but he had befriended Moonbyul at quite a young age, thus she knew his true face.

Against his better judgment he stood and followed her inside the bedroom; she had her arms crossed while she stared out a window. The carriage was big enough to accommodate comfy rooms and he had given her the privacy and luxury of staying in the only royal bedroom inside the wagon, but not even that seemed to appease her anger and he was running out excuses.

“What do you want me to do?” He asked and approached her, grasping her hand and making her look into his eyes. “You know how he is. I want you alive and breathing and happy by my side, but I can—”

“Stop pretending to be in love with me!” She snapped retrieving her hand from his hold and he blinked in surprise. “We both know what bound us together, Chanyeol and I don’t need you to cover it with nice words. You are in love with a maid from the palace, not with me.” She said pacing around the room until she plopped down on the bed.

“Baekhyun has not a place next to me to people’s eyes. You know that.” He said and she felt bitter at the thought of the haughty maid that had always thought so highly of himself and now here was his lover… saying this hurtful things. “He knows that.”

“That never stopped him from dreaming.” She said and Chanyeol sighed and turned to the window. “I can’t let Jimin suffer Taemin’s wrath just because of his bloodline. He never knew anything about this, but still… everyone is expecting so much from him.” She shook her head and felt her eyes sting with tears.

“I can’t let you. I might not love you the way I love Baekhyun, but I still care about you… Taemin will not Jimin live.” Chanyeol said so sure of his words that Moonbyul openly gaped at him in disbelief. “Jimin is threat for us; me and Taemin. The fact that is pregnant makes it even more troublesome. Add to the mix that he actually had the audacity to let a wolf mate him and impregnate him and then… put a cherry on top; said wolf is a prince.” Chanyeol finished with a long groan.

“I always believed you were different… A good person, but what you just said…”

“I am stating the political facts. Jimin is a threat to our reign.” Chanyeol said sharply, giving her a glare; she knew her next words were not the safest.

“Then maybe you shouldn’t reign at all.”
Chanyeol stared at her for a long moment, unable to say anything… not to argue and not to accept her words.

“I am not blind to what Taemin is doing, but… People remember, Moonbyul-ah.” He said in frustration. “They might not have lived through the raid in the mainland, but they remember, they lost people there… To have one or two wolves at their service makes up for cruelty in our history.” Chanyeol said.

“You pick nice words. You’ve always liked nice words to mask the reality. Taemin is enslaving wolves. Not because of the raid. He is enslaving wolves because your father literally beat that way of thinking into his brain… and you… you’re sitting idly… letting him do this nonsense.” She said and Chanyeol felt like he was staring at someone else, not the quiet girl he had known before. “I won’t let my brother die.” She said.

“What do you think you can do? Taemin will not hesitate to kill you.” He argued and she nodded.

“Then I’ll die trying. I rather die knowing I tried than live knowing thousands of wolves are out there suffering because of one mad fox.” She said grabbing a bag Chanyeol had failed to notice.

“You can’t leave! It is dangerous! Moonbyul-ah!” Chanyeol said as he walked after her, following until they were both standing outside the carriage and only then he noticed all of his men on the floor, unconscious. “What in the name of The Moon happened here?!” He asked in bewilderment.

“You won’t send anyone after me.” Moonbyul said, not affected by the sight. Chanyeol was too busy staring at the only two men standing; one of his men and the other was clearly a foreigner.

“Who are you?!” Chanyeol snapped.

“Listen to what she says.” Seunghyun said with a deep voice. “None of them are dead, don’t give me a reason to kill them.” Chanyeol turned his eyes back to Moonbyul in complete amazement.

“You won’t send anyone after me.” She repeated and Chanyeol sighed and nodded. “I hope that… at the end of this we can both be with the people we love, Chanyeol.” She said softly and Chanyeol shook his head.

“You will be dead…”

“Maybe I will.” She said in agreement. “Goodbye.”

Chanyeol watched as Seunghyun let go of the man, pushing him to the ground and then approached Moonbyul, taking the bag from her arm and then they started to walk away from the site.

“Lord Chanyeol! Do you want me to go after them?” The guard scrambled up and the young king shook his head.

“No. I need at least one of you conscious in case of ambush.” He said and the man sighed. “Let’s be grateful he didn’t kill you all.”

Seunghyun walked briskly after Moonbyul, letting her lead the way until he couldn’t help it no more.

“Where are we going?” He asked, because she just looked determined to go somewhere.

“To see the only other person I can trust. Someone that can help us save Jimin.”
Jungkook couldn’t help the deep frown marring his features as he stared at the wolf working his ass off in the docks, moving boxes from one place to the other with a thick collar around his neck and a chain dangling from it. A pet.

His eyes were focused on the boy as he tried to keep up the pace when stepping down from the ship. Mark was walking behind him with the same surprised and disgusted expression.

They were both wearing dark cloaks to hide their ears and identities. It had been a long trip in the ship and Jungkook had fared better than Mark, but it was not an experience he’d like to repeat.

“Don’t stare too much, we don’t want to call for attention.” Yukwon said and Jungkook took his eyes off the skinny wolf. His temper flaring for a moment before he tightened his fists and decided to keep himself in check. He was here for Jimin.

“Jaejoong will explain everything a bit better.” Jaehyo commented as they made their way out of the market at the dock and started to walk through packed streets filled with foxes and some wolves in dire conditions.

“This is ridiculous.” Mark commented and Jungkook clenched his jaw. It didn’t help that he was still on edge and frenzy. He couldn’t care less for this Jaejoong guy, but he needed to know a bit more about this place before actually running into the palace to save his mate.

“How long ‘til we reach this man you talk about?” Jungkook decided to ask and Yukwon shrugged as he continued to lead the way. Jaehyo sighed and turned to look at Jungkook.

“A bit more… he lives in the outskirts. He doesn’t really like people and people don’t really like him.” He explained and Jungkook nodded. “Jaejoong is really nice and I am sure he will be ecstatic to help us with Jimin.” Jaehyo gave Jungkook a tight smile.

“Even if he doesn’t want to help I will still fetch Jimin.” He said in his low voice and Jaehyo grimaced at the idea; Jungkook just didn’t understand the danger Taemin represented.

“I know you’re brave and strong. Jimin always talked about it for the brief time I met him, but… You cannot underestimate Taemin. He is really strong.” Jaehyo said and Jungkook clenched his jaw again.

“Tell me everything you know about him.” He demanded and Yukwon gave him a fleeting glare over his shoulder and Jaehyo nodded.

“I will, but first I want to put this out here…” He said and Jungkook turned to look at him with a frown. “Haven’t you thought about this? Jimin represents a threat for Taemin. He is the rightful heir so… Why hasn’t he killed him? Why keep Jimin instead of killing him and ending with the possibility of losing his throne?” He asked and Mark frowned as he considered the thought.

Jungkook averted his eyes to the ground for a moment and then turned his eyes to the nearest wolf, wearing a collar and a chain like a pet… like a slave. Why step on another race like this?

“If you don’t want to say it then I will… because you need to understand Taemin is fearless. He hasn’t killed Jimin because he knows he can do it any time. He will enjoy his presence until he feels satisfied and then… one day he will wake up sick of his face… and then Jimin will die, because that’s the kind of person Taemin is.” Jaehyo said and Jungkook closed his eyes briefly, he stopped to regulate his breathing.

It was at that moment that he felt it… it felt like a sparkle as he stood in his wolf form in the vast forest, a soft drizzle covering his thick fur and then he saw the silver fox stepping from the woods,
looking sad and worn, ready to collapse.

A loud gasp tore from his throat as he snapped his eyes open… he could finally feel Jimin again through their bond.

“Are you okay?” Mark asked and Jungkook walked to the nearest wall and leaned against it, closing his eyes again.

His wolf was nuzzling on the fox’s neck affectionately. The fox didn’t look like it used to… it just looked worn and jagged. Too tired to be excited to see his mate again. His wolf wrapped around the smaller frame and the fox seemed to fall asleep contentedly.

“This is not good.” Jungkook said as he opened his eyes again. Even though the fox was back in his mind and even though the bond had sparked… it just felt odd.

“What’s going on?” Mark asked again.

“Jimin’s not okay. Something’s going on.” He said and then moved his dark eyes to the palace that outstretched up the hill with golden and silver pillars. The urge to break down through their doors was almost unbearable. “Take me to this man now… I cannot lose anymore time.” He said and Jaehyo nodded.

“Come on. It is not that far.” He said and they soon were walking again.

…

“Ah…” Jimin said as he opened his eyes again. The image of Jungkook’s wolf inside his head was back and it had felt like home. He smiled tiredly… hearing another slash, but somehow he was beyond the feeling of pain.

“Ah? Is that a smile?” Taemin asked form his chair in front of Jimin, a cup of tea in his hand while he stared at the omega fox being flogged by one of his guards.

Jimin’s hands were tied from the ceiling, his feet barely touching the ground, heavy belly hanging at the front. Taemin staring at it as the pup moved restlessly while his mother went through the punishment.

“Who would’ve thought you’d enjoy the pain?” Taemin smiled at him, but Jimin was deaf to his words; as long as he could still feel his pup move he was fine. The hatred for Taemin was building steadily and he just wasn’t sure what would happen once it reached its peak. “What would your mate think of you if he saw you right now, covered in blood, sweat and tears?”

Jimin faintly noticed the wet tracks on his cheeks and guessed at some point they had fell, but he couldn’t care about that either, not when Jungkook’s wolf was finally in his mind again.

He looked at Taemin in the eye and made sure the fox knew the weight of his feelings, the hatred and distaste and was pleased to see the alpha tightening his jaw in anger at being defied, even if just by a look.

“Such a sight you are, Jimin-ssi.”

…

Namjoon had heard the sea at the south was rough, the storms were strong and a lot of ships perished in them. Considering the coast at the south was calm and the sea had looked serene it was really
conflicting to admit they were still navigating south.

Maybe he would die in the sea. They had been navigating for several days now and the storms were right one after the other. Namjoon was not a man of the sea, he did better on ground and Zico seemed to be having a lot of fun at his expense.

By the time they arrived to the shore in the southern island, Namjoon had lost count of the amount of time he had emptied his stomach over the rail of the ship. When he finally set foot on the sand he felt terribly dizzy and sick. Taehyung looked only a bit better and then Zico and Baro jumped down like it was nothing.

“It looks like it is going to rain.” Baro said looking up at the clear skies. Namjoon was too ill to question him. The day just looked perfect, sunny and warm, but he was not going to argue with pirates. “It is a bit of a long way to Sandeul’s… we have to walk.” He said and Namjoon grimaced.

It was not a nice trek, not with the dizziness and the urge to throw up and the sun beating down on their backs. It was not until two hours later when the skies turned grey and another storm hit. Not a soft drizzle but a downpour. Namjoon was pretty sure he was going to get sick at this rate, but he had a duty to fulfill.

Taehyung looked like a kicked puppy with his wet hair and ears, his big eyes staring at Namjoon every now and then to ask for mercy. He clearly needed a rest, but Namjoon was not eager to stop now that they were all soaked to the bone. It was not cold, their bodies were still hot form the sun and even the rain felt warm on their skin. It was a shitty weather.

“Just a few more hours and we will be there!” Baro yelled over the sound of the rain as they walked up a hill made of solid rock, slippery and dangerous.

“Is this place always like this?” Taehyung questioned in a loud voice and Baro laughed.

“Today is a nice day!” He said. “Foxes here are either really strong or they die! No one wants to live in the southern island!” He said and then turned to make eye contact with Namjoon. “It is a great place to hide.” He said.

Namjoon knew there were many things that could go wrong here. He knew there were a lot of threats and he could only trust Jungkook’s intuition, but they were talking about foxes and pirates here.

It was another long while before they were finally up on the hill; the place was a cliff and nearer the edge was a cottage. The warm light of a fire made Namjoon sigh in relief. He gave Taehyung a smile and the younger wolf almost ran to the cottage.

Baro smiled as he knocked a few times, rattling the door. There was the scent of food recently cooked inside and all of their stomachs growled in anticipation. The door opened to reveal rather good-looking man.

“I brought them.” Baro said and the man looked over to Namjoon, Taehyung and Zico; he didn’t look pleased.

“You bring me fucking Zico and two guards. Where is the king in the north?” Sandeul asked and Baro shrugged.

“Had to stay, seems like shit is happening in the mainland, Sandeul.” Baro added and Sandeul sighed.
“Shit has always happened in the mainland, but he said only Yoongi and I’ve seen Yoongi before. None of them look like fucking Yoongi to me.” Sandeul said and then Taehyung spoke.

“Yoongi-ssi gave me this letter for you.” He extended the envelope and the pirate ripped it open to read its contents; he hummed and then looked at them.

“I still have to ask.” He said and closed the door in their faces.

They stood outside under the heavy rain, wishing they could eat something and maybe dry themselves, but if Sandeul decided not to let them in then they were done for.

It was not long before the door opened and Sandeul looked at them again before stepping aside to let them inside.

Namjoon sighed in relief as they all stepped inside the cozy area; the food was freshly served at a table, two plates. One as already finished and the other was halfway through.

He looked around and saw other two doors, it was a simple place, but looked to be enough for two people.

“Anyway… Which one is in charge?” Sandeul asked and Namjoon slowly raised his hand. “What’s your name?” He asked.

“Namjoon. Kim Namjoon.” He said and Sandeul frowned a bit before nodding once, he hesitated before motioning for the guard to follow.

Namjoon moved slowly towards one of the doors and walked inside the neatly arranged room. He moved his eyes around. The place was dimly lit with a few candles here and there, a bed against one of the walls, a desk with many supplies and opened books and a tall shelf filled with parchments and whatnot.

He was distracted by the amount of paper and information gathered there that he barely heard when Sandeul closed the door behind them. Silence stretched while Namjoon moved his fingertips slowly over the shelf.

“Namjoon-ah…?”
Chapter Summary

None applies.

Namjoon stared at the familiar face with a slight frown, wondering how had he gotten there in the first place, but he guessed all his questions would be answered soon. Hoseok looked just as surprised to see him.

“I thought Yoongi would be the one coming over?” He said as he dared a look towards Sandeul.

“Beggars can’t be choosers and you’re not in position to feel disappointed by him.” Sandeul said and Hoseok lowered his eyes and then sighed loudly, when he looked up again his expression had softened.

“It’s good to see you.” He said and Namjoon nodded, but didn’t say more. “How are things going in the mainland?” He asked and Namjoon noticed the edge to his words as if he was in pain or something.

“Very good in some areas and quite messy in others.” He explained and Hoseok nodded.

“I heard about the third prince’s mate. I bet… Taehyung is going crazy.” Hoseok said, feeling the bitter taste in his mouth and then Namjoon narrowed his gaze, finally comprehending.

“Taehyung is here.” Namjoon said and Hoseok’s eyes widened. “How did you get here, Hoseok?” He wondered and the beta blinked a few times before darting a glance to Sandeul.

“He was taken prisoner the pirates in No One’s Land. Baro recognized him and bought him.” Sandeul said and Namjoon turned towards the pirate with a questioning look.

“Recognized him from where, exactly?” He asked and Sandeul leveled him with a serious look before taking a deep breath.

“From the palace. We were both in the mainland a while ago, traveling with the south.” He explained, his stance getting more and more tense, but Namjoon was not scared; there was just something that wasn’t fitting here.

“What were you doing in the mainland?” Namjoon asked in a low tone when the man paced a bit until they were only inches apart.

“I wanted to meet Seokjin.” Namjoon blinked several times trying to understand what that meant. “There was a time I lived in the mainland, when I was a kid and I was Seokjin’s friend.” He added. “Not many people know about it, but then I had to leave. I was ten when I left, but I promised him I’d be back for him.” Sandeul gave a bitter smile. “Guess I was a bit too late.” He concluded.

“He… he’s…” Namjoon swallowed the thick lump in his throat, but even then the words didn’t come out. Sandeul stared at him for a long moment and then sighed.

“Not because of his death… I was late because he was already in love with someone else.” Sandeul
said and Namjoon felt his eyes burning; the urge to cry was simply too much. “Anyway… that’s in
the past and I did not invite you here to have you cry over Seokjin. Come on… there’s something
you have to see.” Sandeul said and only then Namjoon noticed the other door at the end of the room.
“Go finish your dinner, Hoseok.” Sandeul said and Hoseok nodded before leaving the room.

Sandeul opened the door and waited for Namjoon to follow. The guard moved after the pirate into
the dark room, only a candle was lit in a small table by the opposite wall of the bed, it was small and
there was someone lying on it. He stopped at the foot and watched the pirate leaning over it placing a
hand on the person’s shoulder.

“Yah… wake up. You have visitors.” He said in a rather comforting tone and Namjoon took his eyes
off the pair to look around the room with slight curiosity. There was no particular scent, or anything
that would let him know who was the person in the bed. “Careful with the bandages…” Sandeul
added, a soft groan was heard while Namjoon checked over a book on the table with some weird
drawings. “There you go…”

“Namjoon-ah…”

Namjoon turned his head so fast that he heard a crack. He tried to will his eyes to focus and adjust to
the poor light of the room. Sandeul sighed and finally moved aside and he felt his world shifting
because no. There was no way that the man sitting on the bed was Seokjin.

It might’ve looked like him, but there was no scent and… his voice was too soft, too weak… he
looked too weak. No.

“Ah…” The man said and the soft snort made Namjoon gasp. “I guess I don’t look too good.” He
added and Sandeul scoffed.

“Nonsense… it’d take more than this to make the otherworldly beautiful Seokjin look bad.” Sandeul
said and then gave Namjoon a look before sighing. “Don’t strain… I will wait outside.” The pirate
said and when he exited the room he closed the door.

Namjoon was left to stand in the middle of the room with his hand holding the old book, but with his
complete attention focused on the man in the bed and Sandeul had called him Seokjin, but… no. He
had seen the corpse. The royal ring of the first house attached to the middle finger in his left hand.

He swallowed thickly and grabbed the candle, ready to move forward, but the soft and weak voice
cut him.

“No. Please…”

It was him. It was him. It was him. It was Seokjin. It was him.

“I… I think it is best if you don’t… properly see me…” He said and then cleared his throat. “Why
are you here instead of Yoongi-ah?” Seokjin asked; there was something tender in his voice,
something nerve-wracking.

“I don’t understand.” Namjoon suddenly said, his voice was hoarse and dry and charged with the
urge to run over and make sure he was truly his Seokjin.

“Sandeul got me out of the fire…” Seokjin explained and Namjoon frowned. “He knew it’d
happen… I didn’t.” Seokjin continued. “I was going to leave with him for a while, organize myself
and make sure I’d…” He stopped and Namjoon felt angry.

He grabbed the candle and this time he made his way towards him, not caring for the way he cringed
and turned his face to the side. He placed the candle on the nightstand and lifted his gaze. It was Seokjin.

He felt tears burn his eyes. Seokjin’s profile looked sick, too pale and worn, too skinny his jaw seemed sharp like a knife. His plump lips were chapped and when he trailed his eyes down he saw some marks on his neck. His robe covered his arms, but when he settled on his hands he saw that one was completely bandaged.

Seokjin was crying… his tears raining down over his sunken cheeks and Namjoon felt sudden sadness fill him. His most beloved one had gone through a lot on his own. He reached up and with the gentlest touch, grasped the omega’s chin to turn his face to him. Seokjin complied and closed his eyes.

Namjoon stared… stared and could only feel glad and happy, ecstatic that Seokjin was alive. Scarred and in pain, but alive. The burn marks covered his neck and part of his right cheek, but to him… his man had never looked more beautiful.

“I hate to admit Sandeul-ssi was right to said you are still the most beautiful person to have walked this world.” Namjoon said in a low tone. Seokjin opened his eyes and Namjoon sighed in relief. His right eye was the same warm brow color, but surrounded by red from irritation and burning.

“Namjoon…”

“I… You have no idea…” Namjoon was having a real hard time finding his words. “I saw your dead body, Seokjin. I watched your younger brother turn completely rogue and kill the man that burned you alive. I watched you be buried next to your mother.” He wiped the excess of tears.

“I’m sorry…” Seokjin sobbed and shook his head. “I- I told y-you… Everything I’d do was because I loved you, because I made a mistake, but I didn’t regret it. Did you remember?” Seokjin asked leaning a bit and touching Namjoon’s face with his good hand.

The alpha recalled the words and so he had been right to believe there was something the omega had been hiding from him back then, more tears fell from Seokjin’s eyes and suddenly there was a bitter smile on his lips.

“I… I was pregnant.” He cried and a sob ripped through his lips, his whole body trembling and Namjoon felt void for a moment before his eyes moved to Seokjin’s middle section, trying to picture it swollen and filled with life. “I… I wanted to… sort it here, give birth away from everyone who would never accept it… I should’ve known that was not really important. I should’ve told you.” Seokjin closed his eyes and cried, no longer scared to let it out.

“Seokjin…” Namjoon whispered. He wanted to hug him, but he didn’t want to hurt the weakened omega more than he already was.

“I… I couldn’t save our baby…” Seokjin added after a loud sob and Namjoon swallowed the lump in his throat again. He got closer and sat on the edge of the bed… a tentative hand moving to clasp Seokjin’s good one. “When I woke up…” He tried to regain his breathing, but the sobs still racked his body. “When I woke up I was here… bandaged, in pain… alone.”

“I have never been as happy as I am right now. You are alive.” Namjoon said and Seokjin grimaced, turning his face to the side, purposefully showing Namjoon his scarred face, his bad eye and his pain for losing the baby. “Look at me, please.” He pleaded and Seokjin refused.

His eyes were glued to the small table across the bedroom; there were more important matters at this
time. He was no longer the omega he used to be, the one Namjoon had fallen for, no longer the beautiful son of Seokjun, no longer a man worthy of being king.

“I love you.” Namjoon said and Seokjin couldn’t ignore him anymore. He turned to stare at the man’s deep eyes, filled with sorrow. “No matter what… I told you I’d always love you.”

“Can’t you tell?” Seokjin asked in a soft voice and Namjoon frowned. Seokjin scoffed. “Aren’t you wondering why you can’t scent me?” He asked again and Namjoon had realized, but had pushed the fact to the back of his mind. “I am as damaged as any omega can get, Namjoon. I am no longer able to have pups. I am scentless. I won’t get heats anymore. I am not the same person you once loved.” Seokjin said.

“I am pretty sure there’s only ever been one Seokjin I’ll love. Nothing you say will make me change my mind.” Namjoon argued with a tight jaw.

“Telling you because you are still an alpha. You can still find someone that will give you all the joys of life.” Seokjin said in frustration.

“You’re not like this. Not in love, Seokjin. You have never been selfless when in love. If you still feel anything for me, then you will keep me.” He said and Seokjin knew Namjoon was right.

Even if he had been a kind man to everyone’s eyes he had always been selfish when it came to Namjoon and loving. Namjoon knew him better than anyone, knew he had been a bit narcissistic, the alpha knew Seokjin had always taken a lot of pride on being an omega… he still was one. A damaged one, but an omega nonetheless.

“I feel the whole world for you, Namjoon.” Seokjin muttered softly and Namjoon nodded once. He already knew that. He had never questioned their relationship to the point of thinking they didn’t love each other with the same intensity. He had known Seokjin had responsibilities to his name and throne, but things were changing now.

“I know… I know because I feel the whole world for you too, Seokjin.” He said before leaning over and pecking the omega’s chapped lips and then exhaling a loud sigh of relief, he closed his eyes and pressed his forehead to the weakened man’s. “I love you.”

…

Wheein stood to the side when the group arrived to their door. Two pirate foxes and two wolves from the mainland. It was easy to tell because both of them looked too big and healthy. The wolves in the islands were only skin and bones.

She had never truly liked wolves; her grandmother had died in the mainland’s raid and she had always been afraid of them, but somehow, the sight of the biggest of the two, made her feel coerced to open. He looked not only powerful, but also deadly.

Her heat had been only a few days ago and she could still feel the remnants of it when the alpha wolf gave her a brief look with his dark gaze and then he walked inside, following after Yukwon and Jaehyo.

Their house was actually fairly big, instead of having many floors above, it had several below and Jaejoong’s business was to hide people… the wrong people, the right people, people in need, people in love… She had witnessed prince Chanyeol encounter with Baekhyun a thousand times and spend brief hours of fleeting pleasure that would never atone for the love each of them felt.

Without a doubt these wolves were here because they needed to hide. It was the only explanation as
to why a pirate would meddle so much with a mainland wolf. She peeked outside to make sure no one had followed them and then locked the door.

Jungkook looked around the room with little interest. The architecture from the islands was fairly different from the one in the mainland. It looked simpler, but at the same time a bit more modern. A door to their right opened and Jungkook watched the first male silver wolf he had ever met after Jimin.

The man looked at him and halted his steps with wide eyes; he was rather lanky and didn’t look particularly strong, but Jungkook could tell he was an alpha. His silvery eyes held some sort of knowledge that made Jungkook a bit confused.

“This is Jaejoong. Silver fox, as you can see.” Jaehyo introduced and then looked at the elder man still standing by the door. “This is Prince Jeon Jungkook from the mainland.” He introduced.

“Oh… The Luna’s mate?” Jaejoong wondered and Wheein gasped at the revelation. “Please, come in and take a seat. You must be tired!” Jaejoong moved and motioned towards the low table and the cushions.

Wheein scrambled to the kitchen to bring beverages and food for the guests now that she understood the magnitude of the visit, when she got back with a tray she noticed everyone sitting around the table, she rushed to serve the prince first and then his wolf companion, to finally move to the foxes.

Jaejoong stared at the prince, aware of how the younger man stared at him as if trying to read his mind.

“Are you related by blood to Jimin?” Jungkook finally asked and the elder laughed heartily before realizing it wasn’t that funny.

“Well, my great-grandmother used to say every silver fox was related.” He shrugged sipping at his tea. “I might be Jimin’s great-granduncle.” He said and Mark frowned deeply.

“More like a far cousin.” He said and Jaejoong smiled and shook his head.

“Silver foxes live long and they retain youth, some more than others, but I am quite old.” He explained and Jungkook hummed, as he finally understood what was so unsettling about the man.

“Do you know Sohyang-ssi?” Jungkook asked again and the man nodded.

“Only briefly, I helped her get out of the island, but I never truly got to meet her. I know her daughter as well, but I haven’t had the pleasure of meeting her son.” Jaejoong said and Jungkook took a deep breath.

“Yukwon and Jaehyo have told me you could explain things better to me. I am here to retrieve my mate and go back to the mainland.” He said and Jaejoong’s eyebrows shot up in surprise.

“Ah… of course. I should’ve known.” He muttered under his breath and then stared at his reflection in the tea. “I wish I could explain things better, but I am not the brightest silver fox out there.” He said and Jaehyo groaned.

“We don’t need you to be bright, just tell him what you know.” He said in a desperate voice and Jaejoong sighed.

“Well… there’s sort of like… a prophecy?” Jaejoong started a bit unsure and Jungkook frowned. “And… Jimin-ssi is like… a major character in it?” He added.
Jungkook stared at the old man for a long while before turning his dark gaze to Yukwon; the pirate heaved a long sigh already knowing what was coming.

“You say I cannot retrieve my mate and go back home because there is an old tale saying he… what? What is it that you all expect from Jimin?” He asked in a loud growl and when no one answered he stood up. “I will bring Jimin back home and if Taemin dares to come between us I will kill him with my bare hands.” He stated as he turned around to leave.

“Jungkook, wait!” Yukwon called, but the alpha was beyond hearing more and he unlocked the door only to come face to face with Moonbyul, her eyes widening upon recognizing him.

“Jungkook!” She exclaimed in surprise and Jungkook had to blink several times to make sure he was not imagining things.

“Moonbyul-ssi…” He breathed out and before he could comprehend what was happening the woman threw herself against his chest, hugging him tightly. Only then he noticed the man behind her. Seunghyun looked annoyed with the action, but remained put.

“I knew you’d come!” She cried against his clothes, her shoulders shaking. Jungkook grabbed her arms and pushed her a bit to stare down at her face.

“Where’s he? Why is he not with you?” He asked and she shook her head.

“Taemin sent me away on the first day. I haven’t seen Jimin in a month.” She said and Jungkook tensed his jaw. “But we cannot simply go there and save him, Jungkook… there are lots of things that need to be sorted first.” She said.

“What’s going on, Moonbyul-ssi? These people have been talking nonsense about some tales and whatnot… I cannot leave Jimin alone anymore.” He tried to reason, but the lack of confusion in her features made him lose a bit of hope.

“We should talk inside.”

Taehyung blinked a few times when the door opened again and instead of Namjoon walking he saw Hoseok. He couldn’t help to frown as he turned to fully stare at the young beta. He looked fine and by the way he looked at him almost shyly, Taehyung guessed Namjoon had already told him he was there.

“Hyeong…” Taehyung called and Hoseok looked at the other guests before motioning with his head to the side so they could take a seat by the fire.

“You look like you could use a bit of heat.” Hoseok said as he noticed the soaked clothes covering the alpha.

“It is not really cold. This island is weird.” Taehyung followed along with the meaningless chat as he sat down and Hoseok nodded once, looking over his shoulder to see Zico, Baro and Sandeul immersed in their conversation about the good old days.

“Yeah… I’ve been here only a month, but I’ve seen weird climate stuff… I wouldn’t be surprised if it snowed on a particular hot day.” He joked and Taehyung chuckled a bit. The tension between them was not heavy, but Taehyung cursed himself inside his head because Hoseok would forever be Hoseok. The first person he spent a rut with and that seemed to hold a big space inside his heart and memory.
“How come you’re here? I thought you’d head west.” Taehyung said and Hoseok nodded.

“Long story… I got lost and then arrived at the wrong place at the wrong time. I was lucky Baro found me and actually remembered me.” Hoseok said and Taehyung frowned, he looked over his shoulder and shared a brief look with said pirate.

“Yeah… lucky.”

“So… I heard about Jimin.” Hoseok said and Taehyung nodded a bit absently. “How are you? How are things going?” He wondered and Taehyung turned to look at him.

“You can’t stay here. You will leave with us when we go.” He said and Hoseok blinked a few times before giving him a bitter look.

“Don’t do that.” Hoseok said tiredly. “We are no longer concerned with each other.” He added and Taehyung knew he was right. “You are with Yoongi now… I heard that too. You belong with someone and I cannot go back to the mainland, not after I confessed to Yoongi I was there to kill him. Not after I almost got you killed.” Hoseok shook his head. “Besides… I was bought. I am someone else’s property now.”

“What do you mean you were bought?” Taehyung wondered and Hoseok nodded.

“Baro, to be precise… but he doesn’t act like it. Besides… I am only alive because Seokjin-ssi thinks it’d help him to have someone from the palace, even if I am a traitor.” Hoseok mumbled and Taehyung blinked in confusion.

“Seokjin-ssi?” What do you mean?”

“Oh… right. He is alive.” Hoseok stared into Taehyung’s deep orbs. “He must be having quite the reunion with Namjoon right now.” He gave a bitter smile.

“Oh heavens…” Taehyung muttered in disbelief. “Jungkook will be happy… or maybe angry.” He wasn’t so sure.

“Probably both.” Hoseok chuckled. “I’ve been tending to his wounds; most of his body was burned in the fire, a part of his face too and I am not sure of the damage, but one of his eyes is bad…” He sighed. “He…” Hoseok swallowed. “He lost a baby and because of the dire condition he was brought in here, the physician that treated him had to pull out most of his… he won’t be having pups at all from now on.” He ran a hand down his face and then gave bitter chuckle. “I must’ve really loved you.” He said and Taehyung gave him a confusing look.

“Why do you say it like that?” Taehyung’s voice was soft and almost pleading.

“I… I crossed the mainland with you, to help you save the man you loved only for you to end up in love with the man who stole him in the first place.” He said and Taehyung felt really bad about the truth in his words. “I know. I promised I’d let you go, but it still hurts. In a few years maybe I won’t have feelings for you at all.” He shrugged tiredly.

“Come with me. Please.” Taehyung said and Hoseok shook his head calmly.

“Hyeong… this island is not your home!” He said in a harsh whisper. “Jungkook would never allow
you to stay here under the concept of slavery.” Taehyung said and Hoseok nodded.

“I know… Seeing Namjoon again made me realize how I lost the only two alphas I’ve ever loved in my life to two of the most beautiful people I’ve ever laid my eyes on and I lost you twice.” Hoseok stared at Taehyung again. “Please do not stay too long.” He asked and then stood up. “I’ll bring you dry clothes to change.”

Taehyung stared as he walked away and then turned his eyes to the fire. It was faint but it was there… the faint reflection of his mind playing in the flames. He had never given these things too much thought, but now he was starting to wonder why… in the vast desert in his mind he had found an oasis; filled with the scent of burning sand and sea and Hoseok’s wolf had been there…

He had never asked if the beta could see the same, maybe he was alone on this, but then… after Yoongi came along the desert turned cold, filled with snow instead of sand and then Yoongi’s pristine white wolf had been there as well.

Seeing Hoseok again had made the landscape change again, but it didn’t feel wrong. It was just a shift… one that Taehyung was used to. Jimin had never been inside his head though. It was strange for him and he was scared to ask anyone about this.

There were some things that were better left untouched.

…

“Sandeul found these a few years ago and has kept them for the longest time thinking them to be expensive souvenirs.” Seokjin joked as he showed Namjoon the wide arrange of parchments and old books on the table. “I had a few in my own room in the palace, but I guess everything was burned to ashes.” He added and then coughed a bit.

Namjoon gave him a brief look, not used to seeing him to battered and worn. Seokjin looked prone at the moment and he was glad he was there to protect him. He would never leave his side again.

“Maybe you should rest.” Namjoon said instead of addressing anything of what the prince had said and Seokjin gave him a gentle smile.

“I’ve been lying in the bed for far longer than I’d like to admit.” He said and then sighed. “I am not in my best condition, but I won’t let Jungkook face a war on his own. Sandeul has kept me informed about everything that’s been going on… Jimin’s abduction is no coincidence.” Seokjin said and Namjoon nodded.

“Hurts to think about Jimin the little fox running around the palace’s gardens, happy in his own world only to be pushed into this kind of situation now.” Namjoon said and Seokjin approached and wound his good hand around the alpha’s arm.

“I kept on thinking you would’ve made a terrific father.” He smiled up at the alpha and Namjoon leaned over to press his lips to Seokjin’s. “Jimin will be fine. We just need someone who can actually translate this.” Seokjin said showing him the ancient scrabbling on the papers.

“Who would be old enough to know how to read these?” Namjoon questioned.

“Not old enough, but it has to have certain bloodline.” Seokjin said and Namjoon frowned. “It has to be a silver fox.” Seokjin said and Namjoon widened his eyes.

“And you say Sandeul has kept you informed about everything that’s happened?” He asked and Seokjin eyed him in curiosity. “Then surely you know Jimin’s mother is in the mainland’s palace
right now.”

Seokjin blinked a few times.

“Well… seems like Sandeul doesn’t know everything there’s to know.”

…

“Do you like your food?” Taemin asked Kai while they ate dinner; the beta wolf was a bit distracted, but Taemin had seen the effects of his own power and knew it was normal. Kai was just still trying to assimilate his own memories, though it seemed to be taking longer.

“Yes.” Kai answered dutifully.

Taemin saw the cook at the door relax his shoulders as if he too was wondering such a thing… after all it Wouldn’t be the first time he sent a cook to his death for not doing a proper job.

“You are quiet.” Taemin said and Kai lifted his big eyes from the food he had been moving around the plate, the alpha quirked an eyebrow, waiting for an answer.

“I… I just…” He wasn’t sure what he wanted to ask, but Taemin was his best friend and they had done more than best friends should anyway, it’d be best to be completely honest. “Do you know Kyungsoo…?” He asked and Taemin gave a slow nod.

He had purposefully sent Kai to the concubine room to deliver some clothes; it was not Kai’s job, but he wanted to see the reaction of both betas when they saw each other. It had been what he had expected… Kyungsoo ran over to hug him and Kai could only stare at him in befuddlement.

Kyungsoo had cried himself to sleep after that night with only Kibum as comfort, swearing that one day he’d get out and push a knife through Taemin’s chest. Taemin had found the whole ordeal funny and he had returned to his bedchambers in delight.

“I just… I know I wasn’t supposed to go there without your permission, but… I don’t know why, but he said he is my mate. Taemin-ah… I’ve never seen someone crying like that.” He said a bit desperate to comprehend why the concubine would lie about something like that.

“Kyungsoo is a cunning bitch, Kai. You’d do well to obey me and stay away from the concubines. Next time I won’t be as understanding… okay?” Taemin asked and Kai nodded slowly. “I love you, but if you’re going to let just anyone make you think otherwise then I must be doing something wrong.” Taemin added and Kai felt his skin crawl under the implicit threat. “Now eat.”

Kai started to shove food inside his mouth and the cook relaxed once again. Taemin stared at him for a long moment before Tao interrupted their dinner; his loyal guard was not scared to interrupt, not if he knew Taemin would like to know why.

“Speak.” Taemin said and Tao nodded.

“Jeon Jungkook was seen at the docks.” He said and Taemin quirked an eyebrow. “I believe he traveled with company and under the guide of a pirate.” Tao said and Taemin smirked.

“Well… I guess Jimin-ssi will be thrilled to see him.” Taemin felt excited at the prospect. “Ask my council if this can be considered trespass…” He said and Tao nodded.

“Should I send for his head?” Tao asked and Taemin hummed in thought.
“As appealing as it is to imagine Jimin-ssi’s face if he were to see his mate’s head on a silver plate I want a bit of foreplay. I haven’t had Jimin-ssi as much as I’d like to think.” He mulled over his ideas. “No… let him think we are clueless.” He said and Tao nodded before leaving the dining room.

“How is Jimin-ssi doing?” Kai decided to ask when the guard was gone and Taemin gave him a quizzical look before replying.

“Five months along and counting.” Taemin said and Kai nodded. “Do you perhaps find him easy to the eye?” He asked then and Kai frowned and looked at him.

“What do you say if someone asks you if a flower is beautiful, Taemin?” He said instead and Taemin chuckled.

“I know… Jimin-ssi is beautiful. He will be mated to me one day… probably after he gives birth and I have disposed of his mate and pup.” He said and Kai swallowed thickly at the thought. “But you know, right? He’s nothing but a commodity… I love you, Kai.” Taemin said and stared into the beta’s deep eyes for a long moment.

Kai forced a small smile wondering why it felt weird… It felt unsettling to hear Taemin saying this now. When they were kids he remembered saying that back a few hundred times, but now… there was something he felt was not right about this.

Kyungsuu’s crying face still plagued his mind and he just couldn’t understand why…

…

Jimin’s back was burning while Luhan did his best to clean the wounds that had been inflicted on his skin, deep gashes running across the tattoo. Taemin had not waited for it to completely heal, he had not cared Jimin was tired from another long trek the day before to the Sun Tower; Taemin did not care.

Jimin was now completely sure Taemin did not care if he died in one of these tiresome chores. The flogging had been a punishment because he had refused to continue walking the day before.

It was strange… hatred was a strange emotion for Jimin. It made him sick; he always wanted to puke every time Taemin came to his mind. For the very first moment in his life, he wanted to hurt another person until he saw blood.

“Please, Jimin-ssi… drink your tea, it has medicinal herbs that will help with the pain.” Luhan pleaded when he saw that the omega hadn’t moved from his position.

Jimin was sitting on a cushion, left shoulder against the bed’s side, Luhan healing his back while he rubbed his belly and stared at the opposite wall… having wild thoughts of blood, yells of pain and tearing flesh… and then… love.

He sighed when he remembered Jungkook. He blocked the world and closed his eyes; ever since Jungkook had returned from the south, months ago, Jimin had been wary of opening the bond. He had learned to diminish the flow of emotions and sensations because of fear… fear of ever feeling Jungkook’s pain… fear of Jungkook feeling his own pain.

The big black wolf was still curled around the smaller fox, keeping it warm and protected under the soft drizzle in the forest. He needed him. He needed Jungkook so much it hurt to block his emotions. He grasped the threshold of the bond… feeling it burning inside his head and tried to go slow about it… tried.
It felt like a dam breaking. The pain crashed on him, the reality of what Taemin was doing to him every day, the pain of being away from his mate, the fear of never giving birth and losing his pup. Jimin gasped and sobbed when he let everything through… a hand rubbing his belly when the pup started to move around, almost as if it could feel the desperation as well.

“Jungkook…” Jimin called into the room and Luhan gave him a bitter look, but continued to clean his wounds in silence.

Inside his head it was like the fantasy breaking… the reality crashing on both beasts; the fox panting while lying motionless on the ground, protruding belly moving and then Jungkook’s black wolf howling at the pain… everything that was pouring through was surely making its way to Jungkook as well, the wolf would finally get to feel everything and Jimin wished he was stronger to hide this from his mate, but not right now. Not when the sliver of hope he had to survive was fading.

He opened his eyes, crying and focusing on nothing in particular, but amazed by the real feeling of Jungkook.

He gasped loudly when he swore he could feel Jungkook’s warm hand on his belly; rubbing slowly and suddenly the pup was calm… moving only slightly and not kicking wildly.

Jimin felt tears falling down his cheeks and a smile grazed his lips… as simple as that… he felt renewed hope and determination to make it out alive.

…

Jungkook was given a small room with a bed in one of the many floors below the main one. Mark was given one too and even Moonbyul and Seunghyun were given one each. The night was dark and calm and he had to restrain himself from simply stomping out of the place and march towards the palace to simply kill Taemin and get Jimin back.

One of the many reasons Jungkook continued to believe he was not made to rule… Mark was smarter and knew what had to be done. It’d be a political issue if Jungkook simply arrived to the palace demanding the king to free his mate. Apparently… Jimin was never supposed to be his mate. As the Luna, he was expected to mate with the Sun, Taemin.

He took a deep breath and closed his eyes…

He didn’t like the feeling he got through the bond. Jimin had always had a tight control over the bond; Jungkook knew it, but he had been too scared to address the issue, so he had let the fox be the one in charge of the emotions’ flow.

Now he was scared of not knowing what was happening. He only knew he was tired and worn, sad and lonely. The fox’s belly looked too swollen and Jungkook wished he could be there to soothe him, soothe the pup and his mate and then cuddle them both to sleep, whispering promises of love and a bright future, promises he could only wish he’d be able to fulfill.

He was about to doze off to sleep to the image of his wolf and the fox when suddenly everything came crashing down on him. The pain reverberating through his whole body made him gasp for air as he sat up in bed with wide eyes, panting and groaning at the burning sensation on his back, like it had been tore open, the muscles of his legs felt cramped and his stomach felt empty even though he had just eaten.

He blinked several times when he finally understood these were not his emotions or senses… Jimin was not only in pain, but it was clear he was being tortured.
“Jimin…” Jungkook mumbled and did his best to ignore the pain in his back; he closed his eyes again, his wolf howling in despair at the moon and something occurred to the alpha.

He stood form the bed and discarded his clothes in a fast manner before shifting into his wolf form. He almost howled again at the doubled sensation. He lied down by the bed and closed his eyes and Jungkook was glad to be right when he appeared in the forest in his human form. The fox there stared at him with wide silvery eyes as it continued to pant and whine in pain.

Jungkook approached not knowing what to do before he knelt by the animal and started to run his hands through the soft fur.

“You will be okay.” He said moving his hand to the restless belly and he couldn’t help but give a bitter smile. “Calm down, pup…” He said rubbing the belly softly and felt his chest filling with love when the pup stopped kicking. “That’s it… Looks like you’ll be a mischievous pup.” He added and then darted a look to the fox’s face, but the beast had its eyes closed, almost welcoming the help to sleep. “I am here, Jimin…” He said.

Jungkook sat next to the beast and watched it sleep peacefully while he continued to caress his pup inside his mate’s body. They still had a bit of time, but that was only counting on if things moved according to the best scenarios. Jimin could give birth earlier than planned, Taemin could kill him sooner… many things could happen sooner and Jungkook knew it, but even on this point he was starting to doubt their situation.

He could somehow ignore the whole world for Jimin, but he knew Jimin would not allow him to do that. Sorting the problems first seemed like the best course of action, but he was not going to do this based on stupid tales, no matter if they ended up being real, no matter if Moonbyul believed in such things.

“We’ll meet again soon.”

…

Sandeul sighed heavily as he watched his guests gather on heavy bags to carry on their backs filled with books and parchments. Things he had collected over the years thinking them to be valued treasures only to give them up now that Seokjin asked because his former royal guard knew of someone who could read them. He didn’t like the alpha; he was too tall, lanky and seemed to be always thinking on something, always looking too serious until Seokjin asked him and his whole face softened and even smiled with dimples deeper than the sea.

“Don’t hate him too much.” Seokjin spoke next to him as he tried to sort his clothes to cover his scarred skin. Sandeul turned and sighed again as he stared him up and down.

“You’ve been sick and too wounded to get up from that bed for longer than eating one meal a day and now look at you… One week with your alpha and you’re ready to take a ship back home.” Sandeul shook his head and Seokjin smiled.

“I wish you to find your mate soon. I am pretty sure I’ve found mine.” He said and eyed Namjoon barking a few orders to Taehyung and Hoseok that seemed to be slacking off.

“And you realize just now?” Sandeul scoffed bitterly, his shoulder against the threshold of his home.

“No, but… things have changed and far from caring about royal blood I think soon everyone will be caring more for humanity.” Seokjin said and Sandeul frowned.

“What’s that? Coming from a beast? Omega or not you can’t talk about humanity… we all are
“I think we are evolving. We don’t spend as much time on four legs as our ancestors did. With time we will care less and less about dominance.” Seokjin said seriously and then broke off into a sheepish chuckle. “Or maybe that’s just me? Anyway… I am happy you were there that night, Sandeul.” He said and the alpha averted his eyes to the scene before him again.

“I am glad too. I probably don’t say it much, but… you’re not only beautiful, Seokjin. You are a compassionate person, smart and kind. You have a my support once they proclaim you king in the mainland… and that means every other pirate too.” He said and Seokjin gave him a grateful smile.

“It means a lot coming from you.” Seokjin said and then took a deep breath when Zico announced they were done organizing stuff. “I guess we’ll see each other some other time…” Seokjin said, but he knew it was not likely that they would happen, at least not until Sandeul spoke again.

“If… and I hope I am wrong, Seokjin, but if Taemin invades the mainland I will see you again.” Sandeul said; deep eyes burning on Seokjin’s, who could only nod. “As much as you love that man I do not trust him. He left you alone once… could happen again.” Sandeul reminded the omega and Seokjin tensed his jaw in a bit of anger.

“That was different, but I know we could use your help if and only if, that happens.” He said and Sandeul nodded just when Namjoon approached them with a frown that Sandeul was starting to believe was solely there for him.

“Get the fuck out of my sight and take the beta with you.” Sandeul said and then stepped inside his cabin again, closing the door loudly on their faces.

Hoseok blinked several times and Taehyung felt happiness invading his chest at the prospect of taking Hoseok with him. The beta didn’t seem as thrilled with the idea; he grabbed his own bag and then marched towards Baro who would lead their return to the shore.

Taehyung knew he had not right to feel either happy about it or sad by Hoseok’s reaction. He wasn’t so sure where he stood with Yoongi, but at least he knew the beta king liked him… he wouldn’t be so sure the pale royalty would allow for Hoseok to live near them and even if he did… Hoseok had already said he wouldn’t like that.

He groaned loudly and pulled on his bag before following, walking next to Zico and chancing a glance back to see Namjoon and Seokjin walking hand in hand, chatting in small voice, both faces softened and some smiles here and there… Their love was pure… like the kind you could only read in tales for kids; undisturbed, loyal, strong and simply perfect.

“At least we have our king back.” He mumbled and Zico nodded in approval.

“Jungkook will be happy.”

Jungkook was not sure he liked the new addition to the household he was in. The lithe fox was haughty even if Wheein had introduced him as a simple maid from the palace. His tone of voice was loud and obnoxious and he spoke like he owned the world. Jaejoong was not bothered by his lack of manners and Jungkook was only enduring his visit because the fox lived in the same place his mate was captive in.

“Our main problem is Tao.” Baekhyun said with crossed arms, ignoring everyone and focusing only in Jaejoong’s face. “He stays by his door every day and night and I’ve seen him kill before and… I
know he is dangerous, but we have to hurry up.” He said with a pointed tone.

“I know… I know we have to, but you see…” Jaejoong said standing up form his chair and finally motioning towards Jungkook, Moonbyul, Seunghyun and Mark. “These people here came for Jimin-ssi, but they don’t seem to comprehend the importance of his life for our race.

Baekhyun gave them all a brief look, stopping a bit longer on Jungkook, but then simply returning his eyes to Jaejoong.

“He won’t survive another of Taemin’s little outings.” Baekhyun stated and Jungkook frowned as he stood from his own chair and took a step forward. “At this rate it’d be better if we simply barge in and kill them all.” Baekhyun said and Jungkook snorted; all eyes turning to him.

“I like this idea the most.” He said and Jaejoong sighed.

“You are not getting the bigger picture here.” Jaejoong said losing his patience. “No one here knows Jimin-ssi! You’d be killing the king for a fox no one knows even exists! This is surely stepping on everyone’s beliefs.” Jaejoong explained.

“Then make him known!” Baekhyun said simply. “You have that bitch! Make her useful!” Baekhyun said and pointed towards Wheein. She cringed when everyone turned to look at her. “Since she can actually help… we should be using her powers.” Baekhyun said angrily.

“Wheein-ssi hasn’t seen Jimin-ssi!” Jaejoong said angrily.

“I can get her through the window.” Baekhyun said and then turned to Moonbyul. “And you… you could be helping too. They don’t know Jimin’s alive or even exist, but they know who you are. You could be telling your fucking story, making sure everyone understood.”

“Won’t they want a show of some sort?” Seunghyun suddenly asked and all eyes turned to him. “I am just saying… in the end… People will want Jimin-ssi himself to do something to prove he is who we all claim he is.” He added. “We can only do so much… the rest… is in Jimin-ssi’s hands.”
Chapter Summary

None applies.

Chapter Notes

Hello,

I just wanted to thank you all for reading this story and for how much love you've given to it. At first i never thought this would become such a big thing and such a long piece, but whatever... I am happy that you've liked it so far!

I think we might be reaching the end soon, probably 5 more chapters i think...

I just wanted to thank you all from the bottom of my heart; i really enjoy writing for such amazing readers that always show me support!

Enjoy!

It all became too much for Jungkook in the next weeks.

No one really chastised him about his behavior. Moonbyul had taken upon herself to help as much and soon the rumors were swarming the markets and homes of foxes all around the eastern island. Everyone wondering if it was true that there was another silver fox and then the theories and legends started to strengthen…

She’d arrive late at Jaejoong’s house to bring Jungkook’s food only to find him in wolf’s form… sleepy and clearly depressed about not being able to be with his mate, but Moonbyul knew better and so did Jaejoong, they both understood that this was only because Jimin was actually close to giving birth.

“Do you want to tell him or should I be the one to do it?” Jaejoong asked the woman one night before she went down to deliver his food.

“I’ll do it. Thank you.” She said as she grabbed the tray and then slowly made her way down.

She knocked on the door, but didn’t receive a response, but it had been like that for the past weeks now, so she made her way inside to find the wolf fully clothed and sitting on the bed; his head hanging low and looking weak.

“Are you feeling better?” She asked worriedly, she placed the tray on the low table in the room and the rushed to his side; she knelt before him and placed her delicate hands on his knees. “Jungkook-si, you should rest.” She advised and Jungkook shook his head only then lifting his face and she was met with dark circles under his eyes and a pale face.
“Jimin needs me and… I am not even sure I can do much right now, but…” He stopped and then frowned down at her. “I’ve been eating my meals and sleeping when I can but I feel so… weak.” He said eyeing his hands as they trembled and Moonbyul sighed grasping his hands in hers.

“You won’t get better… at least not until Jimin gives birth.” She explained and he stared down at her. “If you two were together you wouldn’t be feeling this way, but the fact that you’re feeling so weak means that Jimin is fighting to keep himself and the pup alive.” She explained.

“I don’t get it.” He said slowly.

“It is why mates shouldn’t be apart when there’s a birthing in between. You two share a bond that will strain because you’re apart and the omega actually needs the presence of their mate to successfully give birth. Foxes are weak when birthing. We’ve never heard of an omega fox that survived giving birth on their own.” She said trying to make it simple.

“The more of a reason to go and find Jimin.” Jungkook said, but he was too dizzy to move and Moonbyul noticed this with a slight frown of worry.

“Taemin won’t let you get near him… He could kill Jimin or you. We cannot risk it.” She explained. “Jungkook…” She called quite too serious and Jungkook felt suddenly very worried for her next words. “Jimin will give birth on his own.”

He swallowed several times… he had failed his mate.

“I can’t let him-”

“He will… There’s nothing much we can do. Our plans… are all quite too risky, they mean losing too many people on something we cannot say will be successful. I am sorry.” She said with her eyes filled with tears. “Seunghyun was right. In the end… Jimin is the one that has to prove everyone his worth.” She said the words through gritted teeth.

“He is your little brother…” Jungkook tried to reason.

“Which is why I need your permission to do something.” She said and Jungkook frowned. “I need to know you’ll be okay with this and no one else can know.” She said deadly serious staring into his eyes. “I’d do anything to keep Jimin alive.”

“Tell me.” He said.

“There’s something called… Deep Sleep.” She said and Jungkook nodded. “When Jimin starts his birthing process you will be in so much pain you’ll feel like you’re dying.” She explained. “Jimin will too, but because of his need to keep the pup alive he will fight to his last breath. Deep Sleep can reduce the strain on the bond greatly.” She explained.

“I don’t get it… If there was a way to avoid mates dying when being apart during birth why no one ever used it?” He questioned.

“Because it is likely to kill you.” She explained and his eyes filled with fear. “Deep Sleep will make it better for Jimin because you won’t be sucking the energy out of the bond while he is giving birth and you won’t be in pain because you’ll be… well… asleep.” She said averting her eyes to the ground.

“So… you want my permission to put me to sleep when it happens…” He stated and she nodded.

“With the knowledge that you will probably never wake up.” She said, the determination in her
silvery eyes made Jungkook nervous, but the decision was made from the very first moment she said Jimin would be better with it.

“Jimin will live. Right?” He asked and she grimaced. “If you can promise me that your brother and my pup will live then I will do it.” He said and this time she nodded.

“They will… I know Jimin will keep the pup alive.” She tightened her hold on her robe; she knew she was making a promise she couldn’t keep… and she knew Jungkook knew it too.

“Then you have my permission.”

…

“How many ships?” Taemin asked as he stared into the vast sea, the many ships sporting the tribal sun in their veils lined up until he could no longer see more.


Taemin gave the fox a wary look, but Jiyong was not scared of him, he was only a few years older, but Taemin had never seen another alpha to sport such beauty. He was the commander of his strongest men, had been favored by Taemin’s father before him and had lived with the resentment of the foxes that had lost someone in the mainland’s raid.

Jiyong was a man he could control on certain level. Taemin had tried to keep the resentment alive, it was the only way to control his population and make them believe he was the rightful king, but recently he had been told about rumors about Jimin.

People had heard somewhere that there was a silver fox in the palace that was not Moonbyul and Taemin could swear the little bitch had been the one to spread the rumors. The uncertainty could be felt in the air… foxes were easy creatures, too transparent to hide their own feelings and curiosity… and above all, Taemin hated to admit the naivety of his own kin.

He had to rush a few steps if he wanted to win this war.

“When are you set to sail?” Taemin asked again and Jiyong turned his deep gaze to the ships filled with men at the ready to kill. Only the best foxes were part of the eastern island’s army. Foxes whose magic was strong compared to others, most of them were betas though, but foxes had the speed to their advantage, something alpha wolves lacked, but there weren’t many alphas in their race.

“Tomorrow.” Jiyong replied curtly and turned his deep eyes to Taemin again. “Anything specific?” He asked and Taemin hummed in thought.

“Return the favor.” Taemin said and Jiyong’s eyes glinted. “An eye for an eye…”

…

Seokjin wasn’t sure what to think when they finally stepped into the capital after long days of traveling. His horse was tall and proud, but what surprised him was to see the amount of people gathered at the edge, the entrance to the city and how big and organized it seemed from the last time he had seen it.

People stopped to stare at him with wide disbelieving eyes; some looked fearful and some looked skeptical. His eyes fell on a young woman at the front, beautiful and serious as she lowered her eyes and then lowered herself to her knees.
“Your highness!” Namjoon said loudly when he saw Jieun kneeling before the horse until her forehead touched the ground. “The rightful heir to the throne! King Kim Seokjun’s first son! Prince Kim Seokjin!” He finished in the same loud voice, proud and skin crawling when people started to drop down on their knees.

Seokjin swallowed thickly staring at how everyone followed the action and soon everyone around him was kneeling. It was not the power, but the responsibility, he had never been selfish when it came to what people in bad conditions needed. He truly wanted to guide them to a better future and he felt he had been born to do just that.

He took one last deep breath and then slapped the reins to guide horse through the path the people had made for him. His eyes set on the palace ahead, the destroyed part would always be a reminder of what he had lived through and Namjoon was right… he had never been stronger.

…

“Make it look like a party…” Taemin told Yifan and watched as the elder wrote down on a parchment. “I want everyone to see Jimin for what he really is: a pretty doll to decorate my palace. We will stop the nonsense about him being some sort of savior and of course we will invite his mate to this… Oh!” Taemin chirped suddenly as he had an idea. “I know! Let there be an arena. We can have them fight and of course we will have Jungkook fighting too. Call Solar… I want her to be the one to kill him.” Taemin said.

Yifan wrote as fast as he could all of the ideas the king had said and then something occurred to him.

“When is this to be held?” He asked and Taemin pondered.

“Well… Let’s say in a week. I don’t think Jimin-ssi will make it to his final month so… he either lives or dies. Any of the two will be okay for us.” He shrugged. “At the end of the day we will have one of them dead for sure.”

…

“You don’t look that surprised to see him.” Namjoon said with a narrowed gaze directed at Yoongi.

The offices were full of people and Seokjin was not really against it, but most of them looked at him in surprise; Hwasa’s eyes had never been that big and there were some new faces, but he felt comfortable. His younger brother had stared at him with little surprise.

“I figured a bit… Sandeul was a good friend of Seokjin’s when we were kids and when he contacted me all the way from the islands to the north I knew it had to be something big… but what else could be this big?” Yoongi said and Seokjin smiled down at him.

“Missed me?” Seokjin asked and Yoongi stared at him for a long moment before nodding once.

“But still know of someone who had missed you more.” Yoongi said with a long sigh.

“Ah… We have to sort a few things first, but we cannot let Jungkook alone in the islands.” Seokjin said and moved to the war map to see what he had missed. “Yes, this is about right… Hwasa, please make sure we have enough men at the eastern coast, we are on alert until I say so.” He said not even meeting her eyes.

“Y-yes, your h-highness!” She saluted and then moved to the door wiping a traitorous tear, but before she could leave the offices Seokjin called her, she stopped and turned to look at him. Good and bad eye focusing on her.
“It’s good to see you again.” He smiled and she bit down on her lower lip to prevent more tears before she finally nodded.

“It’s good to see you again too.” She said and then turned and left.

“Suddenly she’s got feelings and shit.” Yoongi complained boringly. “She followed me everywhere with her glare and never once spoke to me.” He sighed and Seokjin smiled.

“I’ve got loyal people with me.” Seokjin said, stared a bit longer at the war map and then looked at Yoongi. “I need to talk to Sohyang-ssi.” He said and Yoongi quirked an eyebrow before nodding.

“Come on then…”

…

Wheein wasn’t sure how she felt towards Jungkook. The wolf clearly intimidated her, but at the same time he had not hurt her at all and he had never said anything that could offend her in any way. It was weird, but she felt a bit elated towards him.

“Where’s Moonbyul?” He asked on the next night when Wheein was the one to bring him his food instead of the other fox.

“She’s busy, my lord.” She explained and then stood a bit awkwardly “I just brought you food…” She said motioning to the table inside the room. She played with the hem of her loose shirt.

“Do you fear me?” Jungkook asked with hoarse voice and she turned to look at him with wide eyes; Jungkook’s eyes were scary and he was a big wolf… Yes, she feared him.

“No, my lord. I just don’t want to bother you.” She tried to make it sound firm and Jungkook drew a small smile on his lips as he averted his eyes.

“You’re a good liar.” He said and she cracked a bit under his words, but tried to stay composed. “I guess your fear is founded… You foxes seemed to be on another level.” He said with a thoughtful look. “Your magic and your… there’s something about your souls that simply make you different.” He sighed.

“I’ve always thought we were too docile.” She said and Jungkook looked at her again with a slight frown. “You know… we don’t have many alphas in our race. We tend to be oblivious creatures. We are good at following orders and trying not to step on ants while we walk.” She gave a brief bitter smile. “How can a race like that survive?” She wondered.

“Because you are actually good at heart?” Jungkook scoffed. “Does that make you wrong? Am I the good guy because I don’t mind to kill as long as I get what I want?” He wondered and Wheein considered his words for a moment.

“You’re right… but that’s just how you’ve been raised.” She said. “You know… most omega foxes share a few traits; they tend to be innocent to a fault and overall good.” She said as she returned to the table to actually place the plates on the wood and not leave them on the tray. “Jaejoong says it was meant to compensate for the opposite in nature. In the past, omega foxes were nothing but mere tools to avoid conflicts between the packs, but there weren’t as much as needed. We evolved, but along with it came even more thirst for dominance… not only between mates, but packs and then land… countries…” Wheein said and then sighed. “My grandmother died in the raid at the mainland years ago. Some people told me it all begun because of her… She had mated and married quite young, had a daughter when she strayed off her way one day while gathering wood. She encountered a man that fell in love with her at first sight.”
Jungkook frowned a bit at the story.

“The man got obsessed with her and since he was a powerful lord, he asked her parents to hand her in marriage. They couldn’t say no… even if she was already mated and married. The man didn’t seem to know that and when grandma told him he sent his men to kill her and her whole race. I guess my mother was lucky to flee and come live here.” Wheein shrugged.

“Oh…” Jungkook was pretty sure Wheein was the granddaughter of the woman Yoongi’s grandfather had loved, but he wasn’t sure he should be sharing that bit of information.

“Yeah, I wasn’t there when it all happened. My mother was only three years old when she arrived to the island, but she taught me to resent wolves.” She looked up into Jungkook’s eyes. “It is the only thing Taemin’s got to control foxes.”

“I can see that.” He said and she sighed averting her eyes.

“No. You were not there when it all happened. We can only try and not make the same mistakes our ancestors did.” She said clutching the tray with both hands. “What I am trying to say is… that even though we are different, poles apart, complete opposites… We still fall in love the same way.” She stared into his eyes and Jungkook felt a slight frown. “You are not doing anything wrong by loving Jimin-ssi, my lord.” She finished and then stood, but Jungkook spoke before she could leave.

“I haven’t seen Baekhyun here lately. I know I haven’t been out much, but I haven’t felt him around.” He said with a slight frown. “He was pretty determined about Jimin even if it seems everyone changed minds after what Seunghyun said.” He stated and she bit down on her lower lip before glancing at the closed door.

“Everyone has their right and wrong.” She said and Jungkook stared in complete attention. “Jimin-ssi is only one life against the whole fox race living here in the island. What is right and what is wrong? Seunghyun-ssi was not wrong to say it all fell on Jimin-ssi, but…” She said and held her breath for a moment. “Baekhyun is not willing to wait.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“I don’t know what has happened with him or what Jimin-ssi might have told him, but… he is determined to get him out no matter how dangerous it could be.” She said and Jungkook frowned.

“But… everyone knows, right?” Jungkook asked fearing the palace’s maid and the young fox before him were planning on something rather stupid and dangerous.

“Enough people know.” She said. “Baekhyun thinks I can help more because my magic works against foxes too.

“Wheein-ssi… As much as I love Jimin and no matter how much I want him here I don’t want you to risk your life to get him out of the palace.” He said seriously.

“Oh… don’t worry… It won’t be me!” She said a deep blush on her cheeks and Jungkook narrowed his gaze at her.

“You’re a good liar.” He said again. “How can you be so sure of yourself?” He asked and then she took a deep breath.

“Watch closely…” She said and Jungkook frowned before the image that drew her face and body shifted until he was staring at himself.
He stood up with wide eyes, unable to believe what was happening… had she shifted her body. He took a step forward and placed a hand on his shoulder and then noticed they were wearing the same… she couldn’t have fabricated clothes out of nowhere.

“An… illusion…” He wondered and watched himself nod.

“You deduced it faster than most.” He said, the same tone of voice. “But I must have seen the person before… that’s why they wanted me to see Jimin-ssi.” She said and Jungkook continued to gape at his reflection. “But I guess we are ambitious… Baekhyun and me? We are going to make the best out of this,” Jungkook heard himself say.

“The plan was to make him known… to let people see him.” Jungkook said with a deep frown.

“But quite, but Baekhyun would kill me if I talked about it with anyone.” She said suddenly fearful as she let the illusion dissipate and he was staring back at the little girl. “I’d ask you to trust me, but as it is I have done nothing to earn that privilege I guess.” She said and Jungkook frowned.

“No. I cannot trust you… and even less someone as volatile as Baekhyun-ssi.” He said and Wheein nodded. “Jimin is almost a month away from giving birth and each day that passes is hell for him.” Jungkook said trying to reason with her. “I don’t trust you, but I’ve let you and your people tell me how to behave so to not draw unwanted attention, but I am one step away from simply blowing everything to hell and getting Jimin back myself.” He said through gritted teeth and she shook her head with an incredulous smile.

“You are so ahead of yourself… thinking you can actually beat Taemin…” She continued to shake her head in disbelief. “You don’t stand a chance against him.” She said loudly. “I’ve heard of your doings! Your strength and stealth when fighting, but I’ve seen Taemin fighting with my own two eyes and he’s…” She stopped, trying to find the words as she stared deeply into Jungkook’s eyes in realization. “A wolf is no match for him.”

…

Baekhyun was on edge.

He had told them to hurry and he had underestimated Jimin’s strength, he had thought the omega wouldn’t survive another day and that had been more than twenty days ago. Jimin was painfully quiet even to Luhan; his eyes seemed blind and he seemed absent… as if he was somewhere else.

“I know I said I could get you through the window…” He said while they walked down the palace’s outer grounds and Wheein maintained Luhan’s appearance. Baekhyun had instructed the other omega not to step out of his quarters that night to avoid having both Luhan’s walking around.

“But?” Wheein in Luhan’s form spoke, she was too nervous and she could only hope she could maintain her magic even under the highest pressure.

“Do you think you can maybe fool Tao?” Baekhyun asked and she stopped walking to look at the omega with wild eyes. “I know…” Baekhyun said raising his hands to prevent her words from getting out her lips. “You’re better than you think, Wheein. I think you could if you tried.” He said.

“I don’t think so. I don’t really want to see him ever again.” She said. Luhan’s body started to tremble and Baekhyun stared with a quirked eyebrow.

“So… you’ll be a fearful bitch all your life.” Baekhyun said receiving a glare from Luhan’s expressive eyes. “It’s fine to be a bitch, but a scared bitch?” He wondered and watched her eyes blazing blue in anger. “You’re a coward.” He said and then turned around to reach the wall they’d
have to climb.

“I’ll do it.” She said unaware of Baekhyun’s smirk. “You’ll have to take back your words.” She said as she made her way inside the palace and Baekhyun rolled his eyes as he followed only when he turned on the next corner he was not staring at Luhan’s back but Taemin’s; he stopped and gasped.

“No. No. No, you can’t.” He said and when Taemin turned around he almost flinched at the image of perfection he had never been this close to the king’s reflection.

“I am going to get Jimin-ssi out of this place on my own.” Taemin said giving him a glare having his eyes shining gold for a moment. “Don’t get in my way, Baekhyun-ssi… unless you want to die.” Taemin said with a saccharine tone that everyone knew him for.

Baekhyun swallowed regretting ever taunting the girl and could only follow at the appropriate distance in fear of another maid seeing them and they did encounter several members of the staff, but all of them stopped walking, lowered their faces and then waited for the king to pass them by.

On the next corner he saw Taemin’s steps falter and then he saw Tao standing by Jimin’s door; his sharp gaze turned towards them briefly and Baekhyun applauded how the image was kept perfectly when Taemin walked over with a small smirk in place and confidence.

Baekhyun relaxed when Tao moved aside, Taemin placed a hand on the knob and opened it ever so slowly and just like that he was inside. Baekhyun held his breath as he followed and then closed the door behind him, he let his back hit the door and heaved a long sigh of relief.

“Where is he?” Taemin asked and Baekhyun frowned before snapping his eyes open and only then noticing the room was empty, but not only that… it was void of everything that would tell a person was actually staying there.

He rushed to the adjacent door to the bath to check and when he came back out he saw Tao had entered the room. Taemin turned around sharply and blinked several times and just like that… both omegas realized.

“I should’ve killed you when I killed your mother.” Tao said staring into Taemin’s eyes only it was not Taemin anymore, but Wheein’s fearful eyes.

Jimin was sweating and panting heavily, his body covered in sweat his silver hair mated to his forehead as he tried his best to stay conscious and not succumb to the immense pain coursing his body.

“Don’t fight it boy… You are giving birth whether you want it or not…” An elderly woman by the name of Sanji spoke; she was wrinkled and had a kind face. Jimin had been told she was the midwife and she had been called earlier that night when Jimin had woken up in pain and with drenched sheets and had been taken to another room.

“No!” Jimin cried out, knuckles turning white as he gripped the sheets. “I need Jungkook!” He said feeling tears streaming down his cheeks. The woman gave him a pitiful look before nodding and helping him to his knees.

He was naked under a robe that had ridden down his back and was only hanging by his elbows; he placed his hands on the edge of the bed and let his head hang between them. The woman started to massage his lower back and he groaned, it felt good, but it’d feel better if Jungkook was there.
“You poor thing… you came this far only to die like this.” She said softly and Jimin felt his eyes blazing blue, anger coursing his body, he gritted his teeth and hissed at no one in particular… just the thought of dying here, without his mate and without having met his pup.

“How is he doing?” Taemin asked as he just entered the room and Jimin felt his skin crawl; he disconnected a moment, turning to glare over his shoulder at the man; he looked as perfect as ever with his smile in place…

“How have you considered letting his mate assist him, your highness?” The midwife asked and Taemin looked down at her in confusion.

“I am his rightful mate, Sanji-ssi….” He said feigning innocence and the woman sighed and nodded. “I’ve come to help you, Jimin-ssi… What would be right to do? Should I hold you? Should I scent you?” He asked coming close deeming him too weak to do much.

He was wrong.

As soon as he was close enough Jimin managed to slap his face with all the strength he had, claws having grown out in the anger he was feeling, scratching the beautiful face and leaving him bloodied. Taemin frowned and touched his wounded cheek in complete disbelief.

Sanji gasped at the sight, but Jimin and his sudden behavior also intimidated her. The omega looked positively deadly, angry and menacing even in his state, he looked like a wild animal ready to kill. His upper lip curled to show his elongated fangs and his eyes bright blue.

Taemin stood and took a step back with a sudden wicked smile.

“You don’t seem to understand that you will die! You are already dead!” Taemin said between bouts of laughter. “I will come and collect your dead body in the morning… and your pup will surely die too if not tonight then by my hand… you can be sure of that. I will make sure you, your pup and your mate all die.” Taemin said unaware of how he was trembling in anger, but somehow he didn’t try to approach Jimin again.

“If…” Jimin swallowed and tried to speak again through his gritted teeth, his ears were flat against his head. “If I survive t-tonight… you c-can count yourself d-dead.”

Baekhyun stared with wide eyes when Tao drew his sword in such a way that it almost seemed like he was dancing, but the moment the sword buried in Kai’s side Baekhyun knew there would be more blood running that night and Tao’s was most likely to be the first.

He had never truly liked Kai, but still… the man was there, facing the fox for things he couldn’t understand… not after Taemin messed with his memories. Baekhyun had tried to comfort Kyungsoo about it, but in the end Baekhyun was not good at those… He only wanted one thing and that was to get back to the southern island to Chanyeol’s arms and maybe dream of a future together.

Still… Baekhyun was here too, trying to save Jimin. Trying to survive the night and not let Wheein die. As much as he called her a bitch he didn’t want her to die at the hand of the same man that killed her mother and father.

The girl was so frightened that she was trembling on the floor, staring wide eyes at the fight. It had been a strike of pure luck that Kai had followed them and had entered the room close after Tao did. Still… Kai was no match for Tao and it was painfully obvious right now while the wolf pressed a hand to his new wound and stared at his own blood.
“Step aside.” Tao said in his monotone voice. “Taemin-ssi told me to kill anyone who dared enter this room tonight.” Tao said and Baekhyun swallowed. Could it be that Taemin knew Jungkook was there? Could he know that Baekhyun had been trying to save Jimin?

“You’re willing to kill innocent omegas just because Taemin says?” Kai asked in disbelief.

“Those were his orders. Are you going to defy him?” Tao asked not mustering a single expression on his face.

“Are you sure you want to hurt him more than you did already?” Baekhyun asked the alpha fox with a tone filled with taunting. “You of all people should know Kai is untouchable in this palace, but… do as you please, the way I see it you are already dead.” Baekhyun said, let the words hang in the air and watched how Tao’s knuckles turned white on the hilt of his sword.

“Are you siding with them?” Tao asked Kai, watching how he was losing color quickly, the wolf nodded weakly, but never letting go of his sword.

“Jimin-ssi is going to die tonight anyway… and you… you’re fighting the wrong battle.” Kai said as he fell on one knee. Tao finally widened his eyes; fear gripping his heart at the prospect of having killed the king’s lover.

“I will take you to the healer.” Tao said dropping his sword and approaching the wolf on the floor.

Baekhyun watched in slow motion how Tao approached, crouched and then made to pull the wolf in his arms only to end up with Kai’s own sword impaled on his chest, sharp edge protruding on his back.

“Leave!” Kai said loudly, snapping Wheein out of her reverie.

Baekhyun frowned when blood spurted out of Kai’s lips and then noticed Tao had somehow pulled out a dagger from his holster at some point and had stabbed the wolf in his stomach.

Baekhyun gave one last look at the wolf and then grabbed Wheein and pulled her out of the room, closing it behind him to stall the stench of blood and death. Wheein was panting and crying in fear and Baekhyun tried not to snap at her.

“Where are we going?!?” She yelled when she realized they were not heading the way they had entered.

“I need to get Luhan.” Baekhyun said, he was sweating and too affected by what he had seen; his whole body was trembling and he guessed he was only working on adrenaline rush.

They managed to get to the staff rooms and Baekhyun yanked open the door to their bedroom and watched as Luhan sprung up with wide eyes upon seeing Wheein and the state they were in.

“What’s going on?” Luhan asked nervously.

“Let’s go. We can’t stay. Tao and Kai are dead.” Baekhyun said and Luhan widened his eyes in disbelief.

“What about Jimin-ssi?” Luhan asked.

“Nothing! We can’t get him! Not tonight… probably not ever, if we stay enough for Taemin to find out we are dead!” He snapped.
“Baekhyun, wait.” Luhan said seriously grabbing his friend’s forearm to stop him and Wheein frowned not wanting to stay another minute there. “I say Kai’s death is a great deal of a distraction. We can actually get him.”

…

As much as Jungkook would’ve loved to sprint towards the palace and find his mate he was rendered completely useless once his mind processed the fact his mate was giving birth. The pain that coursed his body was like nothing he had ever felt before.

It was not that Jimin was in pain because of the cramps and the normal pain giving birth would cause… it was the distance, it was not being there for his mate and pup, it was the sensation of failure, the desperation… his heart felt constricted, his lungs too and he felt too dizzy to move or talk.

Mark had deemed him sick and Jaejoong didn’t look convinced about it; in his eyes, Jungkook saw the truth, the man knew what was happening, but in the end no one could help him get there. He was going to lose Jimin, his pup and his life in one night and Moonbyul hadn’t arrived home yet.

“Damn it, breathe!” Mark yelled when he noticed Jungkook was struggling to pull air into his lungs tears gathering in the corners of his eyes before he could finally pull in much needed air. “Shit! Get yourself together, Jungkook!” Mark snapped angrily and worried. He didn’t know what to do.

“Your mate is giving birth.” Jaejoong said and Mark snapped his head around to look up at the man with wide eyes, finally comprehending.

“What? How do you know?” Mark asked looking down at the dire condition Jungkook was in; just at that moment, Moonbyul came in running with a wet fabric to wipe his sweat, Jungkook stared at her with wild eyes and she bit down her lower lip before nodding her head almost imperceptibly.

“I will take care of him for now.” She announced and turned to look at them in the eye. “You all should be looking for Wheein… I’ve heard the palace is in chaos.” She said and Jaejoong cursed before leaving. “You should go too.” She said eyeing Mark.

“No. I will stay with him.” The guard said; Moonbyul gave Seunghyun a pointed look and the rogue wolf leaned down to grasp Mark’s arm and pulled him up rather forcefully.

“Leave them alone. She’s a healer…” Seunghyun said and Mark hesitated a moment before finally nodding and walking outside the room. Seunghyun stared down at her for a long moment before looking at Jungkook. “Don’t die.”

Jungkook closed his eyes in pain and when he opened them again he saw Moonbyul’s hand and eyes shining blue, she pressed the hand against his eyes and made him close them.

“Goodnight, Jungkook.”

…

Jimin yelled as he tightened his hold on the edge of the bed, his belly hanging low while he tried to understand what he should do. He knew Jungkook wouldn’t get there… he couldn’t even feel him through the bond by now and in the midst of fear and loneliness he knew he’d have to do this alone.

“No more delaying it, boy… You have to push.” Sanji said standing behind him; she had lifted his robe to check on the dilation. “Your pup is not that big… it is a bit underdeveloped. I was told you were early by a whole month.” She spoke and Jimin gritted his teeth together pulling his legs into a squatting position.
He yelled to the top of his lungs feeling faint, cold and tired… he vaguely heard the door open and he had half a mind to lift his gaze and see his maids and a girl approach him… all of them with wide eyes.

“Here Jimin-ssi… hold my hands… I am going to lend you a bit of my energy.” Luhan said, his eyes blazing blue and Jimin tried to voice his gratefulness, but he couldn’t speak. He pushed again and yelled once more.

“That’s good… Oh… it is a lovely little fox.” The midwife said and Jimin whined and sobbed in happiness as he clutched Luhan’s hands with all his might. “Another push and I will tell you if it is a boy or a girl.” The woman added and Jimin closed his eyes tightly and pushed again until he saw black dots dancing in his vision.

Small cries were heard all around and rushed voices shared between the two women in the room.

“It’s a boy, Jimin-ssi.” The other girl said and he tried to recover his breath, but he couldn’t. His legs were trembling and he felt like he was underwater. His breathing was shallow when he looked down between his legs. Something was not right…

“Oh… heavens…” The old lady said and though Jimin tried he knew he didn’t have any more strength to keep himself up. “There’s another one, Jimin-ssi.” She said and he smiled faintly and tired; he needed to get his pup out.

He fell forward against Luhan’s body and the omega hugged him tightly feeling how cold he was, whole body trembling.

“Get me a few blankets from the chest.” Luhan pointed Baekhyun towards the item and the fox moved fast, bringing out the fluffiest ones. “You did really good tonight, Jimin-ssi.” Luhan said sadly; it was likely that the other pup would die.

“N-need… t-to p-push…” Jimin spoke weakly and closed his eyes once more as he did one last try, the woman gasped when the head popped out and she helped the fox with the rest, pulling the pup out with as much care as she could.

“It’s done.” The woman said, but Jimin couldn’t hear the cries… He felt sudden sadness embracing his cold body and sobs rattled his chest as he tried in vain to move towards his pups. “He’s not breathing…” He heard the woman say.

“Let me…” Wheein said as she moved towards the newborn and Jimin tried to stay there when Luhan wrapped him in the sheets and placed him carefully on the floor.

“Rest for now… We are leaving in a bit.” Luhan said and Jimin shook his head.

“I… n-need to s-see t-them…” He pleaded, tears trailing down his cheeks and it broke the other fox’s heart as he nodded and motioned for the women to bring both pups over. One was wailing loudly and the other was still silent.

Jimin was not strong enough to move much, but when Wheein placed the wailing pup on his chest and Sanji placed the other one right next to him he noticed the differences. His little fox had dark fur like his father… his little wolf had silver fur like him.

Jimin felt more tears as he felt how the bond split and only then he realized his little wolf was alive… barely, but he was alive.

“Hold him, please.” He motioned to the little fox and Luhan retrieved the pup and watched Jimin
cradle the little wolf against his chest, enveloping him with the last bits of his body heat, softly patting his back and whispering something in the pup’s ear.

The midwife widened her eyes when the pup’s tail flickered and the some gasps before the small wolf was crying as well. Jimin cried more tears and kissed the baby’s forehead.

“I love you…” He sobbed and then looked at Baekhyun; the omega seemed to understand and he was barely in time to take the pup in arms when Jimin lost consciousness.

“It is the first time I’ve seen something like this.” Sanji said watching as the trio rushed to wrap the babies in blankets. “What are you doing?” She asked worriedly.

“We are taking them somewhere safe.” Baekhyun said and the woman only stared in disbelief. Luhan was the one to take Jimin in arms and Wheein rushed to take the fox while Baekhyun carried the wolf.

“Can you get us all under your magic?” Baekhyun asked Wheein when they made it outside the room and the girl took a deep breath before nodding.

“People will wonder where are you taking these horses to, just so you know.” She said and Baekhyun nodded; he knew she was trying to lift the spirits, but they were hardly halfway through with this whole thing.

“Let’s go… we have to get them to Jungkook.”

...

Yifan widened his eyes feeling his breath hitch inside his chest at the sight that greeted them when they finally arrived to the room that had been Jimin’s until a few hours ago when he had entered labor.

When the young omega maid had entered his offices searching for help with wide and fearful eyes, Yifan hadn’t thought it’d be something like this that would greet them… He had found Taemin as he came out of Jimin’s new room; face bloodied and had told them of some sort of problem with Tao.

The omega maid had been completely freaked out to go back with them, but she had been forced to do so and to explain what had happened… in her shock she had only been able to say that Tao was dead and someone else too.

Yifan had seen the fear in her eyes, but he had never thought the other person would be Kai. He swallowed thickly and waved a hand at the omega to let her know that she should run away from there; the girl didn’t think twice and turned around sprinting down the hall while he remained frozen at the threshold.

Taemin was frowning deeply at the sight before him… Tao and Kai were both lying motionless on the floor in a pool of their own blood. Kai’s eyes were closed and there was blood dripping down his chin. It was an awful sight.

He walked in their direction, ignoring the stench of the blood and how the hem of his silky robes absorbed the thick liquid. He knelt by Kai’s side and noticed how Tao’s hand was still attached to the knife piercing Kai’s stomach.

His golden eyes traveled towards his guard’s lifeless eyes before pulling out the weapon and letting it fall between both bodies. He turned Kai around and pulled his upper body onto his lap… long fingers traced his perfect face.
“You betrayed me, my love.” Taemin muttered softly. “I would revive him only to be the one to kill him again.” He said eyeing Tao briefly. “But if I revived you instead… I wonder how many times you’d’ve betrayed me again.” He sighed heavily and then turned to the door to eye Yifan, his eyes blazing red. “Get Jimin and his pup ready… None of this would’ve happened if I had killed him as soon as I set my eyes on him.” Taemin said and then a wicked smile drew on his lips. “We should send an invitation to Jungkook-ssi as well…”

“As you wish, your highness.” Yifan bowed and then turned to leave the room.

…

It was almost midnight. Moonbyul was right by Jungkook’s side, holding his hand and ever so slyly she pressed to fingers to his pulse point, just to be sure he was still alive. She didn’t regret what she did, but she knew she had acted upon her own interests and not anyone else’s.

She sighed heavily when the door burst open; Seunghyun looked completely astounded when he looked at her.

“Jimin’s here.” Was all he said and her frown lasted only a minute before she let Jungkook’s hand fall limply to his side to sprint upstairs to see what he meant.

The room was in chaos everyone talking loudly and wondering what should be done when she saw Luhan placing Jimin’s body on the low table; she rushed to he brother’s side and started to push the blankets aside when suddenly little cries made it to her ears and she spun her head around.

Wheein was holding one small pup and Baekhyun another… but if they were crying they were fine; she turned back to Jimin’s pale face and when she pushed the last blanket she saw the blood on the lower part.

“He’s bleeding.” Her hands and eyes immediately blazing blue as she started to heal him as best as she could; her eyes filling with tears in disbelief; she had never thought she’d get to see her brother again.

“Do you think it’d help if we bring them to Jungkook’s side?” Wheein asked and Moonbyul nodded as a sob tore from her lips.

“Bring them to him… it is the least we can do… the least I can do.”
I can't believe no one noticed.

Moonbyul couldn’t stop the tears from trailing down her cheeks. She was staring down at the sight on the bed. After cleaning Jimin and making sure he was not bleeding anymore, they had moved him down along with his pups. They had also cleaned both pups and had made sure to wrap them in blankets.

It was not really customary because mates usually kept them warm with their own body heat, but… both parents were painfully cold at the moment, barely breathing and not moving… both pups between them gurgling and sometimes crying.

Jimin looked so worn and tired and she had seen his tattooed back, he had also lost weight, his hair was lackluster and his lips chapped. She placed a hand on her mouth to mute her sobs and turned in time to bury herself in Seunghyun’s chest. The wolf hugged her softly while she cried.

“I need to write a letter.” Mark announced as he left the room.

Wheein, Luhan and Baekhyun were sitting on the floor with their backs against the wall, silent and simply staring at the bed; tired and shocked by the events of the previous night. Jaejoong was in the room as well, eyeing Moonbyul with a little narrowed gaze before he sighed heavily.

“What you did was a really hard thing to do.” He said and all eyes turned to him, but Jaejoong had his eyes on the bed. “You just wanted to save your brother. That is understandable, but… Jungkook was king of his own land. Right now he’s as good as dead.” Jaejoong said ignoring the frowns of confusion coming from the foxes on the floor. “I cannot say you did the wrong thing. I can only admire your bravery for doing what no one else would’ve had the courage to do.” He said and then turned to leave the room, but before stepping out he looked at the trio on the floor. “Come up soon and I will give you something to eat and drink… You three saved the night.” He said and then leaned a bit to ruffle Wheein’s hair.

Moonbyul lowered her head and closed her eyes when she felt Seunghyun’s fingers running through her long silver tresses. He was calming her some and she was too tired to wonder why she was allowing him to do such a thing.

“We have to keep an eye on them at all times…” She heard his voice rumble. “I don’t trust this Taemin guy. I haven’t met him, but let’s be honest; it almost feels like this was too easy.” He added and heard a scoff from the side.

“Easy?” Baekhyun asked in disbelief. “We were lucky Taemin’s lover was killed… that is the only reason we managed to get out of there alive and with Jimin-ssi.” He said in annoyance. “Yeah… easy…” He mocked before leaving the room followed by Luhan and Wheein.

Moonbyul pulled away from Seunghyun and wiped her tears. The man eyed her warily and then sighed.
“What’s with these omegas all bossy and shit?” He wondered and she chuckled a bit before turning around again and sitting on a nearby chair to stare at the new-formed family.

Seunghyun approached the bed on Jungkook’s side and slyly checked his pulse… so slow and weak and he didn’t want to say it, but he wasn’t so sure the pups’ parents would live to raise them.

“He was so sure when he told me to do it…” Moonbyul said tiredly. “I had enough time to think about it, but I never thought I’d feel this way.” She said pressing a hand over her eyes. “If Jimin survives he will never forgive me.” She added.

“Hmm…” Seunghyun didn’t want to say anything; he couldn’t be sure of anything right now; his eyes fell on the thick collar around Jimin’s neck and felt bad when he remembered how well cared for Jimin had looked the first time he met him, all plump and rosy cheeks. Nothing compared to what he looked like right now.

If Jungkook could see him he’d probably have frenzy and would most likely go on a rampage to kill Taemin and his men. Tattooing had always been a punishment in the south, a way to mark a target and he knew the pain of it; it was astounding to think someone as small and delicate-looking like Jimin had survived through it while pregnant.

He then moved his dark eyes to the pups and snorted a bit at the opposite looking little things. A silver wolf and a dark fox… Would their eyes be black or silver? They were so small with hands tightened in little fists, noses twitching every now and then, probably affected by their parents’ scents, tails curled and ears too big on their heads, too weak and vulnerable… parentless at the moment… in dire need of being protected.

“We will protect them until they wake up.” Seunghyun said and Moonbyul looked at him from her spot in the chair. “You’re their aunt… I think you should tend to them… and I will make sure nothing happens to their parents until they wake up.”

“…”

“This is my older brother, Sohyang-ssi…” Yoongi motioned towards Seokjin.

“It is a pleasure to meet you, Sohyang-ssi.” Seokjin said staring down at the woman with the long silver hair and tired eyes; she was clearly going through a lot with both her son and daughter gone.

“No, the pleasure is mine, Seokjin-ssi.” She said and bowed as best as she could.

Seokjin had been told before hand of her weak legs and thus had asked Namjoon to move her to the chair to make her more comfortable while they talked. Her eyes scanned him and he knew he must’ve looked awful.

“I’ve been through a bit of a bumpy ride in the past few months.” He smiled at her and she blushed and shook her head quickly.

“No! I am sorry… I am just surprised of how strong you actually are.” She said and Seokjin frowned a bit amused.

“People usually said I was beautiful.” He chuckled pulling the books onto the table and heard the loud snort Namjoon let out from his place at the door. “Strong is not a praise I am used to.” He said.

Yoongi ignored his small talk and moved closer to the table, interested in the books.

“Strength comes with the situations we are forced to confront.” She said softly. “You are a strong
and beautiful person.” She said with a kind smile and Seokjin returned it with a bow in thanks.

“As much I love it when people praise me, Sohyang-ssi, I am not here to brag about how awesome I am.” He said and Namjoon rolled his eyes. “I’ve brought these books from the southern island.” He explained and watched how her eyes lit in wonder.

“These are ancient silver wolves’ books!” She exclaimed and Namjoon took a few steps forward until he was standing next to Seokjin, his deep eyes focused on the woman. Yoongi eyed her too.

“Can you translate them?” Namjoon asked and Seokjin nodded once in her direction; she swallowed thickly and then gave a hesitant nod.

“It’s been a while since the last time I read something this old. It will take me a while, but-”

“I am sorry, Sohyang-ssi… I hate to be this pushy when we just met, but my little brother and your son are in a dire situation right now and even though I can march over there and step on anyone that gets in my way, I’d like to be reasonable and understand your culture’s urge to have Jimin.” Seokjin said in a pleasantly calm tone and with a kind smile; Yoongi scoffed in amusement, he had never seen this side of Seokjin, but then again… Jungkook was their little brother. “We don’t have a while.” He added.

“Yah… Let’s not scare her like this…” Namjoon said slowly, his eyes surprised by the tone Seokjin used, but also aware of how Sohyang seemed frightened by the words.

“I can do it in three days. Please…” She said and Seokjin stared deeply into her eyes for a long moment before nodding.

“Three days then.”

Yoongi stared at Taehyung and then moved his cold gaze towards the beta that was standing idly behind him. Hoseok didn’t look comfortable being there and Yoongi had never once deemed Taehyung a smart man, but this was truly the cherry to pop the cake. He lowered his gaze back to the parchment he was writing.

“So… you bring strays.” Yoongi said and before Taehyung could speak he continued. “You thought it’d be a good idea to bring the man that wanted to help you kill me.” He added and Hoseok flinched. “And then what? You thought I’d be happy to have both of you here? In my home?” Yoongi lifted his eyes and narrowed them at Taehyung. “In my bed?”

“Hoseok was bought as a slave in No One’s Land. What was I supposed to do? Leave him with the pirate that bought him?” Taehyung asked with a deep frown.

“Why should I care?” Yoongi asked instead. “Did you ask him if he wanted to come?” Yoongi eyed Hoseok and Taehyung sighed.

“Yes, I did and no, he didn’t want to come.” Taehyung said; Yoongi glared at the beta.

“But he is here nonetheless.” Hoseok felt a soft frown marring his features when he finally turned his eyes towards Yoongi. “It seems to me that you convinced him quite easily.” Yoongi said staring deeply into Hoseok’s eyes, but suddenly Taehyung was blocking his friend from Yoongi’s cold gaze.

“You’re being unfair.” Taehyung said and watched a very slight and quick grimace cross Yoongi’s
face before the prince stood from the chair; his shoulders slumped and looking defeated it seemed.

“I am being unfair.” He scoffed bitterly at Taehyung’s words and then nodded. “I think it’d be best if you left, Taehyung. You and your friend.” He said and Taehyung widened his eyes. “The western lands should be a nice place to live, far away from the war and far away from me.” He added the last bit in a soft voice.

“Yoongi… That’s not what I-”

“I have more important things to do right now.” Yoongi said and then grabbed the parchment and turned to walk out the other door of the offices, leaving both men behind and Taehyung felt fear… fear and anguish.

“Why do this? I can go to the west alone… You should stop this nonsense and settle.” Hoseok said seriously and Taehyung turned to him, his eyes filled with tears.

“I love you, hyeong.” Taehyung said with a hoarse voice and Hoseok felt his skin crawling. How long had he waited to hear those words? “I love him too… is it wrong? Is it so hard to understand?” He asked and then stomped out the offices, leaving Hoseok behind to ponder.

Could a person actually love another two?

…”

“I don’t really understand what you’re saying.” Seokjin said with a deep frown, good and bad eye focused on his brother.

Something about Yoongi seemed different from just a few moments ago when they had talked to Sohyang. He looked troubled and unsettled about something. Seokjin had never liked Yoongi looking like that; contrary to common beliefs, Yoongi was actually quite frail… no, not frail. Volatile.

“I want to go to the coast.” He repeated and Seokjin continued to stare. Yoongi sighed. “As of right now I am not king in the north and I am not king in the capital.” He stated walking a bit around the offices. “I’d like to be on the front for once in my life.”

“It could be the first and the last. Request denied.” Seokjin said blatantly as he returned to writing a parchment and Yoongi took a deep breath.

“I was not asking for permission.” He said and Seokjin looked at him again; the pale wolf was looking out the window. “Coming here after being king in the north was hard for me Seokjin.” He said and the elder stood in confusion.

“I don’t understand.”

“I am pretty sure you do.” Yoongi said and turned to level him with his cold blue eyes. “After everyone learned I was raped by an alpha guard in the palace I guess knowing I tried to kill myself multiple times won’t come as a surprise.” He said and Seokjin’s eyes widened.

“You did what?” Seokjin’s voice raised, high pitched and disbelieving.

“Tried… to kill myself? Multiple times?” Yoongi said as if it wasn’t a big deal. “Mostly because I missed Jimin and I couldn’t fathom the idea of a life without him, but… when Jongup raped me I just… I felt like I deserved to die.” Yoongi sighed loudly; his expression hadn’t changed once.
“Jungkook killed that man!” Seokjin snapped, his whole body trembling in anger and frustration of not knowing what to do. The simple though of his brother trying to end his life was killing him.

“I am not telling you this so that you will pity me and shit… I am telling you this because I am tired of feeling like I deserve only bad things.” Yoongi said firmly. “I want to fight in this war because my fucking little brother is in danger and his new family is too. I want to make myself useful and I don’t need your permission, but I’d like you to accept this as it is…” Yoongi said not moving his eyes from Seokjin’s. “I am trying to make myself worth of something…”

Seokjin shook his head and couldn’t help but approach Yoongi and pull him into a hug, tight against his chest, shaking and asking heavens for forgiveness because he hadn’t been there when his brother needed him most.

“I can’t lose two brothers…” Seokjin said and Yoongi chuckled, his chin propped on the wide shoulder.

“With a bit of luck you’ll only lose me.” He said and the elder tightened his hold on him. “Wrong thing to say… okay… I can’t breathe.” Yoongi said with a grimace and Seokjin pulled away from him, tears trailing down his cheeks.

“You’re not a fighter.” Seokjin argued and Yoongi nodded.

“I will take Sehun with me. Just Sehun. Send me with explicit orders to command a battalion. I will help Hwasa.” He said seriously and Seokjin whined in despair. “I am smart, Seokjin… let me prove myself to our people.” He almost pleaded and watched his older brother hang his head between his arms in defeat.

“If you die… in the battlefield… I will personally revive you to beat you.” Seokjin muttered not meeting his eyes again as he scribbled a quick note and then handed it to him.

“Fine with me… I will see you when this whole thing is over.” Yoongi said staring at Seokjin’s wide back; he had never been affectionate and it was hard to convey his true feelings… He lifted a hand to pat the other’s back, but in the end retracted it and with a long sigh exited the offices.

“Yeah, we will see each other later.” Seokjin muttered into the silent room.

…

Jimin found himself walking through thick forests, tall pines with needle-like leaves and a soft drizzle covering his skin. Why was he in human form inside his head? He looked around as he walked, hoping to catch a glimpse of dark fur… but it wasn’t until he reached the clearing floored with wild flowers that he found his mate.

Jungkook was in human form as well… and that only served to make it more unnerving. He had learned that if he were in beast form in the real world, he’d be in human form inside his head and vice versa, but he knew he couldn’t have changed into his fox form with the collar on. Taemin had designed it so that it’d kill him if he did; break his neck or choke him, whichever happened first.

Jimin approached slowly; a thick fog seemed to be starting to cover the landscape and it became unusually chilly. When he came to kneel beside his mate’s body, he noticed his purpled lips and pale skin, dark bruises under his closed eyes and when he touched his arm, Jimin flinched from how cold he felt… almost as if he was… dead.

Jimin widened his eyes at the thought and blinked several times wondering if this was actually happening or if he was dreaming, but it didn’t matter because even in dreams he’d do whatever it
took to save his mate. He grasped the bigger hand between his smaller ones and shivered at how cold he felt.

“Jungkook-ah?” He called softly, but there was no response, not even a small one.

Jimin looked around the eerie place… somewhere that had always been like a safe haven for them was now covered in cold fog and sad silence. Jimin felt like he was forgetting something; something had happened in real life, but he couldn’t remember what…

“Jungkook-ah…” He called again, but Jungkook continued to lie motionless on the ground.

His scent was not that powerful either and that seemed to spur Jimin on… he moved slowly to hover over Jungkook’s body, pressing his cheek against the other’s naked chest and sighing in relief when he heard the slow and weak thud of his heart…

“What’s happening?” He wondered softly, the loneliness was creeping up his back, curling around his chest and tightening around his heart.

He nosed at Jungkook’s collarbones until he found the mating mark he had left in his shoulder not so long ago. Jimin licked at it, but when he received no response he felt tears pricking his eyes.

He was losing his mate right now. Weakening heartbeat and slow breathing, it was almost as if Jungkook was losing the battle to sleep.

Why was this happening? What had happened to his mate?

Jimin took a moment to let his fangs elongate before piercing the flesh deeply again and trying to coerce his mate into waking up, but it was to no avail. Jimin pulled up, sitting astride over Jungkook’s stomach, hands on his chest and staring into his pale face with tears streaming down his eyes.

He shook his head, eyes moving to the bleeding wound he had just inflicted, but there was not a single movement or sound.

“What are you doing…?” He asked in a soft tone one small fist hitting over Jungkook’s chest without force. “Why are you being like this?” He asked again and continued to softly pound his fist on the alpha’s chest. “You have to wake up…” Jimin sobbed. “You have to meet them, our pups…” He said weakly.

His pups… that was what was missing and now he was full on crying because he had lost everything in one night and he was probably dead right now and this was the limbo. He was not ready to die; he still had many things to do.

They had many things to do together; they needed to raise their family and see their pups grow and they had to kiss and hug and make love over and over again for the rest of eternity. They had to be happy and play more games and teach the pups lots of fun things to do, teach them to read and write and watch them get mated.

His eyes blazed blue when Jungkook’s heart took a bit too long to beat again and desperation flowed through his veins again, he leaned down and wound his arms around Jungkook’s neck… he was not aware of what he was doing, but the feeling of breaking a promise coursed his body.

“You promised!” Jimin cried into his neck. “You promised you’d always come back to me!” He cried again, whole body trembling. “You promised, you promised, you promised!” He chanted. “You have to come back! Come back, come back, come back, come back!” He yelled to the top of
his lungs and amongst the sobs he faintly heard his voice. 

“You promised you wouldn’t command me again.” Jimin pulled up from Jungkook only to realize his mate was not there anymore.

He was completely alone in the foggy forest. Alone.

…

Jungkook gasped loudly; he felt like he had been drowning and tried to fill his lungs with much needed air while in his head he continued to hear Jimin screaming at him to come back. He was so lost that he turned and fell off the bed while gasping… a gentle hand on his shoulder and when he snapped his head up he saw Moonbyul there with wide eyes.

“You’re awake!” She said in disbelief and he blinked several times, panting and trembling as he tried to recover his composure. “Slowly… Breathe in and breathe out.” She said and tried to demonstrate; Jungkook mimicked her and groaned when finally his lungs started to work properly.

“Fuck!” He cursed as he pushed up and let his back press against the side of the bed; one hand pressed to his chest feeling the erratic beating of his heart.

“You must be the first alpha to wake up from Deep Sleep while his mate gave birth.” Moonbyul said and Jungkook clasped her wrist.

“Where’s he? I heard him calling my name… telling me to come back.” He said with hoarse voice, his eyes glittering with unshed tears from the emotion and he felt a frown draw on his forehead when she gave him a bitter smile and motioned towards the bed behind him.

Jungkook turned around slowly and his eyes widened when he came face to face with his pups and mate.

“Must’ve been your own will to live, because Jimin has not woken up.” She explained and Jungkook frowned as he stood, supporting his weight on the bed, first staring at his sleeping pups and then to his sleeping mate.

“No… I am sure it was him.” Jungkook said, sitting on the edge to stare at his family. “But he is fine, right?” He asked and turned to look down at Moonbyul; she bit her lower lip and sighed.

“Jungkook… I can’t be sure. This is not how I thought things would happen. I was pretty sure you wouldn’t wake up, but he would.” She said and Jungkook felt fear spreading in his chest. He swallowed a thick lump in his throat as he stared again at his pups and a soft smile drew on his lips.

He reached one big hand and traced the little nose of his little fox and then the chin of the little wolf.

“I can’t believe you had twins…” He whispered and Moonbyul smiled at his reaction.

“I’ve fed them twice since you arrived so they should be fine for another three hours.” She said and Jungkook noticed Jimin’s robe was slightly opened on the front; she probably had pressed the pups to his chest. Unlike female omegas, male omegas only swell on their nipples and the milk was a bit scarce.

“Thank you, Moonbyul-ssi.” Jungkook sighed heavily; he still felt tired, but now that his mate and pups were here he didn’t want to close his eyes.

“Jungkook… I will tell everyone that you woke up, Mark is really worried.” She said and Jungkook
nodded more seriously now.

“What do we know about Taemin?” He asked and gave her a meaningful look that she could only reciprocate.

“He will hold a public fight in a week.” She said and he frowned. “He must’ve have more faith in you waking up than we did. He wants to hold a public fight. He is going to fight you to death if you show up.” She finished and Jungkook felt his resolve building.

“Fine with me.” He said and Moonbyul dared a brief look to her brother; she could only pray that Jimin would wake up before they came to that because she wasn’t sure Jungkook should attend said fight. “I am a bit hungry… Could you please bring me something?” He asked and she nodded.

“I will be back in a bit.” She said and turned around to leave the room.

Jungkook waited until she was gone to finally move to Jimin’s side of the bed, his hard eyes filling with anger upon the sight of the collar. He touched it, trying to find a way to open it. He was pretty sure he could break it, but he didn’t want to risk harming Jimin more than he was.

He could see the differences from the mate he remembered. Jimin was too thin and pale, his lips were chapped and he looked terribly tired. Jungkook leaned down over him and nosed around the collar. Jungkook pressed his lips to Jimin’s jaw and continued to scent him; his scent was not that bad… the faint traces of alpha fox were still present, but he could tell Taemin had not gotten far on his advances.

Jungkook tightened his fists and growled lowly… he couldn’t believe he had let his mate go through this on his own. He had failed Jimin.

Jungkook picked the limp body off the bed and cradled him on his lap, letting Jimin’s head press against his chest.

“You have to come back too, Jimin.” He said softly caressing his lackluster hair; his perfect mate was looking so worn that it was hard to believe he was the same person. “We have to do this together… I can’t alone.” He said and when no answer greeted him he pulled the fox tightly against his chest, burying his nose in his narrow shoulders, Jimin’s head falling limply backwards.

“I need you, Jimin.”

…

Hoseok wasn’t sure what to do anymore, but if he wanted to be happy with Taehyung he needed to start thinking as if the possibility of his mate being in love with two men was actually plausible. Maybe Taehyung was too selfish; maybe he was right… in any case Hoseok was not likely to deny the fact that Yoongi was beautiful.

He knocked a few times on Yoongi’s bedroom door and waited for a bit before he was called inside and by the look of curiosity the other beta was giving him he guessed he had already known it was him coming to visit.

Hoseok took a deep breath and closed the door behind himself. His dark eyes focused on Yoongi, willing his wolf to see what Taehyung had seen… it was not hard to understand why Taehyung had fallen in love with Yoongi; he was beautiful, yes, but he also represented power and unachievable goals for people like them.

“What do you want?” Yoongi said while he continued to pack his stuff for the trip he was to make
that same night.

“I… I just wanted to talk to you.” Hoseok said and Yoongi scoffed; Hoseok felt anger bubbling up. He was not here to provoke him, but the royalty was always so defensive. “Look… I know you don’t like me.” He said and Yoongi’s deadly glare made him sweat. “I don’t really like you either.” He added and Yoongi stopped what he was doing to stare at him, arms crossed over his chest.

“What are you doing here?” He questioned again and Hoseok sighed heavily. As he took a few tentative steps inside the room, pretending to be interested on anything.

The thing with betas was that… it was hard to read each other. Their dual nature was hard to ignore and Hoseok wasn’t sure if he should act more like and alpha with Yoongi or more like an omega. He wanted to make Taehyung happy and maybe there was some way this could work.

“Taehyung loves you…” Hoseok said and Yoongi refrained from saying anything. “But I guess love is useless if the other half is not willing to return it.” He said and then turned to look at the prince.

“Are you asking me to love your alpha?” Yoongi asked in disbelief; a mock present in his features, but Hoseok remained serious. “You’ve got to be fucking kidding me.” Yoongi said serious all of a sudden taking long strides towards the other beta, pushing him roughly against the wall, forearm crossing over Hoseok’s throat.

“He loves you.” Hoseok said willing his more dominant side to relent; Yoongi was too angry right to fight him. It’d only make things more difficult.

“I am kind of lost here.” Yoongi growled out through gritted teeth. “You say he loves me, but you don’t seem like you’re going to let him go… So what? What is it that you’re really asking right now?” He pressed harder on the other beta’s throat.

“I say…” Hoseok gasped, but Yoongi didn’t relent. “If he… if he could learn to love us both…” He tried to breathe in, but there was nothing to do if Yoongi didn’t loosened his hold. “We could try and love each other too.”

Yoongi’s frown deepened as he let Hoseok fall to the ground trying to catch his breath; he heard the other gasp and cough.

“You’re pathetic…” Yoongi said as he leaned down; the beta had spiked his curiosity nonetheless. “Are you willing to let me fuck you for Taehyung?” Yoongi asked with an amused and wicked grin.

Hoseok understood why Taehyung fell so quickly. Yoongi was so twisted and they were both so easily attracted to troubled people.

“Or to fuck you if you wanted it.” Hoseok said; his dark eyes fell on Yoongi’s lips, watching the smirk fading from his pink mouth. “I don’t care… I wouldn’t really do it for him…” Hoseok said in a soft deep voice and Yoongi’s eyes trailed down his body only then noticing how the younger was palming his crotch.

“You’re both fucked up.” Yoongi said watching the other nod.

“But you are the most fucked up out of us three… Don’t you think so, your highness?” Hoseok asked.

Yoongi lifted his bony hand and wrapped his long fingers around Hoseok’s neck, pressing slightly and watching the faint smirk that drew on the other’s lips.
“You have no idea…” He whispered, watching how the other brought rubbed himself harder through his clothes. “You’re both so easily charmed… aren’t you?” Yoongi wondered while he watched the enthralling scene before him.

“You’re just so beautiful…” Hoseok admitted and Yoongi tightened his hold around the other’s neck.

“What would he think of you right now?” Yoongi asked. Hoseok whole body trembled with the need to come, to release inside his pants. He wouldn’t care if he soiled his clothes.

“You think he’d be thinking?” Hoseok scoffed and moaned as he tried to move faster. “He’d be fucking you so hard right now…” He closed his eyes and groaned loudly and just like that he finished. “Oh, I’d love to see your pretty face while he fucks you so hard you cry…” He gasped as he rode his orgasm and then Yoongi’s fingers were gone from around his neck.

Hoseok opened his eyes and watched the other close a few chests and then leave the bedroom without another word. Just what had happened?

“Shit…” He mumbled unable to come to terms with what he had allowed. He stared at his crotch and then touched his sore neck.

What would Taehyung say if he learned what had happened?

…

“I could go and make sure they are dead.” Yifan said cautiously; the king was eerily silent. It had only been hours since the whole thing had happened.

“I surely hope they’re not.” Taemin said; his eyes straying into the distance, beyond the sea of his dock. “I will make them pay for what they’ve done to me. I will avenge Kai… I will kill Jungkook in front of his eyes and then I will kill his pup if it actually made it, but I don’t think I will kill him so quickly. I will have my time with him. I will fuck him like I should’ve done the first day I saw him… until he bleeds… then I will have his bitch of a sister heal him and torture him every day for the rest of his life.”

Yifan stared at his back with wide eyes… he had never heard Taemin speak like this, but then again he guessed it was not unfounded. Kai was dead. Jimin had fled and now the prospect of actually ruling a country seemed too mundane for the fox king.

“I was thinking on making Solar kill Jungkook, but I am not sure… I really want to bathe in his blood. If I kill him in wolf form I will make a carpet out of his fur and I will maybe fuck Jimin on it.” He said. “If I kill him in human form I will use his tail to make Jimin another collar… What do you think?” Taemin turned to look over his shoulder and Yifan gasped at the sight of his red eyes.

“I… think… whatever your highness decides will be fit.” He said regretfully.

“Yeah… the possibilities are endless.”

…

Jungkook was sitting with Jimin propped against his chest, between his legs, keeping him warm and holding both pups against his mate’s chest so that they could feed. He didn’t like the sight of Jimin’s lifeless body, but the pups had started to cry a while ago and Moonbyul had come in to explain how he should hold both pups. He kissed Jimin’s temple and whispered sweet nothing in his ear while staring at his pups.
They look so much like you right now… they have button noses and pouty lips. They are both so small.” He smiled completely enraptured by his sons. “You have to wake up and see them for yourself. I am sure you will go crazy with how cute they are.” He said and pressed another kiss to his cheek.

As an alpha this was important to him on such a natural level that he couldn’t explain his own instincts. The fact that he could hold his whole family in his protective embrace was so fulfilling that he could spend hours in this position. He had never thought it’d be this way.

When Jimin had told him he was pregnant he had been too damn worried to feel the pull, the tug of his own nature demanding that he took care of his mate… maybe in the future they could have more pups and then he’d made sure to make things right… to pamper Jimin during his pregnancy and be there all the way.

When the pups were done eating he made sure to place them in the middle of the bed again, wrapped in fabric to keep them warm and then laid down with Jimin still in his arms… his eyes focused on the little boys as they easily fell asleep again.

“You made beautiful and perfect pups…” Jungkook breathed out and felt sleep making his eyelids heavy.

He closed his eyes and fell into a peaceful sleep plagued with little pups and Jimin’s bright smile.

When he woke up it was because of soft fingers running through his hair, a soft hum and a comforting heat beat. His ear flickered and he heard a soft chuckle… his arms tightened around his mate and then he held his breath.

“Are you awake?”

Jungkook’s eyes snapped open and he pulled his face from Jimin’s torso to look up at him; the soft eyes and smile were there to welcome him after such a long time and he felt that every sudden movement would take his mate away from him again. He slowly pushed up until they were both sitting on the bed, facing each other with the pups to the side.

“Am I dreaming?” He wondered and Jimin shook his head; his eyes glistening with tears.

“I’ve been scenting the pups while you slept, but you seemed to be having a nice dream so I let you sleep.” He explained with the same soft whispery tone he always used and Jungkook felt his skin crawling because he had missed that… he had missed him so much.

Jimin seemed to read his mind and met him halfway into the tightest hug he had ever received or given, his eyes closing tightly when they both buried their noses in each other’s necks. Jimin wound his arms tighter around Jungkook’s neck and felt the other’s arms do the same around his torso.

“I missed you.” Jimin mumbled as tears finally started to stream down his face and he drowned the sobs in his mate’s clothes. “I missed you so much.” He cried; Jungkook felt his chest constricting painfully.

“I know… I missed you too.” Jungkook said hating the cold touch of the collar against his cheek. “I am sorry, Jimin. I should’ve never let you go.” He said feeling his own tears falling.

“Never let me go again.” Jimin sobbed harder; his eyes stinging and his nose clogging with the strength of his emotions. “No matter what… You can’t never again push me away.” Jimin almost begged.
“I won’t… I am sorry. I love you.” Jungkook uttered the words as he pushed the soft material of Jimin’s robe to the side to uncover his mating mark; already healed and begging to be reopened.

Jimin felt the movement and quickly did the same with Jungkook’s clothe, when he saw the healed skin he released a shuddering breath, trying to calm himself and when he felt Jungkook’s fangs sinking in he rushed to do the same.

It was like the first time… Jungkook felt exposed and so did Jimin, the flow and electricity of their own emotions making them cry harder. Jungkook rocked them back and forth with eyes closed tight.

Jimin took his time licking the wound so that it’d heal faster and to stop the bleeding… it took Jungkook longer to retrieve his fangs, but it was okay. When he was done he made sure to lick it while his hands rubbed his mate’s sides.

Jimin let his cheek rest on Jungkook’s shoulder staring at the mark, one small finger tracing the edges ever so softly and he realized he wasn’t really in pain anymore.

“I guess noona healed me.” He said and Jungkook hummed.

“I think she did.” Jungkook said.

“I am not really hurting… my back feels healed too.” He said softly; the memories of what Taemin had done to him in the past months came rushing and Jungkook tensed as he felt the flow running through his veins and senses.

With a deep frown he pushed the robe down Jimin’s arms to reveal his back. Jimin didn’t move… only felt his mate tensing, while he continued tracing the edges of the mark.

Jungkook stared with wide eyes at the tattooed back… a dragon; a tribal dragon was now tattooed on his mate’s back. A reminder of what had happened to him and because of whom it had happened. If Jimin hadn’t mated him, if Jimin hadn’t been abducted… if there hadn’t been a raid in the first place… Would Jimin’s fate have been any different? Less painful? Happier?

Big hands and long fingers trembled as they caressed the inked skin… feeling the scars of what could only be the trace of a whip and Jungkook swallowed thickly the lump that had formed in his throat.

Jimin felt the hot tears falling on his skin and took a deep breath because it had been too much. He wanted nothing but to go back with his pups, but the fact remained… he didn’t want a violent world for his pups.

“I can’t let him get away with everything he’s done.” Jimin muttered softly on Jungkook’s skin and kissed it softly before pulling away from his body only to be met with Jungkook’s enraged face, stained with tears.

“I will take care of this.” Jungkook growled lowly and Jimin gave him a bitter smile before cupping his cheeks to make him look at him.

“I know you would.” Jimin said and pecked his lips softly. “But this time you can’t do this alone.” He added and Jungkook shook his head.

“He won’t ever lay his eyes on you again, Jimin.” Jungkook said menacingly. “I will rip him apart.” He promised and Jimin sighed.

“There are things that I need to do for myself as well.” Jimin said, his eyes staring down at his lap.
and only then, Jungkook noticed the bitterness, the sadness… Taemin had somehow tainted Jimin’s innocence with those emotions. “I did promise him that if I lived through the birthing he could count himself dead.” He lifted his eyes and stared into Jungkook’s dark ones.

“Jimin…”

“You were right… not everyone has good intentions.”

…

During dinner both mates were happy that no one seemed to want to address the main problem; they guessed they’d have time later, on another dinner to finally talk about what they’d have to do with Taemin or to leave the island and go back as Mark had said, but not that night in particular. After that dinner, Jimin went back to feed his pups and then he laid on the bed next to Jungkook, both of them keeping the pups in the middle, tracing their little faces with caring fingertips.

“Do you think they will be alphas, betas or omegas?” Jimin asked breaking the deep silence of the night and Jungkook blinked several times, but refrained from answering. “Do you think they will be tall and strong like you?” He asked again.

“You’re strong too.” Jungkook said before he could even process the thought and he closed his eyes tightly. “Are you still my mate, Jimin?” He asked and the fox lifted his eyes in sudden confusion.

“What do you mean?” He asked softly, his hands faltering when he felt the doubt bubbling on his mate’s side. “Of course I am still your mate.” Jungkook gave him a bitter smile as he moved and sat on the edge of the bed, giving him his back. “Jungkook-ah?”

Jimin looked down at the pups to make sure they were warm, covered and asleep before he got up and walked slowly around the bed only to find Jungkook with his face buried in his hands, elbows resting on his knees.

“I know I am being selfish.” He said tiredly. “I changed too when they sent me to the south.” He said and averted his gaze to the side. Jimin approached him a bit, but didn’t touch him. “Somehow I always believed you were impossible to taint. No matter what happened to you, you always were better…” He said with a bitter chuckle. “And I asked you distrust people; I wanted you to see the evil in the world… to prevent you from hurting.” Jungkook wiped his eyes from unshed tears and then chuckled again.

“Is it because of what I said before?” Jimin finally asked and Jungkook finally looked at him in the dim lit room. Jimin’s face looked more like himself; filled with worry and more emotion. “He hurt me.” He said softly, a whisper. It broke Jungkook’s heart. “He tortured me and everyday he’d tell me how he was going to kill you and the pups in front of my eyes. He flogged me and tattooed me. He made me walk for hours under the sun without water and I…” Jimin swallowed. “I am wrong for hating him? Is that what this is about?” He asked, not in reproach but confusion.

“You have every right to hate him.” Jungkook said and slowly reached for one small hand, bringing Jimin closer to stand between his parted thighs. He stared up at his mate’s shiny eyes. “I just don’t want him to taint you more than he already did.” He asked, not in reproach but confusion.

“You have every right to hate him.” Jungkook said and slowly reached for one small hand, bringing Jimin closer to stand between his parted thighs. He stared up at his mate’s shiny eyes. “I just don’t want him to taint you more than he already did.” He asked, not in reproach but confusion.

“Because I am an omega? Because I am a fox? I can’t kill someone that hurt me because I am weak?” Jimin’s voice rose as he frowned down at Jungkook.

The younger shook his head as he brought up another hand and then kissed the soft knuckles, turning them around to stare at the palms of someone that had seen violence, but had never partaken
“These hands don’t know how to kill.” Jungkook said softly and Jimin felt as if something broke inside of him; Jungkook felt it too. “You’ve given only joy to the people you’ve met, your created life and you’ve given me purpose… you are not meant to kill.” Jungkook sobbed.

Jimin sniffled and pulled his hands from Jungkook’s to bury them in the dark locks on his mate. Jungkook buried his nose in his stomach, his hands holding Jimin’s waist as he cried.

“I understand.” Jimin said softly. “But try to understand me too.” He said. “If something were to happen to you… I wouldn’t hesitate… I just wouldn’t think it. I wouldn’t have time to ponder if I was born to hurt or not.” He explained and Jungkook nodded in understanding, craning his neck to look at him again.

“I will face him, Jimin. Nothing can happen to me. Not when I have you and the pups to protect.” He said confidently and Jimin stared down at him seriously.

“You’re mine to protect too. The pups are mine to protect too.” He said and Jungkook nodded.

“But you have to promise me… you won’t intervene. Not while I breathe. Please… you’ve gone through so much already.” He begged.

“I am going to lie to you.” Jimin said and Jungkook swallowed thickly.

“Tell me what I need to hear.” Jungkook said and Jimin leaned down and pressed his lips to Jungkook’s in a long peck before he pulled away and stared into his eyes.

“I promise.”
I know I said six hours, but whatever...
I smoked a lot of pot to get the last part of this chapter lol
Enjoy!

“Taemin’s father was you father’s brother, Jimin-ssi…” Jaejoong started one night when they were all sitting at the table. It seemed like the serious talks would start now and Jungkook was not so eager to explain everything to his mate; he just knew Jimin too well.

“I know… We are cousins.” Jimin said with a nod and Jaejoong smiled at him and nodded once.

“Minseok was his name. He had two kids as you already know. Chanyeol and Taemin, both alphas.” He took a sip of his tea while everyone else who ignored the story listened attentively. “Your father… I knew him.” He said and Jimin blinked in surprise. “He fell in love with your mother and… he never told her who he was.” He explained and Jimin tied what was being said to what his sister had told him.

Jungkook realized he had not told Jimin that his mother was alive and hopefully safe in the main palace in the mainland’s capital.

“Your mother said that she never had a reason to distrust him.” Jungkook added and Jimin frowned, Moonbyul too. “I should’ve told you… we found your mother and brought her to the palace to keep her safe.” He said and Jimin blinked several times; it was strange to miss something he felt he had never had, but still… it was good to know she was alive.

“That’s… great…” Moonbyul swallowed back her tears.

“Yes…” Jimin said softly, his eyes focused on the table before looking back at Jaejoong. “Please continue.” He said; Jungkook eyed him warily.

“Well… the reason your father never told your mother about his heritage was because he knew his family would hurt her. As opposed to how uneducated southern wolves were, your father knew a lot more about culture and history. Your father knew silver wolves were not common and he wanted to protect you all.” Jaejoong explained. “He returned for a while to his family and argued with his brother… in one outburst he let it out that he had a family somewhere else.”

“Great mistake.” Mark said with a bitter tone.

“Yes. He left to go back to your mother and then Minseok started to move to conquer; your father was willing to let go of his right to rule to live a peaceful life with your mother… pretty much like Chanyeol did when the duty fell on his shoulders, only it was for different reasons…” Jaejoong sipped at his tea again and looked briefly in Baekhyun’s direction.
“Chanyeol has never liked responsibility. That’s why he decided to take over the south. He’s not even doing a proper job there, but I guess he could be worse. He could be Taemin.” Baekhyun said staring into Jimin’s eyes; the omega fox nodded in agreement.

“Your father sent you all to the mainland in one last effort to keep you safe when he was told his brother was looking for his family.” Jaejoong continued. “He went back to the palace to reclaim his title as rightful heir, which can actually be done, only if the person is the rightful heir and for one reason or another had previously denied the title. So, Jiseok could reclaim his spot in the throne, but Minseok couldn’t because it wasn’t his to begin with, but because Jiseok had formerly declined to rule, Minseok was allowed to fight for it.” Jaejoong explained.

“So… I could… reclaim the throne?” Jimin asked softly and Jungkook snapped his head around to look at him.

“Yes and no. I will explain shortly.” Jaejoong ignored the bewildered looks the wolves were giving the young fox. “The event, as appointed by law, is held in an open arena as a show for people and to let it be witnessed by everyone. No tricks or anything… foxes fighting until one gave up or died for the right to rule.” He said. “Your father was not the kind to give up.” Jaejoong said bitterly. “Minseok was not the kind to be merciful. Your father died in the arena fighting against his brother.”

“Oh… I guess he was not that strong.” Jimin lowered his head and Jaejoong gave him a soft smile.

“He was, Jimin, but he refused to hurt his brother beyond repair.”

Jimin felt his eyes water for no apparent reason, he had never met his father, he couldn’t remember his mother, but everything that was being said was hitting him deeply.

“When your mother came back looking for her mate it was too late.” Jaejoong added after a moment. “Minseok caught her and… well… the rest you probably heard it from your sister. Still, Minseok never managed to catch you, but Taemin knew the importance of finding you before anyone else did. Politically speaking you represent a threat to his power and your children too.” Jaejoong took a deep breath. “After this whole thing it comes the unreasonable part… I say unreasonable because your mate has every right to be angry about it. For hundreds of years some of the older packs in the eastern and southern islands have composed songs and poetries about the Luna and the Sol, or as translated to modern language, the Moon and the Sun.”

“And here is were everything starts to go to hell because we don’t really know what the fuck anything means anymore because our only old silver fox knows shit about this.” Baekhyun said in annoyance.

“Yes. I am sorry, but I did not inherit my family’s powers to see the future. I only dream about it sometimes and I cannot remember most of what I dream.” Jaejoong looked apologetic and Jimin shook his head with a small smile.

“You probably know more than I do. I’d appreciate if you’d explain.” He said and Jungkook sighed heavily, but Jaejoong nodded, grateful.

“Silver foxes were not native of the eastern island, but they were the ones to write the legends and prophecies so it was simply attributed to their race that the Moon would be a silver fox.” Jaejoong sighed troubled. “When Taemin was born and because of how no one had ever seen a golden fox, he was immediately called after the Sun.” Jaejoong said.

“But… these are only theories…” Jimin said and Baekhyun looked at him with a deep frown. “If you say it like that, there’s a chance that everyone is wrong to think I am the Moon and Taemin is the
“Maybe, but the point remains that you have royal blood and this is what most people believes. You are the rightful heir and Taemin has been ruling this land on pure and raw fear. He auto proclaimed himself the Sun when he inherited the throne and no one is going to go against his word because his father was fucking nuts and so is he.” Baekhyun stated.

“So…” Jimin said slowly and this time he felt truly uncomfortable because through the talk it became more and more obvious what was supposed to happen.

“You’re smart, Jimin.” Seunghyun said in his deep baritone from his spot on the table and the young fox eyed him briefly.

“Can I reclaim the throne?” He asked softly and felt Jungkook tensing next to him; it was obvious the alpha was making a great effort not to intervene.

Jaejoong took a deep breath before eyeing Jungkook and then sighed heavily.

“Yes and no.” He said again. “Yes, you can because you are the rightful heir. The throne was yours to begin with, but since you weren’t here at the moment it was passed to Taemin. You could reclaim the throne.” Jaejoong said watching how the fox’s mate tightened his fists. “No… no, but because I wish you didn’t have to, Jimin-ssi.” Jaejoong said and Jimin frowned.

“Why?”

“Taemin is an alpha and you’re an omega.” He said simply. “Equality comes when we learn our differences when they matter. He is a thousand times stronger than you are physically speaking. Your magic wouldn’t work on him and he is one of the few foxes whose magic works on other foxes.” He said. “I wish it wasn’t the case, but you’re not fit to fight him for the throne.” He stated.

“But he called us to be there.” Jimin said with a deep frown and the man nodded.

“He won’t fight you. He will fight Jungkook and for a complete different reason. Jungkook cannot claim the throne. He will fight Jungkook for what he represents to you. Taemin is beyond politics at this point; he is moving on a vengeance.” Jaejoong said.

“He is not expecting me to fight.” Jimin said lowering his head while he thought deeply about it. “What should I do?” He wondered, but it was a rhetorical question, before he looked up into Jaejoong’s eyes. “I can’t stay still and watch how he harms my mate.”

“Jimin, we talked about this I am going to-” Jungkook said, but was interrupted by his mate’s firm voice.

“No. Let me finish.” Jimin said softly. “I can’t stay put and watch him harm everyone I hold dear, but not only that… if I ever learned something from Seokjin-hyeong, it was to never turn a blind eye to the lesser people. He was an omega too, he understood the trials and problems his kind faced every day, but he never once gave up or feared anyone that dared to belittle him.” Jimin said holding the elder fox’s gaze. “I might not like this whole thing, but… This is still my former land.” He said and the silence on the table was anything but reassuring.

“Well…” Mark swallowed thickly as his mind tried to work fast for a solution. “I am sure we can maybe work around some strategy to beat him on your behalf. Wars are not particularly known for being fair so…” He grimaces at the prospect of the young fox fighting to death with an alpha fox.

“I appreciate the thought, but in the end I think a statement must be made…” Jimin said and found
himself looking at Seunghyun’s eyes. “I think it comes down to me.”

“Yes, well… I agree.” Baekhyun said ignoring the glare Jungkook send his way. “But that doesn’t make the fact any less dangerous. You are likely going to die…” He said and when Wheein elbowed his ribs he sighed heavily as he leaned over the table. “Look… I like you. I’ve come to like you and somehow I believe you can do anything, but… Taemin will kill Jungkook and your pups and then he will make you his concubine and will torture you for the rest of your life.” Baekhyun said simply. “You are all sitting here thinking love will prevail or some shit like that when in reality we’ve seen Taemin kill men twice his size.”

Jimin lowered his gaze to the table, trying to think of something.

“I don’t care.” Jungkook stood from his chair. “I will fight him, you haven’t seen me fight before. Don’t count me out so soon.” Jungkook argued loudly.

“I will reclaim the throne.” Jimin’s voice was small and everyone turned to look at him. Everyone but Jungkook.

The alpha seemed to deflate as he pulled away from the table before turning around and stomping down the stairs. Jimin stood up as well and turned to his sister.

“Do you mind keeping an eye on the pups?” He asked and she shook her head moving to the other end of the room where the crib was; the little babies still asleep and wrapped around each other.

Jimin walked down as well, closing the trapdoor before completely disappearing.

The strain in their bond was almost suffocating and he really understood what Jungkook was feeling, but he was not able to simply ignore his pain. He followed the younger until he watched him open the door to their bedroom… Jimin hesitated a moment before following and when he heard a crash he ran inside.

Jungkook had grabbed a vase and had smashed it against the opposite wall before turning around and pace like a mad man. Jimin wasn’t sure of what to say or do… it felt like the dream had crashed before their eyes. The happiness of being back together was gone with the reality of what was to come.

The night before they had finally named the pups after they had opened the little eyes to reveal they both had silvery eyes. They had named the little black fox Haneul, after Jungkook’s mother and the silver wolf Jiseok, after Jimin’s father. It had been barely two days since their birth, but they were now talking about the prospect of leaving them parentless because it seemed no one in the room upstairs, believed Taemin could be beaten in any way.

“I am sorry.” Jimin finally muttered and watched his mate shake his head as he continued pacing the room, hands on his hips and eyes on the ground. “What if… what if you actually managed to beat him?” Jimin asked and Jungkook stopped and turned to look at him. “I mean… if you beat him the throne would automatically be given to me.” He said.

“That depends on Taemin. What if he fights you first? What if he doesn’t wants to fight me at all? What if he beats me?” Jungkook asked. “Do you really want to be king? Are you really that greedy that you-?”

“You of all people should know this is not about greed.” Jimin bit back with a deep frown. “Not when the only thing I want is to be with you, Jiseok and Haneul for the rest of my life.” Jimin felt his throat clogging with insecurities. “I can’t just leave… He’d always be after us… and if you kill him
we’d leave this people alone and they’ve been through so much already.” Jimin ran a hand through his hair and heard Jungkook’s loud sigh.

“I wish you were a bit more selfish.” Jungkook said as he flopped down on the bed’s edge. “You owe nothing to this people…” Jungkook said leaning with his elbows on his knees.

Jimin approached him and stood before him, he reached out and ran a hand through his thick black hair between his pointy black ears.

“Wouldn’t you do it? Help someone in need? Wouldn’t you help someone in need if you could?” Jimin asked and Jungkook lifted his head and grasped his wrist.

“I would. But you’re my mate, Jimin.” He said and Jimin nodded with a small smile before pushing the alpha back a bit and straddling his lap, his arms coming to rest on the alpha’s shoulders.

“I heard that enough… I know that to the core of my bones.” Jimin said softly. “It is because I am your mate that I have enough strength to make my own decisions. You’ve made me strong too, Jungkook. We’ve survived through complicated odds…” He said again, his eyes falling on the thin lips of his mate. “Let’s make it through this one and prove everyone wrong.” Jimin said his eyes flashing blue and Jungkook felt his throat constrict.

“Don’t.” He said hoarsely and Jimin blinked several times before his eyes returned to the silvery color. “I mean… you don’t have to do that.” Jungkook reassured his mate, his big hands running up and down his back. “You don’t have to command me, Jimin. I’d do anything you want any day…” He said softly. Jimin moved closer to him with a hum.

“Then… I want you to make love to me.” Jimin said and felt Jungkook’s shiver to his bones before the alpha gave a nod and stood up with him in arms, turning around and placing him on the bed, standing.

Jimin stared down at him while Jungkook’s hands untied the sashes holding his attire together; so gentle and slow… Jimin realized they hadn’t had a lot of moments like this before… first his heat and then Jungkook’s rut. It had always been rushed for the most part and completely driven by hormones and desire.

Jungkook pushed the robe down his arms, taking his time with the feeling of his soft skin. Then he untied the sash of his loose pants, pushing them down and helping him out of them before dropping them to the floor. Jimin surely looked a bit skinnier than he had been before, but he was still beautiful and Jungkook would make sure he regained his weight and happiness with time. He would.

His hands traced softly over his skin… drawing his hipbones and then rounding around his thighs. Jungkook leaned forward and pressed his lips to the middle of his chest, flicking his tongue over one swollen nipple, but Jimin pulled his head back grasping his hair to stop him.

“You know that’s for the pups and I don’t have much to begin with.” He said in the whispery tone that always managed to make Jungkook feel like nothing, but not only that… it had been too long since the last time he had loved his mate like this.

Jungkook swallowed a lump in his throat before his hands moved upwards on Jimin’s sides, familiarizing once again with every inch of skin, his alpha pleased with how thick his mate’s scent had gotten, pleased with the sight of his member hardening… pleased with the slick running down his legs.

Jungkook sucked a bruise on Jimin’s skin on his ribs and then moved to latch on another patch of
skin until he was satisfied with the dots marring his omega’s skin. Jimin threw his head back and closed his eyes, letting his hands run over Jungkook’s shoulders while the alpha made sure his skin was covered in little red dots.

It wasn’t until Jungkook’s tongue lapped up his member, that Jimin felt his knees wobble. Jungkook helped him lay down on the soft mattress before he discarded all of his clothes. Jimin moaned at the sight of his naked mate and instinctually turned around to present himself. His knees propped together and his chest to the mattress as he looked at Jungkook over his shoulder, black tattoo on display too.

Jungkook’s eyes were red, but he didn’t feel disconnected; he was very present as he knelt behind his mate, grasped his cheeks and pulled them apart before leaning down to lick his hole. Jimin moaned loudly, he buried his face in the fabric of the sheets while Jungkook lapped hungrily at his entrance.

The alpha hooked both thumbs on the ring of muscle and pulled to stretch it, watching as more slick slipped out. He sucked on it and then pushed his tongue inside. Jimin lurched forward unable to withstand so much pleasure, but before he could flee, Jungkook pulled him back, wounding his arms around his thighs and burying his face in his crack.

“Ju-Jungkook! I c-can’t!” Jimin cried breathing raggedly and he scrambled to find purchase somewhere, pulling desperately at the sheets and rolling his eyes back when he felt his cock spurting its release on the sheets. He felt his whole body coiling tight and then relaxing until he was dangling from Jungkook’s arms, shoulders barely touching the mattress and his alpha continued licking his slick.

When the alpha pulled his face from his mate’s ass he was breathing raggedly too… his mouth and cheeks covered in slick. He licked what he could before letting Jimin fall down on the bed, he grabbed the nearest piece of cloth to clean his face and then he leaned over Jimin again, caging him between his arms and legs.

“I want you inside…” Jimin said and Jungkook nodded as he nuzzled his mate’s mark on his shoulder, scenting him, making sure he was feeling good before continuing. Jimin giggled a bit as Jungkook’s nose tickled his nape.

“Turn around, Jimin.” He muttered near Jimin’s big fluffy ear and the omega whined before doing as told. Jungkook stared down at him and Jimin felt his breath hitch at the sight… his red hooded eyes that were filled with love and adoration and Jimin felt like crying.

“I love you.” The omega said in response to the look and was glad when Jungkook leaned down to kiss him. Open mouths and tongues dancing together, arched backs and desperate hands.

Jimin was barely aware of how Jungkook moved his thighs apart, hooked both legs on his elbows before he pushed his cock inside Jimin’s awaiting heat. Jimin snapped his head back with a long moan as he felt Jungkook’s thick cock sliding all the way in, dragging pleasurably over his walls and brushing his prostate.

“So deep…” Jimin breathed out, whole body trembling; a smile on his lips while Jungkook layered his neck with kisses. “I can feel you in my bones… in my heart.” Jimin said in a whisper and Jungkook pressed his forehead to Jimin’s chest before he started to piston his hips hard and fast. “A-ah!”

His eyes red and focused on how his cock disappeared inside Jimin with such ease, how the skin of his rim would stick to his cock on the way out and the feeling of how he seemed to suck him back
“Fuck…” Jungkook grunted, the sound of skin slapping against skin and Jimin’s breathy moans filled the air and made it thick with arousal, the bed creaked with their rough movements and the headboard knocked on the wall every time Jungkook drove forward.

“I am going to come…” Jimin breathed out; Jungkook pushed up and pulled Jimin’s legs up and then pushed them over to bend them until both knees were against Jimin’s shoulders. Jungkook reached deeper like this and Jimin seemed to lose his voice for a moment as he stared up at Jungkook with wide eyes.

“I love you, Jimin…” Jungkook said, sweating and moving as fast and hard as he could, staring into Jimin’s eyes. The scene was unrelenting until Jungkook felt his knot swelling and Jimin closed his eyes feeling it snagging on his rim.

Jungkook knew he shouldn’t be so rough when Jimin had given birth only three days ago, but Moonbyul had healed him fairly good. He let the legs fall to their previous position and Jimin’s breath returned in a loud moan and a mantra of Jungkook’s name, tears streaming down his face.

“I love you, Jungkook!” He yelled and Jungkook groaned pushing his knot deeply and finally letting it settle there as he came. He fell down on Jimin’s small frame. “Bite me…” Jimin pleaded as he rode his own orgasm, feeling Jungkook filling him up.

“Bite me too… Make it good, Jimin… That I won’t ever forget how it feels to belong to you.”

Yoongi arrived two days later to the coast only to find chaos.

He walked in long strides through the campsite, looking for the main tent, followed by Sehun who was in the same state of surprise and fear, the thing was that up in the north, the fights were mostly amongst packs and not countries or complete regions. Yoongi didn’t like the sight of wounded men and women, alphas and betas scattered around with wide eyes and talking about magic.

He stepped inside the tent after one guard moved aside and he frowned deeply when he saw how badly injured Hwasa looked. She was leaning over the war map in the middle of the room along with Jaebum; her eyes snapped up to meet Yoongi’s and then she was saluting.

“Your highness.” She said; Yoongi noticed her wounded arm and walked over to inspect the damage.

“I need a summary of our situation.” Yoongi said as he handed the letter that stated he was to be given a battalion and put to command it.

“We were attacked yesterday night, but we managed to secure the coast.” She explained. “You’ll see there are many ships, but no fox on land.” She sighed heavily.

“Good. How many men down?” He asked and she shook her head exasperatedly as she rummaged through papers.

“Still counting, but… if they set foot on land we are doomed.” She said. “We are lucky Seokjin-ssi sent us here on a hunch. I don’t think they were prepared to face us on the coast.” She explained and then uncovered her arm to reveal the burns. “Their leader; a lithe alpha, beautiful as fuck. Don’t let yourself be misled by his beauty. He fucking spits fire and they are too fast…” She seemed nervous and obviously worried.
“Well… isn’t that ironic?” Yoongi questioned with little humor. “We just became prey.”

“I don’t think there’s a way to beat them. This is just ridiculous.” Jaebum said and Yoongi turned to look at him mirroring his worry.

“It doesn’t make sense.” Hwasa said and all eyes turned to her before she turned to look at Yoongi. “How did your grandfather managed to kill them all in the mainland?”

Yoongi’s eyes widened as his brain seemed to sparkle with knowledge and he cursed how he hadn’t think about it before. He blinked few times before looking down at the war map.

“That’s a story I read a few thousand times.” And it was true, because thanks to his grandfather’s diaries he came to fall in love with the idea of foxes as well… that’s how he had been so smitten with Jimin the first time he laid his eyes on the beautiful boy. “But we are not repeating history.” He added with a slight frown. He was not going to become his father. “I will talk to this man you talked about.”

“I don’t advise it, your highness.” Jaebum interrupted with a slight frown, but Yoongi only sighed.

“I’ll only bring Sehun with me.”

…”

Namjoon entered the old archive in the main palace; he was in charge of guarding Sohyang because with all the possibilities, Seokjin had been scared they’d been ambushed and that she’d perish. He would’ve liked to stay with him, but Seokjin had insisted that he stayed with the woman at all times.

He sighed at the sight of the poor woman, she barely slept because it seemed her knowledge of the old language was a bit rusty, but somehow she had found enough help with some of the oldest archives in the place. It was taking her too long, but she still had a day to finish according to what Seokjin had defined.

Namjoon approached her table and placed a tray with tea and some snacks; she lifted her gaze from the parchment she was working on and smiled before motioning to a free chair so that he would sit.

“Thank you, Namjoon-ssi.” She said and he smiled before eyeing a few pages; she noticed his interest. “I’ve heard you’re quite intellectual. You’d probably enjoy learning this whole thing.” She said.

“Another language? Probably… I like to read.” He sighed. “As helpful as it is… I am a soldier and no one really cares if soldiers can read or not as long as I know how to kill.” He smiled bitterly.

“But I’ve heard you’ve helped Seokjin-ssi a lot with things he sometimes wonders about.” She said and Namjoon blinked in surprise.

Yes, but never intentionally. He had learned politics and other stuff from reading books that he wasn’t supposed to and Seokjin had found out but had never chastised him about it. Seokjin loved to talk to him about such stuff and Namjoon loved the different way in which they both thought about the same subject. As expected, Seokjin was always mostly concerned about people, whilst Namjoon was always more inclined to pragmatism.

He had never thought much about it, but maybe in one of those conversations was when he fell in love. When he realized Seokjin was not only a pretty face with a sad situation, he was not only an omega prince. Seokjin was a smart man with a noble heart that wanted nothing but good things for his people.
“People respect you on the streets.” She added and Namjoon sighed not really sure of how to handle the compliments.

“Have you discovered something?” He asked and she smiled at his not so subtle way to change the subject.

“I’ve discovered a lot, but I am still lacking a few pieces here and there. Symbols that I cannot find anywhere…” She said and picked up a page and showed him one. “This one for example…”

Namjoon narrowed his gaze as he stared at the drawing and then smiled.

“I’ve seen that before, but… is that from your language?” He asked and she nodded.

“The ancient language of silver foxes.” She said.

“Then it might not mean the same, but it is the same symbol used to represent the first house in the palace. In our culture it means ‘great wolf’.” He said and watched her frown deepening. “I wouldn’t use it, though… As I said it could not mean the same.” Namjoon added.

“I will use it… because you might be right anyway… We used this symbol to represent ‘fox’.” She showed him one and he nodded. “But we used this radical for ‘beast’ and it is the same as this one that you know. It is possible that our ancestors didn’t know the word for ‘wolf’ and thus used the radical for ‘beast’.” She said and Namjoon frowned.

“It would explain that you don’t know the symbol either.” He said and she nodded.

“But it doesn’t explain what ‘great beast’ we would be talking about.” She sighed heavily.

“Funny that you refer to us wolves as beasts when in reality we are all the same.” He chuckled and she did too before the smile slowly faded as she realized something.

“Oh….”

…

Seokjin startled when he heard the door to his office in the main palace closing and he turned with wide eyes only to be met with Namjoon and his dimpled smile. The prince let his shoulders slump in relief as he turned back to his letter.

“What are you writing so late at night?” Namjoon wondered as he approached his significant other.

“So hyang-ssi barely sleeps these days I guessed I should work just as hard.” Seokjin said moving his eyes over the letters. “Mark wrote and I am replying… Seems like Jimin and Jungkook might not make it back after all.” He said calmly.

Namjoon frowned and his eyes finally noticed the redness of Seokjin’s nose and his eyes, his eyelashes were still damp with, what Namjoon assumed were tears.

“Jimin gave birth while he was away from Jungkook and now they are both unconscious, but the pups… seem to be alright.” He said not really knowing how to feel, he had been crying for over an hour in the solitude of his office, allowing his emotions to get the best of him, but it didn’t make sense that he was left barren and now Jimin’s pups could be orphaned. “They might never wake up…” He said as he finally folded the letter. He grabbed the green candle on his right poured some sperm and then pressed the seal of the first house on it.
“But they are not dead… yet.” Namjoon said trying not to fall into the trap of sadness that seemed to have trapped his lover.

“No. They are not.” He stated as he stood up from his chair, grabbed the candle and walked towards the door. Namjoon followed him outside and accompanied him through the hall, staring at his back and wondering if he was truly fine or merely feigning it.

“Did she tell you if she found out something important?” Seokjin decided to ask once they were out and making their way down the hall to his new bedchambers in the main palace.

“I think she did, but she still thinks she needs to read more. She will give you something concrete by tomorrow night.” Namjoon replied and Seokjin nodded. “Are you sure you’re fine?” He asked as they neared the door to his bedroom and Seokjin turned to look back at him with a small smile.

“No. Not really.” Seokjin sighed. “It comes along with being a king. Family is important, but family is something death can touch.” Seokjin said with a slight frown. “In moments like these I am left here to face reality. I am an omega; I wouldn’t stand a chance against Taemin even if I tried to protect Jungkook and Jimin to my best.” He closed his eyes willing the tears away.

“Seokjin… Your hands were not made to kill, but you are definitely protecting. Jungkook went to the east on his own choices, because he grew up and got himself a mate and he knew this was likely to happen. We do what we can and we have to accept that sometimes it won’t be enough. It doesn’t have anything to do with being an alpha, a beta or an omega.” Namjoon said grasping Seokjin’s hands.

“I am glad you’re here.” Seokjin said through a loud sob he couldn’t contain and Namjoon looked a bit surprised by the emotion; Seokjin was not one to cry in front of others. He approached him and pulled the omega into a hug. “I can’t help but wonder how everything would be if you weren’t here with me.” He said letting more tears wet his cheeks.

“I love you, Seokjin. We are here together for a reason and I am not going anywhere.” Namjoon said and pulled away to press his lips against Seokjin’s.

Namjoon had always felt ridiculously soft when it came to Seokjin, when it came to touching and loving him, he had never had much strength when he realized he was incredibly lucky that a man like Seokjin had picked him amongst others. When his own wolf had picked Seokjin’s, when he belonged to the prince as much as the prince belonged to him… and they didn’t need a mark.

He lifted his big tanned and rough hands to cup Seokjin’s face with such care, as if he was holding glass. The prince let out a trembling sigh as he opened his lips and they met a second time for another kiss.

Seokjin had always loved how Namjoon was such a contrast. People would see him and would immediately think he was cold and tough, he didn’t look like a particularly gentle person, but Namjoon was the epitome of softness when it came to loving. More often than not, Seokjin had taken the reigns of their lovemaking and had done as he pleased with the alpha… Namjoon was always so eager to surrender the power nature had bestowed upon him.

“I love you too…” Seokjin said as they disconnected their lips and came to stare into each other’s eyes for a long moment. “I want you to mate me.” He said and Namjoon gave him a tender smile.

There was no surprise… Seokjin realized it didn’t really change thing between them; they had never needed a mark to establish their relationship, but they both knew with the mating came a new whole world of sensations and openness that they wouldn’t be able to avoid.
Seokjin knew now… he knew it in the way Namjoon stared into his eyes that the alpha had been ready to mate ever since he had first laid eyes on the prince… It had taken Seokjin a bit longer, but only because of how distracted he had been with other things… right now, nothing made more sense than this.

“I’d be honored to mate you, but I’d be more honored to let you claim me as well.” Namjoon said and Seokjin nodded as he felt more tears at his statement.

Not a common practice for omegas to bit their alphas back and he thought that maybe Jimin and Jungkook had been the first ones to do it. The fact that Namjoon, as an alpha, was the one asking him to do it made him feel special; scarred, barren and hurt, but special. His skin, as marred as it was, had never felt as comfortable as it did now.

“Yes.”

…

“No… That cannot be.” Taehyung muttered with wide eyes as he stared at Namjoon in pure disbelief, the older alpha had a deep frown on his forehead, he still was not particularly fond of Taehyung and there seemed to be many loose ends around him, but in the end Yoongi and Hoseok both seemed to trust him. Jungkook had done too even if just for Jimin’s sake… and Jimin trusted him, obviously.

“I am telling what I know. The first prince decided it’d be a good thing to have a prince over there; a king I should say.” Namjoon corrected with a clear of his throat as he eyed Hoseok, the beta was openly glaring at him.

“That’s bullshit and you know it.” Hoseok said as he crossed his arms over his chest and came to stand next to Taehyung. “Yoongi is not a fighter, why would Seokjin-ssi risk his brother’s life like this?” Hoseok’s narrowed eyes made Namjoon’s blood boil.

“Are you implying Seokjin would ever want his brothers’ death?” He asked in a menacing tone; the beta’s ears flattened against his own will and Taehyung squared his shoulders as he shielded Hoseok with his body.

“He is not implying anything…” Taehyung said calmly and then sighed as he felt a blush covering his cheeks. “We are dealing with some stuff regarding our wolves.” Taehyung scrapped his cheek sheepishly and Namjoon frowned.

“There shouldn’t be much of a problem, you’re a fucking alpha and they are betas.” Namjoon said feeling his anger subside at the look of helplessness in Taehyung’s eyes; the young alpha seemed lost, but Hoseok knew how Namjoon was and even though he had once enjoyed hearing Namjoon reciting whole books, this was not the moment and it wasn’t like that anymore.

“Don’t listen to him. He just likes to parade around letting us know how dumb we are because reading is our only knowledge.” Hoseok said and Namjoon sighed dejectedly.

“Reading is the door to knowledge, but I am not here to lecture you… You are an alpha; they are betas. They cannot experience what you do inside your head.” Namjoon said and Taehyung’s eyes widened. “Have you met his or Yoongi’s wolf?” Namjoon asked deciding he could spare another minute just to make sure these idiots wouldn’t give Seokjin a headache that was not his.

“Both.”

Namjoon frowned for a bit longer, not really believing before he scoffed in disbelief and then
realized Taehyung was not lying.

“Well… shit.”

…I

“I wish I could give you more time, but we have been informed that Taemin-ssi will hold an arena to
get rid of my little brother.” Seokjin said with a pleasing smile that was there just for the sake of it…
sarcasm and irony the only things that seemed to hold him together. “So I think you might
understand that I cannot give you another second.” He finished, eyeing the tired woman.

Sohyang didn’t look like she was proud of what she had found… she even looked worried of what
she might share and Seokjin was too tense and stressed to try and alleviate her worries.

Seokjin drummed his long fingers over the table and when he thought that he’d have to use his
position as prince she finally moved; she pulled a bunch of papers and pushed them in his direction.

“I think it’d be better if you read.”

Seokjin eyed her a bit longer before he brought the papers to his eyes and started to read.

I’ve seen the future… tonight I dreamt of what has not happened and it has made me hopeful for
days to come for our great grandsons and their children, the ones that will walk this land in times of
cruelty and pain.

I’ve seen blood being shed, rivers of it flowing and feeding the earth, soiling the hands of beasts,
blood tainting hearts and vision… blinding with the power of love and rejection… the age of
darkness will be disguised as victory and abundance for great beasts.

In the middle of nowhere, abandoned lands and people, I’ve seen the Sun raising; I’ve seen light
finally fall upon the world, I’ve seen love and care and innocence in the highest blood.

Sun that loved all beings and all beings loved the Sun. Sun that made even the weakest plant grow,
but could burn the most arrogant bird.

I saw the Moon, faint cries and little promises after death, abandon and pity paint the faces of great
beasts with the highest blood… I’ve seen the Moon, a beautiful heart, lonely and loyal to a fault,
innocent and blinded by love.

The Moon and The Sun are never meant to be together… their union shall be cursed be fire and cold
and destruction, but I saw a day… I saw a night… I saw both being one and it did not bring fire to
the night and cold to the day, it brought justness and right.

I saw blood of my blood and blood of your blood fighting for the same dream, I saw more blood
being shed and sand tinted red, I saw blizzards in the deserts and tears become oceans and still… no
friendly hand.

Upon the day I saw both; Moon and Sun, Sun and Moon, I saw too the stars they brought, the hope,
the fair beginning of life.

Like the most ancient beasts that howled at the moon in the inky sky, the moon guided them during
the nights, during times of desperation and consoled their hearts, lulled them to sleep… commanded
them to move, to survive.

And when they meet again; the Moon and the Sun, when they come together once more there will be
peace, there will be the right way to guide your beasts and my beasts through ages of calm and bloodless lands.

The Moon will bring the night upon our race and with it... a new beginning will be shown.

As it should be... alpha and omega, omega and alpha shall guide their people to new horizons.

The heart aches, our hearts ache when we know... we come to faint realizations and comprehend in our hearts that death can touch both. When both the Moon and the Sun have demons plaguing their souls and minds, in the midst of it all they'd have to kill the demons, shed their skin and become bleeding... and mortal beasts.

I saw today...I saw tonight... I took a decision to write... I could've not, for this reason I will write whenever I dream with the open mind of someone that understands destiny is not sure and it can change upon our decisions.

“I am sorry, Sohyang-ssi...” He said with a small and kind smile, closing his eyes briefly. “I know this was your homework, but I do need a bit of explanation here.” He said and then stared down at her; she finally looked on the brink of snapping... and she snapped.

“Don’t you get it?” She asked in bewilderment. “For years, foxes have been singing ad writing poetry about the Luna and the Sun in the wrong context and with the wrong purpose.” She said ruffling through papers and showing him the songs she talked about. “The truth got so distorted throughout the years...” She tried to calm some as she lowered her gaze.

“Is there anything worth knowing from this? Do you understand the metaphors? Is Jimin-ssi the Moon and Taemin-ssi the Sun? Am I risking too much if I kill Taemin-ssi for his sins against my family?” Seokjin questioned.

“Jimin...” Sohyang averted her eyes to the window; the dark night felt like it was clutching her throat, making it hard to breathe properly. “He is not the Moon.” She sighed tiredly and Seokjin nodded.

“Well... I did hear that in some versions of the story the Sun was the omega and the Luna was the alpha...” He said and she sighed again.

“No... you don’t understand it.” She shook her head. “It is not because of alphas and omegas. Jimin is the Sun, yes.” She looked deeply into Seokjin’s eyes. “But... the Moon? Jungkook-ssi is the Moon.”

Seokjin blinked in complete disbelief as he tried to accept the words the woman had just said.

“I might’ve done a bit of research about Jungkook-ssi’s history when I came here and you can read it here: I saw the Moon, faint cries and little promises after death. His mother died after giving birth to him, right?” She wondered and Seokjin nodded wordlessly. “...Abandon and pity painted the faces of great beasts with the highest blood... The faces of his father and your mother, I was told she was the one that took care of him on the first days after his birth.” Seokjin swallowed the lump in his throat. “I’ve seen the Moon, a beautiful heart, lonely and loyal to a fault, innocent and blinded by love.” She finished and she knew she didn’t have to explain that last part.

“No... Jungkook is not a fox. He is not a part of your culture beliefs. He is my little brother and his place is here.” Seokjin stood and paced around the room trying to digest the idea of this being true.

“I am sorry, Seokjin-ssi, but... it is more than that.” She said and Seokjin turned to her with a deep frown. “The very same text is quite contradicting, it says the Moon and the Sun will guide the land to
a better horizons, but it also says death can touch them and…” She swallowed thickly. “I saw a
dragon flying up into the sky, to the sun… I saw the beast lighting up in flames and then die.
Jungkook-ssi has always been the dragon in Jimin’s future.” She explained and Seokjin frowned.

“What are you even trying to say?”

“I thought… I always thought Jungkook-ssi had to be with Jimin. I told him his death was in the
islands because I thought Taemin was the Sun… I thought Taemin would kill him and that might be
ture, but… now I understand why.” She lowered her eyes.

Seokjin stared down at her for a moment longer before he understood.

“It is Jimin…” He said. “That’s why it says they were never meant to be… Jungkook got too close in
the end… Jimin’s very existence will be the death of Jungkook?” Seokjin couldn’t believe it, but it
still didn’t make sense. “Is Jungkook the dragon or is he the Moon? Can he actually be both?” He
turned and glared down at her.

“I am sorry… I am just telling you what I know.” She sighed, defeated. “There will be a bloodshed,
that much is obvious, but Namjoon-ssi told me there is already a battle going on in the coast so… as
for the rest… Anything can happen. Only now we understand who are the real Sun and Moon.” Her
voice was soft and sad.

Seokjin knew she understood what this meant. Seokjin loved Jimin dearly, but Jungkook was blood
of his blood and he had wronged him too many times to count. Given a chance to save one…
Seokjin wouldn’t hesitate to pick Jungkook. He had the power to move there and wreck the place
until Taemin was dead and handed him his little brother.

Since Jimin meant so much danger for Jungkook… Seokjin guessed they’d have to apart. Like the
Sun and Moon ought to be for things to be normal.

“I need to make some travel accommodations, excuse me, Sohyang-ssi.”
Jimin was falling in love all over again and for the right reasons to do so… not rushed and trying to overcome old loves, not in the midst of heats and ruts and wars, because right then, in the middle of a darkened room that was and was not theirs, their world moved solely on love, moved only because of their own feelings and noting else. There were not wars or battles to be fought, no pain and worries, only love… only love.

He smiled tenderly at the sight… crossed his arms over his bent knees and let his cheek rest on them while he stared at Jungkook, soundly asleep, with both pups on his wide chest, big hands serving as blankets over their little backs, their little tails curled around his wrists.

It was warm and perfect… smelled like family and love, so much love Jimin swore his chest could burst and he faintly wondered if anyone else had ever achieved this level of happiness and satisfaction. Just here… in this room, for the moment it might last…

…

Yoongi didn’t like what he saw earlier that morning when he made his way through the campsite in the coast, guided by Hwasa and riding his horse through tents and trying in vain to ignore the pained cries of wolves that had been hurt during the battle and he was still not aware of how many men they had lost.

The battle had taken a toll on the men that had survived it was obvious and he could see it in the way Hwasa moved, tense and worried for what was to come. He was not a hero and he didn’t want to play one, but if somehow he could manage to establish a conversation with the appointed leader for the battle, then he would consider himself worthy of his title.

Once in the beach, they got down from their horses. Yoongi couldn’t count the ships in the distance… the image of the calm before the storm.

“They’ve got some that can control water, others that can create it out of nowhere, some that control the wind, probably some that can control the earth and the alpha I talked about and another one that can control the fire and spit it.” Hwasa said in distaste, she was most likely fought against this alpha.

“Thanks for the information.” Yoongi said and she sighed, finally turning to him with a worried gaze.

“I never believed I’d see you here.” She said and Sehun squared his shoulders, recognizing disrespect when he saw it, but Yoongi shook his head to stop any weird idea he could have about attacking her. “Out of the three princes I never once believed you capable of honor.” She spoke again.

“You are not the first one.” Yoongi said and watched Jaebum’s lowered face; it was clear the man was still loyal, but didn’t have it in himself to go against her word when she was speaking the truth.
“But your highness, prince Seokjin once told me to trust Jungkook-ssi and that seemed the most ridiculous thing to do at the moment.” She said seriously. “Your little brother redeemed what I thought of him, he proved himself worthy of his name and title… and there’s no reason for you to not do the same.” She said solemnly.

“I’ll take that as your words of farewell.” Yoongi said with a cynical smirk. She didn’t return it, but when he turned around to leave she placed her hand on his shoulder and stopped him.

“I’ve served your family since I was a little girl and worked my load in the kitchens, your father saw potential in me when I presented as an alpha and gave me a chance to be in his army.” She said staring deeply into his eyes. “I’ve grown fond of the family that has seen me grow and that includes you.” She finished and then took a step back. “If you’re not back in four hours we will attack. The gunpowder weapons have been assembled.”

Yoongi stared down at her fierce eyes and gave her a brief nod of understanding… it was simply, if he was not back in four hours he’d die… either in the enemy’s hand or by the attack they’d launch.

“Hold the coast.” Yoongi said and she saluted along with Jaebum.

Yoongi eyed the guard he had been with ever since he was young and took the white flag he had. Jaebum helped them push the boat into the sea and they watched the water light up in a bright blue.

“It must be some sort of magic to let them know if we are entering the water.” Jaebum explained as they got inside the boat; Yoongi took a deep breath and then Sehun started to row in the direction of the biggest ship.

“Are you sure about this?” Sehun couldn’t help but ask; he was really nervous.

“Must be quite the adventure for a wolf that has only seen snow his whole life.” Yoongi said seriously, not meaning to offend the young alpha; Sehun only smirked.

“I’ve never been that adventurous, but yeah… Will be a tale to tell the kids.” He said and Yoongi sighed.

“You’re not afraid… How foolish of you.”

“Useless thing… to be afraid. It won’t come handy when we have the fox that spits fire in front of us.” Sehun said and Yoongi hummed.

He hoped he was going to deal with a man of reason that was only following orders because that was what he was paid for. He hoped for a man with feelings and hopes for a better world.

…”

“No. I do not advise it.” Namjoon stated simply, his deep eyes locking with Seokjin’s fierce ones and he knew Seokjin would not be deterred by his reasoning that easily. “You might not be king yet, but people look up to you and you ought to be here for them. I know Sohyang-ssi’s words might be true, but we are talking about a four day trip at best, it could be more due to the occupied coast, Seokjin, please be reasonable.” Namjoon said.

“You are asking me to stay put while my little brother dies.” Seokjin states and Namjoon simply stares because he can’t actually refute that. “At this rate I am going to lose both of them.” Namjoon bites his tongue to avoid saying something that could cause his lover more discomfort.

“We are dealing with things we are not familiar with. What needs to happen will happen, but you
need to understand that you won’t make it in time anyway.” Namjoon said seriously; he needed to act like a captain and not a lover right now. Seokjin needed to understand that sometimes he had to let destiny take its course.

“Why are you being like this?” Seokjin asked in annoyance; he understood perfectly what Namjoon was doing but it only seemed to anger him even more.

“You are the leader right now and these people have seen Jungkook and Yoongi pass through the same title. You need to remain when none of them could. They need assurance that they are protected.” Namjoon said and Seokjin hated how right he was. “I will stay with you, but I need you to understand why this is important.” He suddenly pulled out a parchment and handed it to Seokjin. “Jiho’s letter arrived this afternoon. Yoongi is going to meet with the captain of the foxes to try and negotiate.” He said and Seokjin read with a deep frown.

“He is an idiot!” Seokjin snapped angrily, his breathing turning ragged as he paced around the room in quiet desperation.

“That’s half of it…” Namjoon took a deep breath. “I found your brother’s mate.” He said and Seokjin turned to look at him in surprise. “I know it is not relevant for political purposes, but… I sent him to the coast. Taehyung and… Hoseok.” He said and Seokjin blinked in confusion.

“That’s one more name than necessary.” He said and Namjoon nodded.

“Mates in betas is a very inaccurate science, loosely explored and unsure, but Taehyung has met both wolves and he is an alpha so… at least we know for sure they are both meant to be his mates, but that doesn’t mean the same for the betas.” He grimaced at thought of what it really meant.

“You are saying Yoongi will have to share his mate with another beta?” Seokjin asked in mock, because it was just that ridiculous. “Are we talking about the same Yoongi? Do you even picture him sharing his food?” Seokjin questioned. “Did you tell Taehyung this? Did you explain to him what meeting both wolves in his head meant?” Seokjin asked slowly.

“I did.” He admitted and Seokjin sighed in defeat. “I think they all deserve a chance; I know their relationship is messy and complicated, but… nature hardly gets these things wrong.” He said and Jimin plopped down on a chair.

“Hardly being the key word here.” Seokjin shook his head tiredly. “I wish you’d talk to me about these things before you acted upon them. What do you expect from this?” Seokjin questioned and Namjoon sighed as he came and knelt before him, placing his big rough hands on the prince’s knees.

“I want you to stop trying to tell your brothers what to do. Let them make their own mistakes, let them live their own lives. If this is meant to be then good, but if not, then it is not your problem. You already have to worry about a whole country; your brothers are grown up men that can take care of themselves.” Namjoon said and stared long into his lover’s eyes until Seokjin heaved a deep sigh and closed his eyes before nodding.

“I’ll try.”

…

Hwasa was right…

Yoongi stared into the unusually beautiful alpha; his ears were big, fluffy and black, his tail the same color and his armor of a steel black. His eyes were simply merciless and clearly displeased with Yoongi’s presence in his ship.
“I wish I could say it is a pleasure to have a prince from the mainland in my ship.” Jiyong said, his chin held up high and Yoongi looked around the room, the wary glances and the armed foxes were not a particularly welcoming sight.

“I wish I could say the same about having foxes attacking my shore.” Yoongi said with a plain tone. “We are not pleased with either’s presence and we both lost men in a meaningless fight.” He said and Jiyong cracked a disgusted smirk.

“Meaningless? Unless beasts like you have short memories.” He said and Yoongi took offence in his words as he straightened up a bit more and turned his icy glare to the alpha.

“We do not. We also refuse to carry the guilt of our ancestors as we try to refuse to repeat their mistakes.” He said and something changed in Jiyong’s eyes. It was not understanding or anything good, not for Yoongi… he had impressed the alpha on certain level, but not one that he honestly wanted.

“I must confess…” Jiyong said as he relaxed a bit and made his way to a table with some refreshments and wine; he picked up a bottle and a cup and poured some. “I’ve heard tales of the beauty your eldest brother possessed.” He said as he made his way back to stand right in front of Yoongi. “I never met him, but… do you have anything to envy him?” He asked watching how Yoongi tensed against his own will.

It’d be another ten million years before Yoongi could enjoy another alpha’s interest that was not Taehyung’s. He was simply frightened every time an alpha looked at him certain way and he should’ve known this was a possible scenario, but Jimin had made him believe foxes had to be good.

“Not only you are beautiful, but quite brave. You made your way here with only an alpha to protect you in a ship full of magical foxes.” He said taking a step forward with the cup between them.

Sehun made to stop Jiyong, but suddenly there were two pair of arms keeping him by the door. Yoongi tried not to show his fear, his ears twitching in every direction to make sure everyone else was still. Jiyong lifted the cup higher until the sweet smell of it made it to Yoongi’s nostrils.

“Would you like some wine… your highness?” Jiyong asked softly, his deep eyes moving to Yoongi’s clear ones.

“Wine?” He scoffed making Jiyong quirk an eyebrow. “You call that shit wine?” The wolf asked again, this time he felt the tension in the room raising. “I’d rather have some piss than drink your shitty wine, but even so… I didn’t come here to have tea. I came here to negotiate, are you capable of that or should I simply kill your whole race like my grandfather did all those years ago?”

Jiyong’s eyes flared red and Sehun felt his fangs elongating at the prospect of having to fight magical beast in such a closed space. Yoongi was clearly riling up the man and it was obviously working.

“Leave us. We will talk in private.” Jiyong said, not taking his eyes off Yoongi. The wolf held his gaze, trying his best to hide his fear.

“You stay, Sehun.” Yoongi said.

“No. He leaves as well.”

“No. He stays.”

Jiyong closed the distance between them and made his voice lower to a whisper so that only the wolf could hear him.
“I want to trust you, little wolf, but if you cannot trust me then I don’t see a reason to stop my men from raiding your country.” Jiyong said over Yoongi’s lips; the wolf pressed his lips in a thin line and closed his eyes briefly, wishing Taehyung was by his side.

“Leave, Sehun.” He finally said; the alpha shook his head.

“No. No!” He snapped when the guards dragged him out as everyone else filed out and then they closed the door, leaving them behind.

Yoongi tried to regulate his breathing when it was only him and Jiyong in the room, the alpha’s scent was overwhelming like Jimin’s had been, only in a different way. He could only hope that everything would be all right.

It was not until he could no longer heard Sehun’s yells that the alpha moved and placed his cup on the table, picking another one and filling it with the same wine.

“Seventy-four.” Jiyong said and Yoongi frowned; the alpha turned around and extended the cup towards him. Yoongi accepted the offer, but didn’t drink. “I lost seventy-four men in the battle.” He explained.

“We lost over a hundred and fifty.” Yoongi countered and Jiyong nodded taking a gulp from his cup.

“But you don’t feel it how we do.” He said averting his gaze to the floor. “We foxes are different. We can’t detach ourselves like I’ve seen wolves do. We go into a battle thinking too much of what we are leaving behind…” Jiyong said.

“My men had families too.” Yoongi bit back and Jiyong nodded.

“Yes. Families that won’t be left to starve or die because their king is not a merciless man.” Jiyong said and then gave a pleased smirk. “Your brother is alive.” He said and Yoongi frowned in confusion. “No one else knows that in the eastern island… and I just learned that when I got here. I had a brief encounter with a pirate you have in your barracks.” He explained.

“Zico?” Yoongi questioned.

“Yes. Never managed to catch him to serve us, but I know Sandeul too and his ship is close, since I never called upon pirates for this particular battle I can only guess you have your own share of them.” He said and Yoongi blinked in disbelief.

“Why would Zico tell you that my brother was alive? Why does it matter for you?” He wondered and Jiyong shrugged.

“You never knew of us foxes until you did, but I know Sandeul too and his ship is close, since I never called upon pirates for this particular battle I can only guess you have your own share of them.” He said and Yoongi shrugged.

“You never knew of us foxes until you did, but… we knew about wolves for years, you know Yifan.” Jiyong said and Yoongi nodded slowly. “He was sent to court your older brother and see if he could manage an arranged wedding, something easier to get us inside than a war, but he failed. I don’t know the details of course, but… Yifan had a habit of writing to his half brother in the barracks to tell him everything he knew about your culture…”

“He was a spy, that much we know.” Yoongi said and Jiyong shook his head in amusement.

“Yifan was a spy and when his first mission failed he was told to retrieve the fox back, but we knew from his letters that he was trapped… He not only fell in love with your older brother, but he also fell deeply for his charm and intelligence, his fierceness even though he was only an omega. Yifan wrote so highly of your brother that it spread through the barracks from fox to fox. Your brother became the kind of leader we wanted.”
“Seokjin will be the king in the mainland.” Yoongi stated.

“Yes. I figured. That’s why I retrieved my men from the coast.” Jiyong said and Yoongi frowned not really comprehending. “Do you believe in prophecies?” Jiyong asked and Yoongi knew what he was talking about.

“No.” The alpha chuckled as he downed his cup.

“Me neither.” He said as he lowered the cup on the table. “So… most likely your rogue brother and the little fox will die. I wish it weren’t so; Yifan said enough about him too and Jimin seems to be the closest we fox could get to Seokjin.”

“So why not save Jimin?” Yoongi asked through gritted teeth.

“A few reasons why… Tao, mostly… I am strong, but I don’t fancy facing him; for what it was worth, we got notice that he was killed along with Kai, which means Taemin is not on his best behavior and even if he were… I am no match to beat him.” Jiyong said.

“But you are a bunch of magical foxes… together you stand a chance!” Yoongi was desperate, but Jiyong only chuckled.

“My men are people that grew up watching Taemin’s father beating him to a pulp, we watched how Taemin was put to tests that no one should ever endure, we watched Taemin grow up to become worst than his father, we watched him kill his own father…” Jiyong said. “If a man can kill his own blood without remorse, then he can kill anyone. No one seems to understand the power of fear, we saw him kill three alphas that doubled him in size, we watched him laugh through his wounds like they were nothing.”

“Fear is his only strength.”

“No…” Jiyong scoffed. “If fear were his only strength then I would’ve killed him years ago. Within our people, alphas are not abundant, not all betas have magic and omegas are by nature too soft. It’s our own curse and when the only thing that could help us was the fact that our magic was not supposed to work on our own race, turns out that Taemin’s does.” Jiyong sighed. “Fear is his biggest strength because just one look will make the biggest alpha in my barracks tremble.”

“So… what now? Are you going to follow his orders or what?” Yoongi asked and Jiyong seemed to consider it.

“This is half of our men.” Jiyong explained. “The rest are with Taemin right now. He trusts me because he knew I’d do anything he’d ask if he mentioned The Raid. It still bleeds in our hearts and he knows how to manipulate us. You said you came to negotiate… this is my deal.” Jiyong said staring at Yoongi. “Send your whole army to the island and kill them all.”

Yoongi frowned in disbelief; he had to be kidding. Yoongi was not going to risk his whole army on a land they don’t know, to kill people that are clearly only scared of defying their leader.

“You just have to kill one man.” Yoongi said and Jiyong jutted out his jaw in anger at the clear dab to his pride. “One man and the rest comes along… freedom from an oppressor. Just one man and you want me to send my army to raid your island?” He questioned in disbelief; Jiyong snapped and wrapped his hand around the prince’s neck, pressing him to the nearest wall.

“Consider it vengeance for him killing your little brother.” He said and Yoongi finally understood.

“So… that’s why? That’s the reason why you won’t save my brother and his mate? You want me
and my brother to take offence so we will kill him for you?” Yoongi snorted and the hand around his neck tightened.

“You are not required to think. The proposal is simple. I can still send my men to raid your fucking coast.” Jiyong muttered in Yoongi’s ear.

“You are a smart man, but I am too…” Yoongi said, words coming out in a harsh whisper. “Let me go back and think about this.” He said and Jiyong smirked.

“You think I am stupid.” Jiyong said.

“I just said you are a smart man. I need to go back now, because if I am not back on the shore in less than one hour, your whole float will be blown up.” He said watching how Jiyong’s eyes widened. “I need to give the orders, right? If I accept your terms I will have to give orders…” Yoongi said and Jiyong let him go.

The beta clutched his neck and tried to regain his normal breathing with as much dignity as he had left.

“You have three days… in three days your rogue brother and his mate will likely be dead.” Jiyong said. “If after three days you don’t give me an answer I will raid your land and I will make sure to keep you alive through it all…” Jiyong threatened and Yoongi sighed.

“Years thinking wolves were all like Jimin…” He mumbled watching the alpha turning around to pour more wine in his cup.

“That fox is special, didn’t you know?” The alpha questioned and Yoongi frowned a bit. “But no matter how special he is, Taemin won’t let him live.”

…

“Do we have news from Jiyong?” Taemin asked boringly from the throne he was sitting in right now, an assortment of fruits handed to him every now and then by one of the omegas in his staff.

“He is still in the coast. Seems like they foresaw our attack and sent their men to wait there.” Yifan said with a lowered head.

“Well… they are dead anyway.” Taemin sighed ripping a grape from a bowl and inspecting it before his golden eyes moved to the petite girl holding it; her hands trembling and her eyes locked down on the floor. “You have pretty hair…” He said, running his fingers through the loose waves of platinum blonde. “Reminds me of Kai’s…” He sighed dreamily before clutching her chin rather roughly and lifting her face.

“My I-lord…?” She stuttered in fear as she came to face him.

“You’ve got big eyes too… brown and your skin is tanned as well… your lips are too thin, but… you’ll do…” He said letting go of her face before addressing Yifan again. “Make sure Jungkook-ssi receives his formal invitation to the arena tomorrow and take her to my bedchamber.” He said before he got up and walked to the window.

“Yes, your highness.”

The girl was startled when Yifan helped her up and she started to struggle in fear, yelling and thrashing while the bigger alpha dragged her to the king’s room.
“They are babies, Jungkook-ah… What do you think you’re doing?” Jimin asked softly with a giggle in his voice as he stared at his mate trying to make the pups stand on their little and chubby legs.

It had been a nice day and Jimin had decided to take a small trek outside, to the back of the house to enjoy a bit of sun and fresh air. No one seemed to want to pop their bubble reminding them that in less than a day they’d be standing in the middle of an arena meant to be bloodied.

“Hmm… Haneul is a bit too lazy. He wants to be babied too much.” Jungkook said staring down at the little fox giving him a small smile filled with pink gums as he kicked his little legs.

“He just knows he is meant to be babied right now.” Jimin huffed as he lifted the little fox and let him curl against his chest, little fists grabbing his robe as his ears twitched and he nuzzled his chest.

“But look at this…” Jungkook continued as he held Jiseok over the mat on the grass, the little wolf was pushing his legs against it trying to jump and Jimin rolled his eyes, only Jungkook would think their little baby would walk six days after being born. “This boy will be trouble… I tell you.” Jungkook chuckled as he crinkled his nose with a bunny smile and Jimin sighed, completely endeared.

“You’re ignoring Haneul.” Jimin said and Jungkook shook his head, resting the little wolf on the mat as he reached over and grabbed the little fox.

“Look at this…” He said and cleared his throat before he started to babble to baby only to get the same response; Jimin widened his eyes at the sight and got closer to pick Jiseok. “He responds when you talk to him directly. Namjoon once told me that the smartest men once were the most noisy pups.” Jungkook said opening his legs when Jimin nudged them apart so he could sit between them, letting his back against Jungkook’s chest.

Jimin sighed; he wanted the bubble of happiness to keep going until it couldn’t.

“Jungkook-ah…” Jimin called and he hummed while he continued playing with the pups and Jimin loved him even more for that, for how happy he seemed with the new additions to their family, their little world. “Do you remember everything you promised me that time? In the storage room back in the third house?” Jimin asked.

“I promised I wouldn’t kill Yoongi-hyeong. I promised I would help Seokjin-hyeong. I promised I wouldn’t harm Taehyung. I promised I would be the one to mate you… and I promised I would always come back to you.” He said and finally lifted his gaze to Jimin’s silvery eyes; the fox seemed pleasantly surprised with the fact that he remembered so well.

“You did… and you’ve kept your promises so far.” Jimin said softly and Jungkook gave a soft smile.

“Do you think it might have something to do with your own magic? That maybe I cannot fail you?” Jungkook asked and Jimin blinked as he considered his words and then smiled.

“You think so?” Jimin asked wiggling his toes and then heaved a long sigh.

“Yeah, maybe… as long as it is something a simple man like me can do.” He shrugged.

“I want you to promise me something else.” Jimin said averting his eyes to the horizon, the sun slowly setting. He missed the way Jungkook tensed.

“Anything… everything.” He repeated his words from that time, though this time he felt like he
shouldn’t promise anything… not with the looming battle.

“Don’t get mad.” Jimin said and Jungkook frowned not really understanding. “Promise it.” Jimin returned his eyes and Jungkook swallowed at the bright blue, though for only a moment he felt he had imagined it.

“I promise…” He said almost mechanically and then Jimin’s wide smile relaxed him, almost forgetting what had just transpired there.

“Let’s get back inside, tomorrow will be a long day.” Jimin said as he picked Jiseok up, leaving Haneul to his other father.

…

Yoongi had kept quiet for everyone’s sake. No one would understand the importance of not going to the rescue of Jungkook at this crucial point and if Hwasa learned that he had been given a choice about it he was sure she’d have his head.

But that was beside the point. He knew for sure that Jiyong wouldn’t simply let him march there to save his little brother, not when his plans were quite the opposite, he wanted Jungkook dead so that he’d want to go there to avenge him.

The third day was finally coming and he still didn’t know what they’d do… a part of him wanted to honestly believe that somehow his brother would survive the battle the next day, that somehow, Jimin would live along with his pups and that somehow… this would all just be a bad memory in their hearts.

With his clear blue eyes focused on the soft flame of the only candle in his tent, Yoongi tried in vain to calm his racing heart and mind, he hadn’t been able to sleep lately and a part of him was sick to admit he missed Taehyung.

What had happened with the other beta was not something he had really cared about; he knew he enjoyed humiliating people that hurt him in some way and Hoseok merely represented what Taehyung deserved.

He knew betas were simple creatures. They didn’t have a way to make mating marks or claim, their scents were too gentle even to the sharpest alpha’s nose, they didn’t have heats or ruts and their love and relationships were only based on bonding and attachment… they lacked the primitive need alphas and omegas had. He had seen such need in Taehyung’s eyes before and one side of him had laughed at how pitiful the alpha was, having such things for a beta… for him.

He had grown accustomed to him, nonetheless and now that he was gone it hurt. It reminded him a bit of how he had felt when Jimin left, but Jimin had taken with him the possibility of ever becoming an alpha and that was easier to accept he guessed, but Taehyung was gone with the dreams and sweet nothings of ever being able to experiment love. And he had been the one to drive him away.

He was so immersed in his thoughts that he only noticed there was someone in his tent when a soft breeze ruffled his hair. His head snapped to the side and his eyes widened at the cloaked figure, lower half of his face hidden by a mask, but his eyes were impossible to forget.

“How did you manage to get in here?” Yoongi stood from his chair, bewildered that the enemy had somehow gotten so close to him without anyone noticing.

“Magic.” Jiyong said after a long moment before he closed the flaps of the tent and then pulled off the mask to reveal his perfect face. “I mean you no harm… not yet, anyway.” He said and come
Yoongi swallowed thickly not really liking to be in such an enclosed space with the enemy, but somehow he knew this was important and that if he could manage Jiyong to trust him then it’d be a huge step in the right direction.

“Have you thought about my proposal?” Jiyong asked as he sat in one chair and plucked a few grapes from a bowl, popping them in his mouth, his deep eyes moving to Yoongi’s.

“You said I had three days… I have until tomorrow’s night to tell you.” He said in his deep raspy tone and Jiyong eyed him before nodding.

“Of course.” Jiyong said. “Amongst our barracks we have two foxes: Solar and Suho.” He started and Yoongi remained quite, letting him know that he was listening. “We know the magic of fire. Suho cannot create it, but can control it and Solar can do both, while I can only spit it.” He explained. “But aside from that, they are twins and amongst the foxes, twins can share thoughts. Very much like a mating mark would feel for mates, only it works without it and with clear thoughts, phrases and images shared through linked minds.” He said and Yoongi nodded. “So we will know the precise moment your brother and his mate dies and just like that, you’ll be given an open path across the sea to murder Taemin.” He stated.

“So… you travel with which one?” Yoongi asked, ignoring the authoritative tone.

“Suho, of course… Solar is more useful and Taemin knows it. It is likely she will also battle your brother.” Jiyong said and Yoongi sighed.

“Right, because a fox that can control fire is quite useless…” He said sarcastically and Jiyong smiled at his words.

“I actually came here for another reason too.” He said and Yoongi eyed him warily. “I can’t seem to get you out of my head… I keep wondering if you actually know how to get rid of us or if you were simply bluffing. You said your grandfather was the one in charge of The Raid.” Jiyong continued and Yoongi sat, grabbing his glass and taking a sip of his wine.

“I do know how to get rid of your kind, but I won’t.” He said locking his cold gaze with Jiyong’s over the rim of the glass. “Don’t give me a reason to prove it to you.” Yoongi dared to say.

The alpha reached over and took the glass from his hand and brought it to his own lips, first smelling and then smirking before taking a sip of it. The alpha licked his lips and nodded once before Yoongi gave him a smirk.

“You’re a brave man… a brave beta.” Jiyong said as he stood up and placed the cup down. Another breeze ruffled Yoongi’s hair. “If we ever can see each other as anything more than enemies I would love to get familiar with you.” Jiyong smirked and finally turned to leave only then noticing the other two people standing at the gape of the tent. “Excuse me… I will be taking my leave.” Jiyong pulled his mask on again and shared one deep look with Taehyung before stepping out.

Yoongi’s frown was really deep as he stared at Taehyung and Hoseok… Just what was happening tonight with these visits?

“What the fuck are you doing here?” He couldn’t help but be angry when Taehyung dared to show his face again with Hoseok on tow. It almost felt like he was doing it on purpose and he deserved respect.
“You know what.” Taehyung growled out unable to hide his displeasure at coming just now to find one of his mates with another alpha in the tent. “Who was that?” Taehyung asked as he approached Yoongi; the beta noticed how Hoseok closed the flaps of the tent and he didn’t like it one bit.

“One of the soldiers, he came to deliver important information.” Yoongi wasn’t sure why he felt the urge to explain; he turned his gaze back to his table and eyed the lit candles. “What do you want? I told you both to leave.” Yoongi said with a bitter tone.

“There are things we need to talk about… your highness.” Hoseok said when Yoongi turned the iciest glare on him. Taehyung seemed to let go the subject about the other alpha and placed his big hands on Yoongi’s shoulders to calm him down.

“He is right.” Taehyung said softly and pushed Yoongi down on his chair, he pulled another one and sat right in front of him, so close that the beta’s knees were between his. “Please… just try to understand and listen.” Taehyung pleaded; he just knew how stubborn Yoongi was and how annoyed he got when he thought people were mocking him.

“Out with it, Taehyung. I’ve got more important things to do than listen to your excuses.” Yoongi said coldly and Hoseok grunted in frustration, he knew this was going to be hard, but why was Yoongi so closed to the possibilities.

“I love you.” Taehyung said and Yoongi scoffed. “No, shut up.” Taehyung said when the beta tried to push him away. “For the longest time I’ve been trying to cope with the fact that my wolf seemed so smitten with Hoseok’s wolf and yours too and I thought it was just because I was confused.” He said desperate for comprehension. “I was told that only alphas an omegas can do this and it seems my situation is not common at all… I can see your wolf and Hoseok’s in my head.” Taehyung said.

“No, you can’t.” Yoongi stated without an ounce of doubt; he was a prince and he had read, he was a smart person with wide knowledge; of course he had never expected Taehyung to know what that meant; it had never even crossed his mind that it could happen between them, but here was the most oblivious person in the world telling him something Yoongi could not see the lie within.

“I can… and I wish I had told you sooner because… now I see that you know what it means.” Taehyung said and it was his turn to feel stupid; of course everyone fucking knew but him. “I don’t know why I am surprised.” He said with a bitter scoff as he stood up and paced around the tent.

“If you want comfort then I suggest you take him to another tent.” Yoongi said angrily. “Do you actually forgot that you tried to kill me once?!” Yoongi’s voice got loud and Taehyung turned to look at him in disbelief. “I am a prince. I am king in the north! I can’t simply go back and tell my advisor that it turns out I have an alpha mate who also happens to have another mate!” Yoongi snapped. “Do you realize how ridiculous that sounds?!”

“It’s not as if I wanted it this way!” Taehyung bellowed and this time Hoseok felt the urge to intervene; he had just witnessed the strength of both men and now he had to wonder how nature had put them both together in such a situation.

Hoseok stood between them, his back against Taehyung while he faced the cold prince, both hands raised avoiding touching him because he didn’t want to give the wrong idea.

“No one is telling you to marry him, your highness.” Hoseok said softly. “I love Taehyung and maybe I don’t want to let him go, but… things are changing and it is not like we have to make it public if it bothers you that much.” Hoseok said and Yoongi gritted his teeth together.

“You are on another level, aren’t you? You just fit him so well.” Yoongi said enraged.
“I told you before.” Hoseok swallowed thickly and his warm eyes moved to Yoongi’s lips in a brave attempt to show the prince that he was willing to try. “Love seems useless if the other half is not willing to return it.” Hoseok repeated his words from last time and Yoongi trembled with anger, getting closer until Hoseok was pressed against Taehyung.

“Did you tell your alpha?” He asked and Taehyung grimaced at the way Yoongi was not accepting him. “Did you tell him how you rubbed yourself to release while I choked you?” Hoseok tensed, but he didn’t feel the alpha tensing. “Did you tell him how you came inside your pants to the thought of him fucking me?”

Hoseok slumped against the alpha and felt the air in the tent getting thicker; something had changed in Yoongi’s eyes too, something was different and he understood what it was when the tent submerged in the alpha’s scent, thick and cloying.

Yoongi felt his whole body trembling, he had stepped into their trap so easily and with Taehyung’s scent clogging his senses it was harder to remember why they were such a bad idea… he felt a hand on his nape and before he could wonder whose it was he was being brought up, Taehyung leaned over Hoseok’s shoulder and kissed Yoongi’s lips hungrily.

Hoseok dared to move his arms and hugged Yoongi closer, feeling the beta’s cold hands on his arms, trying to push him away… Yoongi had probably accepted Taehyung a long time ago, but it didn’t mean he’d accept him too. Despite his fear Hoseok leaned over too and pressed his lips to Yoongi’s neck, short-lived as it was, because the prince suddenly had wrapped his fingers around his neck, pressing him back to Taehyung’s chest.

Taehyung pulled away after a moment, completely dazed and could only stare into the coldest eyes he had ever seen.

“Get out of my tent… the both of you.”

…

“There seems to be a situation in the coast.” Mark said while he read the letter he had just received, the doves were moving fast these days.

The morning was hot and the sun was unforgiving an all the living creatures, it was too early, but everyone was already moving, ready to do as told and to carry their plans as best as they could, there were not big plans, but only little slips that could maybe help with everything that could happen.

“I’ll take care of that as soon as I am done with Taemin. Do not worry. I know Yoongi-hyeong can take care of it.” Jungkook said while he pulled on his black leather gear; he omitted the under shirt he usually wore, his naked arms on display, his dagger on his hip as he finished tying up his boots.

“Yeah… If you make it back.” Mark didn’t want to be pessimistic, but it was just like Baekhyun had said; they all had too high expectations regarding this whole thing and it didn’t feel completely righteous to him.

“Don’t even say such things in front of Jimin.” Jungkook chastised him as he turned to look around just to make sure his mate was not near. “And remember what we talked about.” Jungkook reminded him with a deep glare.

“Yes. Of course…” Mark sighed in clear worry.

“Everything will be fine.” He said just when the rest of the habitant of the house came out from the lower floors.
“I will be taking them now.” Moonbyul said as she approached him with both pups tied to her back like mothers in the countryside did when they had to do other chores and still baby their pups. “Jaehyo and Yukwon will escort me and Seunghyun there.” She explained and Jungkook nodded.

He nodded not missing how troubled Moonbyul looked and he guessed it was hard for her to see him go like this after what she had put him through herself. He leaned over and scented his pups for now… little Haneul trying to clutch his finger and he smiled before bopping his nose.

“I will catch you all later. Don’t go too far.” He said and Seunghyun nodded before they exchanged a friendly pat on the shoulder.

“We will be ready to wait for you all if shit gets bad, just make sure you make it to the ship.” He said with a pointed look before he turned to look at Moonbyul, but she was letting Jimin scent the pups one last time as well.

“Your escort will be here soon.” Baekhyun announced and then opened the door. “Time to go, people.” He motioned to Moonbyul and Seunghyun. Jimin nodded and watched his pups with a breaking heart. He couldn’t believe he was leaving his pups like this, but he could only trust his sister.

“I will see you later, Jimin.” Moonbyul turned to him and hugged him tightly. “Don’t do anything reckless. Remember you have Haneul and Jiseok now.” She reminded him and Jimin swallowed a sob as he hugged her back.

“We have to go before Jungkook’s escort arrives here.” Luhan said nervously and that was all they needed to part rather quickly. Just like that Jaehyo, Yukwon, Luhan, Baekhyun, Seunghyun, Moonbyul and the pups were gone, leaving only Jaejoong, Wheein, Mark, Jimin and Jungkook behind.

“We will give you time to say goodbye…” Jaejoong said with a solemn expression as he pulled Wheein out of the house to wait with him outside, Marl followed quietly.

The plan was quite simple; the ones leaving first would be safe in case of anything dire, but Jimin would be attending as a civilian, hidden from everyone’s view, attending the arena like any other person would; he would be accompanied by Mark and Wheein, all of them carefully hidden since Wheein was quite known around.

Jungkook would be escorted by the king’s men along with Jaejoong for mere political purposes and because Taemin knew this place belonged to the elder fox; it’d be suspicious if Jaejoong was not present and they didn’t want Taemin to know they were taking the pups somewhere else.

Jimin sighed heavily; his eyes trained on the door, still mourning the departure of his pups and he wanted to cry, but Jungkook would be leaving soon and he didn’t want the alpha to feel troubled.

Jungkook approached him slowly and stood before him with hard eyes as he pulled on Jimin’s robe’s hoodie to keep his face hidden. His mate was obviously scared and Jungkook was somehow unable to do much about it.

“Everything will be fine.” Jungkook said softly and Jimin nodded, but he didn’t smile at his mate. “By the end of the day you will be king and I will still be your mate.” Jungkook added, Jimin closed his eyes and sighed.

He didn’t want to argue right before the battle, but he also didn’t want to be king if it meant Jungkook would be hurt in the process, he also was having a hard time admitting Taemin was too
strong for him to face on his own, but he had made a promise to himself… He wouldn’t stand by to watch Jungkook die. That was for sure. He didn’t care if it was not diplomatically enough for these people, he would not stand by to watch his mate die.

“I love you.” Jimin muttered and Jungkook smiled as he leaned down and kissed him; Jimin returned the kiss, but soon it was not enough as he stood on his tiptoes and clutched the fabric of Jungkook’s clothes, unwilling to let him go. “You can’t leave me again… remember?” Jimin whispered the words against his mouth and Jungkook nodded cupping his face with his big hands.

“I know you will bring me back anyway.” He smiled and Jimin shook his head.

“I don’t want to have to do it. Please… just… just-”

“I know…” Jungkook said and hugged him tightly to his chest, breathing in his sweet scent and committing it to memory, but also tracing his hands down his tattooed back and making a promise to inflict as much pain as he could to Taemin. “I love you, Jimin.” He said.

Jimin nodded and finally let go of him… Jungkook pressed his lips to his forehead one last time enjoying the last moments of silence with his mate before both their ears twitched when they heard the horses.

Jungkook pulled away, made sure he had everything he needed and then turned to the door, walked towards it and turned to look at Jimin… he gave him a tender smile. Jimin returned it, blinding… beautiful.

“Remember what you promised.” Jimin whispered and Jungkook frowned a bit before he felt compelled to nod; Jimin’s eyes were blue, but he felt a pull there.

“I’ll see you later.”

Jungkook was gone just like that.
Chapter Notes

So... I really hope that you all can forgive me for what you are about to read.

Aside from that... we are nearing the end. I said 35 chapters and also I started writing this fic on April's 24th last year, I really want to finish it by then too. lol

We will see how this goes, but for now... I give you this chapter.

ALSO!

I've been wondering: Jikook, Yoonjin or Yoonmin?

Jungkook got down from the carriage and so did Jaejoong, they were facing the back entrance to the arena, it looked fairly high from the outside, the sun was beating hard on them and somehow Jungkook felt more nervous than he thought he would.

“Ominous.” Jaejoong said with a kind smile as they were guided inside, underneath the bleachers, the shadow making Jungkook relax a bit before he gave the fox a slight frown. “It is how it makes you feel. You ever wondered how The Raid happened when foxes seem to have an advantage over wolves with their magic?” He questioned and Jungkook blinked in surprise; he had never considered it.

“Always thought foxes were just... helpless.” Jungkook admitted ashamed and Jaejoong nodded with a small smile.

“We are... sort of. If we were as vicious as wolves are we would’ve conquered the world years ago.” He said. “Nature knows how to keep balance, Jungkook-ssi. We have an overpopulation of omegas, many betas and very few alphas. Our magic doesn’t work between us, which helps omegas to make few alphas reason. We are quite a balanced bunch.” He said and Jungkook seemed to comprehend.

“That still doesn’t explain how The Raid actually happened.” Jungkook said; he guessed Yoongi knew because Jungkook had once heard his grandfather had gathered all the information in his diaries.

“There are still a few exceptions of course. Taemin’s magic works on foxes as does Wheein’s, for example.” He said as they continued to walk; the guard ahead seemed tense with what Jaejoong was saying. “Our magic doesn’t work at all... when we are in beast form.” He gave Jungkook a pointed look and Jungkook felt winded.

It meant Yoongi’s grandfather had commanded his wolves to attack in their wolf form and he could only imagine the actual bloodbath it had been. Wolves tended to be more brutal in beast form.

“We do tend to be faster and stronger in beast form anyway... but we are not violent creatures per se. Taemin is a big exception, Jungkook. Do not underestimate him.” Jaejoong advised. “Also... technically he decides if he wants to fight you or send someone else to do so.” He explained. “Make sure you make it clear you want to defy him, but even then he might send Solar.” Jaejoong
explained.

“Solar?” He wondered.

“A female alpha. She knows fire magic. Completely lethal if you’re not close enough to harm as she is actually not that strong.” Jaejoong said. “If you want to beat her you have to be close and better in beast form.” He took a deep breath as the guard opened the gates that led to the room before the gate to the arena.

“Only him.” The guard said and Jaejoong nodded.

Jungkook stopped by his side and stared down into Jaejoong’s eyes not sure of what to say, but the fox only smiled.

“Stay strong and remember everything I’ve told you.” Jaejoong said and Jungkook nodded once before stepping inside the room. The guard approached to lock the gate.

“If he touches you don’t stare into his eyes.” Jungkook snapped his head around to look at the guard, but the man had already turned around to guide Jaejoong to the outer arena. The wolf gave Jaejoong a bewildered look, the fox looking as shaken as him for a moment before smiling.

“Be strong.” Jaejoong said and with that he was gone.

Jungkook startled when drums started to sound, echoing ominously inside the arena and making his heart beat harder. He saw the whole gate start to pull up slowly and the whole arena submerged in whispers and mutters that he couldn’t make out; it was not as big as he had initially thought, but with the sun beating down on him like that he knew it’d be best not to tire himself out running around.

Jungkook walked under everyone’s gazes trying to make out Jimin in the bleachers; he knew his mate would be there sitting with Mark and Wheein; he knew that if things went awry then Mark would make sure to take Jimin away.

He stopped in the middle of the arena staring up at Taemin, feeling his control slipping slightly, his eyes blazing a deep red as he tried not to simply stomp over there and kill him. He took a deep breath before finally addressing the king…

“My name is Jeon Jungkook!” He yelled making the whole place silent. “I am King Kim Seokjun’s third son.” He said and finally turned to look around. “I am here because this man you call king… abducted my mate.” He was not afraid to point his finger at Taemin.

No one was uttering a single word and it gave him hopes that maybe this people would understand his purpose, that maybe they would understand what was so wrong with Taemin being their king.

“You stand accused of trespassing territory.” Taemin suddenly said, completely disregarding his previous words. “Conspiracy against this government. Kidnapping my rightful mate. Raping and forcing a mating mark on him. Murdering two men in my palace and stealing my staff.” Taemin said and Jungkook couldn’t help the look of utter surprise at the charges. “I believe the right punishment should be death.”

There was a collective mummer and Jungkook took a deep breath wondering if he could actually try to defend himself without seeming too desperate… would it be worth it?

“It is your king’s word against mine.” Jungkook said looking around. “And I am no one to you, but those are lies. He wants you to fear me for my race and for what my ancestors did to yours in the mainland.” He said watching the anger flash in Taemin’s eyes.
Jungkook suddenly saw Yifan appear in the balcony out of nowhere to whisper something in Taemin’s ear… whatever it was only seemed to cause more anger in Taemin, his knuckles turning white. Yifan took a few steps back and the king took a deep breath, ran a hand through his hair and then gave Jungkook the fakest smile.

“Let us proceed, Jungkook-ssi. I have a few subordinates to punish after this.” He said and Jungkook frowned, but before he could say anything the king was jumping over the rail and landing soundlessly and quite gracefully on the sand.

Jungkook took a fighting stance; he was not going to underestimate Taemin. He was not going to make this longer than necessary. He pulled out his dagger. Before changing into his best form he’d rather see how Taemin moved because it was highly possible the alpha fox would avoid shifting into his fox form.

“You feel maybe you stand a chance?” Taemin asked with amusement as he stalked closer to the man. “Your mate is here, right? It makes you feel like you stand a chance… that you cannot fail him.” Taemin taunted coming closer; amused by Jungkook’s clear apprehension.

Makes me feel like I owe him this much, for all the pain you caused him.” Jungkook growled out in anger, it was better if he let his feelings of anger consume him because then he wouldn’t have space to feel scared.

“You know why you’re standing here today like this? So sure of yourself, not afraid of a man that clearly overpowers you?” Taemin asked calmly as he came to a stop a few feet away from Jungkook.

Jungkook hated the look of complete calm the fox was sporting; he was not even dressed properly for a fight, his garments were scant, too much skin on display, but even then… Taemin knew he’d win.

“You mated a fox.” Taemin said with an ironic laugh and open arms. “You owe everything you are right now to the little bitch sitting somewhere here today.” He said slowly, glad when he saw Jungkook tensing. “The strength… I am pretty sure you knew it even before you mated him.” Taemin said and Jungkook growled out in anger.

“Shut your mouth.” Jungkook said and shifted his dagger from one hand to the other ready to jump; the alpha fox followed the movement with boredom.

“I guess I’ll stop it then…” Taemin smirked. “I’ll do my best not to kill your brave, brave mate, Jungkook-ssi… I still haven’t fucked him and by the end of the day I will do so over your furs.” Taemin said and Jungkook finally jumped forward.

Taemin moved backwards, body twisting and turning to avoid Jungkook’s lunges with such finesse the wolf had a hard time not thinking that this was Jimin’s very same style. Maybe all foxes had this flexibility to them and he wished he had fought his mate more often like this… It still happened too fast in his eyes. Maybe not for Taemin, but Jungkook knew he was moving as fast as he could and it was not enough to match Taemin.

His breath coming out in short puffs as he tried to force the fox to move faster and try to anticipate his movements. Jungkook pushed harder until he managed to break the chain of the necklace the king was wearing, but he didn’t even grazed his skin.

The heavy jewelry fell to the ground with a loud thud and Jungkook blinked several times, breathing
raggedly as he realized Taemin was not even sweating. The king’s golden eyes moved to his face after staring down at his necklace for a long moment.

“Jungkook-ssi…” Taemin said with a scoff… “Perhaps you’d like to know that you have an advantage if you shift.” He said and Jungkook’s eyes widened. “I just feel that this would be too easy for me if I don’t help you.” Taemin said.

Jungkook dropped his dagger, took a few steps back and in a fit of anger shifted; his clothes tearing apart as his body twisted and turned, bones readjusting until Taemin could only blink in astonishment at the huge black wolf before him.

“Perhaps I gave you too much of an advantage.” He said calmly and before he could even process what was happening Jungkook had thrown his whole body against him, his torso colliding against the king and sending him flying away.

Finally people gasped and Jungkook was pleased to hear someone call his name, but the anger was too much. He charged after the fox just when Taemin was pushing up form the ground wiping his bleeding lip on the back of his hand.

Jungkook’s growls were heard even amongst the noise from the crowd; his intention to bite Taemin’s head off was truncated when the fox twisted under him and managed to surround his thick neck with his arms. Jungkook immediately knew the purpose and threw himself against the nearest wall crushing the king against it.

He heard the gasp leaving the king’s lips and felt his arms weakening around his neck, he pulled away fast, but as soon as he got away from him he lost him out of sight; his ears lifted as he looked around, but even when he turned around he had missed him… he only knew where Taemin was when he felt him on his back.

“You big dumb beasts are so noisy and heavy.” Taemin said in his ear, his arms surrounding Jungkook’s torso.

The big wolf dropped down and turned on his back to crush Taemin against the arena and he did hear the faint grunt of pain coming from the male, but it was nothing compared to the howl of pain he left out when Taemin crushed around his torso. Jungkook had done this very same thing to another wolf once and it had made him feel powerful… now it just hurt.

He managed to push up and away, shifting back to his human form to assess the damage… he touched his ribs and counted maybe two broken. He tried to catch his breath as he looked over his shoulder to see Taemin doing the same… digging two of his fingers on the clearly broken ribs and then smiling wickedly. Jungkook frowned.

“It’s been a while…” He laughed lightly, blood was dripping down his chin too, but his wicked grin betrayed any other feeling the king might’ve felt. “This is exciting…” He said spitting to the side.

How…?

Jungkook couldn’t understand how a man as lithe as Taemin had such strength; it didn’t make sense. He pushed up and stood completely naked before the king, ready to go again.

“Shift back.” Taemin ordered, his eyes blazing red. “I will fight you on my beast form too.” He said discarding his clothes quite easily and then he shifted.

Jungkook swallowed at the sight of the biggest fox he had ever seen; still not bigger than him, but the golden fur seemed to glisten under the heavy sun, the highlights making Jungkook squint. He rushed
to shift back just on time to have the fox jumping on him.

They rolled on the sand trying to bite at each other’s necks, Jungkook use his hind legs and pushed the fox off him, but Taemin was just as graceful in beast form as he was in his human form. By now the crowd was a mess; he no longer could make out what they were saying.

Jungkook howled when Taemin rushed at him again, his sharp fangs burying painfully on his right hind leg and tearing the flesh apart, blood coated the sand and the wolf barely had time to bite into Taemin’s nape and tear him off him.

He saw the blood coating the golden fur, but Taemin was not heeding to his wounds, he just seemed driven by adrenaline and though Jungkook could’ve related the wound on his leg didn’t look good. It’d still be better to fight on his wolf form, he could move on three legs.

He pushed up and glared at the fox… it was unnerving to see such a bewildered look on a fox when he had always been used to the mischievous look on Jimin’s.

Taemin shifted briefly and ran a hand through his wild golden hair, his neck was covered in blood trailing down his naked body and he seemed to love the feeling of it, he ran his fingertips over the red substance coating his torso and then brought them to his lips, licking them without taking his eyes off Jungkook’s wolf.

“You are a fun person, Jungkook-ssi.” Taemin said after swallowing his own blood. “But I am not alive today for taking hasty decisions or letting myself be carried away with the bloodlust. I’d love to kill you fast, but first… first I will get rid what Jimin gave you.” He said.

Jungkook internally frowned; he was tired, but he couldn’t let Taemin know. The next time the alpha fox came at him he would end it… he just need to go for his neck and close his jaws on it. Taemin gave him a brief smirk before he shifted back and lunged forward.

Jungkook opened his mouth ready to bite his head off, but on the last moment Taemin literally disappeared from his sight. Jungkook was assaulted by raw fear when he felt Taemin’s breath on the side of his neck… mating mark concealed by his fur, but the alpha fox had maybe spotted it when Jungkook had shifted the last time. Fangs buried there and then… he felt his muscle being torn.

His howl was heard throughout the arena.

…

Jimin had sneaked in the palace without everyone noticing and had gone straight for Taemin’s bedchambers. While being there he had seen the ominous looking door on the side. He knew he had to be fast, but he knew what was behind that closed door and he couldn’t ignore it because if in the end everything came crashing he wanted to at least have satisfaction of having done one good thing.

He pushed the door open and his eyes took a moment to adjust to dimly lit room, the red silks and soft cushions around the place made him swallow thickly before he finally found what he was looking for.

“Kibum-ssi?” He asked and watched as the concubine turned sharply to look at him; he had been in the process of fixing his make up it seemed and he had barely move when he heard the door opening. “My name is Jimin…” He said softly and the man stood up from his spot. Jimin saw the thick collar around his neck, similar to his only it was silver.

“I know who you are.” Kibum’s voice was rather strong for an omega in his situation, but Jimin was not there to judge. “You have to leave! He will kill you if he finds out you’re here!” Kibum tried to
push him away and only then Jimin noticed the chain tying him to a post in the room.

“He is not coming here any time soon and in fact I have to leave soon too, but first I have to take this off.” Jimin touched the collar around his own neck. “If I want to have a chance against him I guess I’d have to fight him in beast form.” He added and Kibum frowned deeply.

“Fight him?! Are you crazy?!” He asked in disbelief and Jimin looked around the room.

“Yes I might be…” He mumbled and the turned his eyes back to the concubine with a deep frown. “I heard Baekhyun-ssi mention another person, I think he was Kai’s mate. Where can I find him?” He asked and Kibum lowered his head and shook it.

“Kyungsoo is dead.” He said and Jimin blinked in disbelief. “After learning about Kai’s death he shifted, the collar broke his neck.” Kibum explained and Jimin couldn’t help the gasp and the feeling of sadness. “Taemin messed with Kai’s memories… Kyungsoo was willing to fight and make Kai remember, but then Taemin came and told us the sad news.” Kibum explained.

“Oh…” Jimin swallowed a lump down his throat and willed his mind to stay focused; he needed to get back to Jungkook as soon as possible. “Do you perhaps know where I can find the keys for the collars?” He decided to ask and Kibum sighed.

“Not the collars… those ones are usually with him. But for this chain, there is a small golden box somewhere in the next room.” He said and Jimin rushed back to the adjacent room to search for said box. It was not hard to find, he opened it and pulled the small ring with few keys and then made his way back to the concubine.

“I found them!” Jimin said and after trying a few he finally had freed the concubine from the chain. “You’re a free to go, there’s a ship at the docks, looks for Yukwon and tell him Jimin sent you. He will let you in the ship and take you to the mainland safe.” Jimin said.

“What are you planning to do?” Kibum asked not really believing the omega was willing to fight against Taemin.

“Taemin is fighting my mate and I cannot let him kill him.” Jimin explained; Kibum sighed heavily.

“Let’s go to the arena. I will leave as soon as we get the keys to free you. If Taemin is fighting then Yifan has the keys.”

…

Sohyang was not there in the arena, but she had been informed and then again she had seen to many futures to know it was not a nice sight if she ever got to see Jungkook or Jimin again.

“Here’s some tea.” Jieun said as she came into the room and the silver fox looked at her with gratitude. “Are you feeling unwell, my lady?” She asked because the elder fox looked too pale; she shook her head with a small smile.

“I’ve been through a lot in my years, but never once I stopped looking for Jimin.” She said softly looking out the window into the nice garden. “Now I’ve come to the realization that one way or another he would’ve met Jungkook-ssi. No matter the decisions I made.” She whispered the last bit more for her own than for the wolf’s ears. “I feel like they were destined to fall anyway. Some things cannot be helped.”

“I once heard someone say that some people are meant to live, some are meant to die, but we still want to be on the surviving edge.” Jieun muttered softly before filling the small cup with the hot
Sohyang looked at her young face and gave her a kind smile. Jieun returned it.

“We ought to be optimistic.” Sohyang nodded and Jieun hummed. “Namjoon-ssi told me your mate is battling in the coast right now.” She asked and Jieun nodded.

“I’ve seen Jiho survive bad odds before, but he has never fought for a King. I tried to talk him out of this, but then… I remembered we are here because I asked him to in the first place.” She sighed heavily staring out of the window as if reminiscing. “I wanted to see Jungkook-ssi grow and I did… the least we can do after everything he did for the south is to help him out.” She said softly and then turned with a smile to the elder woman. “He is going to be happy when he learns Seokjin-ssi is alive.”

“Yes… He will.”

...

“This is Suho.” Jiyong said as Yoongi stopped in front of a rather good-looking man, his hair and furs were black and he looked a bit too pale. “His sister is Solar.” Jiyong explained. “She was appointed to fight your little brother, but it seems she… decided not to.”

“Can she do that?” Yoongi asked with a slight frown and Jiyong sighed.

“Yes, she can, but it is likely that she is going to be punished after Taemin is done with your brother and his mate.” Yoongi tensed a bit, but in the end he walked over and sat down in a chair near Suho’s. Sehun gave Jiyong a glare before coming to stand right behind Yoongi.

“When will I know what happens?” Yoongi asked as Jiyong sat on another chair and Suho smiled.

“Whenever Suho deems it. His link with his sister will let him know what is currently happening, but we have to wait until she’s done. Otherwise Suho won’t be listening to us.” Jiyong explained and Yoongi nodded.

“She was impressed by the your brother’s size.” Suho said with a small smile and Yoongi nodded, feeling a bit proud that Jungkook was at least causing such impact. “He was alone though, when he walked out… his mate wasn’t there.” Suho frowned and eyed Jiyong.

“Obviously. I wouldn’t let my mate be there either.” Yoongi said and immediately frowned when Taehyung entered his mind. He sighed in defeat and decided to simply focus on what was happening right now. “So… now we wait?” He turned to look at Jiyong; the alpha nodded.

“Now we wait.”

...

“What exactly did you expect?” Yifan asked as he stood safely on the other side of the gates, staring intently at the woman trapped there. She only had one way out and that was going into the arena. “You refuse to fight for him, you die. It is quite simple, Solar.” He said watching how she seemed too tense.

Yifan wanted nothing more but to get her out of there… In fact, he knew she could get herself out of there, melt the bars down with her fire and leave, but Solar was not like that and she wouldn’t go anywhere without her brother, but Suho was not even in the islands at the moment.
“Have you seen the silver fox?” She asked as she turned around to look at him, behind her the fight unraveled. He long, black and wavy hair surrounded her pale face and Yifan only nodded. “Do you think he is the one we’ve been waiting for?” She asked and Yifan sighed.

“You and everyone else… I include myself. We are putting way too much faith on him and he is only an omega.” Yifan said and she sighed.

“Jaesuk told me.” She said and Yifan frowned. “He told me how Taemin ordered him to tattoo the little thing while he was pregnant. Told me how this little, omega fox went through it without uttering a sound.” She stood from the stool she had been using and paced around, trying to ignore the sounds of the battle.

“Jimin is brave, but that doesn’t equal strength.” Yifan argued.

“He doesn’t need to be strong to be here. His mate seems plenty strong to me.” She said with a quirked eyebrow. “He only had to be here… but he is not.” She said and to Yifan she looked rather disappointed.

“He just gave birth. I should hope he is somewhere far away with the pup.” Yifan said and she laughed sarcastically.

“Then no. He is not the one we’ve been waiting for. We might as well die in Taemin’s hands.” She said biting on her thumb.

Yifan had never quite understood what Taemin had done to her to reduce to such a frightened girl whenever Taemin’s name was even mentioned. She knew fire magic and still she would completely freeze up in front of the king.

Yifan startled when he heard Jungkook howl and Solar turned as well to check what was going on.

“He is going to die.” She shook her head watching how the blood poured from Jungkook’s wounds. Both of them were too distracted that they didn’t even hear the footsteps rushing towards them until Yifan had one arm wrapped around his neck from behind.

Solar turned with a frown, but her surprise died out when she saw the silver fox there; he was short and rather soft looking.

“Give me the key to my collar!” Jimin snapped; Yifan looked bewildered, wondering who was the one choking him. When he didn’t move Jimin tried to search his clothes but didn’t find anything within them. “He doesn’t have them, Kibum-ssi!

“Shit! Where are the keys to the collars, Yifan-ah…? I won’t hesitate to choke you and kill you.” The concubine said near the other’s ear and Yifan coughed before he was let loose only a bit to speak.

“Tae-Taemin has t-them!” He said and Jimin’s eyes widened; just in that moment they heard the loud growl and then Jimin doubled over in pain as Jungkook’s howl reverberated.

Jimin felt searing pain going through his body, all starting from the very place in which he had his mating mark. He felt Jungkook’s pain before his own and he fell on his knees trying to catch his breath, his eyes blazing blue… the need to protect filling him. He turned to the gate looking beyond Solar to the place where Taemin’s fox had just torn the big wolf’s shoulder.

“Jungkook…” Jimin sobbed, trying to open he gate.
“If you think it’ll make a difference...” Solar trailed off watching the little fox as her hand started to turn a bright orange and then she clasped the lock of the gate in it, Jimin watched the iron melting and falling heavily and incandescent on the ground.

Jimin vaguely wondered if maybe he could’ve asked the woman to do the same to his collar, but it was too risky and there were pressing matters at hand. He’d have to do like this, but his fear was completely overcome with the need to help his mate, Jungkook as in imminent danger, mortal peril and he couldn’t wait another minute for the woman to try and melt his collar without killing him too.

He just ran into the arena…

Jungkook shifted back to the his human form, gasping and coughing and trying in vain to overcome the pain of losing his mating mark. Eyes wide and unfocused on the burning sun… This was it. This was the moment Mark grabbed Jimin and took him back to the ship with the pups.

He felt faint and weak, probably from the blood loss. He was trembling and he felt cold even if he knew he was covered in sweat. He reached one hand to his shoulder only to feel gaping muscle, wet with blood… nothing there. Tears fell from the corners of his eyes.

Taemin had shifted as well… He stood at Jungkook’s side looking down at him, his wicked grin stained with Jungkook’s blood, trailing down to his chin, neck and chest. Now he knew… he understood why everyone was scared of him.

Taemin delivered two painful kicks, stomping hard on his torso and Jungkook felt something else crack under the force, but he was too busy fighting other kind of pain.

“Come on… shift.” Taemin said, but Jungkook couldn’t form words, he could only stare at him, feeling the blood pouring out of his wounds. “Shift back. Remember I said I wanted to fuck Jimin on your furs.” Taemin said as if he was reminding Jungkook of a measly task. The king made an act of looking around and up into the sky. “It seems like it is going to rain. It is getting dark.” He added.

Taemin looked back down at him and Jungkook saw the malicious glint in his red eyes… he just knew Taemin was done with him.

“Don’t worry… I will take good care of Jimin…” Taemin drew his foot up, probably to smash it down on Jungkook’s face, but before he could do such thing Jungkook saw a blur of black robes and then a heel impacting Taemin’s right cheek before the fox was sent flying to the side.

Jungkook gasped a bit relieved, but it was short-lived when he saw Jimin falling on his side; his big silvery eyes filled with tears… so pristine and clean and unharmed. Why was he here?

“Don’t move… don’t worry… I will get noona to heal you. Remember you promised you wouldn’t get mad.” Jimin said, his small hands not really touching in fear of making it worse; Jungkook choked on his words and Jimin whined when his mate coughed up blood. “Don’t try to talk!” He pleaded.

Jungkook only needed to make sure he was seeing his mate, he wanted to let Jimin know he was not mad… only sad… he was broken and he couldn’t keep his family safe… He reached out with his bloodied hand to touch Jimin’s cheek, but hesitated… still Jimin grasped it and pressed his cheek on the offered hand not caring for the mess. The fox’s ears twitched and Jungkook gasped when Jimin crouched to avoid a kick, but then Taemin hauled him away from Jungkook, throwing him on the other side of the arena.

Jungkook felt desperate, but he couldn’t move… not really… his broken ribs, the many other hits, his
leg and his shoulder… the amount of blood he had lost. He tried to at least move his head to locate his mate.

Jemin stood up quickly watching how Taemin’s face looked worst than before, he wouldn’t be surprised to know he had fractured his cheekbone.

“What do you want?” Taemin growled out, his eyes finally consumed in red, blood dripping from the tips of his fingers, whole body covered in blood and sand, a complete mess.

“My name is Park Jimin.” Jimin said loudly. It was the first time he used his rightful last name and it made him feel like he belonged to something important. The crowd fell in a deep silence when they heard his voice. “I am prince Jiseok’s son.” He said. “I am here because I’ve come to reclaim my rightful place in the throne. As your king.” Jimin was trembling probably from adrenaline. “I don’t know what awful things Taemin has told you, but it is probably all lies. It is what Taemin wants you to believe. He wants you to fear Jungkook because of his race and I know it is hard to understand for most of you… but not all wolves are evil.” Jimin turned his deep glare on Taemin again. “I can attest that I have yet to meet a wolf as cruel, cold and evil as the man standing as your king right now.”

“You are speaking ill against your king, little cousin.” Taemin said loudly even though the words were uttered through gritted teeth.

“You are no king of mine.” Jimin said bravely; he held his breath a long moment. “You are the one disrespecting your king.” He said softer, people still gasped and Taemin barked a laugh, looking completely crazed.

“Have you heard?!?” He asked loudly between bouts of laughter. “He wants to become your king! A weak omega bitch with a bloody wolf for a mate! Is this how low you want to fall?!” He was completely enraged by the lack of response to Jimin’s words. “It will be my pleasure to rip you both apart.” Taemin said.

Jungkook felt his breathing turning even more ragged when the alpha fox disappeared from his sight. Eyes wide trying to follow and he choked on a sob when Jimin blocked Taemin’s first kick.

He was doing it… he was avoiding every single kick and punch thrown his way like he had done when they had trained, how Jimin had always managed to avoid conflicts even when he was in a fight. He also knew that Taemin was being messy with his movements, probably already tired.

Taemin threw his left fist and Jimin crouched… Jungkook saw his mate bent backwards, hands on the floor before, drawing his knees to his chest and then kicking the alpha’s chest with both feet. Taemin was thrown away once again.

“You can’t keep on fighting, please give up!” Jimin said seeing the struggle Taemin had to get up once again, the alpha laughed again running an absent hand through his mated hair and then he was running at Jimin again.

Jimin knew he was only doing this because of what Jungkook had already done, but it didn’t matter. He was going to take Jungkook out of there as soon as he could. Taemin got his hand around Jimin’s neck and threw him on the ground; Jimin gasped when he saw the fist coming down on his face but he rolled and got away kicking Taemin’s face once again.

“You’re losing blood too!” Jimin yelled in anger and fear of actually killing another human being, but Taemin was not listening.

The alpha tried to reach out for him and Jimin had to discard his upper robe when the fox pulled on it
to bring him close. The sight of a blood lusting man like this frightened Jimin. Taemin had become a beast beyond repair.

Taemin gave Jimin a wicked grin before he turned around and ran towards Jungkook’s limp form. Jimin gasped and ran after him jumping when they were closer. Taemin saw his desperate move and managed to land a kick on his middle sending Jimin flying away.

All that went through Jimin’s head were the words Kibum had told him about what Taemin had actually done to Kai. He landed painfully against one of the walls, hitting his head and back and then falling to the ground, trying in vain to fill his lungs with much needed air.

“Let’s end it here.” Taemin said, blood dripping from his mouth. Jungkook was pretty sure both of their broken ribs had probably pierced important stuff inside them. He straddled the wolf’s middle and gasped when Jungkook’s hand closed around his long neck.

Taemin groaned and placed both of his hands on Jungkook’s forearms, his eyes blazing red and before Jungkook could remember what the guard had told him before going out into the arena he was suddenly immersed in his own memories.

“Who…” Taemin could barely speak with how strong Jungkook was clutching his throat. “Who… the fuck is Ji-Jimin?” He pushed the words out watching as Jungkook’s eyes widened.

“No!” Jungkook forced the word out of his mouth along with a bout of blood.

“Whoa…” It had been the first thing he had said when saw Jimin shifting from his fox form back into his human self. The first time he let his black eyes fall on the innocent beauty that would remain for years to come... untainted and perfect under the redness of the Red Moon festival from the Western lands.

“Why would you do that?” When he saw Jimin covering his fluffy ears; he had just been unnerved by the fact that such a beauty had to hide and what had Jimin done…?

“No one was supposed to see me like this... only Taetae.” He had said and had ruffled his hair making him smile and think that he had been blessed by touch of an angel.

He could still remember his lovely rounded face, his pouty lips and his bright silvery eyes filled with mischief and fun and all the wonders in the world and Jungkook remembered thinking the man Jimin chose to become his mate would be the luckiest man alive.

“You’re cute... what’s your name?” Jimin asked, his small hand still ruffling his dark tresses. Jungkook smiled.

“Jungkook.” He said... though why? In his memory it had been Yoongi-hyeong the one to introduce him.

“Jungkook. Who am I?” Jimin asked, his smile stretched beautifully over his plump lips and Jungkook eagerly opened his mouth to reply only to realize he didn’t know his name. “Oh... you don’t remember...”

“Who is Jimin?!” Taemin barked down at him, their eyes still locked as more tears fell from Jungkook’s eyes. The alpha fox saw his lips moving incessantly saying Jimin’s name over and over, but he knew it was done. “Who?! Who is that?! Tell me who the fuck is-!”

Taemin never broke his glare with Jungkook, not even when he traced one of his bloodied hands down his neck, to his chest only to feel the sharp edge of a knife. Then he remembered how
Jungkook had dropped his dagger on the ground when they started the fight.

Jimin stood above Taemin with tears trailing down his own cheeks; he could hear Jungkook muttering his name softly. He twisted Jungkook’s dagger through Taemin’s back and then pulled it out roughly, falling on his butt at Jungkook’s feet, watching the blood flowing like a river out of the wound.

Jungkook let out a loud gasp when Taemin finally looked away from his eyes. Jimin watched the alpha fox stand, turn around and take a few dizzying steps towards him only to fall on his front heavily right by Jimin’s side. Jimin was trembling as he saw the red glint leave the alpha’s eyes… he only remained there a second longer before throwing himself over Jungkook.

He cupped his mate’s face with wide worried eyes. Jungkook was not really looking at him… he seemed focused on the sky, with wide unfocused eyes as he continued to mutter Jimin’s name like a mantra.

The quiet mummers and hushed words of the crowd made Jimin look around until he realized no one was looking at them but at the sky… he lifted his eyes in time to see a black shadow overlapping the sun and for a moment it felt like it was afternoon and not morning.

“Please!” Jimin sobbed looking back down at Jungkook. “Stay with me.” He said weakly; he was in pain as well, but he knew nothing could compare to what Jungkook was feeling right now.

“Jimin!” Wheein called as she came running towards them and close behind were Mark and Jaejoong. The little silver fox looked at them pleadingly, voice barely heard over the amazement of the people by the weird phenomenon and what had just transpired… it belonged to a legend alright.

“Please…” He begged with eyes swimming in tears. “Get Moonbyul-noona here!” He yelled and Mark nodded once before sprinting away. Wheein crouched down next to him and Jaejoong did the same.

“The wound on his neck is the one that worries me.” Jaejoong said and frowned when he realized Jungkook was not acknowledging any of them and only muttering Jimin’s name, his whole body felt cold to the touch and he was trembling too much. “He’s losing too much blood.” Jaejoong said and ripped a piece of his own robe to press it down on Jungkook’s neck and then looked down at the mangled leg. He sighed and ripped another piece tying it around the middle of his thigh were the wound begun.

“Jungkook… stay with me.” Jimin eyes were the blues shade, but Jungkook couldn’t make out his words over his own muttering, couldn’t look at him when his eyes were blurred with tears. “Please! Please!” Jimin cried not knowing where to touch him, he was covered in blood and more was pouring out of his lips.

“This is as much as I can do.”

Had he always believed Jimin to be weak? Wasn’t he weaker if he was the one lying on the ground hearing his mate cry like that?

From the very first moment he had set his dark eyes on Jimin he had felt like goodness existed in the world, after coming from the south, mistreated and ignored by his own blood, living with his family and trying to accept the fact that they actually loved him despite having sent him there? To set eyes on someone as soft had been the highlight of his short age.

He didn’t need to explain as long as he understood it. Jimin had liked him from the very first
moment too because Jimin liked everyone just like that, he had seen the good in him and the strength but had also believed in his goodness even when Jungkook himself felt submerged in darkness.

Jimin had given him light and love and warmth and everything good, everything he felt he lacked even with the love professed by his brothers. He was lonely in the third house, but Jimin had arrived there and had pushed life into it, making his very staff feel elated to be there and not scared because he was their lord.

Jimin defied everything he was put through and always surprised everyone by coming out victorious in situations other people couldn’t deal with… Jimin was strong in his very own innocence and the very way he moved.

Jimin… chasing butterflies with little flowers and grass leaves in his silvery hair, Jimin with his eyes filled with mirth and everything fun in the world, Jimin with plump lips that knew not insults or evil, Jimin with fluffy ears that were unable to listen to foul words until it was too late. Jimin, Jimin…

Jungkook felt lucky indeed… blessed.

He had been able to meet his pups too. He had seen the product of their love and their strength and if he regretted something now it’d only be how much he’d miss them. He would’ve wanted to see them take their first steps, utter their first words… Be there to teach them things, like to chase butterflies or how to swim, feed them all the sweet stuff Jimin loved, kiss them every single night to sleep and wake them with tickles every morning. He would’ve loved to be there to see them write their first words and read their first stories, see them grow taller than Jimin until they fell in love, watch them do silly things only people in love do and chastise them for being unreasonable when he knew he had done worst.

Had he been given more time… would’ve him become a good parent? Would he had ever wronged his children like his own father did to him? What about Jimin? Would’ve they really loved each other through thick and thin no matter what?

It was hard even now to let go of old demons; the ones he had to carry all the way through his life. The ones that he seemed to remember the most now, the awful things he had done in the south, the awful things he had thought in lonely nights there when he could only think of his nasty brothers and how they had abandoned him.

There had been so much hatred inside him and he reckoned it was still there, diluted, dimmed to a simmer, he was always so easily riled, always ready to harm if needed, ready to scowl and insult… it was easier to protect himself, but at this point it seemed worthless… useless.

Letting go should be easy… it should. He was done anyway.

What was he talking about again?

…

Jimin held onto Jungkook’s hand all the time… even when other physicians arrived first than his sister and they started to work on his mate… it was so faint, the pulse, the life… his breath. He had fainted…

No matter how many times Jimin called for him, Jungkook’s eyes remained shut and he had been told it was normal because of the blood loss, but they didn’t understand how he was feeling. The mating bond was broken, his mate was broken; Jimin’s heart was broken.

He couldn’t stop the tears from falling; his chin was roughly pushed up and he found himself staring
into his sister’s eyes.

“Your nose is bleeding.” She said and then Jimin shook his head and pulled her down to tend to Jungkook’s wounds; her eyes widening at the sight. Her hands acquired a soft glow and then she was finally… finally helping Jungkook.

Jimin hated the slow way Jungkook’s muscle was sort of gluing back together and he knew there was not much she could do if there were things missing, like chunks of flesh and the blood.

Moonbyul knew she wouldn’t be able to heal him completely; even if she were to have endless energy to do this, Jungkook was missing a bit too much to have a normal-looking body again. She couldn’t create muscle and skin or blood out of nowhere, she could only heal what was there… what existed.

She started with the wound near his neck because it was the most critical one, but her magic let her know that some of his organs were in dire need of attention too, so as soon as she was done with the shoulder she moved to his torso… a deep frown on her eyebrows as she tried to be gentle and quick when she pulled first the ribs to their original position.

Jimin gasped at the movement inside Jungkook’s torso; it was a horrible sight, his bruised abdomen didn’t portray good news and Jimin decidedly looked back on his mate’s impassive face. It was a good thing he had lost consciousness, though not a reassuring one.

Moonbyul was already tired and weakening when she finished healing his ribs; Seunghyun that had been walking around the arena to sort his own thoughts had come back and had first knelt behind Jimin. The omega tensing until he felt a soft click and then his collar was removed.

“It was the right one.” Seunghyun said as he threw the collar aside and then moved to Moonbyul’s side. Jimin stared at him a long moment conveying his thanks.

Healing Jungkook was a process that needed to be done carefully and slowly, but she also knew Jungkook was steadily losing blood through the gaping gash on his leg. She wiped her forehead and focused harder on his organs… finding the internal bleedings and healing them fast. She swayed a bit before finally getting up and it was Seunghyun the one that steadied her.

“Don’t push too hard.” He said deeply and she nodded, but one look at how Jimin was rocking back and forth while holding onto Jungkook’s hand made her cave in.

“Just a bit more.” She said and crouched again by Jungkook’s leg, seeing the mess of ripped flesh, she could see the bone and the blood pouring onto the sand.

She placed her glowing hands over the appendage and willed herself to do this one last bit; she knew Jungkook was strong, but this was too much. What kind of devil had been Taemin? She lifted her eyes to see as some of the physicians moved Taemin’s body, probably to be buried… no one would really care.

“The bleeding has been stopped.” Another physician remarked with a relieved smile and Moonbyul felt happy, she pushed a bit further now that he knew she had done everything she could and her world faded to black.

“Noona!”
When she woke up, it was to silence. Her senses adjusted to reality before her eyes finally opened to
realize she was in a bedroom and by the look of the canopy above her head, it was one in the palace.
She groaned and tried to push herself up when she felt warm hands helping her.

Moonbyul didn’t have to look to know it was Seunghyun; his scent had become familiar against her
own will. She sighed when she was finally seated and then turned to look at him.

“How is everyone?” She asked noticing he was crouching beside the bed and not sitting on the edge;
he gave her a nod.

“Jimin was treated by one of the physicians and Jungkook was moved to a bedroom to rest. He is
stable, but unconscious. Jimin is with him and the pups.” Seunghyun explained and then sighed.
“Taemin was buried during the night with his family as per Jimin’s request. Many people wanted to
throw his body in the sea.” He said and Moonbyul sighed. “You were out for a day.” He finally said.

“Have you been here this whole time?” She asked not meeting his eyes, but feeling stupid for asking;
she grimaced at her own stupidity and felt a blush going up her neck and face.

“Yes. I asked Baekhyun to be with you, but he… He said he’d kill me if I asked anyone else to stay
with you, so… here I am.” Seunghyun said unsure if that was the answer she wanted to hear, but it
was the truth anyway. “Are you thirsty or hungry?” He asked and she shook her head, swinging her
legs to the side, ready to get up and go check on her brother.

Seunghyun stood up and watched as she swayed, he grasped her forearm to prevent her from falling
and she plopped back down on the mattress.

“I am not feeling too well…” She said after a moment, trying to make her world still and stop
spinning.

“I can see that. Let’s stay here a bit longer, eat something and regain your strength so that you won’t
make your brother worry.” He said and Moonbyul knew he was right; she nodded and let him help
her back down to bed. “I told Baekhyun to come and tell me if something happened. Don’t worry.”
Seunghyun added.

“I guess we will worry when Jungkook wakes up.” She muttered softly and Seunghyun stared at her
before giving a worried nod.

“Until then… just rest.”

…

Jimin grimaced at the pain when the physician put new bandages around his torso, checking his ribs,
making sure he was healing just fine. It had been barely two days since the fight and Jimin was not
really up for visits or speaking, but he also didn’t want his sister to spend more of her energy on
healing him when he could heal on his own.

“Forgive me, your highness.” The physician said and Jimin hummed and shook his head to let the old man know he was fine; in all honesty this was nothing compared to what Taemin had put him through. “I must remind you to eat your meals so that you can produce enough milk to feed your pups.” He added and Jimin sighed with a nod.

It was hard to eat when you weren’t hungry, when sadness had a fierce grip in your chest preventing you from feeling much for yourself. Jimin could only think about Jungkook and how banged up he was. He felt deeply guilty for what had happened to his mate and he knew what no one was daring to speak about. He had been there the moment it happened after all… he had stuck a dagger through Taemin’s heart while the fox was attacking his mate.

He shook his head trying to disperse the thoughts; he didn’t have time to worry about what had happened. He could only worry about what was happening now… his pups and his mate’s state.

The doors to his bedchambers opened and he turned to look at Jaejoong; the old fox had been the kindest; he had accepted to become Jimin’s advisor under the statement that Jimin knew nothing about ruling a country. Jaejoong was wise and knew how things worked around here. Jimin’s first decree as a king had been that all wolves would be freed of their collars and no one would ever be a slave again. Foxes had been surprised, but no one had objected.

Not that Jimin would know. He hadn’t stepped out of the palace once; he had done everything through Jaejoong and he knew people accepted such a thing just because they had seen the fight and knew how badly wounded they had ended up. They were kind enough to be patient and wait for Jimin to heal his physical wounds to finally step out and talk to them personally.

Jaejoong had said that the coronation would actually happen soon too, but that they wanted him to be completely healed before then, but Jimin knew the outer wounds were not the deepest ones. Jungkook hadn’t woken up yet and even if he did… they didn’t know the depth of… of the damage.

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath just as the physician finished tying the bandages; he lowered his arms and turned to face Jaejoong with a questioning gaze.

“We got word that the second prince of the mainland is in Jiyong’s ship right now. They are on his way here. They should be here tomorrow morning.” Jaejoong said and Jimin blinked a few times. His brain slowly processed what the old fox had said until he couldn’t help a small and forlorn smile.

“That’s good… Yoongi-hyeong loves Jungkook-ah.” He said softly, happy that the cold man was coming. “It will be good for Jungkook-ah too.” He said as he pulled his robe over his shoulders and then proceeded to tie the sash around his waist.

“He is coming with some guards too, but that is all I was told.” Jaejoong said and Jimin nodded softly. “Make sure to sleep soon; it is quite late as it is.” He said and Jimin sighed, but nodded.

“I will feed Haneullie and Jiseokkie and then go to sleep.” He said and the old fox watched him go to the adjacent room. Jimin’s bedchambers were connected to the one Jungkook was sleeping in.

The alpha wolf had been placed there in thought that maybe he’d rest better if he was alone, but Jimin had decided it’d be best if they all slept together in the same bed; he believed the pups’ energy was good for the wounded alpha and no one would convince him otherwise.

He entered while holding the candle and approached the crib in which the pups were babbling and playing with some rattles Jaejoong had found for them. He loved the fact that his pups would never
be alone, they would forever have each other and they seemed so close and fond of themselves. He smiled down at them and they looked up at him with small smiles.

Haneul dropped the rattle and actually giggled. It was still amazing. Jimin had been told that in the early stages of their lives, fox’s pups grew faster too, but his pups were like geniuses for him. He reached for the little black fox, cradled him against his chest and kissed his little head before pushing his robe to the side and letting him find his nipple to feed.

While he fed him he reached down and played with the rattle; Jiseok was usually impatient, but right now he was simply staring up at Jimin in awe… Jimin smiled, he was completely enamored with his sons.

Moonbyul had said that it wouldn’t really matter if he slept or not with Jungkook, but Jimin thought she only wanted him to sleep all night for a change, but how could he make her understand that he wouldn’t be able to sleep if Jungkook and the pups were not by his side?

He would place Haneul and Jiseok between their bodies to keep them as warm as possible, he would play with Jungkook’s dark hair and pointy ears until he fell asleep, restless and worried and brief… he would always wake up in a sweat, looking around frantically, trying to spot Taemin in the darkened corners of the room.

He would silently cry… letting his tears run down his cheeks, feeling weak because he was scared of a ghost… of a dead man. Scared because Jungkook was not there to chase his fears away.

Sometimes he would wake up trembling, gasping for breath with his hands covered in blood… Taemin’s blood and sometimes it was too much to bear. Sometimes Jungkook died in the arena and he woke up crying… but his voice was not there. It was as if his body knew there was no point on being loud when the only one that could help couldn’t hear.

It hadn’t been long, but sleeping was the most he was appointed to do; they were facing some major shift in their lives and Jimin was okay with spending his days in the bed with his family. He only said yes or no to what Jaejoong asked of him regarding some important stuff from town and its people.

He knew he’d have to overcome his own fears and the situation at hand at some point because he was now king of the eastern island and people were expecting him to be there… In his plans… in his head… Jungkook was by his side, though.

He was mindful to eat enough so that he could feed his pups, but even doing that seemed to tire him out so much. Taemin was dead. He repeated it often in his head and sometimes it was not that comforting anyway. His nightmares were slowly consuming him.

Haneul fell asleep soon against his chest and Jimin walked over to the bed placing the small sleeping fox by Jungkook’s ribs. The little boy snuggling close to his father, Jimin smiled and then walked back to the crib. Jiseok; the silver wolf was still too serious. Jimin wondered if maybe he could feel his own instability and the worry that coursed through his veins. His bond with his mate was physically broken and it hurt, but Moonbyul had told him that it would be more painful for Jungkook once he woke up.

He fed Jiseok while rocking him softly and staring into the silvery eyes of his son until the pup couldn’t keep awake no more and fell asleep. Jimin walked back to the bed and climbed on his side of the bed, placing him down next to his brother and making sure they were both tucked in and warm.

He leaned over and placed a kiss on Jungkook’s lips before kissing each of the pups’ little heads
before curling on his side, his arm secured over his sons… that night he was probably more tired than usual since he fell asleep rather fast.

…

He tried to convince himself that what he was feeling was not fear, because it would be really pointless of him to be scared of meeting Jimin again after so long, but the more he tried the more nervous he became. He hadn’t been forced to think so much about this situation before and now he was staring at the eastern island’s coast.

It had probably been a decision made simply on impulse when Suho had said that Taemin was dead. The whole float of ships had celebrated that vary same day. The day they saw the moon shadow the sun and the ominous feeling had made Yoongi feel like something was amiss. He hadn’t known what until Suho had placed a comforting hand on his shoulder and had said the words that made Yoongi’s decision come to life without doubt.

“Your brother fought well.”

When everyone danced and celebrated the fox king’s death, Yoongi closed himself in his tent and wrote a letter that would probably arrive a bit too late to his older brother; there wasn’t much that he could say. He was going to leave the mainland in Jiyong’s ship to go and retrieve their little brother, make sure everyone was okay, bring Mark back too and possibly set a date for a formal meeting between both governments.

Ages of war were over… now there was peace.

When Yoongi said he was coming to the islands he had not really thought about Jimin or the prospect of meeting him again it had been far too back in his head. The only thing present was Jungkook’s health, but Suho had refused to say much, had only explained Jungkook was alive.

It didn’t comfort Yoongi.

Another thing he hadn’t foreseen was that Taehyung and Hoseok would learn of his plans to leave and Hoseok had been kind enough to travel in another ship, leaving Taehyung with Yoongi. He was not pleased either way, but maybe he could face the old ghosts of his past better with the alpha by his side.

“I am sure he is okay.” Taehyung said watching as the wild air of the coast blew on Yoongi’s white hair, his pale skin was not made for this sun, but he had endured worst than a bit of sun. “I’ve seen him fight a couple of times before.” Taehyung added and finally Yoongi sighed and turned to him.

“I will meet Jimin again too. It’s been so long.” He said and saw as the alpha tensed.

“Oh.” Taehyung had not thought about it either. His appointed mate was going to meet with his first love and… “It’s going to be weird. I know. I went through the same, but… in the end you will only remember Jimin is a good person and… he won’t make it hard for you Yoongi.” Taehyung said.

“He never made it hard for me. I made it hard for both of us…” Yoongi returned his blue eyes to the coast, finally people approaching and waving at them. “What will it be like to stare at his face again? The last time I did, he cried.” His voice was soft and Taehyung had learned to worry when Yoongi was anything but rough.

“We are ready to touch land.” Jiyong announced to them. Both wolves turned to look at him; he was wearing his formal uniform and Yoongi couldn’t help but frown at him, the fox smirked and opened his arms to show off. “The new king will receive you in his palace.” He said and Yoongi swallowed
thickly. “We missed a few things in the three days it took us to get here.” Jiyong said and then bowed. “Please be ready to leave soon, your highness.”

Taehyung frowned and watched him go; he had a problem with any other alpha that talked to Yoongi, but Jiyong also was a fox and in his eyes that put him in another level. He knew he had to control himself because in the end Yoongi felt the same when Hoseok was near and it hadn’t made him happy to travel only with Yoongi, but it had served for them to at least share the same bed again… even if Yoongi slept keeping a reasonable space between them and with his back turned to Taehyung.

“Let’s go…” Taehyung said and reached to take Yoongi’s hand, but the elder ignored the gesture and walked the way Jiyong had left, Taehyung sighed.

…

Yoongi liked the island. The streets were filled with people going one way or another and there were few wolves mixed there too, everyone seemed busy and everyone had a smile on their faces. So many foxes in one place…

The carriage that was taking them to the palace was a rather big one that fitted them comfortably, Jiyong and Suho, Taehyung, Sehun, Hoseok and Yoongi.

It was obvious that Yoongi would end up observing everything… Jiyong had a small frown too as he too watched out the window and when he noticed Yoongi’s eyes on him he gave a fleeting smirk.

“Just surprised.” Jiyong said and the rest of the wolves turned to look at him with a few blinks. “Of course you all wouldn’t know, but… when I left the island every wolf here was wearing a collar around their necks. Foxes had always been hard working people, but I feel like…” Jiyong trailed off not really knowing what he wanted to say.

“Lifted spirits. It feels… relaxed.” Suho supplied and Jiyong nodded.

“Foxes were used to the abuse of power, used to never standing against what Taemin wanted, always scared of when the king would take a trek down the street to see if something caught his eye; from silks, fruits and jewels… to people.” He explained.

“It feels like no one is quite expecting that anymore.” Suho nodded as he too watched outside the small window.

Yoongi didn’t say anything and returned his cold eyes to the window. Of course that wouldn’t happen anymore, Jimin was not the kind of person to simply take a walk to see what he could take from other people. Jimin was too good even for these people.

“Is that the palace?” Sehun pointed with wide eyes and everyone rushed to the windows to see what he meant. Yoongi turned his head a bit more and sure enough he saw the golden like structure raised on a hill. He saw the big statues of two wolves; a silver one and the other golden, but he also noticed the golden one was being worked on.

“That is the king’s palace.” Jiyong nodded.

They all saw as the guards rushed to open the gates for their carriage and Yoongi swallowed thickly. He almost felt a bit faint and when he felt Taehyung’s big hand engulfing his he felt a surge of comfort, but he was quick to shake it away.

The carriage stopped at the entrance, wide and worked in golden shades with other bright colors,
oranges and bright blues; the door was suddenly opened by a fox guard. Jiyong was the first to step down and then they all did, leaving Yoongi at the last.

“Come on… it’ll be fine. I am here.” Taehyung said reaching a hand, but not touching him and Yoongi locked his eyes on Taehyung’s for a long moment before accepting the offered hand.

Taehyung stepped down first and then helped the prince out, when Yoongi was brushing past Taehyung and they were close enough, the beta whispered a plea.

“Stay close.”

Taehyung blinked in surprise and then hummed in agreement. They stood in a wide entryway until two omegas walked out in quite the skimpy outfit, though most of them guessed it was normal what with the hot weather and then all of their eyes widened when they saw a silver fox approaching with a small smile, his clothes a bit less revealing.

“Refreshments for our guests and captains.” The silver fox said and Jiyong scoffed.

“Are you the new king’s advisor, old man?” He questioned accepting the cup one of the omegas had offered.

“I am. Thank you for bringing our guests all the way here.” The man said and then turned his silvery eyes to Yoongi. “My name is Jaejoong and I will be your guide for the time you stay here.” He said and Yoongi gave a brief nod.

“Thank you.” Yoongi shortly replied.

“Very well…” Jaejoong said and then turned his eyes to Jiyong and gave him a nod; both alpha foxes bowed and then left. “The king will see you now, please follow me.”

They were all guided through long corridors with bright decorations, all in the same gold themed nature. Yoongi liked how the light seemed to filter in through the tall openings everywhere, air flowing freely, but no inner gardens and he was painfully reminded of Jimin playing in the gardens in the second house.

They spotted two guards standing before tall double doors, both of them saluting as soon as Jaejoong was in front of them. The old fox bowed slightly and then Yoongi watched the guards open the doors.

“This is the waiting room for your guards.” Jaejoong informed Yoongi and the prince nodded once gesturing to Sehun to take a seat in one of the many comfy looking chairs, there was enough food and beverages for ten men. Hoseok didn’t say anything as he stepped inside as well.

“Taehyung will come with me. He is Jimin’s best friend from childhood.” He explained and Jaejoong nodded with a surprised smile.

“That’s good. Let’s hope it will lift his spirits to see both of you.” Jaejoong said stepping out of the room, letting both guards close the doors and then walking them down the long corridor.

As they made their way down the hall Yoongi couldn’t help but wonder the kind of man Jimin had become through the years, had he gone through too much, had he changed a lot?

“Is he okay?” Taehyung questioned with a deep worried frown and the alpha fox turned to look at him over his shoulder.
“As good as he can do… We knew this would be hard, but I guess he’s gone through a lot already and now he has the pups to worry about.” Jaejoong said and Taehyung lowered his eyes as he considered the words. “He is quite strong and we know Jungkook-ssi’s condition is affecting him, but he doesn’t give up.” Jaejoong explained.

“How is my brother?” Yoongi decided to ask and Jaejoong sighed heavily.

“He is alive and recovering. He has yet to wake up, but the physicians and Moonbyul-ssi did everything they could.” Jaejoong said. “We are here.” Jaejoong said as they stood a large door. He knocked a few times before they heard Jimin’s soft voice calling them in.

Jaejoong peeked inside and smiled when he saw the young and new king writing a letter on his desk. Jimin was starting to pick on many chores. The pups were there too in a small crib babbling and making soft noises as they played with each other.

“I brought the guests.” Jaejoong said and Jimin snapped his head around with wide eyes, he stood up and smiled when he saw Taehyung entering and his smile dimmed a bit when he saw Yoongi following.

“Oh heavens!” Taehyung exclaimed as he rushed over and leaned over the crib. Jimin was momentarily distracted from the pale prince by the door and smiled at his friend as he approached the crib too. “You have beautiful pups, Jiminnie…” Taehyung said and then turned to him and pulled him into a crushing hug.

Jemin returned it weakly. Having Taehyung by his side again was making him feel like he could break down for a bit… for a while… but he still clung to his strength and after a long moment he pulled away from his embrace.

“They are Haneul and Jiseok.” He said softly as Taehyung cooed over the pups and then he turned to look at Yoongi. The wolf was standing rather far from them, simply looking at their interaction. Jimin hesitated a moment before finally speaking to him.

“You look… good, hyeong.” Jimin said softly and tried a small smile; Yoongi only nodded, his blue eyes trained on Jimin’s shoulder, unwilling to actually meet his eyes. “You probably want to see, Jungkook-ah.” Jimin said with a grimace; it was just awkward… not painful, simply odd.

“We have many things to talk about. I was told about his condition anyway, so I will see him after we talk.” He said sounding professional, but finally taking a few steps in their direction and Jimin’s ears perked, his tail swaying form side to side, thrilled that maybe he wanted to meet his pups… pride blooming in his chest as Yoongi came to stand next to Taehyung and leaned over the crib looking a bit too haughty for the pups’ understanding.

“Can I hold them?” Taehyung asked Jimin with eyes way too wide and the fox nodded with an amused smile.

“Don’t… I don’t trust you with my nephews.” Yoongi stopped him and Jimin beamed at the prince before leaning in to pick the black fox and push it in Yoongi’s direction.

Jemin was elated when he finally met Yoongi’s eyes and it was like an unspoken truce… a truce with their past, a conclusion that Yoongi accepted as he reached for the little pup, his big hands wrapping around the small torso while the little thing looked up at him with eyes too big to be Jimin’s… but they had the same silvery color.

“I’ll hold Jiseokkie then.” Taehyung said as he leaned down and picked the wolf pup that
immediately giggled and Taehyung almost melted.

Yoongi took a deep breath when the little fox smiled at him and finally held him closer against his chest. A sudden thought crossed his mind and he felt too comfortable not to voice it…

“You know betas cannot get pregnant, right?” He mumbled while he stared down at the pup’s eyes and Jimin blinked a few times as he turned to look at Taehyung, but the alpha only shrugged.

“There are many pups that have no family in the mainland.” He said and Jimin looked at Yoongi; the beta gave a small almost imperceptible smile and he couldn’t help the smile that overtook his face.

He was happy… he had finally met Yoongi again and he seemed happy. He and Taehyung looked to be okay or at least they looked like they’d be okay.

Yoongi would’ve never thought things would’ve gone this way, but he was rather pleased with the situation. It could’ve been worst… but here he was holding his nephew, cooing over how much he looked like Jungkook when he was a baby, only a different species and with silvery eyes.

“Jiseok and Haneul…” He muttered softly and after a long sigh he handed the bay back to Jimin. The fox seemed so comfortable with his arms filled with the pup and Yoongi felt happy… Jimin was fine.

“I was actually writing a letter for you…” Jimin explained and Yoongi perked at that. “Since you were named regent king in the mainland after Jungkook left. I guess it was only right and I will need to know the name of the person ruling the north in you absence so that I can…” Jimin seemed uncomfortable and Yoongi smiled as he walked to the nearest chair and sat.

Jaejoong sat as well and so did Taehyung still holding the baby, Jimin followed after a moment and once they were all sitting.

“My father thought it’d be good if each of his sons could rule one side of the mainland.” Yoongi said and watched the pain cross Jimin’s eyes. “Seokjin in the east and by addition the west, I would rule the north and Jungkook the south.”

“Makes sense.” Jaejoong nodded and sighed, because he knew how much it pained Jimin Seokjin’s death. “I guess things are more difficult now that one of you… is…”

“Seokjin is alive.” Yoongi said and Jimin snapped his head up, locking his eyes with Yoongi’s. “Yes. I was surprised too, but I also believed Seokjin to be smarter than to die in a fire at the hand of an enemy he had already measured.” Yoongi sighed. “He was saved by an old acquaintance and taken to the southern island to tend his wounds.” Yoongi said slowly watching as Jimin’s eyes filled with tears.

“Is this… true?” He almost sobbed as he turned his eyes to Taehyung; the alpha gave him a nod with a kind smile while he bounced Jiseok in his arm. “Is he…” He swallowed as he looked at Yoongi.

“He was wounded. He could be better, but he is alive and… these days it seems that’s the only comfort we can expect. He returned not too long ago and he was well received. The south disappeared as it was and has now merged with the capital…” Yoongi said slowly drumming his fingers over the table. “The western lands are doing fine and since hyeong returned the omegas are slowly returning to the capital. Seokjin will rule the capital. I will rule north.” Yoongi said and Jimin blinked a few times.

“Jungkook-ah…” He said softly not knowing what he wanted to say.
“I got a letter from Seokjin while I was in the ship.” Yoongi pulled out a few parchments rolled and then handed them to Jaejoong. “I think it will make more sense for someone that was born and raised here.” He said.

Jaejoong opened the parchments and read through it quickly. Jimin leaned over to check the contents and only made out a few sentences, it was like a story or poetry. He was not too sure of what it was, but Jaejoong seemed perplexed.

“Well... It makes sense...” He murmured and then handed Jimin the letter written by Seokjin. The fox pulled it with his free hand and his tears fell when he recognized the calligraphy of the man that had taught him how to read and write. “I am just curious... Who figured this out?” He questioned and Yoongi looked at him.

“Jimin’s mother. Sohyang-ssi.” He said and Jaejoong nodded with a smile.

“Then it is legitimate. Only a silver fox could’ve done this.” Jaejoong said and turned to look down at Jimin.

“We will have to wait until Jungkook wakes up.” Jimin said rather serious as he placed the letter back on the table and then took a deep breath. “I will have Luhan-ssi and Wheein-ssi show you to your rooms. Your other guards are welcome to stay here too, they are free to roam the city too…” Jimin stood. “Do you want to see Jungkook-ah?” He asked and Yoongi blinked a few times in surprise because suddenly Jimin was like another person.

“Yes, please.” He said.

“Can I bring Jiseok?” Taehyung questioned and that brought a smile to Jimin’s face as he nodded and then guided them through another door.

It was not too far and Yoongi guessed it had to be that way because Jimin was probably sick with worry, probably checking on his mate often and never wanting to be far for long periods of time. Jaejoong was the one to push open the door and they all filed inside.

Yoongi’s eyes immediately fell on the body resting on the big bed with the light of the morning sun filtering from the window behind. He approached slowly. They had probably cleaned the scarring wounds since he was only wearing short pants that left on display the mauled skin of his leg and shoulder.

Jungkook looked nothing like he was supposed to. He was too pale and was beginning to thin. Yoongi leaned over a bit with a slight as he checked the good shoulder and then turned to look at Jimin.

“Does it hurt?” He asked and Jimin nodded slowly. Taehyung frowned, Yoongi noticed and sighed. “Taemin ripped the mating mark off him. It will cause both mates pain, but... Jungkook will feel worst since he was the one to lose it.” Yoongi explained and Taehyung eyed Jimin with worry.

Yoongi turned to look again at his younger brother. He shook his head because this was bad... even if Jungkook survived there were too many things that would never be the same. He sighed heavily...

“What about his wounds...? Is going to have trouble?” Jaejoong was the one to step close to answer.

“Moonbyul-ssi healed him on the spot, but she cannot heal what is not there to heal. Taemin bit off chunks of his muscles; therefore he is going to have trouble with mobility. We will have to wait for him to wake up to check the extent of the damage... Moonbyul-ssi said she tried her best to repair the nerves, so maybe he will be able to move his fingers, wrist and elbow, but the movement in his
shoulder is going to be limited. With his leg is the same…” Jaejoong explained.

Taehyung was speechless… Never in a thousand years he would’ve thought the great and almighty alpha, Jeon Jungkook would be reduced to this state. It was surreal to see the huge alpha lying motionless in a bed, wounded and with an uncertain future before him.

Jimin bit down on his lower lip. He just hated when they reminded him that Jungkook’s life wouldn’t ever be the same thanks to him… because he lacked strength and had insisted on fighting Taemin. He was at fault and no one would make him feel otherwise. He averted his gaze from the sight in front of him.

“I will stay until he wakes up, if that’s okay with you.” Yoongi turned to look at Jimin and the fox nodded, but didn’t meet his eyes. “Everything will be okay, Jimin…”

…

That very same day during dinner, Yoongi properly met Jimin’s sister and the other people that had helped them through the whole thing in the islands. Mark actually shed a few tears when he was told about Seokjin’s death being a lie.

They all ate and shared the information they could…

Politically speaking Jimin understood this was good. Everyone was getting along which would strengthen the bonds between both countries and it’d be a good example for the foxes that were still wary of wolves. Everything seemed to looking up… everything but his own life.

He was pleased… of course he was, but even in these moments of company he felt he only had Haneul and Jiseok. Without Jungkook there the hole in his chest only felt bigger and the urge to run back to the bedroom and lie down with his family was too big, but he would push it back for the sake of at least having a mildly good time with everyone.

When they had all separated to go to sleep and Moonbyul had done a last check up on his ribs, Jimin was left alone once again with the weight of Jungkook’s state on his shoulders. With sleep eluding him he resorted to light a candle and read a book… one of the romantic stories he had found in the palace’s library before.

He sat down in a comfy chair and he didn’t realize the moment his eyes drifted from the pages to his mate. The pups were breathing softly next to Jungkook’s form. He furiously wiped a stray tear and closed the book placing it on his lap, but he didn’t move… he simply kept staring ahead.

“Why aren’t you sleeping?”

Jimin snapped his head around and was surprised to see Yoongi there; the beta was leaning on the doorframe with his arms crossed over his chest. How long had he been there?

“I… I can’t sleep.” Jimin acknowledged softly, a whisper. Yoongi looked at Jungkook and sighed.

“Jaejoong told me about Taemin and the reason you’re so scared of Jungkook waking up.” Yoongi said and Jimin blinked.

“I am not afraid of him waking up. I am scared he won’t-”

“You’re scared he won’t remember you.” Yoongi said over his words and watched the silvery eyes filling with tears. “I warned Jungkook, but people still do stupid things for love.” Yoongi sighed.
“It wouldn’t have happened if I hadn’t said I wanted to reclaim the throne.” Jimin said and tears finally fell down his cheeks.

“Taemin would’ve still hunted you two down and Jungkook would’ve fought him anyway.” Yoongi said. “I heard you saved his life.” Yoongi said and Jimin looked utterly confused at the elder. “You killed Taemin.”

“That’s not-”

“That’s what happened.” Yoongi cut him short again. “You can say whatever you want, but I still would like to thank you for saving my brother’s life.” He said and Jimin lowered his gaze to the book on his lap. “I am happy he met you.” Yoongi said slowly.

Jimin looked back at him again and saw the peaceful face of the other. It was a bit weird to talk like this to Yoongi. To remember the last time they had been together and not flinch because it was in the past and Jimin was happy with what happened after that even if it had been hard at first.

“I am happy I met him.” Jimin said and Yoongi nodded. “I am happy I met you.” Jimin added and Yoongi looked at him. “I am happy I met Seokjin-hyeong. I am happy I loved you… I do not regret it, hyeong.” Jimin said and Yoongi hesitated a moment before nodding again. “Everything that led me to Jungkook and the love we share… it all happened for a reason and I would never regret taking those decisions.” Yoongi snorted softly.

“You sound a lot like your mother.” He said and Jimin frowned a bit. “In any case, Jimin… Whatever happens with Jungkook, you have my support… There’s no better place for him than by your side.” Yoongi said and Jimin felt his lips tugging up in a smile.

“Thank you, hyeong.”

“Now go to sleep. A king needs to sleep to function properly.” He said almost as if chastising the other; Jimin placed the book on the table and nodded as he stood up. “Goodnight.” Yoongi said.

“Goodnight, hyeong.” Jimin called and as soon as Yoongi was out he walked to the bed and curled on the pups’ other side a warm feeling welling up in his chest.

Yoongi was right… they had gone through so much already and he couldn’t help but let the hope fill him up, because it was what he always did: hope for the best and try his hardest. He and Jungkook would be alright.

...

The next morning, Jimin went around his chores as he usually did. He got up early with the sun and bathed, then fed the pups and bathed them as well. He would let the physician check on his wounds and then Jungkook’s, then he would wash his mate’s body with a wet cloth. He would take the pups to the gardens; this time Taehyung tagged along and so did Hoseok.

Jimin learned how they were trying to convince Yoongi of giving their situation a chance, but even to Jimin’s ears it sounded impossible to think the pale prince would give such a thing a chance. Jimin knew Yoongi to be possessive and authoritative. It was not likely to happen, but he wished them luck.

Then they had breakfast all together and then he excused himself to the office adjacent to Jungkook’s room.

He was writing letters to the other kings and rulers of near lands… He needed to meet with Chanyeol
It was a bit saddening to him to think that Taemin was lonely to the very end; he knew Jungkook would chastise him for even thinking that way about a man that had hurt them so badly, but in the end Jimin couldn’t help but wonder if maybe he’d meet Kai beyond or if he was condemned to an afterlife of solitude.

He sighed as he stood up to retrieve a book from the shelf; Jaejoong had told him that most of their history was there; he had been thoughtful enough to collect the most important books from the library and put them in Jimin’s office so that Jimin could study the history of their culture.

“Where is it…?” He mumbled running his fingers over the backs of the books a slight frown on his forehead.

“Jimin…”

Jimin snapped around with wide eyes, his breath hitching at the recognition of the voice… his whole body trembling when he saw Jungkook standing at the threshold of the door. He was clearly in pain, tears trailing down his cheeks and his whole weight on his good leg.

“Jungkook…” Jimin whispered before he walked in fast strides, he would’ve jumped him, but he was scared to hurt him more than he already was. He stopped a foot away from him and then closed the distance, wounding his arms slowly around his torso and letting his small nose bury between his pectorals. “You’re awake…” He sobbed feeling his own tears forming and falling.

Jimin felt a hand on his shoulder, pushing him slightly and he immediately thought he was hurting the alpha, he pulled away and looked up; Jungkook was frowning down at him.

“Are you Jimin?” He asked and Jimin blinked in confusion and nodded once. “Who are you?” Jungkook asked again and Jimin felt his chest breaking into tiny little pieces as the confused look on his mate’s eyes finally made sense. “Why? Why can I only remember your name? Why is it blaring inside my mind?” He was getting worked up, his voice getting louder and his breathing turning ragged. “Why am I hurting so much? What happened? What did you do to me?” Jungkook continued firing questions.

Jimin didn’t know what to say or do… he took a step back, not wanting to believe this was actually happening. His worst fear had come true.

He didn’t realize the moment he backed so far away from Jungkook that his back came in contact with the other door. He felt cold inside, he felt void and a terrible fear that made his heart constrict so much he felt like dying.

He placed his hand on the latch to open the door, never taking his eyes off the man holding himself against the threshold. Jungkook was now staring at him in confusion as to why he was backing away. Jimin pushed the door on his back open and walked into the hall.

“Jimin! Do you want to show us around the city?” Taehyung called unaware of what was going on, but Yoongi that was by his side immediately noticed the look and the paleness of Jimin’s face.

“What’s wrong?” The prince asked as he walked forward, but when he was about to place a hand on Jimin’s shoulder the fox gasped loudly and sprinted down the hall in a blur of turquoise robes.

“Jimin!” Taehyung called making to follow, but Yoongi grabbed his arm to stop him when he saw
what had made Jimin look like that. Taehyung too looked back inside the room only to see Jungkook’s form by the door.

“You’re up.” Yoongi said calmly as he walked inside. “Go get Moonbyul-ssi.” He told Taehyung in a small whisper and Taehyung nodded after a moment of hesitance and then ran away too.

Jungkook stared at him for a long moment with a deep frown. He felt a sharp pain go through his head and then he shook it to clear his thoughts. Memories playing inside his head in disarray and he felt frustrated, but after a moment he understood.

“You are my brother.” He said slowly. Yoongi walked slowly, almost afraid of him and he knew already why Jimin had looked so terrified; he stood by the crib in the office, the pups were asleep. “But… this is… this is not our home.” Jungkook looked around. “Where are we and what happened to me?” He asked feeling angrier by the second.

“Calm down. Many things happened in the last week to you, but you need to calm down.” Yoongi said with a passive tone; he saw the struggle Jungkook had to simply stand and felt relieved that at least if he went rogue he would be able to escape. “Do you not remember anything?” He asked and Jungkook looked around.

“I… Why is it so confusing?” He questioned and brought a hand up to wipe his tears. “Why does it hurt so fucking much?!” He bellowed so loud the pups startled and started to sob. His eyes widened, focused on the ground… His head started to spin and he felt like a thousand pinpricks were being pushed through his skull.

He felt to his knees and the pain on his wounded leg made him scream. It was at that moment that Jaejoong, Seunghyun and Moonbyul stepped through the door. She went to his side and cupped his face making him look at her.

“Calm down… Where are you hurting?” She asked, but his eyes were unfocused. He could only hear the pups crying in his head and Jimin’s name kept on blaring, his own voice saying it like a mantra and then another voice asking him who was Jimin.

“I… I don’t know!” He yelled loudly; more tears streaming down his face, his hands shooting up and clapping her arms. “I don’t know! I don’t know! I don’t remember him! Who is Jimin?!” He cried and cried and it was Seunghyun the one that pulled Moonbyul away from him and then pulled him off the floor, helping him getting on the bed again.

“Shut up. You’ll be okay.” Seunghyun said making sure his wounded leg was up, he noticed a part of healing scar was bleeding and he motioned Moonbyul to it with a grimace.

“It hurts… It hurts, it hurts…” He sobbed trying to control his breathing, but he was hyperventilating. “Why are they crying? Why are they crying?” He clased Seunghyun collar and pulled him roughly so he could glare into his eyes.

“So you remember them?” Seunghyun asked angry at being manhandled. Moonbyul shook her head.

“No. Don’t say any-“

“You remember your pups, but you can’t remember your fucking mate?” Seunghyun asked and watched the confusion painting the other’s face.

“Mate?” Jungkook continued to mouth the word, his whole body trembling, sweat breaking on his cold skin while Moonbyul worked on his wounded leg. “I have a mate? I have pups? No…” More tears. “Why are you lying? Is because of what I did? Is it because of what I did to your father’s mate?
What did you do to me?” Jungkook asked through gritted teeth.

Seunghyun frowned… Could it be Jungkook didn’t remember how they had come to meet each other again after the whole thing at the south?

“Yah, look at me.” Seunghyun said. “Do you know this woman?” He pointed towards Moonbyul and Jungkook slowly moved his eyes towards the woman; he frowned and wracked his brain because she did look familiar.

“I know her… but I… I can’t remember from where.” Jungkook felt something trickle over his upper lip and then she was over him with wide worried eyes.

“You need to calm down… Relax…” She tried, but he was trembling and blood kept on trickling form his nose.

“Shit, what do I do?” Seunghyun said as he dabbed at the blood with the sleeve of his shirt. He was suddenly pushed aside and so was Moonbyul; Jungkook’s eyes widened when he saw Jimin again hovering over him; his eyes blazing blue, swollen with tears and his nose red.

“Calm down.” Jimin said in a soft whisper and Jungkook felt his muscles twitch before they released the tension; it was painful and then he felt his breathing slowing down. He stared dazedly at Jimin’s eyes wondering what had just happened. “Everything will be okay… just calm down...” Jimin smiled and Jungkook felt sleep taking him down.
Jungkook was not stupid and he definitely knew what Jimin was going through but he couldn’t relate to him. He had been told that they were mates, but still didn’t feel real… he had not forgotten anyone else but him and the pups.

It was hard at first. Remembering everyone came in messy waves, like his memories were misplaced everywhere inside his head, he hadn’t been sure of what had happened first and what came later, but with Yoongi’s help he understood a bit of everything.

He had never meant to hurt Jimin like he knew he was doing, but no one could actually blame him. He didn’t remember Jimin and that was not his fault.

As the days kept on passing by he focused more on his rehabilitation. It didn’t bother him and that was weird even for him. He was not angry about the shape his body was in… something inside his chest made him feel like it had all been for a reason.

Jungkook remembered bits and pieces of the fight against the golden fox called Taemin, but those memories were blurry as well. Yoongi had explained that he had fought because Jimin wanted to reclaim the throne and… as his mate, Jungkook had not wanted to see him suffer more than he already had.

Jungkook was a bit lost… when he looked at Jimin he couldn’t help but notice just how small and soft he looked. It was just an observation; he couldn’t imagine him fighting, but as it turned out, he had been the one to deliver the final blow to Taemin, so… there was also a sort of hidden strength inside the smaller man that made Jungkook stare for longer than needed.

He was not comfortable around Jimin and it seemed like Jimin was not either. He tensed whenever they were in the same room, he scarcely talked when Jungkook was around and would always avert his eyes. He wasn’t sure, but Jimin looked ashamed… and Jungkook couldn’t understand why.

So he had taken upon sneaking around to catch glimpses of how Jimin actually was when he was not in front of Jungkook. He seemed like a perfectly normal man. He talked a lot with Taehyung and Jungkook knew they were close friends, sometimes it looked like more than that, but Yoongi had also explained Taehyung was his mate.

It was not that it worried Jungkook, but Jimin smiled a lot when he was with Taehyung and Jimin’s smile seemed like the sun, it lit everything around him and it made Jungkook’s dark places warm… it made him feel at peace with his own wrongs.

He had seen Jimin when he was wearing the golden crown in the throne room and listening to people that came to ask him for favors and to gift him with flowers and fabrics and everything nice that Jimin seemed to be worth of. Jungkook liked the look of wonder on his face when he was gifted with sweet pastries and he would take bites then and there and the people would smile brightly at him.
He had seen him all serious in his office while discussing important matters with Jaejoong. Jimin’s serious face was actually cute to look at, his lips were too thick and his silvery eyes seemed too innocent.

He listened on in a private conversation then… he heard about Chanyeol too. Jimin had stated that the older alpha would not rule the southern islands and that whoever wanted to come live in the eastern side would be given lands and resources to start a new life. Life in the southern side seemed complicated, but he also stated that both sides would become one under one reign to make things easier.

Jimin sent a large team there to help out with the people that wanted to move and other to help build what the storms had taken down. They would make a list of everything the south needed badly and Jimin would provide it. It made Jungkook proud in a sense he couldn’t understand… not really.

The pain from losing the bond had been horrible the first few days, but as the time kept on passing by it became more like a dull ache, he also felt hollow… like there was a big part missing inside his chest, but he couldn’t relate to the fact that he was missing Jimin, it just didn’t match.

Chanyeol was supposed to arrive to the eastern island in another week and Jungkook wasn’t sure why the prospect made him a bit nervous. Maybe it was the fact that the man was Taemin’s brother and maybe they had been both been crazy fucks. In any case, he had been told that Seokjin was coming soon too… he had been confused about that too.

He remembered that Seokjin had died at one point too, but it was hard to relate to that too… Jungkook just didn’t feel right in his body. His memories seemed like scenes he was watching from someone else’s eyes…

It was unnerving and stranger but he liked to stare at Jimin even if he didn’t feel anything for the omega… not quite… Not really. A thing he did because he had taken a liking to and not because he was supposed to.

He had seen Jimin in the mornings after having his breakfast, after bathing and bathing the pups, with his silver locks, sitting in the middle of the only inner garden the palace had, surrounded by butterflies and soft breezes, liked to see him sitting on the soft grass with both pups, letting them bask in the early sun.

Jungkook liked Jimin’s voice when he sung to the pups, when he thought no one was listening, he liked the giggles and his tries to make Jiseok take his first steps. He liked the soft look in his eyes when he had once told Haneul how much he looked like Jungkook.

Jungkook had felt like an intruder when Jimin pushed the shoulder of his robe aside and inked skin had peeked while he started to feed them one at a time. He had averted his gaze feeling like he had seen something he shouldn’t and had walked away feeling his veins buzzing and his face burning.

It made all sorts of questions wander through his mind because how had he ended up with someone like that? How? Jimin was the epitome of pure and innocence and Jungkook couldn’t feel anything but. His hands were dirtied by blood and atrocious acts, resentment and awful memories that he could only wonder if Jimin knew. There were things he hadn’t even told his brothers, so… did Jimin know?

A few days later Seokjin arrived…

Jimin thought it wasn’t so bad, actually.
It was Yoongi’s fourth week in the islands when Seokjin arrived in a ship along with Namjoon. The purpose of their visit was to sign a peace treaty and possibly settle a few more that would help everyone.

Jimin knew, even before Seokjin set foot on the islands that people would love him, not only because of his beauty, but because of his kind smile and the fact that he too, was an omega. They threw flowers as he passed to the carriage and then some of the merchants had gifted him with fabrics and jewels.

Yoongi had written to him to explain the situation with Jungkook and Seokjin was prepared… he was prepared to acknowledge that the man that once had been the strongest in the mainland was now a shadow of his former self. What he was not prepared to see was the reversion…

Jimin had been kind enough to guide him through the corridors in the palace until they reached the only inner garden they had. Seokjin was still mesmerized by the luxury, but the fountain and the flowers in this garden were like nothing he had ever seen. There, in the middle of the garden, sitting on a bench while sharpening a knife was Jungkook.

Seokjin took a step forward and then noticed Jimin was not following. The wolf turned and gave him confused look and Jimin gave him a smile and then shook his head.

“He doesn’t feel comfortable around me.” He explained and before Seokjin could ask more about it, the fox king had turned around and left through the hall.

Seokjin hesitated a moment before finally entering the garden… it didn’t take Jungkook long to notice he was not alone. He lifted his gaze and met Seokjin’s mismatched eyes. The younger didn’t move… he simply kept his dark eyes focused on his brother’s.

Seokjin approached slowly until he sat next to him on the bench. Jungkook’s eyes examined Seokjin’s body from head to toes and then returned his eyes to the knife in his hand.

“I thought you were dead.” Jungkook said softly and Seokjin cleared his throat.

“I am sorry you had to believe such a thing for so long, Jungkook. Things weren’t looking so pretty at that moment and… I though it was the best.” He said and watched as his brother nodded.

“I remember…” Jungkook muttered. “I remember, but… it feels as if I am looking through someone else’s eyes and not mine.” He frowned and then sighed when his hands started to tremble. It happened when he tried too hard to sort his memories.

Seokjin noticed and ever so slowly he grasped one of Jungkook’s hands and gave a faint squeeze. Jungkook felt his nose clogging and his eyes burning.

“It hurt.” Jungkook said in a hoarse voice, still not meeting Seokjin’s eyes. “It hurt like a thousand hells.” He said and gave a bitter snort before lifting his watery eyes to Seokjin’s. “That’s the only way I know it actually happened, hyeong.” He sobbed at the end and Seokjin only nodded, bringing Jungkook’s head forward to rest on his shoulder… and Jungkook cried.

He remembered most things… some he only remembered when asked about the facts. The memories seemed disorganized in his head, like someone had stuck a hand inside his brain and had mixed everything up and now he was battling to put an order to things.

He was not eager to tell them everything that was happening inside his head. He was mated and father, but he couldn’t remember them, but… every time Jimin was with him, Jungkook felt like electricity buzzing through his veins, he felt pain and sadness and happiness and anger… it was too
much for him, so he avoided the fox.

“Jungkook…” Seokjin said when he had calmed some and Jungkook pulled away to wipe his nose and eyes. “The world can tell you that you are meant to rule this land next to Jimin, but…” Seokjin said seriously. “If you want to come back home no one will stop me from putting you in that ship and taking you back home… not even Jimin and the beautiful pups.” Seokjin said.

Jungkook had not thought about it… He missed his home, surely. He missed his house and missed Yugyeom and the barracks and everything, but… What was he supposed to do? Leave Jimin and the pups behind?

“Thank you, hyeong. I… I will think about it.” Jungkook said and Seokjin nodded, watching a small smile drawing on his brother’s lips. “They are cute, aren’t they?” Jungkook said. “The pups…?” Seokjin felt warmth spreading through his chest and that was his answer.

“They are the cutest pups I’ve ever seen.” He said and Jungkook nodded.

“I think Jiseok will walk first, but… Haneul will definitely speak first. I sneaked in their room yesterday and he was trying to say Jimin’s name.” Jungkook chuckled and then shrugged. “Or maybe not… but he’s cute.”

“Jungkook, they are your pups too… you don’t need to sneak. I am completely sure Jimin would love to know you were there with them.” Seokjin said and Jungkook sighed, lifting his gaze to the sky.

“It is weird, but…” Jungkook frowned a bit, he wasn’t sure his brother would understand. “My wolf’s memory remembers his fox.” He said and Seokjin blinked a few times. “I mean… I think it is his fox because it is a silver fox.” Jungkook said.

“Jungkook…” Seokjin took a deep breath. “Never, for a moment, doubt about Jimin’s love for you. I’ve never seen a purest form of love than the one he has for you, but… take your time, recover and then try… if by the end of it you want to go back to the mainland, you’re more than welcome.” Seokjin said.

“What if it takes me months? Or years?” He questioned. “What if I never remember?”

“No matter if it takes you an hour or a hundred years. If you do remember then that’s good, but if you don’t… at least you can try. The third house’s doors will forever be open to you.” Seokjin added and then ruffled his thick black hair. “I think you should come a properly greet Jimin’s mother.”

“Oh… Should I?”

…

It was a foreign feeling to watch his mother babying his pups with such kind eyes… Jimin still felt a bit troubled with the fact that his mother was alive; he was not really sure how to approach her, but it was the same with Moonbyul and now they were really close. It would take time, but Jimin was not worried about it…

“I am glad everything turned out better than we all expected.” She said as she placed Haneul down in the crib. She turned and met his eyes with a forlorn look. “You look so much like your father.” Jimin averted his gaze and nodded.

“Is it true? The prophecy?” Jimin wondered and met her eyes after a long moment.
“I don’t know… it can all be attributed to your own decisions. Jungkook is alive despite of how many times I thought I saw him die.” She said and watched a grimace on her son’s face. “Don’t think too much about it and just live your life like you’ve done until now, Jimin. You are a great person.” She added.

“Thank you… eomma.” He said a bit unsure, but her face lit up and it managed to bring a small smile on his face.

There were a few knocks and since the door was already open both of them turned to spot Jungkook there. Moonbyul had prescribed him with a cane to help him walk better and it was a sight that made Jimin feel horrible, but Jungkook had yet to complain about it.

“Oh, you look better than I thought you would!” Sohyang said and Jungkook blinked a few times before striding inside the room. He saw Jimin’s shoulders tensing and then watched as he directed a small smile to his mother.

“I guess you’d like to talk to him. I’ll just…” He pointed towards the door and hesitated a moment. “I have things to do.” Jimin said and walked out of the room with lowered eyes. Jungkook followed him outside with his eyes and then turned to look at the woman again.

“You’re Jimin’s mother…” Jungkook said with a bitter smile and she nodded. “I do remember you… he must hate me.” Jungkook sighed and Sohyang laughed lightly.

“I don’t believe there are such feelings in Jimin’s heart.” She said and Jungkook sighed, walking a bit more until he was by her side and leaning over the crib.

“He must wonder why I remember everyone, but him. I remember his mother, his sister… but I can’t remember him or the pups.” Jungkook said. “I mean… with the pups is easier… they are not that old so I feel like I haven’t missed much anyway, but… apparently I met Jimin when I was a little boy.” He sighed.

“Sometimes our minds won’t remember, but… can you feel it?” She asked and he turned to look at her with wide eyes, she smiled. “Feelings cannot be manipulated with magic, you either have them or you don’t.” She patted his hand softly. “You love Jimin and he loves you. That’s a fact.”

…

Two days later Chanyeol arrived to the palace, flanked by guards and deep glares and Jimin sighed because he knew Chanyeol was not guilty, or maybe he was guilty of not stopping his brother, of giving up his right to the throne, of going far away just to avoid responsibility, but still… Chanyeol was not Taemin.

“Jimin-ssi.” He said as soon as he was in front of the king and then bowed deeply; Jimin sighed and sheepishly nodded when Jaejoong handed him the golden crown like he often did because Jimin always forgot to wear it when visits arrived.

“Chanyeol-ssi.” He said and the man stood back up, he was so much taller than Jimin and he had a king face. Moonbyul had trusted him perhaps a bit too much, placed too much trust in him.

“My brother…” He trailed of and Jimin nodded once.

“He was buried next to your father and mother. I made sure he had the right ceremony, though not many people assisted.” He explained and Chanyeol nodded with a small and bitter smile.

“Thank you.” He said and Jimin took a deep breath.
“You will be dismissed from your charge as king in the south.” Jimin said and Chanyeol nodded, Jimin knew it didn’t mean much to him; Chanyeol had never wanted any kind of responsibility anyway. “You’re welcome to stay here, maybe even start a new life.” Jimin smiled. “I am pretty sure I know of someone that would love to take you in.” He said and Chanyeol smiled.

“I will forever be grateful if you would allow me so.” Chanyeol said and Jimin nodded.

Jungkook had been watching from behind the backdoor and even when it had all been done he couldn’t move from his spot, a deep frown on his forehead even when Jimin stepped out through that same door and gasped upon seeing him there.

“Are you really… just going to let him go like that?” Jungkook asked with the same frown and Jimin blinked a few times. “Without even a punishment?” He added and the young king sighed.

“He is never going to live in the same luxury again. I figured that for someone as lazy as he is that would be enough punishment.” He explained, but Jungkook didn’t seem convinced. “Besides… Baekhyun won’t let him simply slack off, not anymore.” Jimin said and Jungkook gave a condescending nod.

“You’re too kind for your own good.” Jungkook said and missed the bittersweet look that passed through his mate’s eyes.

“Yes. I guess I still am.” Jimin said before turning around and leaving the alpha there to wonder about the words.

...

Jimin smiled happily when he stepped into the wide court in front of the palace; it was filled with tables and chairs, lanterns hanging from the flowery trees, soft music playing and some dancers here and there. People from town had been invited as well and they all had wore the fanciest clothes, the festival extended down the streets; everything decorated and people selling food everywhere… it gave a happy atmosphere to the island and Jimin was happy to stroll around with one pup in each arm, he walked freely, having replaced the golden crown for one made of white flowers that some kids had given him before.

Baekhyun had been the one to pick his outfit and it was a bit too skimpy for him, but he was told it was the traditional clothing of the islands and that they would all be happy to see him wear it. It had a narrow collar, loose at the front, barely wide enough to cover his nipples, mixed in turquoise and golden. His back completely uncovered and long layers of fabric below his waist. He was wearing rings on his small fingers and bracelets on his wrists and around his upper arms, all in gold along with earrings at the tips of his ears.

He had been told that gold was the color of the sun and Jaejoong had spread the word around about the true meaning of the prophecy. Not that Jimin cared for it, but people all around seemed eager to replace the image they had of the sun with Jimin.

People all around would come to greet him and to praise his pups and Jimin would lie if he said he didn’t enjoy the words, but they also asked him about Jungkook, all in good nature, but he could only tell them that he was slowly recovering.

He soon found the large table in which Yoongi, Seokjin, Namjoon, Taehyung, Hoseok, Jaejoong and everyone else were sitting, all of them drinking wine and chatting along. It was good… it was great because the festival had been organized to celebrate the new forged friendship between the lands; to celebrate the kings from the mainland were there too.
It felt cozy and relaxed; people all around them were immersed in their own warm and fuzzy bubble, so much that they could all mingle without a problem.

“Do you want me to hold them?” Moonbyul asked him stretching her arms and so did his mother next to her, he handed one to each and took a seat next to her.

His sister was looking beautiful too, she was wearing a similar dress to his; only hers had a wide neckline, her shoulders naked and her torso covered. Jimin wondered why her dress had more fabric than his, but before he could ask a familiar scent hit his nose and he tensed.

He hadn’t been sure if Jungkook was attending the festival because maybe it was a bit too much on his wounded leg, he had guessed no, but… he was there. Jimin turned a bit to barely catch him with the corner of his eye, but was completely mesmerized when he saw his clothes.

Jungkook was wearing a traditional outfit too, one with the tight collar but the strip that fell over his front was too narrow to cover much, it reached the sash around his hips and then the lower half fell like Jimin’s. The colors were silver and turquoise; his jewelry mirrored Jimin’s only it was in silver and not gold. It made the younger look heavenly. The scar on his arm still stood out like a sore thumb, but nothing would make him less appealing to Jimin’s eyes.

“Don’t be a stranger! Sit down!” Taehyung called and Jungkook snapped his eyes away from Jimin and walked over to sit next to the fox. Jimin was still tense, not knowing what to do when he turned to his sister at the same time Jungkook seemed to address Sohyang.

“Can I-”

“Do you mind if I-”

They spoke over each other with the same nervous glint in their eyes and both women chuckled before handing the pups over. Jimin taking a hold of Jiseok and letting Jungkook hold Haneul.

They sat in silence while the table continued their talk not minding them or how silent they had fallen next to each other. Jimin was not faring good, he felt really hot, his skin sensitive even to the soft wind, he was too conscious of Jungkook next to him and how much he wanted to turn around and snuggle up to his side.

Jungkook was a bit the same, he tried to focus on the small pup in his arms, but he was too aware of Jimin’s presence by his side, when he had turned his head slightly to catch a glimpse of him he was met with Jimin’s nape and shoulders.

His skin looked a bit tanner now; maybe because of how much time he spent under the sun in the mornings with the pups. It looked soft but what had caught his eye before was the dragon tattooed on his back. It was pretty similar to his and he wanted to ask about it, but maybe not right then.

They distracted enough and soon they had joined the conversations on the table, forgetting about the uncomfortable feeling of being next each other, like strangers and yet so closely attached. As the hours progressed the table started to empty under different reasons; Namjoon asked Seokjin to dance and it was a bit awkward to see them moving so clueless like some dancers tried to show them.

Then Yoongi said something about trying a few dishes from a stall outside the court and Taehyung immediately said he would accompany him motioning for Hoseok to follow them.

Moonbyul got up when some other omega foxes approached to ask her to dance with them in a circle and Seunghyun stood up with a loud sigh, going somewhere else. Mark and Sehun soon moved out of the table too, leaving only Jungkook, Jimin and Sohyang there.
“I have two working arms.” She said softly leaning in their direction and Jimin blinked in confusion. “Why don’t you two give me the pups and you go to have some fun, yes?” She asked and Jimin tensed again, as if only then he remembered Jungkook’s presence by his side.

“It’s okay. It is not like I am not having a good time sitting here, eomma.” Jimin rushed to say, but swallowed thickly when Jungkook stood up and limped his way around to give the pup to her.

Jimin watched, his ears lowering in nervousness when Jungkook turned to look down at him. Jimin clutched Jiseok as if the little boy was his only salvation and Jungkook took a deep breath.

“I’d like to talk with you.” He said and Jimin’s eyes widened; he wasn’t so sure he wanted to hear what Jungkook had to say, but he could only nod and hand the pup to his mother.

Luckily both boy were tired so Haneul was placed straddling her lap resting his cheek against her torso and then Jiseok was placed right behind his brother in the same position. It was comfortable for them and for her too.

Jimin stood up and watched as Jungkook grabbed his cane and then walked away towards a secluded place between the trees that surrounded the court. He stopped when he made sure there was no one close and sat down on a stone bench under one of the trees, motioning for Jimin to sit by his side.

Jimin made sure he was sitting at the edge of the bench, keeping a safe distance from the alpha because he wasn’t sure what he would do if he got too close to the familiar scent, the familiar warmth… he just missed his mate too much, but he knew what Jungkook was going to say, so he saved them both the pain of not knowing how to proceed.

“I know what Seokjin-hyeong told you.” Jimin said and Jungkook frowned. “He told me he would let you make your own decision, but… I know it must be hard for you to accept so suddenly that you had a mate and pups.” He said softly and Jungkook frowned.

“What did he tell you?” Jungkook wondered.

“That you might want to return to the mainland to live the life you remember.” Jimin said unable to prevent his voice from breaking a bit at the end of his words.

“Oh… that…” Jungkook said because he had been thinking about it too. “It must be painful.” He said and Jimin frowned looking at him. “Having a mate that cannot remember you or your pups.” He said staring down at his lap.

“I don’t want you to feel burdened by us…” Jimin said softly and Jungkook nodded.

“Do you love me, Jimin?” Jungkook asked and looked up into the fox’s eyes watching how the tears brimmed them, his nose reddening.

“Very much.” It was a whisper, a pained one. Jungkook hesitated a moment before nodding.

“I feel it… sometimes.” Jungkook said and Jimin frowned not comprehending. “I can’t remember who you are, but sometimes I think I remember how it feels to love you. It makes me happy and sad and angry… I see you. I see you and I want to stop you from doing dangerous things, I want to join when you are having a good time, I want to be there when you are feeding the pups.” Jungkook said slowly and Jimin felt the traitorous tears falling down his cheeks. “No, it doesn’t mean I know who you are or what you mean to me. I don’t know how it was when we met or the things we’ve done together… the first time we kissed, the first time we made love. Those things… I might never remember them.” He sighed.
He looked ahead at the people dancing; it was a weird and foreign feeling to explain to his mate how it felt not to remember him.

“It wouldn’t feel right.” Jungkook said with a loud resigned sigh and Jimin blinked unsure of what he meant. “I don’t feel completely comfortable around you, but… I feel that it wouldn’t be right to leave. I can’t promise you I will remember, Jimin.” Jungkook said and met his eyes; Jimin felt suddenly filled with hope.

“That’s fine!” He said louder than he meant, he even shifted in his seat. “As long as you want to stay… I don’t mind if we have to start again from zero.” Jimin said and Jungkook gave him a bitter smile.

“Even if that means that I might never feel the same way you do for me?” Jungkook asked and it broke Jimin’s heart a bit, but he rushed to nod. There was not an ounce of doubt in his mind that he wanted Jungkook to stay.

“I don’t mind.” Jimin said softly and Jungkook wasn’t sure if it was real, but he saw the pain in his clear eyes.

They stared at each other, completely submerged in a sort of bubble until they noticed the many voices singing… they blinked away from each other and turned to see the town’s people singing all around something. They stood slowly and the crowd parted to let them see as Seokjin and Namjoon stood in the middle.

There was an elderly fox, beautiful as she placed a necklace with pretty amber stones around Seokjin’s neck and then one similar around Namjoon’s neck. The voices continued all the while and then the woman made them place each of their right hands over the other’s chest.

“As it should forever be. One beating heart two halves that belong. Moon and Sun, water and fire, light and dark. Do you accept this bond?” She asked and Jimin watched as they both nodded with happy smiles in their faces. “Then seal your fate.” She said and Namjoon was the first to lean over to press his lips onto Seokjin’s, a chaste kiss.

Everyone started to clap and Jimin watched the couple hug each other… it was a happy sight, but Jimin wasn’t sure what he had just witnessed until Baekhyun appeared by his side.

“They just got married.” He explained and Jimin jumped and blinked in surprise, the omega fox smirked at him and eyed him from head to toes. “How convenient that you both are wearing the traditional wedding dresses.” He said and then the crowd moved to circle around them instead, starting a new song.

Jimin felt his breath hitching as he tried to figure the fastest way out of this mess, they didn’t know what he had just talked to Jungkook, they didn’t know how fragile their current standpoint was.

The elderly woman approached them and Jimin noticed she was holding two delicate chains, one made of silver and one made of gold, the golden one with a sun charm and the silver one with a moon. Jimin snapped his head up to Jungkook, almost asking for help.

“We will work things later…” Jungkook said and grabbed Jimin’s right hand, placing it on his chest. Jimin widened his eyes unsure if he really should do it. His heart was beating painfully fast when Jungkook placed his big hand flat against his own chest. “Is it okay?” Jungkook asked softly.

“Do you want this?” Jimin asked, his eyes boring into Jungkook’s… the alpha frowned a bit as he considered his words and then… after a long moment, he nodded.
“As it should forever be.” The woman started as she came closer to them and placed the golden necklace on Jungkook’s neck and the silver one around Jimin’s. “One beating heart, two halves that belong. Our Moon finally met our Sun…” Her eyes first went to Jungkook and then to Jimin. “Water and fire, light and dark. Do you accept this bond?” She asked.

“I do.” Jungkook replied and Jimin swallowed thickly when all eyes fell on him.

“Of course I do…” He said in a whisper; Jungkook couldn’t help the smile.

Everyone started to cheer and the woman smiled.

“Then seal your fate.” She said. Jungkook leaned down and kissed Jimin’s cheek instead of his lips. The fox closed his eyes at the contact, his fox meeting Jungkook wolf in the clearing in the woods of their minds and he frowned when the wolf seemed so calm and assured of what was happening. His eyes opened when Jungkook pulled away with the same surprised wide eyes.

“Your wolf remembers us…” He whispered and Jungkook nodded… ever so slowly a wide smile parted Jimin’s lips, so bright Jungkook felt almost blinded.

“My wolf remembers…”

...

Two months later…
Northern lands.

Taehyung hated cold… he hated cold, but Yoongi was king in the north and that meant that they would live forever in the northern lands, always covered in snow and never seeing the sun… not properly. He was an alpha and easily maintained his body heat, but Yoongi had some sort of affinity for cold, he was always cold even if he was lying under thick blankets and with Taehyung by his side and a fire burning in the hearth inside the bedroom.

Hoseok hated cold too and that was the only reason Yoongi had allowed the beta to share their bed, he knew Hoseok’s mate was Taehyung as well, so Hoseok was as entitled as Yoongi to sharing Taehyung’s body heat, but of course that didn’t mean Yoongi allowed them to get intimate in front of him. In fact, Taehyung had spent his last rut locked in a room, because Yoongi refused to help him out and refused to let Hoseok help him either.

Hoseok was not eager to defy the beta king, so he had accepted the deal even if that meant they had to hear Taehyung whining and moaning about how evil they both were. It felt pleasant at some point for Hoseok, but that had also meant that for three days, he and Yoongi shared a bed without Taehyung, just because the cold was too much to spend the night alone.

Taehyung preferred to think Yoongi was slowly starting to let Hoseok in and even if he had suffered he was happy to know Hoseok hadn’t been kicked out of the royal bedroom.

He woke up with a full bladder and had to maneuver around to get out of bed without pushing the blankets off his mates. He made it quickly to the adjacent bathrooms, took care of his business and then made it back to the bedroom only to see Hoseok cuddling right behind Yoongi, his arm probably wrapping around the king’s middle.

“Go back to your side of the bed.” Yoongi mumbled sleepily and Taehyung smiled when Hoseok whined and buried his nose in Yoongi’s nape ignoring the request. Yoongi heaved a long sigh.

Hoseok often took his chances when the sun was barely getting out because Yoongi was softest
then, vulnerable and with lowered defenses. Taehyung rounded the bed and lifted the blankets on Yoongi’s side.

“Scoot over a bit, hyeong… I want to lay on this side.” Taehyung said and Hoseok smiled, pulling Yoongi back to make space for Taehyung; the elder groaned, his small eyes opening with a deep frown.

“Yah… Do you both want to die? I am a king… I am a busy man that works too much and sleep too little and you are making me move so early in the morning? What is wrong with y-” He was cut off by Taehyung pressing his thick lips to his thin ones. Yoongi closed his eyes and when Taehyung pulled away he was almost asleep again. “Just let me sleep.” Yoongi finished and Taehyung chuckled deeply.

Hoseok didn’t say anything and simply snuggled closer. Taehyung did so too so that Yoongi was pressed tightly between them and soon they had fallen asleep again.

Their come back to the north had been well received and even though their relationship was not public it was enough to keep them satisfied, Yoongi was not an affectionate person per se, so it helped not to make things complicated.

Sehun had confessed his love to Chaerim and the king’s cousin hadn’t been thrilled about it. She reminded Taehyung too much of Yoongi, but she had accepted to let the alpha court her so that people would forget about her duty to marry Yoongi some day. Mates weighted more than laws, she was not about to crash Yoongi’s potential happiness.

Yugyeom and Jimin had returned to the capital after the whole mess of the war had been cleared and he had been a bit disappointed to know neither Jungkook nor Jimin would be back. The third house had become a house for parentless kids and he had agreed to work there along with Jimin. She was pregnant and would soon have her own kid to tend, but the job made her happy. She got to spend time with Jinyoung and Youngjae.

Seokjin had been really excited about it and Namjoon had been more than okay to allow this. He knew what it meant for Seokjin to have the kids running around, having a place to sleep and regular rations of food. He had become a teacher on his free time so that the kids would learn to write and read.

Free time meant the time Namjoon spent doing his job. No one had to know even if the rumors ran around that the beautiful king had married his personal guard in the islands. Namjoon had become a figure of authority and maybe one day, when Seokjin was sure that people in his land wouldn’t judge his decisions he would properly marry him as their tradition stated.

They still wore the amber collars.

Jiho and Jieun had finally settled in a nice house in the capital. She was still the most beautiful woman around… and pregnant. Jiho was happy, but his love for the sea had not prevented him from getting a ship and working as a merchant between the mainland and the islands. He spent one week at home and one week away and Jieun had been okay with it, she knew his love for the sea and would never make him stay grounded.

Hwasa still worked as a guard in the first house’s barracks. Jaebum was working there too… everything was slowly returning to normalcy with the omegas and betas evacuated returning to their respectful homes and accepting that there was a new beginning. A peaceful one.

Mark had decided to continue serving Jungkook in the islands and soon enough he found himself
courting Wheein with Jaejoong’s permission, of course.

Baekhyun and Chanyeol started their own business in the docks, selling fabrics brought from other parts of the world. They worked along with Yukwon and Jaehyo and the omega fox made sure Chanyeol never slackened.

It hadn’t been long for Seunghyun before he joined the army in the island. He had been given the chance to go back to the mainland too, but he had excused himself saying there was nothing for him back there. He had left Moonbyul out of his explanations… he still wasn’t sure if she wanted or not to give him a chance and as hard as it would be… he would wait.

Since he was such a formidable opponent when it came to hand-to-hand battle, Jiyong recruited him more like a teacher. Jungkook often liked to watch the training and help out with advice here and there.

Seunghyun had become a respected soldier of the islands, fearful and someone foxes didn’t like to mess with.

He was in currently having a cup of water, he had just finished his session and all the men and women that had gone through the training were tired and lying on the ground, trying to recover from the exhaustive training. He was covered in sweat and the heavy sun from the islands didn’t help.

“Oh!” Someone chirped from behind him. “Princess Moonbyul!” The voice added and Seunghyun tried not to seem too eager when he turned around to see her walking over with other four women flaking her. She had been appointed to the new opened clinic and was teaching the women everything she knew.

“Captain Choi.” She said with a little smirk when she looked up at Seunghyun; the man regretted ever telling him his father’s name. It was not a name that held any importance for him anyway. “Do you mind gather your men so that we can give the regular checkup?” She questioned and Seunghyun looked around the tired people.

“You heard her.” He said and motioned with his hand for them to move; everyone groaned as they moved to stand and he hesitated a moment before turning around and leaving towards the barracks. He was in dire need of a bath and maybe food.

“You need a checkup too.” Moonbyul said as she followed him to the barracks; his white and simple robe fitted her simple nature and her braided hair seemed to plain, but she had a pretty face to go with it. Seunghyun had fallen a long time ago; there was no point in denying it now.

“I don’t. I am as healthy as I can get.” He said when he got to the barracks’ door and stopped, turned around to look around, purposefully avoiding her silvery eyes.

“Let me be the one to judge that.” She said and took a step forward pushing him inside the barracks. Once inside he gave her a deep frown when she closed the door… then she walked towards a desk and placed a small chest she had been carrying and he had not noticed. “Come closer.” She said.

He sighed tiredly and walked over, standing next to the desk, he was a bit ashamed with how much he was sweating at the moment, completely drenched and dirty with the dust sticking to his damp skin. He wiped his forehead and glued his dark eyes to the ground.

He sighed and closed his eyes the moment she placed her small delicate hand on his nape, her arms raised to reach and started to press on different points, making sure his bones were all in the right place. He felt his body getting warmer by the time she was pressing her fingers on his tailbone.
He had been about to say something when she stopped, rounded him and then started the same process on his front. His shoulders first and then his collarbones, her fingers were not gentle and when she checked his ribs he refrained from saying she was maybe pressing a bit too hard. He closed his eyes briefly when she pressed her thumbs on his protruding hipbones.

“Sit down.” She said and Seunghyun sighed before pulling a chair and doing as told. She knelt before him and held his right foot, lifting it to align it with his knee and then bend it. Seunghyun hissed at the dull ache in his calf. “You push yourself too hard and never take care to stretch your muscles before or after your trainings.” She said and continued the massage.

“Are those women in white doing this to everyone?” He asked and she shook her head. “Why are you doing it to me?” He asked with a deep frown and hissing again when she moved to his other leg.

“Because you’re the only hard headed man here that won’t say if he is in pain. Everyone out there is eager to have their pains chased away, I am sure they will tell my ladies in white about them.” She sighed when she finished.

Seunghyun felt his legs a bit numb, but it was a pleasing sensation; he noticed she had stayed there on her knees before him, she had a deep look in her face and it worried him.

“What is it? Is it too bad? Am I sick?” He asked and she blinked out of her stupor and shook her head with a small smile as she stood. “Then why do you look like that? You scared me.” He sighed and when he made to stand up she placed a hand on his shoulder to stop him. He frowned up at her.

“I have a question.” She said and he swallowed thickly. “Why did you decide to stay here?” She asked and Seunghyun opened his mouth to speak. “Don’t give me the same reason you gave Jimin and Jungkook.” She said and he closed his lips, his dark smoldering gaze on her clear one.

“You are my mate.” He said and she retrieved her hand; he feared the rejection, but it had been a while since they had talked about it.

“I’ve never seen you in my head.” She said and he nodded.

“I’ve never seen you in mine.” He admitted and she seemed disappointed. “It doesn’t happen to everyone, Moonbyul. That’s the last of my worries.” He said in his deep baritone and she cocked her head to the side.

“What is your main worry then?” She asked again.

“That you won’t ever want me.” He said truthfully; her eyes wide and he felt stupid as he sighed tiredly. “You’re allowed to never want me… that worries me too. Worst: you are allowed to hate me.” He added.

“I will never be able to receive another mating mark.” She said; her voice lacking resentment and that confused him when he looked at her impassive face. “You bit me. I am technically yours.” She added and he nodded and then he gave her a bitter smile.

“I mean… Jungkook survived to his mating mark being torn off.” He said and she scoffed, her hands settling on her hips.

“It hurts and it was a miracle Taemin didn’t touch anything vital when he bit him.” She said. “Do you expect me to let another fox bite my shoulder off?” She asked in disbelief and Seunghyun moved his eyes to her narrow shoulders.

“Not much to bite… you’re mostly skin and bones.” He said and reached one hand to push the braid
over her shoulder. “I am confused, Moonbyul.” He suddenly said looking exasperated. “What do you want?” He asked meeting her gaze again.

“What if I said we could try?” She let the question hang in the air between them and watched how Seunghyun seemed to hold his breath before he finally spoke again.

“I’d say there must be a catch.” He said and she nodded. “Of course…” He said and tried to understand what it could be, but he couldn’t make out anything, but he was sure of something by now… “I’d give you anything you wanted, Moonbyul.” He said slowly, making sure she understood.

Her eyes fell on his naked shoulders and in a bold movement she pulled her dress up so that she could sit more comfortably astride on his lap. He tensed a bit, but he welcomed her anyway, his hands settling on her slim waist.

“What anything?” She asked and he nodded almost dazedly.

“Anything. You just have to name it.” He said lowly, she looked too serious for his liking, but even if she asked him to die, he would.

“Let me bite you.” She said and he frowned…. No. Rogue alphas from the south never allowed their omega mates to bite them. Never. He scanned her face for a long moment.

“Of course…”
I can only hope that you all will enjoy this chapter.

Thank you from the bottom of my heart for all the support you've given to this story, I am grateful for the friendships I've found here too and all the nice people that have read.

THANK YOU!

It had been already seven months since the fight and even though it was still hard for Jimin to sleep at nights, he guessed things could be worst. They could be better too if only Jungkook slept by his side, but the alpha was still sleeping in the adjacent room, keeping close in case the pups cried and it was his turn to lull them back to sleep… Jimin would let him, pretend he went back to sleep when in reality he kept awake, staring at his mate's form through the see-through canopy around his bed.

It had also been a month since he stopped lactating and the pups started eating solid foods, they became bigger too and now they seemed to enjoy more physical activity. With how Jungkook was always playing with them it would be a matter of time before both of them walked… still they liked to crawl after Jungkook at full speed when they were in the inner garden.

Like now… Jimin was sitting on the grass with his back against a tree, watching how the twins crawled happily after Jungkook as he limped around fast enough to tire the boys. Jimin giggled when Haneul would plop back on his bum and would babble at Jungkook, almost as if arguing and Jungkook would reply back as if he understood what the pup was saying.

Their first words had included “appa” and a garbled version of “water” and “up” for when they wanted to be picked. They also said “eomma” when they saw Sohyang, probably because they heard Jimin calling her that.

Jimin shivered and frowned a bit because he had been feeling off for a while, maybe two weeks now. His body was probably adjusting back to the normal cycle and he guessed it had to do with his heat. Moonbyul had said that he wouldn’t have a heat while he was lactating, she also explained Jungkook’s own body would be readjusting too to the fact that it believed he was unmated again and because of his wounds.

Nature was wise after all, Jimin couldn’t picture Jungkook going through a rut with how badly injured he had been a few months ago, but he was moving more freely now and maybe his rut would hit him soon… Not that they had talked about it or would talk about it any time soon.

They were more like friends living under the same roof. They shared more time together and they were both aware of their marriage, but Jungkook was probably insecure not wanting to rush anything and Jimin would give him all the time in the world he needed.

“Are you okay?” Jungkook asked as he approached, the pups following tirelessly from the other side of the garden; Jimin looked up at him and blinked out of his thoughts before giving a sharp nod. “You’re a bit pale. Are you sure?” He asked again as he finally came to sit on the bench nearby. Getting up was already hard for him from a chair; now imagine having to push his body from the
“I am fine.” Jimin smiled watching the pups taking small breaks on their way over. He bit down on his lower lip and decided he didn’t lose anything with voicing his concern. “I think it is just my body adjusting back to the normal cycle.” He said feeling heat rising on his cheeks.

“Oh…” Jungkook said and Jimin noticed the small grimace on his face as he averted his face and scratched his cheek; it tore a sigh from his lips.

“It’s okay… I have it all figured out.” He lied with a reassuring smile and Jungkook seemed to relax a bit at that.

“Did I ever…?” Jungkook trailed off and Jimin blinked as he waited for him to elaborate. “Did I ever hurt you during one of my ruts?” He asked and Jimin’s features softened.

“Never.” Jimin said. “I know why you’re worried, Jungkook.” He said and Jungkook turned his wide eyes on him. “You’ve never done anything remotely similar to me… so don’t worry.” He said and Jungkook nodded once.

“Can I ask you something else?” He questioned watching as the pups slowly crawled into Jimin’s lap, tired, letting their little heads fall on each thigh, readying to sleep. Jimin ran his fingers through their wild locks and nodded. “The tattoo on your back.” He said and Jimin tensed a bit. “You don’t have to tell me.”

“Taemin did it.” He blurted out and Jungkook frowned watching as the painful memories played in Jimin’s eyes making him tremble slightly. “It is in the past.” Jimin suddenly cut as he gathered the pups in his arms and stood up. “I have paperwork to do, but first I will bathe them so I guess I will see you-”

“Let me bathe them. You can… go.” Jungkook said and Jimin nodded after a moment before leaning down and handing the pliant pups to their father.

“Thank you.” He said before leaving with quick and nervous steps.

Jungkook didn’t need to read his mind or have a functioning bond to know he had touched a nerve, maybe one too sore or delicate. He had heard Jimin trashing in bed with nightmares, had heard him scream in agony before jostling awake, and now had seen the same fear flash in his very awake eyes. He wanted to get closer, but he was scared… scared of not remembering and giving him hope.

…

It was only a month later after said incident that Jungkook finally made up his mind, he woke up to sniffling and then groaning… it sounded pained and while on other occasions he had let it happen, this time he rubbed the sleep off his eyes and pushed his body up from the bed. In his haste he forgot the cane by his bed and limped towards the adjacent room.

He checked briefly on the pups, but they were snuggled up against each other, surrounded by cushions and blankets that prevented them from waking up. He then limped towards Jimin’s bed and pushed the canopy aside.

Jimin was lying on his front, his little hand fisting the blanket so hard his knuckles were white, eyes tightly closed and breath coming out in harsh gasps. There was a thin layer of sweat covering his forehead and his exposed shoulders. He had trashed so much the sleeping robe had rode down his back and arms a bit.
“Jimin…” Jungkook called when the fox tensed and curled, drowning a clear moan of pain his muscles contracting. “Jimin, wake up.” Jungkook frowned not liking how bad it looked; he wished he had done this sooner. “It’s just a bad dream.” He added and leaned closer, his hand had barely touched his back when Jimin woke up with a scream; eyes wild moving until he was sitting up lifting an arm to shield himself.

“Don’t! Don’t touch me!” He snapped; eyes angry and bright blue, Jungkook’s hand fell down, almost pulled by some weird strength.

“I… I won’t.” He felt the words slip out of his mouth on their own accord while he watched Jimin’s chest rise and fall quickly, chest exposed along with his thighs… it was hard not to notice. Slow recognition fell on the fox’s face and he gasped when he realized what had happened.

“Jungkook…” He said softly. His eyes going back to the usual clear silver and Jungkook heaved a sigh of relief. “Wh-what are you doing he-here?” Jimin said scrambling to fix his robe and then wipe his tear-stained cheeks.

“You were having a nightmare.” Jungkook explained, he slowly felt mobility back to his bones and flexed his fingers in confusion. “What did you do to me?” He wondered curiously and Jimin sighed.

“I am sorry… I… I wasn’t thinking.” He said running his hand through his hair. “It’s… my magic… you know… like Moonbyul’s.” He explained and Jungkook nodded and absently sat on the edge of the bed.

“What was the dream about?” He asked still staring at his fingers; Jimin bit on his lower lip wishing he could cuddle up to his mate to chase his fears away.

“Just… old memories.” He said wiping more tears. Jungkook finally turned to look at him.

“Things I can’t remember?” Jungkook wondered and Jimin gave a bitter smile as he shook his head.

“You weren’t there. Don’t think too much about it.” Jimin said and Jungkook scoffed averting his eyes to the wall. The room was barely illuminated by the moon.

“You are asking me to not think too much about it when it was you the one to wake up trashing like that.” Jungkook sighed. “Tell me about it, Jimin. It might make you feel better to share it.” He said and Jimin bit on his lower lip.

“It is nothing I really want to share.” Jimin said and Jungkook swallowed thickly.

“Tell me something nice then… tell me something you do want to share… something only we would know.” Jungkook said and Jimin blinked in surprise, his fear slowly fading away as he tried to conjure something up.

“Hmm…” Jungkook watched his lips pursing as he considered his answer and Jungkook thought the elder looked really cute. “The day I presented you found me in the garden.” Jimin said and Jungkook nodded. “It was snowing and I was not properly dressed for cold, but since I was feverish I didn’t feel it. You grabbed my arm and… that was the first time I met your wolf in my head.” Jimin said and Jungkook seemed surprised.

“Really?” He questioned and Jimin rushed to nod with wide eyes, he shifted a bit on the bed, eager for Jungkook to believe him. “What happened after that?” He asked and Jimin grimaced, scratching the back of his neck and Jungkook chuckled. “I am jesting. Yoongi-hyeong told me most of what happened.” He sighed.
“You shouldn’t jest with something like that.” Jimin chastised with a slight pout and Jungkook chuckled.

“I am sorry. Just wanted to take your mind off things.” He tried to amend; his hand was still holding Jimin’s. “Can I do anything else to help you?” He wondered and Jimin seemed doubtful. “Anything Jimin, I am well aware that I am the one lacking the mating mark, if you think I can do something to help you then tell me.” He said and Jimin sighed.

“Could you hold me for a moment?” Jimin asked and Jungkook blinked a few times before nodding. Jimin inched closer, making himself as small as possible, he shyly placed both his legs over Jungkook’s lap and pressed his left ear against Jungkook’s chest, cuddling against him and heaving a long sigh of relief.

Jungkook let him and hesitated a moment before he placed his hand awkwardly on Jimin’s shoulder, the other one coming to rest on the fox’ knee.

“Is this okay?” He asked and Jimin only hummed, already feeling the effects of having his mate so close. He felt sleepy and content, warmth spreading through his chest.

Jimin was asleep faster than Jungkook could process the situation and by the time he relaxed, Jimin was already softly snoring, soft breaths coming onto the alpha’s chest.

…

He should’ve known what would happen. Jungkook should’ve known that during the next two weeks he would limp over to Jimin’s room whenever he had a bad dream, he would let the fox tell him something nice… some old memory about them… and then cuddle him in his lap… Each night Jimin would climb a bit closer until he was properly sitting on top of Jungkook’s thighs, too eager to remember about Jungkook’s wounded leg, but Jungkook never stopped him anyway.

He should’ve known Jimin would suggest they slept together… that it would be easier for him if he were already there. The first night Jungkook slept with Jimin, holding him close to his chest, Jimin slept soundly throughout the whole night.

Jungkook did too.

Jungkook could’ve said that the nightmares had stopped one month after their new sleeping arrangements, but he liked to sleep next to Jimin.

…

Jungkook had just finished his morning rehabilitation… of sorts. He had convinced Moonbyul that Seunghyun could help him through it and she hadn’t been convinced when she had treated Jungkook’s bruises one day after said rehabilitation. Jungkook had begged her not to tell Jimin he has trying to train again.

She had allowed him because she could see in Jungkook’s eyes that even if the training clearly took a toll on him, Jungkook needed it. She had healed him before sending him to bathe and now he was limping towards Jimin’s offices, he knew the fox had the pups there and was most likely in dire need of help.

He saw the open door and stopped at the threshold when he spotted him reading a parchment on his desk, the pups were on the floor, playing around, using the furniture and walls as support to stand for short periods of time and then falling on their butts in a burst of giggles.
Jungkook knocked softly and Jimin lifted his eyes and gave him a small smile before motioning him inside. The younger walked in immediately noticed by his pups.

“Appa!” They both chanted several times as he finally sat down at the desk, watching as they tried and failed to walk more than two steps, then they crawled over and he picked them up, sitting them on each of his thighs.

“I got a letter from Jimin-ssi.” He said and Jungkook frowned a bit before realization fell over him and he nodded. “She said Yugyeom has already asked for Seokjin-hyeong’s permission to move his residence.” He said with a wide grin. “They are coming to live here along with their pup.” He watched as Jungkook smiled.

“That’s great! I’ve missed him.” He said looking down at the pups. “You guys will get a new friend too!” He said and both pups giggled; Jimin chuckled too.

“I also got another letter from Taehyung.” Jimin sighed and Jungkook quirked an eyebrow. “Seems like things with Yoongi-hyeong are getting better. He still refuses to let Taehyung spend his rut with either him or Hoseok, but I think it serves Taehyung right.” Jimin said almost mischievously.

“You’re quite evil yourself.” Jungkook said with amusement. “Ruts are really difficult and I cannot imagine the pain and frustration Taehyung goes through knowing he has two mates and neither will help him.” Jungkook sighed.

Jemin remained quiet at his words… Well, he knew his heat was close and he also knew he had a mate that was most likely unwilling to help him through it. He blinked several times, pushed the parchment away and with a deep breath turned to pick Haneul from his lap, standing up and spinning him around.

“You will get a new friend soon, Haneullie!” He sung while watching his pup’s smile widening.

“Appa! Appa!” Jiseok started to say, his small hands reaching for Jimin and his face one of childlike jealousy. Jimin stopped spinning and then placed Haneul back down before picking Jiseok and doing the same.

Jungkook laughed when Haneul started to reach for Jimin like Jiseok had done and Jimin tired himself out for the next thirty minutes, taking turns with the pups until he could no more and let his body fall on his knees dramatically, both pups gasping in surprise.

“Appa got tired…” Jungkook said amusedly, both pups calming down when Jimin gave them a smile.

Jungkook stared at Jimin’s face… he was fond of him. Fond of the way Jimin was with the pups, with his family, with his friends… with his people. Jungkook was completely fond of Jimin’s smile and kind hands and his warmth and his scent, sweet like peaches and cream. He was fond of his husband without really understanding how he had been mated to someone so perfect and then no more.

…

“There’s nothing wrong with you, Jimin.” Moonbyul said softly, her delicate hand holding his and a small kind smile on her lips. “Nature is wise and perhaps it is best your heat hasn’t hit yet.” She said softly and Jimin nodded.

“It’s like I can feel it under my skin sometimes, but Jungkook has not said anything about my scent so… I guess it only something I am feeling.” Jimin said and she nodded.
“It is highly possible your own heat will trigger his rut. Even if his matting mark is gone, you told me his wolf remembers your fox and he’s been healthy for a while too, so I think it might synchronize with your own cycle in a way.” She said and Jimin sighed running a hand through his hair.

“That’s not good. I mean… it will be harder to control. I talked to Jaejoongss and he said he’d give me one of the old rooms in his home to hide for the duration of my heat, but Jungkook cannot be there.” Jimin sighed.

“In that case I think it is best if Jungkook is given the room in Jaejoong’s house and we lock you here. It is easier to control an omega in heat than a rogue alpha in rut.” She said and Jimin nodded.

“I guess I will talk to him about this. I don’t want him to think I let things just happen when I knew they would.” He bit down on his lower lip and Moonbyul stared at him for a long moment before speaking again.

“I think it is great that you are both sharing a bed again…” She said and Jimin tensed with a faint blush covering his cheeks. “But I worry it might mean one thing for you and something else for him.” She said softly.

“It does.” Jimin said with a frown. “I am trying my best not to let my feelings in on this, noona. I think I’ve pushed my luck, but I won’t do that with something as serious as a heat and a rut.” He said and she nodded.

“I just don’t want you to get hurt.” She added and Jimin sighed and tightened his hold on her hand briefly.

“Don’t worry… there’s no way Jungkook can hurt me.” He said with a bitter smile that did nothing to calm her worries.

…

Jimin arrived later than usual that night to their sleeping quarters and was surprised to see the lit candle on the low table by the large window, Jungkook was sitting there with a book and only lifted his gaze when he felt Jimin’s presence.

“Why are you not sleeping?” Jimin wondered with his big eyes staring down at Jungkook. It was unusual for the alpha to sit on the cushions when getting up had become a hard task for him. “Is your leg good? Not numbing or anything?” He asked faintly aware that Jungkook was just staring at him.

“Can we talk for a moment? I know it is late, but…” He dragged on closing the book and Jimin blinked a few times before he came closer and pulled one of the cushions and knelt over it, resting his butt on his heels.

“I am not that tired. Is something on your mind?” Jimin asked; his face illuminated by the warm light made him look softer than usual.

Jungkook sometimes felt Jimin was becoming sharper… it was just his steely gaze and his sharp jawline when he was doing his job as a king, looking rather serious and too smart for anyone to believe he was the same omega nursing two pups with glorious smiles made of sun and everything nice.

“Your heat…” Jungkook said slowly; he was not tense or nervous, but he noticed how Jimin seemed to straighten his back so much it looked like it might hurt. “My rut.” He added and then cleared his throat glancing briefly at the candle and then back at Jimin.
“I wanted to talk to you about it.” Jimin amended and Jungkook lifted one eyebrow.

“Yes? What were you thinking?” Jungkook asked honestly curious. He didn’t want to tell Jimin that he had overheard the conversation he had had with his sister.

“Yes, Jaejoong-ssi has a residence not that far from the palace and the structure goes underground. I am not sure you remember it, but I was thinking you could spend your rut there, it would be easier to…”

“Control me.” Jungkook supplied with a calm and collected tone. “I know.” He said with a bitter scoff.

“It is highly possible that I would be in heat at the same time you’re in rut so… even though I know you would never hurt me I cannot say you would never hurt others. I will be… incapacitated to help.” Jimin said, his blush getting darker.

“I understand.” Jungkook said and they fell quiet, but Jimin could see Jungkook was thinking really hard about something, but then his eyes cleared and he stood much easier than Jimin though it’d be possible for his wounded leg. “Let’s just go to bed.” He said softly and Jimin nodded and then stood up as well.

Jungkook watched him go to the big wardrobe made of the most expensive woods, carved with intricate designs and colored slightly in gold, he opened the door and rummaged a bit until he got the sleeping robes.

Jungkook stopped by the bed a sudden thought popping in his head as he watched the fox close the doors and then walk in the direction of the bathrooms attached to the bedroom.

“Jimin.” He called and the omega stopped and turned around with big eyes; he looked nervous for some reason. “Change here.” Jungkook said. Jimin felt his skin getting hot and his throat dry up. “It is nothing I haven’t seen before.” He said, placing the candle on the table near the bed on his side.

Jimin stared at the alpha wondering why he looked annoyed when he said it. He couldn’t understand the weird behavior.

“I know…” Jimin said in a soft whisper. “It’s just that since you-”

“I am Jeon Jungkook.” He said a bit louder this time; Jimin briefly looked at the crib, but the pups were undisturbed. “I am your mate. I am the man you married. I am the boy you grew up with. I am the third prince from the mainland.” He said and at the end he almost sounded like he was begging; Jimin felt his eyes burn.

“Yes, you are, but-”

“Then don’t make me feel like I am some kind of impostor that is trying to take over something that belonged to another man.” He said.

Jimin felt winded for a moment. He had never even thought that he might had been hurting Jungkook with his actions… with the need to keep themselves apart. He had thought it was better for the alpha, to make him feel more comfortable.

He didn’t say anything, he just turned and walked the few steps back to the wardrobe, opened the doors and placed the sleepwear back inside. He took a deep breath and with trembling hands undid the sash on his waist.
Jungkook stared and when Jimin hung the sash on one of the hooks inside the wardrobe he found his legs getting weak. He sat at the edge of the bed and stared at the fox. Jimin got the upper half of his robe off his body rather quickly and not making any unnecessary movements… it was just natural and when his tattoo came into view Jungkook felt tied to the fox in a way he would never be able to explain.

He watched him as he worked on the front of his lose pants, pushing them down his hips and then leaning to fold them properly and sticking them inside the wardrobe.

Jungkook raked his eyes down Jimin’s narrow hips… his fuzzy tail curling around one thick thigh and he found himself wishing he could wrap his own hand around the meat of Jimin’s legs, opening them to his own taste and then burying himself deep inside his heat…

Too soon Jimin was pulling over his sleepwear on his body, hiding away the tattoo and his lovely peach colored skin… and Jungkook heaved out a breath he didn’t know he had been holding. Jimin closed the doors and turned around, his eyes immediately finding Jungkook’s.

“Thank you.” Jungkook said, aware that he had been the one to ask Jimin to do that, Jimin only gave a slow nod and then made his way to the side of the bed and got in rather quickly, his back to Jungkook.

The younger blew out the candle and got under the covers as well, his eyes soon adjusting and finding focus on Jimin’s silvery hair. He wasn’t sure he’d be able to sleep now, but only because he had too many things in his head.

“I am sorry.” Jimin whispered after a long moment of silence and Jungkook frowned, but before he could question, Jimin was speaking again. “I thought you wouldn’t feel comfortable if I crossed another line.” He explained. “I am not building walls around me to make you feel like you’re another person.”

“I should’ve talked to you about this sooner.” Jungkook said and then Jimin turned around to stare at him. It felt like there was an ocean between them even if Jimin’s clear eyes were on him now. “The more we talk… the more I hear you talk about things I cannot remember doing… the more I feel like I am not the man you talk about.” He said slowly. “I feel like… I am competing with someone else for your affections.” He admitted and Jimin’s eyes widened.

“Only you.” Jimin said and Jungkook nodded and averted his gaze.

“I know you loved me, I know you love me and will probably love me forever…” He said taking a deep breath. “I like you, Jimin… I like you more than I can explain; I know what my wolf feels for you… I am just confused.” He frowned. “Will it be the same if I say I loved you than it was the first time I said it? Will it make you feel the same way even if I can’t remember anything?”

Jimin pondered about his words and he wasn’t sure of the answer. He was happy that Jungkook had agreed to this, to everything… that Jungkook had stayed, that he was clearly trying and that he seemed to have feeling for him, but… would it ever be the same as it was before?

“I don’t know…” Jimin admitted and Jungkook looked at him again a long sigh escaping his lips. “But we will find out.” Jimin added making Jungkook a bit surprised. “I won’t draw anymore lines between us if you don’t want me to. If you feel comfortable enough to do something I want you to do it.” Jimin continued. “I love you… that is enough for me right now.”

Jungkook fell deeply once again when Jimin mustered a small smile and he move faster than he could process, leaning on his elbows, watching as Jimin’s eyes widened when he was only an inch
away from his face.

“Can I kiss you?” Jungkook asked; dark eyes boring deeply into silvery ones and it took Jimin a moment to finally nod his consent.

Jungkook pressed his thin lips on Jimin’s plump one softly... they both closed their eyes, meeting in another form inside their minds. Jungkook opened his mouth and kissed him deeper unaware of how he was moving closer until Jimin was lying on his back under Jungkook’s chest. The alpha tilted his head and when Jimin opened his mouth a bit he took the opportunity to push his tongue inside.

Jimin moaned unabashedly and that only seemed to encourage the alpha to deepen the kiss, letting his torso rest completely on Jimin’s chest, unaware of his own weight. Jimin huffed out and their lips parted, but Jungkook continued to kiss down his jaw and then moving to his neck.

“Jungkook... you’re heavy...” Jimin complained after a moment and the younger pulled away delivering a chaste kiss to Jimin’s cheek.

“I am sorry... It just... felt right.” He said staring down into Jimin’s eyes. The elder nodded and cupped the alpha’s cheeks, familiarizing with his face again, loving every single particularity he knew like the back of his hand. He ran his fingertips over Jungkook’s nose making him close his eyes. “Spend your heat with me.” He sighed and Jimin stopped his movements.

They were so close that it was hard to avoid the question, to make an excuse when he didn’t want one to begin with, but to spend and rut and heat together wouldn’t be too much?

Jungkook saw the hesitation and he felt his jaw tensing in anger because it was hard not to feel like Jimin would much rather spend his heat with Jungkook’s past self and it made him feel cheated as stupid as it was.

“I’ve only spent one heat with you. You’ve only spent one rut with me.” Jimin said softly. “I feel that it will be like whole other thing when we are both in our most basic instinct.” Jimin said and Jungkook buried his face in Jimin’s neck, quickly finding the scar of a mating mark he didn’t remember making.

“Please...” He begged, his voice weak and trembling and Jimin’s words died out in his throat when he felt his mate’s tongue licking over the mark. “Please...” He said again placing a kiss there too.

“Okay...”

...

A few days later they were having a dinner party at the palace with Jimin and Yugyeom that had arrived that same morning and had complained all day about the hot weather.

The twins had been fascinated with the new addition to the group; Jimin’s little pup was a girl named Minji and she had the same plump cheeks and the same dark fur of her parents. She was only two months old though so she was still attached to her mother's arms and the pups seemed a bit too eager to play since they were on the verge of walking.

“Hopefully soon we will have more pups in the mix!” Jimin said happily from his spot; he winked at his sister and she turned a few shades of red.

“I don’t think I am ready to be a father.” Seunghyun said softly and Moonbyul nodded her agreement making them laugh.
“Ah! Yugyeom-ssi!” Jimin said excitedly as he turned to look at the man with eyes lit in mischief. “Do you remember the times we used to play chase in the third house?” He asked and Yugyeom seemed to deflate at the memories making both Jimins laugh.

“Chase?” Jungkook questioned and Jimin realized that despite everything he had told Jungkook about their past he had failed to tell him how much he had loved to play chase when he was still in the south.

“Yeah, like he enjoyed rubbing in my face how fast he was how I would never ever catch him.” Yugyeom commented tiredly. “You did catch him though!” Yugyeom said and Jungkook frowned, unable to remember such a thing.

“Yeah…” Jimin said softly. “Once. But not many people knew about it.” Jimin shrugged with a faint blush on his cheeks. “The very same day you returned from the south.” Jimin said and Jungkook nodded as if he understood. He did, but the memory wasn’t there.

“We should play some other time?” Jungkook asked his eyes staring into Jimin’s and the omega nodded with a wide smile.

That night when the dinner was done and everyone was asleep, Jungkook couldn’t even close his eyes. He had gotten up to the bathrooms to clean the bleeding of his nose. It was nothing dangerous, it happened when he tried too hard to sort his thoughts, his memories… when he tried to remember.

When he walked back he checked on the pups and then sighed… he stared down at Jimin’s sleeping form and pursed his lips, he got closer and placed a hand on Jimin’s shoulder, shaking him softly.

“Yah… hyeong, wake up.” He called and Jimin slowly opened his eyes groaning as he turned around to look at the man.

“What’s going on?” He wondered and Jungkook cleared his throat.

“Come on, let’s go play chase.” He said and Jimin blinked several times, he turned on his back and continued to stare up at Jungkook in confusion. “In the halls… let’s play.” He added and Jimin frowned as he pushed himself up from the bed.

“But the pups-”

“Are sleeping and you’ve got good hearing. Come on…” Jungkook clasped Jimin’s small hand in his and the fox let the other pull him off bed. And then they both walked to the door to stand in the darkened hall.

“Why so suddenly?” Jimin wondered rubbing the sleep off his eyes.

“Let’s stay in this level, okay? And… let’s try to be silent.” Jungkook said and Jimin smirked up at him, crossing his arms over his chest.

“You try to be silent you big mutt.” Jimin said and Jungkook gaped at him in disbelief before Jimin turned soundlessly and sprinted down the hall a wolfish smile drawing on Jungkook’s lips as he tried his best to catch up.

…

Moonbyul woke up with a start and so did Seunghyun when they heard something falling and breaking in the hall. Seunghyun got off the bed rather fast and walked to the door, opening a bit and looking both sides.
“Is there someone?” Moonbyul asked scared as she came to be behind Seunghyun. “We have to go to Jimin and Jungkook, the pups might be in danger.” She said and Seunghyun shushed her.

“I’ll go, you stay here.” He said and she grasped his wrist.

“No! What if someone comes in here and I am alone? Do you expect me to heal them to death? That’s not how it works.”

“Heavens, Moonbyul! Fine, but be quiet!” He chastised and she nodded with a pout and then they walked out slowly. They rounded the next corner and stopped at the sight.

“What’s going on?” Moonbyul asked, the two guards looked at her and so did Jungkook.

“Nothing, noona… You should go back to sleep.” Jungkook said. “Unless you’ve seen Jimin, then you have to tell me where he went.” He said and Moonbyul frowned.

“Jimin? Is he lost?” She asked worriedly and Jungkook sighed figuring he’d have to tell the truth as embarrassing as it was.

“We are playing chase. I just… my leg gave out around here and I bumped into this vase.” He said motioning to the broken shards. “They heard the noise and came over…” He said signaling to the guards.

“Yah!” Moonbyul snapped. “I was having a nice dream!” She retorted and then turned and left back to her bedroom. Seunghyun sighed and then chuckled at the situation.

“Can’t believe you convinced your mate to play chase so close to dawn.” He shook his head and then yawned. “Try not to break anything else, shit here looks expensive as fuck.” He said and Jungkook sighed.

“Yeah, yeah… goodnight.” He said and Seunghyun returned to his bedroom too.

Jungkook dismissed the guards, thanking them for their help and then he was alone; he didn’t have a clue on where Jimin was and it was a bit frustrating to admit he had become such a lousy hunter. He stared down at the broken shards and wondered how it had felt like to chase Jimin the first time, how it had felt to catch him when no one else seemed to have done it before.

“You’re just not the same, Jungkook…” He sighed and placed both hands on his nape, closing his eyes for a brief moment before turning around to return to the bedroom, but then he came face to face with Jimin; he seemed concerned.

“Are you okay?” Jimin asked and Jungkook nodded, one hand uselessly gesturing to the vase.

“I think I broke something important?” Jungkook said and in an instant Jimin was on him, his small hands trailing down his arms and checking his ribs with a worried look. “What are you doing?” Jungkook wondered.

“What important thing did you break?” He questioned and it took Jungkook a moment to finally chuckle. “You have a good nose.” Jimin bumped his nose with his finger. “I was close when you tripped.” He explained.

“So you saw me tripping and breaking the vase?” He wondered and Jimin nodded with a small smile. “Aish, so embarrassing.” Jungkook groaned and Jimin grabbed his hands.

“Let’s go back to sleep, yeah? Running around in the dark is not smart.” Jimin said and started to
pull him towards the bedroom.

“Yeah, you’re right.”

...

Small things like those... Jimin started to build a new chapter based on small things like playing chase in the nights, like playing with the pups and letting Jungkook kiss him goodnight. It was enough to serve a purpose...

When Jimin made his first trip to the southern island it was with Jungkook and without the pups. His anxiety at leaving the pups behind was almost funny to Jungkook if not for the fact that he was equally nervous. They were already a year old, knew how to walk and knew more words now. He knew Moonbyul and Jimin would take of them perfectly, but still...

The thing was that the southern island was not a paradise, the climate conditions were pretty complicated and Jungkook understood how this would affect the pups, it had only been a few hours since they arrived and the heat of the day, humid and suffocating had him sweating without even moving.

Jimin’s cheeks were red and his skin getting tanner by the second... it allured Jungkook how easily Jimin’s skin adapted to the surroundings whilst he usually burned.

As the official kings of the islands, they had traveled and visited most of the inhabitants that had refused to leave the island in the course of the past year. They lacked a lot of things. Jimin had donated Chanyeol’s old palace for it to serve as a market and the fixings had gone good; people had found a new way of living too, but still.

During the afternoon rain started to pour so hard that Jungkook was scared for a bit that they would witness a flood. Even with the rain it was terribly hot and stuffy, but they had also been stranded thanks to their unfounded decision of taking the horses to visit the last pack. The south was mostly organized in small packs living one far from the other.

“Seems like you are not going anywhere, your highness.” The pack’s leader said with a warm chuckle as he addressed Jimin. Jungkook was okay with it, most foxes found it weird to call him such honorifics, but they still treated him with respect and liked him.

“How long does it usually last?” Jimin wondered as he wiped the sweat from his brow.

“The longest was... I think three days.” He said, the royals jumped and gasped at the same times.

“Three days of rain?!” Jungkook asked and the man looked at him with a nod and a smile as he shrugged.

“We don’t lie when we say life is hard here.” He said and then sighed. “We will provide accommodations and food. Don’t worry.” He said and Jimin turned to look inside the rather small cabin. “Not here, your highness. I would never dream to make our kings sleep in the same room I do with my mate.” He said and Jimin blinked several times.

“Oh...”

“Our daughter will mate soon.” The leader’s mate approached with a warm smile. “She’s currently at her mate’s place. Their cabin has been built but since they haven’t mated they can’t live there yet.” She said and Jimin finally understood.
“We can’t stay in a place that is meant for a newly mated couple!” He said nervously, but the woman waved her hand dismissingly.

“Nonsense, your highness! It will be a honor to house you for the time being.” She said.

A few minutes later Jimin found himself drenched in water from the walking, standing in the middle of a very empty house, small and comfy, but empty. There was only one big wardrobe that the leader opened to pull out a rolled mattress to extend it over the wooden floors.

“There’s a blanket in there too, but nights here are awfully hot. And there are also dry clothes” He said pulling two small pillows and throwing them on the mattress.

“I will place the candle here.” The leader’s mate said and then placed a basket next to it. “Here’s some food for you.” She added and Jungkook bowed in thanks. “We wish we could give your highness more comfortable treats.” She added with a sheepish look and Jimin shook his head quickly.

“This is more than enough!” He amended and Jungkook nodded with a warm smile. “We will forever be indebted for your kindness.” He added and bowed deeply; both elders felt a bit unsure of what to do and decided to imitate him.

“Please… have a good night.” She said before they left the cabin, leaving them alone in the darkening nigh and the sound of the heavy downpour.

“We better change out of these.” Jungkook said and motioned to their clothes. Jimin nodded and they both walked back to the wardrobe pulling out the simple items. Jungkook pulled the biggest chemise and the biggest pants.

Jimin pulled out a smaller gown; Jungkook immediately laughing when he realized it was made for women, Jimin glared at Jungkook and ripped the chemise from his hand, thrusting the gown at him.

“Yah… this is not going to fit me.” Jungkook said holding the small gown in one hand and Jimin ignored him as he started to discard his wet clothes. The younger stared a bit longer, watching the beautiful husband get naked and then covering his skin again with a large garment that fell off one shoulder and reached his mid-thighs.

“It fits me perfectly.” Jimin said looking down at himself. Jungkook chuckled and he too started to take off his clothes, only then realizing his leg was hurting a bit, too much time on horse, too much time walking… too tired. Jimin noticed. “Let me help you.” He said and helped Jungkook take off his pants where they stuck because of how damp they were.

Once he was naked, Jimin grabbed the pants and crouched to help him. He pulled the pants up his legs, giggling at how tight they fitted around his thighs and hips.

“They serve their purpose.” He said tying the sash at the front and Jungkook smiled in amusement.

“Keeping you from ogling at me?” Jungkook teased and Jimin backhanded him softly on his belly with a weak glare.

Jimin moved to hand the wet clothes on a rack by the wall and then he eyed Jungkook and heaved a long sigh.

“Let’s eat.” He said making his way to the food. Jungkook went to follow, but his leg complained and he ended up jumping on his good leg to reach the mattress and then slowly crouching to sit down on it.
Jimin brought the small bowls to the mattress and started to pick vegetables and meat with a pair of chopsticks, feeding Jungkook first.

"Are you okay? Do you need me to do something?" Jimin questioned, it would be the first time he held Jungkook’s leg upwards for a while to help him ease the pain of a long day of work.

"I’m fine. Just tired." He said; Jimin nodded as he ate a bite himself and then fed another to Jungkook, time went on like this until they finished all of their food, talking about what they had seen during the day and all the things they could try to do to help the people get a better life in the south.

When they were full and dry, they got comfortable on the mattress. Jimin heaved a groan when his back finally rested on the soft surface. Jungkook chuckled a bit; he was already feeling better.

"This is nice." He said and Jimin hummed in question. "This scene right here. Makes me feel like we could lead a normal life like them." He said and Jimin turned to look at him in the dark room, the candle was about to give out.

"What would we be?" Jimin questioned suddenly not so tired; Jungkook hummed deep in thought.

"Probably fishermen. There are a lot around here. Maybe merchants, but I’d rather we stayed in the same place to grow the pups." He said; Jimin stared at his profile with affection. "We would wait until the presented and get them married before we decide to travel for a while and then we come back and take care of our grandchildren."

"You have it all planned out, don’t you?" Jimin giggled.

"You’ll have a tough old age though…" He said and Jimin turned so he could support his body on his elbows, now staring down at Jungkook’s face. "With my leg and arm like this I am already accepting the fact that I will be an old man full of pains and whatnot, you’ll have to take care of me…" He sighed and Jimin hummed. "Besides… you’re a silver fox. I’ll look like a raisin when I turn seventy and you’ll probably look thirty at most. Have you seen Jaejoong and your mother?" He asked and Jimin giggled louder this time.

"Why are you like this?" Jimin asked getting closer until he rested his chin on Jungkook’s chest. "I never spend time thinking on the future." He whispered and Jungkook shrugged.

"I do. I try to imagine what would it be like if one day I suddenly remembered you…” He said and Jimin blinked, his smile slowly fading. "Would it be painful? Happy? Would I tell you or keep it for myself? Would it affect what I feel now? That kind of stuff." He sighed closing his eyes briefly.

"Don’t think about the future anymore." Jimin suddenly said and Jungkook opened his eyes in time to see him crawling on top of him, clinging to him like a koala. "Stay with us… with me and the pups every second of our now.” Jimin said, his soft breath fawning over Jungkook’s naked chest.

"Sounds like a plan." Jungkook felt himself relaxing under Jimin warm weight; he closed his eyes and willed himself to sleep. It had been a long day, hectic and rushed, but still… he couldn’t sleep. "Jimin… I can’t really sleep.” He said and Jimin hummed lifting his head up to stare down at him.

"Aren’t you tired? You said you were.” He said with narrowed eyes and Jungkook sighed.

"I know what I said.” He rolled his eyes.

“Our candle is almost out too. The rain has gotten stronger… there’s noting to do right now so I suggest you…” Jimin trailed his words off when he felt one of Jungkook’s hands trailing up his
thigh. He stared down at Jungkook’s eyes in disbelief.

“T – I can think of a few things we could do, but… only if you want to.” Jungkook shrugged. “You are not wearing anything under your clothes.” He added and Jimin scoffed.

“Y – Yeah, look… I have plenty to pick from.” He said sarcastically motioning towards the wardrobe. “But Jungkook… this will be someone else’s bed… We can’t just…” Jimin fell quiet when he felt Jungkook’s fingertips dipping on the crease of his butt cheek and thigh.

“I want to… I want to do it like this before the rut and the heat.” He said and Jimin blinked in surprise. “I’ve been trying to bring the issue up, but I wasn’t sure how to say it. I know we will be following instincts when we get there so… I wanted the slow-paced version.” He explained.

“Oh…” Jimin said and he understood. In all honesty he was not nervous about it or bothered by Jungkook’s actions. He was just annoyed they weren’t in their own bedchambers. “Still… this mattress belongs to that girl and her mate…”

“We will gift them a large bed.” Jungkook said and raised his hips to push off his pants; Jimin gasped when his own member rubbed against the alpha’s navel. “We can afford it.” Jungkook added, hands now splayed on Jimin’s butt cheeks.

“I know… I know we can…” Jimin felt his cheeks heating up.

“Is that a yes?” Jungkook questioned already smelling Jimin’s arousal in the air and the omega smiles and Jungkook… Jungkook smiles.

…

The next day they woke up tangled in each other’s embrace. Jungkook was still inside Jimin and the omega whined weakly when he heard the loud knocking on the door, when he tried to scramble up though, Jungkook pulled him back against his chest, Jimin lightly tapped at his arms.

“Yah! Wake up! They’ve come to get us!” Jimin whispered harshly and the alpha ever so slowly opened his eyes looking around in confusion.

“What?”

“The pack’s leaders have come to get us… It is already morning.” Jimin said and Jungkook finally loosened his hold. Jimin moved up, mortified at the feeling on his behind. It’d be shameful, but they didn’t have time to clean. “We’ll be out in a minute!” He called as he walked towards the rack; pleased to see their clothes were fairly dry. “Hurry up!” He said harshly when Jungkook continued to rest on the mattress.

“We have to gift them with a comfy bed, Jimin.” He said groaning in pain as he stretched. “This is not comfortable at all.” He groaned and pushed up, walking towards the rack and picking his own clothes; smirking at every slight flinch Jimin made.

“Yeah… It is not that comfortable.” Jimin said as he tied the sash around his waist; Jungkook chuckled.

“You slept most of the night on me, Jimin. I think your pain comes from how good I-”

“Hurry up!” Jimin blushed heavily rolling the mattress again, completely ashamed of the stains.
When they were presentable they finally moved to open the door. The leaders had knowing smiles on their faces.

“Cavalry is here to pick you up.” The man said after clearing his throat. Jimin nodded in thanks and when the woman moved to enter the cabin he turned and followed her.

“Oh! We are sorry…” Jimin stammered and she looked at him in confusion. “T-to y-your d-daughter. We w-will gift h-her with…” Jimin was too red for it to be healthy, so Jungkook stepped in.

“A bed. We will gift her with a bed for her mating ceremony.” He said calmly; Jimin lowered his eyes and let his mate do the talking.

“Oh… you are too generous, your highness.” She said and bowed her head in thanks.

“Thank you for letting us use this space for the night.” Jungkook added and then they were gone, walking towards the carriage Mark had brought; the alpha wolf frowning when he saw them and then rolling his eyes when he smelled their pheromones still clinging to their bodies.

“Just drive us away fast, captain Tuan.”

…

5 years later

“Hoseok-hyeong said I could call you appa.” Yoongi tensed as he pinched the bridge of his nose and then turned his icy glare to the kid in front of him.

His name was Jinhyuk? Mansoo? No, Mansoo was the brown haired one, this one had to be Jinhyuk. Honestly, he didn’t care and he didn’t have time to entertain Hoseok and Taehyung’s great idea of adopting two kids last month. It was not like he was part of the deal; he only refrained from voicing his worries of letting Taehyung—a kid—father another kid, but Hoseok had so much hope on Taehyung that sometimes Yoongi could only agree with the other beta and trust his intuition.

“No. You can call me ‘your highness’. I am your king, kid. Not your father.” He said in his deep voice as he continued to read.

“But Taehyung-hyeong said he loves you. He said you are all a family.” Jinhyuk complained, the kid was not older than seven, but he was already grating on Yoongi’s nerves.

“Why are you calling them hyeong, but you insist on calling me appa?” Yoongi snapped with a glare that did nothing to scare the kid.

“They look young. You have white hair already.” He said and Yoongi blinked in disbelief, but only then he heard snickers and then Taehyung appeared by the door and ruffled Jinhyuk’s hair.

“Go play with Mansoo-ah, tell Hoseok-hyeong I will drag Yoongi-hyeong to dinner if I have to.” Taehyung said and the kid nodded before sprinting down the hall.

“You fucking assholes.” Yoongi said calmly as he returned to his paperwork; the sound of the door clicking shut made him look at Taehyung again with a frown; the alpha approached the desk and scanned through the papers briefly before looking into Yoongi’s blue eyes.

“Take a break.” Taehyung almost pleaded. “In five years of living here I haven’t seen you take a proper rest, like vacations or something. We should go visit Jiminnie and Jungkook, see the twins
and let them meet our kids too.” Taehyung said and Yoongi scoffed loudly.

“First of all, kings don’t take rests. Second, I won’t go visit Jimin and Jungkook because they live in fucking hell and lastly, those are your and Hoseok’s kids.” Yoongi argued and Taehyung sighed tiredly.

“Yeah, whatever… they’ll warm you up soon enough. Mansoo thinks you’re a ghost so it will take him longer.” He said and Yoongi closed his eyes for a moment, but then Taehyung’s big hands were on his shoulders, kneading the muscles and he was gone. “It took you time to warm up to me.” A kiss was pressed to the king’s temple. “Took you longer to warm up to Hoseok.” Another to his jaw. “We have time for the pups’ turn.” He finished with a kiss on a pale cheek.

“Come on… make it quick.” Yoongi said as he suddenly stood up and started to work his robes off. Taehyung widened his eyes dramatically and shook his head, grasping the other’s hands to stop him. Yoongi frowned up at him. “What the fuck?”

“Your highness! What if someone sees us?! What will everyone think?” Taehyung looked around desperately and Yoongi swore he was going to murder the fucking asshole. “They could kill me for this!”

“I will fucking kill you in your sleep.” Yoongi said through gritted teeth and Taehyung chuckled lowly, grabbing his sash and tying it back again.

“As much as I want to fuck you on this desk, I promised Hoseok I would take you back for dinner whether you wanted it or not. He thinks you’ve become skinnier.” He said with a grimace.

“I am skinny. Sue me.” Yoongi grumbled and Taehyung nodded.

“Hoseok’s fantasy is to see some meat on your bones.” He said and Yoongi quirked an eyebrow.

“Really?” He wondered. “Is that why he pinches my sides when we are fucking? Tell him to stop! It kills my mood.” Yoongi complained already making his way to the door.

“Tell him yourself, but I’d like it if you at least ate three meals a day with us and the boys.” Taehyung said and Yoongi sighed.

“Are you sure they don’t have fleas?”

“Hyeong!”

…

Seokjin was immersed in a deep reading when suddenly he heard something crashing. He sighed heavily, but didn’t take his eyes off the book until he had finished the paragraph. He then moved from the study room and walked down the aisle to the next room, opening the doors while preparing himself for something chaotic.

He blinked several times at the sight, Namjoon was sitting on the floor slightly bent forward while Yebin; the little five year old they had officially adopted three years ago, cleaned some kind of wound on Namjoon’s eyebrow.

“Yah… What happened?” He came forward and crouched next to the little girl; her big eyes turning to Seokjin with a guilty expression.

“We built the fort.” She said motioning to all the cushions scattered around the room and Seokjin
nodded once, aware that Namjoon was keeping quiet with his gaze on the ground. “Appa said he had to make sure it was safe for Yebin. So he jumped over and hurt his face.” Yebin said smartly as she wiped tears that were slowly gathering in her big eyes.

Seokjin nodded and sighed, running his long fingers through her long hair and then she was burying her face in Seokjin’s chest, quietly sobbing. Seokjin held her close as he stared at Namjoon until the alpha lifted his eyes and met Seokjin’s amused ones.

“I told you so.” Seokjin mouthed the words and Namjoon nodded in defeat.

Yes, Seokjin had told him that he couldn’t go for a week without breaking something while playing with Yebin and Namjoon had accepted the challenge. He had been extremely careful for the past five days only to fail now, and only because he’d rather hurt himself than let the little girl suffer, but now she was crying.

“Yebin-ah… Don’t cry. Appa will build a new fort for you.” Namjoon said patting his big hand softly on her back. Seokjin chuckled.

“I doubt she’s crying because of the fort.” He said and Namjoon frowned, genuinely confused. “Yebin-ah… why don’t you tell appa why you are crying?” Seokjin encouraged and the girl turned to look at Namjoon with teary eyes and a runny nose; it broke Namjoon’s heart.

“Appa got hurt.” She sobbed and Namjoon felt warm all of a sudden.

“Ah, Yebin-ah…” Namjoon said choking on his tears when the little girl moved from Seokjin’s lap to his and they hugged each other while crying. Seokjin sighed and rolled his eyes.

It was a funny thing that even though Yebin was not biologically theirs, she behaved so much like Namjoon and some people even said she looked a lot like Seokjin.

“Aish… what am I going to do with you two?”

…

“What if I drown and die?”

Jimin blinked several times at the big eyes the little fox had while staring up at him, his black fuzzy tail tense and his eyes nervous. Jimin wasn’t sure what he could say because he had told Jungkook he was scared the pups would drown in the new swimming lessons their father wanted to give them.

Jiseok had not even thought before he ran through the docks at full speed and had jumped into the water, Jungkook following behind with wide fearful eyes because Jiseok was just like that, always getting into trouble.

“You won’t. We won’t let you.” Jimin said crouching to be on the pup’s same height.

Haneul was just precious. Jiseok was too, in the end they both looked fairly similar to Jimin, with plump cheeks and pouty lips, but they’d have to wait and see once they grew older and their features defined.

Haneul turned and pouted even more when he saw Jiseok was already splashing on his own, Jungkook just watching him, making sure he was fine.

“Come on… I will help you.” Jimin said, his small hand grasping Haneul’s and then ever so slowly they started to make their way into the sea. Jungkook pulled Jiseok closer to the shore so he could
teach his brother.

“Come on, Haneullie… I will teach you.” Jungkook reached his bigger hand and Haneul splashed a bit when the change of parent made him sink a bit. “Easy pup, appa’s got you.” Jungkook said and then hugged Haneul to his chest to let him calm some; the little boy was trembling. “Do you trust me?” he asked and Haneul nodded. “Appa wouldn’t ever let you hurt…” He added and Haneul nodded again.

Jimin watched them from the shore with a warm smile, one hand holding onto Jiseok tail so that he wouldn’t swim away. The little boy would tire himself out soon enough with how hard he was moving his arms and legs.

“Look at this, appa!” Jiseok called and Jimin looked at him as he twirled around.

“That’s awesome!” Jimin clapped, letting go of the tail to see him do some other moves, clearly enjoy the attention Jimin was giving him.

It was long day with the pups in the sea… a day they enjoyed in family and the sun was setting when Jimin sat down on a wide blanket after a swim. The pups already tired and sleeping next to each other on the blanket and Jungkook… Jungkook floating calmly in the deeper part, letting his body be swayed by the waves.

Jimin only stared at his form until the alpha swam back, a radiant smile on his face; eyes red from the salt, the faint limp had become so familiar Jimin no longer worried about it. Jungkook leaned over him and pressed a kiss on his lips. It was not unwelcomed, but took Jimin aback a bit.

“Let’s go back. They have to bathe and we have to sleep.” He said picking Jiseok up, then Jimin picked Haneul and they walked over to the carriage that would take them back.

It was nice to have such freedom. Since Jimin had never truly liked to stay locked in the palace, people had grown so accustomed to seeing them on the streets that they no longer startled when they saw them.

It was good… life was good.

After so many things that had happened to them… all the hardships and obstacles they had to overcome, Jimin was happy. Jungkook was happy. Surely the world still needed fixing, but it was good.

When days like these ended… Jimin was happy and content to kiss the pups on their forehead and wish them a good night and then walk back to the room he shared with his mate. Curl under the covers and Jungkook hold him close.

“Goodnight, Jungkook.”
“Jimin?”

“Hmm?”

“Remember what I told you last year, when the pups turned four?” He asked and Jimin tensed and nodded. He turned in Jungkook’s arms to stare into his dark orbs.

“You said you’d tell me when you were ready to let me bite you again.” Jimin whispered and Jungkook nodded with a smile.

“It took me a while, Jimin.” Jungkook said and Jimin frowned when he saw tears glint in his husband’s eyes. “I am sorry.” His hand cupping Jimin’s cheek.

“I understand… I told you we had time to spare.” Jimin whispered not sure of why it seemed to affect Jungkook so much, but the wolf shook his head.

“No, I mean… it took me a while… to come back.” Jimin’s eyes widened.

“Jungkook?”

“I remember I promised you, didn’t I? That I would always come back to you.”

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