Sweeter than Sweet

by Gimmesumsuga

Summary

You never would have expected someone like Park Jimin to notice you. As handsome and beguiling as he is deadly, you’re enthralled from the very moment you meet. Addicted to his kiss and his bite, Jimin opens up your eyes to a whole new world of love, lust and seduction.

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This fic was inspired by the song and MV 'Blood, Sweat and Tears'.
Hi guys! This is my first BTS fic and I'm very new to the Bangtan ARMY, so be kind! I'm also from the UK so please excuse any poorly translated Korean.

With that said, I hope you enjoy what I've written so far. Any feedback is greatly appreciated.
“Hey! You coming or what?” Your friend looks over her shoulder to you, ringlets framing her gleefully mischievous expression. A short nod and smile are all it takes to mollify her but the moment that her back is turned your nervous eyes resume scanning the room, darting this way and that, from corner to corner.

The club is packed, bodies thronging on either side as you as squeeze your way through to trail behind your modest friendship group of one. Crowds have never really been your thing; even one-on-one you’ve been known to be slightly awkward with those whom you’re not so familiar.

You have to admit, though: there’s a sense of anonymity that comes with blending between dancers in the dark that appeals to you - content to become just another nameless body amongst the writhing masses. Barely anyone even pays you second glance, and why would they?

Eventually, you manage to squeeze your way to the bar to join your friend, hopping into a newly vacated stool with a heavy sigh of relief. At least now you’re sat down Sam might be less likely to try dragging you onto the dance floor - that’s the hope, anyway.

“What’re you having?” she calls over the thumping music. Her hips are already swinging back and forth to the bass as you peer helplessly at the assortment of colourful bottles lining the back wall and squint your eyes in hopes of making out the labels. You end up none the wiser for doing so, however, resorting to eyeing the drink that’s just landed in front of Sam instead; a bright orange concoction that’s poured with a flourish into a tall cocktail glass.

“I’ll just have one of those!” you say, raising your voice in an attempt to be heard over the din that surrounds you. You’re not sure you’re successful, to be honest, but Sam must have understood what your gesticulating had meant because soon enough an identical drink is placed in front of you - cocktail umbrella and all. You take a cautious sip whilst your friend looks around - searching for tonight’s prey, most likely - and you’re relieved that she misses the way you grimace at the drink’s slightly bitter aftertaste. She’d only make you down it faster if she had.

“Lots of cute guys tonight!” Sam calls enthusiastically, her eyebrows lifting as she sips her own drink and blinks back at you from over the rim.

“Mmmhm,” you agree non-committedly, casting a glance around to at least feign some sort of interest.

The guys in these kinds of places have never particularly appealed to you. Usually, they’re only after one thing, and most of them aren’t even shy about showing it. You’d realised quite quickly that kind of sleazy, fuckboy confidence isn’t what’s attractive to you, even if you’re still not entirely sure what is.

“You coming to dance?” You don’t even bother to reply to Sam’s question, simply cocking your head to the side and shooting her a wry smile at the fact she’d even attempt to get you up there “Fair enough,” she grins, shrugging her shoulders. Undeterred by your lack of enthusiasm, she downs her cocktail in series of impressive enthusiastic gulps and then heads out into the crowd, leaving you alone.

Maybe if you were the more sociable sort you might mind being left to your own devices. As it is, though, you’re quite content to sit quietly at the bar, singing under your breath to every song. Your love of music is the only thing that keeps you coming back here, along with your total inability to say
no to your best friend. It’s certainly not the drinks, anyway.

Saying that - maybe they’re not so bad. With every sip the more tolerable your cocktail seems to become, but that’s likely just the booze talking.

You’re sucking nonchalantly on the slice of orange that was hooked over the rim of your glass when Sam returns. She’s out of breath but happy, pieces of fringe stuck to her forehead and a ridiculous smile on her face.

“It’s so hot! God!” she declares, fanning herself with her hands before turning suddenly on the spot, grabbing an empty glass straight out the hand of the man next to her and then tipping the remaining ice into her palm. You can’t help but laugh as the poor boy then gawps, open-mouthed, as Sam rubs the ice along her flushed chest with a sigh of relief, totally unconcerned with the cool water that then dribbles down the front of her dress as it melts.

You can’t blame him for staring, really. Sam’s gorgeous and always has been, what with her raven coloured hair and killer curves. Even if she were a wallflower like you, she’d probably still be the centre of attention.

“Thanks!” she yells, promptly dismissing him with a turn of her back and a flip of her hair. “You’re actually ridiculous,” you grin, popping the orange slice back into your mouth with a shake of your head. Sam smiles back and casts you a roguish wink, about to turn and order another drink all of a sudden her eyes widen as she looks beyond you, staring at someone further down the bar.

“But so’s he.” She nods her head in the direction she’s looking as an indicator for you to turn and look too; the idea of being subtle not even crossing your mind before you swivel round in your seat to follow her eye-line, orange peel still gripped between your teeth.

It’s immediately obvious who your friend is talking about - a man leaning against the bar just a few metres away who is so startlingly handsome that it almost seems inappropriate. The strobe lights paint his face in striking shades of blue and green in perfect time with the music, highlighting his high cheekbones and illuminating skin that’s flawlessly smooth even from afar. He’s ethereal - beautiful beyond words - and completely unlike anyone else you’ve ever seen.

You’d expect people to be crowding around him, vying for his attention, but it’s almost as though there’s some invisible force that keeps them at bay - stops them getting too close. They give him a wide berth instead; a respectful distance that makes you think that perhaps they can sense the powerful aura that’s emanating from him just as plainly as you can.

He’s alluring and alarming all at once - all the more so when you realise that he’s staring back in your direction.

Caught, you quickly look away, pulling the fruit from your mouth as you turn. It’s disturbing how shaken you feel from nothing more than a little eye contact - how hard your heart is pounding.

“Go for it,” you tell your friend once you’ve managed to collect yourself, hoping she won’t notice the falter in your smile. “He’s cute.”

It’s not the first time you’ve felt envious of Sam’s good looks, and it probably won’t be the last, but you won’t allow your jealousy to hold her back. Your inferiority complex is your problem, not hers, and at least this way you might get to live vicariously through her.

“Sweetie,” she coos, stepping closer so she can speak into your ear whilst still looking back at the
stranger over your shoulder. “Trust me, I would, but I’m not the one he’s been staring at.”

“Really?” The question escapes your lips before you can think about how pathetically eager you must sound.

“Really.” You risk another glance and sure enough, the stranger is still looking, eyes unblinking as he stirs at the drink in front of him with a straw. Swallowing hard, you turn away, shifting uncomfortably in your seat as you feel your cheeks begin to fill with heat.

Is it just embarrassment that’s to blame, or could it be the intensity of his gaze making them burn?

“Think he wants you to go over?”

“How should I know?” you hiss in reply, flustered by this unfamiliar situation in which you find yourself. You’re not used to this; have no idea what to do or how to act. Do you even want his attention?

You’re just about to ask Sam for some pearls of wisdom when her doe eyes suddenly widen once more, her hands flapping against your in excitement.

“He’s coming!” she squeals, grinning maniacally as she grabs the drink that’s appeared in front of her as if to make a hasty exit.

“Don’t you dare, Samantha! Don’t you dare leave me!” you whisper through gritted teeth, pleading with your eyes, but seconds later and she’s gone, having slipped into the crowd with a parting ‘thumbs up’ like the vile traitor she is.

This really can’t be happening. Sam must’ve been wrong. Please let her be wrong!

You lean on the bar, your forehead resting on the palm of your hand as you close your eyes and try to slow the pace of your shallow, panicky breaths.

“Hello.” A sweet, soft voice finds your ears and you jump to attention, sitting up bolt straight with your eyes blown wide.

Apparently, Sam hadn’t been mistaken. It really must’ve been you that the stranger had been looking at because now he’s here, standing right beside you at an almost uncomfortably close distance with a playful smile upon his face.

As impossible as it may seem he’s even more bewitching up close than he had been from a distance; with his piercing, kohl-lined eyes and thick, plump mouth. You find yourself gawking - utterly lost for words - but thankfully the beautiful stranger’s smile just grows in spite of your awkwardness, his lips parting to reveal a perfect set of sparkling white teeth.

“I’m Jimin.” He waits, eyebrows slowly rising in expectation as you say nothing in reply.

Why won’t your mouth work? Why does your tongue feel so numb?

“I can just call you yeobo, sweetheart, if you don’t want to tell me your name,” he smiles, and you can’t help but watch with fascination at the way his mouth twists around the foreign speech; so different and melodic in comparison to your harsh English words.

Blushing at the term of endearment he so casually bestowed on you, you suddenly find your tongue and blurt out your name in a hurry, placing your hand over your mouth as soon as you’re finished so as to not keep blathering on like an idiot as is so often your habit. Jimin laughs tunefully at your
nervousness, and as he does so his head tips back so far that his grey bangs fall into his eyes; pushed back with a delicate hand when he looks at you again. You’re relieved that Jimin looks merely amused rather than pitying, though honestly, you’re wondering why on earth he’s still here when you’re acting like some kind of social moron.

You muster your courage, swallowing hard as you fold your hands together in your lap to give you something to hold onto.

“Sorry. I-uh-I don’t really belong here,” you admit far more candidly than usual. The corner of his mouth twitches into a hint of a smile.

“I can see that.” There’s a slight accent to his voice but you’re not well travelled enough to hazard a guess as to where in East Asia he might originally be from. It’s a charming lilt, nonetheless. He places one hand on the back of your stool, leaning in, and his close proximity has your heart hammering nervously in your chest, lured further in by the pleasant scent of his aftershave.

“Is there somewhere else you’d rather be?” His breath caresses your ear, the hairs on the back of your neck rising.

“Right now?” Jimin pulls back just enough to be able to look into your eyes as you fight the urge to confess that you’d rather be anywhere than here - as long as it’s with him. Best not to seem too desperate, after all.

“At home,” you reply, speaking quietly whilst studying your lap. Somehow, he still seems to hear you over the music. “In bed.” You meet his gaze, cheeks flushing. “Reading.” Jimin is so intense, so focused on your every word that you can barely stand to look at him.

“And is there someone missing you there?” he asks, the hand that was resting on the stool shifting to trail his fingertips down your bare arm, goosebumps rising in their wake. “At home? In bed?”

“No.” You bite your lip, hands tightening around the other and your palms beginning to sweat. “No one.” You can’t quite hear the sound he makes but you could guess that he’s tutting, his face twisting in displeasure as he does so.

“How can it be-” Jimin questions, stepping close enough that his thighs meet your knees, “- that a woman like you.” The fingers that were dancing along your arm reach up to tuck the hair that’s fallen in front of your face behind your ear, gentle. “A beautiful woman like you.” As if he senses the way you’re longing to, Jimin suddenly takes your chin between his thumb and forefinger to keep you from looking away. You wish he wouldn’t. He’s too close leaning in over you, hard to breathe whilst he’s looking into your eyes. “Spends a single night alone?”

A beat passes, and you know he’s expecting an answer by the way his head tilts subtly to the side but once again he’s stricken you dumb. Why on earth would someone like him ever want somebody like you? You keep expecting him to suddenly laugh; to sneer at you and tell you his attention is nothing but a lie, a cruel joke at your expense.

Instead, Jimin closes the small gap between you and presses his lips to yours in a chaste, fleeting kiss.

It catches you so off guard that you completely forget that you’re supposed to do more than just sit there like a statue letting him kiss you, but that’s exactly what you do.

“So sweet…” The words are sighed against your mouth before he pulls away, and as he straightens to his full height and runs his thumb along the angle of your jaw you notice his Adam’s apple bob
heavily in his throat.

Perhaps your drink was stronger than usual, or maybe you drank it too fast? Surely that can be the only reason that your head feels like it’s swimming - dizzy with excitement. Tipsiness doesn’t explain the unfamiliar unfurling of heat in your abdomen, though, nor the ache between your legs that only grows as you Jimin’s eyes linger on the curve of your neck. His look is pure heat, seduction oozing from every pore as he offers you his hand with a slow, easy smile.

“Come with me.”
Jimin’s hand is slightly cold to the touch. It strikes you as a little odd considering the club is so swelteringly warm, but the thought only lingers in your mind for but a second at most; far more concerned with the way you’re letting yourself be so easily led astray by a complete and utter stranger. He may be beautiful, sure, but he’s still an unknown.

“Where are we going?” you call to him over the music, following close behind as he fluidly twists and turns through the crowd without hesitation. As you reach the periphery of the building Jimin suddenly yanks you forward to his side, releasing your hand to tightly wrap an arm around your waist instead, holding you close. He grins as you gasp at the sudden contact and then confidently leads your through a pair of heavy back fire doors at the back of the club which lead out onto a dimly lit courtyard. Several small groups of people stand huddled together around heat lamps, chasing nicotine fixes as they talk and laugh loudly amongst thick clouds of smoke.

“Somewhere a little more quiet, just you and me.”

Alone? The two of you? Together?

Just the thought of it makes your heart race - your stomach flip-flopping with nerves - and when Jimin notices your rabbit-in-headlights expression he gives you a sideways glance and chuckles, his hand squeezing reassuring at your side.

“I just want to talk somewhere we can actually hear one another,” he assures you smoothly, his eyes twinkling, “Tell me about yourself. Everything there is to know.”

“That won’t take long,” you scoff, relieved that your voice seems to be the only thing about you that doesn’t seem to be shaking. Yet, anyway. “There’s really not that much to say.”

Jimin leads you through the courtyard regardless, leaving the orange glow of the lamps behind as you descend some broken stone steps that are still wet from the rain that’d fallen earlier in the day. You’d had no idea this building backed onto a canal but here it is; a narrow body of still water, the surface of which reflects a half-hidden moon but no stars. You’ve always thought it was a shame that the light pollution hides them from your view.

“There has to be something you’re passionate about,” Jimin persists, “Something that gets your blood pumping.” Right now that ‘something’ is him, but you’re not about to go telling him that. It’s so unusual for anyone to ever be interested in what you have to say that you’re at a little bit of a loss for where to start, your mind racing to think of something to say as Jimin escorts you along the canal side a little ways until you reach a secluded spot with a bench just big enough for two. It’s darker here but your eyes have had chance to adjust; Jimin’s appearance just as stunning in the evening light as it was inside.

“Cosy,” you comment apprehensively as he guides you down onto the bench to sit next to him, so close that the side of his thigh is pressing into to yours.

The way Jimin is staring is becoming impossible not to notice even for someone as generally unobservant as you. His eyes - if not fixed on yours - are constantly roaming your body, and as you begin to ramble nervously about all your literary heroes and favourite authors, he keeps moistening his bottom lip, tongue darting out from in between. It’s making you both anxious and excited in equal measure, the task of keeping your breath steadily becoming more and more difficult by the minute.
The realisation of what a dangerous situation you’ve put yourself in is starting to creep further to the forefront of your mind the longer you sit with Jimin who is he’s un-speaking and un-moving save the constant roving of his eyes and the trailing of his fingertips back and forth along your exposed shoulder.

You come to the end of your sentence, swallowing hard as you glance backward towards the courtyard of the club.

“I should’ve let Sam where I was going…” you say quietly, thinking out loud. “She’ll be worrying about me.”

“I’m sure she’ll understand.” Jimin’s tone isn’t as reassuring as you’d hoped it would be. It sounds a little dismissive, actually, and that nagging feeling in your gut that something’s not quite right is starting to get become stronger with every second that ticks by in silence, the still body of water nearby providing the only source of sound when its surface is occasionally disturbed.

“It’s getting cold out…” That’s a lie - it’s really quite mild - but the hairs that are starting to rise on your arms would make anyone think otherwise. “Maybe we should-“ Jimin cuts you off, turning sideways in his seat and pulling one bent leg up onto the wood so he can face you directly.

“We can keep each other warm,” he suggests with a smirk, and despite all instincts telling you that this is wrong - that this is going to end badly for you - your core muscles involuntarily tighten at his words. “The moonlight looks good on you.” Jimin’s voice seems as though it’s dropped an octave, huskier and hungrier than before, and his compliment has you chewing on your bottom lip with nervous energy. “Come here,” he beckons, offering you a ringed hand.

You obey unthinkingly, allowing him to pull you onto his lap with surprising ease so that your legs dangle over his and your arms have no choice but to encircle his shoulders. His soft features are so pretty up close, his skin so smooth that you can’t make out a single pore, and as he shakes his fringe out of his eyes the dainty, cross-shaped earrings dangling from each of his ears catch what little light there is, glinting back at you.

Jimin pushes your hair back from your shoulders so it dangles down your back without a word, exposing your neck and chest, and you breath catches in your throat as he reaches up to cup your face in both of his petite hands and draws it closer to his, kissing you again. He starts slow, waiting for you to kiss him back as his thumbs patiently caress your cheeks, that sweet gentleness completely disappearing the moment that you do.

His kisses turn hard and rough as he uses the back of your neck as an anchor to pull you closer, further into him.

“Let me taste you,” he growls against your mouth, not waiting for permission before pushing his tongue between your lips and finding yours. Jimin kisses like he’s been starved of it - deeply and noisily - and before you know it you’re groaning into his mouth and clutching onto the front of his silken shirt as though you might slip away if you don’t.

You’ve never been kissed like this in your life, and it’s awoken something inside that you never knew existed until now. Your insides burn like fire, desire blazing through your veins and roaring in your ears, all caution long forgotten, and when Jimin starts to kiss his way across your cheek and along your jaw you’re left panting through kiss-bruised lips, staring up at the dark, starless sky with wide and startled eyes. You whimper as he presses his mouth to your neck over and over, worshipping your skin with both lips and tongue before finally nuzzling his face against the curve of your throat and inhaling.
“Jimin,” you sigh wistfully, your hormones running so wild it feels as though you’re drunk. Your hands find their way into his hair, soft and fine, and you run your fingers through it as he plants long, lingering kisses to your throat and down, across the curves of your breasts. His hands leave your face to find your hips, gripping you so firmly through your dress that you’re afraid it might leave bruises, and then he uses that grip to shift slightly on his lap, positioning you so that you’re able to feel his arousal pressing insistently against your behind. He grinds it into you and you shamelessly push back, keening at the sensation.

“It’s been so long since I gave into temptation… but you smell so good,” Jimin groans against your neck as he rocks you on his lap, fingertips digging into your flesh. You can feel your underwear becoming damp, the constant friction making you ache so bad that you’re sure you’re going to slowly lose your mind. “And you taste so sweet, I don’t think I can resist…”

“Jimin, p-please,” you beg even though you’re unsure of what it is you’re asking for, and when Jimin looks up at you from under his lashes his pupils are so dilated that his eyes look almost completely black in the dark. He starts to ravage your neck anew, kissing and licking and sucking, staring back at you so intensely as he does it that you’re caught, rendered unable to drag your eyes away from the way he’s abusing your skin. Finally, it becomes so much that you can’t help but let your head tip back, eyes closing in pleasure as his palm cups your breast, fondling you through your clothes.

Suddenly, a sharp prick of pain originates from the spot where Jimin’s mouth lays over your skin.

Did he… did he just bite you? Maybe he thinks you’ll like it. You know some people are into mixing pleasure with pain. Perhaps Jimin is one of them?

You open your eyes with a soft laugh, about to tease him for it when suddenly that pain returns. It’s not a prick this time, though. It’s a gouge - like two hot, searing needles have sliced through your flesh exactly where Jimin’s mouth should be.

The pain is so intense you can’t even cry out when it hits you. Your body goes rigid on his lap, and try as you may - tugging and pulling at his hair - you just can’t seem to pull him off of you. His cheeks are hollowing out with how strongly he’s sucking on your neck, and it’s with absolute horror that you realise in amongst your panic that you can hear him swallowing.

Your heart pounds furiously in your chest as you try to fight back, terror taking away your ability to breathe, and Jimin - slender, petite Jimin - is freakishly strong. You try to struggle against him but his grip on you is like stone, hard and just as cold until he abruptly pulls away from you, what you see next exactly like a scene pulled straight from a horror movie.

Jimin’s thick, beautiful lips are covered in blood. Your blood. It’s dribbling down his chin, smeared around his mouth, and when he starts to laugh his teeth - his fangs - are covered in it too, his mouth full of it.

“You’re even sweeter than I imagined,” he laughs, delirious, too drunk on the taste of you to be affected by the sight of the tears that are rolling down your cheeks. He lowers his head to start feeding again, and this time you do manage to pull a short, panic-stricken scream – one that’s cut far too short by one of Jimin’s hands pressed tightly to your mouth. “I wanted to take my time with you…” Jimin sighs in frustration, cocking his head to the side, “But now you’re making me rush.”

He sinks his teeth into you again, and though you didn’t think it was possible Jimin seems to be drinking even faster now than he was before, dragging the blood out of your veins and swallowing it greedily. Your heart that was racing so fast before begins to slow as he feeds, your will to fight draining away along with your blood until your body becomes limp in Jimin’s arms, your vision
fading into black and white, fuzzy all around the edges.

It doesn’t even hurt anymore, really, not now you feel like you’re sinking, your body no longer quite your own. You wonder if this is what dying feels like, and absentmindedly think to yourself that perhaps there are worse ways to go than being cradled in the arms of a man as beautiful as Jimin.

You lose consciousness to the sound of your own fading heartbeat and people shouting, somewhere far off in the distance.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Kind of a long chapter this time. I'm glad you guys seem to be enjoying it so far!

It takes three days, four blood transfusions and one police interview before you’re finally able to be discharged from the ward. You’re still unsteady on your feet even as you walk through the hospital doors, Jimin’s attack having left you dizzy every time you stand; pulse racing as your heart desperately tries to pump oxygen around your body fast enough with what little iron stores you have left.

Technically, you shouldn’t really be leaving at all. The doctors had advised against you self-discharging but you were sure you’d go mad if you spent one more night staring at the four white walls of your bay. They’d reluctantly agreed to your release on the proviso that there was someone to help you at home for a few days and you’d nodded and smiled, telling them that your mother was coming to stay to aid your recovery with warm hugs and chicken soup.

That was a lie, of course. Only Sam had known about your stay, and that was only because she’d been frantic enough when you’d disappeared to call every hospital in the area looking for you after she’d realised you’d disappeared. She’d come running in the next morning, sobbing her apologies and promising that you’d never leave her sight again. You’d assured her that it wasn’t her fault and that she was in no way responsible; that you should’ve known better than to wander off with strangers - all of which was true - and then after all the crying and apologising was done, the questions had begun.

Much like police, Sam had wanted to know all the details, but what could you tell her? You’re fairly certain that if you’d started raving about fangs and vampires you’d be in for a far longer hospital stay than this one – one with nice padded walls and multi-coloured pills to help calm you down. You’re sure it’s what everyone was thinking anyway, just too fearful to say it out-loud for how ridiculous it sounds. What other conclusion could you come to when faced with multiple two-pronged bite marks and heavy blood loss?

The fact that you remain steadfastly unhelpful seems to make both Sam and the authorities let the matter drop at a remarkably quick rate. Maybe they don’t want to know as much as you don’t want to tell them? Your drink must have been spiked, you say again and again; you don’t remember a single thing. You certainly don’t recall what your attacker looked like, and he definitely didn’t tell you his name.

It takes you far longer than usual for you to reach your apartment door, sliding down it as soon as you get inside and drop your bag to the floor. Taking the stairs was definitely not a good idea. Your head has started to spin again, vision spotting in front of your eyes until you place your forehead against your knees and take some deep, slow breaths, dizziness gradually improving.

Why the hell are you protecting the man that attacked you and reduced you to this? It’s nowhere near the first time you’ve asked yourself that question, but no matter how many times you’ve questioned it, rolling the thoughts around your head, you still can’t seem to find the answer. You’d
like to think it’s because you’re trying to protect those that might be foolish enough try to track Jimin down – you know from first-hand experience that no mortal would stand a chance one-on-one with him – but somehow, deep down, you know that’s not it; a dark feeling lurking in the bottom of your gut that tells you so.

It’s only now, in the safety of your own home, that you can silently admit to yourself that some sick, twisted little part of you liked getting bitten. Being desired by Jimin - whether it be for your body or your blood - made you feel the most alive you’ve ever felt. That out of body weightlessness when you were on the verge of fainting; that rush of endorphins as your body fought to soothe the pain. Just the memory of it has you tingling all over.

“So, so fucked up,” you murmur under your breath, finally looking up from your knees and gazing across your empty apartment. You slowly rise to standing, knowing better now than to rush it and risk passing out, and then shuffle your way into the bathroom, heading. After nothing but showers for three days perhaps a long, hot soak might help you feel human again.

You chuckle bitterly to yourself as the word crosses your mind. Human. You should’ve known Jimin was anything but from the moment that you’d seen him. It was no wonder he’d looked so otherworldly - so breathtakingly handsome. He’s the perfect predator, his looks designed to draw you in and lower your guard; a challenge he thoroughly succeeded in.

You sigh heavily, pulling off your t-shirt as the bathroom fills with steam, and as your head re-emerges you catch sight of your reflection in the small mirror. You grimace at how pale you look - how drawn - sure that the dark circles under your eyes were never so noticeable just a few days before.

More startling than your complexion, though, are the marks that still linger on your skin. Twice Jimin bit you at the juncture where your neck and shoulder meets, leaving behind four puncture wounds that are now scabbing over, surrounded by deep purple bruises that look nastier than the bites themselves..

He really made a mess of you, didn’t he?

You run your fingertips over your wounds, wincing as it stings but continuing to touch anyway. If you close your eyes it’s almost like you can feel him there; Jimin’s breath ghosting across your skin, mouth just a whisper away, those fangs tucked behind his lips, ready and poised to sink –

You shock yourself out of your daydream with a gasp, eyes snapping open to lock gazes with the reflection staring back at you. The girl stood in the mirror is so alien to you; lip bitten, pupils dilated with lust; her chest rising and falling in quick, shallow breaths at just the mere thought of Jimin touching you again. Reacting this way is ridiculous - borderline psychotic, in fact - and you shake your head at yourself, looking away from your reflection. You must be a hell of a lot more screwed up than you ever gave yourself credit for, to be thinking like this.

The heat of the water eases your aching muscles as you sink into the tub, submerging yourself as deep as you possibly can. You shut your eyes, attempting to relax and fill your mind with pleasant, normal thoughts, but it’s just no use. The desire to see Jimin again is overwhelming, even knowing that to seek him out would be stupid and reckless to the nth degree, but every time you try to think of something else your mind keeps going back to him; to Jimin, over and over again.

You’d very likely be going straight to your death but it’s a desire you can’t fight. No matter how hard you try, you can’t shake the memory of adrenaline coursing through your veins and the feel of his desire pressed against against you.
By the time you’ve climbed out of the bath you’ve already made your choice; a new and rare determination gripping you tight. You’ll go back there again, for better or for worse - straight back to the lion’s den.

When you head back to the scene of the crime a week or so later you’re full of a confidence and purpose you’ve never possessed before. You’re dressed more provocative than the last time you walked through these same guarded front doors, too, dressed head to toe in black as you cross the threshold into the chaos and noise; halterneck straps going a little ways to cover up the marks on your neck whilst your hair helps cover the rest, tossed haphazardly over the one shoulder.

It’s amazing what a brush with death will do for your attitude, you find. As you part the crowd on your way to the bar you no longer care what any of these people might think of you. There’s only one person’s attention you want - one opinion that counts - and it’s like everyone else can sense that, drawn to this new found confidence. Suddenly eyes that would have once glossed over you are taking long, appraising looks, and men are making room for you to stand at the bar between them, willingly allowing you to skip the queue with wide, inviting smiles.

Not that you’re interested in drinking, anyway. You’re still a little dizzy as it is, and you need to keep a clear, sober head tonight. You scan the bar carefully up and down, only releasing the hopeful, bated breath you’d been holding once you realise Jimin isn’t there. He must not be as stupid as you to return so quickly and risk being recognised by the men that came to your rescue on hearing you scream that night, and you now feel ridiculous for even hoping he might.

Disappointment weighs heavier in your stomach than any relief you might feel, your shoulders slumping as you sag against the bar. You’re so tired all of a sudden, hit square in the chest by the loneliness you usually ignore so well. You really had hoped…

Suddenly, the sound of raucous laughter grabs your attention and you look up, lifting yourself from your elbows to search for its source. Turning on the spot, your eyes immediately fall on a booth situated across from the bar where a large group of people sit, all laughing merrily at some unknown joke. The gaggle of women sat around the table all howl and shriek like coyotes as they drink champagne straight from the bottles, egging each other on to drink more and laugh louder. There must be at least a bottle per person resting atop of their table, with more than that to spare, and if the way they’re falling about all over each other is anything to go by they’ve already had more than enough.

You’re rolling your eyes, about to turn away, when suddenly a man appears from in amongst them. He stands, a champagne bottle in each hand and a large grin on his face as he begins to pour alcohol into the waiting, open mouths of the women that crowd around him.

He doesn’t seem to care that more of it is spilling down their fronts and onto the floor than is actually being drank and neither do they, apparently. They’re all captivated by him, hanging onto his arms and his legs like climbing monkeys, and as he sits back down they cuddle their way up to him. One of them leans close to whisper something in his ear and it doesn’t take a genius to guess of what nature those words might be, judging by the smirk they generate.

Although… no, perhaps you would’ve. As you continue to watch him from the bar, you realise the look in his eyes is what would’ve still eventually given him away. You’d recognise that expression
anywhere after seeing it first hand; that hunger with which his eyes rake over each woman’s skin. It’s that look that shows him for the wolf in sheep’s clothing he really is.

You must be staring too hard or for too long because suddenly he sharply looks up, his gaze immediately findings yours. He’s frowns at first, taking you in, but within seconds his face is splits into a wide, charming smile, one long arm rising above the tide of women to wave you over; an invite you to come join his harem. Confidence suddenly slipping, nerves twist at your stomach, and you have to remind yourself that this was what you wanted - that this is your chance.

What’s the likelihood of two vampires making this same place their hunting grounds and not knowing one another other? This is your best shot. You have to take it.

Despite your better judgement you find your feet carrying you over there before you’ve even really decided to move, and as you arrive at the table’s edge the man greets you warmly, smiling like a cherub.

“Hello beautiful!” he exclaims, his accent similar to Jimin’s but slightly lower, slightly more nasal. “Come sit, join us!” One of the girl’s sat next to him does not look amused at being so easily dismissed as he pats the space at his side that once belonged to her, but nonetheless she takes his hint, sliding over to make space for you to slide into the booth and sit at this Pied Piper’s side. “Here, have a drink,” he offers as you make yourself comfortable, sliding a whole bottle your way with a playful wink, and despite the fear lurking in the back of your mind you can’t help but smile as you regretfully shake your head.

“Just one,” you say sweetly, and he barks a laugh as he grabs a flute from the far side of the table and then fills it to the brim with champagne with an exaggerated flourish, discarding the now empty bottle back into the ice bucket from whence it came. You’ve never tasted this particular brand of champagne before it before, but you recognise it as an expensive one.

“Girl knows her limits,” he chuckles to the blonde next to him as he sits and relaxes back into the leather seats, shaking his hair out of his eyes and running his fingers through the autumnal shaded strands. She laps up the fleeting attention, smiling inanely back at him. “Not like us.” He passes you the glass, your fingers brushing as he does, and you have to force yourself to keep from flinching at the familiar chill of his skin. You raise your glass and take a meagre sip to disguise your discomfort, swallowing hard. “I’m Hoseok,” he grins, his bright eyes twinkling, “But you can call me Hobi. Or Hope. Whichever you prefer.”

You introduce yourself in turn, smiling back coyly, and Hoseok seems to take that as an indicator of your willingness to chat. There’s question after question and joke after joke - a veritable chatterbox - and the only let up you get is when his attention is stolen away when he hears a song that he likes. Distracted, he’ll get up from his seat and dance right there next to you, circling his narrow hips and raising his hands in the air; his facial expressions some of the lewdest you’ve ever seen.

He and Jimin seem like they come from completely different worlds. Jimin had used sex and seduction as his tools to lure you in whereas Hoseok seems to take advantage of his natural playfulness and charm to disarm the women around him. In fact, if it weren’t for the fact you’d met Jimin first you can easily imagine how you too might’ve fallen under Hoseok’s spell. His laughter and enthusiasm is so infectious that it’d be all too easy to forget why you came here in the first place, or remember just how dangerous he is behind all these sweet smiles and playful winks.

It doesn’t take long, though, before you receive a rather frightening reminder. Hoseok seems to be paying special attention one girl in particular - Leanne, you’d heard him call her - and she’s clearly enamoured with him, choosing to remain glued to his side when her friends had left to dance a little while ago. He’s sat turned toward her, leant over so far as to almost completely obscure her from
your view, but you can tell he’s whispering things in her ear from the way she giggles, her hands coming to rest on his shoulders so that her finely manicured nails drape over the back of his fitted suit jacket, crimson and pointed.

As you watch Hoseok lace his fingers into the woman’s hair to tilt her head to the side you feel yourself break out into a cold sweat; his own head moving lower as he trails his lips all over her neck. The gesture is chillingly familiar, and you know all too well what he’s getting ready to do - what’s about to happen. Frozen stiff in fright, you sit clutching your glass in your hand, squeezing so hard you’re afraid it might shatter.

To the outside observer it would simply look as if Hoseok and Leanne were getting hot and heavy with one another, but with the knowledge experience has afforded you you’re able to recognise the exact second that Hoseok succumbs to bloodlust and his fangs sink into her skin. You watch, transfixed, as her grip on his back suddenly tightens, her legs jerk upward to hit the underside of the table with a thud that’s smothered by the music, and though you’re terrified you can’t seem to look away from the scene as it plays out in front of you.

It must take only seconds before she becomes limp in his arms, either passed out or dead. The gentility with which Hoseok handles her once he’s done seems totally bizarre after such brutality, yet he seems to take great care in laying her down across the seat cushions, pausing thereafter whilst he takes a swig from the champagne that’d belonged to the girl at his side. He’s wiping the corner of his mouth with his thumb as he turns back to you with a pearly white smile, and you try your very best to push away the nausea that’s turning your guts inside-out, hiding the panicked expression on your face with a smile.

“Girl can’t handle her liquor,” he chortles, tilting his head in her direction and somehow you manage to laugh and play along with his joke despite the way your hands are trembling where they’re hidden beneath the table. “What about you, beautiful?” He scoots closer to you, one eyebrow raised as he reaches out to press his index finger against the tip of your nose. “You gonna flake out on me too?”

“No,” you whisper, and Hoseok’s smile grows wider as he leans closer to you, his right arm slung across the back of the booth whilst the his left hand starts to play with your hair, gently pushing it back. Face to face with the open jaws of a shark, you can feel yourself beginning to panic, your breath quickening as he brushes your hair off of your neck.

“What’s this?” Hoseok’s winning smile falters, his eyebrows creasing into a frown as he spots the barely hidden bruises on your skin and your stomach lurches with dread. Terrified, you scramble to try and cover them up but he pushes your hand away, grabbing onto your shoulder with a grip like an iron vice.

“It’s nothing,” you stammer, looking away to avoid Hoseok’s penetrating eyes. You feel his fingers slip under the strap of your halter neck, pulling it to the side, and when he sees the puncture marks that were hidden there he lets out a low, mischievous chuckle. Touching your cheek, he turns your head back to face him, and his smile that was once so friendly has now twisted into a smirk that makes your stomach tighten in fear.

“You’ve met one of us before, haven’t you,” he states and you don’t bother to try and deny it; Hoseok’s clearly not an idiot. “Not many survive the first to encounter a second… you must be either very fortunate or very unfortunate.” Honestly, you’re starting to think the latter may be right.

This was a bad idea… you shouldn’t have come back. What were you thinking?

With every second that passes Hoseok is looking at you more and more like a meal; his head tilted to the side and his tongue caught between his teeth as his eyes rove up and down the length of your
neak.

“I wanted to see him again,” you blurt out as the vampire leans in and both of his arms settle around your waist to keep you fixed you firmly in place. He pauses, momentarily confused. “Jin.”

“Jin?” A smile flits across his face as his eyes evaluate the others handiwork. “I should’ve guessed,” Hoseok admits before pressing his lips against your cheek in a gentle kiss that makes you shudder. “You’re just his type.” You can feel him grinning against your skin as he rubs his the tip of his nose along your cheekbone and then lingers with his lips grazing the shell of your ear, his breath cold.

You shut your eyes, barely able to breathe for fear whilst your body is locked in his embrace, unable to see the point in fighting when you already know how pointless any attempt would be. You’re going to end up like Leanne; drunk dry, body broken and abandoned for the glass collectors to find when the lights go up…

“Not like him to go breaking the rules so easily…” Hoseok nips at your earlobe and you’re horrified by the way your body betrays you, the hairs on the back of your neck rising in a mix of arousal and fear. What the hell is wrong with you? “You must’ve have had him out of his mind.”

He begins to plant kisses down the side of your throat, and unlike Jin汉子, Hoseok doesn’t bother with trying to hide his teeth. In fact, Hoseok almost seems to revel in making you gasp and squirm away from the pointed fangs he drags across your skin, laughing into the crook of your neck.

How could you have been so stupid as to want to come back here? Even if were Jin’s arms wrapped around you and Hoseok’s, would it have really ended any differently than this? A sob escapes you as you press your eyes closed, gripping onto the leather on which you sit.

“Let’s see how you taste,” Hoseok murmurs against your neck, leaning in so far that you’re forced to tilt your head back and further expose your fragile skin. You take a deep breath in as you feel his fangs dimple your skin, bracing yourself for the agony you know awaits, but before it can come - before he has the chance to taste a single drop - you’re suddenly wrenched away so forcefully that your arm is very nearly pulled from its socket. You yelp in both pain and surprise as you hit a solid chest and automatically grab onto whomever has dragged you to safety, your eyes snapping open. The first thing you see is Hoseok; sat up straight and looking as shocked as you’re sure you do with his fangs still poking out from behind his lips. He’s staring, wide-eyed, at the person whose soft t-shirt you’re still clutching onto - the person who’s still squeezing your wrist so tight that it hurts - and you don’t even need to look to know who it is that’s saved you. You can feel him. Jin’s presence alone has your blood thronging in your veins, and it feels like a lifetime before he finally speaks, his lips pulling back to expose his teeth as he snarls.

“Mine.”
“Mine.”

Jimin’s declaration of possession has Hoseok laughing from the moment he hears it, holding up his long-fingered hands to feign innocence.

“Jiminnie, relax,” he says, all easy smiles as he leans back into his seat, arms stretching out across the back of the booth, casual as anything. “I was only going to have a little taste.” Hoseok winks at you as he says it, as if you’re sharing some sort of joke. “No hard feelings, right?” You can’t help but scoff in disbelief at Hoseok’s blasé attitude. Ever the charming rogue, huh?

Jimin huffs in irritation, chest rising and falling, and it’s at that moment you suddenly realise you’re still holding onto his loose black t-shirt, side pressed to the length of him, his fingers encircling your wrist. You release your tight grip, nervously smoothing out the creases you’ve left in the cotton and swallowing when you feel just how hard his abdomen is underneath. Cautiously, you lift your gaze to look at him, the sharp inhale you take catching in your throat.

You’d half convinced yourself that your memories were over-exaggerating Jimin’s good looks, but that’s really not the case. Now he’s here in front of you again you’re just as spellbound as you were the first time - just as lost for words - and you can’t take your eyes off of him despite the way he’s scowling, his pretty eyes reduced to slits, chest heaving with anger. He’s terrifying, and beautiful.

“What’re you doing here?” he hisses at you, shaking you by the arm he’s holding. “Do you have a death wish, or are you just stupid?” You shrink a little under his glaring scrutiny, noting the way his nostrils flare with annoyance.

“I—“ Jimin turns his attention to Hoseok, speaking over you angrily.

“And you,” he snaps, “You’re just as reckless.” He gestures to Leanne’s body disdainfully, and you automatically start to glance around the area, anxiously peering through the dancing bodies to see if any of her friends are making a return. You spot one of them on the dance floor as Jimin continues to lecture the other male, and you watch as one of the slim brunettes takes off her shoes, grimacing and pointing back to the table, saying something you can’t quite make out.

“Jimin,” you call softly, but he’s too busy scolding Hoseok to hear you, accusing the other of his eyes being bigger than his stomach. “Jimin!” Your second shout finally gets his attention, his gaze snapping back to you in irritation. “We need to go.” You incline your head towards the approaching girls and Jimin follows your eye line, his eyes widening when he realises what you mean.

“Move,” he barks, and you’re not sure whether he means Hoseok or you, or maybe both, but Jimin drags you along with him anyway as you quickly cut through the crowd, across the dance floor and out through the club doors.
It’s raining hard when you step outside, causing all three of you to pause momentarily under the glow of streetlights, side by side, until suddenly a piercing scream cuts through the hum and chatter of the clubgoers that surround you. You glance back over your shoulder towards the sound, eyes wide in alarm as they round back to Jimin, looking to him for instruction whilst your heart pounds frantically in your chest. Unshaken, he pulls a singular fob from his pocket, smartly pressing the button and opening up a sleek, black car conveniently parked almost directly opposite the club.

“Hyung,” he calls to the man who’s already crossing the street at a jog, splashing through the puddles. “Drive!” He throws the fob forward and Hobi catches it effortlessly above his head before sliding into the driver’s seat in one smooth motion. Jimin lets go of your arm to runs ahead as you follow on behind, and it’s only when he’s climbing into the backseat and about to shut the door that you realise he intends to leave you behind.

“You,” you call desperately, grabbing onto the slippery car door before he has chance to slam it shut, “Take me with you.” It’s raining so hard that water is soaking through your clothes, plastering your hair to your skin and dripping from the end of your nose, but you’ll stand here all night if that’s what it takes.

He’s about to start arguing with you, you can tell, but then you hear several loud, angry shouts coming from across the road and when you look over your shoulder see a group of bouncers already stalking towards the car.

“Please!” you plead, widening your eyes. You see Jimin’s look past you, flicker back to your face and then behind you again, hesitating only a second longer before grabbing onto your hand and pulling you inside.

“Only because I have no choice.”

The atmosphere inside the car is so stifling that you’re almost thankful for Hobi singing quietly to himself in the front; it’s the only thing that breaks the silence and stops the situation feeling anymore awkward than it already does. You sit staring at the back of the headrest in front of you, soaking wet from head to toe, and now that the adrenaline rush of your quick exit is fading you’re starting to feel the cold far more than you did before, dizzy from over-exertion. Attempting to keep yourself warm, you fold your arms around yourself and frown when it doesn’t help at all - not that you really expected it to when all your clothes are sticking to you like this, completely wet-through.

“Tell him your address.” You jump when Jimin finally speaks, fingernails digging into your arms. “We’ll drop you off.” You look over at him, chin wobbling as you struggle to get warm. He’s sat right against the opposite car door, looking out of the window, and if it weren’t for the occasional passing streetlamp illuminating his face you’d barely be able to make him out at all, dressed all in black as he is.

“I don’t want to go home,” you say after a moment, voice soft and small. You don’t want to make him angry, you really don’t - not after seeing the way he looked back inside the club - but equally you have no desire to leave him again. Jimin huffs impatiently, leaning against his hand as he continues to stare out the window.

“Then what do you want?”

“I want…” You hesitate for a moment, mulling the words over before finally letting them loose, “I’d like to stay with you.” That gets his attention. Jimin turns in his seat, incredulous, looking back at you like you’ve lost your mind.

“I almost killed you.”
“But you didn’t.” He leans toward you slightly, eyes narrowing menacingly, and your heart thuds as you get a whiff of his cologne.

“Thirty seconds longer… and I would have.” You see his eyes flicker to your throat and you lick your lips, rubbing your arms nervously as he continues to stare. He straightens up, looking away again with a sneer. “What use are you to me?” The bluntness of his words hurt, your guts twisting, but now he’s asked the question you have to admit he makes a valid point. What possible motivation could Jimin have to want to keep you around? You’re probably nothing to him but a walking feed bag.

“You can feed off of me,” you suddenly say, the words tumbling out of your mouth before your brain can convince you it’s a bad idea. Jimin’s head whirls round to face you again, lips parting in surprise. “You won’t be able to go there again for a while—”

“We’re in no short supply.”

“-and you said…” You hesitate, thinking back to that night, remembering the words he groaned against your neck, right before he began to feed. “You said I tasted sweet…” Jimin’s jaw visibly tenses, encouraging you to take a gamble with what you say next, hoping it’ll be true. “I’ll bet my blood was even sweeter.” Your voice is barely above a whisper but you know Jimin hears you just fine. His blank expression slipping, he licks his lips, looking from you face to your neck and back again. It doesn’t leave you unaffected, your thighs clenching together under his thorough inspection, but it only lasts a moment before he smirks once more, rolling his eyes away. “You’re so weak you can barely stand up,” he accuses, “Even a second of lost control on my part would kill you.” The car lapses into silence, the sound of the windscreen wipers thumping back and forth the only thing to break it. He keeps you waiting, twisting your fingers nervously in your lap, and you think he’s about to refuse you entirely when he suddenly looks back at you, smirk gone to be replaced by genuine curiosity. “Why would you willingly choose to risk your life like that?”

Hesitating, you shrug and look out of the window at the world rushing by. Admitting it to yourself is one thing, but admitting it out loud…

“I liked it.” Your teeth are starting to chatter inside your mouth now, the cold seeping right through to your bones, but regardless of this your cheeks still manage to find the will to blush as you turn back to him, biting your lip. “When you fed from me, I liked it.”

Hoseok, who’d been completely silent thus far, suddenly chimes into the conversation from the front seat, whistling tunefully between his teeth.

“She’s a keeper, Jiminnie.” Jimin scowls at the back of Hoseok’s head.

“Stay out of this,” he snaps before turning back to you, running his hand back through his hair. The movement is bewitching, and you wonder if Jimin knows just how attractive the simplest of his gestures are. “You’re crazy.”

“Trust me… I’m thinking the same thing,” you confess with a sardonic laugh, “I mean, yes, I was afraid and yes it hurt but… in that moment right before I almost died…” You shrug your shoulders loosely, already having made peace with the way it made feel even if it defies proper explanation. “Jimin… I’d never felt more alive.”

You stare back at each other for a moment, the weight of your words resting heavy between you. Eventually, Jimin sighs.
“You don’t know what you’re asking for.” His voice is soft, all trace of anger well and truly gone as he wearily rubs his jaw. “You already know what we are… what it is we can do. Are you really sure you really want to live with vampires?” He emphasises the word with a growl, narrowing his eyes in a gesture that you presume is meant to scare you off. “And not just me, seven of us.” Hobi just can’t help himself, interrupting with a scoff from the driver’s seat.

“It’s not as if you’d share.” Jimin shoots a look at Hoseok in the mirror, but even though he’s feigning annoyance you swear you see the corner of his mouth twitch into a smile.

“You’d have to leave everything behind—“

“I haven’t got much to leave,” you retort with a smile and suddenly Jimin’s smiling too, exhaling a breathy laugh as he shakes his head.

“You’re a stubborn one, aren’t you?” Your smile only gets wider, knowing that for now you’ve won the fight. Whether you’ll come to regret it is yet to be seen, but for this feeling, this wonderful warmth that blossoms inside your stomach whenever Jimin smiles… it’s worth it.

Now that the matter is settled, it seems as though your weakened body can’t tolerate the cold any longer. Unable to keep yourself from shaking, you close your eyes and wrap your arms around yourself again, even tighter than before, trying to hold yourself together.

“You’re soaked through,” Jimin observes, as if it’s only just occurred to him. You suppose that it must not matter to Jimin how much he gets rained on, what with being so cold-blooded himself. “Hyung, pass me that.” You open one eye just in time to see Jimin shifting closer to you with jacket in hand, grey hair flopping into his eyes as he looks down on you. It looks expensive - threads silver embroidered in intricate patterns all through the deepest black material - but he seems to think nothing of placing it over you in an unexpected gesture of kindness. It’s not exactly warm but at least it’s dry, and within seconds you feel exhaustion overcome you, your eyes flopping shut as sleep pulls you under.

You’re not sure if you’re dreaming or not later, when you feel a tentative hand brush against your hair and a sweet voice tell you you’re home.
Chapter 5

You’re completely disoriented when you next awake, with no idea how long you’ve slept or where you now are. In fact, it takes you a good thirty seconds or so before you to even remember the events of the night before. That’s if it was last night. It might’ve been the night before that, for all that you know. Judging by how groggy you feel, you might well have been asleep for a very long time.

Peering around, you try to discern your unfamiliar surroundings. Did Jimin bring you in here? Is this Jimin’s room? Just the thought that it might be makes your adrenaline surge, and you suddenly feel far more awake and alert than you did five seconds ago, even if the rest of your body hasn’t quite caught up. It feels like you’ve completely seized up, your your back aching before you’ve even begun to try to move. With some difficulty you lift your head to see your body below covered in a pretty blue quilt, toes poking out the bottom end, and after looking a little longer you realise you were put to bed on a large, sumptuous chaise lounge.

You turn onto your side, groaning and screwing up your eyes as your muscles ache in protest and opening them once more whilst you stretch your arms out high above your head, fingers wiggling.

“Good morning.”

Gasping, your body lurches into action, sitting up as your eyes unexpectedly find Jimin and you’re started by the greeting that passes lips, the suddenness of your movement knocking the quilt off of your lap. It’s only now that you’re exposed that you realise how little you’re wearing, and even what you do have on doesn’t appear as though it belongs to you, dressed in only your underwear, a t-shirts and nothing else.

You look up to see Jimin’s eyes trailing the length of your exposed legs and you hasten to scramble for the quilt, grabbing it from the floor and pulling it over yourself hastily, cheeks on aflame with embarrassment. That’s the most naked anyone’s ever seen you, and it’s left butterflies swirling restlessly in your stomach.

“M-morning,” you mumble, tucking the soft blue material even tighter around your frame, avoiding his eyes.

“Actually, it’s evening,” Jimin corrects without missing a beat, the corners of his mouth lifting into a modest smile.

“Evening?”

“You obviously still have a lot of recovering to do. You slept right through.” He stands from the edge of the bed that he was perched upon opposite you, one with black sheets and blue pillows that match the quilt under which you’d slept. This really must be his room then, as you’d thought. He walks over to a seamless wardrobe, opening it up, and you can’t help but notice how graceful he is as he moves, how soft his footsteps are. He’s fashionably dressed; a well-fitted white shirt, black jeans with a rip at the knee, and from the closet he selects a smart black jacket which he swings over his shoulders in effortlessly.

“Are you going somewhere?” you ask as Jimin walks past you again, throwing you a sideways glance.

“Out.” He sits down on the bed, pulling out a pair of black sneakers from underneath the frame. He
stares at you unflinchingly as he pulls them on and your heart rate starts to creep upward, that blush reappearing on your cheeks.

Out? Does that mean… out to feed? For some reason the thought of Jimin feeding on anyone other than you makes your stomach turn unpleasantly, and suddenly you’re standing from the couch and walking over to him, your wrist outstretched in a reckless offering. He looks at it with an amused smirk and then flicks his eyes up to you, tilting his head to the side.

“You’re hungry, right?” you ask, shifting your weight from one foot to the other, “Go ahead.” You thrust your wrist forward again, licking your lips nervously, “Please.” Jimin exhales noisily as he leans backward on the bed, legs spread open wide, that same smirk still stretched across his face.

“I appreciate the offer,” he says patiently, “But the amount I took from you last time can sustain me for at least a day or two more.” The way he’s looking at you makes you think he’s considering it, though, despite the words he says. He glances at your neck where you know the evidence of your last encounter still lingers, and see him swallow heavily before shaking his head and looking away. “Besides, you’re still too weak.”

You lower your wrist, nodding your agreement as you try not dwell too much on why you’re suddenly feeling so disappointed. Now that the urgency to offer yourself to him has gone you’re self-conscious again, too, so you wrap your arms around yourself tightly, looking to the floor.

“Sit,” Jimin instructs, patting the space next to him. You do, trying for your own sake to leave a safe distance; your thoughts have a nasty habit of turning into a scrambled mess whenever the two of you get too close. You pull at the hem of the t-shirt you’re wearing as you sit - you presume it must be Jimin’s - trying to make it cover a little more of your thighs. Not that it does much good.

“Jimin?” you say softly, glancing from your lap to his watchful face, “Did you… undress me?”

“Would you prefer I had let Hoseok do it?” he asks with a laugh. You quickly shake your head, feeling foolish for even asking, but Jimin just smiles. “Yes, I did. You would’ve ended up with pneumonia if I’d let you sleep in those wet clothes.”

“Thank you.” You smile at him, playing with the soft material between your fingers. It smells like him; like the sweet smell of his aftershave that you already know so well. The idea of him seeing you practically naked and so very vulnerable is more thrilling than it should be, and once again you find yourself blushing at the mental picture of Jimin undressing you that enters your head.

“I was just going out to fetch you some clothes of your own… that way you won’t have to keep wearing mine.” Jimin reaches out and tugs at the bottom of your t-shirt playfully, fingertips brushing your bare skin, and just that small amount of contact has you gasping.

“You don’t have to do that, I-“

“I want to.” Jimin’s eyes suddenly darken, smile dropping from his face as his eyes simultaneously lower to your thighs and then slowly work their way back up, lingering at your midsection. “I want you in dresses and skirts… silk and satin.” He almost seems distracted, lost in thought, and your breath starts to quicken from just the tone of his voice, nevermind the way he’s looking at you. Knowing that Jimin has been imagining what you should wear, dressing you and undressing you in his mind; it’s almost more than you can bear. You can’t even bring yourself to speak, simply nodding your agreement. “Is there anything else you might need?”

“Uh…” you hesitate, clearing your throat, the moment broken now you have to focus on the practicalities involved with uprooting your entire life, “Just the… y’know… normal toiletry sort of
stuff…” Jimin nods whilst you flounder, suddenly distracted by the thought of him having to buy you pantyliners. You force yourself to forge on ahead, rubbing your arm. “The hospital discharged me with iron tablets, too, so I could do with some of those… And maybe some orange juice?” Jimin quirks his head to the side, that playful little smile of his returning at the way you’ve started to ramble. Seeing his look, you needlessly add, “It helps with absorption, apparently.”

“You’ll be back to full strength in no time.” Jimin looks pleased by the prospect, tongue darting out to moisten his lips one last time before he finally rises from the bed and heads towards the door. He opens it but then turns back to face you, pausing. “Please, stay in here until I get back. You can sleep some more or watch TV… there’s some books you can read…” He looks around the large room and you follow his eyeline the aforementioned items. “The others don’t know you’re here yet and I’d hate there to be any-”

“’Accidents?’” you add helpfully, adding the inverted commas with your fingers. Jimin smiles beautifully, eyes crinkling into crescents, and your heart gives an excited thump.

“Exactly.” He gives you one last lingering look and then he’s gone, pulling the door firmly shut behind him.

Finally, you can breathe.

You flop back onto the bed, spreading yourself across it with a quiet, incredulous laugh. Is all of this even real, or are you still dreaming? Maybe you never even woke up after Jimin’s assault and this is some fantasy cooked up inside a coma. If it’s not, though, you can’t even begin to imagine what life might have in store for you moving forwards. You know what you’d like it to involve; most of it involves Jimin and this very bed… but…

What if he doesn’t even want you in that way? What if that was all part of the ploy to get you alone, to render you vulnerable? Maybe that’s how Jimin snares all of his victims. His body had definitely responded to your kisses, though, you’d felt it when he’d pulled you onto his lap, and you find it hard to imagine he’d have been able to fake that so convincingly. He’d wanted you, you’re sure of it, and just the thought of having Jimin here stretched out next to you, kissing his way down your stomach, his delicate fingers trailing across your naked skin…

Ok, you really need to stop thinking about that. You flip onto your front, face down in the sheets, trying to ignore the self-induced ache between your legs. It’s so tempting to cocoon yourself in the bed covers, surrounded by the smell of him, but you decide not to when you realise how dangerously close you’re getting to borderline stalker behaviour. Instead, you flip over again with a sigh and sit yourself up, deciding to kill time until Jimin’s return by watching television as he’d suggested, grabbing the remote from his bedside table and turning it on with the volume turned down low.

It works for a little while, a mindless sitcom keeping you entertained for an hour or so until you completely lose focus, distracted by your beautiful surroundings. Jimin’s bedroom is beautiful, full of expensive looking furniture and decorated in monochrome colours with accents of silver and blue. There’s a little mess here and there, signs that it’s actually lived in, and not a window in sight from floor to high ceiling.

You stand and begin wandering around the room as the TV talks to itself in the background, inspecting all the little things dotted around that belong to him. Jimin appears to have a rather large jewellery collection which, like everything else he seems to own, looks like it must’ve cost more money than you could ever dream of. You find yourself wondering how on earth he affords all of it - do vampires even have jobs?

Eventually, you find yourself stood outside of Jimin’s closet, and though you know you’re being
nosy, and though you know you shouldn’t, you end up taking a little peek inside. Jimin’s clothes are much like his room, monochrome and blue, but you have to admit he does have very good taste. Hopefully the clothes he’s picks out for you will be just as pretty…

Just as you’re about to shut the closet doors, your curiosity sufficiently sated, you suddenly hear voices coming from somewhere outside. Panicking, you look this way and that, the voices becoming steadily louder, and for a second you actually consider climbing into the closet yourself.

“Jin-hyung, I don’t think we should—” It’s Hobi’s voice you hear, and from the sound of it it seems as though he’s trying to dissuade whoever this ‘Jin’ is from entering the room. He must be unsuccessful, because in the very next moment Jimin’s door handle turns and the door swings abruptly open.

There wouldn’t have been any time to hide even if you’d tried.

“I knew it!” The vampire stood in the doorway looks far too pleased with his discovery, stood with his fists on his hips next to an exasperated, flustered Hoseok. Jin slightly taller than other male, broader too, and visually stunning. You still prefer Jimin, but that’s a matter of preference rather than a reflection on this new vampire’s looks. His pastel pink hair matches the shirt he’s wearing, lips rivalling Jimin’s in thickness but with far wider eyes. “I knew he was hiding something.” He steps into the room slowly, arms falling to his side and not taking his eyes off you as you automatically start to back away, trying desperately to pull your t-shirt lower.

“Bet you didn’t it’d be this,” Hobi smirks as his companion puts his hands up in what you presume is supposed to be an unthreatening gesture. He’s approaching you like a wounded animal, as if he’s afraid you’ll dart away at any second, and honestly, you’re not entirely sure you won’t.

The last time you were alone with Hobi he tried to eat you, and who knows what this other vampire’s appetite is like. He does have kind eyes, though, and his smile seems warm and genuine enough, and when your back hits the opposite wall with a thud Jin mercifully halts his steps too.

“Hello,” he greets softly, lowering his hands, “I’m Seokjin. Jin.” Hobi makes your introductions for you, leaning against the doorway with his hands in his pockets, watching the scene with barely contained amusement. “It’s nice to meet you but… you knew she was here?” Jin questions, turning back to his friend. Hobi just shrugs and smiles nonchalantly and as Jin turns back to look at you you notice him rolling his eyes. “You must be hungry,” he continues, and right on cue your stomach decides to rumble.

It’s true - you can’t remember the last time you ate a good meal, and apparently you’ve been asleep for almost 24 hours, so it’s no wonder you are. You smile shyly, cheeks turning red with embarrassment and Jin goodnaturedly smiles back.

“I can make something for you, if you’d like.” He offers his hand to you and you stare at it, a little distrusting still. All your instincts tell you that Jin is someone you’d be safe with, at least for now, but then again your gut has been very wrong about this before.

“… I don’t have any other clothes,” you reply after a moment, glancing down at your thighs. It’s only then that Jin seems to notice your state of undress and politely averts his eyes, and his gentlemanly behaviour only reinforces the good first impression you’ve had of him. Hobi, of course, is still staring.

Jin heads straight into one of Jimin’s drawers and takes out a pair of grey sweatpants, handing them to you with a smile.
“You may as well have the pants to match,” he jokes and you smile gratefully, pulling them on. Jin busies himself turning off the TV and straightening Jimin’s pillows. “I can’t remember the last time I had someone to cook for!” Jin comments as he turns to leave, gesturing for you to follow behind, voice barely containing his excitement. You start after him but then hesitate at the threshold, remembering Jimin’s parting words.

“Jimin said I shouldn’t leave the room, in case-“ Hobi cuts you off with a devilish grin, knocking his elbow against your side.

“Don’t worry beautiful, we won’t bite.”
Chapter 6

You’re not exactly sure what you’d expected a vampire den to look like, but you certainly didn’t think it’d be like this. As you follow meekly behind Jin, Hobi bringing up the rear, you attempt to get your bearings and memorise the route back to Jimin’s room just in case you need need it later. You’re not very successful, though, continually distracted by your new surroundings. The seemingly never-ending corridor you’re wandering down is lined with large windows that are covered by thick, red velvet curtains to keep out the evening sunlight, and with each step you take across the hardwood floor the click of Jin’s shoes echoes off of the walls.

“This place is beautiful,” you say, thinking aloud as you gaze up at the ornate moulding that lines the ceilings.

“Thank you,” Jin smiles, glancing back at you over his shoulder, “We’ve lived here for quite some time.” How long is ‘quite some time’ for an immortal creature, anyway? Ten years? A hundred? You’d love to ask exactly how old Jin and Hobi, but asking still seems kind of rude, whether they’re counting or not.

“And no one knows about you? About what you are?”

“We’re discreet,” Hobi answers quickly from behind you, and you hear Jin let out a derisive snort in front.

“Some of us are discreet.” You look back at the Hobi and have to fight the urge to laugh as you watch him rolls his eyes and lift his hand to imitate the flapping of Jin’s mouth, drawn back to attention when the vampire in front comes to a sudden halt in front a large wooden door that branches off from the hallway to the left. Jin pushes it open without a hint of effort despite its sturdy appearance, and as you step through the doorway you find yourself inside a grand kitchen space in which he immediately sets to work. It’s decor is entirely different to the hallway you occupied before; full of mod-cons and gleaming countertops, spacious and airy despite the lack of natural light.

Hobi walks past you as you absorb it all at a stand-still, beckoning you over to join him at a long kitchen whilst Jin busies himself in the monstrously sized fridge-freezer, and as you cross the room you find yourself wondering why on earth creatures who don’t actually need to eat - as far as you’re aware - would have need of such an extravagant kitchen. You ask the question as you sit yourself down next to Hobi, admired the brushed metal tabletop.

“It’s a hobby,” he interjects before Jin can even open up his mouth to reply.

“But what do you do with all the food if you can’t eat it?”

“I donate it,” Jin replies as his head emerges from fridge, a bowl held between his hands, and you feel your eyes widen in surprise, “Food banks, homeless shelters, that kind of thing.”

“That’s very generous of you,” you say admiringly, still shocked that a vampire would even think to do something so selfless - it’s certainly more than you’ve ever done. Jin just smiles and shrugs as he continues to potter around the kitchen, rummaging in this drawer and that.

“Do you like Korean food?”
“I’ve never had it,” you reply, returning his shrug. You can’t say you’ve ever been that experimental with food - you’ve never really had the money to be - but you’re certainly willing to try given the chance.

“You’re in for a treat then,” he grins you, sounding so confident in his abilities that you find it impossible to doubt him. Jin becomes a whirlwind of activity after that, turning on stoves and putting water to boil, pots and pans clattering noisily as you watch on, amused by just at home he appears to be.

Hobi sits quietly next to you for the most part, several minutes passing before before you feel him start to fidget beside you, drumming his fingertips on the table. You get the feeling he’s really not someone that’s used to sitting still for very long, and just as that thought is crossing your mind he suddenly says your name, calling your attention.

“I’m sorry about last night,” he tells you quietly, as though he’d rather Jin didn’t hear, and for once Hobi looks very sincere, glancing down at his lap when you turn to face him. “I know I scared you.” He looks up as you reply, smiling meekly.

“I won’t hold it against you,” you assure haltingly, and his small smile brightens into a toothy, exaggerated grin at your words, “A vampire’s gotta eat, I suppose.”

“In my defence, you did deliver yourself straight into my lap. How’s a guy supposed to resist something that?” You end up laughing and blushing all at once as Hobi gives you a roguish wink to emphasise his point, something that just makes him smile all the more.

It’s almost impossible to equate the man that’s sat next to you now, grinning as he is, with the bloodthirsty creature you met two nights ago. He seems so playful, so harmless - like a completely different person - and you struggle to remind yourself what a bad idea it’d be to let your guard. Charming or not, you did watch him murder someone with little to no remorse.

Leanne. You wonder if her family are grieving right now, whether they’re arranging some pretty pink funeral for her…

Jin plonks some dirty silverware into the sink with a clatter, breaking you out of your morbid thoughts with a start and making you jump in your seat. Your behaviour earns you two raised eyebrows from Hobi but you just give him a shaky smile, trying to shrug it off dismissively.

Thankfully, you’re soon given ample distraction to take your mind off things when the ruckus Jin was making summons another vampire you’ve yet to meet. He emerges from a door over the opposite side of the room from the one in which you’d entered, and as he steps inside he ‘tssks’ loudly, rubbing his eyes with his fist.

“Hyung, do you have to make so much noise?” he asks Jin gruffly, looking more than just a little disgruntled. You’d always been under the impression that vampires didn’t need to sleep, but this new guy certainly looks like he does. Or was, rather, if his slightly dishevelled state is anything to go by. The loose white shirt he’s wearing is half flopped open, exposing an expanse of smooth, creamy skin, his black hair in adorable disarray, and despite the annoyance that creasing his features you find him absolutely stunning to behold.

The new arrival must feel you staring, or else you’re breathing too loud, because not a moment later his attention has rounded onto you, perfectly alert now he’s aware of your presence.
“What’s this?” he asks, directing the question to Hobi rather than you. His narrow, dark eyes seem to almost look through you as he approaches where you’re sat to sit himself opposite, the intensity of his gaze never wavering.

“She’s Jimin’s,” Hobi replies without a moment’s hesitation and the raven-haired vampire’s head tilts to the side, inspecting you as though he’s performing some sort of examination. The way his eyes pass over your skin makes all your goosebumps stand on end, unable to maintain eye contact for fear of bursting into flame.

“Yoongi,” he offers after a moment, extending a long-fingered hand for you to shake. You stare at it dumbly for a second, still too caught up in trying to get over the fact that Hobi just so casually declared you as Jimin’s property to conduct yourself like a normal human being. You have the feeling you should be insulted at the way they’re speaking of you but some reason it doesn’t seem to bother anywhere near as much as it should.

You take Yoongi’s hand once you notice him raising an eyebrow at you, and he holds it firmly as you shake and tell him your name, feeling pleased that you’d managed not to flinch at the coolness of his skin. Up until now Yoongi’s expression had stayed rather blank, almost disinterested, even, but as he loosens his grip and withdraws his hand Yoongi’s bow-shaped lips quirk up into the briefest of smiles, the creasing of his eyes doing something strangely pleasant to your insides.

“Does he know she’s here?” Yoongi asks, turning to look over his shoulder as Jin does something that seems to involve a lot of steam.

“I imagine we’d know about it if he did,” Jin replies without turning and you hear Hobi grunt his agreement whilst Yoongi ‘tssk’s once more.

“Who’s he?” you enquire, curiosity getting the better of you as you watch their exchange. Whoever he might be, you get the distinct impression that this person finding out about your presence won’t be a pleasant encounter. Maybe you really should have stayed in Jimin’s room, like he said?

Yoongi is about to answer you, mouth already open and about to speak when someone suddenly comes barrelling into the kitchen at full speed, skidding over to Jin’s side as his knee high socks send him sliding across the tile.

“Aish, what smells so good?!” You watch with amusement as this new vampire hounds Jin, draping himself all over the other as he tries to get a glimpse of what culinary delights lie in wait. His childlike mannerisms and bright blonde hair sit at complete odds with the deep voice you’d just heard, as does his height. You’re fairly certain he’s taller than Jin, actually, though it’s difficult to tell when he keeps on hopping around.

“It’s not for you, Taehyung-ah.” The two of them start to squabble as Jin tries to patiently remind this ‘Taehyung’ that unless he wants an evening full of stomach cramps he’d really better stick to a blood-only diet.

Another vampire enters the kitchen only moments after the last, distracting you from the other pair, and it’s obvious from the second you see him that this one must be the youngest of the group. He’s fairly tall and slight, with light brown hair and a heart-wrenchingly pretty face, and the within seconds of entering the room his hazel doe eyes land on you. He stops mid-step as soon as they do, his eyes growing ever wider and giving him the appearance of a rabbit caught in car headlights. A particularly cute rabbit at that.
“-And I’m not cleaning up after you if you puke everywhere.”

“Hyung, one time that happened!”

“Why are you guys so loud? God.” There’s so much going on that you don’t know where to look, settling on Yoongi to see he’s got his eyes tightly closed, a grimace on his face as he runs his fingers roughly through his hair.

“Kookie, what’s wrong with your face?” Taehyung’s loud question interrupts the latest arrivals awkward staring, and as you look back to Taehyung the exuberant vampire suddenly notices you’re there, his mouth popping open in surprise. “Oh!” Hobi starts to laugh beside you, amused by Taehyung’s obliviousness as the blonde comes straight over to the table, flopping down beside Yoongi. “Hi!” he greets cheerfully, waving regardless of being sat right opposite you and playfully winking as you wave right back.

How are they all so good-looking?! Taehyung’s features are absolutely flawless, his face so perfectly put together that you start to feel decidedly inferior under so much undivided attention.

“Hey, maknae, come sit,” Hobi calls to Kookie, who’s continued to loiter nervously in the doorway. He looks around the rest of the group, over to you and then back again, still seeming a little unsure, and then slowly makes his way over to take a seat next to Taehyung, whom immediately slings his arm around Kookie’s shoulders.

You introduce yourself, giving them your friendliest smile in hopes of making a good impression.

“Good to meet you Taehyung. Kookie.”

“It’s Jungkook,” Kookie pipes up, his voice coming out more masculine than you’d anticipated. He pauses while he places his elbows on the table, calling attention to his long, vascular forearms. “But you can call me Kookie… if you want to.”

“Thanks.” He’s so cute that you can’t stop yourself from screwing up your nose a little as he smiles bashfully, his eyes flicking back and forth between you and the others as he struggles to maintain eye contact. Hoseok leans in and whispers in your ear. “You can call me noona, Kookie, if you like.”

Two things happen simultaneously when you say this; everyone around the table suddenly bursts out laughing, save Jungkook, of course, whose expression turns into something that looks like he’s willing the ground to swallow him up whole.

“What? What did I say?” you ask quickly, your voice jumping an octave higher as you look accusingly back at Hoseok. You knew you shouldn’t have trusted what he said, but none of them seem in a rush to fill you in, simply laughing all the more as you become equally as flustered.

“Ok, ok, calm down children.” Jin appears quite suddenly at your side, placing down a small bowl of steaming hot rice and what looks some sort of vegetable marinated in… something. “Kimchi,” he explains, sitting down next to you and handing you a fork. “I hope you like it.” He’s sure you will, if the smell is anything to go by, and you’re so hungry at this point that you’re pretty sure you’d wolf anything down. You stir it, blowing on the rice to cool it down and feeling very aware of the way the whole table has now fallen silent to watch you take your first mouthful. Pressure, much?

“Mm,” you confirm, mouth stuffed full, looking up at Jin and giving him a nod. He looks pleased,
eyes creasing into crescents as he beams merrily back at you.

“Ah! I was wrong!” Taehyung suddenly announces, leaning forward across the table so close that his face is almost in your bowl, “It’s you that smells so good!” Yoongi grabs the exuberant vampire by the shoulder and pulls him back into his seat, scowling disapprovingly.

“That wasn’t very polite,” Jungkook scold, sounding far older than he appears.

“But she does!” Taehyung persists as his face falls into an adorable looking pout, “It’s a compliment!” Yoongi just shakes his head, releasing Taehyung’s shoulder and rolling his eyes at his antics.

“Um… thanks, I think?” you say once you’ve finished your mouth full, licking your lips. It’s certainly not the worst thing you’ve ever been told.

“Sniff all you want, but she’s off-limits,” Hobi reiterates for those who didn’t hear it before, watching you take another mouthful.

“Ah, that’s not fair,” Taehyung complains, pulling a face. Do you get a say here? You’re not even sure what exactly they’re even talking about - is it your just your blood or something more than that? You keep catching Yoongi looking at you in a way that has you feeling unsure, the hairs rising on the back of your neck, though not in a way that’s unpleasant. From what you’ve seen so far, hunger and lust seems to look remarkably similar when it comes to vampires, so who the hell knows?

“What’s unfair Taehyung?” an unfamiliar voice asks from the corner of the room, and all of a sudden Taehyung seems to sit up straighter, the playful look falling from his face. You look up with your fork already halfway into your mouth to see the seventh and final vampire that belongs to this little family walking straight towards you.

He’s taller than the rest and slim in figure, standing impeccably dressed in a smart black suit with no shirt underneath. He’s gorgeous, with a sumptuously round face and full, pouty lips that are curved into a smile. He even has dimples, one in each cheek, and you’d think they were cute if it weren’t for the dangerous glint in his eyes.

For the first time in days you find yourself feeling very, very afraid.

He strides right up to you, hands held deep in his pockets, inspecting you from head to toe, and as he reaches your side he quickly grabs the back of your neck, twisting your head to the side without a hint of gentleness. He’s looking at the marks on your neck, you realise, the purple-green bruises that Jimin had left behind, and none of the others are doing a thing to try and stop him.

“So, who ordered take-out?”
Not one of them speaks up right away, and sitting opposite you, you can see Jungkook look nervously to V before Jin finally answers.

“Ah, Namjoon-ah, maybe we should wait until Jimin-“

“Of course, it would be Jimin,” Namjoon interjects, looking down at you, still smiling that deadly smile. His grip on your neck is hardly gentle; in fact he’s starting to make it difficult for you to breathe. You try your best not to show any weakness even though you’re afraid. Somehow you get the feeling that acting vulnerable would be a big mistake, so you do your best to keep looking up at him, feigning defiance. “You’re just his type.”

“He didn’t plan to-“

“I didn’t ask for any of your excuses, Hoseok.” Hoseok visibly deflates, mouth closing promptly at Namjoon’s words. The tall vampire leans down to come face-to-face with you, so close his nose almost touches yours. All of your breath leaves you as Namjoon’s fingers squeeze even tighter, your pulse starting to race in your neck. “What am I going to do with you, little one?” he whispers menacingly, cocking his head to the side.

“Cooking again Seokjin?“ Jimin’s familiar voice, light and playful in tone, comes ringing through the door as he pushes it open with his hip, a shopping bag in each hand, and everyone’s head turns to look at him. On seeing the scene Jimin stops dead, eyes widening in surprise and then becoming even narrower than usual when he notices the way Namjoon’s hand is curled around your neck. “Let go of her,” he snarls, dropping the bags at his side and stepping forward.

“You didn’t bring enough to share, Jimin-ah?” Namjoon mocks, obviously un-phased and unthreatened by the murderous look on Jimin’s face. The younger vampire growls, baring his teeth in a flare of rage and Jin suddenly stands, walking to Jimin’s side and placing a hand on his shoulder. He whispers something to his friend and Jimin seems to make a considered effort to relax, dropping his aggressive posture with a roll of his shoulders.

“I was going to talk with you when you got back.” Jimin’s eyes dart to yours, his eyebrows pulling together in concern for a split second before he looks back to Namjoon. “We didn’t think it’d be till morning.”

“So you decided to sneak in a little treat in the meantime?” Namjoon squats behind your chair, his
hand still on your neck, and you gasp as he rests his chin on your shoulder. “I thought our little Jimin was too good for blood whores?” You watch barely controlled anger flash behind Jimin’s eyes before closing your own and trying not to panic as Namjoon presses his nose right against your throat and inhales. “Ah, she does smell delicious though.”

“Namjoon-Hyung.” You’re surprised by the note of panic you can hear in Jimin’s voice, “Please, let her go.” Namjoon lets out an exaggerated sigh against your skin that makes you shiver and then he finally stands, releasing his hold on you.

As soon as you’re free you immediately rush out of your chair and to Jimin, thudding into his chest with the force of your effort, yours heaving with deep breaths you can finally take. Surprisingly, he wraps both of his arms around you as you clutch onto his shirt, fighting back the urge to cry.

“You should have told me that before I left!” You’re almost at his room now and Jimin hasn’t looked back at you once, growing seemingly more aggravated with every step he takes. “Jimin, I’m sorry,” you cry, your voice finally breaking as a sob sticks in your throat. Jimin pauses, holding his bedroom door open and looking to the floor, his shoulders sagging. “I didn’t mean…”

He turns to look at you over his shoulder, and when he does the frustration in his expression seems to fall away, his eyes and mouth softening at the sight of your tears. Jimin pulls you into the room, pushing the door shut behind you, and then takes your face in both his hands. Using his thumbs he gently wipes away your tears, his head slightly tilted to the side, and when you have to sniff to stop your nose from running he smiles the smallest of smiles, so little it’s barely even there.

“Did he hurt you?” he asks after he’s wiped the last of your tears away and you’ve managed to regain some sort of composure. You shrug, giving him an embarrassed smile.

“Only as much as you saw.” Jimin presses his fingers to your jaw and tilts your head slightly, inspecting where Namjoon’s fingers lay with a frown on his face, and when he’s finally satisfied that there’s no obvious damage – apart from what he did before – he steps back and takes his hands from you entirely. You wish he wouldn’t have. His touch was so comforting and you miss it instantly.

“My bathroom’s through there,” he says after a moment, pointing to a door on the other side of his bedroom that you’d neglected to notice before. “There should be everything you need. Go take a bath while I sort all this out.” It’s a command not a suggestion, you notice, but nonetheless you nod. You feel like you’ve caused Jimin enough trouble today.

“I’ll be back soon.” He makes to leave and then pauses, a smile pulling at his lips, “Please, stay put
“I will,” you smile back. “Thank you, Jimin.” He leaves, closing the door softly behind him.

You let out a big, shaky exhale as soon as he’s gone, pressing the heels of your palms to your eyes. You feel like you want to cry again, and the temptation to just curl yourself up in Jimin’s sheets is almost overwhelming. He probably wouldn’t be pleased if he got back and you were still a mess, though, so you steel yourself and head to the bathroom, hoping that a long soak might make you feel better.

Jimin’s bathroom, unsurprisingly enough, is once again completely monochrome. That’s not to say it’s boring or disappointing though, not by a long stretch. The mirror above the sink is nothing short of grandiose, stretching almost the span of the entire wall, and both the shower and bathtub are more than big enough for two people to fit inside. The bathtub really is stunning, situated as a feature point in the centre of the room, roll-topped and claw-footed. You waste no time in running the water and climbing in, revelling in it being deep enough for you to sink down into the warmth right up to your chin. You wash your hair and your body with the different sweet-smelling potions and lotions you’d found and then lie back, content to rest your head and close your eyes.

“Sleeping again so soon?”

You startle, sitting up in the bath so fast that some of the water spills over the side and onto the floor. Jimin is sat across from you on the closed lid of the toilet, one leg crossed over the other and sporting a black eye and a split lip.

“What happened to you?” you gasp, and then suddenly remember how very naked you are. You sink back into the water sharply, grateful that it’s so deep that it’s unlikely Jimin saw anything more than just the tops of your breasts. Still, even that has left you flustered and blushing scarlet red.

“Namjoon made sure I had no doubt how displeased he is,” Jimin answers you sourly, fingering his bruised cheekbone.

“I’m so sorry,” you say again, emphatically, but he just shakes his head with a half-hearted smile, letting his hand drop.

“Don’t be. You meeting the others turned out to be a good thing.” He gets up from the toilet and strolls to the other side of the room as he speaks, fetching you a towel from some shelves. “When it came to a vote it was six versus one for letting you stay.” Jimin walks toward you, towel in hand, and though you know the water should provide adequate cover you still fold your arms across your breasts and cross your legs, just in case.

“That’s good to know.” You pause, strangely happy that you’ve been accepted into this unusual family. For the most part, anyway. “Namjoon doesn’t seem like the rest of you.” Jimin glances away and purses his lips, holding back something, you think, but all Jimin says is,

“He’s our leader. He has to be strict to keep us safe.”

“But where did you all meet? Why’s he the leader?” Jimin cocks his head to the side, a bemused smile on his face as he looks down at you in the tub.

“So many questions,” he teases, tutting, “That’s a long story, one for another day.” You let out a little huff of frustration and Jimin actually laughs as he hands you the towel. “Hurry up, I’ve got things to show you.” You take it one-handedly, still covering yourself with the other, skin prickling
with excitement from wondering what Jimin could have in store.

He leaves you to exit the bath, something you’re glad of. For a while there you’d been thinking he was going to hang around the whole time, and that’s one embarrassment you can certainly do without. You towel dry your hair quickly and then wrap it around yourself, finally heading back into Jimin’s bedroom when you realise you’re stuck without any clean clothes to put on.

When you enter the room you see Jimin relaxing back on his bed, one ankle crossed over the other, a TV remote in his hand, flicking back and forth between stations.

“Hi,” you announce softly, pulling the towel tighter around yourself. If you didn’t feel self-conscious before you certainly do when Jimin’s eyes snap to you and he turns off the TV.

“I got everything I could think of,” he tells you, gesturing to shopping bags he was holding earlier that are sat next to the bed. “You just need to choose.” You walk nervously forward and collect the bags in one hand, aware of Jimin staring at you the whole way. They’re heavy and obviously very full; you can’t believe he picked all this out just for you.

“I’ve never been very good at picking out clothes.” You smile uncertainly.

“Trust me, I know what’ll look good on you.” You feel your cheeks start to redden and you chew on your lip as Jimin’s eyes drift over your body. What if he’s wrong? What if he thinks you look awful? “I’ll be waiting.” Nodding, you retreat back into the bathroom with your bags and set about trying to find something to wear.

He wasn’t kidding about wanting to see you in dresses; there’s not a pair of jeans or sweats in sight. There’s dress after dress in varying styles and lengths, cute little skirts and soft sweaters, floaty blouses and shirts. Jimin really does have exceptional taste – there’s nothing you can find that you don’t like. You dread to think how much this must all have cost. Even the underwear from an expensive designer brand that you’ve never dreamed about owning, and god, how you blush as you sort through all the different panties and bra sets he’s bought. Lace, lace and more lace, silky long-line bralettes and french knickers that leave nothing to the imagination. You’ve never worn anything like it in your life. But then, you’ve never really had anyone to wear that sort of thing for before, have you?

Eventually you pick out something that seems at least relatively modest; a black satin matching pant and bra set and a black velvet dress on top. You know how much Jimin seems to like black, after all. The dress has long sleeves and has a high neck line that helps to conceal some of the bruising to your shoulders, though not your neck. You realise once you’re dressed that Jimin seems to have forgotten to buy you any shoes. Perhaps he wants to keep you barefoot, though you can’t imagine why.

Thankfully you manage to find a hairbrush somewhere in amongst Jimin’s bathroom paraphernalia and even a hairdryer too. You decide it’s worth making him wait the ten extra minutes it’ll take to dry your hair, no one likes the drowned rat look after all, and once you’re done you take a good, long look in the ginormous mirror. You don’t look half bad, actually, although you could definitely do with some make up. The blood you lost is still making you look far too pale, but now that you think about it, perhaps that means you’ll fit right in.

Finally, with one big bracing breath, you leave the safety of the bathroom. The TVs playing again when you walk in and Jimin’s still sat on the bed leaning back against the wall, but this time his eyes are closed, hands folded in his lap, chest rising and falling so steadily you guess he must be asleep. You approach him slowly, thankful that your bare feet mean you move almost silently, taking advantage of being the one of the two of you that’s awake, for once. He’s caught you sleeping far
too many times already, as far as you’re concerned.

Jimin looks even more otherworldly asleep than he does awake. Like some sort of perfectly sculpted limestone statue that’s only marred by the vicious bruise purpling his cheekbone and the slight swelling of his bottom lip. You pad your way closer, wanting to use this chance to look as much as you can while you can, eventually sitting yourself gingerly on the side of the bed. By some miracle, he carries on sleeping. He’s so pretty for a man. His dark eyelashes are fanned out across his pale cheeks, his rosy-red lips just slightly parted. If only you were brave enough to close the rest of the metre gap between you and steal a kiss… You want to so badly that you find yourself leaning forward slightly, just that little bit closer –

Jimin’s eyes suddenly open, and you jump out of your skin. You spring from the bed, like a naughty child caught in the act, bright red in the face and stuttering nonsensical apologies as Jimin laughs over you, harder than you’ve ever seen him laugh before. Eventually, you start to see the funny side too, laughing along with your head in your hand and a hand on your hip.

“Did you do that on purpose?”

“Not at all,” he replies through his remaining giggles, “I must just have very good timing.”

When the laughter finally stops there’s a pregnant pause between the two of you and then all of a sudden it’s like Jimin actually sees you, a slow smile spreading across his face. He looks you up and down as you stand there wondering what to do, chewing on your lip with your arms folded across your middle. “Arms down,” he tells you, almost a little sharply, and you do as he asks straight away, “Turn around.” Slowly, you turn on the spot, trying to ignore the way your heart has started bounding excitedly in your chest. When you finally come back to face Jimin his bottom lip is caught in his teeth and that hungry look is back again. Gone is the playful Jimin that was laughing with you only a moment ago.

You have to fight the urge to flinch when he abruptly rises from the bed in one smooth movement.

“You look just how I imagined.” Jimin’s voice is slow and soft as he begins to circle you, viewing you from every angle. You can’t bring yourself to meet his eyes, too afraid of what you might see there. “I have one more thing for you.” Your own insatiable curiosity has you looking upward to see what he means, but Jimin is stood behind you just out of sight. As you crane your head round to see you suddenly catch a flash of black being lifted up and over your head, coming to rest across your neck, and there’s a second of blind panic where you think means to choke you. You gasp, adrenaline surging as your body readies itself to fight, but then you realise that the material Jimin has placed around your neck is just that, a thick band of black that he’s only fastening, not pulling tight.

“I want you to keep it on,” Jimin explains from behind you, voice dropping to a whisper, “So everyone knows you’re mine.” You swallow hard, your mouth suddenly dry, unable to do anything but stare straight ahead. He means it to be a collar, then. A mark of ownership. Surely the bruises on your neck do that enough?

As if he’s read your thoughts Jimin comes to your side and pushes your hair back from your neck, your breath catching at the brush of his fingers. The dress and the collar have gone a long way to cover everything up, but there’s still evidence of Jimin’s attack lingering there between the two. He trails his fingertip over what can still be seen, eyes following its path.

“I won’t mark you like this again. It was vulgar of me.” You fight the urge to tell him that you didn’t mind, that you like having those marks there as a constant reminder…

“What about your marks?” you ask, surprisingly yourself by boldly reaching out to touch his
cheekbone. His skin is so unnaturally cool. Jimin takes a swift hold of your wrist and lowers your hand from his face.

“I heal quickly,” he assures you, dismissing your concerns with a shake of his head.

“Would feeding help?” Jimin laughs, letting go of your wrist and stepping backwards, running his hand through his hair.

“You’re temptation enough, kitten, don’t keep tempting me further.” You nod, feeling a little embarrassed. You know as well as he does that you’re not strong enough yet but for some reason you can’t stop yourself from offering. He’s hurt because of you, and you want to help.

Jimin walks past you, heading to his closet. He pulls out a large duffel bag that looks full and heavy, then turns back to you again.

“I need to go. Namjoon has asked me to do something and it’d be unwise not to.” You can’t help but feel apprehensive about what that ‘something’ might be, especially since it seems to involve a conspicuous looking duffel bag full of unknown items, but you just nod agreeably, thinking that’s that probably another question for another day. It’s not like it could be anything more illegal than killing people for their blood, could it?

Jimin pauses next to you.

“Sleep, if you want, or go and explore the house. The others have promised me your safety. Just stay away from the third floor, that belongs to Namjoon.” Again you nod, happy to agree to those terms. You’ll be staying away from his as much as possible if you get your way. Jimin runs his fingers along the edge of your collar, eyes drifting over you one last time, and just that one action takes your breath away. “I’ll be back in the morning.”
Chapter 8

You are pretty tired again, truth be told, but the desire to explore the house as Jimin suggested proves too tempting of an option to ignore. You set out, thinking that perhaps it’s a good idea for you to try and get into a nocturnal schedule yourself, if that’s what everyone else is doing too. You wander down the corridor again first, taking the time to look at all the lovely paintings hanging on the walls. Someone certainly seems to have good taste in artwork, although you can’t hazard a guess as to who it might be.

Peeping inside the door that leads into the kitchen you find it silent and empty now, so you carry on down the corridor until you come to a grand entrance hall. The main staircase, a dark mahogany coloured wood, dominates the centre of the room, the balconies of which overlook the entrance before branching off to the rooms of the second floor. The floor is a finely polished wood too, and once again you find yourself glad that your bare feet allow you to move almost silently through the house.

Suddenly, the sound of laughter catches your attention, coming from a door that stands ajar at the back of the hall. You head over cautiously, wanting to ensure that you’re not about to come unexpectedly face-to-face with Namjoon any time soon. Peering through the gap in the door you see a large living room with several couches surrounding a TV on which colourful images are flashing, and on further inspection you realise that both Taehyung and Hoseok are sat on the floor with legs crossed and wide smiles playing video games. Jin’s watching, laughing along as the boys tease each other when either of them loses, and Jungkook is sat on the couch nearby with his knees drawn up to his chest and what looks like a sketchpad in front of him, concentrating hard. You can’t believe how normal they look – like a standard group of friends just hanging out together and having fun. Watching this you’d never suspect there was anything more secret or sinister about any of them.

Part of you is tempted to go inside and join them – they do certainly look like they’re having fun – but they’re being so loud, talking to each other excitedly in Korean, that it feels a little overwhelming. You head in a different route instead, taking the corridor that leads in the opposite direction to Jimin’s room. As the sound of laughter fades into the distance, another sound replaces it. You can hear soft, gentle music coming from ahead and you follow it curiously. It’s a piano, you realise, playing a slow lament full of feeling, though you can’t tell if it’s a record that’s playing or someone playing themselves.

Eventually you come to the door from which the music is coming, and by now you’re able to tell that it is indeed someone playing the piano; you can hear the soft press of the keys as each note plays. Slowly, you push open the door, trying not to disturb whoever is playing.

Yoongi is sat at the piano, fingers moving in perfect synchronicity as he smoothly plays the melody. He keeps flawless pace and rhythm even though he has his eyes closed, his body swaying slightly, and as you watch him play, leaning against the doorframe, you find yourself entranced by the sight and sound. He plays so very beautifully, you’re in awe of him.

The song slowly fades to an end and Yoongi’s long fingers leave the keys, pushing the roll of his shirt sleeves back up to his elbows.

“You don’t have to just lurk in the doorway,” Yoongi says loudly, startling you out of your reverie. You feel your cheeks go pink, glancing down at the floor, but even though you’re embarrassed to be caught loitering you still walk inside. His eyes open as he turns his head to look at you and you notice them widen marginally, running from bottom to top as he takes in your outfit. When you lean on the piano with a smile Yoongi looks off to the side, smiling sardonically. “Jimin’s dressed you up
like forbidden fruit,” he chuckles. Was that a compliment? You feel your cheeks redden even more, whatever it may be, so you try to gloss over it, changing the subject.

“You play beautifully,” you tell him genuinely.

“Thank you.” He plays a note or two one-handedly, peering down at the keys. “I’ve had a lot of time to practice. Do you play?” You shake your head regretfully.

“I had a few lessons as a child… I was never very good at it.” Yoongi shifts over on the piano stool and pats the fabric next to him, inviting you to come sit. After a moment’s hesitation, you do. “I wish I’d tried harder. I love music.” You prod tunelessly at a couple of keys, trying to ignore the feeling of Yoongi’s eyes on you.

“I’d be happy to teach you, if you like.” You look up with an eager smile.

“Yes, please, I’d like that.”

“Watch,” he instructs, slowly playing a C-scale for you to copy, each delicate finger crossing over the next and back again. His hands are mesmerising graceful, and you’re so caught up just watching them that for a second you don’t even realise he’s stopped playing. Clearing your throat you attempt to copy what he showed you, and though you manage the notes thanks to the few lessons you did have, your hand looks so much clumsier than his, the notes so much more clunky. “Not bad.” You feel like Yoongi is being over-generous but thank him anyway. “Again.”

Over and over you practice the scale. Once you’ve successfully mastered the notes he starts to count over you as you play, helping you keep rhythm and sound smoother. You’re feeling pretty pleased with your progress at that point, but when Yoongi tries to get your left hand playing as well as your right it gets far too complicated, your fingers tripping over one another.

He laughs as you growl with frustration, knocking his shoulder against yours.

“It’s just your first try,” he assures you as you go again, the notes getting sloppier the more exasperated you become.

“Easy for you to say,” you moan, “You’ve got all eternity to practice.” Yoongi chuckles softly.

“Good point.” You feel him watching as you carry on, determined to get it right at least once before you call it a day. Or night, rather. “I hope Jimin wasn’t too hard on you,” he says a few minutes more. You stop playing, looking up from the keys and to his face instead. Everything about him is so angular; his eyes, his jaw. Despite this he manages to look somehow soft, with his black bangs dangling into his eyes.

“Not as hard as Namjooon was on him,” you reply, picturing Jimin’s wounded face in your mind and realising that that ache you’re feeling in your gut is because, even after this short amount of time, you miss him.

“They’ve been in worse fights, believe me,” Yoongi smirks, starting to play a simple, lively melody with one hand.

“Not you?” He laughs breathily again, shaking his head.

“I might be harsh and cold sometimes, but I don’t have a temper like Jimin.”

“You don’t seem harsh and cold to me,” you blurt out. You can see how people might think that of him, granted. Yoongi’s default expression, unless he’s smiling or laughing, looks pretty miserable.
Yoongi abruptly halts what he’s playing for a second, smiling down at the piano keys.

“Don’t let his temper fool you though; Jimin’s the softest of all of us.” He recommences the tune, his fingers almost dancing as he plays. You wonder if what Yoongi says is true; is Jimin really so soft? You’ve certainly seen his temper in action, and you’ve no doubt that he can be… domineering and forceful, but soft? Perhaps you just don’t know him well enough yet to see that side of him. You chew on the inside of your mouth thoughtfully, hoping you will do soon, when Yoongi stops playing again. “Sorry, you’re the one supposed to be practising.”

“No, please, you play. I think I’ve had enough for today.”

“Alright,” he concedes, starting to play with both hands again, his foot bobbing against the pedals underneath. “We should probably be social after this, join the others.”

“Ugh,” you jest, scrunching up your nose in distaste, “You’re probably right.” Yoongi smiles widely, holding back laughter.

“Perhaps just one more song?”

You and Yoongi do go and join the rest of the guys, eventually. Jin is considerate as always, checking, as Yoongi did, that you’re alright after the earlier events while Jungkook exchanges shy smiles with you from the sofa opposite. After much persuasion you agree to have a go at the racing game they’ve been playing, despite not being much of a gamer, and much to Hoseok’s amusement and Taehyung’s frustration you seem to have been blessed with beginner’s luck. Although, could you call it beginner’s luck when you seem to beating each and every one of them? In the end Taehyung ends up snatching the controller back, inspecting it suspiciously as you laugh at his absolute dismay. You’re more than happy to let them have the game back, good at it or not, it’s really not your thing.

You’re just tucking into a pizza that Jin put in the oven for you when Jimin finally gets home. He comes walking into the living room looking weary, his normally neat grey hair a mess and on the front of his shirt… is that blood?

“Aigo! Don’t sit there!” Jin cries just as Jimin slumps into an armchair, blood stains on the fabric be damned. Jin ‘tsks’ but Jimin gives him a withering side-eye, clearly not in the mood to be lectured.

“Jimin, did you have trouble?” Taehyung asks as he pauses the game, momentarily distracted from his reign of victory over Hoseok.

“You look like shit,” Yoongi comments dryly, his headphones still on but obviously not too loud. Perhaps these guys have been desensitised to blood – you guess they must be – because you seem to be the only one that can’t stop staring at the dinner-plate sized bloodstain right in the middle of Jimin’s t-shirt.

“There were more of them than I expected.” Jimin pushes his bangs back and then stretches his neck, leaning it from side to side. “It was… challenging.”

No one says anything more, turning back to their respective activities while you’re left gawping, looking at the rest of them like they’ve gone mad. Why is everyone so casual about this?! Jimin looks like he’s been in a massacre!
“Jimin… what did Namjoon ask you to do?” you ask him, unable to stow your curiosity any longer. Jimin looks at you for the first time since he came in, and when his eyes flick down to the collar still sitting on your neck you see the corner of his mouth twitch into a smile, like the sight of it pleases him. He’s about to open his mouth to explain when suddenly Jungkook speaks up from your side.

“Should we be telling her? What if Namjoon-Hyung-”

“She’s going to find out sooner or later, I’d prefer it to come from me,” Jimin replies and Jungkook nods resignedly. You look around at all of the guys, starting to feel nervous for what’s about to come. What kind of secret could they have that they’re more bothered about telling you than the fact that they’re creatures of the night? “We work as hired assassins,” Jimin tells you bluntly, leaning forward in his seat with his hands clasped together, looking closely at your response.

Your lips part in surprise, blinking once, twice, three times without speaking. Ok, so that’s two different ways in which they kill people. How… reassuring.

“That’s how we live like we do,” he continues to explain, obviously meaning their opulent surroundings and seemingly endless cash supply, “This kind of work… it suits what we are-“

“Jimin’s the best,” Jungkook interrupts with a smile which you nervously return.

“We get to feed, satisfy our violent natures.” Jimin waits for a reply, pursing his lips, but honestly you’re not sure what to say. “Are you ok?”

“Yeah,” you say, shaking your head to say the opposite, “Who… um… who do you have to kill?”

“Namjoon takes the contracts and directs us; we never know all the details,” Jimin admits with a shrug.

“It’s never anyone that’d be missed,” Hoseok pipes up. Honestly, it doesn’t make you feel any better. Is that what Leanne was? Just someone who wouldn’t be missed?

“It’s usually one gang hiring us to take out a rival gang member. Drug dealers. Criminals that have escaped justice and families that want revenge… that kind of thing,” Jimin adds, and ok, that does help a little bit. At least they sound like bad people rather than those who are innocent.

“I guess it’s better than feeding on randoms,” you admit, and Hoseok has the good graces to glance at the floor, shifting uncomfortably. Jimin tilts his head to the side and you notice him clench his hands together.

“I understand if this is hard to swallow. You can still leave… Say the word and Jin can drive you home. We won’t bother you again.”

“No!” you answer quickly, loudly, and you swear you see Yoongi smirk out of the corner of your eye. That’s the last thing you want. It’s not like this really changes anything; you’ve known from the start that Jimin’s a killer. Now you just know he has other motivations save food alone. He straightens up in the armchair, running his hand through his hair as he goes, face cracking into a sweet, genuine smile that has your heart fluttering in your chest. He seems happy that you don’t want to leave, and that makes you happy in turn.

“Good.” You stare back at each other with little smiles, and when Jimin looks at you this way it makes it hard to remember anyone else is in the room; a fact that the others quickly pick up on. All but Taehyung, of course. He calls your name, offering a controller back to you.

“Want to play?”
“I’m good Taehyung, thanks,” you reply, your grin widening as Jimin’s does, still not taking your eyes off one another.

“Ok, I think I’m gonna go…” Yoongi says, standing from the sofa, mp3 player in hand, and leaving without another word. Jimin gets up too.

“The sun’s almost up… and I could do with some rest. Are you coming?” he asks, and without even having to think about it you get up to follow. Jimin places his hand around the back of your neck above the collar, squeezing gently as if to reassure himself it’s actually there, and then lets go again.

“Goodnight, guys,” you say to the others and you get a chorus of goodnights in reply, laughing when Jin blows you a kiss from across the room.

As you fall into step with Jimin you’re smiling like a goon, happier than you’ve been in years.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Pure, unadulterated smut here people.
Please enjoy reading as much as I enjoyed writing! <3

To all those who are giving me such wonderful feedback; you guys are awesome.
Seriously, every time my inbox lights up it makes my day.

Jimin shrugs out of his jacket almost as soon as you both get back to the room, throwing it into a hamper.

“I’m gonna go take a quick shower.” Without a hint of hesitation Jimin grabs the back of his t-shirt and pulls it up, over his head and off, adding it to the laundry pile too, and suddenly your heart rate seems to rocket through the ceiling. You don’t know where to look, blushing and trying to avert your eyes but failing miserably, unable to stop yourself from staring at the creamy white expanse of newly exposed skin.

You’re more convinced than ever that Jimin is, in fact, absolute physical perfection. His arms are strong and well defined, all long, sinewy muscle, and his stomach… well… you didn’t think real people ever actually had abs like that, but here they are.

“Like what you see?” Jimin asks playfully, distracting you enough that you’re finally able to drag your eyes away from his body and up to his face, only to end up swooning when you see him smiling cheekily back at you. It’s been a little while since Jimin left you speechless, but here you are again, a molten mess, unable to string two words together. He just grins all the more, winks at you, and then leaves for the bathroom without another word.

You’re so flustered that you have to sit down on the end of the bed to try and catch your breath once he’s gone. This has to get easier, right? You can’t carry on being this… naïve. You’re not a child, after all. You want to make Jimin as breathless as he makes you, but you wouldn’t even know how to start. Maybe there’s something that he bought for you that he might like to see you wear?

You head over to the drawers that you’d neatly stored your things in and open up the third one down. In here are the few pieces of nightwear that Jimin had bought, which of course are nothing like you’d wear at home. You search through and pick the sexiest thing you can find; a white silk nightie with a lace panel at the front that ends at the top of your thighs. It really doesn’t leave much to the imagination, and the longer you look at yourself in the mirror the more you’re reconsidering your choice. You’re about to take it off and swap it for a cute pair of shorts and top when Jimin re-enters the room, effectively taking the choice away from you. If Jimin looked good before, it was nothing compared to how he looks now. He’s left his hair wet, the strands of his fringe flopping down to his eyes, and his chest has a fine sheen from the water still clinging to it. He’s changed into grey sweatpants that hang extra low, drawing your eyes to the delicious ‘v’ of his hipbones. It takes you a second to realise that you’re biting on your lip and staring shamelessly again.

Thankfully Jimin seems to be having almost the same problem as you. He’s come to a standstill, looking you up and down with narrowed eyes, and when you see him lick and bite his bottom lip you feel all the muscles of your core clenching excitedly.
“Like what you see?” you ask, mimicking his earlier words and trying not to let your voice waver with nerves.

“Very, very much,” Jimin replies, his voice coming out so low it’s practically a growl. He stalks toward you slowly, your heart racing in your chest, and stops just short of touching you. You swallow hard, looking down at the floor because it’s easier than looking up at Jimin’s eyes, which are so intense that they leave you feeling like you’re already naked. “You know… I can hear your heart beating,” he tells you, reaching out and running his fingertip over the skin that sits above your heart, then downward to skim along your nightdress, across your breasts and the space in between, “I can hear when you’re afraid… when you’re excited.” Jimin leans in so that his mouth rests next to your ear. “You’re excited now, aren’t you, kitten?”

God, you are. You’re struggling not to pant, biting your lip in an effort not to, painfully aware of the fact that you’re getting wet between your legs without Jimin even having touched you yet.

“Yes,” you answer breathily, closing your eyes and trying to ignore the way you’re throbbing all over.

Jimin leans back with a smirk on his face, then sits on the edge of his bed and beckons with his finger.

“Come here.” You walk over on wobbly legs and as soon as you’re within reach Jimin places his hands on your hips and pulls you down to sit astride his thigh, your legs on either side of his. The gasp that you would’ve made at the feel of his leg connecting with your core is swallowed by Jimin’s mouth as he wastes no time in kissing you, one hand still on your hip, keeping you steady, the other finding its way into your hair.

His kiss is just as good as you remember, just as hot, his tongue slipping into your mouth the moment you part your lips. You sling your arms around the back of his neck, happily letting him use the leverage he has on your hair to keep your mouth pressed to his. You feel Jimin’s fingers tighten their grip on your hip, and before you know what’s happening you start to move under his instruction, grinding yourself against his muscular thigh. The friction feels so good that you immediately groan into Jimin’s kiss.

“You like that? Huh?” he asks huskily, and you can feel him smiling against your mouth.

“Yes,” you answer again, monosyllabic, moaning again as Jimin pulls you down harder, flexing his thigh. He pulls back on your hair, tilting your head back so that he can access your throat, kissing every inch of skin there.

“Do you have any idea how badly I want to sink my teeth into you?” he groans against your neck. Somehow the idea of it doesn’t frighten you at all, it only makes you hotter, threading your fingers into his hair as you rock your hips. He grazes his teeth against you, fangs dimpling your skin, and your whole body feels like it’s on fire, prickling with sensation.

Jimin takes hold of one of your legs and hooks it over his other thigh so you can no longer grind against him, spreading both his and your legs wide apart. Your panties, wet and shining with arousal, are within Jimin’s full view, your night dress hooked up around your hips. You’re embarrassed but can’t find the will to care, not when he’s slipping your straps down your shoulders to expose your breasts too.

“Jimin,” you gasp as he squeezes one of them firmly, coming back to your mouth to kiss you again. You can feel the split in his bottom lip. You run your tongue along it, loving the way Jimin groans when you do.
“What do you need, kitten?” he asks, squeezing your breast again and then rubbing his thumb against your nipple. It hardens quickly under his touch.

“Touch me, please.” You beg shamelessly, clinging onto his back as your hips move against thin air, desperately seeking that friction again. Jimin reaches down between your bodies and between your legs, his fingertips coming into contact with your panties.

“God, you’re soaking.” He starts to touch you through your underwear as you kiss, finding your slit and rubbing it with a firm, circular motion that has you circling your hips against him. It feels so good but your pussy is aching so badly, desperate to be filled. You can tell Jimin is just as aroused as you are, one glance downward shows you the very obvious outline of his dick straining against his sweatpants.

Jimin’s fingers slip inside your underwear and he starts to slide them through your folds, almost dipping a finger inside and then abandoning it for your clit, then back again. It’s maddening, and it has you mewling against him, pressing your face against his shoulder and biting your lip. Finally he pushes a finger inside, groaning himself as your walls clench against the unfamiliar intrusion, slowly working you open until he can slide a second finger in too. The sound of his fingers working in and out of you is obscene, your moaning and panting doing nothing to cover it.

You feel Jimin shift and when you open your eyes you see that he’s managed to yank down his sweats low enough that his cock is now free, standing tall against his stomach and already leaking pre-cum from the tip. He takes hold of one of your hands from around his neck and guides it downward, wrapping it around himself as your walls clench against the unfamiliar intrusion, slowly working you open until he can slide a second finger in too. The sound of his fingers working in and out of you is obscene, your moaning and panting doing nothing to cover it.

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“Harder, go faster,” Jimin instructs with a growl, mouth pressed to the top of your hair, his free arm now wrapped tight around your waist. “Like I’m fucking this tight little pussy.” Jimin’s dirty talk is driving you wild, edging you closer to the orgasm that you can feel building in your stomach, that heat growing more and more intense as you ride his fingers. You do as he asks, going faster and squeezing the head of his cock on each upstroke, his pre-cum smearing on your fingers and along his shaft. He presses his thumb to your clit as he fucks you with his fingers and you’re getting close, you’re getting so close, your legs shaking.

“Ah! J-Jimin-” you gasp, your hips loosing rhythm as you desperately chase your high.

“You gonna cum for me?” Jimin starts going even faster, attacking your g-spot in a relentless onslaught. “Cum for me.”

The fire that was growing in your belly explodes, your orgasm flooding through you and making your body spasm against Jimin’s, pussy clenching around his fingers as you cry out for him. A split second later you feel Jimin cum too, moaning, his dick pulsing in your hand, cum spilling out over his stomach, pushed over the edge by the sight and sound of you.

You expect it to be over, then, for him to slow down, to withdraw his fingers, but he doesn’t. Instead Jimin lifts your face from his shoulder and watches with hooded eyes as you bite your lip to keep from crying out. He continues to rub your clit, the pleasure almost painful it’s so much, pushing you to the edge once more.

“Again,” he commands and you feel as though you might start sobbing if he makes you cum again. Surely you’ll break in two, shatter into a thousand pieces? Your body can’t help but respond though, pleasure building and building until you’re once again dragged under by the wave of your orgasm,
even stronger than the last. Your back bows in his arms, fingernails digging into his back as cum squirts from you, all over his fingers and into his lap. You’re practically whimpering in the aftermath, body shaking as you cling onto him. You’ve never felt anything like that before, had never thought it could be so intense…

“You did so well, kitten,” Jimin coos to you as you’re coming down, ragged breathing starting to settle, pressing kisses to your cheeks and putting your panties and shoulder straps back in place. It takes a lot of effort for you to sit up, to look back at Jimin with a shy smile. You’re initially confused when he lifts his fingers to your lips, only understanding once he tells you to open wide. You open your mouth, letting him slide his fingers inside for you to lick and suck clean. You blush at the taste of yourself, blushing even more when Jimin feeds you the pearls of his cum off of his stomach too, but it’s worth any embarrassment for the satisfied look on Jimin’s face when you do, the hot look in his eyes. “Good girl.”

Now that it’s over, the high of your orgasms well and truly passed, you feel exhausted. You could happily fall asleep here in Jimin’s lap, safe and content, but when you lean your head on his shoulder with a yawn you hear him softly chuckle and tut. He effortlessly picks you up with one arm and then carries you over to the chaise longue, gently laying you down and covering you with his quilt. You half-heartedly wonder why he’s brought you over here and why you don’t get to stay tucked up in bed with him, but you’re too well fucked to really care.

“Jimin,” you murmur, eyes fighting to stay open, “That was so-“

“I know,” he replies softly, knowing exactly what you’re trying to say, “I enjoyed it too.” You smile contentedly and Jimin presses a kiss to your forehead as your eyes close to the image of his face. “Sleep well.”
Jimin isn’t in bed when you wake up, but then he never usually is. It’s not taken long for you to realise that what sleep Jimin does have is infrequent and little, but it seems to be enough. You’ve managed to switch to a nocturnal schedule with relative ease, going to bed not long after sunrise and waking at dusk, then spending the whole night Jimin and the rest of the guys, talking, playing games, having fun. It’s a nice little routine you’ve gotten into, and it’s beyond amazing to finally feel like you’re finally starting to belong somewhere – even if it is with a bunch of vampire assassins.

You get up with an exaggerated stretch and yawn and then make your way into the bathroom to brush your hair and your teeth, something you consider essential even if you can’t quite be bothered shower. Looking back at yourself in the mirror you’re pleased to see that most of the bruising on your neck has started to turn a greenish colour, and even the colour in your face is starting to come back a little. You feel well enough now that you’re sure you’d be able to feed Jimin safely, and you’re eager to do so, keen to given him what he so obviously wants.

Things haven’t gotten physical between the two of you again since the first time two days ago. Jimin doesn’t really appear to be the affectionate sort; hugs are none-existent and even kisses are few and far-between. It seems to be only at the end of the night, when all his long, intense looks have had chance to build up to the point where he can no longer stop himself that Jiimin finally pulls you in a passionate embrace that always leaves you breathless and wanting more. You’re not sure if it’s just how he is, or if he’s holding himself back, but you’re really starting to wonder where this ‘soft’ person Yoongi talked about could be hiding.

 Nonetheless, you love spending time with him. Jimin is actually very sweet towards his friends, who are more like brothers than anything else. He smiles often, laughing so hard that his head tips back and tears fall from his eyes. It’s lovely to watch, even if sometimes all the relentless teasing ends in physical confrontation that looks a lot more savage than it truly is. Jimin might be the shortest of all of them but he often comes out the victor in those situations, pinning the others down with his powerful legs. You have to try not to get too distracted by imaging yourself in their position, though it’s hard not to.

You really can’t be bothered to change out of the strappy top and shorts you slept in – all this dress wearing takes a lot of effort – so once your breath is minty fresh you head straight out, padding down the hallway toward the kitchen where you’re sure you can hear Jin rummaging around already.

“Morning Jin-Hyung!” you greet enthusiastically as you enter, rounding the corner to see him on his knees, head right in the back of the cupboard, searching for something.

“Good morning to you too,” he smiles, retreating out backwards to look up at you, “Not that I don’t appreciate your effort, but Hyung isn’t really the right word for you to use.”

“Oh.” Your smile falters. You were sure that that was right, everyone seems to add ‘Hyung’ to Jin’s name, so why can’t you?
“Hyung is what males call their older brothers or friends,” he explains, standing up and brushing off his knees. “What you mean is Oppa.” Jin turns back to the stove to stir whatever it is he’s cooking today but after a second he pauses, looking back at you with a smile, “But maybe check with Jimin before you go calling any of us that.”

“Why?” you ask curiously, hoisting yourself up to sit on the countertop, legs dangling over the side.

“It can be seen as being a bit… flirtatious.” His smile widens as your cheeks go pink. He takes a spoonful from the saucepan and walks over to you, walking carefully so as not to spill. “Here, try this.” You lean forward and slurp the steaming liquid from the spoon, smacking your lips in approval once you’ve swallowed it down.

“Excellent as always. What’re you making?”

“It’s just a broth for the dinner you’re having later.” He walks back to the stove to try some himself, frowning a little and then adding a touch more salt.

“Jin, you don’t have to keep cooking for me you know. I actually can feed myself… just about.” You grin at your own little joke, swinging your legs back and forth. It’s true, you’ve never eaten so well as the few short days you’ve been living here, but you wouldn’t want Jin to feel obliged to do so.

“I know, but I want to. I enjoy it,” he assures you with a smile. You let him return to his cooking, content to just sit and watch for a little while as he works methodically until another thought pops into your head.

“What would I call Jimin?” Jin looks up, blinking, almost like he’d forgotten that you were there. “In Korean,” you explain further.

“Oh.” He stops, looking thoughtful, saucepan in hand. “I suppose that’d depend on what your relationship is like. Young couples sometimes call each other Jagiya. You could try that, if you think it suits.”

Does it suit? You’re not even sure. You certainly wouldn’t say you and Jimin behave in a couple-y manner, despite the fumble the other night and kisses that have followed since, though you know that that’s what you’d like… eventually. Do vampires even have those kind of relationships? You try to tell yourself not to fixate on it – a few days is hardly long enough to go putting a label on anything, and besides, you enjoy his company and you’re having fun. That’s what counts, right?

“You look like you’re lost in thought,” Jin observes with a fond smile. You shrug, trying not to dwell on it.

“Would I call all of you Oppa? I mean I presume you’re all technically older than me.” Jin laughs at your question, shaking his head as he goes into the fridge and brings out a tray of chicken.

“We’ve been this way for longer than any of us were ever human, but we still address each other as if we were the ages we were when we were turned,” he explains. “I’m the eldest, then Yoongi. Hoseok was twenty-three, Namjoon twenty-two. Both Jimin and Taehyung were twenty-one. You might have guessed Jungkook was the youngest; he was only nineteen.”

“That’s so young,” you say emphatically, frowning at the thought. “Did you all choose to be this way?” Jin smiles sadly, taking a pause from chopping and slicing.

“It wasn’t much of a choice… but it was better than any others we had.” He sighs and then continues chopping with a shrug of his shoulders. “It’s a long story, one that’s better for you to hear
from Jimin.” A heavy silence falls between the two of you, and now it’s Jin, rather than you, who appears lost in thought, only the sound of his knife hitting the chopping board to break the quiet.

“Speaking of Jimin,” you say after a moment, clearing your throat, “Do you know where he might be? He was already out of bed when I woke up.”

“Have you tried the gym? That’s usually where he is at this time.” You didn’t even realise they had one, and when you tell Jin that he just smiles and gives you directions on how to find your way there. You thank him and make your exit, leaving him alone with his thoughts. You feel guilty for spoiling the good mood he was in before, but then knowing Jin he’ll probably be back to his normal, chipper self in no time.

It doesn’t take you long to find the gym – it’s just past Yoongi’s room – but when you get there Jimin is nowhere to be seen. Just as you’re about to leave, though, you hear music coming from nearby, and when you look more closely you notice that there’s another set of doors at the back of the gym leading to another room. It’s more piano music, although this time it’s definitely coming from a music player rather than Yoongi, and when you push open the door and see what’s inside you barely manage to keep a surprised gasp from escaping.

There’s a small dance studio attached to the back of the room, and inside is Jimin. He’s lost to the world, his body twisting this way and that to the music with his eyes closed, letting it carry him into spins and lift him into leaps. The way he extends his body, his arms and even his fingers reaching for something unknown, is nothing short of beautiful, and you find yourself being moved just watching him. There’s grace and undeniable strength in the way he moves and he conveys so much emotion through motion alone, more than you’d ever thought he’d be capable of when he can seem so… closed off at times.

When the song comes to an end you have to resist the urge to give him a round of applause. He keeps his eyes closed for a second, face turned down the floor, chest heaving with effort, but when he eventually looks up you’re the first thing he sees. His eyes widen in surprise.

“You were watching?” Jimin asks breathlessly, his hair clinging to his gleaming forehead. You really must stop doing this, watching people when they’re unawares. They might start to get the wrong idea.

“Only for a minute or two.” You leave the doorway, walking toward him with your arms folded across your chest. “You looked so peaceful, I didn’t want to disturb you.” He watches you approach with a strangely wary expression, leaning down to pick up a towel from the floor which he uses to wipe his brow. When he pushes back his hair it sticks there, giving you a glimpse of his rarely seen forehead. “You’re an amazing dancer, Jimin,” you compliment, placing your hand on his forearm and standing on tiptoes to plant a kiss on his cheek. When you pull away with a smile you expect to see him smiling too, but the expression on his face is more akin to a frown.

“Thank you,” he replies, tone clipped, not really sounding thankful at all. Your smile crumples, feeling foolish now for greeting him so warmly. He wipes his face again, eyes looking you up and down. “How did you know I was here?”

“Jin told me you’d probably be in the gym.”

“Jin saw you dressed like that?” His eyes narrow, eyebrows pulling downward into an even deeper frown and you nervously glance downward at your top and shorts, instinctively pulling them further down your thighs. Jimin doesn’t wait for a reply; the blush on your cheeks tells him the answer to his question. “I didn’t buy you clothes for you not to wear them. I don’t like it.” He begins to walk away, apparently ending the discussion, but indignation grows inside of you, infuriated by him...
speaking to you that way.

“The skirt I wore yesterday was shorter than these,” you point out, walking after him. “The skirt you bought me.” Jimin turns abruptly, chest puffing up as his famous temper flares.

“Yes, it was, and Taehyung could barely keep his eyes off of you,” he snarls. Your lips part in surprise. If that were true you can’t say you noticed. I mean, yes, you caught him looking at you a couple of times but Taehyung was just funny like that – you’d figured he was just daydreaming or staring into space the majority of the time. Apparently not. “Or maybe that’s what you want?” So that’s what it this is, jealousy? How could Jimin possibly feel jealous or insecure… can’t he see how absolutely besotted you are with him?

“Jimin…” You keep your voice soft, not letting any of the irritation you feel colour your tone, knowing that both of you getting irate won’t help anything. It’s not easy, by any means. “I wear those things for you, because you like them.” You watch, hoping that your words are slowly starting to sink in, giving time for Jimin’s anger to begin ebbing away in the silence that follows. He exhales heavily, running his hand through his hair and glancing all around the room before finally looking back to you, his shoulders sagging.

“I’m sorry,” Jimin sighs after a moment. He looks so tired, almost drawn, and you start to wonder if he’s been overexerting himself, or if he-

“Are you hungry?” you ask suddenly, taking a step towards him, realising where the root of this problem actually lies, and why Jimin’s been getting increasingly testy these past couple of days. With a pained look Jimin opens his arms for you to deliver yourself into them and instantly you do, leaning your head on his shoulder and wrapping your arms around his waist. The back of the vest he’s wearing is damp with sweat but you’re undeterred by it, snuggling as close as you possibly can, loving the way his strong arms tighten around you too.

“So, so hungry,” Jimin admits with a whisper, pressing his face into your hair. There’s not a flicker of fear that shows on your face as you pull your hair back from your neck, or as you unfasten and remove your collar, offering yourself to him. He eyes your skin as you tilt your head to the side, licking his lips hungrily, holding you so closely to him that it’s almost hard to breathe. You watch his Adam’s apple bob in his throat as his eyes meet yours, checking, at the last moment, that you’re sure that this is what you want. You give the tiniest nod of your head, and that’s all it takes for Jimin to succumb.

He delves in, mouth meeting your neck, and what starts as a kiss quickly turns into the feel of sharp fangs pressed to your skin. You try to not give in to the fear that threatens to paralyse you, holding your breath, anticipating the same agony as the last time he fed, but it never comes. There’s a definite stab of pain as Jimin’s teeth pierce you, one that makes you gasp, but then it’s gone and all that’s left is the feel of his lips and tongue caressing your skin as he rhythmically sucks and swallows. Jimin squeezes your waist as he feeds, and in less than a minute you start to feel that indescribable high you remember from last time, endorphins leaving you blissfully limp in his arms.

“You feel better?” you ask, vaguely aware that your words are coming out a little slurred. He certainly looks better. Any remaining bruising from his fight with Namjoon has now magically disappeared, his face fuller again, eyes brighter, and his smile is kind as he looks down at you,
caressing your cheek.

“Much. Are you ok?” he checks, and you smile a silly smile back up at him before nuzzling your head against him.

“’mgood.” You place kisses against his chest, eyes closed, wishing he were topless. “Smell good… you always smell so good.” Jimin laughs affectionately at your endorphin-drunk behaviour and abruptly scoops you up in his arms to carry you bridal style from the room, making you shriek and cling onto him tightly. He kisses you as he carries you through the door, the taste of your blood still lingering on his lips, and you kiss back eagerly, nipping at his bottom lip with a giggle.

“Let’s go get you sobered up.”
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

As always, thank you for all the feedback. I never for one second thought that this would get such a positive response, and it means so much to me that it has <3

“Do you like animals?” Taehyung flops down onto the living room rug by your side, lying on his stomach like you, pulling your concentration away from the book you’re reading.

“Er… yeah, Tae, I do,” you answer with a crooked smile, caught slightly off guard by the randomness of his question. “Why?”

“Watch this,” he says, shuffling closer so his side is pressed to yours, chin resting on your shoulder as he holds his phone in front of you both to watch a cute little video of cats and dogs getting into all sorts of adorable and hilarious situations. And yes, it is very sweet, and yes, you do giggle when a pug trips and flips, landing flat on his face, but you’re also very aware of Taehyung’s close proximity, Jimin’s words ringing in your ears.

You risk a glance upward as Taehyung scrolls down to find another video, half expecting to see a jealous Jimin glaring your way. Instead all you see is Hoseok leaning over his dozing form with a mischievous grin on his face, pinching and prodding the others cheeks and chin and giggling to himself, through all which Jimin, somehow, remains asleep.

“You’re just trying to get me in trouble,” Hoseok accuses with a whisper, and your smile gets wider, eyes narrowing.

“Maybe I am.” Taehyung snickers beside you, pressing his mouth to his arm to keep the sound in. Rather than heading towards Yoongi, Hoseok turns his attention to Jungkook instead who’s sleeping star-fished out on the one remaining sofa, his head on Jin’s lap. Everyone seems to have flaked out early this morning, not even waiting for the sun to rise before starting to snore – in Kookie’s case, at least.

“I wish we could have a dog,” Taehyung sighs, drifting back to your previous topic. You roll onto your side so you can continue to watch Hoseok tip-toing over, hands outstretched and ready for mischief.

“You’d have to ask Namjoon about that,” Jin says, not looking up from his book. You snort a laugh, rolling your eyes.

“You sound just like my mum.”
“You had to ask Namjoon for things too?” Taehyung asks, adorably sincere, but when you look at him his face splits into a cheeky grin, his eyes screwed up tight.

“I’d rather have a cat anyway.”

“Or both! Both would be better!” He’s so childlike in his enthusiasm that you just can’t help but smile, fighting the overwhelming urge to ruffle his hair. Suddenly, there’s a shriek from across the room.

“Hyung!” A rudely awakened Jungkook thrashes around the sofa, desperately trying to escape Hoseok’s tickling fingers, arms and legs flailing helplessly. “Stop!” he pleads through laughter, trying to push Hoseok’s hands away with very little success. It’s quite the sight to behold, especially when Kookie manages to knock Jin’s book out of his hands and send it flying across the room. Both you and Taehyung burst into fits of giggles, your laughter only intensifying when Jin lets out a world-weary sigh and then unexpectedly joins in, turning in his seat with an impish smile, grabbing Jungkook’s wrists and pining them above his head so that he’s well and truly at Hoseok’s mercy.

“Oh c’mon guys,” you giggle, your sides beginning to ache, “Two against one is hardly fair.” You’re actually feeling a little sorry for Kookie now. He has tears of laughter streaming from his pretty eyes, twisting uselessly in the grasp of his elders, still pleading with them to stop. Can vampires pee themselves? You’re starting to feel afraid that he might.

“Sounds like someone else might be ticklish too,” Taehyung observes, eyeing you shrewdly. You feel your own eyes widen in panic, sensing what’s about to happen the split second before it does.

Taehyung flips you from your side and onto your back, grabbing the hands that you’d stuck out to protect yourself and pinning them above you so that he can begin tickling you ruthlessly with his long, dexterous fingers. Your collarbones, your sides, under your arms; nowhere is safe. He exploits every weak spot, leant over you with a wicked smile, till you’re thrashing and laughing just as hard as Jungkook.

“Tae, Tae, stop,” you laugh, twisting your hips, trying to buck him off of you but to no avail. In fact, it only makes things worse, because in the next moment Taehyung has sat himself on top of you, using his weight as an advantage so he can use both hands to torture you all the more. You have to do something, because in a minute it’ll be you peeing yourself, not Jungkook, and you can bet these guys would never let you live it down. “Oppa, please!”

Your use of the honorific seems to shock Taehyung so much that he comes to an abrupt and complete stop. You’ve never seen him look serious or intense before, but suddenly he does, staring down at you from where he’s sat on your stomach, his chest heaving with exertion. Suddenly you understand what Jimin was saying about Taehyung; he’s got that same look in his eyes that you’ve seen Jimin wearing before, and as soon as you recognise it you start to blush, feeling hot all over.

“Taehyung,” you say, but it comes out so soft that he doesn’t hear you. He’s too busy looking down at your lips and biting down his own. Gone is the childlike innocence he usually exudes, replaced with something that feels far more... magnetic. This Taehyung, with his long, thick eyelashes and blonde hair flopping into his eyes, is a completely different sort of animal.

God, you need to stop this right now. This is bad, bad, bad.

“Tae, you’re crushing me!” You give him a shove, trying to break him out of it, forcing out a fake laugh to break the heavy atmosphere. It seems to do the job, his eyes suddenly de-fogging, no longer serious but smiling instead.
“Oh! Sorry!” he laughs, as if he didn’t realise, climbing off you and sitting right at the other end of the rug, as if purposefully trying to put distance between the two of you.

You straighten out your dress, praying to yourself that that none of the others noticed that strange little moment. Jungkook looks like he’s only just pulling himself together, sulking as he wipes his eyes whilst Jin and Hoseok exchange high-fives. Yoongi’s turned himself to face the back of the couch, so who knows if he’s asleep or awake, and Jimin… well… Jimin looks exactly the same now as he did before, so maybe nobody saw. It only lasted for a split second anyway; probably nothing to get worked up or worried about.

“I’m gonna go grab a new book,” you announce, rising from the floor with your previous one in hand. You weren’t really enjoying this one anyway, and exchanging it provides a perfectly valid excuse for you to leave and grab some air.

“’Kay!” Hoseok acknowledges, just as you’re on your way out of the door.

You know it’s only been a week, but you’re really starting to feel like this house is becoming your home. Admittedly, you remember finding the place a little creepy at first; the wide, endless corridors, the staircases that creak, the total lack of any natural light. And sure, it sometimes gets a little cold and drafty in the dead of night, but with the welcome and care you’ve received from Jimin and Yoongi and Jin and all the rest… most of the time you feel pretty warm. You still can’t quite believe how quickly they’ve accepted you, how they’ve taken you in as one of their own on only Jimin’s say so. Hell, even he had no real reason to bring you here, but you’re infinitely glad he did. Honestly, right now there’s nowhere else you’d rather be.

You pull open the door to their study with a happy sigh, automatically reaching for the light-switch on the wall but stopping when you realise the room is already perfectly illuminated, which is odd, because you could have sworn you turned that off when you left earlier.

Heading towards the bookshelves built into the walls you don’t even think to pay proper attention to your surroundings. After all, you know exactly which shelf you’re heading for; there’s an amazing collection of literary classics you spied earlier, all leather-bound and probably older than you are, and you can’t wait to work your way through them. You’re just pulling one from the shelf by its fragile spine when a voice speaks from behind you, making you jump so hard that you bang your head on the shelf above.

“Jimin let you out to play again, did he?” It feels like ice cold water has been poured down your spine when you slowly turn and see Namjoon, all the hairs on your arms standing up to attention in his presence. He’s slouched in a wooden armchair, his bare feet propped up on the table that occupies the centre of the room, dressed in a decorative smoking jacket and blue pants. You can’t believe you didn’t notice him straight away, eye-catching as he is.

“I’m sorry,” you apologise quickly, lowering your eyes to the floor and starting to make for the door, book long forgotten.

“Don’t leave on my account,” he says, voice soft and smooth like honey, “Come and sit, have a drink with me.” You pause, your heart still beating too-fast in your chest from the fear he inspires in you after your one and only encounter. Still, you can’t help but want to think the best of people. What if this is Namjoon offering you an olive branch? A chance to make amends? It’d be foolish to turn it down…

You look back at him warily, only now noticing the glass in his hand and the bottle sat on the table. Both are filled with a dark red liquid.
“Relax,” Namjoon smirks, swilling it around the glass, “It’s a Chianti, not O-neg.” You end up smiling despite your anxiety, watching him a moment longer before finally deciding to give him a chance. After all, you actively sought out Jimin for a second time, and Namjoon certainly doesn’t look as predatory now as the last time you met. Slowly, and with a good dose of caution, you take a seat across the table from him, reassured that at least you have that barrier between the two of you.

Namjoon takes his feet off the table and straightens in his seat, placing his drink on the table and starting to pour out more wine into a glass intended for you.

“I thought you guys couldn’t really tolerate anything other than blood,” you say without thinking. As soon as the words leave your mouth you wish that you could take them back; it’s probably not the wisest thing to remind him about whilst you’re alone.

“I’ve had a lot of practice,” he admits, sliding the glass across the table to you. Honestly, the look of it doesn’t really appeal to you, but it’d feel impolite to turn it down so you take it anyway, taking a cursory sip. It burns all the way down, something you try not to let show on your face.

A pregnant pause stretches out between the two of you, during which you find yourself looking anywhere other than directly at Namjoon, very aware that he’s doing completely the opposite. Desperate for something to fill the ever expanding silence, you latch onto the book you spy resting on the table next to his wine, faced down and open.

“American psycho,” you read aloud, tilting your head to the side to read the spine. “Nice choice. Have you read it before?” Namjoon laughs derisively, taking a sip from his glass.

“Many times. I’m surprised you have, though.” You raise an eyebrow, wondering why. Sure, it’s not exactly a favourite of yours – the thought that someone that disturbed could be lurking behind closed doors in just about anyone tends to keeps you awake at night if you think about it too much – but nonetheless. “I’d pictured you with Little Women, Pride and Prejudice… something like that.” Both of the books he mentioned are perfectly good in their own right, books that you’ve read and enjoyed, but everything about what Namjoon just said, from the tone of his voice to the smile while he said it, feels as though he’s trying to mock you. Rather than get annoyed, which you know is what he wants, you choose to play him at his own game instead.

“And I expected you to be reading Dracula by candlelight, Namjoon, so I guess we’re both surprised.” There’s a split second after you’ve said that, when Namjoon blinks in surprise, his mouth popping open, where you wonder if you’ve made a terrible mistake. Thankfully, rather than flying into a rage, he starts to laugh. A genuine, joyful laugh that leaves you smiling too, pleased that you’ve finally gotten a tiny glimpse at another side of him, even if it was just for a second. “I’ll read almost anything, but I really like fantasy novels… dystopian societies… that kind of thing,” you explain, absently taking another sip of wine.

Now he’s done laughing the usually intimidating vampire actually looks like he’s ready to listen, his elbow resting on the arm of the chair, chin planted on the open palm of his hand. Talking like this for a little while and being able stand looking at him for longer than a second at a time gives you chance to really appreciate just how handsome Namjoon is. He has the softest looking lips, out of which flows intelligent conversation and a vocabulary that’s pretty impressive for someone whose first language isn’t English. It’s funny, but even though you now know Namjoon was not by any means the oldest of the group when he was turned, he has an air about him that makes him seem that way. There must be a lot of responsibility involved with keeping a group of vampires safely hidden and organised, you suppose, so perhaps it’s the weight of that which makes him seem more world-weary and grown-up than the rest.

“Why don’t you come downstairs and join the others?” you suggest during the next lull in the
conversation, but Namjoon just smiles wryly, looking down into his wine glass.

“There was a time where we all used to spend our nights together,” he replies, a little wistfully, if you aren’t mistaken, “But that was a long time ago.”

“I’m sure it’s not too late to do it again.” He shakes his head, clearly dismissing the idea, and when he next speaks his tone has become more hostile again, less conversational.

“They have a new toy to play with right now. I’m neither needed nor missed.” He sounds so bitter, so much anger and hurt contained in his words, that you can’t help but feel a little sorry for him.

You’re about to speak again, to try and convince him, when all of a sudden Jimin’s voice comes echoing from downstairs, calling your name.

“Where are you, kitten?” Your heart thuds in your chest as soon as he calls for you, glancing back at the door and then back to Namjoon apologetically.

“I’d better go,” you say quickly, “Thank you for the wine.” You place the half-empty glass on the table and start to rise from your seat, only to come to an abrupt stop when Namjoon also says your name as well.

“Never forget your place here,” he tells you firmly, leaning forward in his seat. What does he mean, ‘your place’? You tilt your head, confused. “No matter how enamoured with you they all might seem; we’re all the same. We’re vampires, made to trick and seduce and lie, and you are nothing more to us than a walking, talking buffet. A pet, at best.” Namjoon’s words hit you like a punch to the gut, your expression crumpling into a wounded frown, and the worst part about it is that it doesn’t even seem like he’s trying to be cruel. He’s not sneering or smirking like before, and you don’t think he’s just saying things to get a rise out of you this time, either. No, it just sounds like he’s stating hard, cold fact, and that makes it hurt even more. “To hope for anything more would just make you a fool.”

Jimin’s voice beckons you again. You let go of your collar, unaware until now that you’d even been fingering it, and look back to the door.

“Go,” Namjoon tells you flatly, dismissing you with a wave of his hand. “Master’s calling.”

You leave the study to obediently answer Jimin’s call, completely shaken and unsure. You’d walked into that room feeling like… like a member of the family, like you belonged here, but now…? Now you don’t know what to think. Could what Namjoon said be true? Is it all some big, made up lie to keep you here, to keep you placid, so that they can all eventually use you as some… personal snack machine?

“There you are.” Jimin greets you with a warm smile as soon as he notices you descending the staircase, one that you try your best to return despite your inner turmoil. “Where did you go?”

“I just got caught up trying to find a new book to read,” you lie, unsure as to why you’re doing so, but lie you do. As soon as you’re within reach Jimin reaches out and places his hand on the back of your neck, his fingers resting atop your collar to give a very gentle squeeze as he pulls you toward him. Usually you’d be gazing up at him by now, getting all caught up in his pretty eyes, but right now you just can’t seem to tear yourself away from looking at the floor.

“Are you alright?” Jimin asks softly, placing his curled index finger under your chin and using it to tilt your face upward. The moment you look and see the concern written across his face you know you’re done for; you couldn’t keep away even if you tried, whether Namjoon’s words are true or
not.

“I’m just tired.” Another lie, but one that Jimin seems to believe easily enough. “Can we go back to your room?”

“Of course,” he replies, briefly running his fingers through the ends of your hair with a smile before walking away for you to follow. You pause, just watching him go, taking a moment to note the shallowness of your breath, the quickness of your pulse, the way your whole body aches to be near him.

How could all of that be a lie?
Chapter 12

Here's another chapter guys, enjoy! :)  

Just to let you know, I'm away this weekend, so I probably won't be doing my usual two-day update. It'll be Monday night instead for the next chapter <3

When you awake the next evening, alone on your chaise lounge, the first person that pops into your head is Sam. Your dreams had been increasingly riddled with her the last couple of days, and it doesn’t take a therapist to figure out that it’s clearly your conscience trying to guilt you for dodging her texts and calls. Since arriving in the manor you’ve barely been near your phone, only turning it on to see just how many there are and then promptly switching it off again.

What the hell are you even supposed to tell her? ‘Hey, Sam, remember that hot guy we met in the club right before I got attacked? Yeah, I’m living with him now. Him and his six ‘brothers’. Oh yeah, they’re totally fine – they kill people for a living – but other than that they’re great!’ Yeah, somehow you don’t think that’d go down that well. You’ve got to say something though; her last couple of texts were starting to sound like she was worried enough to consider getting police involved.

You get up with a groan and retrieve your phone from your top drawer, casting an obligatory glance at Jimin’s bed. He’s not in it, of course, but you still can’t help but look. Plonking back down on your make-shift bed, you turn it on and ready yourself for the barrage of messages to come. Surprisingly enough, there’s only two.

You’re really starting to freak me out here. This isn’t like you xx

Even if you’re mad at me or something, can you just let me know you’re ok? Please? Xx

You sigh heavily, running a hand through your tangled hair as you try to figure out how to reply. You really don’t want to lie to her, but you’re not sure what other choice you have.

Hi Sam, sorry I haven’t called. I’m not mad, promise.

I’m staying with my aunt and the signal’s really bad. I needed to get away for a while. Please don’t be mad.
Figuring that’ll do for a while you go to take a shower, leaving your phone lying on the side switched on, just in case she messages back. You’ve barely even shampooed your hair by the time you hear your message alert over the sound of running water – she always has been quick at replying. As soon as you’re done washing you go back to your phone again, trying not to drip all over the touch screen.

OMG – call off the search and rescue! Not mad, just worried! Totally understand you needing to escape, but next time can you give me a heads up?! Are you ok? Like really ok? You know you can talk to me, right? Do you want me to come visit? Would your aunt mind? xx

You can’t help but smile at your phone. Sam texts like she talks; all in a rush, spewing out every thought at once, no regard given to whether it makes sense or not.

I’m really ok, Sam, there’s no need to come visit.

Please don’t worry about me too hard, they’re taking really good care of me.

It’s my job to worry! xx

I need a picture to verify your safety xx

You roll your eyes but do as she asks anyway, taking as good a selfie as you can in the steamed up bathroom mirror. You owe her that much; you’ve been a really crappy friend lately.

Bitch, you need some eyeliner! xx

You snort a laugh, glancing at yourself. She’s not wrong. Jimin’s got to have a secret stash somewhere, there’s no way his eyes are naturally so defined, and if they are? Well that’s just not fair.

No, but seriously, you look a lot better xx

I feel a lot better. I hope you’re good too.
You figure you should quit while you’re ahead, before Sam starts asking too many questions about this imaginary aunt. You’re already telling far more lies than you’re comfortable with, without embellishing them any further.

I’ve got to go, but I’ll talk to you soon, ok? Love you xxx

You turn off your phone before Sam has a chance to try and engage you in further conversation, feeling like a massive weight has been lifted from your shoulders. It’d been bothering you for days knowing that she was worrying about you – she is your best friend, after all – and you know if this situation had been the other way around you’d have been going out of your mind too. In fact, she’s handled it a whole lot better than you ever would’ve done.

It doesn’t take you long to finish getting ready, dressing yourself in a figure hugging maroon pencil skirt and pretty white blouse. Your bruises have more or less disappeared now, and the last bite that Jimin gave you is neatly covered by the collar that completes your look. He hadn’t been lying when he’d said that he wouldn’t mark you again; save two small puncture holes you’d barely be able to tell he’d fed at all.

You leave Jimin’s room fully intending to head straight for the gym, but almost as soon as you cross the threshold you come to the realisation that one of the hallway’s large windows isn’t actually a window at all – it’s a door. Both panes of glass have been left hanging open wide, inviting you out into the night beyond. Surely it must have been Jimin that left them that way? You can’t see why anyone else would come all the way down here just to use an exit right outside Jimin’s bedroom. Cautiously, you decide to see where it leads. It might be nice to go outside, actually; you haven’t done so since the moment you arrived.

You bare feet meet grass as soon as you step outside, slightly damp and cool to the touch, but the night is warm and the moon is bright enough to light your way so you forge on ahead, looking for any signs that might lead you to Jimin. It appears you’ve entered a secluded garden at the back of the house, and though it’s now overgrown, its rose bushes bare, weeds encroaching across the patio, you can tell from the remnants of landscaping that it was once well-tended and loved.

The quiet, gentle sound of running water draws your attention. You follow it, through a lattice archway overgrown with vines and past wild hedges that reach for you with their long and twisted branches. Eventually the path opens out into a small enclosed courtyard, in the middle of which sits a grand fountain that stands taller than you and twice as wide. On its side, lying prone with his face turned up to the moon and his eyes closed, lies Jimin.

Will this man ever stop taking your breath away? You remember when you’d first met how Jimin had told how good you looked in the moonlight, but compared to him… you must not even come close.

“Sunbathing?” you ask playfully, announcing your presence as you walk toward the fountain. Jimin’s eyes immediately spring open, head falling to the side to look at you as a small smile tugs at his lips.

“Something like that,” he replies. He pushes himself up to sitting and pats the stone next to him, inviting you to sit too. “Did you sleep well?”
“I did.” You smile, sitting down delicately and holding onto the stone seat either side of you. “I spoke to Sam. Well, texted her,” you correct. Jimin’s interest piques, tilting his head.

“Oh?”

“Don’t worry,” you assure him quickly, “I told her I was staying with an aunt. Taking some time away from things.”

“How did she take it?”

“Fine. I think she was just glad to hear from me.” Jimin ‘hmms’ softly, folding his hands in the space between his legs, looking out into the darkness shrouding the rest of the grounds. “She asked if she could come visit… but I put her off,” you grin and Jimin chuckles, glancing down at his feet. “Probably for the best.”

A silence falls between you, though it’s a comfortable one. You sit together enjoying the glow of the moonlight, soothed by the sound of running water, and when the night air starts to develop a little chill you press yourself against Jimin’s side to keep warm; ignoring the fact that his cold skin will probably do the opposite. He doesn’t seem to mind, though, glancing down at you when you lean your head on his shoulder too.

“Do you miss home?” he asks after a while. The question catches you off guard, but it doesn’t take you long to formulate an answer.

“Not really. My family and I aren’t close… the café I’d been working in had recently closed down. There’s nothing for me to miss.” Jimin says nothing, presumably satisfied with your answer, so you turn the question back to him. “What about you? Do you miss home?” You take your head off his shoulder so you’re able to properly see his expression, and at the mention of home Jimin smiles sadly, looking off into the distance again.

“This house has been my home longer than anywhere else,” he replies after a moment, “And Jin, Hoseok, Taehyung… they’re all my brothers.” It’s a fair enough answer, but you can’t help but feel like he’s skirting around the question until he speaks again, adding more. “But I would like to see the mountain temples of Busan again… go back to Haeundae beach.”

You remain quiet as Jimin pauses, pursing his lips together as his eyebrows pull together, deep in thought. “I often wonder if Jihyun is happy… if he has a family, if I have nieces and nephews…”

“Your brother?” Jimin almost startles when you speak, like he’d forgotten you were there, turning to look at you with a smile that looks vaguely embarrassed.

“My younger brother. He was the same age as Jungkook when we were turned, but he’d be in his late forties now,” he explains. You quickly do the mental maths in your head, trying not to gawp when you realise that Jimin must have been a vampire for almost thirty years by that reckoning.

Again you both fall silent, Jimin lost in introspection, you trying to envisage the beautiful boy beside you as a fifty year old man. You have a feeling that Jimin would be still be beautiful either way, and instead you find yourself wondering if his brother is so well blessed.

“Jimin?” you ask quietly, placing your head back on his shoulder, “Will you tell me about how all this started?”

He doesn’t say anything for a very long time – so long that you start to think he might refuse – but then you hear him take a breath, and shortly after he begins to speak.
A particularly rare, nasty blood disorder brought us together. We were all unlucky enough to have it, save Namjoon. It was his sister, Geongmin, who had it, but he visited the ward so often that we were just as close to him as we were to her. The condition is incurable and terminal in almost all cases. Blood transfusions can help, but they only really delay the inevitable.

“That must’ve been awful,” you sympathise. It’s almost impossible to picture any of them as sickly or weak… Actually, you don’t even want to.

“It wasn’t so bad, most of the time. Sharing something like that forced us to get close, to keep each other’s spirits up when things got really tough. We used to play stupid games, make up songs, dream about being Idols.” Jimin chuckles softly, remembering with a fond, far off look in his eyes.

“Idols?” you ask, unable to hide the amusement in your voice, “And what was your role?”

“Lead dancer and vocalist,” Jimin peeks down at you where you’re still leant against his shoulder, an adorable smile on his face, “Obviously.”

“Obviously.” Unfortunately the smile shining on Jimin’s face is far too short-lived. As soon as he gets back to the story he becomes contemplative and serious again, chewing on the inside of his mouth.

“Geongmin was the first of us to get really sick. I mean, we were all sick but until we saw her like…” He hesitates, frowning at the memory, swallowing hard, “Until then, I don’t think anyone of us really thought we were going to die.” Jimin lapses into silence, the gentle pitter-patter of the fountain suddenly deafening in the quiet.

“What happened then?” you prompt gently.

“Namjoon couldn’t accept it. He wouldn’t allow himself to even think of a world without his sister in it. He started researching, reading anything and everything he could find, obsessed with finding her a cure. He’d come to visit and it was all he’d talk about… instead of spending time with her, instead of…” He purses his lips together, shaking his head. “Somewhere along the line, he started looking into the occult. And when he couldn’t even find a cure for our disease there, he decided to cure her of death entirely. I don’t know how, but Namjoon managed to track down a vampire online and asked for his help.”

You can’t even begin to imagine what Namjoon was thinking, or just how desperate he must’ve been to purposefully seek out something so dangerous and unknown on just the hope of saving his sister. Although… it’s probably a little hypocritical of you to think that way; you went looking for Jimin, after all, and that was after he tried to kill you.

“We couldn’t believe what he was saying. Geongmin was already in a coma by that point. She would’ve been the only one who could’ve talked him out of it – we tried, we really did – but Namjoon went ahead and arranged a meeting anyway. He’d meant to sneak the vampire into the ward, to have him turn her and save her but once he left… he didn’t come back for almost a week.” He shakes his head again. You can tell just from looking at Jimin that he feels some sense of responsibility for it; the guilt surrounding him is almost tangible.

“She was already dead when he got back… wasn’t she?” He leans forward, elbows on his knees, rubbing his hands over his face and then pushing his hair back, and suddenly you feel guilty for ever making him tell you this story, for making him relive it all. It’s clearly still painful as painful now as it ever was.

“They both were. The vampire tricked him; drank him dry and then turned him instead, like some
sort of sick joke. When he crawled his way back and realised she was already gone Namjoon went out of his mind, mad with grief and thirst. When his parents blamed him, attacked him for leaving her side – as if that would’ve somehow kept her alive – he lost control. He killed them, drank them, not knowing what he was doing until it was already done.”

“Oh my god…” you mutter, shivering with the chill that comes over you as you listen to Jimin’s words. Poor Namjoon… to have lost his sister, his parents, his humanity… to have it all so cruelly ripped away. Perhaps you can see now why Namjoon is as he is, and why he thinks so very little of his own kind. You can’t say you blame him, given the circumstance.

“He came back to the hospital for us, to convince us to turn too. He told us we could go anywhere we wanted to go, be anyone we wanted to be, and we were so young… so stupid and scared and full of grief… we barely even hesitated. Namjoon drained us all, one by one, fed us his blood to keep us alive, and then two days later, when we’d officially been declared dead, we rose, broke out of the morgue, and ran.”

Jimin falls silent, his story now finally complete. He sits leant over with his face in his hands, his eyes looking out past the tops of his fingers, blank and unseeing, and you ache with the need to touch him, to kiss away the hurt, but you’re so unsure as to how he’d respond that you don’t quite dare. And if you’re not able to offer physical comfort, then what on earth do you say after a story like that? ‘Well, shit’ doesn’t quite do it justice, does it?

All of a sudden, the garden is plunged into total pitch black as the moon becomes shrouded in cloud. You can barely see half a metre in front of your face, but rather than be frightening, your sudden lack of sight actually makes you feel braver. In the dark Jimin isn’t some beautiful, mystical creature… he’s just a man that’s hurting. A man that you care for. Why shouldn’t you want to be close to him, or express how you feel? It’s not as though he’s pushed you away before, no matter what Namjoon said about this all being some elaborate lie.

Bracing yourself for rejection, you slowly loop your arms around his waist to embrace him from behind and lean your cheek against the cool space between his shoulder blades. Your bodies rise and fall in tandem to the rhythm of his breath, and after a moment you feel Jimin place his hand on your forearm and squeeze it tight, just for a second. That little gesture, as simple as it is, makes a million butterflies inside of you take flight.

“Thank you.”
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

Ok guys, it's a day early just because I love you all so much! I can't believe this has gotten over 100 kudos already, like, mind. blown.

This chapter gets really, really dark. Like, I had to sit back and re-evaluate my life once I'd finished writing it dark. So please, if you're a little on the sensitive side... maybe give this one a skip?

You have been forewarned.

After hearing all about the group’s origin story – Jimin laughs when you’d call it that, “What are we, superheroes?” – Jimin suggests that you both go inside and join the others for the rest of the evening. Honestly though, it feels like such a lot to take in without any proper time to digest before seeing them all. You’re sure that if you went and sat with them then all you’d be able to imagine is them being sick and weak and scared, and you don’t want that. So you stay outside instead and sit by the fountain, just the two of you, and talk.

You talk about all kinds of things at first, trying to keep the tone light after such a heavy conversation, but Jimin’s mention of his brother has piqued your interest, and before long you’re asking all about his family, his home town, his childhood. His family was an unremarkable one, he tells you; a mother and a father who loved him, a younger brother who idolised his every move. He’d loved to dance for as long as he could remember, and though his parents never approved little Jimin had still gotten his way, too cute and sweet to deny. You can only imagine how adorable Jimin would’ve been as a child, with his expressive eyes and chubby cheeks. How could anyone resist him?

Just as Jimin shares, you do too, telling him all that he wants to know. Conversation flows easily between the two of you, something you still find yourself feeling surprised about. After spending so many years of your life being withdrawn and shy, how is it that Jimin and this unlikely group have managed to bring so much out of you? Living here makes you feel like a completely different person – perhaps because it gives you the opportunity to pretend like you really are.

Before you know it dawn isn’t too far away, the sun just starting to peep over the hills in the distance and turning the sky around it into a beautiful haze of burnt orange that fades into blue. It’s a misty morning, and the garden is so shaded by the surrounding hedgerow that for now Jimin is safe, but he won’t be for very much longer.

“You’d better go inside,” you tell him regretfully, wishing more than anything that you could halt the sunrise, just for a while, and spend a little longer like this. Jimin nods, standing and moving deeper into the shade of the hedge, his eyes already suffering from the small amount of morning sun filtering through the night.

“Are you coming, kitten?” he asks softly, and though it’s tempting, the idea of watching the sunrise proves to be even more of a temptation than Jimin on this rare occasion. You feel like you haven’t felt the warmth of the sun on your skin in forever, though a week is hardly any time at all, so you shake your head, smiling.
“I’d like to watch the sun come up, see the garden in the daylight,” you explain, secretly pleased when you see something akin to disappointment flashing across Jimin’s face before he nods again, hiding the emotion away.

“Don’t stay up too late,” he warns playfully and you smile sweetly back.

“I won’t.” You watch Jimin go as he leaves, still smiling to yourself, your insides warm despite the chill that’s lingering in the air. Something feels like it’s shifted tonight, changed between the two of you, and as the sun continues to rise in the sky, oranges and yellows melting into cotton-candy pink, you find yourself hoping that this could be dawn of something different.

You’re not sure how long you sit there, marvelling at the sky whilst you slip into a sleepy stupor, only startling when the morning call of the birds starts to reach a fever pitch, but before long even you are starting to struggle with the brightness of the morning light. You head back inside, but not before casting one last look at the forlorn garden you’re leaving behind. Perhaps you could make something of it, make it beautiful again? You’ll have to run the idea past Jimin; after all, it would be his money you’d need to use.

Although your mind is eager for bed after such a long and intense night, your stomach seems to have others ideas. No sooner have you stepped back inside it decides to rumble obscenely loudly, reminding that you need to eat, not just sleep. You’d gotten so caught up with Jimin that you hadn’t even felt hungry until now.

You make your way to the kitchen, knowing that Jin will have made you something as a ‘just in case’ and stashed it in the fridge, whether you showed your face last night or not. You’re half asleep again, rooting around in the kitchen drawers for cutlery with your eyes nearly closed, when you hear something that jolts you wide awake. It only lasts for a second, coming and going so quickly that you almost convince yourself that you’d dreamt it, about to re-heating a delicious smelling chicken and noodle broth when you hear it again.

What is that sound? You come to a stand-still, bowl in hand, staring at the ceiling. You’re sure it came from upstairs, whatever it was, because now the house is deadly silent again, the only noise coming from your slightly laboured, nervous breaths. You place the bowl down gently, listening hard, certain that you’re not hearing things when it happens a third time. Curiosity trumps fear; it always has with you. You’ve never been one to hide away from the things that go bump in the night, instead you were the child forging ahead into the darkness of your closet with nothing but your teddy and your courage. Foolish, maybe, but isn’t that how you ended up here?

You make your way out of the kitchen, noodles long forgotten, along the corridor and into the entrance hall. Convinced that the noise came from above you start to ascend the stairs, plush carpet softening your footsteps, barely daring to breathe lest you miss another sound.

There it is again. Is that someone… crying? The tone is decidedly female, too high-pitched to be anything else, and that in itself worries you. What is another woman doing here, if not for…? The thought of it nearly makes you turn back. You’ve just about come to terms with the fact that everyone here but you is a killer. It’s a fact that’s almost too easy to forget, one you’re more than happy to, and seeing or hearing one of them feed? It’s a reminder you can do without.

No, wait, that’s not someone crying that’s… no… it can’t be that? Your feet start moving before you even know what you’re doing, drawn by your own morbid curiosity, barely realising that the stairs you’re climbing lead upward to the third floor until you’re already there. Your palms are sweating as you creep down the narrow corridor that must lead to Namjoon’s room, and with each and every step you slowly realise that all your suspicions were true.
“Oh, fuck!” The sound of a woman’s voice, contorted with pleasure, comes from the door that stands ajar at the end of the corridor, the sound of skin slapping against skin audible from even where you stand frozen to the spot.

“That’s it baby, louder, let me hear you,” Namjoon encourages, voice low and authoritative, and the woman he’s with groans wantonly in response.

“Feels so good, god!” she cries, louder, like he asked, and with every second that passes you can feel heat start to engulf every inch of you, rising from your toes upward and pooling in your stomach.

Your feet start moving all of their own accord again as you’re drawn towards their animalistic sounds, some sick fascination driving you forward. You want to see, just for a second, just to see if it looks as good as it sounds. Deep down you know that it’s weird and perverted and all kinds of wrong, but you still can’t seem to stop yourself from creeping ever closer to the small beam of light cast across the hallway floor from inside his bedroom. Carefully, you position yourself behind the door, holding your breath, your heart beating so hard that you wouldn’t be surprised if it gave you away.

It’s takes you another good minute or so of listening to the woman’s soft moans and Namjoon’s heavy breathing before you finally work up the courage to take a peek, and god, what a sight awaits you when you do.

Namjoon’s king-sized, four-poster bed is almost directly opposite the door. Its black sheets are hanging half off, black and white patterned pillows thrown about the floor, and on top of the bed, on all fours, is a woman. Her head is flopped forward so you can’t see her face, hair that’s the same colour as yours cascading around her shoulders, her fingers gripping onto the sheets so tight that you can see her arms quivering from here. Her whole body is jolting with each of Namjoon’s thrusts, breasts bouncing, and for a second you feel so jealous. Not because you want to be in her position, it’s not that. It’s because this woman, with her curves and soft supple flesh, looks like the very embodiment of female sexuality, more erotic and desirable than you could ever hope to be, and you hate her for it.

Your eyes soon drift away from her, whomever she is, undeniably drawn to Namjoon. He’s on one bended knee behind her on the bed, taking her with harsh, staccato thrusts that have her falling further and further forward, her elbows crumpling under the weight of him, and his eyes are fixed on her behind, one hand on the small of her back, the other twisted in his own hair. He’s frowning but only in concentration, his pouty lips parted, and he’s as naked as she is, his chest and stomach shining with the beads of sweat that are slowly inching their way down. He looks sexier than you ever could’ve imagined he would.

Within seconds of watching them you’re biting your lip, a real voyeur, knowing you should look away but unable to follow through. You can practically feel every snap of Namjoon’s hips, your core throbbing, and when he unexpectedly draws back his hand and then plants a resounding smack against the woman’s behind, you end up gasping with her.

As soon as the sound leaves your mouth you know it’s a mistake. You clamp your hand over your mouth and dart back behind the door, your muscles trembling from the surge of adrenaline that suddenly shot through you. What if he heard? Or worse yet, what if he saw? Surely he wouldn’t have; the cry that left her lips was far louder than yours, and if he’d seen you then surely they would’ve stopped? You try your very hardest to slow your breathing, worried that you’ll make too much noise, and whilst your mind is telling you that you should take this chance to turn back now, while you still can, but your body just won’t let you.

Hesitantly, you peek around the door once more.
You’re sure, for a moment, that your heart has completely ceased beating. Namjoon is staring directly towards your hiding place with a smirk on his face, his cheeks dimpled with amusement. When he bites on his full bottom lip, slowing the motion of his hips to a delicious, rhythmic circling, your heart suddenly restarts, galloping a thousand beats per minute, blood roaring in your ears. He knows you’re here and now he’s putting on a show, his eyes fixed on yours as he draws salacious moans from the woman underneath him.

“You like that baby?” he asks, not taking his eyes from you. She moans a yes, her face pressed into the mattress and her back arched, pushing back greedily against him with each thrust. “You want to cum?”

“Mmm, please,” she affirms, voice muffled, and you find yourself wishing you could cum too, more than anything, so wet between your legs that it’s embarrassing. Namjoon momentarily breaks eye contact with you to run one of his hands along her tanned shoulders, collecting all up of her hair and bunching it in his fist.

“And what do I get?” He’s moving even slower now, deliberately drawing it out, and even you’re aching for him to move, desperate for him to do something.

“Anything, baby, anything you want,” she rambles, turning her head to the side to look up at him, but Namjoon is already looking back to you, a satisfied smirk twisting his smile.

“Good answer.” And with that, Namjoon recommences the same relentless, punishing rhythm as before, holding the woman steady with a hand on her hip and his fist full of her hair. He fucks her without mercy, till she’s crying out with every snap of his hips and you’re panting with want, and when you can tell she’s getting close, when she’s so delirious with pleasure that her whole body is quaking, Namjoon suddenly pulls her upright against him. He places one hand on her stomach, the other yanking her head back by her hair, and now you can actually see his cock slipping back and forth into her pussy, can see her being stretched open by him, and you’re so aroused you think you might cum on the spot, completely untouched.

Then you see his fangs, and any desire you felt before is smothered completely and utterly by fear. Her cries are reaching breaking point, the muscles in her stomach contracting, and Namjoon’s smile only grows wider at your horrified expression, lips drawing back to expose even more of his teeth as he drives her towards both her orgasm and her death.

“Scream for me,” he commands, and you’re not sure if he means you or her, but then her orgasm takes hold of her, her whole body jolting with pleasure, and Namjoon strikes, sinking his teeth into her shoulder hard and without mercy. She does scream then, her cries of ecstasy quickly morphing into panic-stricken shrieks of pain as his bite slices through pleasure, eyes opening wide and rolling in their sockets as she searches for someone, anyone to help. She finds you, your eyes meeting for just a second before her eyelids start to droop, losing focus as her consciousness fades. You feel sick, shaking with fear but compelled to keep watching as Namjoon’s hips falter as he cums too, the woman in his arms little more than a whimpering rag-doll until finally, only a second or two later, her eyes slide close, body pale, limp and lifeless.

Namjoon looks up, smiling, crimson blood smeared across his face and lips and chin, dripping from his fangs like some kind of monster. He is a monster. Only a monster could do something so horrific, so depraved, and be smiling at the end of it, revelling in your reaction.

“Was that good for you, honey?”

You turn on your heels and run, your body finally back under your control, almost throwing yourself
down the stairs, taking them two or three at a time in an attempt to get away as fast as you can; away from Namjoon, away from the horrors you just witnessed. You know that he won’t be chasing you. Hurting you was never Namjoon’s intent in this. No, he just wanted to show you what he was really capable of – what vampires are really capable of – but knowing that by no means slows you down.

Down one flight of stairs and then another, through the entrance hall and then the long corridor to Jimin’s room; you run it all. Your throat burns from your harsh, rapid breaths, heart beating so fast that it feels as though it might explode, and it isn’t until you’re throwing yourself through Jimin’s bedroom door that you realise you have tears streaming down your face. As soon as your bleary eyes recognise Jimin’s sleeping form you throw yourself onto his bed, crawling across it to reach him, becoming more distraught with every moment that goes by.

“Jimin,” you sob, pulling at his arm, pawing at the sheets that cover him, crying so hard that you can barely see. “Jimin!”

He murmurs your name as he starts to wake, rubbing the side of his face against the pillow sleepily. His eyes open slowly, but as soon as his vision focuses and he sees your tear-stained cheeks Jimin quickly sits upright, alert and alarmed, taking hold of each of your arms and squeezing them tight.

“What happened? Are you hurt?” he asks frantically, his eyes scanning you from head to toe, checking for any signs of harm. You shake your head miserably, unable to stop the tears from falling. You can’t get the image of that dead woman in Namjoon’s arms out of your head, his haunting, blood covered smile…

“Namjoon… he…” The words come out like hiccups, your chest heaving erratically as you try to catch your breath.

“Namjoon? What did Namjoon do?” Jimin growls, his eyes narrowing dangerously, his grip on your arms starting to hurt.

“I thought… I thought I heard something coming from upstairs, from his room,” you confess, knowing that Jimin had told you specifically not to go up there before and now feeling very foolish for not heeding his warning. “There was a woman with him…” You shake your head, a fresh batch of tears rolling down your face, hot and salty. “One minute they were… having sex… and the next… he… Jimin he waited until she… and then…”

You see understanding dawn in Jimin’s eyes, his lips parting in surprise. You don’t need to finish your sentence for him to know exactly what happened, or for you to see it happening all over again in your mind. The way she’d looked at you… you’re not sure that’s something you’ll ever be able to forget.

“I’m so sorry,” Jimin tells you passionately, “I’m so sorry you saw that.” He lets go of your arms, pulling you into him, wrapping one arm around your shoulders whilst the other cradles the back of your head, holding you close. Now that you’re curled up in his embrace you completely break down, hiding your face against his bare chest as you sob, and sob, and sob, uncaring about how you must sound, or how unattractive this must be. Jimin cradles you, running his fingers through your hair to comfort you until finally the tide starts to recede, tears subsiding, leaving you with a sore throat and puffy eyes, but otherwise intact.

“He knew I was there,” you say softly, still curled up against him, absentmindedly tracing circles on the sheet that covers his lap. “…I don’t understand. If he needed to feed why wouldn’t he just… why would he bring her back here, do all that? Do it then?” Jimin sighs heavily and you look up at him, curious. He’s frowning hard, looking away.
“What he did…” he begins, stopping to sigh again, pushing his hair back from his face, “It’s taboo, even among vampires. Drinking blood is… it’s all we live for, but doing it while you’re intimate with your victim, when they…” He trails off, gaze drifting down your throat as he licks his lips. “It’s incredible.”

You falter, pulling away slightly, repulsed by the idea of Jimin doing the same to some other poor, unsuspecting woman. He reads your facial expression instantly, widening his eyes in innocence.

“I’ve never tried it,” he tells you hurriedly, “I’ve only been told.” You smile, relieved, allowing yourself to relax back into his arms, leaning your head on his shoulder. You wonder who told Jimin about it. Was it Namjoon? Was this the first time, or just one of many? You certainly hope this was the one and only occasion, but in a way it’s almost more worrying if it was. Was it purely for your benefit? Had he planned it all, hoping that you’d hear, that you’d come and investigate? Did he pick some poor girl with hair identical to yours in both length and colour on purpose?

Jimin shifts beside you, releasing you from his arms.

“Lie down,” he instructs, shuffling himself further down in bed onto his side, his head resting atop of his arm. You lie down to face him, looking back into his tired looking eyes with a small smile on your face. No part of the two of you is touching, but just lying here like this, in his bed, feels so precious. Jimin’s evidently still tired, his blinks are lazy and laboured, breathing slow, and after a minute or so he yawns, giving you an excellent of the fangs that he usually so carefully hides.

You have no idea why, especially after what you’ve just seen, but as soon as you catch sight of them you feel your pelvic muscles contract with excitement. Your mind starts to run away with you as Jimin’s eyes gradually close, the tiny little smile he sends you just before they do making your heart skip a beat. Worrying your lip, watching him sleep, you can’t help but think about what it’d be like if you two were intimate that way. Even though what Namjoon did was horrendous, the idea of Jimin doing it is… intriguing to say the least. When he made you cum just days ago it was the most incredible thing you’d ever felt, and the endorphin rush you get when he feeds from you comes a very close second. The thought of combining the two has squirming where you lay.

You shuffle slightly closer to Jimin, studying his face thoughtfully. He’s so perfect, every feature flawless, grey hair flopping into his eyes; you could stay here just gazing at him for hours and not get bored. You’re captivated by his appearance, it’s true, but you’d be naive to pretend that attraction is the only thing you’re feeling. Every day that goes by, you’re becoming more and more aware of just how much you’re coming to care for him. You admire him; his strength, his grace, his unwavering loyalty to his friends. He can be so unexpectedly sweet, so kind, and more importantly, he makes you feel safe – cared for.

That’s probably why you feel the way you do; so eager to give yourself over to him in every possible way. You’ve not had a real relationship before. There were a few dates, a few kisses here and there, but your lack of experience has never really bothered you. Until now you’ve never met anyone that you’d wanted to do those things with, but somehow Jimin feels different. You trust him, perhaps foolishly, but you do. With Jimin, you’re ready for more, and after your heart-to-heart during the night you no longer fear his rejection like you did before.

Gradually, your heart thumping with nerves, you close what’s left of the small space between Jimin’s sleeping face and yours and press your lips to his in a soft, shy kiss. You pull back just enough to see his eyelids flutter open before you lean in for another, kissing his fleshy bottom lip and shifting your body closer to drape your arm over his waist.

He whispers your name softly against your mouth.
“What’re you doing, kitten?” Jimin asks, leaning back to look in your eyes, his hand coming up to caress your cheek.

“I want to try it,” you reply, gently rubbing the tip of your nose against his before stealing another kiss. His eyes are darting back and forth between yours when you pull away again, his eyebrows pulled down into a slight frown of confusion. You smile shyly as you take hold of his hand that was resting on your cheek, linking your fingers together. “I want you.”
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

SMUUUUUUUUUT.

Hope you love this as much as I loved writing it ^^

Just to warn you, my schedule is a little hectic over the next couple of days, so I'll try my best to update on Wednesday, but it MIGHT be Thursday for the next one.

As always, thank you for all your feedback <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I want you.”

You don’t need to tell Jimin twice; it takes only a second for his confused expression to morph into something so primal that it steals the breath out of your lungs. Jimin takes your linked hand and presses it into the pillow to the side of your head as he rolls you onto your back, kissing you hungrily, his body half on top of yours. He nips at your bottom lip, kitten-licking at the entrance to your mouth until you open up for him, groaning as his tongue slides inside to caress yours. You hadn’t expected him to be quite so eager, but you’re so glad he is. Mercifully, he’s so all over you that you don’t even have chance to feel nervous. Instead, you focus on returning all his enthusiasm, trying not to think, just to feel. You place your free hand on his muscular back, grabbing at his shoulder blade to keep him close as he plants one of his legs between yours, bending it, bringing his knee up to meet the juncture of your thighs, your skirt riding up to your hips. Grinding down against him you soon begin to moan, your skin on fire, burning for him, eager to remove the clothes that feel so suffocating.

Jimin disentangles your fingers, no longer kissing your mouth but trailing his lips along your jaw. He starts to undo your blouse, popping button after button, and with each one your breathing gets heavier, watching his dexterous fingers work and biting your lip in anticipation of his touch. Jimin pushes himself up on his elbows to look down on you, eyes devouring your freshly exposed skin and then lingering on the pretty pink longline bra you’d chosen the night before, his expression pure, blistering heat. He looks like he wants to eat you alive, and honestly, you’re more than happy to let him.

Next, Jimin delves his hand inside your bra, lifting your soft breasts out and up in turn. Your nipples are already fully erect with arousal, so sensitive that when he rubs his calloused thumb over just one your body twists all of its own accord, a moan escaping you. A smile pulls at Jimin’s lips, clearly pleased by your body’s enthusiastic reaction to even his smallest of gestures. The gentle rubbing of his thumb quickly turns into rough pinching and rolling between his fingertips, reducing you to a blushing, gasping mess beneath him.

“I bet I could make you cum just like this,” he smirks, his voice husky. You can only watch, mesmerised, as he slowly licks his lips and then takes your other nipple in his mouth, his eyes closing as he moans around it. Wet, warm arousal dampens your underwear as he starts sucking, flicking with his tongue, and the longer he continues the more you think he might just be right.
You gasp his name as he bites down, your voice slicing through the silence of his room. He opens up his eyes to look up at you, heavy-lidded, your nipple caught between his teeth, and just the sight of it has you moaning again. You hadn’t thought it could be possible, but with his hair hanging in front of his face and his eyes darkened with desire, Jimin looks sexier than ever. Your hips flex upwards in desperation to be touched, Jimin’s thick thigh no longer providing adequate relief no matter how much he flexes it against you. Your hands start to paw at your thighs, tugging at the hem of your skirt almost of their own accord, and when Jimin realises what you’re doing he detaches himself from you and sits up, grabbing your wrists and pining them above your head. It catches you off guard, making you gasp, but even though it’s unexpected you can’t deny that it stirs something inside you.

“If you want something, all you have to do is say,” Jimin tells you, smiling salaciously, one eyebrow raised. He unceremoniously sits himself atop of you to straddle your waist, his erection tenting the material of his sweatpants and leaving a glaringly obvious wet patch of pre-cum that you can’t stop staring at. He follows your eye-line, his smile only growing wider as he looks back up to you. “What do you want, kitten?”

“You,” you answer breathily, unashamedly, “All of you.” Jimin chuckles at your reply, all of his weight pressing onto your wrists as you lean over you, so close that his breath tickles your face. “So needy for me, aren’t you?” he teases, nipping playfully at the tip of your nose. You tip your head back, searching for his kiss, but Jimin stays just out of reach, smiling. He relinquishes his hold on your wrists, planting kisses along your cheek until he reaches your ear. “Take off your underwear.” It’s almost embarrassing how quickly you obey, lifting your hips up as best you can with Jimin sat on top of you and shuffling both your skirt and panties down. “Good girl,” he praises, grazing his teeth against the shell of your ear, “Now, put your hands back above your head and spread those legs for me. Let’s see how wet you are.”

You raise your arms above your head again, almost dizzy with excitement as you watch Jimin shift off of your stomach to kneel between your legs. He places a hand on each of your inner thighs and pushes back, opening you up, cocking his head to the side and staring directly at the most intimate part of you.

“Jimin,” you whine, mortified by his brazen behaviour. All you want to do is cover your eyes and press your legs together to hide, but Jimin’s hold on your thighs is too strong, and you want to please him too badly to go moving your hands from where he told them to stay. You turn your head to the side and close your eyes, blushing. Jimin says your name sharply.

“Look at me, or I’ll tie you up and leave you this way.” Your head snaps back to face him, eyes popping open but your blush only deepening at the thought of Jimin restraining you in such a way. The look on his face is nothing short of animalistic, his pupils so dilated that there’s none of the iris left to see, and when he looks back down you see him lick his lips hungrily. “Is your pussy as sweet as the rest of you, I wonder?”

Jimin doesn’t wait for a reply. He loops his hands under your thighs and grabs a handful of your ass in each hand, using it as leverage to pull your core towards him as he simultaneously dips his head. You squeak at the unexpected movement, the sound quickly morphing into a gasp as Jimin’s eager tongue makes contact with your pussy, licking a firm strip from bottom to top.

“Shit,” you mumble under your breath, wide eyes staring up at the ceiling in disbelief. How did you get here? One moment you were sobbing into his chest and now… now Jimin’s lapping you up like you’re his very favourite treat. How the hell did this happen? Your thoughts are a jumbled,
rambling mess, but your internal monologue doesn’t last for long; you can’t concentrate with Jimin exploring you, humming appreciatively as he does. You have to grab onto the pillow on either side of your head when he finds your clitoris, your hips bucking, garbling a moan at how amazing it feels. He draws circles against it with his tongue, flicking it, kissing it, biting it.

“Fuck, fuck,” you curse again, your pussy throbbing with want, writhing under Jimin’s fervent attention. Pleasure jolts down your spine like electricity when he pushes one finger inside you and then two, rubbing at your g-spot as he abuses your clitoris, and with double the stimulation it doesn’t take long for a delicious knot to start forming in your stomach. You’re grabbing and pulling at the pillow so hard it’s a wonder feathers haven’t started flying, that knot winding tighter and tighter. Your moans only egg Jimin on, his tongue taking it in turns to flick against your clitoris and then dip inside you as he gazes up at you past your pubic bone to watch you come undone.

Seeing him there between your legs, watching him as he watches you, finally pushes you over the edge, spiralling, hurtling into your orgasm, that knot that was wound so tight finally snapping. Your body convulses, the feel of his fingers and his tongue suddenly too much and not enough all at once, biting down on your lip to keep from screaming. It goes on and on, wave after wave of pleasure, and when it eventually begins fade you’re left shaking all over, wide-eyed and panting.

Jimin looks like a man possessed when he comes out from between your legs to sit back on his heels. His lips are a deeper shade of red, swollen and shining with your arousal, and it’s with dark, feral eyes that he crawls back towards you, prowling like an animal to lay his body on top of yours. He kisses you passionately, so hard that it verges on frantic, feeding the taste of yourself inside of your mouth with his tongue as he pushes his erection against you. If it weren’t for his sweatpants blocking the way his cock would have already slipped inside, and the thought of it has you pushing back up against him in encouragement. You want it so bad… you don’t think you’ve ever wanted anything as much as this.

“I can’t wait to get inside you,” Jimin growls, and your pussy pulses at just the thought of it.

“You’ve no idea when you became so bold. The idea of losing your virginity had always terrified you before; what if it hurt, what if you bled everywhere, what if you hated sex, or worse, what if you were terrible at it? But with Jimin, none of it seems to matter. He’s already shown you more pleasure than you ever could have dreamed, and you have no doubt that this will be no exception.

As Jimin makes towards you your legs automatically spread wider, inviting him in, your breath quickening in anticipation, and the corners of his lips flicker up into a brief, satisfied smile.

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“Sit up,” he instructs. You push yourself up onto your elbows and Jimin slips your blouse from your shoulders, pulling it off of one arm then the other, suddenly gentle and slow, his eyes roving over your body. “Hold onto me.” Wrapping your arms around his neck you bring your body up to his and press your cheek to his, nuzzling at the side of his face as he swiftly unhooks your bra, slipping that off too. You shiver deliciously, pressing adoring kisses into the curve of his neck as his delicate fingers trace your back, lightly tickling you. It feels so intimate, so close, so wonderful.
Jimin lowers you down into the soft mattress, and as he pulls away you feel your heart thud hard and heavy, your breath shaking as it escapes your lips. Your nerves seem to have come back tenfold, and you have to hold onto the sheets to make it less obvious that your hands are trembling. He can’t seem to get enough of looking at you, his eyes trailing up and down your body appreciatively as he kneels between your legs. You try not to look away, remembering his earlier threat, trying so hard to be confident and brave even though you feel anything but.

You see Jimin take his cock in his hand right before he sinks his body onto yours, putting all his weight onto the elbow that lies next to your head, and the next moment you feel hot, hard flesh pressing against your core. The contact makes you gasp an inhale and then forget to breathe altogether as Jimin’s face hovers only an inch above yours, so close that his breath tickles. His eyes fall closed as he slowly rubs himself back and forth through the wetness of your folds, pressing his lips together and frowning with the effort of holding back, but you keep yours wide open. You don’t want to miss a single second of this; a single shift of expression on his beautiful face.

All of that intention falls away when Jimin starts to gradually push inside of you, your eyes automatically closing as you gasp at the burning stretch of being breached for the very first time. He has to move slow, you’re too tight to do anything else, your pussy squeezing every inch of him and making him groan long and low in the back of his throat. It hurts, you can’t pretend it doesn’t, but it’s not as unbearable as you’d thought it might be, and the fullness you feel when Jimin finally bottoms out is something you could definitely get used to.

“You feel… so… good,” Jimin mumbles, circling his hips against yours. His starts to kiss you again, sensually, unhurriedly, lacing his fingers through your hair, giving you time to accommodate the girth of him. You’re sure he doesn’t know you’re a virgin, but you’re glad he’s going slow. The longer he stays seated in you the better it’s starting to feel, and before long you’re itching for him to start moving, eager to find out if it gets even better. When he feels your body squirming impatiently underneath him Jimin chuckles, smiling against your mouth. “You really are needy, aren’t you?” he teases, tugging on your bottom lip with his teeth before pulling away slightly to look into your eyes, smirking. “Don’t worry kitten, I’ll give you what you need.”

With those words Jimin withdraws himself from you, only to roughly slide home with a snap of his hips. It takes you completely by surprise, crying out loudly, your back bowing at the new and incredible sensation.

“This is what you want, isn’t it?” he grunts between slow, deep thrusts, each one feeling better than the last. His cock is striking that same, secret spot inside of you, getting you even wetter and easing the way inside. You’re just starting to get into the rhythm of it, flexing your hips back up against him, when Jimin suddenly grabs hold of one of your thighs and plants it on his shoulder, becoming more upright against you. The change in angle feels so good, and soon you’re mewling with pleasure as you push back against him, wishing he’d go faster, go harder.

“Fuck, you take my cock so well,” Jimin praises, voice breathy with exertion. You finally manage to peel open your eyes and look up at him, your cheeks flushed, only to see him staring down at you with his lip caught between his teeth. It only gets you hotter, and when you see him glance down to the where the two of you meet, you can’t help but look too. Somehow watching Jimin’s thick cock disappear inside you, only to reappear again covered in your juices, makes you feel it all the more intensely.

“Jimin, please,” you implore breathlessly, gazing up at him from underneath your lashes. You can feel your orgasm starting to build, but at this pace you feel like it could go on forever, leaving you stranded right on the edge for hours on end. “Faster, I need- I need-” You falter, pressing your eyes shut and biting on the inside of your mouth as he continues his slow, torturous pace.
Jimin moves your leg from his shoulder and lies back on top of you again, rubbing your aching hip soothingly and pressing kiss after kiss against your jaw.

“I told you, kitten, I’ll give you what you need,” he coos to you, caressing your cheek, and when you open up your eyes again you’re completely overwhelmed by the look affection that greets you. “I can’t resist you.” He starts to kiss you again, sliding his tongue into your mouth in conjunction with his hips, slowly building up to the speed you so crave. His thrusts are faster and shallower like this but it still feels incredible. You know it won’t take long for all the pleasure building up inside of you will reach a peak, and you chase after it, meeting every one of his thrusts, loving the way he’s starting to moan into your kiss.

“You can touch me.” You hadn’t even realised you hadn’t been, too caught up in clutching onto the sheets. “Fuck,” he gasps, “Touch me.”

“Jimin…” Your hands find their way onto his back and you can feel his muscles rippling as he moves, his skin damp with sweat. Somehow, having your hands on him makes it feel all the more intimate, makes it feel even better, and instinctively you lift your legs and wrap those around his waist too, pulling him even tighter to you. “Jimin… I think – ah – I’m close, Jimin, I’m so close,” you ramble, and he starts to move even faster, fucking into you so hard you think you might break. You’re about to cum, about to fall apart when a lust-drunk Jimin growls your name.

“Can I, kitten?” you hear him ask through the haze, “Can I taste you?”

“God, yes!” You cry out your consent just as your orgasm hits. Every one of your nerve endings begins to spark and fire over and over again, every muscle contracting with excruciating pleasure. You’re not even aware of his impending bite until the slice of his fangs piercing your flesh hits, pain mixing with pleasure as he carries on his unyielding pace, using his grip on your hair to hold you fast to him. You feel him sucking, fucking, the nails you’d been digging into his back slowly losing their grip as you slide into blissful oblivion.

You’re just about awake enough to feel it when Jimin cums, his cock pulsing inside you as he fills you with his hot, creamy load, forcibly detaching himself from your neck so as not to get carried away.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” he pants as he makes his few last, sloppy thrusts, sounding as drunk as you feel as he finally collapses on top of you, his head resting between your breasts.

“Jimin,” you murmur with your eyes closed, completely and utterly blissed out, just about managing to lift your hands to run them through his hair. He mumbles your name back, sliding out of you and shifting to lie at your side, pressing his nose to your one cheek and lazily caressing the other.

“Mm… thank you.” You feel him pull the sheet up and over your bodies, glad that it feels cool to the touch. You’re so hot… so tired… and you want to look at Jimin so badly, but you just can’t seem to find the will to open your eyes. “You were so good… tasted so good. So sweet. Can we do it again?” Despite your exhaustion you still end up giggling at Jimin’s rambled request, shaking your head, knowing that he’s looking at you even if you’re not looking at him.

“In the morning,” you sigh sleepily, turning your head to press a gentle, chaste kiss to his lips that he eagerly returns.

“You’re mean,” he complains when you pull away, sounding more childlike and innocent than you’ve ever heard him sound before. He still ends up yawning though, cuddling up to your side and laying his arm across your waist, and by the time you’ve managed to prise open your eyes he’s already got his closed, breathing slow and steady with his cheek pressed to your shoulder. You
smile to yourself, gently pushing back the hair that’s fallen forward across his face. He suddenly looks so young, so vulnerable; someone sweet, soft and playful. He looks human for the first time, not at all like Jimin the dominating and seductive vampire, and as you look down at his face, watching him sleep and falling asleep yourself, you realise something.

Regardless of which Jimin he might be… you’re falling in love.

Chapter End Notes

Ps. I have a... horrendous daddy kink, which I'm trying SO hard not to bring into this, because I know it's not everyone's cup of tea haha. I couldn't help but have him call you kitten though - I hope you guys didn't find it too sickly!
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

I still can't believe how much of a positive reaction this is getting! The amount of comments on the last chapter was just amazing - sex sells, apparently haha. Thank you so much guys.

If anyone has tumblr, by the way, feel free to tell me your usernames! I'm looking for more bts blogs to follow :)

Please don't hate me too much for this....

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Just as you were the last to fall asleep, you’re the first one to wake the following evening. All your muscles ache as you roll over in Jimin’s bed, sore from being having your limbs held and pushed and bent into positions you’ve never been in before, and speaking of sore… you feel quite tender between your legs. There’s a slight sting that Jimin’s left in his wake, but honestly you quite like feeling it there. It serves as proof that last night wasn’t just some wonderful dream cooked up by your over-excited imagination.

The fact that Jimin is still lying in bed next to you is pretty convincing evidence, too. He’s lying on his side facing away from you, the sheets hung low across the slope of his hips, and from the sound of his heavy, deep breathing, you presume he must still be asleep. You find yourself smiling as you gaze at his porcelain back, inspecting every line of gorgeous muscle, hardly daring to believe that last night was real. You still can’t imagine why Jimin would ever want you, but last night he certainly seemed like he did.

God, the way he made you feel… you never once had thought that you first time would be so good. All the stories you’d been told before had made losing your virginity sound horrendous. You’d expected it to be bumpy, awkward and embarrassing, but with Jimin it was anything but. You’d loved every second.

Your mind drifts back to the realisation you’d made as you’d been falling asleep, a blush forming on your cheeks. Now that you’re more awake, more clear-headed, you can’t deny it to yourself any longer. Your heart starts to gallop whenever you’re around him, and when you’re not you ache to be at his side, relishing every moment you spend in his company. When he smiles you smile, and when he hurts you do too. You want to make him happy, to bring him comfort, to find out all there is to know about him, and open yourself up too. You’ve never, ever felt this way about anyone before. Not even close. You’re in love with Jimin. In love with a vampire. Your mother would be so proud.

It doesn’t take long for the urge to touch him to become too much to bear when you’re already lying so close. As gently as you can you shift yourself across the small amount of mattress between you and snuggle up to his back, gingerly resting your arm across his waist. You hope not to wake him, but as soon as you press a kiss between his shoulder blades you feel him stir, exhaling and shifting next to you. Figuring that he’s already starting to wake up you decide that there’s probably no point
in trying to be so careful about disturbing him, pressing another kiss to his back.

“Morning.” Your mouth starts to form his name, but then suddenly you remember the title that Jin
told you about, the one that couples use, and you figure that if you can’t use it after last night, then
when can you? “Did you sleep well, Jagiya?”

Jimin’s frame immediately stiffens against you, his whole body turning to stone in your arms, but
before you can say anything or ask what’s wrong he abruptly gets up, sitting on the edge of the bed
facing away from you, far away from your grasp.

“Don’t call me that,” he tells you sharply, turning his head to the side to glance at you over his
shoulder. The smile that had been plastered on your face dissolves in seconds, confused by the way
he’s acting and his sudden change in attitude.

“Did I do something wrong?” you ask, your voice as quiet as a whisper. You see him lean forward
to pick something up off the floor, and then he stands up, simultaneously pulling up his boxers. If
you weren’t so worried you’d appreciate the fleeting sight of his shapely behind, but as it is, you’re
starting to feel a little bit sick.

“No,” he answers shortly, but he’s not very convincing. A couple of agonising minutes pass by
where Jimin walks around the room getting dressed, barely looking at where you’re sat up in bed,
holding the sheet tight around yourself, feeling more naked now than you ever did last night.

“Jimin.” You have to call him again, your throat so tight with anxiety that it’s making it difficult for
you to speak. “Jimin… something’s the matter…” He pulls on a t-shirt, finally making eye-contact
with you when his head comes out the other side, but his expression is almost completely blank.
Emotionless. “Won’t you talk to me?” He pushes his hair back and exhales heavily.

“Look…. Don’t make the mistake of thinking this is more than what it is,” Jimin tells you bluntly,
“You’re here for my pleasure, my entertainment, nothing more.” His words hit you like a sucker-
punch to the stomach. You curl your arms around yourself, your mouth coming open, eyebrows
pulling down into a frown as you stare back at him disbelievingly.

“But I thought… this morning?” How is he saying these things? How can he just be standing there
looking at you like this, so expressionlessly?

“This isn’t a relationship.” He looks away from you. “I don’t need, or want, your affection.”

You’re so shocked that you can’t even cry, even though it feels like your heart is breaking inside
your chest. Your gaze falls down to the bedsheets as you tighten your arms around yourself even
more, trying to physically hold yourself together as everything feels like it’s falling apart. “I have to
go.”

When you look up again Jimin is already by the door, his jacket and shoes on, bag in hand, ready to
go. You don’t recognise the person he is right now… he doesn’t even look like the vampire you first
met. This person is a total stranger, and seeing him like this hurts almost as much as the things he’s
said.

“I’ll be back in the morning, and we’ll move your things into your own room.” He… he doesn’t
want you to sleep in here anymore? Not even on the chaise lounge? You feel a solitary tear slide
down your cheek, unable to even speak, and when Jimin notices it you swear you see something
flicker in his eyes. Regret? Concern? Fear? But then it’s gone again as quickly as it came, and
with it goes any hope that you had that your Jimin might suddenly reappear. “I’ll see you later.”
And then he’s gone, shutting the door behind him with a thud. The moment you’re on your own you completely fall apart, sinking down into the bed as your hands cover your face, catching the tears that are streaming down your face. You lie on your side, curling yourself into a ball, your whole body heaving with sobs as you try to make sense of what could have just happened.

You never expected Jimin to feel as strongly as you do; why would he, after all? But you really thought he felt... something. The way he’d acted around you lately, the way he’d looked at you when he was inside you... when you gave yourself to him. God, could all of that just have been pretend? Was it all just a ruse to get you into bed? Maybe now that he’d had you you were no longer wanted, and that’s why he was behaving this way? What if you really were as terrible as you’d feared you might be? You were so sure that he cared about you, so sure that last night was as good for him as it was for you. Maybe you really are a fool, just like Namjoon said?

And what are you supposed to do now? You’re not sure you could stand to look at Jimin if this is how he’s going to be from now on, nevermind have him touch you. How are you supposed to do such intimate things with someone, knowing that they don’t even care about you?

You’re not sure how long you cry for... all you know is that by the time it stops your eyes are sore and dry and your chest is aching with every breath you take. Even after you’ve stopped crying you can only bring yourself to lie there for a while, holding yourself and staring at the door, wishing that Jimin would walk back through it again. That he’d apologise, tell you he didn’t mean it and kiss you like he did before.

Eventually you manage to drag yourself out of bed and into the bathtub. Even in there you end up lingering so long that you skin prunes, ignoring the way you stomach is aching for food, only getting out once the water is stone cold. You don’t really want to get dressed either, but it’s not as though you have any clothes you can just lay around in, so you throw on the first dress you find, bursting into a fresh bout of tears when you put on your collar to hide the fresh bite marks Jimin left behind. You look like such a state. Your face is drawn, your cheeks puffy, eyes red, hair a tangled wet mess around your shoulders. It’s tempting to stay in his room – you’re not exactly keen on spending time with the others, looking like this – but you’re not sure you want to be in here when Jimin gets back, either.

In the end you head down the corridor and through the entrance hall towards Yoongi’s bedroom, hoping to find him there. He often spends time on his own, away from the rest, so maybe he might be able to provide some quiet, solitary company. You’re fairly certain you can cope with that, though he’ll probably still tell you that you look like crap.

Sure enough, when you push open Yoongi’s door he’s already sat playing the piano. You don’t loiter this time, walking inside and pushing the door closed behind you, trying your best to smile.

“Hi,” you greet softly, approaching the piano and sitting yourself at his side as he automatically moves across, making room for you. You’ve visited him regularly enough to feel comfortable just the two of you, conversation an option rather than a necessity.

“I was wondering when you’d reappear.” You apologise for your absence, although you’re not entirely sure why. “Has Jimin gone out?” The mention of his name makes you flinch, looking down at the keys and watching Yoongi’s fingers move, effortless as always.

“Yes,” you reply shortly, swallowing hard, trying to push down the lump that’s formed in your throat. Mercifully, he asks no more. Although Yoongi might often be blunt and sharp, he’s also surprisingly emotionally perceptive. Perhaps that’s why he doesn’t say anything more, letting the topic of Jimin drop without pushing any further.
You’re more than content to sit and watch him play for a while, letting the music lull you and drown out any bad thoughts, but after a little while Yoongi starts to play a tune that you recognise. It’s his part of a simple piano duo that he’s been teaching you over the last couple of days, a sad, slow song with lots of note repetition that you’d almost mastered the last time you played. He looks up at you expectantly, clearly wanting you to join in, and after a moment’s hesitation, you do.

It doesn’t go well. You can’t concentrate on the notes or the order they’re supposed to go in, getting confused between Yoongi’s part and yours, and your hands are still shaking from a combination of hunger and distress. It sounds terrible, even to your ears, and you start to think it’s just another thing that you’re bad at, something that you thought was going well but really isn’t… just like you and Jimin.

Yoongi tuts, clearly displeased.

“Did you bump your head and forget how to play or something?” he asks, finally giving up and turning to face you. “That was god damn awful.” Feeling miserable, you look up from the keys to Yoongi’s frowning face and open your mouth to say sorry again, hesitating when you see the sudden change in the black-haired vampire’s expression. “Hey, no, I’m sorry,” he apologises quickly, both his eyebrows rising high, worry written all over his face, “It wasn’t that bad.” It’s only then that you realise you’re crying again, upset and frustrated, hot tears rolling down your cheeks. You roughly rub them away with the backs of your hands, sniffing and looking away from the concern in his eyes, embarrassed that you’ve let him see you this way.

“It’s not that,” you assure him, clearing your throat, trying your very best to hold your tears at bay. You’ve cried enough in the past 24 hours.

“Than what is it?” You shake your head, smiling darkly down at the keys. You’d really rather not have anyone else know just how stupid and naive you’ve been, but of course, Yoongi is perceptive as always. “Did something happen with Jimin?” Meeting his gaze again, you’re relieved and grateful to find nothing but kindness waiting there. “You can always talk to me… I won’t say anything if you don’t want me to. Promise.” Yoongi gives you an encouraging smile, lifting up his hand to offer his pinky finger as a guarantee of his silence. The sweet gesture is so unexpected from someone like Yoongi that it actually makes you smile, giving a short, breathy laugh as you twist your finger around his.

You take a bracing breath, preparing yourself for what you’re about to confess, and for Yoongi’s inevitable reaction.

“I thought Jimin cared about me, but I was wrong. Really wrong,” you explain, hoping to skirt around the subject, but Yoongi just cocks his head, even more curious than before.

“What makes you think that he doesn’t?” You hesitate, unable to look him in the eyes you say it, your cheeks turning pink.

“We slept together… and I thought it’d meant something to him but earlier he was… he was so cold Yoongi. He’d barely even look at me.” Both of Yoongi’s eyebrows rise, his mouth that had popped open in surprise floundering for a moment as he thinks of what to say.

“Well, uh…” He clears his throat, glancing away, and you notice him rub his hands back and forth on his trousers, “I guess guys don’t always… make that… immediate emotional connection that women sometimes do when it comes to… that.”

“I know,” you admit, shaking your head, “I wasn’t expecting him to wake me up with breakfast in bed or professing his love or anything like that, him being… normal would’ve been fine! But it was
like he was a completely different person. He was so distant. He’s never been like that before.”
You shrug again helplessly as Yoongi frowns, chewing on his bottom lip thoughtfully. “And of
course it feels even worse because that was…” You cut yourself off, realising what you were just
about to say and stopping short of it. He doesn’t need to know about that particular detail, but of
course once you’ve said it, Yoongi wants to know.

“It was what?” Your cheeks start to blaze with heat, looking anywhere but at Yoongi’s curious eyes,
and you’re toying nervously with the ends of your hair by the time you speak again.

“My first time with Jimin was my… my first time.” There’s a very poignant, pregnant pause before
Yoongi seems to register what it was that you just said.

“Oh.” You glance up at him, your cheeks feeling hotter than the sun. “Oh!” Realisation dawns
across Yoongi’s face, and you’re sure if he could blush too he would be. When you give him a half-
hearted, pitiful smile, his expression turns sad and sympathetic. “Oh.”

“He told me I was here for his entertainment. ‘This isn’t a relationship. I don’t need your
affection’,” you repeat, lifting your fingers to make the quotation marks and trying to remain
emotionally detached from the words coming out of your mouth. If you think about them too hard
they’ll just make you cry again.

Yoongi is quiet for quite some time. For so long, in fact, that you turn back to the piano and start to
play a few notes, your hands a little steadier now that you’ve confided in him.

“I’m sorry,” Yoongi softly apologises at your side. You smile sadly at the keys, concentrating on the
motion of your hands as you play.

“You don’t need to apologise for him.”

“I do,” he disagrees quickly, and suddenly his hand comes to rest upon yours atop of the piano keys,
his long fingers threading through yours. You look up sharply, startled, feeling even more surprised
when you see the soft, compassionate look on Yoongi’s face. “You deserve someone to value you
as the treasure you are.” His words take your breath away, so taken aback by this sudden turn of
events that the idea of pulling your hand out of his doesn’t even occur to you. Neither does it cross
your mind to stop him from lifting his other hand to gently stroke back your hair. On the contrary,
you find yourself leaning into his touch, eager for the comfort and affection you so crave.

You see him glance down to your lips, his tongue darting out to moisten his own, and before you’ve
even really registered what’s happening, Yoongi is leaning in towards you and so are you, your
mouths meeting tenderly in the middle. His kiss is tentative, unsure and sweet, so very different from
any you’ve had with Jimin, his lips thinner and firmer but certainly not unpleasant by any means. He
takes your face in both his hands as you kiss while yours hover in mid-air between the two of you,
unsure of where to put them. His lips part as a clear invitation for yours to do the same, and even
though in the back of your mind you know that you shouldn’t, that it’s wrong, they do.

From the moment you met you’ve thought Yoongi was attractive, with his dark hair and brooding
face. Next to Jimin he’s probably the one you’re closest to, and even though he doesn’t make your
heart race quite the way Jimin does, you do care for him. You suppose that’s why you’re still kissing
him, letting his tongue brush enticingly against yours. It’s hard to feel sad with him distracting you
like this, and you’ve already cried so much.

“I’ve wanted to do this from the moment you sat here playing chopsticks, smiling and laughing,” he
tells you, still cupping your face in his hands, his words muffled by the kisses he’s still pressing
against your lips, “You were so beautiful. You’re so beautiful.”
“Yoongi,” you sigh against him, your heart aching at the sweetness of his words, hands finally coming down to rest atop of his slender thighs.

The moment you touch him it’s like something snaps. His kiss becomes harder, more frantic, his hands leaving your face to pull you into his lap so that you’re straddling his waist, your back crashing noisily into the piano keys. You gasp at the disjointed, jarring sound and the feel of Yoongi’s erection pressing against your core, his hands grasping at your hips. He groans your name, kissing your cheek, your jaw, your neck, your…

The moment you feel his lips skirt around your collar, Jimin’s collar, it’s like cold water has been doused all over you, suddenly brought back your senses.

“Yoongi.” You touch his cheek gently, halting his downward trail. “Yoongi, stop.” He looks up at you, his normally thin eyes wide with concern and his lips swollen from kissing. You’re sure yours are too. You run your fingers through his hair and at your touch his eyes flop closed, leaning into it. “I care about you… I do… but I can’t do this.”

Chapter End Notes

DO YOU KNOW HOW HARD IT WAS TO MAKE YOU STOP?!!

Ugggghhh, I love Suga too much.
Yoongi blinks back at you once, twice and then a third time, unspeaking, and as he does it’s like you can see the cloud of desire slowly leaving his eyes. The expression that was so lustful just a second ago morphs rapidly into embarrassment, and he looks away from you, pressing his lips together.

“I’m sorry,” he apologises quickly, glancing down to where you’re sat on his lap, your legs still on either side of him and swallowing. Using the hands that were still resting on your hips he swiftly lifts you off of him to plonk you back down on the piano stool, and then he gets up steps away, looking guiltily at the floor. “You’re upset, and I shouldn’t have-”

“Yoongi, it’s ok,” you tell him, trying to reassure him and soothe his conscience. He looks mortified, rubbing his hand around his mouth, shifting uneasily from foot to foot, unable to even look at you. Seeing him like that upsets you, almost bringing you to tears again at the thought that you might have spoiled yet another relationship with someone important to you. “Please.” You shift to the edge of the seat nearest him, extending your hand to grab hold of his, and when you do Yoongi finally meets your gaze, his eyebrows knotted down in a frown. “I wanted to,” you tell him, pausing, biting on your lip. He can’t help but watch you do it, his tongue darting out to moisten his own lips. You wonder if he can still taste you there like you can taste him. “I want to. I just… can’t. I’m in love with Jimin.” Now it’s your turn to look away, shaking your head with a gloomy smile. “I know it’s stupid.”

Yoongi’s quiet for a moment but carries on holding your hand, caressing it with his thumb, finally giving it a gentle squeeze that pulls your attention back to him.

“It’s not stupid,” he disagrees, “But he better start appreciating it.” He gives you a tiny smile, his black bangs falling into his eyes as he looks down at you. When you smile back he squeezes your hand again before letting it go, and somehow, you know that the two of you will be ok.

Yoongi shifts and adjusts the waistband of his trousers with a cough, glancing downward, and you have a smother a laugh at the rather obvious problem he’s still having. He catches you sniggering into the back of your hand and gives you a withering look, unable to keep himself from smiling too at the odd position you’ve found yourselves in. Your underwear is hardly like the Sahara either, truth be told, but at least it’s not so obvious for you.

“Is it still ok if I stay here for a while?” you ask, hoping that he won’t mind you lingering after what’s just happened between the two of you. You’re fairly certain you can restrain yourself from this point onwards, but you know he might not feel the same, and you don’t want to make things difficult or awkward for him.

“Of course,” he replies without hesitation, “We can just chill and watch TV, listen to some tunes or something.” He gestures toward the bed and your eyebrows automatically rise, a sceptical smile pulling at your lips. Yoongi just rolls his eyes, huffing but smiling. “I’m not a complete animal. I do have some self-control.”
“Sure,” you say sarcastically, teasing. It certainly didn’t feel like he did five minutes ago.

You push yourself up to standing from the piano stool, but as soon as you’re upright you suddenly wobble, caught off guard by a wave of dizziness that leaves your head spinning. Yoongi is quickly at your side, one arm around your waist, leaning your weight against him.

“Hey, you ok?” The concern is all too evident in his voice as he looks you up and down, looking for the source of whatever’s made you so unsteady.

“You must have gotten me all weak at the knees,” you joke feebly, putting one hand on his shoulder and allowing him to walk you to the edge of his bed and assist you onto it, watching you closely all the time. After a few seconds of sitting again the dizziness recedes and you smile encouragingly up at Yoongi, not wanting him to worry him unnecessarily. It’s probably just the blood loss, after all. “I’m fine, honestly. I feel better already.” He squints at you sceptically, his tongue poking at the inside of his mouth.

“When was the last time you ate anything?” You open your mouth to reply but quickly shut it again, blushing when you realise that it’s got to have been a good 36 hours ago, at least. Yoongi sighs disapprovingly.

“You, stay here. I’ll go and fetch you something.” He starts to walk out towards the exit and you sit up again, making to swing your legs out of bed, protesting.

“You don’t have to do that--“

“I said stay.” You adopt a faux sulky expression, leaning back against his pillows with your arms folded, but your indignation only makes Yoongi smile. “Good girl,” he praises, flashing you a sly wink on his way out of the door that actually makes your pulse start to race a little. You definitely, definitely need to get your hormones under control, and sometime soon.

Yoongi isn’t gone for long, but by the time he gets back with a bowl of steaming hot rice and ribs and a drink in his hands you’ve managed to turn the TV on and you’re sat back against his headboard watching it, a pillow held across your stomach.

“Eat,” he tells you firmly, passing you the bowl. You turn the pillow over and rest the bowl on it so as not to burn your legs, inhaling the aroma of sweet barbeque sauce, your mouth immediately beginning to water. You clearly didn’t realise how hungry you were, but now food is sat right in front of you you’re absolutely famished. “Jin sends his regards.” Yoongi flops down on the bed next to you making the mattress bounce and you look over to him with a forkful already halfway towards your mouth.

“Did they ask about me?”

“I told them you weren’t feeling well.”

“Thank you.” You post a big forkful of rice into your mouth, as thankful as ever that Yoongi just seems to get you.

Some strange, outer-space sci-fi film keeps you occupied as you eat, taking your time to savour every bite as Yoongi sits quietly next to you, slouching down in bed. The ribs are sticky and delicious, and by the time you’re done you have to lick the remaining sauce off of your fingers to save getting it all over the sheets.

“All done?” Yoongi asks, making you jump. You’d gotten so caught up in the film that you’d almost forgotten he was there next to you, and you turn to look at him, still sucking sauce off your
“Mmhm.” You lick the remainder off, acutely aware of the way Yoongi’s eyes are fixated on your mouth. You swallow nervously, as you remove your thumb, giving him a small smile. He leans toward you and you automatically hold your breath, your eyes opening wide, but all he does is take the bowl from your lap and move it onto the floor, trying and failing to hold back a smirk. Ok, so maybe the sexual tension isn’t really gone just yet.

“It’s almost morning,” he comments as he comes to lie back down, folding his hands on top of his stomach and looking up at you from underneath his fringe. Man, just how long were you wallowing in Jimin’s room for? You can only have been here with Yoongi for what, two hours tops? You are tired, though, both physically and emotionally. “Are you tired?”

“Really tired,” you admit. Perhaps some sleep might help you feel less dizzy when you wake up too. All round it seems like a really good idea.

“You can stay here, if you want.” He says it innocently enough, but the thought of sharing a bed with him makes you a little nervous. Still, it’s preferable to going back to Jimin’s room, where apparently you’re not welcome to sleep at all. “I can get you something to wear.” Yoongi gets up from bed and walks over to his mahogany woodied closet to fetch you something, presumably.

“I have my own things…” you start, but then you remember what all of those outfits actually look like. You may as well be asking for trouble getting into bed with him wearing one of those, so when he walks back over to the bed with an oversized t-shirt and a pair of shorts in hand you take them with a grateful smile.

“The bathroom’s just through there.” He gestures to the door just off to your left and then hesitates, his eyes narrowing. “Do you need help?”

“I’m sure I can take myself to the toilet, Yoongi,” you grin, shuffling yourself to the edge of the bed and sincerely hoping that you actually can. It’d be a tad embarrassing to fall flat on your face now. Thankfully you’re not nearly so dizzy when you get up this time, able to walk yourself into Yoongi’s small but clean bathroom and get changed without any further incidents.

By the time you return you’re definitely ready for bed, shuffling back into Yoongi’s room with a yawn, your dress held to your chest. Yoongi is so slim but all his clothes are baggy and oversized, so the clothes he gave you are practically hanging off your frame. They’re comfortable, though, far more comfortable than the dress you leave neatly folded on the piano stool.

You turn, intending to head back to bed but coming to an abrupt stop when your eyes land on Yoongi. He’s sat up in bed with the covers pulled over his lap, head leant back against the headboard, eyes closed, earphone wires trailing down his shirtless chest. With the sheets hiding whatever he’s wearing on his lower half he looks completely naked, and it leaves your mouth suddenly dry as you look at him for just a little bit too long. Somehow his skin is even paler than Jimin’s, the whitest of white, and though his chest and stomach don’t have the same kind of muscle definition, he still looks… really good. Why does he have to be so tempting? It makes you feel like banging your head against the wall in frustration. Either that or crawling over there and –

“Do you need me to tuck you in?” Yoongi asks, not opening his eyes but smiling to himself. You blush, averting your eyes and scuttling into bed without saying a word. How on earth does he do that? When you pull the covers back you’re relieved to see that he is indeed wearing sweatpants and as you climb in he opens one eye to peep at you. He watches you fondly as you fidget around getting comfortable, finally settling lying on your side looking up at him, a safe amount of space left between you. He closes his eye again, sighing, his chest rising and falling heavily.
“Thank you for letting me stay,” you say after a moment, unsure that he’ll hear you over the Korean pop music you can hear thudding into his ears, but he does. Both his eyes pop open this time, a small, kind smile fleeting across his face at your thanks.

“You’re welcome any time you like, gongjunim.” Yoongi places his hand on top of your of head, stroking your hair as he speaks.

“What’s that mean?” you ask through a yawn, his gentle ministrations making you feel all the more sleepy, your eyelids starting to droop.

“It means princess, princess,” he replies softly, removing his hand from you and placing it back into his lap with a final smile. “Get some rest.”

It only takes you a couple of minutes to fall asleep, and as you do it’s to the image of Yoongi lost in his own world, eyes closed, mouthing along to the music that he so loves.

“Hmm…Yoongi?” You rub your eyes sleepily, calling after your bed-mate, your voice croaky. You were obviously woken by something but now you’re not entirely sure what, still half asleep as you grope for the drink that rests Yoongi’s bedside table. Your throat feels sorer now than it was before you went to bed, and even the water he brought you earlier doesn’t really make it feel any better as it slides down, though it does help to wake you up a little.

You look to your side, confused when you see that Yoongi is no longer next to you. He’s nowhere else in the room either, but you’re sure that you haven’t been asleep for that long. Glancing to the clock you see it’s only been 3 hours at most, and you’re fully aware of just how much Yoongi likes his sleep. He wouldn’t have gotten up yet through choice.

Suddenly you hear voices from the other side of his door, voices speaking brisk Korean words in sharp, hushed tones, and even though you can’t understand what they’re saying it doesn’t take a genius to figure out that they’re arguing. You listen harder, quickly realising that the two opposing sides belong to Yoongi and Jimin. Sitting up hastily you lean forward so as to hear better, wishing over and over again that you knew any Korean at all. At least Jimin’s growl is unmistakable, as is Yoongi’s weary sigh, and after several more minutes of heated exchange in which Yoongi has the last word, they finally fall silent. Just a second later he comes back into the room, shutting the door softly behind him. He’s obviously intending to avoid waking you, that is until he sees you sat in bed waiting with wide, worried eyes.

“Get back to sleep, gongjunim,” he tells you, un-phased by your questioning look and returning to bed, climbing in next to you. You don’t miss his continuing use of the Korean endearment, but right now you’re too distracted to let it make you blush like before.

“Was that Jimin?” He lies down flat on his back and sighs, hands folded across his chest, staring at the ceiling.

“Yes.” You pause nervously, picking at your fingernails.

“… Was he angry?” Yoongi turns his head to the side to look at you.

“Yes.” You were anxious before but now it’s doubly so, worrying about what Yoongi said, about what Jimin said, about what Jimin will have to say when you wake up later tonight. That’s if you can get back to sleep at all, which right now you doubt. Yoongi says your name softly, calling your attention. “Lie down.”
Forcing yourself to cease your nervous fidgeting, you do as Yoongi says and lie down on your side to face him, hands stuffed under the pillow so you’re not tempted to mess with them. Yoongi does the same, his sleepy eyes even smaller than usual and the skin underneath them slightly puffy.

“What did he say?”

“He’s pissed off that you’re here. Telling him what a fucking jerk he’s been didn’t help things either.” You’re worried about Jimin being angry, but you still can’t help but snort a laugh at the idea of Yoongi being so wonderfully blunt with him, as always, and Yoongi grins back at you adorably. That smile soon fades as he sees you begin to stress again, chewing on the inside of your mouth. “He wanted to see you.”

“What did you tell him?”

“I told him he didn’t deserve to,” he answers without hesitation.

“Yoongi…” you scold gently. You know he’s only looking out for you and you still end up smiling at him fondly across the pillows, comforted knowing that he has your back.

“You can sort things out later, if that’s what you want to do.” From the look that passes over his face and the way he avoids your eyes as he says it, you get the feeling that that’s not what Yoongi really wants you to do, but still, he carries on speaking with little to no hesitation, “But for now stay. Sleep. Let him suffer for a while, it’ll do his Highness good.”

You sigh, staring back into his eyes for a moment or two as you consider his words. Even though your immediate reaction is the run to Jimin the second he calls, you know that what Yoongi’s saying makes sense. Why would Jimin ever want to treat you better if you just go right on back at the snap of his fingers? You’d be a glutton for punishment, acting that way.

“You’re right.”

“I’m always right.” His expression is deadpan serious, but you know that he’s only teasing, rolling your eyes at him just before you roll over to face the other way, shuffling around to get comfortable. You’re determined to get some more sleep, try to push Jimin out of your mind for just that little bit longer. Yoongi’s right, it can all be dealt with when you wake up later on, when you’re less likely to be tired and over-emotional. That won’t help anything.

It’s hard though. Not thinking about him is easier said than done, and ten minutes later you’re still fidgeting under the covers, huffing and sighing, unable to get comfortable.

Stillness is soon forced upon you, though, when Yoongi slings his arm over your waist and pulls you back ward and towards him. You squeak in surprise as your back hits his chest, falling into stunned silence when he curls his body around yours and presses a gentle kiss to you hair, squeezing you tightly in his arms. You’re not sure what to do, unsure as to whether you should be stopping him or moving away, or whether you even want to. It feels nice being cocooned by him and feeling the slow rise and fall of his chest, his breath against the back of your neck. You don’t want him to stop, but you certainly don’t want to lead him on if he really does care about you.

“Yoongi… you don’t have to-“

“I do,” he interrupts, “I can’t sleep with you flopping around like a fish.” You bite your lip, wondering why the thought of him holding you for purely practical reasons feels disappointing. He presses another lingering kiss against the smooth skin behind your ear, one that makes all the hairs on your arms stand to attention. His next words are whispered so quietly you barely catch them, but
you do, and they make your heart flutter. “Just let me have this.”

“Ok,” you whisper back. You take his hand in yours and place a kiss against his open palm only to hear him sigh wistfully behind you. “Sleep well, oppa.”

“Ahh, Yoongi, we overslept!” The alarm clock next to his bed tells you it’s almost midnight already. The others have probably been awake for a good few hours, and Jimin must be getting suspicious about where you are, likely presuming you’re still with Yoongi. He’s not wrong, after all. He’s going to be so, so pissed.

You sit up quickly, knocking off Yoongi’s arm off of you in the process of climbing out of bed and briefly wondering if he’d been wrapped around you the whole time you were sleeping. It certainly looks as though he was. He starts to wake during all your commotion, lifting his sleepy head from the pillow to squint up at you, his hair all of a disarray.

“I need to go,” you tell him, collecting up your dress and quickly scanning the room to see if there’s anything else you’d be leaving behind, “Jimin will be wondering where I am.” Yoongi pushes himself up to sit upright and runs a hand through his hair, a smirk creeping across his face.

“He knows where you were.”

“I know, that’s what I’m afraid of,” you mutter. You look back at each other as a moment of silence falls between you, stretching on for what feels like forever. “Thank you, for everything.” You hope your face conveys just how sincere you are. You really are so grateful; you’re not sure how you would’ve gotten through these last 24 hours without his support. He gives you a small smile, one that you wish you could ignore the hint of sadness in.

He calls your name as you reach the bedroom door and you pause, looking back at him over your shoulder, one hand on the doorframe.

“I meant what I said, last night,” he tells you, “I’ll be here, waiting, if you need me.” You smile, but this time Yoongi doesn’t smile back. He just watches you leave from his spot on the bed, his eyes burning with the same intensity that you’ve seen in them from the moment you walked through the very same door last night, and your chest aches as you leave him behind.

He doesn’t just mean as a shoulder to cry on, you know that, and it leaves you feeling both excited and frightened in equal measure.

Chapter End Notes

WHY, WHY AM I DOING THIS TO MY HEART?!? THIS WAS NEVER IN MY ORIGINAL PLOT!!

Yooongiiiiii <3
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

Here you go my lovlies!! Chapter 17, as promised. Enjoy <3

When you get back to Jimin’s room you’re thankful to find it empty, letting out a sigh of relief as you pushed the door closed behind you. At least this way you’ve got a moment to collect your thoughts and think about what you’re going to say to him when he does reappear. You want answers for the way he acted last night, to know if he meant those things awful things he said, and figure out what that means for you if he did. You’d rather not hang around somewhere you’re not wanted… even if every fibre of your body tells you otherwise.

For now you head towards the bathroom, figuring that getting out of these clothes would be a good start to whatever tonight might bring. Showering always helps you clear your head and think, too, but before you can even reach for the door handle it suddenly swings open toward you. You jump back, startled, to see Jimin stood in the doorway. He’s topless, towel-drying his wet hair, and you curse yourself for the way your body betrays you, immediately feeling weak-kneed at the sight of him. How does he do this to you? You swallow hard as he passes you, turning on the spot to watch him go and frowning when you see the purple bruises that dust his ribs.

“You’re hurt,” you observe as Jimin discards his wet towel, throwing it onto the bed. He twists, looking down at his ribs with a wry smile and then glances back to you.

“It’s nothing.” You ‘hm’ in response, not sure what else to say but quickly coming to detest the awkward silence that stretches out between the two of you. You both just stand there, looking back at one another, unmoving and unspeaking.

Finally it’s Jimin that speaks first.

“You spent the night with Yoongi-hyung?” he asks, addressing the elephant in the room. He’s already looked you up and down and taken in what you’re wearing, the way his jaw tightening impossible not to notice, and when you roll your eyes his gaze darkens dangerously.

“Well I figured, why not? It’s not like I’m welcome in your bed, is it?” you snap back and Jimin’s eyes narrow, his chest heaving with the anger you know he’s holding back, biting his tongue inside his mouth. You stare back at him defiantly, as if daring him to say more, but Jimin doesn’t take the bait. He turns away from you, raking his fingers roughly through his hair, all the muscles of his back knotted tight. He looks like he’s struggling with his temper, as are you, so as he’s pacing and huffing you try your best to take a few deep breaths and calm yourself down. It won’t do any good having both of you as angry as each other.

He eventually comes back to stand in front of you, taking a second to close his eyes and exhale
heavily, letting his shoulders sag. It reminds you of the way he had to calm himself when he was arguing with Namjoon, and it makes you sad that it’s come to this between you. When he opens up his eyes again he looks much more collected. Regretful, even.

“I’m sorry,” he apologises, and you can tell that Jimin doesn’t find those words easy to say. “The way I spoke to you last night was… really harsh, and I’ve been feeling awful about it every second since.” As if he’s expecting you to recoil from him Jimin cautiously reaches out and places a hand on each of your arms, squeezing gently.

“… You really hurt me,” you whisper, looking down at the floor, trying to hold back the tears that are prickling in your eyes. You don’t want to cry now, not when he’s trying to make it right, but just the fact that he’s being nice to you is getting you all choked up again.

“I know.” You’re glad Jimin’s acknowledging the pain he caused, and that he’s gracious enough to look truly sorry about it. It still doesn’t explain why he acted like that in the first place, though, and you’re just about to questioning him when Jimin starts speaking again, releasing your arms. “That’s why I got you something.” Suddenly he’s smiling brightly; excited about whatever it is he has to show you. You’d almost forgotten just how beautiful his smile is with everything that’s been happening between you two, so despite feeling a little frustrated about getting side-lined from the issue at hand you decide to let it go for now and watch Jimin curiously, wondering what he has in store.

He walks to the side of the bed that’s hidden from view and lifts a plastic box from the floor, placing it down on the bedsheets with great care. You quickly realise it’s not just any box – it’s an animal carrier; you can tell by the grated door at the front.

“Come see,” he encourages, beckoning you over, and as you approach, bending low to look inside, excitement starts to bubble in your stomach. Kneeling down at the end of the bed you peer into the box, squinting. At first you can’t see anything at all, but then you spot something move right at the back, and suddenly two wide, green eyes are peering back out at you in the darkness.

“Oh!” you exclaim, your hands coming up to your mouth with surprise, eyes darting up to look at Jimin who’s watching you with glee, smiling so hard that he’s all teeth and cheeks and not much else. “A cat?” You feel yourself start to grin too, barely daring to believe your eyes. “You got me a cat?” He nods, leaning over to unlock the carrier door and open it wide.

“I heard you telling Taehyung you’d like one.” You almost falter for a moment, realising that if Jimin was awake to hear you say that then he must have been awake to witness the whole Taehyung-tickling-fiasco, but if it bothered him back then it certainly doesn’t look like it’s bothering him now. “And I thought she could keep you company if I’m not around.”

You don’t know what to say, overcome by how unexpectedly thoughtful he’s been, just gazing up at him with a stupid, goofy smile on your face. He chuckles, patting the top of the box softly and bobbing his head toward it. “Call her out then, she’s yours.”

Yours? She’s really, really yours? You’ve always wanted a cat, but your parents never really liked pets and your apartment was always too small to get one yourself.

“What’s her name?” you ask, peering inside again. She’s still watching you from the back of the carrier, her tail flicking nervously.

“The woman at the shelter said they’d been calling her Nova.”

“Nova,” you repeat, trying it out, and you see her ears swivel at the sound of her name. “Nova,” you
call, your voice high and sweet, and when that doesn’t do the trick you start making kissy noises too, alternating between that and her name.

“Try these,” Jimin suggests, shaking some fishy smelling treats from a packet into your hand. She immediately looks more interested, starting to creep forward out of the box towards your open palm.

“Come on Nova, good kitty,” you beckon, moving your hand further backward to lure her. When she’s finally out Jimin removes the box from the bed and you let her catch up to your hand, keeping it very still as she takes the treats one by one. She’s a gorgeous cat. She’s black from head to toe, her fur shiny and sleek, and she’s so slinky and delicate that you wonder whether she might have some Siamese in her. Once she’s done eating she sits back on her heels and starts to preen herself, looking surprisingly at home already.

“She’s beautiful Jimin, thank you,” you smile, gingerly reaching out your hand and running it along her spine. She flinches away from it initially, but with a little gentle persistence she soon becomes accustomed to you, going back about her business.

“I’m glad you like her,” Jimin smiles back, coming to stand beside you. Just as you’re stroking her, Jimin places his hand on your head and strokes your hair too. “Come here, kitten,” he beckons, taking your hand and helping you to stand, so close to one another that your chests are touching. As always, Jimin’s close proximity makes it a struggle for you to breathe, overwhelmed by his presence and the intensity of his gaze. He takes a gentle hold of your chin. “Am I forgiven?” You’re not sure he is, but you can’t find your tongue to tell him so, your eyes flopping closed as he leans in to kiss you.

When his lips don’t meet yours, halting just a breath away, you open up your eyes, wondering what’s made him stop. He pulls back, letting going of your chin and stepping away from you, grimacing like he’s stepped in something unpleasant.

“Jimin, what’s wrong?” you ask, anxiety sky-rocketing inside of you. Not again… please… not again.

“I can smell Yoongi-hyung all over you,” he replies, wrinkling his nose as he once again glares at what you’re wearing. “Go shower and take off those clothes; my scent suits you far better.” You must still be feeling a little irritable because hearing him speak about you that way – like you’re some piece of furniture that needs re-claiming – ends up riling you again, your skin prickling with annoyance. Jimin seems oblivious to the way you’re frowning, however, bending down and starting to unpack the bags of various cat accessories he’s bought. There’s a lovely blue velvet cat bed, a scratching post and lots of little toys; on strings, with feathers or stuffed with catnip to drive her crazy. It’d be easy to let yourself get distracted – the idea of playing with Nova far more appealing than starting another fight – but you know you need to get to the bottom of what happened yesterday.

“Jimin?” You call back his attention, looking up at you from where he’s crouched on the floor. “We need to talk about yesterday.”

“What’s there still to talk about?” he asks, lifting his eyebrows, “I said I was sorry.” He gets up, coming to stand near you, but you almost wish he wouldn’t. Feeling brave was easier when you were taller and able to look down on him.

“You can’t just buy me a cat and expect everything to magically be ok again,” you explain, trying to be reasonable, but it comes out sounding whinier than you would have liked. Jimin sighs, pushing his hair back with exasperation and moistening his lips.
“Ok. Talk.” He looks at you expectantly and you shift your weight from foot to foot, glancing down at the floor, suddenly nervous. You’re not even sure what to start, really.

“Lately, I’ve sort of been feeling like there’s… something… between us,” you begin, pausing to gauge Jimin’s reaction and sagging a little when there is none, “Like with the other night in the garden, and when we…” A blush rises on your cheeks as you gesture towards the bed where Nova is lying, curled up and fast asleep, and when you turn back to Jimin you see the tiniest of smirks creep across his face. “It didn’t feel just a casual thing, not at all, not until yesterday. I’m so confused, Jimin. You’re hot and then you’re cold, you push me away and then you do the sweetest things.” You sigh, looking up at him beseechingly from under your eyelashes, but Jimin seems to be doing all he can to avoid your gaze. “I need to tell me how you feel … so that I can now how I should feel, too.”

Jimin swallows as he wraps his arms around himself, looking pointedly away from you. You’ve never seen him look like this before; so small and unsure, like a lost little boy. You want to wrap him in your arms and kiss it all away, but you know that’ll never get you the answers you need. It’s far too easy to get lost in him if you let yourself, and before now you’d always thought you’d be able to read how he feels through his actions alone, but that’s obviously not the case. Right now only words will do, so you maintain your distance and wait for an answer.

It doesn’t come, though, the seconds stretching into minutes before your patience finally wears thin.

“Do you even care about me at all?!?” you ask sharply and with that Jimin’s head snaps back to face you, scowling hard.

“Of course I do!” he growls, like you were stupid to even ask.

“Then are you pushing me away?” You step toward him, closing the small amount space left between you and placing your hands on his forearms. “What are you so afraid of?”

“You!” Jimin shouts, jerking away, turning on the spot and knotting his fingers through his hair. “Me?” you scoff. Why the hell would a creature like Jimin be afraid of you?

“Yes, you!” His hands are still in his hair, his eyes wider than you’ve ever seen them before. He looks wild, frantic, and when you look closer you’re shocked to see that he’s almost on the verge of tears, his eyes shining with moisture. “I’m afraid of you being hurt, of hurting you, losing you, of—“ he hesitates, dropping his hands so his arms dangle limply at his sides, “-Of the way you’re making me feel. I haven’t felt anything in so long… I’m scared what’ll happen if I let myself go.” Jimin presses his lips together, turning his face to the floor with a slight shake of his head. You’re dumbstruck, stood there rooted to the spot while your heart pounds in your chest, too stunned for words.

So that’s why he acted like the way he did – he wasn’t intentionally trying to hurt you, he was just trying to protect himself, to keep himself from feeling vulnerable. Your poor, sweet Jimin… he really is as soft as Yoongi said.

“Jimin,” you whisper, aching with the need to touch him. He looks up at you, a wet tear line trailing down each of his cheeks, his bottom lip practically trembling, and seeing him that way forces you into motion. You throw yourself into his arms, clutching at his bare back and squeezing him in the tightest hug you possibly can. “You’re not going to hurt me, Jimin,” you tell him fiercely, your words muffled by the kisses you’re placing on his chest over and over again. His arms come to rest around you too, holding you just as tight, his face pressed to the top of your head. “And I will never, ever hurt you. I promise.” You feel Jimin’s chest swell with feeling against you as he presses a kiss
to your hair, and you know that he’s listening, that he believes in what you’re saying. You tilt your face upward to look at him, butterflies whirling in your stomach when your eyes meet and you see the sheer amount of emotion shining back at you.

You want to tell him that you love him, the words lingering like a lump in your throat that you can’t push down, but it’s too soon. You can’t risk scaring him away, not now, not when he’s opened himself up to you like this.

“I’ve never felt this way about anyone,” you tell him honestly, holding his gaze and loving the little smile that lights up his face when he hears your words. “This is scary for me too.” Jimin’s hand comes up to cup caress your cheek, grazing his thumb along the angle of your cheekbone.

“You don’t ever need to be scared of me,” he says in the softest, sweetest of voices, leaning down to rest his forehead against yours, and you know it’s true. You know now that Jimin would never hurt you deliberately, be it physically or emotionally – you just wish you’d known so before. Jimin brushes his pillow-y lips against yours chastely, curling his arm even tighter around your waist to keep you close as you melt against him. You wish you could make him realise just how much he means to you. When he stops kissing you and places his forehead back to yours you raise a hand to his face, gently wiping away the remnants of tears from each cheek and smiling up at him as you do.

“I want you to know… I didn’t sleep with Yoongi. I mean, we slept but not like that.”

“You didn’t?” Even though it didn’t necessarily need saying you’re immediately glad that you’ve told him, because the look of relief on Jimin’s face is heart-breakingly sweet. Sticking with honestly, you nervously disclose the kiss to him too.

“But I stopped it.” you assure him, placing the flat of your palm against his chest, “I do care about Yoongi, and I know he cares about me too… but with you it’s… more.” Jimin’s face had initially hardened when you’d mentioned the kiss, but the longer you talk the more you see him relax again, that little smile of his reappearing. “There’s another thing I didn’t tell you, too.” You bite your bottom lip as he cocks his head to the side curiously, waiting. “You were my first.”

Jimin’s eyebrows crease in confusion for a split second as he tries to work out what you mean, thinking so hard you can almost see the cogs in his head turning, but then they suddenly spring upwards again, his whole face opening up wide with surprise.

“You were a virgin?” You nod, biting your lip again to hold back the laugh that’s trying to escape. He looks so adorable when he’s this shocked, his mouth still hanging open. “The thought had crossed my mind but… but you did so well, I never thought…” You blush at his praise, glancing down to the floor, so glad that your inexperience didn’t give you away, but when you look up you notice that his surprise has morphed into dismay. “And the way I spoke to you afterwards, after your first time…” He trails off, his eyes looking off elsewhere as he becomes lost in thought. He releases you and takes a step back, as if doesn’t deserve to touch you. “God, I really am a fucking jerk.”

“Jimin, it’s ok, really,” you tell him, attempting to soothe his conscience as Jimin drags a hand through his hair.

“It’s not ok,” he disagrees, his eyes suddenly landing on you again, something urgent entering his expression as he says your name, stepping close to you again and taking both your hands in his. “Let me make it up to you, kitten.” He lifts your joined hands to his mouth and rains kisses down on them, dragging his teeth along your palms and making you shiver. “Let me make you feel good.”

You’re lost already, breathless as you agree with a nod of your head and a whispered,

“Ok.”
This is pure smut and fluff, with absolutely no plot development whatsoever... and I'm not sorry <3

Love you guys!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

With a slow, seductive smile Jimin guides you toward the bathroom. You’re more than happy to be led, smiling back shyly, but when you get to the door you pause, looking over your shoulder to the black cat that’s still sleeping at the end of the bed.

“What about Nova?”

“I was hoping we could do this without her,” Jimin jokes with a tilt of his head and you end up giggling, shrieking when he pulls you sharply into the bathroom behind him. He gathers you up in his arms and kisses you tenderly, waiting for you to open up before slipping his tongue into your mouth to brush against yours. Even from the way he’s kissing you can tell that Jimin’s making a measured effort to take things more gently this time, the way he would have done last time if he’d have known, and you’re infinitely grateful to him for it.

He turns you in his arms, moving to linger behind you as you both stand in front of the bathroom mirror. You watch his reflection plant kisses against your neck, tilting your head to the side to give him better access as he places his hands on your hips.

“Do you know how pretty you are, kitten?” he murmurs against your skin, looking up from to lock eyes with you in the mirror. You shake your head and blush, turning your face away. No, you don’t know. You’ll never understand why someone like Jimin, who could have anyone he wanted, would want you. “Look at yourself,” Jimin encourages gently and after a moment you do as he asks, looking at the wide-eye girl in the mirror staring back at you. “Look at these lips.” He pinches your bottom lip between his thumb and forefinger as he bites his own, and when he lets go it swells ruby red with blood. Yoongi’s clothes are stripped from you next, Jimin pulling the t-shirt up and the shorts down to leave you naked and blushing at your reflection. “Much better,” he purrs approvingly, his eyes roving over your naked skin. He takes a step toward you so his chest meets your back, the material of his sweatpants brushing against your behind.

“Jimin,” you complain, trying to hide yourself with your arms self-consciously. He tuts, taking hold of your wrists and pulling your arms upward and backward to hook around his neck. It’s not exactly a comfortable position but it does wonders for your figure, elongating your torso and pushing out your breasts.

“See?” he whispers in your ear, his tongue darting out to flick against the lobe, “See these curves?” Jimin trails his fingertips down your side from your armpit to your hip and it tickles so badly that all your muscles contract as you giggle, screwing up your eyes and squirming. “I love seeing you smile.” When you look again Jimin’s smiling beside you too, his fingers splaying out across your hips as he gazes at your reflection.
You have to admit, there is something about the way you look right now. Perhaps it’s arousal, or maybe it’s just happiness, but whatever it is, it suits you. For once you think you look like a real woman, maybe even an attractive woman, and apparently Jimin agrees. He seems to have forgotten all about your reflection and is too busy worshipping your neck with his mouth, kitten-licking wet trails across your skin and then blowing on them, grinning at the way you shiver against him. His hand that was resting on your hip starts to trail further down, towards the wetness gathering between your legs, your breath quickening with every centimetre that he inches closer and you widen your stance slightly, eager to grant him access, knowing just how good his fingers can make you feel.

“Jimin,” you huff, threading your fingers into the back of his hair and pushing your behind against him. He’s being agonisingly slow and the ache in your belly is quickly becoming unbearable.

“You feel so good

“Jimin,” you huff, threading your fingers into the back of his hair and pushing your behind against him. He’s being agonisingly slow and the ache in your belly is quickly becoming unbearable.

“Please.”

“Hmm…” Jimin groans. His fingertips dancing along your public bone, “I love it when you beg.”

For one excruciating moment you think he’s going to keep drawing this out to relish in your neediness, but then he presses a soft kiss to your cheek and nuzzles his nose against your hair. “But it’s me who should be begging for forgiveness tonight, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” you reply shakily, bowing your back to press against him again, his clothed erection digging into the soft flesh of your buttocks. “Show me. Show me how sorry you are.” Jimin growls against your shoulder, his resolve faltering as he finally sinks his hand between your legs and slides two fingers straight inside. You gasp, back bowing involuntarily this time, tugging on Jimin’s hair as he starts to pump his fingers in and out of you. The stretch burns, but it feels so good, your breath hitching in your throat every time the heel of his hand meets your clitoris.

“No wonder this pussy’s so tight for me,” he pants against your hair, breathing hard. You twist your head, searching for his lips and moaning when Jimin shoves his tongue straight inside, hungry for you. All of the emotional turmoil over the last 24 hours and all of the sexual tension between you and Yoongi has left you especially responsive to Jimin’s touch, and no more than a couple of minutes into it your orgasm comes so quickly that it takes you both by surprise. You cry out, knees buckling and clutching onto Jimin to keep from falling as he kisses you again.

“Can I fuck you, kitten? Can I?” he asks urgently, words muffled on your mouth, already tugging down his sweatpants before you’ve even had chance to answer. He pushes on the small of your back to bend you forward, your elbows meeting the bathroom counter as he coats his cock with the juices of your orgasm, his eyes fixated on your pussy. “I need you, fuck.”

You’ve never seen him look like this before; he’s frantic, desperate, biting on his bottom lip so hard that it should bleed, his muscles practically vibrating with all the pent up energy he’s holding back. It makes you feel powerful, knowing how badly he wants you, and you shoot him a cocky smile in the bathroom mirror that makes him groan wantonly, grabbing at your ass so savagely you’re expecting bruises. “Can I?” he repeats again, his wide, dark eyes looking back at you almost pleadingly. He places the tip of his cock against your entrance, pausing there, licking his lips, but instead of giving him a verbal reply you go one better and answer him by sinking yourself back onto it with a long, loud moan.

“God, Jimin,” you pant, your head flopping forward, swivelling your hips back against him. “Jimin, move.”

“Fuck, yes,” he breathes, grabbing onto your hipbones and pulling himself out almost completely, only to slam back in second later, thrusting so deep that the head of his cock smacks against your cervix. Your whole body jolts forward, your stomach hitting the counter as you try to brace yourself against the pounding rhythm he sets, crying out with every snap of his hips. “You feel so good
Jimin fucks into you relentlessly, his pace never slowing even as his breathing becomes ragged and you feel sweat drip from his chest onto your back. Your hands are desperately searching for something to hold onto, nails scratching against the stone countertop, finally finding the edge of the sink to grab onto for support, and once you’re somewhat stable you make the mistake of opening your eyes, only to come face to face with your own reflection.

You don’t recognise the woman staring back at you. She has lust-darkened eyes, heavily flushed cheeks and lips that are swollen from the way she’s biting down on them. You don’t recognise the noises she’s making, either; the mewling, the whimpering, the swearing under her breath. When did you suddenly become this carnal, sexual being? You’d never for one moment thought you’d do things like this before you met Jimin, never mind enjoy them. And oh, you don’t just enjoy it, you love it.

“Am I forgiven yet, kitten?” Jimin pants, leaning his whole body over your to plant wet, messy kisses over the back of your neck, still pushing into you from behind.

“M-make me cum again and you will be,” you stutter back, lifting your head up to flash him a grin.

“He smirks back at you from over your shoulder, sticking his tongue out tantalisingly. God, he’s so sexy. You don’t get long to look at him though, not when he starts pounding into you even harder than before. You gasp, pushing back against him, feeling your orgasm build with every thrust of his hips.

“Come on, c’mon,” Jimin encourages through gritted teeth as he feels you start to tighten around him, knowing you’re close, “Cum on my cock.”

“Jimin!” you cry out, caught on the precipice, willing yourself over the edge, “Jimin, please, please…” If you don’t cum in a second you feel as though you might implode, or burst into tears. You let go of the sink, sticking one hand between your legs and rubbing your clitoris, Jimin’s cock sliding past your fingertips on its way inside you.

“Jesus,” Jimin groans when he realises what you’re doing, “I’m gonna cum. You’re so hot, fuck, kitten, I’m gonna-“ He can no longer finish what he’s saying, pushed over the edge by the sight of you pleasuring yourself and the animalistic sounds you’re making. His cock goes rock hard inside you as he starts to spill his release, throwing his head back, grabbing onto your hips, groaning louder than you’ve ever heard him before. Watching his face contort with ecstasy, seeing his jaw slacken with pleasure; it’s the most breath-taking thing you’ve ever seen. It finally pushes you over the brink, spearing yourself backward onto his now softening cock, practically sobbing with pleasure as you come down.

Jimin’s so gentle with you as you recover, slumped over with your face pressed to the cold countertop. He shifts your hair off of your shoulders and plants kisses along the skin he’s exposed, keeping his body pressed closed to yours. If he were human you presume it’d be unbearably warm, having him leant over you like this, but as it is, Jimin’s a very welcome cold compress against your back, one that’s slowly tickling your side and smiling as you start to giggle again.

“Is it always this… exhausting?” you ask breathlessly, pushing yourself up onto your elbows and plonking your chin in your hands, grinning.

“I hope so,” Jimin smiles back cheekily, pressing one more kiss to your shoulder before finally sliding out of you. Your whole body is aching again as you straighten up, and you can’t help but wonder whether you’ll always ache just this much too. It was worth it though. Most definitely.
Jimin walks over to the shower, still gorgeously naked, and for the first time you get to really appreciate just how stunning his bare form is. He isn’t the tallest, and he certainly doesn’t have the broadest of shoulders, but his back and tapered waist still manage to form that desirable inverted V. His legs are short but strong, thick muscle lining his calves and thighs, and as he reaches upward to turn on the shower you notice the curve of his biceps too. You end up biting your lip as your eyes come to rest on his behind; you’ve never seen a guy with a bottom like it. It’s so pert and thick and round, and you’re suddenly filled with the strangest urge to sink your teeth into it.

“Come on,” Jimin beckons, extending his hand to you, one foot already in the shower cubicle, “I’m not done making it up to you yet.” You follow after him obediently, threading your fingers between his and letting him pull you close under the water. You’re relishing in how affectionate he’s being, half expecting to wake up any minute now alone on your chaise lounge, but with every kiss he gives to you it feels more and more real.

The warm water flowing over your body feels nice, but Jimin’s gentle caressing feels far nicer.

“Your hair’s getting wet again,” you smile when he pulls away, damp pieces of fringe falling into his eyes. “Looks good.”

“Is that so?” he smiles back, cocking an eyebrow at you. You nod, taking hold of a piece and flicking it backward playfully, and you’re just about to start kissing him again when you feel the evidence of Jimin’s orgasm starting to slide down the inside of your thighs. You start to blush, pressing your legs together, hoping he won’t notice before the water can quickly wash it away. Unfortunately for you, Jimin notices your blush. “What’s wrong?” You chuckle nervously.

“No one ever told me how… messy sex was.” Jimin glances down, and although you’re sure he can’t see you’re sure he’s immediately gotten the gist of what you mean because he laughs and presses his finger against the tip of your nose.

“Why don’t you open those legs,” he suggests enticingly, running that fingertip along the bridge of your nose, his tongue sliding out to moisten his bottom lip, “And I’ll help you clean up.” Your eyes widen, gawping at him. Surely he can’t mean…?

“Again?” you ask disbelievingly. A cheeky smile spreads across his face as his hands snake down from your hips and onto your thighs, applying gentle pressure to encourage them apart.

“You don’t want me to?” You hesitate, starting to blush even harder as Jimin gets onto his knees at your feet, water pouring over his shoulders and dripping down his back.

“I didn’t say that…” you mumble back shyly, slowly opening your legs for him. The moment you do Jimin dives in, making sure to flash you a roguesh wink before he does. His mouth immediately attaches to your core, morphing your giggle into a stilted moan. “A-ah!” Your hands immediately fly out against the shower tiles, trying in vain to get a grip on the slippery surface as your knees once again threaten to give way.

His tongue laps amongst your folds, licking up yours and his juices alike while his short nails dig into the malleable flesh of your thighs. You’re so ridiculously oversensitive after having two orgasms already that you can’t quite make out whether you want to push him off or pull him in, your engorged clit provided a perfect target for Jimin to lave his tongue against. It feels amazing. So amazing, in fact, that you forget you’re in the shower and tilt your head back only to receive a face full of water that leaves you coughing and spluttering, somewhat ruining the moment.

“Are you alright up there?” Jimin asks from below, barely containing his laughter.
“I’m… fine,” you reply, feeling slightly mortified, “Just… carry on.” Jimin tuts, pinching the inside of your thigh and making you yelp.

“Manners, kitten,” he lectures you. The set of his mouth is stern but his eyes are still twinkling playfully so you smile back coyly, biting your lip.

“Please.” Thankfully Jimin carries on right where he left off once you act contritely, returning his attention to your clitoris. He sucks it lightly, knowing that you’re bordering on overstimulation as it is and mercifully giving you only as much as you can handle and when you twist your fingers through his wet tangles of hair Jimin hums into you, the vibration making you mewl in pleasure.

He slowly and skillfully works you towards another orgasm, knowing just when to hold back or give you more, led by the pitch and urgency of your moans until you’re shouting out his name for the third time today. You dig your fingernails into his scalp, Jimin supporting your weight as your knees finally do give out, and when that white hot flash of pleasure starts to ebb away into a pleasant hum of satisfaction he lets you sink onto the floor of the shower next to him, totally and utterly spent.

“Thank you,” you sigh, leaning forward and resting your forehead on Jimin’s wet shoulder as soon as he’s sat cross-legged opposite you, your eyes blissfully closed. “You’re definitely, definitely forgiven.” He chuckles softly, stroking the back of your hair.

“You’re welcome.” Jimin says no more but after a moment you feel him start to rub something across your back. It’s a washcloth, lathered in his lemon scented shower-cream.

“Jimin, you don’t have to.” You sit up, trying to take the cloth from him as he rubs it across the top of your chest. He gives you a firm look and your hand immediately drops, letting him wash you as he seems to want to do. It’s a little embarrassing at first, having him look at you so closely without lust clouding his gaze, but you soon learn to enjoy it, closing your eyes again and just enjoying the softness of the washcloth and the tenderness of his touch.

When he’s done Jimin stands and turns off the shower, then offers you his hand to help you up, pulling you into his arms and kissing you once more. His lips are saturated with the taste of you, but it’s not unpleasant. In fact, when the kiss ends Jimin is licking his lips again, as if he’s savouring it. He fetches a towel for the both of you, wrapping you up like a fluffy sausage roll as you smile gratefully back at him and then tucking the other around his waist.

Honestly, if you thought you loved him before it’s nothing compared to how you’re feeling now as you waddle after him, back into his bedroom. You’d never thought for a second that Jimin could be like this; so caring and so sweet. You can’t believe how lucky are you to be here with him, to be treated like this. He hasn’t even asked for your blood, and you’d kind of thought that was a given.

Nova is still dosing on Jimin’s bed when you re-enter the room, and she’s not too impressed when he disturbs her, lifting her up and taking her over to the litter tray he’d already set up in the far end of the room. She uses it, though, so you’re glad he moved her there rather than her have an accident on the bed. Jimin starts to get dressed, occasionally glancing over at you with a soft smile on his face, and you know you should too, but right now you can’t get past the giddy happiness you’re feeling.

You’re stood with your arms wrapped around yourself, trying not to dance as you grin like a loon.

“Come on, we should go and introduce Nova to the others,” Jimin encourages, already wearing a loose v-necked t-shirt and shorts himself. He walks over to your drawers, probably intending to fetch you another dress - as usual.

“Is it ok if we just stay here tonight, just us?” you ask sheepishly. You know it’s selfish to want him all to yourself, but you can’t bear to part with all this lavish attention just yet. Not if you don’t have
“And Nova,” you add with a smile.

“You want me all to yourself, hm?” he smirks back.

“Something like that.” Jimin pauses, glancing down into your top drawer and then pushing it closed again. “Would you… do you want to wear my clothes?” he asks, suddenly bashful. Seeing you in Yoongi’s outfit has obviously stuck in his mind, and you know it’s sort of petty of him for only offering now, because of that, but somehow you still end up finding it sweet.

“Yes please,” you nod and Jimin beams, his eyes disappearing above his cheeks, quickly going over to his closet and fetching you a comfortable looking hoodie and pair of sweats. They smell like him when you pull them on, and once fully dressed Jimin seems to nod to himself in satisfaction.

As you walk towards Jimin’s bed, planning on getting comfortable for a night of TV and talking – and hopefully cuddling – Nova is winding her way around your ankles. She’s surprisingly friendly for a shelter cat, but then you always have gotten along with animals, and when you pick her up and plonk her on the bed with a couple of toys she’s more than happy to go along with it. You notice the sagginess of her stomach as you let her go; she must have had kittens at some point.

Suddenly you feel all the colour drain from your face, dread trickling cold down your spine. How could you be so stupid?

“Jimin,” you say slowly, turning to him from where you’re perched on the edge of the bed. He’s already lying down, relaxing, not a care in the world, only starting to frown when he sees the absolutely look of horror on your face. “… I’m not on birth control.” Jimin blinks, his expression blank, but then he starts laughing, shaking his head and sitting forward to press a kiss against your forehead.

“It’s a good job I’m dead, then, isn’t it?”

“Oh my god,” you exhale, starting to laugh too, clutching your chest where your heart is pounding hard, “Oh my god I was so scared for a second then.”

“Not very responsible of you, kitten,” Jimin chastises playfully, lying back down and pulling you with him to lie against his side, your head on his chest, Nova chewing on a toy down by your feet. “You should be more careful.”

“I wasn’t exactly planning on getting laid when I moved in,” you scoff, quickly realising that that’s a total lie, “Well, I was hoping to, but not holding my breath.” Jimin’s chest starts bouncing with laughter again and you tilt your head up to look at him, a big smile on your face, resting your arm across his waist and squeezing. He squeezes you back, falling silent. “Hey,” you say after a moment, twisting to look at him properly, “If you’re calling me kitten, and you don’t like Jagiya… what can I call you?”

“Hmm…” he considers, catching his bottom lip between your teeth as he thinks, staring down at you with those gorgeous eyes of his. The corner of his mouth twitches. “Well…” What started as a twitch soon turns into a wide, fanged, salacious, smile, “You could call me daddy.”

Chapter End Notes

AHHH I couldn't resist putting it in, I'm sorry, I just had to!
Also, I realised I hadn't addressed the whole finishing inside, pregnancy thing sooo.. there's that issue put to bed. Remember, wrap it up people!

Hope you enjoyed this one <3
The rest of that evening passes by in a blissful blur. You and Jimin don’t necessarily talk non-stop, but your silence is back to being comfortable – and who needs to talk when you can just lie there in his arms anyway? Jimin remains wonderfully affectionate for the rest of the night, only leaving your side to fetch you food and play with Nova. The way he interacts with her is adorable, and you end up wondering whether he’d really gotten her for just your benefit, or whether you’d actually provided him with a very convenient excuse. You don’t mind, anyway. Watching Jimin boop his nose against hers with a big smile on his face is more than enough of a reward.

When you fall asleep the next morning it’s with the TV still playing in the background; Jimin drifts off before you and you just can’t bring yourself to risk waking him to find the remote and turn it off. You definitely would wake him, too, what with his arms him holding you so tightly, your head leant on his chest. It’s not like they can’t afford the electric bill anyway so you just let yourself fall asleep there, Nova dozing curled up in her plush bed too.

Jimin’s already out of bed before you when dusk falls later that day, fully dressed when he wakes you up with a gentle stroke of your hair. Although you were so keen to spend time with just Jimin last night, you’re eager to see the others now. Three days seems like a long time to not see the people you share a house with, especially people you like so much. You wash your hair and dress yourself briskly, wondering whether Yoongi will be around too. It’s him that you especially want to see, partly because you so enjoy his company, but also because you want to check that everything’s ok between you two.

He must have figured out that you and Jimin made up, what with you not coming crying to his door again, and now you stop and think about it you feel sort of guilty for the way you behaved with him, and not for the reasons you should. You feel bad for indulging whatever feelings Yoongi has for you when you’re already so caught up in Jimin. The last thing you want to do is lead him on and make him miserable by condemning him to a life of wanting something he can’t have.

But then maybe you’re just giving yourself far too much credit. Having one gorgeous man interested in you is miraculous enough, nevermind a second one vying for your affections as well. Yoongi probably won’t even be bothered, and things will just go back to the way they were before.

... why does the idea of that make you feel sort of sad?

Jimin says your name, startling you from your reverie as he places his hand in the small of your back, too.

“Go on ahead, I need to speak to Namjoon.” The very name fills your stomach with dread, like you’ve swallowed a heavy stone. Jimin notices your change of expression and flashes you a quick smile. “It’s nothing to worry about.”

“Ok.” He places a quick kiss to your forehead, scratching Nova’s head too before he starts to ascend
the stairs two at a time, leaving you stood in the entrance hall, cat in arms, hoping that he won’t come back with a black eye this time.

You make your way into the living room, expecting to find everyone in there and feeling puzzled when it sits quiet and empty, but you soon realise where they are once a cheer comes from the next room. Pushing the dining room door open with your hip you smile as you see them all. The dining room is huge, with plush red carpets and wood panelled walls, an extravagant chandelier dangling from the middle of the ceiling. The room isn’t used for eating, though, not even close – the dining table is pushed against the far wall and gathering dust.

Instead, they’ve turned it into a games room. It’s such a big space that they’ve managed to install a basketball hoop at one end and still leave room for a ping-pong table and a pool table stood side by side, and it’s the ping-pong table where four of them are now locked in an intense doubles match that’s clearly getting out of hand.

Jungkook is shouting something in Korean, waving his paddle around in frustration, and by the way he’s jabbing his finger against the lines on the table you could guess that they’re arguing about whether the last shot was in or out. It’s the loudest you’ve ever seen him be, save when he was shrieking with laughter. It’s Jin that’s arguing back, a hand on his hip and a stubborn expression on his face, clearly getting annoyed by someone he considers so junior questioning his judgement. Hoseok’s just grinning, watching the chaos unfold before him while Taehyung’s doing a little victory dance, waving his arms above his head, oblivious to the fact his point may not have even been awarded.

“Yoongi-ah, was it in, or out?” Jin huffs, exasperated, turning around and deferring judgement to the only one of them who isn’t playing. He’s sat by the side of them in an armchair, staring down at his phone, but when Jin addresses him he looks up with a deadpan face and answers,

“I don’t care.” You snort with laughter at his reply, in love with his dry sense of humour and continuing to be amused by the way Jin curses in Korean and slams his paddle down, admitting defeat as Jungkook and Taehyung start to cheer. A slow, easy smile spreads across Yoongi’s face, amused at the mischief he’s caused, but the sound of your soft laughter catches his attention, his head turning to look at you lingering in the doorway, that smile turning into something softer that reaches his eyes.

A beat passes where you just look at each other, a fond smile growing on you too until Nova starts to struggle in your arms, becoming frustrated at being held for such a length of time.

“Oh, Nova, careful!” you panic as she jumps from your arms and onto the floor. You needn’t worry though, because of course she lands on her feet. The rest of the group are alerted to your presence, all turning to you in almost perfect sync.

“Long time no see, stranger!” Hoseok smiles, while Jin waves his paddle at you in greeting from behind. Taehyung and Jungkook barely seem to have noticed you, however, their attention falling straight on Nova. Taehyung is already on all fours on the floor, crawling over to her slowly with a stupidly happy grin on his face.

“Where did she come from?!?” he questions, edging ever closer as Nova eyes him suspiciously from where she’s now sat under the table.

“Jimin got her for me,” you reply, casting a glance Yoongi’s way. His face remains pretty impassive, for the most part.

“There you go, Tae-ah. Turn yourself into a pretty girl and you can have all the pets you want,”
Hoseok jokes, the others around the ping-pong table sniggering as his expense.

“Here kitty, kitty, kitty,” Taehyung beckons, paying them no notice as he lowers his body even further to the ground, creeping forward. He extends his hand toward her, probably a little too quickly and Nova darts, running across the room. She comes to Yoongi's feet and then gracefully jumps up, plonking herself on his lap without even so much as an invite. Taehyung groans his rejection.

“You scared her, Hyung!” Jungkook scolds, tutting, tossing his paddle to and fro in his hands. Yoongi's looking down at the animal with what you'd guess is feigned disdain, his nose wrinkled.

“I don’t want you, furball,” he mutters, even as his fingers find their way into her fur to stroke her.

“Don’t take it to heart, Tae. She’s still a little skittish,” you tell him, smiling sympathetically at his crestfallen face. She hasn’t been that nervous at all, actually, but you'd rather tell a little white lie and save him the disappointment.

“She probably just likes Yoongi-Hyung because she knows he doesn’t move,” Hoseok scoffs, and even though you don’t mean to laugh a little giggle still comes out. Yoongi sends him a withering look across the room, tickling Nova roughly under her chin while Taehyung picks himself up off the floor, slumping dejectedly back to the ping-pong table. As you make your way across to Yoongi they start playing again, though not until after Jungkook goads them into it. He’s so mouthy when he gets competitive, and it’s positively adorable.

You flop into the armchair next to Yoongi’s, resting your elbow on the arm and your chin on your palm, peering over at Nova who’s now stretched out on her back and purring for all she’s worth. You hope Taehyung doesn’t see.

“Hi,” you greet softly. It’s a simple enough greeting, but your tone conveys so much more; are you ok? Are we ok?

“Hey.” He gives you a small smile that doesn’t quite meet his eyes. “I guess you guys made up?”

“Yeah.” You keep your reply short, not really wanting to go into details. It’s safe to assume that Yoongi won’t really want to know how exactly Jimin made it up to you.

“Good,” he nods, looking down at Nova in his lap. You’re not sure he really means that, but it’s nice of him to pretend, you suppose. You lapse into silence for a minute or so, eventually sighing when it seems like Yoongi isn’t going to say anymore, turning your head to watch the game instead.

“I missed you coming to play piano last night.” When you look back round Yoongi is staring intensely back at you, and as he glances down to your lips you know he’s remembering the same thing you are; the two of you sat side by side on the piano stool, Yoongi’s hands cupping your face, his lips pressed against yours.

“Did you still want me to?” you ask cautiously, trying to ignore the blush you know is colouring your cheeks.

“Of course.” He doesn’t hesitate at all before he replies, a teasing smile appearing on his face. “You still suck.”

“Shut up,” you chuckle, feigning annoyance. He just takes it, shrugging his shoulders.

“Do you still want to?” he checks, expression turning so unsure that it’s sweet.

“Of course.” The quickness of your answer surprises the both of you, Yoongi’s eyes brightening...
with happiness. It’s true though – you don’t want to stop spending time with him because of what happened... You just need to be more careful that it doesn’t happen again. Although that might be easier said than done if Yoongi won’t stop looking at you the way he is right now; like there’s no-one else in the room.

“Aish! You’re such a cheater!” Your attention is pulled back to Taehyung who’s brandishing his paddle in Hoseok’s direction as the other just laughs, unaffected by the blonde’s searing scowl. You’d thought these guys were competitive playing video games, but it seems like they’re even worse when it comes to this. At this rate you feel like you might end up needing to step in and break them up – easier said than done when it comes to two squabbling vampires.

“That colour looks good on you.” You jump when Yoongi speaks again, alarmed that he’s leant in so close that you feel his breath on your ear. You’re fairly certain that you’re turning the same shade of red as your dress, crossing one leg over the other as you swallow nervously. It was the wrong thing to do, because now he’s looking at your legs, eyes drifting up from your ankles to where the hem of your dress skirts your thighs, and your pulse is starting to quicken.

“Watch out!”

A rogue ping-pong ball comes flying your way, making you duck sharply out of the way to avoid getting hit in the face. You glower at the group, and it doesn’t a take a genius to figure out whose fault it was; Jungkook is staring down at the table feigning innocence, avoiding your eyes. Though perhaps you should thank him for providing such a successful distraction, and just in time too, because a moment later Jimin comes walking into the dining room with none other than Namjoon at his side.

You haven’t crossed paths with Namjoon ever since your dabble into voyeurism and the moment you see him it’s like you’re transported right back there, peeping through the door, watching him savage that woman in every sense of the word. Your heart starts to pound in your chest, but it’s not a pleasant flutter like it was a minute ago. The second he looks at you it feels like you’ve been plunged into ice. You drop your eyes to the floor submissively.

Yoongi softly says your name, alarmed by your sudden change in behaviour. He doesn’t know what you saw before, or the feelings of fear and twisted desire that Namjoon inspires in you.

“I thought I’d come to meet our new house-guest,” he explains, voice silky smooth, “Apparently one pet wasn’t enough for Jimin-ah.” You grit your teeth, clenching your jaw, very aware that Yoongi is still watching you closely.

“What’s wrong gongjunim?” he whispers so only you can hear, the worry evident in his tone, leaning in close again. You shake your head an infinitesimal amount, flicking your eyes upward and realising that Namjoon is now stood only a metre away, Jimin still right at his side. You’re not sure what bothers you more; Namjoon’s close proximity or the way Jimin is watching you and Yoongi through narrowed, jealous eyes. The black-haired vampire must sense it too, because he swiftly leans back to pit more space between you, adopting his normal poker face as he starts fussing Nova again.

“May I?” Namjoon asks politely, addressing the question to you as he extends his hands out to take Nova from Yoongi's lap. He’s smiling so pleasantly, as if butter wouldn’t melt, but you can from the look in his eyes that there’s a whole wealth of cogs twisting and turning in his mind and he looks at you.

“Be my guest,” you answer, equally civil – once you manage to find your voice, that is. You’re half hoping that Nova will be absolutely repelled by Namjoon, that’ll she’ll hiss and twist and jump out of
his arms, but it turns out to be entirely the opposite. He lifts her from Yoongi’s lap and straight to his
chest, cradling her against him with a gentleness that seems totally out of character, and she loves it.
She nudges her nose against his chin and then starts to rub the side of her face against his jaw as he
scratches behind her ear, smiling down at her indulgently.

Taehyung looks absolutely bereft at Nova’s acceptance of seemingly everyone but him; like a child
that’s had his favourite toy taken away.

“What a pretty little thing you are,” Namjoon admires as she begins to purr. Traitor.

Jimin comes to your side, sitting himself on the arm of your chair and sliding his hand into the back
of your hair, nails scraping at the back of your scalp just hard enough to make you shiver. You look
up at him, expecting him to be looking back at you, but instead he’s staring directly at Yoongi, that
dark, possessive look still on his face. Looking the other way, it seems Yoongi either hasn’t noticed
or is pointedly ignoring him – you presume it’s the latter of the two – and you start worrying your
bottom lip between your teeth, turning your gaze frontward again only to lock eyes with Namjoon.
Oh, well isn’t this fun?

A sly smirk starts to stretch across his face, those dimples of his appearing as he takes in the
atmosphere between the three of you; Jimin staring daggers at his Hyung, Yoongi looking anywhere
but his direction, and you caught awkwardly in the middle. You know that Namjoon has
immediately surmised what’s going on, even if the others haven’t. He’s too smart not to.

“Jimin-ah,” he suddenly says, and behind him you can hear Jungkook asking for just one more
game, “That assignment that I gave you for tonight?” You glance up to Jimin who’s now listening
intently to Namjoon, his fingers still absent-mindedly running through your hair. “I think you should
take some back-up.” Hoseok must have been listening in because he suddenly pipes up, moving to
Namjoon’s side with an eager smile.

“I can go, Joonie-ah! It’s been too long since JiHope kicked some ass.” He thumps his fist in his
palm, already ready for a fight, practically bouncing on the spot as you try to work out what the hell
a ‘JiHope’ is. It clicks just as Namjoon starts shaking his head, that sly smile growing even wider.

“Not tonight. I think it’s about time Yoongi-Hyung was made to take some exercise.”

Oh yes, Namjoon knows exactly what he’s doing. For the first time Yoongi actually looks at Jimin,
his head turning sharply his way, the only visible sign of his surprise being the way his eyebrows
have raised above the line of his fringe, but now it’s Jimin that’s ignoring him, looking impassively
straight ahead to Namjoon.

Why do you have a feeling this is going to end badly?

“If Hobi-Hyung would rather come, that’s fine by me,” Jimin says, his voice too level and controlled
to sound natural. Hoseok grins widely at hearing he’s wanted, but that smile soon falls when
Namjoon puts his foot down.

“No,” he snaps, no longer smiling, “You two will go, and no one else.” Hoseok just shrugs his
acceptance at Jimin and then goes back to his game, his disappointment soon forgotten as Jungkook
fires another head-shot at him.

Yoongi rises from his seat with a sigh, slipping his phone into the back pocket of his black skinny
jeans. He looks really good tonight, with the rips in his jeans and the shirt and braces combination
he’s wearing. You realise too late that you’ve been looking too long, glancing back nervously to
Jimin and blushing guiltily when you see the way he’s clenching his jaw.
“Come on then,” Yoongi says to Jimin, looking back to both of you.

“One second.” The next thing you know Jimin’s leaning over you, pulling you towards him with that hand that’s still in your hair and claiming your mouth with a hard, passionate kiss. You know he’s doing it for effect and that this is all a display of dominance meant for Yoongi, but you can’t help but enjoy it. Jimin taking control leaves you feeling so weak, in the best of ways, and it’s a good thing the kiss doesn’t last too long because a moment longer and you’re sure you would have started moaning into his mouth, no matter who was around to listen.

When he pulls away you’re blushing and breathless, and absolutely everyone is watching. The game came to such an abrupt standstill that the ping-pong ball bounces against the table-top and then rolls straight off, completely ignored by Taehyung. He’s staring at you like you’re ready to be eaten, his mouth slightly open and the pink of his tongue just visible where it’s resting at the corner.

“How good, kitten,” Jimin purrs, looking annoyingly pleased with himself now he’s made his point, placing one final kiss on your forehead and then getting up and walking past Yoongi without a word. You’re not sure what you expected his reaction to be, but Yoongi doesn’t seem to react at all, externally at least. You know him too well to think nothing’s going on behind that expressionless appearance of his after all those things he said to you the other night. You give him a tiny smile, hating how apologetic it feels. He just blinks back at you and then follows after Jimin with his hands shoved in his pockets.

“Be safe,” you call after them as Namjoon places Nova back on the floor, his work here clearly done.

“Don’t worry,” Jin smiles kindly, “They can handle themselves.” You nod uncertainly, not bothering to divulge that it’s really not villains or drug dealers you’re worried about. At this point, you’re just hoping they don’t tear each other apart.
You’d kind of hoped that once Jimin and Yoongi had left that Namjoon would soon follow suit, sufficiently satisfied with the trouble he’s caused, but he doesn’t seem in any kind of hurry to make himself scarce. He’s been watching your every facial expression closely, revelling in the worry that’s been making you restless, chewing on the inside of your mouth. You hate that he’s enjoying yourself at your expense, so after less than a minute you’re up and out of your seat and joining the others at the ping-pong table, trying your best to smile.

“What’s the score?” you ask, perching yourself on the edge of the pool table that sits adjacent and folding your arms.

“9-7 to us,” Jin replies, readying himself to serve.

“9-8,” Jungkook cuts in. He looks like he’s taking this really seriously, with his wide stance and the way he’s dipping his body forward, paddle clasped in both hands. His biceps are so muscular that his tight t-shirt sleeves are struggling to contain them as he flexes his grip. You'd never noticed that about Kookie before; manly wasn’t really an adjective you would have used to describe him before now.

“It’s 9-7!” Jin disagrees obstinately, becoming flustered again. Jungkook just smirks, shrugging.

“Whatever. If you really need the advantage that bad...” Jin just huffs, and after a moment of intense concentration he serves – straight over the edge of the table. Jungkook immediately starts laughing, straightening up and high-fiving Taehyung, and you can’t help but think that preying on Jin's pride was all part of Jungkook’s game plan to begin with.

“Hey,” Hoseok calls, addressing you, “You.. uh... You wanna play?” he asks, widening his arms and jutting his head in Jin's direction behind his back, clearly desperate for another team mate. You just smile, shaking your head regretfully.

“Eye-hand co-ordination isn’t really my thing.”

“Didn’t you say something like that right before you kicked Kookie's ass at Overwatch?” Taehyung asks, a big grin on his face.

“She won by like, nothing. That was not ‘kicking my ass’,” Jungkook quickly disagrees, leaping backward when Taehyung tries to actually kick him under the table.

“You’re trying to replace me?” Jin scowls at Hoseok.

“For the benefit of the team!”
“It’s not the team if I’m not in it!” Instead of the opposing teams squabbling with one another it seems as though a fight has broken out on each side of the table, Jungkook and Taehyung trying to kick each other with equal ferocity as Jin defends his wounded pride to a world-weary looking Hoseok. They’re all so wrapped up in their own arguments that no one really notices when Namjoon walks up to your side and takes a firm hold of your forearm.

“Come walk with me,” he says quietly, a command rather than a request. Even if it had been a suggestion you couldn’t refuse it anyway, because when Namjoon briskly walks away he’s pulling you roughly with him. Your brain won’t work fast enough to think of any legitimate reason why you couldn’t call out to the others to stop him from taking you, so you end up being led from the dining room and into the living room with nary a word, suddenly so nervous that you think you might be sick.

By the time he takes you out into the entrance hall you start pulling back, unwilling to be led any further from the safety of the group without a fight – even if it’s a pointless one. He lets you go with a smirk, coming to a standstill at the bottom of the staircase.

“What do you want, Namjoon?” you ask, trying to act feistier than you feel. In reality you know that your hands would be shaking if your arms weren’t already crossed. Why does he have to be so much taller than you?

“Just to talk,” he smiles, shrugging his shoulders, his hands hidden in the pockets of his black shorts. He’s far more casual today than you’ve ever seen him look before, a long white t-shirt that hangs over his hips layered with a shorter grey one on top, a thin black choker wrapped around his neck. It’s a good look on him. It makes him look younger, friendlier – until he opens his mouth, that is. “I feel like you’ve been avoiding me.”

“I wonder why,” you retort before you can help yourself, complete with eye roll. Namjoon’s eyes narrow marginally, looking you up and down as you struggle to keep your breathing even and maintain his eye contact. He folds his arms like you are, shifting his weight from one foot to another.

“There’s something different about you,” he observes shrewdly. He steps closer and the urge to back off is almost overwhelming but you still manage to stand your ground, even when he towers menacingly over you. A beat passes before a sly smile starts to twist his mouth, amusement twinkling in his eyes. “I know,” he chuckles, “Jimin fucked you, didn’t he?” You don’t mean to, but as soon as he says it you end up gasping, your arms dropping to your sides. It’s enough of a reaction for him to know that he was right and he laughs again. “When did he do it?”

“That’s none of your business,” you answer breathily, a blush forming on your cheeks. Namjoon bites his bottom lip, his smile only growing wider and more depraved.

“Was it after you watched me?” he asks, stepping closer again. This time you can’t help but step back, your eyes dropping to the floor as your face burns. “I know,” he chuckles, “Jimin fucked you, didn’t he?” You don’t mean to, but as soon as he says it you end up gasping, your arms dropping to your sides. It’s enough of a reaction for him to know that he was right and he laughs again. “When did he do it?”

“That’s none of your business,” you answer breathily, a blush forming on your cheeks. Namjoon bites his bottom lip, his smile only growing wider and more depraved.

“What about Yoongi? Has he fucked you too?” The way he says it makes it sound so sinful, and even though you’re fighting against it you can feel yourself becoming aroused, the fire in your
stomach growing as Namjoon's fingers wander down your neck. “I know something’s going on there. If he hasn’t had you yet, he will soon.” You swallow hard, Namjoon's other arm wrapping around your waist to keep you close. How is it that everything he makes you feel is so intense, whether it be terror or lust, he always has your head spinning every time he’s around.

“I can see why they both want you,” he tells you softly, leaning down so that his face is only a foot away from yours, “You would be just the sweetest thing to destroy.” He licks his lips hungrily, looking down at yours, and you recognise the gesture well enough now to panic an appropriate amount when you see it.

“Don’t,” you plead, your voice sounding pathetically weak even to you. How are you supposed to sound to convincing when you have arousal pooling hot and slick between your legs, even as you’re trying to deny him.

“Why not?” Namjoon smiles, the hand that was resting on your waist starting to slide downward, ghosting over the curve of your behind. He pushes his hips forward, pressing his heavy erection into your stomach to make you gasp again. He feels as huge as he’d looked when he was stretching open...

You close your eyes, trying to force the image out of your mind, your breathing rapid and shallow.

“I know you're a little slut,” he whispers, bringing his mouth directly to your ear so that the words tickle and make you shudder, “I can smell how wet you are.” You bite the inside of your mouth, clenching your jaw so hard that you start to taste blood, refusing to open your eyes. You know if you do you’ll be done for. “And everyone else will be able to smell it too, but I bet you like that, don’t you?” Namjoon bites the curve of your ear, the hand that had been hovering by your behind now making contact and squeezing hard, pushing you into him.

Why can’t you make yourself move away? Why does it feel like all these degrading things he’s saying about you are true? You’re burning up from the inside out, sick and excited all at once. What the hell is wrong with you?

Namjoon unceremoniously yanks up your dress so it bunches around your waist, standing in the middle of the entrance hall with your panties exposed for all to see while he sloppily kisses your neck. Both of his hands come to rest on your buttocks again, one of them soon starting to snake downward toward the apex of your thighs from behind.

“They’ll be able to smell my cum all over you too,” he growls, pulling your panties to the side and sliding a finger through your wet folds, skirting past your pussy and brushing against your asshole too. Your eyes open wide as you gasp, your body bucking against him, and when you look up at him you see the way his whole face is contorted with lust, a dark and dangerous smile playing on those gorgeous lips. “That’s right,” he coos, slipping a finger through your heat, “Be a good girl and open up for daddy.”

Two things happen simultaneously at that moment. Namjoon referring to himself as daddy, as Jimin had requested you do, seems to bring you crashing harshly back to reality, and almost a split second after he says it you hear noises coming from the living room. The boys have obviously abandoned their game and dispersed, which means that any one of them may very well come walking out here any second.

You shove him away from you, surprised when he actually moves but knowing that the only reason he has done is because he’s allowed it. If he’d have wanted to carry on you wouldn’t have had a choice; he’s a million times stronger than you in sheer force of will alone, nevermind strength. As you scramble to pull down your dress Namjoon simply smirks, the outline of his cock obscenely
obvious inside his shorts, and then slides the finger that had been touching you past his lips to suck it clean. You stare back at him, panting, red in the face and barely believing what’s just happened. What you let him do.

“Don’t worry,” he tells you huskily, “I won’t tell Jimin.” You see him wink, just before you turn on your heels and half-walk, half-run away from him again, straight into the nearest bathroom. Your hands shake as you lock the door behind you, knees starting to wobble as your adrenaline fades. As soon you make it to the sink you’re splashing water on your face, trying to avoid looking at the girl in the mirror. You’re too ashamed to look at yourself right now.

What would Jimin think? What happened with Yoongi was one thing, but this? Namjoon is now the only other man apart from Jimin to touch you in such an intimate way, and you can’t even stand him. Why the hell are you so weak, and why is he so impossible to resist even when you fear him the way you do? Something is very... very wrong with you. Maybe Namjoon is right, maybe you’re turning into some sort of... depraved sex addict, someone who doesn’t care who’s touching you as long as it feels good. And oh, it did feel so, so good.

A knock comes at the door just as you’re gripping onto the countertop and biting your lip, squeezing your thighs together to get some relief. For one second you think it might be Namjoon, that he’s followed you here to finish the job, and your heart leaps up into your throat, but then you hear Jungkook’s voice calling your name and you breathe a sigh of relief. You take just a second to glance at your dress, making sure it’s straight and running your fingers through your hair before you open up the bathroom door again and come face to face with Kookie.

He starts to say your name again, smiling, but it’s like the word catches in his throat mid-way. As soon as he sees you his eyes widen, glancing down at your mid-section, his Adam's apple bobbing heavy in his throat.

“I... uh...” he stammers, shuffling nervously, “I just wanted to see if you were... uh... ok, and... erm... we brought Nova into the living room with us... we weren’t sure what you wanted to do with her.” For a second you wonder what on earth is wrong with him; Jungkook has always been slightly on edge around you but nothing like this before. But then you see his nostrils flare just ever so slightly, and the way he subtly pulls down on the hem on his t-shirt, and you realise what the problem is. Just like Namjoon said, Jungkook can smell how aroused you are, and just the aroma of it is turning the poor boy on too.

You blush fiercely, unable to look him in the face.

“Thanks, Kookie, I’ll... um...” God, now you’re both as awkward as each other. “I’ll be along in just a minute.” You head off down the corridor towards Jimin’s room without another word, so embarrassed you’re wishing the ground would swallow you whole, and as soon you get in there you’re pulling off your soiled underwear and throwing it straight in the hamper.

But god, you’re still so turned on that just your thighs brushing against your bare mound has you squirming on the spot, eyes searching the room as if you’re hoping for Jimin to suddenly magically appear and put you out of your misery. You can’t go back to the others like this. Even with clean underwear they’ll smell you a mile away. No, you’re going to have to take care of this yourself, right now.

You crawl onto Jimin’s bed on all fours, pulling your dress up, ass turned up to the air, finding your way to his pillow and pushing your face into it. The smell of him has you groaning into the downy feathers, reaching back between your legs and imagining that it’s his fingers instead of yours that start circling your clit. You try to touch yourself the same way he did yesterday, teasing your hole and trying to resist sinking your fingers inside for as long as you can, but your willpower doesn’t last
long, not when you’re as wet as you are. You slide two fingers in, moaning wantonly, wishing it was Jimin's cock breaching you and not just your hands. Before him masturbation had always felt like enough, but now it pales in comparison to the way he makes you feel. You can’t hit your g-spot like he does, can’t fill yourself up so much that it burns.

“Jimin...” you murmur, pushing back against your own hand but then groaning in frustration, turning over to lie on your back, letting your legs flop open wide. Like this you can play with you clit and pump your fingers inside at the same time, curling them, your jaw going slack as the pleasure starts to build. Imagining Jimin on top of you helps, picturing the way he frowns in concentration as he pounds into you.

Somewhere along the way, amongst the jumble of lust-driven thoughts, an image of Yoongi appears in your head. You don’t push it away because you don’t want to push it away, allowing yourself to imagine Yoongi’s thin frame instead of Jimin's thick one, firm lips instead of soft, whispers of princess rather than kitten. It feels so good, and you start to rub harder at your clit, greedy for more, chasing your orgasm. What kind of lover would Yoongi be, you wonder? Would he be dominant, like Jimin? Maybe even more? Or would he be soft and totally unexpected? You’re not sure you care. Let loose like this, in the throes passion, you’re able to admit to yourself that you hope Namjoon is right; you hope Yoongi does have you soon.

“Fuck,” you moan, your back twisting, body bucking from the sheets, getting closer and closer, “Fuck, fuck me,” you beg, not even knowing who you’re begging anymore. You cum spectacularly, your walls contracting around your fingers, moaning stiltedly for as long as it lasts and panting by the time it ends. You’ve never cum that hard on own before; it was so intense that when you sit up you have black spots in front of your eyes, dizzy for a few seconds.

Still, you feel a million times better than before. That was just what you needed, and once your vision has cleared you get up out of bed and go into the bathroom to freshen up. Changing your dress would seem too conspicuous but you make sure you put on new panties and spray yourself with a vanilla scented perfume that Jimin bought you, hoping it’ll be enough to cover up any lingering smells of arousal so you can safely return to the group.

Now you just have to think of an excuse as to why you were gone so long and hope that Jungkook didn’t mention anything to the others. You’re hoping that worst case scenario he just thinks you were getting off in the bathroom by yourself rather than doing anything you shouldn’t be with Namjoon. Shit... how did that even happen? You don’t think you’d dare tell Jimin; if he glared the way he did earlier at Yoongi for just a kiss you dread to think what’d happen with something far more intimate than that. You’re not sure he'd come off as the winning party either, not when Namjoon has given him a black eye before. No, probably best not to tell him. It’s not like you wanted it to happen anyway.

So why do you still feel so dirty inside?

You shake your head, trying to put it out of your mind as you step out of Jimin’s door. As soon as step across the threshold your foot comes down on something soft rather than hard floor and you step back, looking down and frowning in confusion. Laying there on the floor is a maroon piece of cloth – a bandana that you recognise well. You pick it up, making doubly sure, you heart thudding hard in your chest. You’ve seen this bandana before, stuffed in Jungkook's back pocket most days, or tied around his wrist, and your mouth falls open as you realise what finding this outside the door means.

It looks like you’re not the only one who likes to watch...
It takes you a good five minutes of indecision after finding Jungkook's bandana to decide whether you should go and rejoin the group or not. You’re already embarrassed about seeing Jungkook as it is, nevermind how you feel now you know he’d been right outside the door watching you do... that.

You never would’ve thought Jungkook would be capable of something like that; he’s always seemed so bashful and nervous around you that him being in any way a sexual being had never even crossed your mind. Hoseok maybe, and maybe even Taehyung, but Jungkook? He’s clearly not as innocent as he looks.

You can’t not go back though, not when they’ve still got Nova with them, and she’s probably getting hungry so you really ought to go to fetch her at the very least. Jungkook might not even be there; perhaps he’s had to go and take some ‘private time’ too. You mentally scold yourself for letting your thoughts even start to take that turn, shaking your head as you tuck Jungkook’s bandana away in one of your drawers. It’d be far too awkward to give it back to him directly, so you’ll give it a couple of days and then just leave it lying around in the living room for him to find there. There’s no reason for him to know that you know and turn it into a bigger deal than it needs to be. A few weeks ago you might’ve gotten really mad at someone perving in on you like that, but now, after knowing how it felt when you were watching Namjoon… well, let’s just say you kind of get it.

Before you can give yourself too much time to second guess your decision you head back towards the living room, relieved that the entrance hall is distinctly lacking in Namjoon’s presence. He must have retreated upstairs again, back into his lair, and you’re very grateful for it. You step into the living room and as soon as you do you spot Nova curled up on the rug, her ears pricking up and twisting in your direction to acknowledge your presence. Taehyung seems to have made some headway with her. He’s managed to lie himself on his side a couple of feet away, wriggling his fingers near her face, trying to goad her into playing with him. She’s not, but at least she hasn’t run away from him this time.

Luck seems to be with you at the moment; Jungkook is missing from the room too, as is Seokjin.

“Where’s Jin gone?” you ask as you sit yourself on an empty sofa, directing the question to Hoseok sat opposite.

“He had to go calm himself down,” Hoseok sniggers, peeping out at you over the top of the comic book he’s reading, “Stomped off muttering something about crème brûlée.”

“You guys lost that badly huh?” you grin and Hoseok pulls a face.

“Remind me not to play with him next time.”
“Will do.” You pull your legs up onto the sofa, curling them underneath you and making sure to stretch the material over your knees to keep yourself from being exposed. Taehyung is inching closer to Nova again, very gently reaching out his hand to pet her head and his eyes widening with excitement when, for a moment, it looks as though he might succeed. However, right before he makes contact Nova gets up and saunters off a few steps away, only to plonk herself down again further along the rug, staring back at him in a way that looks almost mocking.

Taehyung just can’t take it anymore, flopping down face-first onto the rug and wailing into it.

“WHY WON’T YOU LET ME LOVE YOU?!” You have to bite down on your hand to keep yourself from how badly you want to laugh at the sight of him, spread-eagled, face-down on the floor, kicking his legs in frustration, but Hoseok has no such intention. He laughs loudly, rubbing salt into the wound by taking his book and throwing it at Taehyung’s head, laughing even harder when it thwacks into his shoulder with a satisfying thud.

“Face it, Tae-ah, she doesn’t like you,” he teases, smiling widely, and when Taehyung lifts his face from the floor he’s pouting hard, crushed by his earlier rejection being repeated.

“What’s not to like?” he moans, throwing Hoseok’s comic book back at him just as hard.

“Don’t listen to him,” you console, smiling indulgently as Taehyung pulls himself up off the floor and flops down onto the sofa next to you instead. He lets himself tip to the side, his head falling directly into your lap, facing outward towards the TV. Your hands immediately rise in the air, staring down wide-eyed at the mop of blonde hair sitting in your lap. “Er… Tae?” You lean forward, peering down to look at his face, but Taehyung’s just staring blankly ahead, bereft of all expression. He says your name and reaches up to grab your nearest arm by the wrist, pulling it downward to rest on top of his head and then letting go.

“Hold me.” Your mouth is still hanging open at this point, wondering what on earth is going through this boy’s head, and when you look over at Hoseok in confusion he just shrugs, eyebrows quirked upward.

“You’re so weird,” Hoseok mutters before opening his comic book again and proceeding to ignore whatever it is that Taehyung’s up to.

You look down at the side of Taehyung’s head, wondering what to make of his strange behaviour. He’s so unlike the others sometimes. It’s like his thoughts just don’t follow the same pattern as everyone else’s, but this seems innocent enough, if a little odd. It’s kind of sweet, actually. You shrug, deciding that there’s no harm in indulging him for a while and giving his hair a gentle stroke as your other hand grabs the TV remote from where it’s wedged down the side of the cushion next to you. Taehyung’s hair is very soft, actually, not all that unlike the feel of Nova’s preened fur.

There’s nothing in particular of interest on the TV, but to be honest it’s just nice to let yourself zone out for a little while and think of nothing after everything that’s been going on today. You feel like you’ve got an equivalent of emotion whiplash, so losing yourself in watching a cheesy romance flick doesn’t seem such a bad idea, though it does make you feel a little jealous. Boy meets girl, girl meets boy and surprise, surprise, they fall in love, no doubt overcoming all obstacles in their path. Where are the blood-thirsty monsters and the unlikely love interests all trying to get into the heroine’s pants for whatever-god-knows-reason? How come they get it so easy?

The commercials don’t get any better – they’re clearly directed toward the couples that might be watching elsewhere – but one in particular does catch your attention. It’s an advert for a ballet company’s interpretation of Romeo and Juliet, with performances dates spread over the next couple of weeks in the nearest city, and immediately you start to wonder whether it’d be something that
Jimin would like to go to. Although you love being here it might still be nice to get out of the house for a change and actually go somewhere together. Maybe you could even hope to call it a date?

“Hobi?” you call softly, very aware that at some point during the film Taehyung decided to close his eyes and hasn’t opened them again. You don’t think he’s sleeping – every time you stop running your fingers through his hair he gives his head a little shake in encouragement for you to carry on – but it seems a shame to disturb such intense relaxation nonetheless. “When’s Jimin’s birthday?” Hoseok shuts his comic, one of his fingers resting between the pages to keep his place as he looks back at you thoughtfully.

“It’s been so long that we don’t really take much notice of each other’s birthdays anymore,” he tells you, adding with a grin, “The whole not aging thing makes them kind of obsolete.”

“I figured that, but still, when is it?” you persist and Hoseok tilts his head to the side, rubbing his cheek as he tries to remember.

“I want to say… October 30th?” He frowns and then quickly shakes his head. “No, wait, the 13th. Yeah, I’m sure that’s right.” It’s a good job you asked, because that’s only a few days away from now. Clearly fate wants you to take Jimin to that performance to celebrate his birthday – why else would it all line up so perfectly? “Why’d you ask?”

“I was thinking maybe he’d like to go see a show.” You hesitate, biting your lip, suddenly unsure when a quizzical expression passes over Hoseok’s face. These guys know Jimin far better than you, maybe he’d hate it? “A dance show. Do you… do you think he would? Like that, I mean?” Hoseok suddenly smiles brightly, nodding once.

“I think he’d love that.” You blush, pleased that he approves but your elation soon fading when you realise that you have absolutely no way of paying for the tickets. “What’s wrong?” he asks, obviously noticing the way your smile had faltered.

“I won’t be able to afford it,” you tell him, shrugging your shoulders, trying not to make it too much of a big deal. You should’ve thought of that before you’d convinced yourself it was such an amazing idea. “I’ll just think of something else.” Hoseok shifts on the sofa, tilting his weight to reach into his back pocket and grab something that he then offers you, leaning right forward. You stare dumbly at his wallet, shocked that he’s trying to give it to you so freely. He waggles it in the air, smiling.

“Take it.” You look back and forth between the wallet and Hoseok’s kind face, hesitating. Would it be totally inappropriate of it for you to accept? “Get the tickets, buy yourself something pretty to wear and have a good time. One of us might as well get a date once in a while.”

“Hobi, I can’t… that’s too-“ He sighs, interrupting you.

“You can. You’re part of the family now, and god knows it’s not like I’ve done anything to contribute lately.” You dither for just one second longer, finally taking the wallet with a grateful smile once Hoseok raises both of his eyebrows at you expectantly.

“Thank you,” you tell him appreciatively, both for the money and for him referring to you as family. It means more than you can say, all your insides glowing with warmth as he smiles back at you.

It’s at this moment that Jungkook decides to reappear, swaggering back into the room with his hands in his pockets but then coming to a complete standstill when he spots you, his eyes opening up as wide as saucers. His mouth opens too but then he falters, quickly looking to the floor as you feel yourself start to blush, unable to keep yourself from picturing the way he might have looked loitering
Just when you thought he couldn’t look any more uncomfortable Jungkook suddenly notices Taehyung’s head lying on your lap.

“Hyung! What’re you doing?!” he practically yells before he can help himself, sounding so scandalised you’d think Taehyung was humping your leg or something. You raise your eyebrows at him, thinking how rich it is for Jungkook to be sounding judgemental when only half an hour ago he was a certified peeping tom. Of course, he doesn’t know that you know that. Taehyung rolls over on your lap so he’s on his back, tilting his head up to look at Jungkook past his fringe, unperturbed.

“I’m a pretty kitty,” he replies with his boxy grin and then flops his head back into your lap, looking up at you with those large doe eyes and whispering, “Meow.” You laugh, shaking your head at him as you push his hair back from his forehead, looking back up to Jungkook and grinning even more at the flabbergasted look on his face.

“You’re so weird,” he says, echoing Hoseok’s earlier thoughts. He gives his head a little a shake and then comes to sit cross-legged on the rug, his back against the sofa where Hoseok is sitting – as far away from you as possible. He takes the gaming controller from where it’s resting atop of sofa cushion above him and then turns on Overwatch without thinking to ask if it’s ok and you very almost pass comment – you were already watching something, actually, thanks Kookie – but that particular film being turned off doesn’t feel like the greatest of losses, so you let it slide. Taehyung whines in your lap when he sees Jungkook gently petting Nova to pass the time during the many loading screens.

“There, there,” you soothe, humouring him by scratching behind his ears and smiling when you notice the way they stick out a little. You have to hand it to him, Taehyung might be strange, but he’s still god damn adorable when he wants to bed, especially when he nuzzles against your leg, eyes closed and smiling contentedly.

When you look up a moment Jungkook’s watching the both of you again, though his eyes dart away to the screen so quickly that you almost start to doubt he was ever looking at all. At least he’s not bringing it up. God, you think you’d die if he tried to tease you or make a joke out of it. Awkward and watchful you can deal with; after all it’s not that different from how he was with you before.

“What did you mean about not contributing Hobi?” you ask once boredom has started to set in, thinking about what he’d mentioned earlier when offering you his wallet.

“I meant that Namjoon hasn’t put me to work in forever,” he huffs, placing his comic book down on the arm of the chair, looking disgruntled. “I feel like I’m losing my edge, man.”

“At least you’ve eaten something fresh lately,” Jungkook weighs in, not taking his eyes off the screen as his fingers manipulate the controller pads with enviable dexterity, “I’m sick of blood packs.”

“Me too,” Taehyung moans, finally sitting himself upright on the sofa but pulling his legs up to sit crossed legged next to you. “I’m starving.” You don’t miss the way Taehyung’s eyes flick down to the collar resting across your neck, or the way his tongue runs hungrily across his bottom lip, and it isn’t until you clear your throat that he the good graces to drag his gaze away, flashing you a sheepish smile instead. It’s funny that it doesn’t even scare you any more when they look at you that way; you simply raise an eyebrow at him in faux irritation.

“Is it unusual for Jimin to get given so many of the assignments then?”
“Jimin-ah is the best, but it’s never been like this before,” Hoseok replies, shaking his head, “Either things are getting more serious or Joonie-ah has it out for him.” He smiles as if he’s making a joke, but secretly you think Hoseok is probably very right in linking your arrival and Jimin’s increased workload together.

“What about Yoongi?” You throw the question in cautiously, wondering if anyone else has noticed the atmosphere between the three of you like Namjoon has, but no one really bats an eyelid, answering your question just like it was any other.

“Hyung can’t fight for shit,” Jungkook smirks from his seat on the floor, getting it knocked off his face when Hoseok slaps him round the back of the head with his magazine.

“He doesn’t need to fight when no one sees him coming. Yoongi-hyung has killed more with his knife than you ever have, maknae.” It’s your turn to smirk now, watching Jungkook scowl at the TV, murmuring something under his breath.

You’re about to start asking the others what they’re specialities are when Jin suddenly enters the room through the doorway that leads to the kitchen, carrying with him a tray on which you can hear tableware moving around.

“You’ve finished sulking hyung?” Tae teases, sticking his tongue out between his teeth.

“I wasn’t sulking,” Jin quickly corrects, shooting Taehyung a scolding look. “Here,” he says, standing in front of you and lowering the tray gently onto your lap, “I hope you don’t mind dessert for dinner, I was in the mood to make something sweet.”

“That’s my very favourite kind of dinner, Jin, thank you,” you smile up at him, noting a cup of orangey-pink tea and a small plate of chicken that are sat beside the small dish of gelatinous dessert he’s brought you. He takes the chicken and walks gingerly over to where Nova is now awake and sniffing the air, suddenly alert now that she can smell the aroma of chicken being brought her way.

“And this is for you, sweet one,” Jin tells her kindly, bending down and placing the plate in front of her. She immediately begins to eat, hoovering it up without a moment’s hesitation, completely unconcerned by Jin’s gentle stroking. You follow her example, picking up the crème brûlée and digging in with dainty spoon he’s given you, cracking through the hard, sugary surface to the warm cream inside.

As usual, Jin’s cooking is absolutely divine. You drag the spoon between your lips with an approving moan, nodding your head at Jin to convey just how much you like it. Taehyung says your name from beside you and you glance over as you eagerly scoop up another spoonful.

“What does it taste like?” he asks, his expression thoughtful as you slip the spoon between your lips again. You really think as you enjoy this mouthful, trying to find the words to describe the taste and texture as Taehyung waits patiently for your answer.

“The sugar on top is sort of bitter, but the cream is really sweet and soft and smooth,” you explain, spooning out more and holding it out for him to see, giving it a shake, “It’s kind of wobbly, too.” You grin and then carry on eating, Taehyung grinning back sweetly. “Do you miss real food?”

“Nah,” Taehyung shrugs, “I miss missing food, sometimes. My grandma used to make the best Kimchi.” His expression changes at the mention of his grandmother, the look in his eyes becoming far-off and wistful, but he soon snaps back to his usual cheerful looking self when Jin starts to speak.

“Sometimes I try what I’m cooking but it all tastes the same now. We don’t really want or miss
anything anymore except for blood.”

“Oh I don’t know,” Hoseok chimes in, a mischievous smile spreading across his face. “I can think of one other thing we still have an appetite for, right Tae-ah?” You’re so wrapped up in your dessert that you almost miss the way Hoseok flicks his eyes in your direction, grinning at Taehyung.

“Hobi-ah, don’t be perverted,” Jin scolds, sitting himself on the arm of the sofa and knotting his eyebrows together disapprovingly at the vampire next to him. The two of them start to bicker again, though all in good humour, Hoseok calling Jin a prude and Jin threatening to reveal the sheer amount of porn he’s found hidden away on the others computer. Jungkook is just listening to them both with a grin on his face, whereas Taehyung has fallen unusually silent. You know he’s looking at you, though, even without looking yourself. It’s like you can feel the intensity of his gaze on your skin, your cheeks starting to flush in response, and when you glance over at him you see that you were right; he’s staring hard.

It’s a look you’ve seen from him before, back when he’d been sat on your stomach leaning over you, but time had made you forget just how piercing his eyes are look when he’s really concentrating hard. He’s looking at you like you’re the most fascinating thing in the world, like you’re something wondrous, and it’d seem innocent enough if it weren’t for the heat in his gaze.

What on earth is wrong with all of them? It’s like they’ve never seen a woman before!

Taehyung flops his head back into your lap except this time he’s turned towards you, his face only a few inches away from touching your stomach, and you’re suddenly very aware of just how close he is to the most intimate part of you, blushing again at the rapt attention you’re receiving. He gazes up at you, a small, playful smile on his face as he quietly calls your name in a sing-song voice. That would be bad enough, really, but all of a sudden you feel fingertips wandering along the side of your thigh, winding their way upward from your knee to your hip and watching for a reaction. You swallow, glancing down at his hand and then back to him, all your insides clenching nervously, trying to keep your breathing normal so that the others don’t notice.

Again Taehyung breathily sings your name, dragging his nails back down thigh just hard enough to make you shudder, his mouth opening so you can see his pink tongue moving from side to side inside, that mischievous smile of his only getting wider.

“Taehyung,” you whisper, giving your leg a shake to try and subtly knock him off, but all it makes him do is squeeze the flesh he’s holding.

“Kitty wants to play,” he whispers back, his normally low voice dropping even lower, raspy with lust, and damn it, it thrums right through you down to your core, all your pelvic muscles clenching. Thankfully all the others are still squabbling so loudly that they aren’t paying attention to what’s going on just across the room on the opposite sofa, but you know that any moment now they might. It’s not that you don’t like Taehyung – the way he’s stroking your thigh feels really nice, and he’s definitely very cute – but frankly you’ve had enough of being toyed with today, and now that you know about the unfortunate aroma you give off when you’re aroused you’re really not willing to risk it happening again with a room full of permanently horny vampires.

You stand up abruptly, knocking Taehyung’s head off of your lap, clearing your throat and straightening out your dress as soon as you’re upright. Surprisingly, Taehyung doesn’t look dismayed at all. If anything he’s smiling even harder, sitting crossed legged again and watching you with amusement.

“I’m gonna take Nova back to Jimin’s room,” you announce to no-one in particular, walking over to her and scooping her off the floor into your arms. Luckily enough she’s feeling co-operative now
she’s full of chicken and is quite happy to be held, saving you from any unfortunate clawing and hissing whilst you’re trying to escape.

Hoseok and Jin wish you a cheerful goodnight whilst Jungkook murmurs something you can’t quite hear, glancing up at you for just a millisecond before his eyes dart away again. He touches his hair too, something you’ve come to recognise as one of his nervous habits, so you know he’s still thinking about what he saw you do earlier, and realising that makes your mind flash back to it too. What is it with these guys?

You have to walk past Taehyung to leave and as you do he reaches up and lets his fingertips brush along your hip as you pass.

“Sweet dreams,” he purrs.
Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

Here we go guys, I'm so sorry it's late. Wednesday at work was a really, really bad day, so I got very little done that night. I hope the slightly longer length of this chapter makes up for it.

As always, thank you so much for all your feedback. You guys are the best <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You spend the remaining hours of the early morning burning a hole in Hoseok’s wallet with all the online shopping you do on Jimin’s Ipad. First, you make sure to buy the tickets for Romeo and Juliet, squirming in delight when you manage to get balcony tickets on the night of his actual birthday, and then you focus on finding yourself something nice to wear like Hobi suggested.

It takes you a while – after all you’re not as good at picking out clothes as Jimin – but eventually you settle on a classic black dress with a sweetheart neckline and off the shoulder sleeves. It has a split up the side too, one that’s just high enough that you’ll be able to show a little thigh without it looking totally trashy or cheap. You buy your first pair of shoes then; a pair of black kitten heels that are high enough to look elegant but not so high as make you taller than Jimin when you have them on – or at least you hope.

Somehow, and you don’t know quite how it happens, you find yourself looking at adult collars, curious as to all the different types and designs. You’re not sure you’d ever want a name tag – that might be slightly too far – but you have to admit some of them are quite cute, especially the lacy ones or the sort that have extra bows of silky ribbon attached. Before you know it you’re buying yourself a new one to go with your outfit, feeling pretty confident that Jimin will like what you’ve chosen and biting your lip when you imagine just how enthusiastic you hope his reaction might be.

You make sure to clear your browser and search history before you turn off Jimin’s Ipad, not wanting to take any chances that he might inadvertently spoil his own surprise. Your eyes are starting to feel a little heavy with sleep, scratchy like that’ve got sand in them, and though you wanted to wait up for Jimin to come home the longer you lay on his bed with Nova curled up against you the harder it is to fight. In the end you force yourself to get up, telling yourself that you should probably change and fetch yourself a drink just in case you wake up thirsty later, knowing that this will at least let you kill twenty minutes more.

It’s Jimin’s clothes you choose to put on again rather than any of the bedtime stuff he bought you before. His t-shirt is infinitely more comfortable, and you love the way it sits tightly over your bust and hips whilst hanging loose around your waist. It’s much more your style than the skimpy little negligée hiding away in your bottom drawer; although you have no doubt that an occasion will come soon enough for you to put that to good use. Hopefully, anyway.

You pad your way down to the kitchen quietly, feeling fairly certain that the rest of the guys are in bed from how deathly silent the house has fallen. It feels almost oppressive, all this quiet, and it’s really hard not to notice the similarities between now and the time you heard all those noises coming from Namjoon’s room…
The sound of the kettle starting to bubble and boil makes you jump, and it’s only now that you realise that all the hairs on your arms are standing on end. It must be a more potent memory than you realise to creep you out so much just thinking about it.

You start to make your drink – hot cocoa with plenty of milk – but just as you’re opening up the fridge door you hear the tell-tale crunching of gravel that means someone is pulling up to the front of the house, and your heart leaps up into your throat with excitement when you realise that this must be Jimin and Yoongi returning. You finish up your drink quickly, unable to keep a smile from spreading across your face, so eager to see them both that you have butterflies swirling in your stomach.

You’re just getting into the entrance hall when the heavy front door swings open. Jimin steps through first and you’re relieved to see that he’s not covered in blood this time; neither someone else’s nor his own. His eyes immediately find you, stood near the staircase with your mug clasped between both hands, a soft smile on your face that he quickly mirrors. He walks over to you and drops his bag by your feet, grabbing a fistful of his own t-shirt and using it to pull you close.

“Were you missing me, kitten?” He captures your lips in a harsh, hungry kiss that makes you think that you weren’t the only one missing someone, not by a long shot. When Jimin pulls away, smirking down at your breathless state, you get a moment to appreciate just how good he looks when he’s tired and sweaty from a mission. It makes him look more real, slightly less polished, and frankly you can’t get enough. You only become distracted when you hear the door hinge creak slightly as it’s pushed further open, and when you look over Jimin’s shoulder you see Yoongi walking in – in a significantly poorer looking state.

Jimin looks at you then looks back at Yoongi, noting the way your lips have slightly parted and you’ve started to frown. He touches your chin gently, pulling your attention back.

“I’ve got to go and debrief with Namjoon, it won’t take long.” He leaves his bag with you, ascending the stairs with one last glance back to see you already walking towards Yoongi, concern written all over your face.

You place your mug of cocoa on the windowsill next to the door, and as soon as your hands are free they automatically reach out to the injured vampire, taking both of his cheeks in your hands. He winces as you touch the bruise that’s discolouring his jaw but he doesn’t pull away, looking back at you with surprise in his eyes at how openly tactile you’re being with him when Jimin isn’t even quite out of sight yet. He’s got a split across his eyebrow, a split on his bottom lip, purple bruising on his jaw and neck and you’re willing to bet several other injuries under the black baggy t-shirt he’s wearing. It hurts you to see him looking this way, your eyes starting to sting because of the tears threatening to collect there.

“You’re not even sure you know yourself. Yoongi gives you a lopsided smile, tonguing the split on his lip when the movement on his mouth causes it to open up and start bleeding again.

“Please tell me Jimin didn’t do this,” you softly implore, not wanting to believe that a man you’re in love with could do something like this to… to whatever Yoongi is to you. You’re not even sure you know yourself. Yoongi gives you a lopsided smile, tonguing the split on his lip when the movement on his mouth causes it to open up and start bleeding again.

“Oh this and that,” he replies, pointing toward the bruise on his jaw that your hand is currently covering. Both were probably caused by one good punch, so at least that’s something, although it doesn’t really make you feel any better about the rest of his injuries, Jimin inflicted or not. “The others were my fault. I’m out of practice and I wasn’t careful enough.” You run your thumbs along the sharp angles of his cheekbones, biting your lip to try and stop yourself from crying.

“I’m so sorry he did that,” you mumble but Yoongi just tilts his head into one of your palms with a soft smile, bringing up his own hand to curl around yours.
“Don’t be,” he assures you, his eyes twinkling with happiness, “It was worth it. I’d take it again, a thousand times.” He twists your hand away from his face just enough so that he can press his cool lips to your palm in a kiss, his eyes fluttering closed as you blush, your heart skipping a beat. Yoongi really knows just the right things to say to make you feel more conflicted than you’ve ever have in your entire life. You love Jimin, you know you do, so then why does your heart pound so hard whenever you’re with Yoongi, too?

Somewhat reluctantly Yoongi removes your hands from his face, letting them go at your sides.

“I wish I could help… feed you so you could heal faster or something,” you tell him regretfully.

“Jimin really would kick the shit out of me if I did that.” There’s not a hint of smile on his face or humour in his voice as he says it, and you know he’s perfectly right. Jimin is possessive enough when it comes to your body, nevermind your blood.

“How were things on the way back? Are you guys ok?” You’d really hate to become a constant source of animosity between the two of them when you know how close they all are. The group are more than friends, they’re brothers, and damaging that bond is something you’d really like to avoid. You don’t think you’re worth it, in all honesty.

“We’re good. He punched me, we talked. We’re good.” Yoongi shrugs his shoulders, saying nothing more, and though you’d love to know what exactly it was they spoke about it’s at that very moment that you hear Jimin coming back down the stairs, effectively cutting your conversation short. He’s eyeing you and Yoongi as he takes the last few steps, although not as angrily as he was before, and he extends his hand out to you once he’s collected his bag off the floor, cocking his head.

“Let’s go to bed, kitten.” You give Yoongi one last smile before you collect your hot cocoa off the side and return to Jimin, linking your fingers through his. You know he’s watching you both walk away though, you can feel his eyes on your back, and you wonder whether he’ll still be thinking about you when he climbs into bed later, too. “You look so pretty in my shirt,” Jimin tells you as you walk down the corridor, releasing your hand and putting it around your shoulder instead, pressing an affectionate kiss to the side of your temple, “I might’ve been wrong about knowing what’d suit you best.”

“I don’t know,” you reply, smiling shyly and glancing down at your bare legs poking out from the bottom, “I kind of like both.” Your answer makes him smile a little, the corners of lips slanting upward, his mocha-coloured eyes creasing smaller. He’s so gut-wrenchingly beautiful when he smiles that you can’t help but want to keep him smiling all the time, and as you walk side by side into his room you’re once again left feeling totally and utterly torn about how you could possibly be developing feelings for Yoongi too.

Jimin throws his bag into his closet and as you’re climbing into his bed, cocoa in hand, he strips out of his t-shirt, getting ready to join you. Even after all this time the sight of him half-undressed has you fighting the instinct not to choke on the sip you just took, swallowing it too quickly instead so that you end up with a slightly burnt throat.

“How was Nova tonight?” He’s just put his shirt in the hamper and now he’s undoing his belt and unbuttoning his pants, trying to make casual conversation like he’s not almost naked. How Jimin can be doing things like that, looking the way he does, and seem completely oblivious to the effect it’s having on you is beyond your understanding. Or maybe he does know what he’s doing, and that’s why he’s pulling his belt out of the loops extra slow as he waits for you to answer.

“She was fine,” you reply once your brain has managed to click into gear, focusing your eyes on his face rather than his body – not that that particularly helps. “Tae is still trying and failing to win her
over, and Jin spoiled her with a whole plate of chicken for dinner.” He steps out of his pants and
straight into his sweats, giving you just a brief, blissful glimpse of his tight red boxer briefs. You
take another gulp of your cocoa, hiding the light blush on your cheeks behind the mug.

“And what did he spoil you with?”

“Crème brûlée,” you grin as he walks over to the bed and pulls back the covers. Jimin hums
thoughtfully as he climbs in next to you, a cheeky smile spreading across his face, and then he
unexpectedly leans over and takes your drink from your hands to place it on the bedside table.

“Does that mean you’ll taste extra sweet?” he practically growls, his tone more playful than lusty,
and you brace yourself for something to happen when you see all his shoulder muscles tense, ready
to pounce.

In one quick movement Jimin grabs both your shoulders and starts to place short, staccato kisses
against your mouth, pulling you with him when he rolls onto his back. You’re half lying on top of
him as he places kiss after noisy kiss against your lips, making you giggle uncontrollably as they
become progressively more slobbery, landing on your nose and closed eyes too.

“Jimin, stop, you’re so gross!” you laugh, trying to push his head back into the pillow and shoving
your hand across his mouth to place a barrier between his lips and your face as soon as you possibly
can. He tries to say something, but it’s so muffled by your palm that you can’t make it out.

“My kisses are gross?” he pouts once you remove your hand, jutting out his bottom lip and widening
his eyes. You’ve never seen anything more adorable in your entire life, and seeing him lying
underneath you like that makes your heart just melt, all of your insides turning into warm, gooey
mush.

“Not even a little bit,” you smile, leaning down to give him a kiss that’s long and lingers, his hands
coming to rest on your behind by the time you’ve pulled away. Jimin’s sulky expression has long
disappeared when you open your eyes. It’s been replaced by something far more familiar, his lip
curled into a tiny smirk.

“You’ve upset me now,” he purrs, squeezing the flesh of your buttocks gently. “I think you need to
make it up to me.” He cocks his head to the side, his silver hair spreading out on the pillow behind
him as that self-assured smile of his only grows wider.

“Oh?” You tilt your head to the side too, biting down on your bottom lip, more than happy to play
along with his little game. “And how would I do that?” You see his eyes flicker down to your neck,
his tongue slowly slipping out from between his lips to moisten them.

“Daddy’s hungry, kitten,” he tells you, and you can tell from the way his Adam’s apple bobs in his
throat that it’s true.

The very mention of him feeding from you has you feeling excited, arousal dampening the crotch of
your shorts even though it’s not sex he’s asking for. The two seem to have become synonymous in
your mind, and it’s been too long since the last time as far as you’re concerned. You’re so eager to
feel the press of his fangs against your skin and the bliss that it brings that you don’t even hesitate to
sit up and remove your collar, your breath already quickening. The desire with which he watches
you do it makes you feel like you’re doing a striptease, all the blood rushing to your cheeks, your
rapid pulse bounding in your neck and Jimin must be able to sense it or hear it because suddenly he
groans, reaching out for the back of your neck and bringing you sharply towards him.

“Ask me for it,” he whispers into your ear, fingertips digging into the side of your neck. You
swallow hard, the words sticking for a moment in your throat before you can finally choke them out, wanting it so badly but almost feeling too afraid to say.

“Bite me, daddy, please…”

When Jimin had first told you that you could call him daddy you’d actually had to hold back a laugh. The idea of calling someone who wasn’t actually your father ‘daddy’, and at your age, had seemed ridiculous and frankly, a little perverted. But the more you thought about it, the more appealing it started to seem. You tried to put aside whatever familial meaning the word had and focused instead of the feeling it conveys: dominion, power... love and care. If those words would make you think of anyone it would be Jimin, so daddy actually seemed like a very appropriate title, once you’d gotten your head around it.

And now, when the word passes your lips and you witness the reaction it spurs, you know it was the right choice. You hear Jimin’s sharp intake of breath, you feel the way his body tenses underneath you, his fingers grabbing at your buttocks, erection digging into your stomach and instantly the word becomes a thousand hotter than it’d ever felt before.

“Please daddy,” you ask again, realising that hearing you say it that first time had stunned him into inaction. This time, when you thread your fingers into his hair and drag his mouth towards your neck, Jimin doesn’t hesitate.

His fangs sink deep into you as you let out a strangled moan of pleasure, barely feeling the pain anymore, just excruciating bliss that’s getting you wetter by the second. Your body starts to seek out relief all of its own accord, rubbing yourself against the thigh that sits between your legs as Jimin drags the blood from your veins, gorging himself on you, and within seconds you feel an orgasm coming. You can’t tell if it’s from his thigh or from Jimin feeding, but when it hits you really couldn’t care less where it’s coming from, so overwhelmed with pleasure that your body jerks uncontrollably against him, unable to make a single sound until it’s passed.

“God, kitten, you’re incredible,” you hear Jimin say against your hair from where your head is resting in the crook of his neck, collapsed on top of him, “You came? Just from me feeding?” He slips his hand up the leg of your shorts to trace his fingertips along your folds, discovering the lingering wetness of your orgasm. “You did... fuck.” He groans, his body shifting to brush his length against your stomach, but all you can do is murmur incoherently in reply, nuzzling against his rock hard chest. You hear him laugh softly as his fingers find their way into your hair, stroking gently. “I want to fuck you so bad... But right now I’m not sure you could take me.” The offer of sex has you lifting up your head, trying extra hard to stay awake.

“I could... I could do—” You have to pause to yawn, sleepy and dizzy, Jimin’s face fuzzy round the edges, “—could do it,” you finish with a murmur but he just laughs at you again, gently pushing you off of him to lie at his side, one arm curled around you so you can lean on his chest. The both of you lie quietly for a while, Jimin’s fingertips lightly tickling up and down your arm as you drift somewhere between wakefulness and sleep. After a little while you hear him sigh and you rub your cheek against his pec, placing your arm across his middle and squeezing slightly.

“I hope you know how happy you make me,” he tells you quietly, a soft kiss pressed to the top of your head after he speaks. Even through your sleepy haze his words still make your heart feel like it’s leapt up into your throat, momentarily choked with emotion. You didn’t know, no, not until he just said it, but now you’re delirious with happiness too. “And I want you to be happy here, too.” You’re about to open your mouth and tell him how that’s definitely the case, but then he carries on speaking. “So I want you to be honest about what I’m going to ask you.” You swallow, suddenly feeling very nervous. What does he want to know? Is something wrong?
“Ok,” you agree hesitantly, looking down at the lumps under the covers that you know are your legs all intertwined underneath.

“Do you have feelings for Yoongi?” There’s a very long, pregnant pause in which your heart starts to beat rapidly, your mind at war with itself as to whether to tell him the truth or lie.

“I care about him,” you answer truthfully, but you know you’re being too vague, and that’s not really what he asked.

“The way you care about your friend, Sam? Or the way you care about me?” Again you pause, biting down on your lip, panic rising in your chest. You’re about to lie, to make out it’s all platonic, but then Jimin speaks again. “Don’t lie to me kitten, I’ll know; I can hear your heart racing.” This isn’t fair; talking to him is like speaking to a polygraph machine, and you’ve never been very good at lying anyway.

“I don’t... I don’t know,” you admit, because there’s at least some truth in that. You don’t know what you really feel for Yoongi, only that it’s strong. You tilt your head back to look up at him nervously, afraid you’ll see anger in his eyes but pleasantly surprised by how calm he looks.

“Did you like it when he kissed you?” The question catches you off guard, but you figure you may as well carry on being honest if he’s only going to know anyway.

“Yes,” you answer quietly.

“Have you wanted to kiss him again?” You wanted to kiss him right there out in the hall only half an hour ago.

“Yes.”

“Have you thought about him fucking you?” Jimin asks, the pitch of his voice lowering as his eyebrow rises. You immediately blush, turning your head, unsure you can even bring yourself to answer. Almost a full minute passes before you manage to nod, looking back up to him and chewing on your cheek. He sighs, looking away, his eyes searching the room as if he’s looking for answers to how he should feel, and you feel so guilty. Jimin has been so wonderful to you just lately... You hate yourself for causing him pain. “He answered the same way.”

He did? You think deep down you already knew that, but still, knowing that he said those things to Jimin makes all your insides clench with both nerves and excitement.

“He’s been happier since you arrived.” He squeezes your arm gently, looking down at you.

“He has?” Jimin nods, expression serious and thoughtful.

“Yoongi has always had periods of depression... some of them worse than others.” You can believe that. That cold, emotionless front he puts when he’s around other people has always felt like a mask just to hide everything that’s going on inside his mind. “There were two years a while ago where he went off completely on his own without a word. We didn’t know where he was or if he was coming back... and when he did come back it was obvious he hadn’t been eating. He was skin and bone, on the verge of starvation, and he barely cared.”

Your heart breaks at the thought of seeing him like that. You can see how people might think he’s aloof or harsh, but when he’s in high spirits you’ve seen glimpses of the sweetest, silliest person, with a wide, gummy smile and kind heart. You love seeing him like that, and knowing that you might be helping to bring it out of him makes you feel so warm inside.
“I want you to be happy, and I want Yoongi to be happy too.” Jimin tilts your head up with his finger under your chin, smiling kindly before he presses his lips to yours in a kiss that feels like a goodbye. For one horrifying moment you think it might be, that Jimin’s going to step back and not want anything to do with you anymore, but then he pulls back and caresses your cheek, his whole expression decisive, like he’s made his mind up about something. “So I suppose I’ll have to learn to share, won’t I, kitten?”

Chapter End Notes

Oh, ps. I've started a BTS reaction blog on tumblr that you're welcome to follow if you like 'gimmesumsuga'. I won't be posting often, as obviously this takes priority, but when I get chance it's something I'm aiming to have a go at :)

Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

Hello all! Hope you like the new chapter <3 it's a bit late on in the day, I know, but today has been suuuuuper hectic.

A big hello and welcome to all the new readers who've popped up just lately, and a big thank you to all you loyal readers too. Your feedback is amazing <3 <3

Though it’s been almost five full days since Jimin made promises about sharing you with Yoongi, nothing yet seems to have come of it, frustratingly enough. It’s making you a little jumpy, unsure what to expect, too nervous to bring it up with Jimin in case he’s not quite ready yet, too worried in case he’s completely changed his mind. You wouldn’t want him to think you’re being pushy or impatient but you really wish you had some kind of idea how he imagines this will work between the three of you.

Yoongi seems none the wiser too, so you presume Jimin must not have even mentioned it to him yet. The sexual tension between the two of you is the same as it’s always been, and if he’d have known about Jimin’s concessions you’re fairly certain he would have acted on it by now. Sure, he’s a little more tactile when you go for your piano lessons at the start of every evening, but there’s nothing outrageous or inappropriate about his behaviour. His fingers will brush against yours as they move along the piano keys, his thigh will press against yours hidden from view, he’ll stare into your eyes for just a little bit too long as the two of you talk. Honestly, it’s killing you. Knowing what Jimin said, knowing that you can but not knowing quite how is driving you crazy.

You come to the conclusion that you’re just going to have to follow Jimin’s lead and try not to burst into a ball of sexually frustrated flames in the meantime; easier said than done when both of them look so good all the damn time. It’s getting so bad that thoughts of having both of their hands on you at once are starting to invade your dreams, leaving you hot and sticky by the time you wake in more ways than one.

Mercifully, the rest of the boys seem to be behaving themselves. You’ve managed to avoid Namjoon completely since the last encounter you had and Tae has kept his hands – if not his eyes – to himself. Jungkook’s little peepshow doesn’t seem to have come of anything either; though you haven’t quite found the right moment to leave his bandana anywhere for him to find. You’re not sure how you would have survived if they’d have been lusting after you too.

“Jimin,” you whisper softly, running your finger down the bridge of his delicate nose, trying to wake him up as peacefully as possible, “Daddy, wake up.” Tonight’s the night of his birthday surprise and you need him to be up and dressed a little bit earlier than usual in order to make sure you’re there in time, so even though he’s reluctant to wake you have to keep trying. You continue stroking his nose, shuffling up the bed till you can reach his cheeks with your lips to shower him with kisses until his eyes finally start to flutter open.

“Hmm?” he groans, eyebrows knotting together in a frown as he blinks hard, “What time is it?”

“Five,” you tell him, unable to keep the excited smile from your face. You’ve been looking forward to this from the moment you booked it, so eager to know if he’ll like his surprise that you’ve been
wishing the days away.

“Five?” he repeats, suddenly far more awake than he was a few seconds ago – though not through choice. “Kitten, you know I was out all night, why’re you waking daddy up so early?” Despite his complaining Jimin still runs his hand through your hair, a smile appearing on his face when you pout up at him, your chin resting on the heels of your hands.

“We’re going out,” you smile, pleased by the way his eyebrows rise in genuine surprise.

“We are?” You nod, sitting yourself up in bed and Jimin pushes himself up on his elbows too, his bed hair sticking up at the back. “Where?”

“You'll find out,” you reply in a sing-song voice, revelling at being the one in the know for once. You hop out of bed, full of energy, and then take hold of the corner of the covers and whip them back. Jimin's unconcerned - he’s always cold anyway – but he is amused by the way you’re behaving, your mischievous smile making him smile back just as hard. “C’mon, we have to be there before seven.”

“Is there a dress-code wherever ‘there’ is?” he asks, swinging his legs out of bed and then standing with a stretch. The movement of his lithe body momentarily distracts you, memories of the way he felt between your legs last night flooding back to you, a slight blush filling your cheeks before you scold yourself for being so easily waylaid.

“Just something nice.” Then again, all his clothes look nice on him. “Something smart, like a suit.” You turn, bending down at your drawers before adding, “And wear a tie.” Jimin’s leaning over to stroke Nova who’s saying good morning by fussing around his ankles, but at your instruction he looks up, an eyebrow cocked.

“So bossy tonight kitten.” You straighten up, towel in hand, just in time for Jimin to walk over and stand behind you, wrapping his arms around your waist and planting slow, teasing kisses along your shoulder. “Do I need to remind you who’s in charge here?”

“Jimin,” you squirm, giggling as his fangs brush against your throat, “We haven’t got time!”

“I can be fast,” he murmurs, and you can feel his smile against your skin as he pushes himself against your behind. You indulge him for a moment, circling your hips and biting your bottom lip, but then you wriggle out of his grasp with a smile, walking backward toward the bathroom. “Such a tease,” he growls, eyes narrowed but smiling, “You’ll pay for that later.”

“I hope so,” you smirk just before you shut the bathroom door on him.

As soon as Jimin’s out of sight it’s much easier to focus, nervous excitement bubbling away in your stomach as you throw yourself in the shower and wash briskly, your hair as well as your body. You’re out of there in record time, tucking the towel around yourself and wiping the steam off the mirror to dry and style your hair. Once that’s done you go into the cupboard under the sink to retrieve the little package of make up you’d ordered and hidden away ready to be used tonight, applying a light coverage of foundation and powder. Perfecting a smoky-eye takes you longer than both the shower and doing your hair combined, but it’s totally worth it for how you look by the end. You’re not someone who ever particularly admires their own appearance, but even you can admit that you look pretty good. Maybe it’s because you haven’t worn make up in so long.

You exit the bathroom with the towel still around you, noting that Jimin’s fed Nova while you’ve been gone. He’s sat on the end of his bed now, doing something on his phone.
“Shower’s free,” you announce, cocking your head in its direction. Jimin looks up, his eyes immediately widening when he sees all the make up framing yours.

“You’re wearing make up?” he asks, standing and coming closer to get a better look. “Where’d you get that?” You tap your nose secretively, smiling at him and Jimin smiles and shakes his head too. “So many secrets tonight...”

“Go, be quick,” you encourage, shooing him away. You need him to leave so you can start to get dressed; you want your outfit to be a surprise too. Jimin collects whatever he’s going to be wearing from his closet and then leaves you in peace to get ready, the sound of the shower running starting only moments after he shut the door.

You’d already laid out your outfit, underwear included, in the bottom drawer days ago, hiding it under t-shirts and towels. You’ve chosen a pretty longline bra and french knicker set to wear under the dress you ordered, and the material feels so soft against your skin as you slip them on. The dress fits like a glove, too; a relief since this is the first time you’ve been able to try it on. The only thing left is the new collar you bought. You open up the box it came in and stand in the mirror to put it on, pleased to see that it looks as pretty in person as it did online. Delicate chains of silver hang from its thick black band, tiny teardrop shapes stones of onyx dangling from each one. It really finishes off the outfit, and just in time for Jimin to walk back in, too.

God, he looks good in a suit. His garnet-red jacket and black pants are finely tailored so they fit just right, emphasising his shoulders and trim waist, a slim black tie hanging from his neck, the knot loose enough that he can leave the top button of his white shirt undone. One of his expensive-looking watches adorns his wrist, rings on his fingers, small hooped earrings hanging from his ears.

You have to fight the urge to touch your chin to check if you’re drooling, but your expression much give away how in awe of him you are because a cocky little smile appears on his face as he walks towards you, his hands in his pockets.

“You scrub up well,” you admit – an understatement if ever there was one. Jimin looks you up and down appraisingly, briefly biting his lip, smile turning into a full-blown smirk.

“So do you,” he replies. He reaches out a hand to touch the collar around your neck, fingertips trailing down the strands of silver and making you shiver. “I _like_ this, kitten, very much.”

“You do?” Your breath hitches in your throat, voice embarrassingly husky on seeing the lust that’s darkening his eyes. He curls one arm around your waist and uses it to sharply pull you close, gazing down into your eyes.

“Are you sure we have to go out?” he murmurs as he presses his forehead to yours, your lips almost touching but not quite, his breath teasing as it ghosts across them. “I can think of lots of fun things we can do right here.”

“I’m not sure we’d ever leave this room if you had your way,” you smirk, tapping your finger on the point of his nose.

“Don’t act like you don’t love it,” he growls, eyes narrowing. You give him a lingering kiss, one that his lips chase after as you pull away, only making you smile more. It’s a refreshing change to feel like you’re the one in a position of power.

“C’mon, we’re gonna be late.” You place your hand over the one of his that’s holding your waist and link your fingers together to start pulling him from the room. Jimin soon falls into step with you, giving your hand a tight squeeze and making you smile. Every day he’s becoming increasingly
affectionate with you, softer, more playful, and you love that he’s slowly opening himself up, allowing himself to be vulnerable even though he admitted himself that he’s scared. It’s also becoming more and more difficult to resist telling him you love him when’s he’s acting so sweet all the time.

Your heels click against the wooden floor of the entrance hall when you get there. You’re relieved to see a car waiting outside on the driveway for you; Jin had promised to drive you both there after you’d told him all about the surprise. Jimin’s about to get the front door for you when suddenly you hear another one open from behind you, and when you turn to look you see Yoongi walking into the hall too, heading from his bedroom to the living room presumably.

He stops dead when he sees the both of you, looking from Jimin first then back to you, his eyes widening slightly as he looks you up and down.

“Going somewhere nice?” he asks. He’s the only one you hadn’t told about Jimin’s birthday surprise, simply because you didn’t want to make him feel jealous or awkward, but now you sort of regret not mentioning it earlier.

“I have no idea,” Jimin replies good-naturedly, pausing with his hand on the doorknob and Yoongi nods, his face impassive.

“Well I hope you have a good time.” You smile at him regardless of how insincere he looks, and you’re about to turn around when Jimin suddenly steps close and whispers in your ear.

“Why don’t you give him a goodbye kiss?” You pull back, your eyes widening as you try to figure out if he really said what you thought he did, your stomach twisting with excitement at the mere suggestion. The corner of Jimin’s mouth quirks up into a smile as he subtly inclines his head in Yoongi’s direction. “Go ahead, kitten.”

Swallowing hard you turn on the spot, Yoongi’s back turned to you as he walks toward the living room. Even though you’re nervous and you have no idea how to actually go about this, you know that if you wait a few seconds more you’ll miss your chance entirely, and you really do want to kiss him. It’s been so long.

“Yoongi,” you call. He stops and turns as you walk towards him, curiosity painted on his face. When you come to stand in front of him you see his eyes flick in Jimin’s direction, licking hip lips nervously. That bruise on his face is still there, so you can’t blame him for being uncomfortable with you standing so close with Jimin stood only a few metres away.

“You look... incredible,” he tells you softly, pitching his voice low and quiet in the hopes the other doesn’t hear, his hungry eyes drinking you in once again.

“Thank you,” you blush, thinking that he looks just as good without even trying, dressed in a red plaid shirt and tight grey jeans. You swallow hard and take a deep breath, bracing yourself to make a move and then curl your finger through a belt loop of his jeans, slowly pulling him toward you until his hips meet yours. Yoongi watches every movement holding his breath, confusion in his eyes.

“Gongjunim?” Flashing him a quick, reassuring smile you tilt onto your tip-toes so you can match his height, glancing at his thin, shapely lips before bravely covering them with your own. You feel his body tense in surprise and you could guess that his eyes are probably still wide open, but within seconds he melts into it, his mouth starting to move with yours. Both of his hands come up to cup your cheeks but then slowly slide their way back into your hair as you kiss, the feeling of his fingernails against your scalp making you let out a muffled moan. You’d forgotten what a good
kisser he is, the way he pours every ounce of feeling into it, his tongue lovingly caressing the inside
of your mouth.

You’re breathless when you come up for air, both of you staring at each other with wide, lust-blown
eyes, Yoongi’s chest heaving. His hands are still in your hair, holding on like he daren’t let go.

“What-?”

“Maybe we can go out sometime too,” you smile, relishing the mix of utter confusion and elation on
Yoongi’s face. His mouth founders for a moment, once again glancing back at Jimin.

“... I’d like that.”

“Me too,” you whisper, reaching up to give him one last kiss before removing your hands from his
belt and forcing yourself back to Jimin’s side. You really will be late in a minute, especially if you
carry on with Yoongi the way you’re longing too.

“See you later, hyung,” Jimin cuts in, and when you look at his face he’s smiling hard. He’s clearly
finding Yoongi’s dumbfounded expression amusing, which is a much more favourable reaction than
jealous rage, granted. He pulls open the front door and as you step through it you send Yoongi a
tiny wave goodbye, giggling at the stupefied one he returns. You feel Jimin slot his hand into your
lower back just before he presses his lips to your forehead, guiding you towards the car where you
can see Jin waiting, engine on and windows down.

“Where were you?” he calls to you as you approach, tapping the watch on his wrist, “My driving’s
gonna have to be pretty questionable to get you there on time.”

“Sorry Jin-hyung, it was my fault,” Jimin apologises as he holds the car door open for you, “I’m a
bad influence on her,” he adds with a salacious smile to you, winking.

“I don’t even want to know...” you hear Jin mutter from the front as your door closes and then
Jimin's opens, climbing in beside you. Before you can clip in your belt he curls his arm around your
waist and pulls you across the seats so you’re flush next to him, having to use the middle seatbelt
whilst he neglects his entirely. As soon as Jin hears the clip he glances at you in the mirror and then
sets off, accelerating at an alarming pace as soon as he hits the road.

You lean against Jimin's arm, looking out of the window and enjoying the way he’s gently squeezing
the flesh of your waist but your mind drifting back to the kiss you and Yoongi just shared. It’d felt
so nice, so right, but like last time it’s just left you wanting more, the slight ache between your thighs
evidence of that. You don’t even realise you’re biting on your lip until Jimin pulls it from between
your teeth with a knowing smile.

“Did you enjoy that, kitten?” he asks quietly, obviously trying to make sure Jin doesn’t hear. You
nod, no longer afraid of sharing these desires with Jimin now that there’s this sense of openness
between you two. “I enjoyed it too.”

“You did?” Your eyebrows rise in surprise; you’d thought that Jimin would be able to learn to
tolerate sharing you, but actually enjoy it? That’s more than you could have hoped for.

“You tell me.” He takes of your hand and presses it to the crotch of his pants with lust clouding his
eyes, and sure enough you can feel the hard length of him swollen underneath the material. “I love
kissing you... but watching you is pretty fucking hot too.” Jimin presses his forehead down to yours,
staring into your eyes with such intensity that you start to feel hot all over, your breath shuddering as
you exhale. You still have his length under your palm, and even though you’re very aware of Jin in
the front, you can’t help but give him a firm squeeze through his pants, loving the way his eyes press closed and the hiss that passes his lips.

“Careful, kitten,” Jimin warns, savagely digging his fingers into your side, “If you keep doing that daddy will have to have you right here on the back seat.” You know it’s supposed to stop you, but if anything Jimin talking like that just spurs you on and you palm him again, harder this time, flashing him a bratty smile. He moans low in the back of his throat, so quiet you barely hear it.

“Please don’t,” Jin’s voice pleads from the front – clearly he did hear – and when you look through the gap in the seats you can see how tightly he’s gripping the steering wheel, his jaw clenched tight. You don’t mean to, but embarrassment makes you burst out laughing, removing your hand from Jimin’s lap and sitting up slightly as Jimin smirks at his elder in the mirror.

“Sorry oppa,” you giggle, the blush that had been colouring your cheeks starting to fade.

“Don’t let him corrupt you,” Jin warns, though he’s smiling so you know he’s not entirely serious. You feel it’s a bit late for that, really, but nonetheless you nod dutifully, trying to hold back more laughter.

“Please do,” Jimin purrs into your ear, nipping on the lobe gently and this time you do laugh again, batting him away.

“Behave,” you scold, but Jimin makes no promises, simply pulling away with a cheeky smile and then looking out of the window, letting the rest of the journey pass in comfortable silence.

Ten minutes later and you’re in the city centre, fighting heavy traffic and stop signs to get to your destination, and you’re rather glad Jimin isn’t driving because he seems to suffer from a slight tendency towards road rage, muttering murderous curses under his breath whilst Jin remains perfectly calm in the front seat.

“It’s just round the corner, get ready to jump out,” Jin warns and Jimin suddenly seems more alert, sitting up in his seat with excited eyes, eager to find out what surprise you have in store. As soon as Jin pulls up to the curb both of you clamber out of the car into a crowd of pedestrians, Jin calling after you to have a good time as you close the car door.

“Where are we going?” Jimin asks, slipping his hand into yours and letting himself be led by you, guiding him around the corner, smiling back at him and then finally coming to a stop in front of the glass-paned double doors of a theatre.

“Here.” Jimin’s eyes take in the entrance to theatre, travelling upward to the billboards above the doors that say ‘Romeo and Juliet’ in sweeping, fancy letters, images of graceful dancers in various lifts and turns around them. You see the corner of his open mouth start to turn upward, a light starting to shine brightly behind his eyes, and when he looks back at you he seems utterly lost for words, positively beaming with joy.

“Happy Birthday Jimin.”
Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

This one's pretty long guys, I hope you enjoy it!

By all means leave me more squealy, incoherent feedback - it's almost my very favourite kind ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The look of childlike glee on Jimin’s face is a permanent fixture over the next two hours.

“How did you do this?” he asks you as you find your seats, so innocently that it makes your heart feel like it’s splintering. You can only smile at him, feeling as overwhelmed with emotion as he looks. The lights drop and the crowd falls silent, the orchestra starting to play a soft, delicate piano of string instruments as the curtains rise that morphs into something livelier as spotlights illuminate the stage.

Two male dancers enter dressed in identical colours, their movements moving in parallel with each other, playful gestures and expressions telling the audience that these two are friends, brothers in arms. Then two other men enter clothed in differing colours and the mood changes, the movement of the dancer’s limbs turning harsher, antagonistic towards the two that were there before. You know the story; it’s the tale of the two warring sides, the Montegues and the Capulets, and so far they’re telling it perfectly.

You turn your face to the side to look at Jimin, wanting to make sure he’s enjoying it, but when you do you have to hold back a gasp at the beautiful sight that greets you. He’s totally unaware of your adoring gaze, completely caught up in devouring the dancers every move, a look of total wonderment on his face. The reflection of the stage lights is highlighting the sumptuous curve of his cheeks and making his eyes shine like precious stones. You can’t believe this man is here with you, that his fingers are intertwined with yours, his thumb absent-mindedly tracing circles on the inside of your wrist despite his utter preoccupation. How did you ever get so lucky?

Truth be told you pay very little attention to the rest of the show from that point onwards, and some people might say that it’s a waste of money, but you’d pay it all over again just to watch the way Jimin’s facial expressions ebb and flow during different parts of the story. When it all comes to its tragic conclusion, the music reaching a spectacular crescendo as Juliet’s body falls atop of Romeo, two lovers locked in death’s final embrace, you’re taken aback by the sight of tears staining his cheeks. They fall unrestrained, drop after drop into his lap, and you can no longer keep yourself from touching him, no matter how it pains you to drag him out of the bubble he’s been in for the entirety of the performance.

You reach out and touch his cheek gently, rubbing tears away with your thumb and smiling tenderly when he startles, turning to you with parted lips and a shuddering exhale. He can’t seem to being himself to speak, his eyes that are shining with so much moisture darting back and forth between your own as you take his other cheek in your hand and brush those tears away too. The music starts to fade away and you see Jimin’s lips move as he utters your name; not kitten, not any other let name, just yours. You tilt your head, a silent gesture of curiosity.
“I love you.” The words tumble from his lips in confession, your breath coming to standstill as you try to determine whether what you heard was real, your own lips parting in shock.

He just told you he loves you, didn’t he? Jimin... he loves you. Something inside your chest soars, like a million birds taking flight, so choked with emotion that you can’t bring yourself to speak, your mouth moving uselessly, and just when the words are about to come out the curtain makes its final close. Raucous applause drowns out anything you might have said, Jimin joining the others around you in giving the dancers a standing ovation. You gaze up at him, this man that you love, wondering how on earth you're going to tell him that now the moment’s passed.

Jimin is quiet as you leave the theatre, caught in introspection. It’s ok though, because you’re lost in thought too, the cool chill of Jimin’s fingers linked through yours enough of a comfort despite his silence. When you step out onto the pavement you both come to a standstill.

“What now?” Jimin asks, turning to you.


“We could go for something to eat.”

“You mean I can eat and you’ll watch,” you giggle, grinning up at him. He smiles back, shrugging his shoulders.

“I enjoy the smell.” You both giggle at that and he gently presses his finger to the tip of your nose, the gesture so cute that your nose wrinkles in response. “Besides, I like seeing you well fed.”

“You sound like you’re trying to fatten me up,” you joke as you both start walking, instinctively heading towards an Italian restaurant nearby that you know and love.

“Maybe I am,” he grins, reaching down to take a firm handful of your ass that he squeezes firmly through your dress. You laugh and roll your eyes, batting his hand away and calling him a pig, but really you don’t mind at all.

It doesn’t take you long to get to the restaurant, and along the way Jimin starts to talk about the performance, gushing over the lead males enviable technique as you nod along. You wish that you knew more about contemporary dance so you could debate the finer points with him, but Jimin seems content just to talk and you to listen, only running out of things to say once you’re seated and you’ve already ordered your main course.

He falls silent, the excited smile he’d been speaking with leaving his face as he becomes more serious. He slides his hand across the leather seat of the booth to find yours, taking it and lifting it onto the tabletop, joining them.

“Thank you for tonight,” he begins, squeezing your hand, “This is the best night I’ve had in... ever. Nobody has ever done anything like this for me before.” It’s a crying shame that they haven’t; as far as you’re concerned Jimin deserves to be spoilt rotten every single day of his life.

Now would probably be a good time to tell Jimin what you were trying to in the theatre, but the moment you open your mouth the waitress decides to return with your lasagne. It looks so delicious, the melted cheese practically dripping from the sides, that you’re completely distracted. Even Jimin looks tempted by it, breathing in deeply as you slice through the pasta layers.

“That really does smell good,” he admits, sounding practically envious.

“Tastes pretty damn good too,” you smile, pushing more onto your fork and blowing on it.
Delicious yes, but also hotter than the sun. He smiles indulgently back at you, shucking off his jacket and lying it across the back of the booth while you continue to eat and then leaning his elbow on the table to rest his chin on his open palm, still smiling as he watches you.

It takes you a moment to notice him doing it but when you do a blush rises on your cheeks, pausing with your fork hovering above your plate.

“What?” you ask, smiling nervously.

“You’re just beautiful when you’re happy. More so than usual.” He says it so easily, like it’s the most obvious thing in the world, and your blush only gets hotter. “It just makes me regret hurting you the way I did before even more.” You automatically know he’s referring to the incident after you first slept together, dropping his eyes to the table for a moment. You put your fork down, food momentarily forgotten.

“You’ve already explained about that Jimin, don’t feel like you have to keep apologising.” You slide yourself across the booth to sit next to him, pressing a reassuring kiss against his cheek. “Honestly, it’s forgotten.” He looks back at you and you see his jaw clench and unclench as he pauses.

“I didn’t tell you everything.” Your stomach drops, feeling like your food might come back up again as you instantly presume the worst, and Jimin must catch the look on your face because he quickly widens his eyes, shaking his head. “Oh, no, kitten, it’s nothing awful. It’s just... there’s a reason you calling me *jagiya* set me off the way it did.”

“What is it?” you encourage, curious now.

“Keep eating.” Jimin tells you firmly and you slide your plate over with a nod, eating the now cold mouthful obediently. He watches you for a moment before finally swallowing and speaking. “I had a childhood sweetheart growing up. We’d known each other since we were toddlers, our families were close, we went to the same schools... it was as natural as breathing to be with her. I didn’t know anything else.”

Ah, so that’s what it was. You’d thought there was probably some story of lost love behind Jimin’s reluctance to let himself feel something for someone again, but you hadn’t wanted to push him to tell you anything before he was ready. You’re glad he’s chosen to do it all on his own.

“When we first found out that I was sick she made all these promises about how she’d stick by me. She romantised it if anything, saying she wanted to marry me just in case anything were to happen, but this was all when I was still fairly healthy, still at home, still living a normal life.” Jimin smiles a bitter smile. “It didn’t last long once reality set in. She’d never liked hospitals and always made excuses to avoid going with me to my appointments and my transfusions, and once I became a permanent inpatient it got even worse. She started pulling away, her visits getting further and further apart until finally she just stopped coming.”

He falls silent, swallowing hard as his fingers pick at the tablecloth restlessly. How could anyone be so cold and callous as the abandon the person they supposedly love when they need them most? They were both young, you suppose, but then youth can’t always be used as an excuse.

“I’m really sorry, Jimin,” you say consolingly, putting down your fork and placing your hand on top of his. He barely notices your gesture of comfort though; he’s starting to look angry rather than sad, clenching his jaw hard, his eyes that are looking into the distance going cold.

“Every day for two weeks I had to call before she finally answered me, and you know what she said to me?” Jimin barely pauses for a second before he answers his own question. “That I didn’t
appreciate how hard it was for her, having a terminally ill boyfriend. How stressful it was. For her.” He sneers as he says the words, and even though it was almost 30 years ago that it happened you can tell how deeply it hurt him then and how deeply it still hurts him now. “Almost eight years she called me jagiya. She might as well have been calling me a fool.”

Now you completely understand why Jimin reacted the way he did to that word. It’s difficult for you to imagine how self-centred this girl must have been to say things like that to him. It’s such a total opposite way of thinking to yours that you simply can’t fathom it, and you find yourself feeling angry for Jimin as well, the back of your neck prickling with irritation.

“She didn’t deserve you,” you tell him vehemently, squeezing the hand that you’re still holding. He looks back to you, eyebrows pulled down into a frown as his jaw tenses again, the anger draining from his eyes and sadness replacing it.

“I wasn’t the best boyfriend... With the illness I couldn’t do the things she wanted to do... take her to places she wanted to go...”

“But that wasn’t your fault,” you persist, shuffling yourself closer still and moving your hand off of his and onto his face, your heart aching at the look in his eyes, “You deserved better than her. You deserve someone to make you smile and laugh and care about you and...” You hesitate, swallowing, thumbing his plump cheek as he leans into your touch. It’s a rare moment of weakness you’re seeing here, and it just makes you love him all the more for it. “You deserve someone to really love you.”

The corners of Jimin’s mouth turn up into the smallest of smiles before he leans away from your touch, letting your hand drop.

“What I said in the theatre…” Jimin begins, and you know he’s talking about his confession of love from the way he’s avoiding your eyes looking almost... nervous. He picks up the knife and fork from your plate and starts to cut another small slice of lasagne for you whilst he speaks, “I know what we have isn’t… normal, by any stretch of the imagination.” He lifts the fork to your lips. “Eat.” You obey, letting him feed you even though food is the very last thing on your mind right now. “I don’t…” Jimin opens his mouth and then closes it again with a sigh, poking at your lasagne with the fork. “What I’m trying to say is that I don’t expect you to feel the same way. After the way I treated you I don’t-”

Jimin doesn’t get chance to finish his sentence because his next words are completely muffled when you throw your arms around his neck, crashing your lips into his and sending your fork crashing to the table. You’re certain that people are probably staring but you couldn’t care less, far more concerned with letting Jimin know the true depth of your feelings for him than their judgemental stares. You show him through the passion of your kiss and the press of your body against his, telling him with the soft moan you purr into his mouth when his tongue slips its way inside. His arms coil around your waist to keep you close, your noses brushing as the kiss that started so urgently becomes slow and sensual. The longer it goes on the more you can feel a growing heat between your legs so when Jimin pulls away you end up groaning with want, resting your forehead against his and biting your lip as he chuckles.

“You keep teasing me like this kitten and I really will have to-”

“I love you,” you whisper, knowing that he’ll hear, looking up at him from under your eyelashes, that bottom lip of yours still caught between your teeth. He blinks, mouth opening slightly like he doesn’t understand. “Jimin, I love you,” you repeat, rubbing the tips of your noses together before gifting him one more kiss. You pull away to look at him properly, smiling shyly and that smile only getting broader when a similar one starts to spread across Jimin’s face.

“You do?” His voice is breathy, full of wonder, the happiness in his eyes practically sparkling
through at you when you nod in confirmation. You end up laughing a little at just how ecstatic and sweet he looks, only to have all the air squeezed out of you a second later when he pulls you into a crushing hug.

“You’ve made me so happy, kitten,” he murmurs into your hair, cradling the back of your head. “I love you too.” You stay like that for at least a good minute, squeezing each other so tight that you know Jimin will be able to feel your love-struck heart pounding hard through your chest into his. Maybe if he had a beating heart you’d be able to feel it racing too.

He pulls away just enough to look in your eyes, his hands tracing the curve of your waist.

“I’ll do my best to make you happy too,” he tells you solemnly, expression deadly serious. You smile disbelievingly; can’t he see how much he already does that without even trying? “I’ll always take care of you, I promise.”

“Jimin, you really don’t need to make all these promises,” you chastise gently, your own hands now under the table, resting on Jimin’s thigh that’s closest to you.

“I do,” he insists, “I want to.” You just smile back at him with a shake of your head, amused by his stubbornness but finding it sweet nonetheless. It’s nice to have someone want to take care of you as much as he does; you’d been living on your own for so long you’d forgotten what it was like to have anyone but yourself looking out for your welfare. “Finish your meal, kitten.” Jimin tells you, retrieving the fork he dropped from across the table and handing it back to you, clearly intending to start as he means to go on when it comes to ensuring your health. “You’ve lost weight since we first met.” You see his eyes drift over your body with a frown as you turn back to your lasagne.

You know he’s right; this dress you bought is a size down from what you were wearing before, and you’d noticed the clothes he’d first bought you getting a little baggier. You hadn’t thought to let it bother you though because you feel healthier than ever, and as far as you were concerned you could have done with losing a couple of pounds to begin with.

“I don’t know how,” you say just before you take another mouthful, “Not with the stuff Jin’s been feeding me.”

“Maybe it’s all the extra exercise,” Jimin replies, and it isn’t until you look to him, mouth full, and see his winking face plastered with a cheeky smile that you realise what ‘exercise’ it is that he’s referring to. You blush at his teasing, and that blush only gets deeper when you feel Jimin’s hand encroach on your thigh. He makes full use of the split in your skirt, placing his hand straight onto bare skin and squeezing gently to draw a gasp from your lips.

How on earth are you supposed to concentrate on eating when he’s being so utterly distracting, that knowing smile playing on his full lips? You try your hardest to focus on your lasagne, taking another mouthful but then almost inhaling it when his hand starts to move, his delicate fingertips starting brushing along the inside of your thigh. They dance tantalisingly upward, just enough to get you squirming in your seat before skirting lower again, Jimin’s smile growing with each and every time you wriggle in your seat. The pretty French knickers you’re wearing are starting to cling to your core with the wetness collecting there and knowing that Jimin will be able to smell it only makes the problem worse, your core aching with want.

Your put your fork down with a sigh that sounds decidedly needy, your appetite well and truly diminished.

“What’s wrong, kitten? Not hungry anymore?” Jimin teases, grabbing at the fleshy inside of your thigh bruisingly hard, using his grip to pull the legs you’d been clenching together apart under the
table. You’re so glad you’re in a quiet part of the restaurant and that the tables have long tablecloths; at least you’re relatively hidden from view when Jimin decides to skirt his fingertips along the seam of your underwear.

“Not for lasagne,” you reply breathily, hiding your red face in the crook of his neck and planting kisses on every inch of skin you can get to.

“You want daddy’s fingers right here?” he asks huskily, his mouth pressed to your ear. His fingers start to rub against the outside of your arousal soaked underwear, the material he’s pushing between your folds the only thing that’s stopping them from slipping inside you. “Always so eager for me, aren’t you? I bet you’d let me fuck you right here if I wanted to, hm? We could show everyone how well you take my cock.” You whimper pathetically as a fresh wave of arousal throbs through you, your hands finding their way onto the lapels of Jimin’s jacket to grab on tight, brushing your lips against his and whimpering again; soft, sweet noises that have him grunting when he hears them.

“Take me home,” you plead against his mouth, your hips shifting all of their own accord, searching for more friction, “I need you now. Please.” You feel Jimin’s lips curl into a smile as he hums in approval. When he pulls his body away from yours he removes his hand too, his pupil’s blown wide with desire as he undresses you with his eyes.

“Seeing as you asked so nicely.” You nod eagerly, reluctantly letting go of his jacket as he starts to rise from the booth, pulling his wallet from his back pocket to go settle the bill. It’s a good job he’s wearing dark pants; his erection wouldn’t be that obvious unless you were actively looking for it – like you are. Jimin catches you staring, smirking when you look back up at him.

“I’m just gonna go to the bathroom,” you tell him, rising too and fighting the urge to grimace at just how much of a state your underwear is in. You need to do something about that.

“Don’t go cleaning up too much,” he warns, flicking his tongue out to lick his lips salaciously, his eyes fixed on your pelvic region. God, what you wouldn’t give to have that tongue on you right now… “And don’t you dare go touching yourself either, kitten.” You nod obediently, loving the aura of dominance radiating from him.

Satisfied with your compliance Jimin leaves the table whilst you hurry off to the toilets where you try to make yourself at least a little more comfortable for the drive home. You’re so glad that you’d told Jin that you’d catch a taxi home; the thought of subjecting him to more illicit activities between you and Jimin has you smiling to yourself in the bathroom mirror as you wash your hands, remembering just how mortified he’d looked earlier this evening.

When you return into the restaurant you spy Jimin from across the room. He’s stood at the bar looking down at his phone, thumbs tapping the touchscreen at a rapid pace – none of which you would have found suspicious if it weren’t for the way he quickly locks the display and shoves it into his jacket pocket as soon as he sees you coming. What’s he up to…?

“Better?” he asks with a grin as you move to his side, one of his arms coming to rest snugly around your waist.

“Barely.”

It doesn’t take long for the two of you to hail a taxi to take you home. You’d half expected Jimin to be all over you in there too, but strangely enough he doesn’t pull you to sit in the middle this time, keeping his distance enough to do something on his phone at least two or three more times during the journey without you being able to see. It makes you a little nervous, although you’re fairly certain
it’s nothing too untoward because he still holds your hand and sends you soft smiles every few minutes. You let it go, thinking instead about those three little words you said to each other earlier, happiness swelling inside you as you replay it over and over in your head.

Things start to heat up again as soon as you get home. By the time you’ve reached Jimin’s door you’re giggling against each other’s lips as he grabs at your ass, pulling your hips into his roughly, and you’re almost as wet again as before you visited the bathroom at the restaurant earlier.

“You’ve been so good to daddy tonight,” Jimin murmurs against your lips as you kiss, reaching behind himself for the doorknob to let you into his bedroom. “Such a good girl.” You palm his erection through his pants, nipping at his bottom lip, so eager that you’re going to start undressing him in the hallway if he doesn’t start hurrying the hell up. “I think you deserve a reward.” Jimin pushes the door open behind him, walking back through it and placing his hands on your shoulders to detach himself from you; much to your confusion and dismay. You look questioningly at him, breathing heavy, and it isn’t until Jimin flicks his eyes to the side with a smile that you actually take in anything else about the room you’re standing in. There’s a black-haired boy sat on the edge of Jimin’s bed with his hands clasped together in his lap, tonguing the inside of his cheek nervously as he locks eyes with you.

“Yoongi?”

Chapter End Notes

THE SMUT IS COMING PEOPLE, IT'S COMING!
Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

Here we go guys!

All you Yoongi stans, please enjoy. Jesus, I know I have.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As soon as Yoongi recognises that shock on your face that his presence generates his expression turns equally surprised, both his eyebrows rising as he turns to look at Jimin.

“You didn’t tell her?” he asks accusingly, sounding annoyed. You look back and forth between the two of them, feeling completely out of the loop and even more confused when you see the smirk on Jimin’s face.

“Where’s the fun in that?” Again your head turns from side to side, Jimin smiling, Yoongi scowling and you stuck in the middle with your heart galloping with anxiety.

“What’s going on?” you question as Jimin starts to strip from his jacket and throws it over the back of the armchair in the corner.

“I told you kitten,” Jimin purrs as he sinks into the seat, crossing one leg over the other, “Good girls get rewards. You want daddy to share, daddy will share.” Your mouth pops open in surprise, eyes immediately darting to look across at Yoongi. He’s not looking at you, though, he’s looking over his shoulder at Jimin with a mocking smile.

“Daddy?” he scotts scathingly. Your face flushes with embarrassment as Jimin’s eyes darken, tilting his chin down to glare at the other vampire from across the room.

“It’s Sir to you in here, Yoongi.” Seriously? You have to hold back a gasp at the words that come from Jimin’s mouth. Even in the short amount of time you’ve lived with them you know it’s extremely disrespectful for Jimin to have dropped the ‘hyung’ honorific, nevermind ask Yoongi to call him Sir.

“Excuse me?” Yoongi growls, his whole body tensing in anger. Jimin doesn’t look concerned. The corner of his mouth twists into a smile, in fact.

“Do you want to fuck her, or not?” Jimin asks cockily, slanting his head in your direction. Yoongi’s eyes dart to take in your form, flicking up and down as he licks his lips uncertainly before finally answering a husky,

“Yes.”

“Yes what?” Jimin persists, the amusement clear in his voice. Yoongi glowers again, chewing on the inside of his cheek before biting out a reply.

“Yes, Sir.” The tension in the air is palpable, and it isn’t until silence has fallen in the room that you become suddenly aware of how loud your breathing is, short little pants of air dragging back and forth between your lips.
Both of their eyes are on you, undressing you where you stand from where they sit, and you’re so
cripplingly nervous. You’ve only just started sleeping with one guy, nevermind two. How does this
work? What are you supposed to do? Are they waiting for you to do something?

“Why don’t you start by taking that pretty little dress off, kitten?” Jimin prompts, as if reading your
fretful thoughts. You give a short nod, looking down at your feet as you step out of your shoes with
wobbly knees, pressing your lips together to try not to breathe so hard. There’s nothing you can do
to hide the shaking of your hands as you reach for the zip of your dress, though. As you slowly slide
it down you pick your eyes up off the floor to glance at Yoongi; he looks entranced by the sight of
your halting striptease. His lips are parted as he watches you, his own eyes widening slightly as you
slip your arms out of the dress and then shimmy it down to pool at your feet, both of you swallowing
hard.

“Good girl,” Jimin praises, pulling your attention back to him. He’s leant back in the chair and runs
a hand through his hair as his hips shift, finding a more comfortable position for his growing
erection. “Isn’t she beautiful, Yoongi?” Yoongi nods once, shortly and sharply, his eyes still fixed
on you. “She looks even better with nothing on at all.”

You take that as your cue to take off your bra, your hands quickly reaching behind your back to
fiddle with the clasp. It’s not usually something you find difficult but of course right now, with your
quaking fingers and sweaty palms, it seems like an almost impossible task. Eventually you slip it off,
letting it fall to the floor too as you avoid both their eyes and hook your thumbs into the waistband of
your knickers. You pause, taking a deep breath to steady yourself before you pull them down too.
You’re so wet that a string of arousal stretches between your core and your underwear as they fall,
and you know the tops of the inside of your thighs are glistening with wetness; you can feel it as you
straighten up and clench them together. It’s so hard to stand there and have them look at you the
way they are. Body confidence has never been something you’ve possessed, but seeing the way
they both look at you so hungrily makes you start to believe that you must be something desirable, at
least to them, so stand tall you do.

“You were right,” Yoongi states in agreement with Jimin’s earlier statement, his voice thick with lust
as he takes in the way your nipples are becoming more and more erect under his stare.

“Why don’t you go sit on Yoongi’s lap, kitten? Show him how pretty you are up close.” Yoongi’s
eyes flick to Jimin like he can’t quite believe the other’s generosity, but he soon gets with the
program as you take your first steps towards him. He shimmies back on the bed so that his back
meets the headboard, sat bolt upright, his chest rising and falling heavily as you crawl onto the bed
with him. He’s clenching the sheets on either side of him and breathing hard as you kneel by his side
with a coy smile, his eyes darting around like there’s too much to look at all at once. Yoongi looks
almost as nervous as you, and recognising it almost helps you feel a little braver.

“Can I?” you ask softly and he quickly nods, his Adam’s apple bobbing up and down in his throat.
You climb astride him, holding onto the headboard as you slowly lower your naked core onto his
lap, ruining his black sweatpants with the arousal that’s practically dripping from you. Yoongi lets
go of the sheets and you feel his hands come to rest on the slope of your back, where the planes of
muscle and bone curve into soft flesh of your buttocks.

“Are you ok, gongjunim?” he asks quietly, and you know he’s not just asking about your general
wellbeing. He’s asking if you’re ok with this, this situation you’ve been thrown into with no
warning to speak of, and knowing that he cares so much only makes you hotter for him. Instead of
answering with words you give him a kiss that’s harsh and hungry and tells him everything he needs
to know, one that he returns with equal enthusiasm. He quickly flicks his tongue against the entrance
of your mouth and then slides it inside to brush against yours when your lips instantaneously part.
Your hips automatically shift on his lap as you kiss, searching for friction, and when he feels you move Yoongi groans into your mouth, his grip on you getting even tighter.

He pulls away just enough to start leaving bruising kisses along your jaw, pulling on your ass to move you again, grinding you against his sweats and the hard erection you can feel underneath. You tilt your head back, eyes opening, and the very first thing you see is Jimin sat in the corner. He’s watching the two of you with hooded eyes, palming the crotch of his pants and biting his bottom lip, and when he sees you looking at him he flashes you a daring smile that has you moaning with need.

“What’s wrong kitten?” he asks as Yoongi drags his teeth across your skin, too busy with worshipping every inch of you to pay much attention to the conversation you’re having. Your hips circle again, whimpering at the feel of the rough material against your clit, and Jimin soon understands what the problem is. “You want Yoongi to touch you?” You nod helplessly. You’ve seen the way Yoongi’s skillful hands dance along a line of piano keys, and just the thought of having his long, slender fingers inside of you makes you feel like you might cry if it doesn’t happen soon. “You better get him to ask me for permission then.” Oh, Jimin’s enjoying this too much, the sense of power getting him just as hard as watching you writhe on the other man’s lap.

Yoongi is obviously listening more than you thought because when Jimin says that he suddenly ceases his kisses and rests his forehead against yours, only millimetres between your lips as he gazes into your eyes and thickly utters, “Let me touch her.” You hear Jimin snarl a growl from the corner and Yoongi’s eyes briefly pressed closed in irritation before he adds, “Please Sir.” He doesn’t wait for Jimin’s confirmation, knowing that the submission of his words will have granted him all the permission he needs. He places his hands on the inside of your thighs, your foreheads still touching so he can watch your reaction as he drags his thumbs through the wetness smeared across the inside of your thighs. “She’s so wet, Jimin-ah,” Yoongi admires breathily, turning his head to look at the other and making Jimin smile when he quickly adds, “Sir.”

“Yoongi,” you whine, detaching your fingers from the headboard and sliding them up into his hair, tugging gently to urge him on.

“Better give her what she wants, Yoongi, before she crawls into my lap instead,” Jimin smirks from your side. “You love cumming on daddy’s fingers, don’t you, kitten?” A naughty smile spreads across your lips as you tilt your head to look at him, biting your lip as you watch him squeeze himself through his pants.

Your wavering attention must make Yoongi jealous because in the next breath he steals it back, sliding a finger into you roughly. It’s so abrupt and unexpected that it makes you yelp, your body jerking as it’s breached, turning back to face him with wide eyes. Now it’s Yoongi that’s smirking as you quickly start to gasp and moan when he adds a second finger to the first. His fingers are so much longer than Jimin’s, reaching places you’ve never been touched before, thrusting in deeply, wetness squelching with the movement of his hand.

“I think you like mine better, don’t you gongjunim?” Yoongi purrs into your ear so only you can hear, his smirk growing when he feels your walls clench around his fingers as they curl inside, toying with your g-spot. You’ve been so turned on for so long tonight that it takes barely any time at all for Yoongi to work you to the edge of an orgasm, your breath and thighs starting to shake, even more of your juices staining his lap and mixing with his own growing patch of pre-cum. “I’ve been dreaming about you cumming on my fingers,” he groans against your cheek, movements getting rougher, more insistent, “On my tongue.” You’re getting so close, your hips working with the motion of his hand, chasing your orgasm, out of your mind with pleasure. “On my cock.”
“Yoongi, Yoong- I’m… I’m so close- don’t stop, don’t stop,” you ramble, pulling at the back of his hair.

“Don’t you cum yet, kitten.” Jimin’s commanding tone suddenly slices through the haze of pleasure clouding your mind. Your eyes open, turning your head to look at him as Yoongi’s fingers slow but don’t entirely stop, feeling confused as to why he’s denying you – he usually loves to watch you cum. That’s with him though, not with Yoongi, and as he smiles teasingly back at you, you realise that this is all part of the game that he’s playing, part of flexing the control he has over the two of you. You look back to Yoongi, pleading with your eyes, but by the way the corner of his mouth twitches into a smile you get the feeling he’s sort of enjoying this too, sliding his fingers out of you and brushing them against your clit on the way to his mouth to noisily suck them clean with a quiet groan. You’re not close anymore, but your core is aching unbearably, so empty that it almost hurts. “I think she needs fucking, Yoongi,” Jimin suggests, and the next moment you hear the clink of his belt buckle being flipped open, “Don’t you?” Your eyes widen, your core clenching as you try to work out who exactly is going to be stretching you open first. You see Yoongi look to Jimin, clearly trying to ascertain the same thing. Something is exchanged wordlessly between them in a matter of seconds, something that makes a dirty, eager smile spread across Yoongi’s face.

“Yes sir,” he agrees, grabbing a hold of the hem of his white t-shirt and pulling it up and over his head, tossing it off the bed. You’ll never stop being captivated by just how pale and slim Yoongi’s torso is, your eyes raking over his body and widening when he lifts his hips just enough from the bed to yank his sweats down. He wasn’t wearing any underwear underneath, and realising that now turns you on even more than before, your mouth practically watering as you take in the sight of his cock standing tall against his stomach. He’s longer than Jimin there, too, though not as wide, the entire tip shining with pre-cum. Yoongi kicks off his sweats so you’re both completely naked on Jimin’s bed, placing his hands on your hips and pausing to tilt his head despite how desperate he is to get inside you. “Are you sure, gongjunim?” he asks softly.

“Yes,” you answer without hesitation, your voice needy and breathy, your hands resting on the solid expanse of his bare stomach, “Please.” Yoongi kisses you, sweeter than before, pulling on your hips to get you to lift up from his lap so he can align himself against your folds, pushing down just enough to let the tip nudge inside as he hisses with pleasure. “Please,” you repeat needily, your walls clenching inside in anticipation of him filling you up. He lowers you onto his cock, being heartbreakingly slow and gentle, your moan of gratification getting swallowed up his mouth.

“You’re so beautiful,” Yoongi whispers against your lips when you’re fully seated on him, lavishing you with praise while you become accustomed to the size of him, “I’ve wanted this for so long… princess, gongjunim, you feel so good around me.” You open your eyes to look back into his, momentarily distracted from the ache in your groin by the ache in your chest that starts the second you see the absolute adoration written all over his face. His hands caress your hips gently, kissing you again, slow and full of meaning.

“Move, kitten,” Jimin commands, dragging your attention away from Yoongi’s lips. He’s leant back in the armchair, shirt and pants open, stroking his cock with long, firm strokes. “I want to see you bounce on Yoongi’s cock like the little slut you are.” The dirty talk spewing from Jimin’s mouth has both you and Yoongi groaning simultaneously, Yoongi’s hips automatically flexing upward to bury himself deeper in your heat. The juxtaposition of Yoongi’s softness and Jimin’s dominance has never been more apparent than in these last few minutes, but honestly you can’t get enough, totally besotted with the both of them. “Move,” Jimin barks again when you fail to start fast enough.

You’ve never been on top before – Jimin’s usually always on top, dominating you with the sheer weight of his body pressed on yours, or taking you roughly from behind, bent over or on all fours – so you’re not entirely sure what to do or how to move. You soon figure it out though, Yoongi
helping you by tilting your hips forward so you’re leant forward with your breasts pressed to his chest, giving him enough room to slide you back and forth on his cock from underneath, doing all the work for you. You loop your arms around his shoulders, holding on tight, moaning breathily in his ear as he brushes against all the right places inside.

“Does that feel good?” Yoongi checks, pulling out almost entirely and then sliding his length all the way back in, no urgency to speak of behind any of his movements.

“Yes,” you mewl, starting to push your hips back against him too as you find a rhythm together. You straighten up, gasping as the change of position pushes him even deeper inside, noticing the barely contained lust in Yoongi’s eyes. He’s holding back for you, you realise, simultaneously realising that you don’t want him to. You quicken the pace of your hips, grinding yourself down on him hard, biting your lip, hoping that he’ll get the message, and sure enough he does.

“I think she wants it harder, Sir,” he smirks to Jimin, wrapping his arms around your waist, “Can I give it to her?”

“Do it,” Jimin groans back, and you can tell from the wet sounds coming from his corner that he’s fisting his cock harder now. The next time Yoongi pushes into you it’s not a slide, it’s a slam, his hips snapping upward as he pulls you down onto his cock roughly. You cry out, clutching onto his shoulders as he begins a merciless pace, fucking up into you from underneath. “You like that, kitten? You like getting fucked by Yoongi?” Your only replies are the stilted moans that judder out of you with every thrust, too overwhelmed to form any words that make sense.

Yoongi grunts as he feels your fingernails dig into his back, one hand tangling into your hair and using it to pull your mouth to his to kiss you just as roughly, his teeth finding your bottom lip and biting hard. Being denied your orgasm earlier makes this one build twice as fast, and you must only be minutes in when your walls start to contract, your stomach knotting as it fast approaches, clinging onto Yoongi for dear life.

“Not yet, kitten, you’re not cumming until I say you can,” Jimin tells you breathily, struggling to speak just as much as you are. You can feel Yoongi getting harder and harder inside you too, his cock throbbing, and you know he’s getting close too.

“I’m not gonna last,” he warns Jimin through gritted teeth, slamming up into you savagely, “Let her cum, Jimin, Sir, she feels too fucking good.”

“Please, daddy, please,” you sob, your forehead pressed to Yoongi’s shoulder, biting your lip with the effort it’s taking to hold back, the pressure in your core starting to reach breaking point no matter how hard you try. You want to be good for him, you do, but you really don’t think you can last much longer.

“Just a minute more, gongjunim, hold on,” Yoongi coos into your ear, slowing his pace a little and caressing your waist soothingly, but by this point it doesn’t help at all. You’re about to fall over the edge, and nothing you can do will stop it from happening.

“Please!” you plead once more, and on hearing the desperation in your voice Jimin finally grants you your wish. You cum on Yoongi’s next thrust, your body convulsing with pleasure as you cry out, the sheer strength of your orgasm milking Yoongi’s out of him too. His hips stutter up into you, painting your insides with his cum as he allows himself to finish, his breathing ragged and wrecked.

“Are you alright?” Yoongi pants against your hair, both of your chests heaving as he holds you close.
“She better be,” you hear Jimin answer for you. You sit up, peeling your hair back from your sweaty forehead and looking to Jimin’s corner only to watch him stand and strip from his clothes, a dangerous look on his face. His cock looks painfully swollen, the head of it angry and red, and as he straightens up from pushing down his pants he wraps his fist around it, stroking himself as he walks toward the two of you. You feel Yoongi’s softening member twitch inside you, equally excited at the prospect of this not yet being over. “It’s daddy’s turn.”

Chapter End Notes

Ok, so, this wasn't meant to be anywhere near this long. Like literally the whole thing was supposed to be over in one chapter but.... yeah. I get... carried away and...

Quite frankly I need to go take a cold shower right now, ladies. I don't know about you.
Jimin’s turn?

You’ve barely recuperated from your last orgasm, and now the silver-haired vamp is kneeling onto the bed and coming toward you with promises of more to come in his lust-darkened eyes. As soon as he’s close enough Jimin grabs you by the shoulder and uses his grip to pull you off of Yoongi’s lap and back into the bed, your back hitting the mattress with a thud, head sinking into the pillow with a gasp. Yoongi’s now sat next to you rather than underneath you and he’s watching closely as Jimin takes hold of your knees and pulls you legs apart to kneel between them, his eyes fixing on your core as soon as it’s exposed.

“Oh kitten,” he coos, tone teasing, “You’re making such a mess.”

You can feel a combination of your own juices and Yoongi’s cum dribbling out of you onto the sheets, warm and wet as it slides down between your buttocks. You’d already been aware of it, but when Jimin points it out you flush scarlet, mortified, squirming your hips but unable to hide because of his persistent grip on your knees. “Yoongi filled you up well, didn’t he?”

Your eyes that had been closed dart up to meet Yoongi’s, your blush getting hotter when you see him licking his lips like he wants to have a taste. “Did you like taking his cum, kitten?” You nod, keeping your eyes on Yoongi and feeling your core clench at the fire your nod puts in his eyes.

Suddenly Jimin grabs hold of your chin and forces your eyes straight, yanking your head round to look at only him.

“Look at daddy when he’s speaking to you,” he snarls, all gentleness so far removed from his face that it’s difficult to remember what it ever looked like to begin with. You like this side of Jimin though. It’s when he acts like this that you remember what he truly is; a powerful vampire that could kill you as soon as look at you if he wanted to. Why the hell does that turn you on so much?

Jimin lets go of your chin and climbs on top of you, his hard member pressing into the inside of your thigh as his chest meets yours and his lips meet your neck. His mouth skirts around the edge of your elaborate new collar, fangs pointing against your skin just enough to make you gasp but never piercing through as he playing with your nipple roughly, tugging it hard enough to make your back bow up off the mattress.

The next time you open your eyes you see Yoongi looking down at you, watching with fascination at the way being almost bitten has you writhing with pleasure already. Jimin’s mouth travels further southward, down between the valley of your breasts and then onto the nipple he’d just been abusing
with his fingers.

“Jimin!” you gasp when he bites that too, your skin prickling all over from too much stimulation, your empty core throbbing with the want to be filled again. He looks up at you, his tongue caught between his teeth and a smirk on his face.

“Shall we see how much cum this pretty little pussy can take?” Jimin purrs, fingers sliding teasingly through your folds. You wish he’d slip his fingers inside, but you know there’s absolutely no reason for Jimin to waste time prepping you when he could be fucking you. Yoongi’s cock has stretched you out for him already, his cum lubricating the way for Jimin to crawl up your body again and enter you with no warning and just one savage snap of his hips. Your eyes open up wide, lips parting with a hitched breath as he slams inside, grabbing onto the sheets to keep your body from bucking.

“Fuck, you’re still so tight for me.” Jimin’s got his eyes closed, his face hovering above yours as he supports himself on his elbows and fucks into you with those powerful hips, biting his lip as he gets lost in the feeling of your walls clenching around his cock. Jimin’s definitely thicker than Yoongi; even though you’d just had the other man inside you it had still hurt when Jimin pushed inside, but it’s a burn you’re coming to know and love.

You pick your legs up off the bed and bend them back as far as you can around him, soon having learnt that it lets him bury himself even deeper inside; something that feels just as good for him as it does for you.

“Feels so good daddy,” you whine, turning your head to the side and onto the pillow.

“Then moan for me louder, kitten,” Jimin commands with a particularly hard thrust of his hips, “Show Yoongi how much you love taking daddy's cock.” Your eyes open to look at Yoongi’s face as you slacken your jaw to let all the sounds you’d been holding back come pouring out. His pupils are blown wide with lust, darting from your face to the small gap between yours and Jimin's body where you know he’ll be able to see the other man’s cock when it pulls out only to slam back home a second later. You realise Yoongi’s stroking himself now too, his member fully hardened again, and you find yourself licking your lips during your next moan, suddenly wishing you had him inside you too.

As always, Jimin seems to read your thoughts.

“Maybe you can take us both one day, huh?” Jimin pulls out completely for a second only to press the blunt tip of his cock against your asshole, just enough to make the ring of muscle automatically clench at the threatened intrusion and your hips jump off the mattress, “Would you like that kitten?” He slides back into you with a low groan that rumbles at the back of his throat. “Yoongi pounding this pussy whilst daddy wrecks your ass?”

Yoongi clearly loves the idea because the most wanton, needy moan comes spilling from his mouth as he throws his head back against the wall, his free hand finding its way into your hair as he tugs on his cock. You love it too, just hearing the words making you feel like you’re about to cum. You can’t even imagine how full you’d feel with of them inside you at once, but you’re suddenly desperate to find out.

“Please daddy, Yoongi, please,” you plead, grabbing onto Jimin’s shoulder as your other hand reaches for Yoongi, finding his thigh and digging your nails into it so hard that he hisses.

“Soon, kitten, not tonight,” Jimin soothes, slowing his pace, knowing that you’re getting close and wanting to make sure he lasts as long as you need him to. The way you’re squirming around on the end of his cock has him feeling like he could cum any second, so painfully hard inside of you.
“Fuck, yes,” Yoongi agrees from beside you, perfectly articulating how enthusiastic you feel too knowing that clearly isn’t going to be a one night thing.

“Just cum for me.” Jimin picks up the pace again, reaching between your legs to plant his thumb on your clitoris, stimulating it with enthusiastic circles. Not that you needed it; you’ve been on the edge for what feels like forever. You’re about to cum, the fire in your pelvis ready to explode when you realise exactly what it is that you want right know; what would make this night complete.

“Bite me,” you ramble breathily, repeating it again, trying to hold back, wanting to save it until the moment his fangs sink into your throat. You look up at Jimin and savour the momentary look of surprise on his ruined face and the way he glances nervously at Yoongi.

“Jimin, fuck, do it,” Yoongi groans, his hand leaving your hair and quickly undoing the clasp of your choker when you turn your head to the side to grant him access. He throws it across the room, leaving your throat bare for both their eyes to devour, Jimin’s efforts brought to a momentary standstill. You know if Yoongi weren’t here Jimin would already be feeding from you, but the taboo of it is making him hesitate. “Give her what she wants.” Yoongi’s growling, squeezing the base of his cock to stop himself from cumming out right, his eyes darker than you’ve ever seen them before. He’s only a second away from feeding on you himself, you can tell, and it’s realising that that seems to spur Jimin back into action.

His starts thrusting into you with a new fervour, grabbing onto the back of one of your thighs and shoving it backward to get deeper, nuzzling his face in the crook of your neck. His lips and tongue and teeth are all over your throat, Yoongi’s breath shaking next to you as he watches on, eager to see Jimin do what he’s longing for himself, and just the anticipation of it has your orgasm coming on thick and fast, your whole body throbbing with pleasure.

“She’s gonna cum, Jimin,” Yoongi moans, recognising the ecstasy on your face that he’d committed to memory when he’d watched you come undone on top of him less than half an hour ago. The moment the words leave Yoongi’s lips you do, a cry garbling out of you as Jimin’s fangs slice into your skin, your hands tangling greedily in his hair. Pleasure overwhelsms you, your orgasm contracting all your muscles and the endorphins from his bite relaxing them moments after, your whole body becoming lax, sinking blissfully into the mattress. He drinks greedily from you as he cums, hot and thick and warm, groaning around a mouthful of your blood.

“Such a good girl,” he murmurs against your mouth, the taste of blood on his tongue, “You’ve been so good for us.”

“Shit,” Yoongi curses, obscene sounds coming from between your legs as his cock sloughs through the combination of their cum inside you, the words spilling from him just as lewd. “Fuck, gongjunim, cum again, one more time, just once more for me, fuck.”

“Go on kitten, one more,” Jimin eggs on, reaching down between your legs to rub your clitoris as Yoongi’s cock slips back and forth. You’re barely conscious yet somehow the combination of their efforts somehow manages to get you there again, but this time Yoongi breaks first. His hips stutter, fingertips bruising the thigh he’s holding as he shoves his head between your shoulder blades to keep
himself away from the smear of blood still lingering on your neck. It’s too tempting, too hard not to sink his teeth in too if he can smell it, so as he cums for the second time it's your back that smothers his moans while Jimin’s mouth swallows yours only a minute later, his fingers doing the last of the work to get you off.

Yoongi’s still breathing hard when he slips out of you, placing your leg back down on the bed and massaging your hip as he plants kisses along your shoulder blade, and even though you’re barely alive you can still feel how sore you are after being so thoroughly used. Jimin kisses you gently, cupping your cheek with his palm, suddenly so tender after being so unforgivingly rough only moments ago.

“You’re so amazing, kitten,” he praises, rubbing his nose on yours slowly, “I love you.”

“I love you too,” you murmur sleepily, smiling to yourself at the gust of air that hits your back as Yoongi yawns heavily, just as worn out as you.

“I’ll go get something to clean you up.” Jimin places one last kiss on the tip of your nose before rolling away and climbing out of bed, heading toward the bathroom still stark naked. He looks back at you, looking at the way Yoongi is curling his body around yours, holding you from behind, his mouth curved into a gentle smile. “Yoongi,” he calls, pulling the other from the tempting lull of sleep. His voice is harsh to begin with but then turns softer when Yoongi’s eyes open, twisting his neck to look at back at Jimin over his shoulder. “Hyung, say goodnight.”

The message behind his words is clear, even if they’re softly spoken; it’s time for him to leave. You feel Yoongi’s body tense behind you, and suddenly what had felt so wonderful feels like it’s been tainted, disappointment tugging at your heart as Jimin leaves the room – probably giving you time to say goodbye without him watching over you.

You turn over to face Yoongi, letting your eyes drift over every inch of his face, rushing to try and take in every feature before he’s made to leave. His fingertips are tickling gently at your lower back as he seems to do the same, his face serious and thoughtful.

“Thank you,” you whisper, and it makes the smallest of smiles tug at his lips.

’It should be me saying thank you, gongjunim. ’

“This won’t change anything, will it?” You can’t keep your hands away from him, trailing your fingers over the dip in his chest and over his ribs, in love with his perfect, porcelain skin.

“I think that’s up to Jimin.” Yoongi frowns but quickly hides his expression by pressing a lingering kiss to your forehead. God, you wish he didn’t have to go.

“Can we still have that date?” His smile becomes wider, more gum on show before he kisses your forehead again.

“Whatever my princess wants,” he murmurs into your hairline, cradling the back of your head.

“Your princess?” You quirk an eyebrow at him, smiling teasingly.

“Maybe one day. I’ll keep hoping.” Your heart breaks at the sincerity in Yoongi’s eyes, it only hurting more when he reluctantly disentangles himself from you and starts to retrieve his items of clothes off the floor. When Jimin re-enters the room Yoongi is already dressed, something you can tell Jimin’s pleased by. “I’ll see you later... I guess?” Yoongi asks falteringly, watching Jimin climb into bed with you and pull the sheets over the two of you with a decidedly jealous look on his face that even he can’t hide. You’re about to say goodbye when Jimin speaks for you.
“She'll be at her piano lesson tonight,” he confirms with a nod. You’re instantly relieved to hear it, hopeful that if that tradition is remaining the same then everything else will too.

“Sleep well,” you tell Yoongi, smiling at him stood in the doorway.

“You too,” he smiles back. As soon as he pulls open the door to the corridor Nova comes darting in through his legs. He mock glares at her back as she skitters over to her food bowl, clearly put out at being shut out of the room for so long. Before she starts eating you notice her sniffing the air right before turning her wide, green eyes on you and Jimin – as if she knows what the three of you have been up to and judging you for it when she turns her back with a flick of her tail.

You look back to Yoongi who’s stood holding the door with a ‘what’s her problem?’ kind of look on his face. He just shrugs before wishing the two of you a final soft goodbye and leaving, shutting the door behind him, and you’re left lying there still wishing he didn’t have to go.

“Let’s get you clean, kitten,” Jimin prompts, grabbing a damp washcloth from the bedside table that he must have brought back with him earlier. He lies on his side next to you and gently wipes the blood from your neck first, before then slipping his hand underneath the sheets and cleaning between your legs. Jimin’s a bit rough at first, but when you jump at the feel of the cloth against your over-sensitive clitoris he becomes extra-specially careful with you, washing you gently until the majority of their seed has been wiped away.

Once he’s done Jimin lies on his back and beckons you onto his arms, immediately wrapping them around you as you snuggle up to his side and place your head on his chest. He kisses the top of your head too, both of you falling silent for a little while, just enjoying the feeling of lying next to someone you know loves you.

“I enjoyed that more than I thought I would,” Jimin comments eventually, sounding a little surprised.

“So did I,” you agree, yawning, and you hear Jimin laughing at you as your mouth closes.

“That was pretty obvious.” He kisses away the frown that briefly contorted your face, tipping your head back to look at him properly. “Would you want to do it again?”

“Yes,” you answer instantly, probably too eagerly because it makes him laugh again, tutting at you.

“You’re such a greedy kitten,” he teases fondly. “It is just Yoongi I need to share with, or has someone else been catching your eye too?” Oh, only Tae and Jungkook... and Namjoon. Just those three. You feel your cheeks blush guiltily as you glance away, forcing yourself to look back at him in hopes of not making your lie too obvious. You really are so greedy...

“Youngi.” One of Jimin’s rises and he eyes you skeptically, clearly not convinced but letting it slide anyway.

“Hmm. Just make sure to get my permission first if that ever changes.” He runs his fingers soothingly through your hair, yawning now too. “Remember you still belong to me. You’re mine, no-one else’s.” Ah, there’s that possessive streak rearing its head again after being so carefully concealed. Oh yes, Jimin’s willing to share – so long as everyone involved submits completely and utterly to him. Somehow you don’t think that’d work with someone like Namjoon... “Get some rest, kitten, you’ve earned it tonight.”

You nod, too tired to argue that actually it’s nowhere near dawn because he’s right, you’re absolutely wiped out after all of tonight’s exertions, and you just know you’re going to ache like hell when you wake up.
“What a day...”

Chapter End Notes

I think... like am I getting a cum kink here? Like I needed another one *facepalm*

I'm sorry. God help us all.
Chapter 27

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You on your way? We’ll miss the set menu if you’re not here soon! xx

You shove your phone back into your back pocket with a groan and then hastily button up your blouse, mentally kicking yourself for waking up so much later than you’d intended. You’d gotten in touch with Sam again a couple of days ago and had made plans to meet up for a late lunch and coffee – just like old times – but of course she’s not on a nocturnal schedule like you, so managing to tear yourself out of bed any earlier than 4pm didn’t go quite as well as expected. You are so going to be late.

As soon as you’re dressed you scurry over to the bed to say goodbye to the lump in the covers, pulling them back far enough to reveal Jimin’s messy mop of hair and sleeping face. He looks perfectly adorable, his little nose scrunching up and his eyes shutting even tighter at your intrusion. ‘Jiminnie…’ you call softly, smiling as you run your fingers through his fringe to push it back from his forehead. ‘I’m going to meet Sam now.’

‘Hmmm, kay,’ he murmurs, taking hold of your wrist and pulling it down to the level of his mouth so he can plant sleepy kisses along it. You lean down to kiss him lovingly, your heart fluttering as you do, and when you pull away Jimin manages to open one eyes to look up at you. ‘Your collar, kitten.’ Your hand automatically reaches up to touch your throat, finding it bare.

“I must’ve forgotten to put it back on…” you glance around the bed but can’t seem to see it anywhere.

“Where’d you put it?”

“Try the floor,” Jimin smirks, his eyes now closed again, curling both of his arms around his pillow with a contented sigh. Sure enough you find your collar at the end of the bed, lying crumpled where it’d been thrown by Jimin during a fit of passion. You put it on, thankful that he’d noticed its absence; the bite marks on your neck from this morning’s feeding are still too fresh and easily noticed, and trying to explain them to Sam would have been interesting to say the least.

“See you later,” you whisper, knowing that he’s already fallen back to sleep by the way his every feature has softened and relaxed, his breathing slow and easy. It’s so tempting to crawl back into bed with him, but when your phone goes off again your sense of urgency returns, quickly leaving the bedroom and walking briskly to the entrance hall where your ride should be waiting.

They’re not, though, at least so far as you can tell. You scan the room, huffing impatiently. You definitely will be late now, but when you finally find Yoongi any irritation you might have felt is completely forgotten. He’s tucked himself away, all curled up at the bottom of the stairs and slumped against the bannister, obviously having fallen asleep as he sat waiting for you. You’d never expected him to willingly wake up this early for you - you know how much Yoongi likes to sleep, after all - but when you’d mentioned needing a ride he’d offered to take you without hesitation; something that had surprised the other guys just as much as it had you.

“Youngi-Oppa,” you call in a sing-song voice, squatting in front of him and tilting your head to the side. Even in his sleep Yoongi has a resting bitch face, though it’s not as strong as when he’s awake, but as far as you’re concerned he looks nothing but sweet. “Yoongi,” you call again, reaching out
and taking one of the hands that’s resting open on his lap, threading your fingers together.

He rouses at your touch, automatically tightening his grip on your hand as he yawns, his eyes opening as he sits up.

“What time is it?” he asks groggily, rubbing his eye with your conjoined hand as you smile affectionately at him. “You know what, don’t even tell me.”

“Are you sure you’re ok to drive?” It’s time like these where you could really do with knowing how to drive yourself. You must remind yourself to add it to your to do list - should any of them actually be brave enough to teach you, that is.

“I’ll live.” He stands up with a groan, stretching his arms out and twisting his back but keeping your hand tightly held in his. “C’mon, you’ll be late.”

“You don’t even know what time it is,” you grumble, scowling playfully at his back as you exit the house. It’s a good job it isn’t any earlier really, because the sun is only just starting to go down. It’s not strong enough to be lethal by any means, but you know it’ll be irritating Yoongi’s skin during the time he’s exposed to it. That’s probably why he’s put on so many layers, wrapped up in a long-sleeve sweater even though it’s still quite mild for an autumn evening.

“No, but I know you’re always late,” he teases, smirking, and when you ‘humpf’ he presses a consoling kiss to your knuckles in way of apology. You reluctantly part to climb into the passenger side of the car and send Sam a quick text in reply, letting her know you’re on your way and apologising in advance.

You’re not late quite yet, but in five minutes you will be, and the journey itself takes a good fifteen.

By the time you put your phone back in your pocket Yoongi’s out on the open road and driving a lot more conservatively than you would’ve expected, his cocoa coloured eyes glancing regularly in the rear-view mirror when they’re not looking at you.

“Looking forward to seeing your friend?” he asks after a moment of comfortable silence.

“Sam? Yeah, definitely,” you nod, excitement bubbling in your stomach at the prospect, “It’s been too long.” He nods, expression thoughtful as he looks straight ahead.

“She sounds nice, from what you told me.”

“She is,” you agree, “Though I’m not sure you’d like her.” He quirks an eyebrow, a small smile pulling at the corner of his lips. “She’s kind of… full on.” Yoongi gives a short, quiet laugh, nodding again.

“You’re probably right then.”

“Saying that, you’ve been living with Hobi what, thirty years, and you haven’t killed him yet.” More laughter from the both of you, Yoongi’s gums appearing as he smiles and reaches over to take your hand from your lap, placing it on the gear-stick underneath his own. The gesture warms you right from your head to your toes, the smile on your face sticking as you fondly watch him.

You would’ve never expected Yoongi to be the affectionate type when you met him, not for a single second, but he’s actually starting to rival Jimin when it comes to little loving touches. So much worry had plagued your mind after the night you’d slept together, and it was with total trepidation that you’d shuffled your way into Yoongi’s bedroom later that evening. You’d been sure that the atmosphere would be different between the two of you, but it was almost like nothing had changed. Yes, there was sexual tension, but then there always had been right from the start, hadn’t there?
The only difference is that Yoongi doesn’t seem so afraid of touching you anymore, and now he’s started it’s like he can’t stop; curling his arm around you as you play piano next to him, pressing kisses to the side of your forehead when you’re deserving of praise. Somehow it never turns into anything sexual, even though it’s clear it’s on both of your minds, and the only reason you can think it hasn’t is because you’re kind of unsure as to where the boundaries lie. Yes, you’ve slept together before and yes Jimin was happy to share then, but that was under his direct supervision. You haven’t yet clarified whether or not you’re free to indulge with Yoongi as often as you please, and somehow you get the feeling that Jimin might not be so open to the idea of his hyung getting his hands on you without him there. You need to do something again soon though, because just watching the way Yoongi’s fingers are gliding so smoothly over the leather of the steering wheel is turning you on. He squeezes your hand, bringing your attention back to the here and now.

“Think about something else, gongjimun,” he tells you, tonguing the inside of his cheek distractedly, “I want you too, believe me, but if I pull over now you won’t just be late - you won’t be going at all.” You swallow hard, forcing yourself to look out of the window and try to think about something other than the lusty pitch of Yoongi’s voice. Him saying that didn’t help whatsoever - if anything it made it worse - because when you cross your legs you can feel the wetness there, and every side road you pass you’re imagining him turning down to park up and have his way with you in the backseat of the car.

“God damn it,” you mutter under your breath, and Yoongi just squeezes your hand again, your suffering mutual, at least.

A couple of minutes pass before he speaks again, giving you both some time to calm down and drag your thoughts out of the gutter.

“Did you decide if you're going to tell her yet?” He's referring to your indecision as to whether to confess to Sam that you telling her that you were staying with your aunt was a great big lie. You feel like she's going to find out sooner or later - Sam has a way of sniffing out the truth in any situation - but trying to explain why you're living in a house as the only woman amongst seven young men is going to a little bit of a challenge.

“I think I'm going to have to,” you sigh, shrugging your shoulders. “Not the whole truth, obviously, but something like it.”

“Just try not to give her too many details,” he warns mildly, letting go of your hand for a moment to turn a corner.

“I won't. I'd never do anything to put you guys at risk.”

“I know,” Yoongi smiles, glancing over at you, affection’s his eyes.

The rest of the journey passes pretty uneventfully. Yoongi turns on the radio and raps along quietly to the different hip-hop songs that play, and you’re pleasantly surprised by how good he is. He's obviously been blessed musically in more ways than one, pride swelling in your chest as you watch him get lost in the rhythm and rhyme of the words.

“This the place?” he asks as he pulls up outside a little bistro that you and Sam have frequented many times before. You nod, unbuckling your seatbelt.

“Thanks for the ride,” you say gratefully, pausing as you open the car door to smile back at him. “Hobi said he’d pick me up later.”

“Ok. Have fun.” You've got one foot already on the pavement outside when you hear Yoongi mutter
something that sounds like ‘fuck it’ under his breath. It’s uttered right before he grabs onto your
upper arm and pulls you back inside the car, straight into his mouth and a frantically delivered kiss.
He holds your face in both hands as you sag against him, grabbing onto the front of his sweatshirt as
you twist awkwardly in the car’s bucket seats, kissing him back eagerly. By the time he releases you
you're breathless, having to blink a couple of times just to bring yourself back to reality, staring back
at his smiling face dumbly.

“Great. Now I'm going to be thinking about that all night,” you groan, sighing as Yoongi's smile gets
wider.

“You started it.”

“I started nothing.”

“Please,” he scoffs, turning his face away and running his hands over the steering wheel, flexing his
fingers and making his veins pop. God, those hands.

“Ok, leaving now,” you say quickly, before you descend into arousal-induced madness completely.
You hop out of the car, hearing him chuckle behind you.

“Later gongjunim.” You shut the car door firmly and then make for the restaurant entrance, knowing
instinctively that Yoongi will wait to see you're inside safe before driving away. It's not until you're
stood peering around the restaurant looking for Sam that you notice the big black car they all share
finally drive away.

Sam spots you before you spot her, calling your name to get your attention. You turn on the spot to
see her rising from her seat at a window table and waving eagerly in your direction.

You wave back,

a wide smile breaking out on your face as you swell with happiness on seeing her after what feels
like so long.
She pulls you into an embrace the moment she can reach you, squeezing you within an inch of your
life.

“Ugh, I've missed you so much!” she crows in your ear, squeezing you again as you rub her back,
afraid that she might start blubbing at any moment.

“I've missed you too.” Sam pulls back but holds you at arm’s length, inspecting you like she's
expecting missing limbs or an extra head.

“You look different,” she observes shrewdly, twisting her mouth and frowning slightly as she tries to
figure out what it is.

“Honestly? I feel different,” you admit, and you really do. The last time you saw Sam you would’ve
felt mortified at her calling attention to the both of you in the middle of her restaurant, squawking and
throwing her arms around you the way she did, but now you honestly don't care at all. You're not
sure what exactly it is that's changed, but you know Jimin and the others are at the root of it.

“And you've lost weight,” she comments, letting you go so you can sit opposite her at the table.
“You're paler too. You are eating properly aren't you?”

“If there's any sure fire way of distracting Sam it's getting her to talk about herself, and sure enough
once she starts she talks almost non-stop all the way through your starter and halfway the main, too.
She tells you all the usual stories; the latest office gossip, all about her latest conquests, and then
finally telling you how her mom and dad are coping with his losing battle with early onset dementia. It’s reassuring that even when your own life has changed so much, Sam remains steady - a much needed constant.

“But what about you? How’s it been with your aunt?” She feeds herself another forkful of chicken, finally falling silent, all her attention fixed on you.

It's now or never, you guess. You're never going to get a better opportunity than this to drop the truth into the conversation, so you may as well take it.

“Actually,” you start slowly, twirling some spaghetti around fork and fixating the task rather than Sam’s eyes, “It isn't her I've been staying with.” You glance up, unsurprised by the confused look that's waiting for you. Taking a deep, bracing breath you continue to explain as your heart races nervously. “Do you remember the guy I met that night at the club?”

“The Asian guy?” Her voice has risen sharply in pitch, her knife and fork abandoned on her plate as she stares at you incredulously. “The guy that attacked you?!” You cringe, knowing that the people at the table next to yours are starting to stare just as hard as Sam is.

“That wasn't him,” you lie, quieting your voice to try and encourage her to do the same.

“You said you couldn't remember who it was.” She sounds sceptical, suspicious, and you can't say you blame her, but you continue to deny it anyway.

“Just trust me on this, ok? Jimin wouldn't hurt me.” At least there's truth in that; you know Jimin would never let you come to any harm now, whether it be from him or anyone else. He's fiercely protective of you, and you've never felt as safe in your life as you do when he's holding you in his arms.

Sam sighs heavily, her eyes darting back and forth between your own as she frowns with worry. “So if you're living with this Jimin person-”

“Jimin.”

“- ok Jimin, Mr super hot club guy, whatever.” You smother a laugh into your soda; you're really gonna have to call him that when you get home. “So then who the hell was that guy I just saw you kissing?” Your cheeks flush scarlet red as your mouth pops open, caught completely by surprise. You'd had no idea she'd seen that, and the Sam you know would usually delight in questioning you relentlessly if she’d caught even a whiff of your romantic life being in any way alive. She was obviously playing her cards close to her chest, waiting to use that little bit of information to her best advantage. Well played Sam.

“He's… that's Yoongi. He lives with Jimin. They all do, the seven of them, they're friends, living together,” you ramble hastily, tripping over your words as you try to explain in any way that might make sense. She narrows her eyes.

“So are you with this Yoongi guy, or the other one?” The question would make you laugh if you weren’t feeling so flustered. Although it’s not intentional Sam’s managed to hit the nail right on the head; even you aren’t sure what the answer is.

“We have a… uh… kind of arrangement?” you answer after a moment, still flushed with embarrassment, picking at a slice of garlic bread as a means of distraction.

“With all of them?!” Her pitch just keeps getting higher, eyebrows threatening to disappear above her
hairline. “What kind of sick operation are they running?!”

“No, no, it's not like that!” This is quickly starting to get out of hand, Sam clearly leaping to all sorts of outlandish presumptions. God, she probably thinks you're in some sort of cult, or that you're being kept prisoner as some sort of unwilling sex slave.

“Do you have, like, Stockholm syndrome or something?!”

“No!” you groan, frustrated by your own inability to explain in any kind of coherent, convincing way. Sam opens her mouth to start talking again but when she sees you press your palms together in a mock prayer, a pleading look on your face, it closes again. “Just listen for a minute, please?” She smiles, embarrassed, her perfect face turning a slight shade of pink as it always does when you call attention to her permanent case of motor-mouth. When she sits back in her chair and picks up her drink, crossing her legs and lifting an eyebrow as she takes a sip, you know you've been given the floor to speak.

“It's just… complicated with the three of us. We're only just starting to figure it out, so even I don't know what to tell you right now.” You give her a reassuring smile, shrugging your shoulders. “But I'm happy. Really happy. Jimin is so loving it's just, like, crazy intense, and Yoongi is the sweetest, softest…” Trailing off you notice Sam’s smile starting to grow in response to the love-sick puppy look that must be written all over your face.

“He was pretty cute, to be fair,” she admits.

“Which one?” you giggle as you pick up your fork, feeling reassured that the worst bit is over now that Sam’s initial shock has passed.

“Both.” That sweet smile of hers slowly morphs into a dirty smirk that has you bursting into laughter as she winks salaciously, taking a sip from her glass. “So… how far have you gone with them?” she asks as soon as she's swallowed her mouthful, placing her drink back on the table looking nothing but casual. You almost choke on your mouthful of spaghetti, a blush forming on your cheeks at the bluntness of the question. You should've known she wouldn't be shy about asking for all the gory details.

“Far enough,” you answer shyly, grinning down at your plate.

“Hey, woman, none of this coy bullshit,” she scolds, waving her fork at you, “You've been getting all my stories for years, so now you're finally getting some it's time to repay the favour.”

“I never actually asked to hear about them…”

“Doesn’t matter,” she dismisses with a shake of her head, “You owe me details, so c’mon, cough up.” You smile, sighing exaggeratedly.

“Ok, what do you want to know?” Sam leans forward and places her elbow on the table, leaning her chin on her head and cocking her head. The look on her face is so sincerely thoughtful you'd think she was about to pose one of life's greatest philosophical questions.

“What's double penetration like?”

Chapter End Notes
So, my girl aramina89 is super busy today and let *me* post this chapter for her! So while she normally doesn't brag about how great she is, I definitely will.

If you haven't already, go follow her on Tumblr!

She posts BTS reactions that are to die for, I mean literally. They will kill you.

Ok, leave her lots of love for when she comes back!!! Bye!!!!
Chapter 28

Chapter Notes

Hellooooo ladies! And gents, if there are any - that'd be cool.

So many thanks to my best girl mackenthekraken for posting for me on Saturday night. I was horrendously drunk at my best friend’s wedding at the time and quite frankly, no one needs to experience that if they can help it (ask Mackenzie, she got the full force of it). Also, thank you to her for being my Beta for the last couple of chapters <3

As always, even more thanks go to all of you who continue to light up my life with your feedback.

Enjoy, guys.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Your time together with Sam passes far too quickly. Before you know it you've giggled your way through the last of your main, dessert, and an after dinner coffee. It's approaching 11pm, and though this practically still morning time for you Sam’s starting to look decidedly sleepy, yawning over the rim of her final glass of wine.

Your phone goes off in your pocket; Hoseok’s almost here to pick you up so it's probably time to start saying your goodbyes, as much as it grieves you to do so.

“My ride’s gonna be here in a minute,” you tell her with a sad smile, one that she mirrors.

“Let’s not leave it so long next time,” she says emphatically as you drain your glass too. You must be growing up; you're starting to quite like a nice glass of red. In fact, you're pretty sure you're feeling rather tipsy, and it's not all that unpleasant. “Definitely.” You see Sam reach into her bag to retrieve her purse but you wave your hand quickly, shooing her away. “No no no, I'll get it,” you insist, pulling Jimin’s card out of your pocket. Sam raises her eyebrows, clearly impressed.

“He's let you loose with his plastic? I like him already.” You grin, standing up from the table and giggling at the tiny head rush you get.

“Back in a sec.” You wander off to pay the bill, leaning on bar and waiting to be served, tapping Jimin’s card against the wood and smiling to yourself. You can’t wait to get home and see him, snuggle up with him and Nova and tell him what a nice time you've had tonight. Maybe afterwards you can go have your piano lesson with Yoongi too, and have him press those sweet little kisses of his against your cheek. Your eyes shut for a moment to imagine it, sighing wistfully; what did you ever do in past life to be deserving all this love and attention?

After you've paid the bill you pop to the toilet, your bladder clearly not used to even the most modest of alcohol intake, but when you step back into the restaurant you have to question whether or not you're more drunk than you think - so unexpected is the sight that greets you.

Hobi has stolen your seat, sat across from Sam with his elbows resting on table and his chin in his hands, leaning forward and giving her his complete and rapt attention. You panic, scuttling over
“You didn't tell me you’d arrived!” You direct your shrill accusation toward the obviously besotted vampire, aware that your voice is about ten times higher than usual and your eyes are wide as saucers with alarm. He tilts his head to the side to smile up at you mischievously.

“You didn't tell me your date was so cute.” You pull a face at him, horrified when you hear Sam giggle. How is that Sam - lure ‘em in then spit ‘em out Sam - is currently sat there oggling Hobi like a horny schoolgirl, letting herself be won over by such a horrendously corny line?

“Are all of Jimin’s friends so good-looking?” she asks eagerly, unable to drag her eyes off of the man opposite her. Yes, actually, they all are - but you're not about to tell her that. Thinking it's probably better to skirt around the question entirely and separate the two of them as soon as possible, you throw your arms around Sam’s head and squeeze her tight, smooshing her face into your stomach as you throw daggers from your eyes at Hobi.

“It was so good to see you,” you tell her as she wraps her arms around your thighs and squeezes back.

“Maybe next time I can come to yours and meet everyone properly?” she suggests, looking up at you from your crotch with a gleeful smile. You laugh nervously and once again avoid the question.

“We better get going, it's getting late,” you say to Hobi, lifting your eyebrows meaningfully at him. He grins, standing from the table as you let go of Sam with a final few pats of her head.

“Text me later?” Sam asks him hopefully, and once again you have to do a double take between the two of them, your mouth hanging open. You were only gone for like, two minutes! How the hell did he manage to get her number that fast?! Usually Sam makes a guy work all night before giving out her digits, and even then they’re rarely her real ones.

“You can count on it,” he winks as he tucks his chair under the table and Sam flushes an attractive shade of pink, chewing on her thumbnail. What on earth is going on? Hoseok pulls his keys out of his pocket and jangles them in front of your shell-shocked face, snapping you back to reality. “You coming or not?” You blink.

“Yeah, uh… yeah, ok.” You look back at Sam and she gives you a little wave, lifting her shoulders and grinning so excitedly that she looks almost manic.

“See you soon!”

“See you later,” you wave back, hurrying out of the restaurant after Hoseok and climbing into the car he's parked so unceremoniously on the pavement outside. All the while you're getting in and securing your belt you're just waiting for him to say something or offer up any kind of explanation for what's just gone on, but no matter how hard you stare Hobi carries on as normal - albeit smiling even more so than usual. Once you’re well away from the restaurant you finally lose your patience, switching from sitting quietly beside him to repeatedly smacking him on the arm within the blink of an eye.

“Hey hey hey!” Hoseok exclaims, trying to lean away out of your range whilst still being able to drive.

“What the bloody hell was that?!” you shriek at him, getting in one last hit before relenting for fear of making him crash the car.

“What do you mean?!” he questions back. You gawp, not believing for one moment that he doesn't
know what it is you're upset about.

“Swapping numbers with my best friend, that's what I mean!” He grins as he looks straight ahead, seemingly very pleased with himself for doing so.

“Oh yeah, she is hot! Wow.” Again you have to pause, incredulous, screwing up your face into a frown.

“Yes, yes she is... and may I remind you - you’re a vampire, Hoseok!”

“So?” he laughs, unaffected by your wrath. “So’s Jimin.”

“That's different,” you insist, narrowing your eyes.

“How is it?” he glances at you, momentarily looking away from the road. “I don't know about you, but personally I think that went a lot better than when you two first met. What with the almost killing you, and all.” You open your mouth to retort but then come to an abrupt halt, shutting it promptly when you realise that he might actually have a point. He carries on, shifting gears smoothly as he pulls off from an intersection. “And if Jimin can have a girlfriend then why can’t I?”

Again, you can’t exactly argue with what he says. The boys do, on the whole, exercise an excellent amount of self-control when it comes to feeding; you live there safely amongst them, after all. It’d seem really mean, too, to condemn them to a life without someone to love - it’s a very, very long life, after all.

“Ok,” you concede, taking a breath, “I get what you’re saying… but can’t you date someone else? Does it have to be Sam?” Hoseok huffs out your name, shrugging his shoulders loosely.

“It might not even get that far. We swapped numbers, that’s it, and she probably won’t even like me anyway.” The look on Hobi’s face when he finishes speaking is so unfamiliar that it has you frowning when you see it. He’s usually like sunshine personified - so full of energy and positivity that you’ve compared him to a puppy on crack on more than one occasion - but right now he looks completely unsure of himself, plagued by self-doubt you hadn’t even thought he was capable of feeling. He glances down at his lap and nibbles the corner of his lip, clenching his hands around the steering wheel.

“Hey, no, of course she’ll like you,” you tell him, unable to keep yourself from reassuring him despite your many reservations. “Who wouldn’t?”

“You think?” Hobi visibly bolsters at your words, the bright smile you’ve become so accustomed to re-appearing on his pretty face. “Can’t you just give me the benefit of the doubt if she does?” You sigh, looking out of the window to give yourself a moment to think about it, so preoccupied with worry that you’re not really seeing any of the scenery speeding by in front of your face.

On the one hand, this could get horrendously messy. Hoseok might be able to conceal the fact he’s a vampire - but then what happens if he can’t? Sam isn’t the most discreet person at the best of times, and you can’t see Namjoon tolerating her blabbing their existence all over town. And as good as Hobi’s intentions are; what if he did lose control? You’re not sure you could ever forgive yourself for letting her getting drawn into this strange world you’ve found yourself in if something bad ever happened to her.

Then, on the other… you can’t help but think how adorable a couple Hobi and Sam would make given the chance. I mean, God, you’d probably have to take them in small doses because even individually they’re a lot to take, so who knows what the hell they’d be like as a combined force, but
you know Sam better than anyone and as much as you hate to admit it he’s just her type. He’s confident enough to keep her on her toes, fun enough to keep her interested and… well… you’ve only seen Hobi dance once, but when you see hips move like that... let’s just say it’s not easy thing to forget. Plus, first impressions of killing a girl aside, he’s a genuinely good guy. Vampire. Whatever.

How exactly has your life gotten to the point where you can think the sentence ‘killing a girl aside’ and not even flinch?

“Alright,” you say calmly, turning back round to face him, “Give it a shot, you have my blessing.” Hoseok grins excitedly, shimmying about in his seat so the leather of his pants squeaks against the leather of the car. “But,” you continue, pointing a finger at him, your voice low and deadly serious, “If you hurt her, Hobi, be it physically or emotionally or any way at all, I will hunt you down and end you.” He’s about to laugh, you can tell, but one glance at your face shows him just how serious you are about this and the smile is quickly wiped from his face as his eyes widen nervously. “I mean it. You do not mess with her, ok?” Hoseok nods rapidly, swallowing, but you leave your finger pointed at him for a moment longer anyway, just for effect, before slowly lowering it as you release the tension from your shoulders with a heavy sigh.

The car falls silent then, and it stays that way until you’re almost home, the both of you sitting contentedly side by side. You hope he’s using the quiet time to think about what you said, and from the thoughtful expression on his face it looks as though he might be. You nod to yourself in satisfaction, glad that he’s seemingly gotten the message.

As you pull onto the gravel driveway you notice that the second garage is stood open but dark and empty, the black minivan that they use for their jobs missing its space.

“Let me guess, he’s sent Jimin out again, right?”

“Yup, how’d you know?” Hoseok replies, the corner of his mouth twisting into a sardonic smile. It’s starting to become a running joke that Jimin seems to be getting sent out almost every other day, Namjoon’s personal errand boy, and even though he insists it’s not your fault you still feel guilty when he comes home in the morning covered in blood or bruises, unable to do much more than fall into bed next to you. “Yoongi’s expecting you for piano practice though.” Hoseok turns off the car engine and smiles at the mildly surprised look on your face. “He told me to tell you.”

You’d almost forgotten about your daily lesson, so caught up in worrying about the prospect of Sam dating a vampire, but now that you’ve been reminded of it it undeniably takes the edge off of the disappointment of not getting to spend the evening beside Jimin.

“Ok, thanks.” The both of you exit the car and walk into the house together, parting ways in the entrance hall with a brief hug. As Hoseok walks off you notice him pulling his phone from his pocket and while you wander down the corridor to Yoongi’s room you absent-mindedly speculate whether he’s planning on texting Sam already. At least he’s not playing games, if he is indeed doing so.

Yoongi’s already playing piano when you walk into his room; his eyes closed, earbuds in, lost to the music he’s playing along to. A smile appears on your face as soon as you see him, the affection you feel making your heart swell inside your chest as you watch. You creep inside, determined to catch him off guard, and through sheer luck you manage to remain completely undetected, only drawing attention to yourself once you’re stood right behind him and gently placing your hands on his shoulders, squeezing.

He jumps, fingers jarring on the keys in place of a scream, twisting on the piano stool and yanking
the earbuds from his ears to find you bent over double, giggling. You’d only wanted to surprise, not scare, but the sight of him leaping a good foot in the air is too funny not to enjoy.

“Jesus christ,” Yoongi huffs, a little breathless. He’s glowering so hard you’d think he was mad if it weren’t for the big, toothy smile on his face, “Are you trying to kill me?”

“I’m not sure you’re quite so easy to get rid of as that,” you grin back at him, pleased by the way he loops his arms around your thighs to pull you into the space he’s made between his open denim-clad legs.

“Oh? You’ve been thinking of ways to do it then?” He gazes up at you, playfulness twinkling in his eyes as you sway your hips from side to side, trying to adopt an innocent expression.

“Me? Never.” He chuckles softly, his hands straying under the hem of your blouse to rest on your lower back, the tips of his fingers inspiring goosebumps wherever they go.

“You’re too sweet, gongjunim.” Yoongi’s praise makes a light blush colour your cheeks as you bat your eyelids down at him. His lips part slightly, the tip of his tongue poking through to wet the corner of his mouth, and you can see the exact moment that playfulness starts to morph into something else, his eyes getting darker as his pupils dilate. You’d still been feeling fairly tipsy up until this point, but having him look this way at you sobers you up completely. “Come down here and let me have a taste.”

Your breath catches in your throat, your core throbbing involuntarily even though you know it’s only kissing he’s referring to - for now, at least. You’re all too aware that if the two of you start kissing now, here, alone in his room with the rest of the night to yourselves this could easily escalate into something it shouldn’t, and it’s that knowledge that makes you hesitate even though your body is practically screaming out for him.

“Are-aren’t you going to ask if I had fun tonight?” you ask haltingly, hoping that distraction might prove a successful tactic for keeping you out of the trouble Yoongi’s quickly leading you into. He looks genuinely abashed for a second, like he’s cross with himself for being so forward and forgetting his manners. Not that he needs them, not really. Yoongi could just grunt and point and you’d probably still drop your panties for him at a moment’s notice.

“Sorry, princess. Did you have a good time?” he asks sincerely, pressing his cheek to your blouse as he looks up at you, squeezing his arms to hug your hips. You nod your head with a little smile, reaching down to move the black bangs that have fallen in front of his pretty eyes. “And Sam, was she ok?” Again you nod and he smiles, pleased that you were able to enjoy yourself away from the house for a change. You might have been trying to distract him, but somehow you’ve ended up shooting yourself in the foot. Now he’s been so sweet you just want to kiss him more than ever, and apparently he feels the same way about you. “Can I have that kiss, now?” he asks, the heat in his eyes contradicting the sweetness of his tone, his fingers kneading at your flesh of your waist impatiently. Oh, you’re so done for.

“I thought I was here for my lesson,” you say, swallowing nervously. He chuckles, the sexiest smirk appearing on his face as he cocks his head to the side.

“There are lots of things I can teach you if you’ll let me,” Yoongi purrs lowly, hitching your blouse up a little ways so he can nuzzle his nose against the soft swell of your stomach, still fit to burst after such a large meal. “I know what a fast learner you are.” Your breathing rate is starting to increase along with your pulse, your mind beginning to race as it wonders what exactly he might have in mind.
“I'm not sure we should…” you murmur half-heartedly, your eyes flopping closed at the feel of Yoongi's lips trailin their way across the line where your skin disappears below your jeans.

“Blame me,” he tells you, his hands travelling downward to rest on your behind and squeezing firmly. “Tell Jimin it was all my idea.” You shiver at the cold breath his words blow across your skin, feeling your resolve melt away more with every kiss he presses to you.

“It is all your idea,” you half-laugh, half-groan as you open up your eyes to find him looking back up at you, the desire on his face all too plain to see. His fingers wander their way around your belt loops to come to rest at the front of your jeans and the button there, but before he pops it open Yoongi flicks his eyes up to yours and waits until you give him a tiny, breathless nod of consent. He hums your name thoughtfully as he pulls at your jeans, ignoring the jarring sound of your zipper as it's forced open, holding eye contact with as he peels them off of your hips and shimmies them down, chewing on his bottom lip like you are, too. He reaches up to pull that wet, red lip from between your teeth, leaving his fingertip resting at the juncture of the two for just a moment.

“Hmm... have you ever sucked a cock before?” You feel your knees weaken a little bit at his question, amazed that he can make such dirty words sound so innocent and yet still make you throb all over. You shake your head no, unable to string two words together, and you can tell from the way Yoongi's mouth twitches at the corners that he's really pleased that he's stolen this particular first right out from under Jimin's nose. “What about mine, gongjunim? Want to suck my cock?”

Your mouth is suddenly drier than the Sahara, your eyes darting down to trace the long outline of Yoongi’s eager erection straining inside his jeans. You're not sure how on earth you'll ever be able to fit it all in but you very quickly realise that you really don't care, your mouth re-filling with saliva the longer you think about it sliding past your lips. You'll figure it out as you go along, if you have to - all you know is that it suddenly seems like the best idea there's ever been, and you're more than eager to give it a try.

“Yes please,” you mumble, hot all over with embarrassment that has you looking at the floor and not in his eyes, automatically stepping out of the jeans that have pooled at your feet.

“Hey,” he says softly, reaching out to take your hand from your side, wrapping it in his own and giving a gentle tug to make you look at him again. “You don't have to be so meek and mild with me, ok? I don't need you to ask nicely or beg or whatever it is Jimin makes you do. I'll give you whatever you want, gongjunim... I just wanna make you feel good.”

“I want to make you feel good, too,” you tell him, meaning every word you say.

Your mind is so at war with itself, confused as to how you can love and desire two very different approaches to sex all at once, and both just as much as the other. You love the way Jimin makes you feel; dominated, possessed, overwhelmed. It feels safe because he's in control, but with Yoongi you feel safe too… just in a very different way. With Yoongi you never feel out of control. Needy, yes, at the mercy of your own hormones, mosr definitely, but he's so attentive to you that you feel certain you wouldn't even need to say anything aloud and he'd still know if you wanted him to stop.

“You will, princess,” he reassures you, smiling softly, rubbing his thumb along the backs of your knuckles. “Can I show you how?”

Chapter End Notes
GIIIIRL THAT'S RIGHT, MORE SMUTS A-COMIN! :D
Yoongi leads you slowly from his piano to his bed, and with each and every step he kisses you, his fingers tangled in your hair. You’re excited and eager but still undeniably nervous, your hands that are clutching onto his sweater shaking a little with fear. Why does it feel as though you’re losing your virginity all over again? Perhaps it’s because it’s just you and Yoongi this time, embarking on something you’ve never done before in which you’re very much the main performer. God, you hope you don’t get it wrong, or do something stupid.

The soft sound of Yoongi uttering your name calls a halt to your worrisome thoughts as his hands slide from your hair and onto your face, cupping your cheeks. He pulls back a little to look at you, smiling.

“Stop thinking,” he tells you, and you do your very best to clear your mind like he says, focusing instead on basking in the warmth of his gaze and the feeling of his body solid against yours.

“Can I undress you?” you ask impulsively, surprising both yourself and Yoongi too, a small laugh escaping his lips.

“Sure.” You take hold of the hem of his sweater, still quivering slightly as you pull it up and over his head, exposing his porcelain chest to the harsh bedroom lights, practically glowing under the fluorescents. He undoes his belt for you, probably having presumed that you weren’t capable of such fiddly, dexterous tasks when you’re still so nervous and saving you the embarrassment of trying. He still lets you undo the button though, capturing your mouth with his own as you push his jeans downward, leaving his boxers in place for the time being. Yoongi’s tongue slides into your mouth to tangle with yours, his fingers making short work of the buttons on your blouse with not a hint of a tremor in sight.

He pushes it off your shoulders and onto the floor so you’re both left stood at the side of the bed in just your underwear, not a slither of space between your bodies for even air to pass through. You can feel his member resting heavy against your lower stomach, tightly bound by the black material of his shorts, and you slip a hand between you to palm him from the outside, smiling at the way Yoongi’s breath hitched when you squeeze. Brushing your hand up and down the solid length of him his hips soon start to move, urging forward into your palm, his eyes closing and lips parting with short, excited breaths.

“Come here,” he breathes, stepping back and letting himself fall onto the bed, pulling you with him so that you’re sprawled on top, his erection pressing into your hip. “Take them off.” You know he means his boxers because your hands had already found their way back there, wasting no time in touching him again as you kiss sloppily. Yoongi’s hands a permanent fixture in your hair or on your face. You tug his boxers down as he lifts his hips in compliance, having to leave his mouth to push them further down but trailing your lips down his neck instead. A low moan rumbles at the back of his throat when you suck at the soft hollow of skin just above his jutting collarbone, his hips lifting
involuntarily from the mattress, pre-cum smearing just above your belly-button when the tip nudges you there.

“Keep going,” Yoongi urges you breathily, encouraging the slow downward trail of your wet mouth. His nipples enter your peripheral vision as you're kissing down his sternum, and thinking he'll enjoy it just as much as you do when you're on the receiving end, you take one of the tiny, tight buds into your mouth and flick your tongue against it. Yoongi gives a strangled moan that turns into a laugh when he feels your teeth threaten a bite, squirming his hips and pushing on your shoulder to move you away from it.

“You don't like that?” you ask sheepishly, planting a soft, apologetic kiss on his chest.

“I do,” he assures you, smiling kindly, “I'm just… over-sensitive in that particular area.” Well, there's something you didn't know about him before.

“Any other ‘sensitive’ areas?” you smile up at him, tongue poking out between your teeth, your hands on the bed either side of his hips now, Yoongi's cock lying heavy on his stomach almost directly below where you're hovering. He smirks, reaching down and holding the base of it between his thumb and forefinger so it stands tall, pointed in your direction.

“Why don't you find out?” You nervously lick your lips, eyes flicking back and forth between Yoongi’s face and his cock, noticing the way it twitches when the licking of your lips turns to biting. “Just start slow, princess,” Yoongi tells you, noting the apprehension on your face. He strokes himself once, slowly, smearing his pre-cum over the tip. “Have a little taste.”

He looks so sexy lying here like this, his legs spread wide enough for you to kneel between them, looking down at you with his black bangs hanging in his eyes, only the exaggerated rise and fall of his chest giving away how excited he is.

You lean down over him slowly, cautiously, looking to him all the time for instruction.

“That's it,” he sighs, pushing the hair back that's dangling in front of your face and keeping his fingers threaded through it, “Open wide, gongjunim.” You do, letting Yoongi guide your open, waiting mouth onto his cock, biting his lip as he does so. He doesn’t push or force, letting you take in as much as is comfortable which for now is just the swollen head, purring out a low moan when you wrap your lips around it and close your eyes.

You instantly love the way it feels inside your mouth. Yoongi’s cock is like cool concrete wrapped in silken sheets, his pre-cum slightly salty when it hits the tip of your tongue as it traces his frenulum. He lets you explore for a little while, letting you become accustomed to the unfamiliar feel of it, running his fingers through your hair as you gently lick around the head.

“Think you can take a little more?” he asks, his voice strained. You open up your eyes to look up at him from under your lashes, and when you do you feel his grip tighten on your hair, a pained look fleeting across his face. Nodding would be too difficult right now, so you answer him by slackening your jaw and lowering your mouth onto him further, taking as much of him in as you possibly can till the tip is nudging at the back of your throat, threatening your gag reflex. Yoongi’s eyes haven’t left you for even a second, his breathing getting progressively harder as he watches his cock disappear between your lips. There’s still a good couple of inches of him that doesn’t fit, and you hope he’s not too disappointed. “Good girl,” he praises huskily, pushing you down just a tiny bit further till your eyes start to water. “You’ll take it all soon enough.”

You hum happily around his cock, drawing your mouth back slowly and then sinking onto it again, loving the groan of pleasure it pulls out of him. Slowly and steadily you fall into a rhythm of sliding
him back and forth between your lips, running the flat of your tongue along his length as you do, tracing the veins, opening your eyes periodically to check whether Yoongi still looks like he’s enjoying it. You’re fairly certain he does; his eyes are heavy-lidded and full of lust, his bottom lip swollen and red from the way he keeps biting it in an effort to hold back, not wanting to push you too far too soon. Even now his hips are flexing up gently, testing your limits, the hand in your hair getting slowly more insistent as your confidence grows.

“Suck harder,” Yoongi growls, twitching inside your mouth, “Suck on my cock.” You’d been so preoccupied with pleasing Yoongi that you’d almost forgotten about your own arousal, but on hearing his dirty words you feel your pussy throb, very aware that your underwear is now completely soaked without him ever having touched you.

You hollow out your cheeks and suck as hard as you can, desperately wanting to please him, picking up a little bit of speed. Hearing a dull ‘thunk’ you open your eyes and look up, delighted to see Yoongi lying there with his head thrown back, that sound having come from the back of his head smacking against the headboard. It spurs you on, the noises he’s making going straight to your groin so that soon you’re having to clench your thighs together, your own need becoming almost too much to bare.

You remember something Sam told you once during one of her tales of her many sexual exploits. She’d gone into great description about how much this one guy had loved her using her teeth while she blowed him, and as soon as the idea pops into your head you decide to use it, untucking your teeth from behind your lips and dragging them gently over the length of Yoongi’s cock as you pull back.

“Fuck,” he huffs, his head snapping forward, eyes wide, “Fuck… princess… God I wanna fuck your mouth.” His words are almost slurring, fisting your hair tightly, and you can tell he’s having to fight to keep his hips on the mattress, the warm, wet heat of your mouth proving too great of a temptation. “Next time,” he gasps as you dip your tongue into his slit - another tip from Sam. “Next time I’m fucking that pretty mouth.” You groan around him, squeezing your legs together only to moan again when you feel the slickness coating the tops of your inner thighs.

Yoongi’s different when Jimin’s not around. He’s still soft and considerate and not nearly as dominant as your daddy, but his mouth was definitely cleaner whilst he was having to share you. You love it though, dirty talk having become something you’ve quickly come to adore, and both Yoongi and Jimin seem equally skilled at it.

You wrap your hand around the base of his cock, Yoongi letting go to let you take control, fisting whatever you can’t quite fit inside your mouth. He scoops up your hair in both hands, pulling it back into a ponytail so he can watch every inch of your face as it bobs back and forth in his lap, his low, guttural grunts becoming more frequent with every minute that passes.

“I’m close, gongju- ah- princess… fuck,” he huffs, giving you fair warning to pull back if him cumming in your mouth isn’t something you want. Oh, but you do want it. You’ve never wanted anything more in your life. His cock becomes even harder in your mouth, twitching, no longer able to control his hips as he bucks upward, chasing his orgasm. “Shit, gonna cum, gonna cum.” Yoongi gasps, your scalp stinging as he tugs on your hair, and when his orgasm hits he chants your name, his cum spilling out onto your tongue in waves. You take it all, every last drop, only swallowing once it’s ended and Yoongi’s spent, panting hard.

His cock is already softening by the time you sit back onto your heels, licking your lips with a cheshire cat smile, satisfied with a job well done. Yoongi looks wrecked, face covered in sweat, his chest still heaving, but when he sees you smile he smirks back, cocking his head.
“Sure you’ve never done that before?” he asks breathily.

“Very sure,” you confirm, pleased that he thinks you did so well for a first time. Your jaw aches, but honestly you’d expected the whole thing to be so much worse. Even the taste of Yoongi’s cum was more pleasant that you’d thought it’d be - though you wouldn’t go ordering it off a menu any time soon. Your happiness is unfortunately cut short, however, when you realise that your core is still throbbing, reminding you of your woeful state of unfulfillment. You grab at the tops of your thighs, digging your fingernails into yourself and your cheeks flushing when an involuntary whine spills out of you. “Yoongi...” you mewl, squirming on the spot, too aroused to be embarrassed by your needy cries, “I need to cum... please, I need you.”

Yoongi’s eyes have darkened again but his smile stays soft as he beckons you toward him. You shuffle forward, straddling his hips with the intention of grinding against his member until he’s ready to go again, surprised when he takes hold of your hips and keeps tugging you further up his body.

“What’re you-?”

“Returning the favour,” he smirks, pulling you into position so that your knees on either side of his head on the pillow, your ruined underwear hovering over his nose and mouth. Your own face is scarlet red, mortified that Yoongi’s getting such an up-close view of the most intimate part of you, sure that you’ll be too embarrassed like this to ever be able to enjoy it.

The very moment Yoongi starts to lick you through your panties that worry is completely wiped from your mind, pleasure jolting through you and buckling your knees. The tip of his tongue defines your folds through the soaked cotton, forcing it up inside you as he pushes at your hole.

“God, you’re so fucking wet,” he hums, fingers digging into your hips, “Did you love sucking my cock that much?” You moan wantonly, tipping your head back, groping your breasts through your bra in an attempt to heighten your own pleasure.

Suddenly you feel Yoongi grab one side of your underwear with both his hands and abruptly pull. With his vampiric strength he rips the seam clean open so that the cloth dangles uselessly around the one remaining good side, exposing your core to the cold air and making you gasp. You look down at him between your thighs, scandalised but unable to keep yourself from giggling when you see the mischievous expression on his face.

“What’s Jimin gonna think of these?” you giggle, shimmying your leg so your panties flap pathetically.

“I don’t give a fuck what he thinks,” Yoongi replies, and you’d think he was being harsh if it weren’t for the smile still stretched across his face. He wraps his arms around the back of your thighs and uses it as leverage to yank you downwards, growling at you to sit but the word muffling as his mouth makes contact with your core.

He immediately starts to assault you with his tongue, slipping it through your folds and into your pussy, thrusting as deeply as he can. You’re a mess within seconds, circling your hips down against him as you grip onto the headboard, riding his face, moans pouring from you as your juices dripping out onto his chin.

“God, Yoongi, don’t stop,” you beg shamelessly, your cry stiltling when he starts to suck harshly on your clit, pulling you down even harder against him to devour you completely, “You’re so good, oh my god.” You hear a muffled laugh come from between your legs, the vibration of it only adding to the pleasure that’s pushing you closer and closer to the orgasm you crave.
Good doesn’t even come close to describe how amazing Yoongi is at this; his tongue never stills for even a second, flicking and licking faster than you’d ever thought was possible. You’re a writhing, moaning mess on top of his face, sweat dripping down your neck and your chest, your walls starting to clench inside as you get closer and closer to cumming, coiled tighter than a spring. His short fingernails dig into your thighs as he laps sloppily at your clitoris, just as eager as you for your impending orgasm, and you know if he didn’t have his mouth full he’d be urging you on, telling you to cum.

White hot pleasure courses through you, your body bucking as it hits, Yoongi’s name falling from your lips over and over again as it reaches a glorious peak and then begins to fade all too fast, your body reduced to a hot, quivering mess atop of him. You force yourself to climb off of him fairly quickly, only for fear that you’ll smother him if you don’t, and as you roll onto your back you’re still whimpering slightly from the strength of it, desperately trying to catch your breath.

“Was that-” you begin, having to pause to catch your breath, blushing shyly as you turn your head to look at him and see him wiping the remnants of your orgasm from his nose, mouth and chin. “Was that ok?” He laughs lightly like he can’t believe you’re even having to ask and then he rolls onto his side like you, tucking both his hands under the pillow. It’s amazing how he can switch from desperately sexy to undeniably adorable within five seconds flat, without even trying.

“You’ve got a place to sit any time you want it, gongjunim,” he smiles, the softness of it at odds with the words he’s saying. You just can’t help but shuffle closer and kiss him, smiling hard against his mouth. Yoongi kisses you back, his whole mouth tasting of you, pulling one of his hands out from under the pillow to caress your cheek instead. “I hope I don’t get you in trouble,” he says once you pull away, finally becoming concerned about the consequences of your indulgence just a little bit too late.

“I’m sure he’ll understand,” you assure him, wishing you felt as sure as you sound, “We’ve never really talked about what the ‘rules’ are, so I guess i’m not technically breaking any?”

“I hope he sees it that way.” His smile beckons wider, playful. “I could do without the bruises.”

“It’ll be fine,” you reiterate, hoping that maybe if you can convince yourself you’ll be able to convince Jimin later too.

Shit… now that that lust-drunk haze has passed and you’re clear-headed again you’re suddenly a lot more worried about what Jimin might have to say, and whilst Yoongi seemed momentarily concerned a second ago, it seems to have left his mind pretty fast because now he’s massaging your hip gently, a fond look on his face.

“I think that was a fairly successful lesson, don’t you?” he asks teasingly, and despite the anxiety that’s starting to knot your stomach Yoongi still manages to make you chuckle.

“I think so.” The corner of his mouth quirks up into a small smile and he uses his grip on your hip pulls you closer with a quiet, contented sigh, nuzzling his face into the crook of your neck once you’re settled. You lay your arm over his waist, drawing absent-minded circles along his back and smiling when you feel him quiver, obviously a little ticklish. He sighs again, giving you a squeeze, your opposingly hot and cold naked bodies pressed flush together.

“I love this time we have together,” Yoongi whispers into your hair, and the emotions his words generate causes a lump to form in your throat which keeps you from speaking for a second, settling for squeezing him back, hard, instead.

“I love it too,” you tell him once your ability to speak returns, your heart still thudding hard in your
You feel panicky for some reason, and you think it stems from the way it feels like Yoongi isn’t just talking about enjoying your company when he says things like that. You try to ignore that feeling in your gut, telling yourself that you’re wrong and you’re probably reading too much into things, not ready to accept that Yoongi might have stronger feelings for you than you’d originally thought for fear that it might complicate things even further.

“We should probably go and join the others,” you tell him after a moment, disentangling from him and getting out of bed a little faster than what would probably seem natural. He must pick up on it too because for just a split second Yoongi looks confused, his arm still extended as if it’s draped over your hip but now holding nothing more than an empty space. You instantly regret acting that way on seeing his expression, reaching back over across the bed and kissing him gently, letting it linger.

“Are you coming?” you smile when you pull away, pausing to brush the tip of your nose against his.

Yoongi can’t help the way he feels, no more than you can, so there’s no point in panicking about it yet. Jimin’s possessive, yes, but he’s always been very generous and understanding too, so there must be some way the three of you can make this work… if it gets to that point, that is. Yoongi might just get all lovey-dovey during his after-sex glow, for all you know.

“Only because you’re going to be there,” Yoongi smiles back, sickly sweet. Ok, so maybe it’s not just the oxytocin high? You wrinkle your nose at him and he wrinkles his back, guffawing a laugh at his own disgusting behaviour.

You both retrieve your clothes from the floor and get dressed, and it’s only once you’re pulling on your skirt that you realise you still have your underwear hanging off your one leg. You slip your knickers off with a snort, holding them out in Yoongi’s direction.

“I should probably go get some new underwear, right?” you smile as he takes them from you and throws them into the trash with a remarkably good aim.

“I don’t know,” he grins rouglishly, “I kinda think it’s more fun without them.”
On leaving Yoongi’s room you automatically head towards the living room to go find the others, playfully swinging yours and Yoongi’s linked hands back and forth as you stroll. When you reach the entrance hall, however, Yoongi steers you off in a different direction, leading you up the stairs and making a left turn instead. You’ve never been up this way before, not on this floor, but you presume this must be where some of the other boys bedrooms must be. Sure enough, as you make your way down the corridor you begin to hear the voices of the others intermingling with sounds of a TV, and when you arrive at a door that's stood slightly ajar Yoongi comes to a halt, pulling you backward and into his arms. You smile as they cocoon you and hold you close, Yoongi smiling softly too as he leans down to rest his forehead on yours.

“Do I have to let you go?” he asks cutely, giving you a squeeze and making you scrunch up your nose at him.

“Careful, Suga.” Yoongi’s eyes immediately widen as you hear you call by his imaginary stage name, and catching him so off guard leaves you feeling gleeful, “If people hear you saying things like that they might start thinking you're going soft.”

“I am soft,” he insists with a pout, making you laugh quietly as you sway the both of you from side to side.

“I'm sure knowing that will make Kookie feel much better the next time you threaten to punch him in the head.”

“Alright,” he admits, “I'm soft with you, at least.” You smile bashfully, a blush forming on your cheeks and chest. “Who the hell told you about that, anyway?”

“Jimin,” you grin playfully, Yoongi rolling his eyes at your answer, “He told me all about your ‘idol ambitions’.” He chuckles, shaking his head, and he’s about to speak when suddenly Hobi shouts over him, calling you from the other side of the door.

“You guys coming in, or you just gonna stand out there all night?” The two of you smile sheepishly at each other as you start to pull away and unloop your arms from around his waist, but before you can stray too far Yoongi holds you still for just a moment longer to press the sweetest, softest of kisses against your lips. You hum contentedly as Yoongi releases you, following after him with a dopey smile on your face as he enters the room ahead of you, hands in his pockets and completely casual. You hope the guys didn’t hear too much of your conversation, but honestly, you’re so full of happiness right now that you’d find it hard to care even if they did.

It takes you all of about two seconds to figure out whom this room belongs to - though the large flat-screened TV on the wall and gaming consoles in the shelving units underneath initially throw you off. Your first instinct is to think that this must be where Kookie sleeps, but when you look around more closely you notice several shelves of brightly coloured plushies that just don’t seem to fit with
him at all, 
maknae or not. The closet in here is very large, too, and on the outside of it hangs several
designer items of clothing that look as expensive as they do fashionable, and it’s on seeing those that
you make up your mind. This has to be Taehyung’s room, there’s no doubt about it, and the fact that
he’s the only one of the four boys in there that’s sat on the unmade bed seems to reflect that.

He calls your name cheerily as soon as you enter his room, sitting up straighter against the headboard
and patting the space next to him in an obvious invitation. You cautiously accept, knowing all too
well just how handsy Taehyung’s been lately, taking his offer mostly because there’s no real space
for you to sit anywhere else.

Jin’s taking up Tae’s deskspace and although he waves in your general direction he doesn’t look up,
too busy frowning as he reads the back of a DVD held in his non-waving hand. Jungkook’s got a
small pile stacked between his open legs where he’s sat slouched against the desk drawers, too. His
head snaps up as soon as he hears Tae utter your name, and as you approach the bed you give him a
small, encouraging smile. He’s still awkward with you at the best of times - never quite able to look
you directly in the eye - but right now he doesn’t seem to be having that problem. It seems like he
can’t keep them off of you, roaming up and down your body completely unchecked, his jaw
clenching, and it isn’t until you clear your throat uncomfortably that he seems to remember where he
is and what he’s doing. His eyes meet yours, mouth falling open before they quickly dart away, the
DVD is his hands suddenly becoming the most interesting thing in the world.

You’d probably question his behaviour or wonder what was wrong with him, if it weren’t for this
being quite a standard interaction for the two of you these days. You still keep hoping that one day it
might better, but it seems like it might be a long time coming.

You climb onto the bed and wiggle your way back to the pillows, leaving a good foot of space
between you and Taehyung who’s sat to your right, still looking far too pleased to see you. Yoongi
follows you there too, making himself comfortable on your left as he takes a pillow and cuddles it to
his chest. Is he squeezing it so hard because he’s wishing it were you? You silently scold yourself
for envying a piece of a bedding, wondering when on earth you turned into such a sap.

“What’re we watching?” you ask distractedly, crossing one ankle over the other and smoothing down
your skirt, trying to make sure you’re not going to inadvertently expose yourself to the whole room.

“Apparently that’s up to you,” Jin replies. You look at him with a confused half-smile as he throws
the DVDs he’d been looking at over onto the bed, within your reach.

“Apparantly that’s up to you,” Jin replies. You look at him with a confused half-smile as he throws
the DVDs he’d been looking at over onto the bed, within your reach.

“Why’s that?” You spread them out on the mattress in curiosity, your confusion only growing when
you realise that every film is a favourite of yours.

“Cus your boyfriend’s disgusting,” Hobi chimes in from where he’s sat at the foot of the bed, his
thumbs tapping furiously at the touch screen of his phone. He’s one to talk about being disgusting;
you’d recognise the silly little smile plastered on his face anywhere. He must be texting Sam - there
can’t be any other explanation than that. It’s nice to see him looking so happy, and you can bet that
Sam will be grinning on the other end too, but it still makes you worry all the same. You hope they
don’t rush into anything too fast… Hobi could get careless if he lets himself get carried away.

“What…?” You look questioningly at Jin, knowing that he’s the one who usually makes sense even
when the others don’t.

“I think Jimin- ah felt bad having to leave you on your own again,” Jin explains patiently, leaning
back in the leather chair and crossing his legs. “So he made us promise we’d watch something you
like tonight.”
“He picked the movies… oh, and there’s snacks too,” Taehyung chimes in, leaning over the side of the bed and bringing up several brightly coloured packets and plonking them in your lap. There’s marshmallows, pretzels, gummy sweets… all the things you’ve mentioned craving over the past couple of weeks. “Hope you’re hungry,” he grins. A derisive snort comes from Jungkook’s direction.

“Smells like she’s already eaten to me,” he smirks, not even looking up from the cover he’s reading, flipping it over in his hand.

It feels like your stomach has dropped through the floor when Jungkook says that, your cheeks immediately blazing beetroot red with shame as your hands come up to cover them. Of course they can smell what you and Yoongi have just been up to; how could neither of you thought of that before coming up here? And now they all know - and right after Hobi just referred to Jimin as your boyfriend, too. You just want the ground to swallow you up whole and never resurface. God, you can only imagination the terrible things each of them must be thinking about you; the judgements they’re making.

You feel like you’re about to burst into tears when you turn to look at Yoongi, your shining eyes wide, hands still covering most of your face. He looks beyond angry, his eyes narrowed to slits as he glares murderously at Jungkook, furious at the other for so obviously upsetting you. You feel a hand on your lower back that’s rubbing soothingly and after a second you realise it’s Taehyung that’s put it there, a sympathetic look on his face as Jin smacks the vampire sat as his feet round the head.

“Don’t be so rude!” he scolds, frowning hard as he gives him an extra shove, too. Hobi just looks scandalised, his eyes wide as he looks back and forth between Jungkook and you.

“Mind your own fucking business, maknae,” Yoongi snarls, his fingers clenching the pillow so tight that his knuckles have turned white.

“I’m so embarrassed,” you whisper breathily to Taehyung as all this is going on, biting down on your bottom lip to keep from crying.

“Hey, no, it’s ok.” Tae reassures you, leaning close so that his forehead is pressed to your temple, still rubbing your back, “You’re our girl… Kookie’s just jealous.”

Their girl? Do they really all care about you so much? They’ve certainly not reacted the way you thought they would to finding out about the two of you, especially when they don’t know anything about your little ‘arrangement’ with Jimin. No-one’s mad or looking at you unkindly - if anything they all seem far more bothered about the tears threatening in your eyes. Maybe they know more than you think they do?

“Whatever,” Jungkook shrugs, throwing his DVD onto the bed to join the others too, “It’s your funeral once Jimin finds out.” Ok… or maybe they don’t. At least not Kookie, anyway.

An awkward silence settles over the room, the chattering of an ad on the TV the only thing filling the void whilst you try to collect yourself. You really wish you could crawl into Yoongi’s arms and have him hold you till you feel better, but one more glance at his static bitch face makes it clear that he’s really not in a ‘soft’ mood right now, and it probably wouldn’t be the most appropriate thing to do anyway, not after what’s just been said.

Attempting to push your embarrassment away, you dry your eyes and refocus them on the DVD’s that Taehyung’s pulled closer to the both of you, fanning them out across his lap for you to look at.

“Are all of these musicals?” Taehyung asks, picking up one after another and grimacing. You’re
still feeling a little fragile, but on reading the various titles a small smile still manages to creep its way onto your face; Jimin really did pick out all your favourites. You’re can’t believe that he went to the trouble of arranging all this for you for basically no reason. You’ve kept on telling him that you understand him having to go and you know that’s it not his choice or his fault. Plus you’ve got Nova, after all, and the whole reason he bought her was to keep you company when he’s not around. Not to mention the rest of the boys - and Yoongi. He’s plenty entertaining, to say the least.

You feel an uncomfortable stab of guilt when that thought crosses your mind. Jimin’s done this lovely thing for you, and you’ve repaid him by fooling around with one of his closest friends while his back is turned. And yes, you know he’d said he was willing to share you, but you still can’t help feeling that you’ve done something dishonest by not clearing it with him first. Deep down you know it’s the fear of him saying no that’s kept you from asking before now. The pull between Yoongi and you is too strong; just as strong as that attraction that led you to Jimin in the first place.

You push those thoughts away too, promising yourself that you’ll revisit them later when you haven’t got a whole room waiting for you to make a decision. God knows you’re indecisive at the best of times - the little love triangle you’ve got going on perfectly demonstrating just that.

“Looks like it, Tae. Musicals or kids films,” you say, forcing a smile as you turn over ‘The Road to El Dorado’ in your hands to inspect the characters cartoony faces fondly. You loved this film when you were growing up, and you still love it just as much now as an adult.

“And they’ve all got songs in too, right?” You nod, chuckling when Tae cringes again. Since when doesn’t he like music, anyway? He’s always singing around the house! Pretty well at that, actually.

“Can we watch this one first?” you ask, leaning forward and meeting Jin halfway. He takes it from your hand with a nod and sets about putting it on as you open up the bag of marshmallows on your lap and make a start on them, smacking your lips contentedly.

“Just pray she doesn’t start singing too,” Yoongi comments dryly from the side of you. You swivel on the spot to scowl at him indignantly, mouth full of half-chewed sugary goo. Sure, he’d made fun of you in private for your complete lack of pitch, but you’d never expected him to make that public knowledge. Still, it’s good to see him smiling again, even if it is just at the very corners of his mouth. Yoongi eyes you suspiciously as you withdraw another marshmallow from the bag only to boop it against the tip of his nose. It leaves a small, sugary mark behind that he brushes off with a mock glare but a growing smile, his fingers twitching on their way back down to his side like he wants to touch you but stops himself from doing so.

The moment you hear the song that accompanies the opening credits you’re completely lost, forgetting all about what Jungkook said or the guilt you were feeling. Suddenly you’re eight years old again and sat on your parent’s couch watching your most favourite film, stuffing in so many marshmallows and other sweet treats that you’ll end up being sick. Happy, though. Really happy. You just wish Jimin were here already so you could thank him for being so wonderfully sweet to you, like always.

The guys loved the film - and who wouldn’t?! Ok, so Yoongi may have fallen asleep, but before that he looked like he was enjoying himself, and he very rarely ever makes it through a whole movie, so that doesn’t really mean anything anyway. Hobi started to pay more attention once it got late enough that Sam must’ve gone to sleep, and you swear you heard Kookie humming along to some parts from where he’s now stretched out along the floor like some kind of abnormally muscular cat. In fact, they liked it so much that they seem almost practically enthusiastic about your next choice; Moulin Rouge.
The movie hasn’t long started when you give a little shiver, suddenly noticing how cold it’s getting when you look down and notice that your arms are covered in goosepimples. Now that autumn is in full swing this large house isn’t holding it’s heat very well, and sharing a room with five ice-cold vampires doesn’t exactly do much to help the temperature either.

“What’s up?” Tae whispers, obviously having felt you shudder.

“Just cold,” you whisper back for fear of waking Yoongi and disturbing the others. Taehyung just looks at you for a while, cogs evidently turning behind his wide, doe eyes, and then all of a sudden he’s re-arranging the two of you of the bed, somehow managing to take your spot and sit you in between his legs, your back leant against his chest. You’re not entirely sure how this is meant to keep you warm - it’s not like he’s got body heat to share - but when he grabs hold of the blanket and pulls it over the both of you you kind of understand what he’s going for. Still, at least he means well... Though when he decides to wrap his arms around you under the blankets rather than above them, you start to wonder if his intentions are actually so pure.

“Comfy?” he asks, his mouth so close to your ear that his cold breath actually makes you shiver again.

“Uh…” you hesitate, unsure of your answer. It’s always nice to be held, and you’re sure that eventually you’ll warm up with help from the blankets he’s tucked around you, but… you can’t help but remember the feel of Taehyung’s fingertips as they crawled up your thighs last time you sat so close, and whilst it’s an undeniably pleasant memory, it still makes you a little nervous to be put in this position again. “Yeah,” you finally reply, your voice quivering slightly, “Yeah I’m good.” He squeezes you slightly, humming so quiet and low that the only reason you’re aware of it is because you can feel it rumbling in his chest.

Mercifully, Taehyung seems to content to behave himself for now, watching the movie with no more than an infrequent stroke of your arm or a momentarily tightening of his hold. It’s a shame that the others don’t seem to be enjoying this one so much, though. It’s evident that they’re getting restless when pockets of conversation start to break out amongst the group, talk eventually leading back to their most frequent topic of late; the amount of missions Jimin’s getting, and its impact on their dietary intake.

“I swear, at this rate I’m gonna have to go out and find something myself,” Jungkook mutters unhappily, dragging his thumb along his full bottom lip before letting his hand fall back into his lap. Jin frowns down at him looking just as troubled, sighing.

“I know it’s hard, Jungkook -ah … but you know we’re not really supposed to-” Jin glances up at you, his expression turning sheepish. He’s obviously not comfortable with talking about hunting innocent civilians whilst you’re around, and you can understand why. What Hobi and Jimin were doing when you first met them isn’t particularly encouraged amongst the group; a rare slip-up that you’re infinitely grateful for.

“It’s alright Jin,” you shrug, willfully ignoring the way Tae’s got his nose nestled in the back of your hair, squeezing you once again, “I can’t imagine how hard it must be for you all.”

“Mmm, you smell so nice,” you hear Taehyung muttering, almost to himself, clearly not paying an ounce of attention to the conversation that’s taking place. This time you have to ignore the little shiver of pleasure that runs up your skin when you feel him place the flat of his palm against your stomach, the coolness of his skin seeping through to yours. So much for him behaving himself.

“Can’t someone speak to Namjoon about it? Like, surely if you all go to him, as a group, he has to listen?” You swallow, trying to keep your cool.
“Someone needs to speak to me about what?” How does he do that? How does he always turn up at the very mention of his name? You eyes snap to the door the moment his low, silken voice meets your ears, and there he is, loitering in the shadows of the doorway, leant against the frame with his arms folded and a smirk on his handsome face.

Why does he have to be so attractive?

You wait for someone - anyone - to speak, but nobody does, simply glancing at each other uncomfortably. Even Taehyung’s hand has completely stilled against you, though it doesn’t withdraw altogether. Sighing, you roll your eyes and take a deep breath, steeling yourself to speak. You’ve had brief flashes of being able to stand up to Namjoon before; surely you can do it again? You feel better having the others with you, too, even if they’re just as intimidated by him as you are.

“They’re all hungry, Namjoon,” you tell him bravely, forcing yourself to maintain eye contact. “You keep sending Jimin out so often that the others aren’t getting to feed enough.” Namjoon’s chin lowers slightly, eyebrows lifting up.

“Is that right, guys?” he asks them, casting his eyes around the room. Jin, Hobi and Taehyung all murmur their agreement, and eventually Jungkook nods along too, looking at the others rather than directly at Namjoon. A moment passes in which you simply can’t fathom what direction his reaction is going to take, whether it be rage or indifference, but within seconds Namjoon’s arms drop to his sides and he shrugs, smiling as he straightens up from the door frame. “Fair enough.”

“Really?” Tae asks before he can help himself and Namjoon lets out a breathy chuckle, stepping a pace inside.

“I wouldn’t be a very good leader if I didn’t listen to the rest of the group, would I?” You regard him with a hint of suspicion, one of your eyebrow raising at his unexpected reply. You’re glad that he’s being so reasonable, of course, but it just seems so out of character for him that you can’t help but think there must be some sort of catch. “Jimin will still have to lead the missions, of course, but you can take it in turns to accompany him.”

“Couldn’t two of the others team up for a change?” you ask impulsively, eager to find a solution that might mean that Jimin gets to spend more time at home. He shakes his head immediately; unfortunately Namjoon’s generosity clearly isn’t willing to stretch that far.

“Jimin’s far more skilled and experienced than the rest,” Namjoon explains, hands shoved deep in the pockets of his sweatpants, “You wouldn’t want any of them getting any more hurt than Yoongi did the last time, would you?” He smiles a little twistedly, his eyes flickering to the sleeping vampire to your left and making you look too, recalling the bruises he’d come home with that you hadn’t been able to heal. No, you wouldn’t want that for any of them.

“Alright,” you concede, letting yourself sag back against Taehyung’s chest, quite thankful now to have him holding you the way he is. It helps you feel a little more solid, a little more secure to be wrapped up in his arms.

A new song starts playing on the TV, loud in the otherwise silent room, and it grabs Namjoon’s attention, turning his shapely face turning to face the screen.

“Ahh, Moulin Rouge,” he observes, a genuine smile taking the place of the one warped one that was there before as he gestures to the screen. “I love this film.” He does? Namjoon loves this? He really is full of surprises. He walks further into the room, coming round to the side of the bed where Taehyung was sat before and putting himself in that empty space right next to your side with a
devilish grin and a glint in his eyes that worries you. The others don’t seem too concerned though, apparently mollified by Namjoon’s uncommon good mood and turning their attentions back to the screen without a care in the world. Even Taehyung’s hand starts shifting again too, his fingers brushing against your side. “Mind if I join you?”

Chapter End Notes

*flaps* what's gonna happen?!? Who knoooows!!
Chapter 31

Chapter Summary

RIP guys...
Seriously.
Love you <3

Seriously? He’s really doing this?

“Sure.” You resist the urge to elbow Taehyung in the stomach as he invites Namjoon to make himself comfortable on the bed next to the two of you. You can’t exactly blame him for being polite, can you? It’s not like he knows that he’s inadvertently left you sandwiched between two vampires who historically cannot keep their hands to themselves.

“This looks cosy,” he comments as he pulls back the covers enough to climb in, his sharp eyes immediately spotting the way Taehyung’s got his arms around you, his hand still splayed across your stomach. “Very cosy.” You hold your breath while Namjoon settles in, pulling the covers back over the three of you again with a sly smile. You’re covered almost up to your neck, all three sets of arms hidden from view by the weighty blanket, and Namjoon hasn’t exactly given much thought to personal space - his side is completely flush with Taehyung’s and by extension of that; yours too. God, why does he enjoy torturing you so much? And why does he even have such an effect on you anyway? None of the others fill you with this much apprehension, even Taehyung, with his not-so-subtle advances.

As you note the way your heart is thudding wildly, you suddenly recall what Jimin had said to you once about his ability to hear it inside your chest, and as soon as that memory enters your mind you immediately start to panic. What if Namjoon can hear it too, thundering away? Of course, worrying about that only makes it start to pound even harder, your snack-filled stomach twisting with nausea. You decide to just try and act as casually as possible in an attempt to normalise his presence. If he actually spent more time with the group him showing up probably wouldn’t even be so much of a big deal.

“I wouldn’t have thought that Moulin Rouge was really your style,” you say to him once you’ve calmed yourself enough to know that the words won’t shake on their way out.

“We already established that we aren’t very good judges of each other’s taste once before, didn’t we?” he answers without taking his eyes off the screen, looking bemused. You blush lightly, remembering that perfectly pleasant conversation you’d had with him in the study, once. Why couldn’t he be like that all the time? “As it happens, I love Baz Luhrmann’s movies. Gatsby, Romeo and Juliet… Moulin Rouge.”

“What do you like about them?” you ask before you can help yourself, keeping your voice quiet. Namjoon may scare you, but he’s also still as intriguing as ever. He has such a quick, intelligent mind that you can’t resist picking into it whenever you get the chance. He pauses thoughtfully, pursing his lips together and glancing your way.
“He has a style of writing and direction that you don’t really see with anyone else. Like here, for example,” Namjoon begins, nodding his head toward the screen.

You absent-mindedly wonder whether Taehyung is listening in on your conversation too or whether he’s caught up in the film again; either way he’s silent, only the rise and fall of his chest behind you and the subtle movement of his fingers stroking your side a reminder that he’s there.

“He bombards the audience. Light, sound, colour - to the point where it’s almost overwhelming. There’s so much noise, so much going on that you don’t know where to look.” You nod along listening eagerly and Namjoon twists his torso to look at you while he’s speaking, a light shining behind his eyes that you’ve never seen there before.

“Then suddenly he’ll cut to that stark, pale close-up of Satine’s face and everything goes quiet and stops.” He pauses, and you realise that you’re holding your breath again. “It’s enthralling.”

It’s at that moment when you come to realise that it’s you that’s being enthralled here. Everything about Namjoon is so intense; whether it be when he’s trying to intimidate you, seduce you, or simply sharing his knowledge and passion. He could talk to you about the most mundane of topics and you’re sure you’d find it interesting - caught in his gaze and lured in by that smile.

“Of course, everyone loves a tragic love story,” he adds with a knowing smile, those cheek dimples of his making an appearance.

“That’s true,” you agree, trying not to sound too breathy. There goes your heart again, running away with itself, your throat suddenly dry. “I prefer a happy ending though. Seems like one of the lovers always ends up dead when he’s directing.” Namjoon’s smile grows wider, colder and more ruthless.

“That’s the fun part.” An involuntary shudder runs through you, any warmth that you’d managed to accumulate over the past thirty minutes disappearing, swept away by the icy cold undercurrent of Namjoon’s words.

You drag your eyes from him, looking down at the covers as you try to subtly let out a shaking breath. Taehyung must have felt that shudder because now his arms are tightening around you again, one hand rubbing your arm and the other your side, moving up and down briskly and shaking your insides. You see Namjoon watching out of the corner of your eye and you’re suddenly extra conscious of every movement Tae makes. Frankly, though, weren’t you already?

“But you’re still covered in goosebumps,” he observes, his hands running down each of your arms from top to bottom and only exacerbating the problem.

All of a sudden Namjoon leans over and whispers something directly into Taehyung’s ear, something that twists the relaxed set of his wide mouth into an uncharacteristic smirk as he whispers something back. Namjoon’s smile is wicked as he pulls away, his eyes fixed on yours, and it doesn’t take long for you to realise that he’s just said something that’s egged the younger vampire on; you can tell by the way Taehyung’s licking his lips, squeezing his grip around each of your wrists.

Namjoon leans forward, his plump lips making contact with the outer shell of your ear before he whispers into it.
“We’re just wondering if nipples are hard too, little one.” You have no idea whether were or not before you’d heard those words, but the moment they pass Namjoon’s lips you’re suddenly excruciatingly aware of how badly both swollen buds are rubbing against the inside of your bra. Are you really that cold, or is your body so eager to respond to Namjoon that he can simply will it into a physical reaction with just one silken purr?

Apparently, they mean to find out. Before you can summon a response Taehyung’s hands have left your wrists and are rooting around under the blanket, searching for the hem of your blouse, and the moment he finds it he wastes no time in lifting it up and hooking it over the tops of your breasts, exposing them under the covers. He’s never been this bold before, not ever, and you know it must be almost entirely down to Namjoon’s bad influence that he’s acting this way.

“What-?” you start to ask, your gaze snapping back and forth between Taehyung and Namjoon. They both have the same dark, lusty look in their eyes, and when you start to speak Namjoon presses a long finger to his lips and gently shushes you, flicking his eyes in the direction of the others as a warning to keep quiet and ensure that their actions remain unnoticed.

“You wouldn’t want them finding out about this, too, now would you?” You close your mouth, swallowing hard, knowing that the deep, red blush that’s creeping onto your cheeks is the only thing that could tip the others off about what’s currently going on underneath Taehyung’s blankets. His long, gentle fingers are running across the small swell of your stomach and up towards your sternum, dancing along the underwiring of your bra, and all the time you’re struggling to breathe without panting, looking back and forth between the two of them with wide eyes.

“Tell me to stop,” Taehyung murmurs into your ear unexpectedly, one hand brushing across the soft swell of your breast, “And I will.” You have to bite back a gasp as that hand slips into the cup of your bra and immediately begins to knead its contents firmly, his other quickly doing the same. He rolls your nipples between his fingers and you fight the urge to whimper, your back bending against him as your core throbs. “Just tell me to stop…”

You turn your head to the side where its laid back on Taehyung’s shoulder, drawn to the visage of Namjoon you know will be waiting, and sure enough he’s staring right back at you, like he was just waiting for you to look. The corner of his mouth twitches in amusement as he watches your mouth flop open and your eyebrows crease in an expression of pleasure as Tae pulls on one of your nipples, just hard enough to shoot pleasure-pain straight down your spine to the juncture of your legs.

Thank god they’ve already smelled you once this evening, or else you’d be worried about the others smelling the arousal you know is inevitably pooling on the back of your skirt now, too, and you could do without Jungkook making a fool out of you more than once this evening. Luckily, they all seem sufficiently distracted by the movie, and Yoongi’s still flat out to the left of you, his face relaxed and his breathing steady.

Yoongi… you wonder what he’d make of this if he were awake. Would he join in… would he get mad? Would he even be justified in doing so? It’d make him a little bit of a hypocrite, after all, but then who are you to really talk? You’re just about to start to feeling guilty again when you abruptly lose the ability to form any kind of coherent thought, Namjoon’s hand coming to settle on your knee and squeezing hard.

“You’re so soft,” Taehyung groans softly as he manipulates each of your breasts in his palms. You feel him shift behind you, calling attention to the large erection pressing insistently into your back as Namjoon’s hand creeps higher, up into the wetness smeared along your upper thighs, pushing your skirt back along the way. His fingers brush against your pubic bone, probably expecting to find underwear there, and even though you have absolutely no control in this situation you can’t help but
smirk at the shocked look that passes over Namjoon’s face, delighting in being able to surprise the usually unshakable vampire, if only for a second. His eyes press closed for a second as he mouths a silent ‘fuck’, but when they open again they’re blazing with heat and Namjoon’s looking at you like he wants to tear you from Taehyung’s grasp and fuck you right here.

It really is only for a second that you’re given to feel self-satisfied. The smirk that had been twisting your mouth is ripped from you the moment Namjoon’s fingers slide lower and into your folds, rubbing back and forth between them. You almost slip up then, barely managing to smother a moan by pressing your lips together tighter than you ever have before. You look to Taehyung, widening your eyes pleadingly - though what you’re pleading for you have no idea - but he looks just as lust-drunk as Namjoon, his chest heaving behind you, chewing on his bottom lip. His pretty eyes can’t look away, fixated on the pleasure contorting your face as it heightens his own, moving his hips subtly to grind against you and find some relief.

Thank God no-one has the presence of mind to turn around and look at the three of you, because you’re pretty sure it’d be starkly obvious what you’re all up to now, your faces all so close that your heavy breaths are intermingling.

“Tae, feel how wet she is,” Namjoon grunts, “The little slut hasn’t even got any panties on.” Taehyung unquestioningly follows his elders lead, one hand slipping out from your bra and heading for the apex of your thighs where Namjoon’s fingers are now rubbing at your clit. You clench your legs together in panic, squeezing Namjoon’s hand, knowing that if Taehyung joins in too you’ll really be lost. You won’t be able to keep quiet, no way. Even now you’re amazed no one has caught on, probably only thanks to the way Jungkook is never able to watch the TV at an appropriate volume.

Your resistance draws a growl from Namjoon’s throat, his eyes flashing dangerously. His hand leaves your core to yank your legs apart, holding them open to make way for Taehyung’s to slide downward and carry on where he left off, and when Tae pinches your clit your body practically bucks against him, the bed making a singular, solitary creak that you can’t seem to care about when your whole core is practically on fire.

“Fuck, so wet,” Tae breathes into your ear, rubbing his fingertip against your opening, “Wanna play with you for real… all night…”

“She wants it too, Tae -ah ,” Namjoon whispers breathily, more for you than Taehyung, his hand returning to its previous position now that he knows you’ve been successfully seduced into submission, “She’ll take all the cock she can get.” He rubs your clit harshly, his fingers bumping against Taehyung’s amongst the wet mess between your legs, and when the younger vampire’s fingers start to dip inside of you, breaching your walls, you can take it no longer.

You’re on the verge of an orgasm, your legs shaking between Taehyung’s, when you grab both of their hands and try to pull them away, breathing out,

“Stop, stop.” Taehyung immediately ceases the movement of his hand and lets you move it away, his fingers slipping out of you and leaving you achingly empty inside, but unfortunately Namjoon seems to have other ideas. His fingers simply replace Taehyung’s, thrusting in savagely, a twisted smirk on his face as you bite your lip so hard that you break skin.

“She said stop,” Taehyung growls, grabbing the other vampire’s wrist and yanking it away from you in a display of courage that surprises you, considering how nervous Namjoon usually makes them all. Namjoon blinks, the smile falling from his face as he falters, and you take that opportunity to quickly throw the covers back and climb out of the bed, over their laps, not bothering with an explanation to the others as you quickly exit the room on wobbling legs. Namjoon will probably
come up with a believable excuse for you anyway, master of manipulation that he is.

You’re halfway down the corridor on the way to Jimin’s room when someone suddenly grabs hold of your shoulder. You never heard them coming past your ragged, uneven breaths and when they spin your round of the spot to face them you start, gasping, every part of you tensing in panic because you’re convinced that it’ll be Namjoon there waiting for you.

It’s not though; it’s Taehyung stood in front of you, his eyes wide with concern and his hand still resting on your shoulder. He gives it a gentle squeeze, softly saying your name as he watches you visibly sag with relief.

“Are you alright?” he asks cautiously. The expression on his face almost makes it look like he’s expecting you to be mad at him, but in reality you’re anything but. “I’m sorry about Namjoon… I didn’t mean for it to go so far. You’re so pretty, Jagi, I just wanted to see-” Taehyung doesn’t get chance to finish his sentence; he’s too busy absorbing the weight of you as you crash into his arms, throwing your arms around his waist and pressing your cheek to his chest. Tentatively, he returns your embrace, maintaining a careful amount of space between the two of you.

“It’s alright, Tae, ok?” you murmur into him, “We all got a bit carried away.”

“Yeah, we did.” You tilt your chin up to look at him, smiling back at the adorable boxy grin that greets you. He scrunches up his nose and eyes, giving you a squeeze, and when he relaxes his hold you start to wriggle out of it.

“I ought to go… Y’know,” you grin, glancing downward to your skirt and trying to fight against the blood rushing to your cheeks. You completely miss the way his eyes follow yours hungrily, biting his lip as you turn, but before you can get away he grabs hold of your hand again, pulling you back to him and then promptly pushing you against the wall with a thud. He keeps you pressed there, shocked and wide-eyed, using his body weight to pin you with his forearms resting on the wall either side of your head, silent but regarding you with such intensity that you feel like you might burst into flame at any moment. Taehyung’s still aroused, too, his erection digging into your hip rather than your back this time, and feeling it there makes you core start to throb all over again, still craving the orgasm you so recently deprived yourself of.

“Do you like me?” he asks after what feels like forever, leaning over you and leaving very little space between your faces, so close that you can only look at one of his eyes at a time, darting between the two whilst your heart races.

“Sure I do,” you answer nervously, fairly certain that he doesn’t mean in a platonic way but going for that anyway, “We’re friends, right?” A rare look of frustration passes over Taehyung’s face as he shakes his head slightly.

“I don’t mean like that,” he re-iterates, pushing his hips into yours to emphasise his point, an involuntary whimper falling from your lips, “I mean the way you like Jimin… and Yoongi- hyung .” You bite your lip, already knowing you answer but unsure as to whether you should admit it or not.

You’re attracted to Taehyung, of course you are. Who wouldn’t be? It’s purely a sexual attraction with Taehyung, though, nothing more, and you get the feeling it’s the same for him. He’s always regarding you with a certain hungry curiosity, but he’s never gone out of his way to spend extra time with you or get to know each other on a deeper level. No, Taehyung just wants to jump your bones, and honestly… you’re more than ok with that.

Slowly, a shy smile forms on your face as you push back into Taehyung. His tongue darts out to
moisten his lips, an eager, excited look behind his eyes.

“Do you really need to ask, Tae?” you say huskily, looking up at him from under your lashes, “Doesn’t what you felt earlier answer that question for me?” He glances downward to where you hips meet, still tonguing the corner of his mouth with his lips parted, his breathing starting to get harder with each passing second.

“Maybe…” He hesitates, licking his lip and shifting his hips again, “Maybe I should have another feel, just to make sure...” You giggle softly, amused the feeble excuse that precedes his hand finding its way under you skirt again, inevitably drawn back towards the warm, wet heat he knows is lingering there. You let his fingers trail higher with bated breath, loving the way Taehyung’s breath hitches in his throat when he feels that slick arousal at the apex of your thighs. “God, Jagi, you’re so warm right here...” Taehyung trails off, his eyes closing, lips parting and head tilting to the side as he takes those first few slow exploratory touches of your core.

You let him have that, smiling to yourself at the look of bliss on his face when he lets a finger tip slip inside. You’ve no idea what’s come over you. The girl you were a couple of months ago never would have dreamed of acting this way; of giving herself over so freely to whomever desires her and acting so brazenly. You love it, though, addicted to the rush you get on seeing that look of their faces, that look that you know is them being torn between wanting to fuck you senseless or eat you alive.

You know Taehyung is going to lose his mind soon, that one finger starting to slowly slide in deeper, a second threatening to join it, and it takes all the strength you can muster to take hold of his wrist and pull it back, smiling teasingly at him. Really you’re teasing yourself just as much; every nerve ending in your body screaming for release.

“Nuh-uh,” you coo softly, revelling in the look of confusion in his eyes when they opens. You lift his hand to your open waiting mouth and guide his finger inside, holding him in your gaze as you suck it clean and then drag it out again past your lips and teeth. Taehyung’s entranced, staring at your mouth as his hangs open, licking his lips when you lick yours. “You’ve got to get Jimin’s permission, first.”

“His permission?” he repeats uncertainly, his eyes travelling back up to yours.

“Mnhm,” you confirm with a nod, pushing your hips into his for the sheer hell of it and biting your smirking lip when it makes him hiss.

“You-you should ask him,” he falters, clearly a little nervous at the prospect but still aroused enough to be pawing at your hip, squeezing the flesh there.

“Why’s that?” you persist, slowly sliding your hands down the front in his shirt and tracing the outline of the lithe muscle hiding underneath. Taehyung’s skin is ever so slightly darker than the rest of the group, and you can only imagine how good he’d look naked if the feel of his solid chest and generous erection are anything to go by. Your provocative behaviour is obviously starting to get the better of Taehyung; his body’s practically shaking with want as he rubs himself against your stomach.

“I’m fun to play with, Jagi, I promise.” The boy sounds almost like he’s begging, and it stirs something in you that you didn’t know existed. You’re so used to being dominated by Jimin that to feel like the one in control is a rather pleasurable novelty; one you could get used to. “I have lots and lots of toys...”

“Toys?” Curiosity gets the better of you, your seductress act slipping as you wonder what little
delights Taehyung must have hidden away somewhere and knowing instantly that you want to find out. He nods, wide-eyed and chewing his bottom lip, adorable yet completely fuckable all at once. “Ok, Tae,” you smile, running your finger down his bridge of his nose and then tapping the rounded tip, “I’ll ask my daddy if I can come and play.”
Chapter 32

Chapter Notes

Ok so, I swear there was supposed to be more fluff in this. There definitely WILL be fluff and plot in the next chapter, I absolutely PROMISE... it's just... my finger slipped and I... well, you'll see.

I'm so glad Jimin's home <3

The very first thing you do when you get back to Jimin’s room is take a long, hot shower. It’s not that you’re trying to wash evidence away - you’ve already made up your mind that you’re going to tell him about what happened with you and Yoongi, and what you’d like to happen with Taehyung - it’s just that it seems to be the only way to force your body to calm the hell down. You’re wound so tight that even washing yourself has you biting back little moans, your core throbbing as the washcloth brushes over it. You’re craving Jimin’s touch so badly, and it’s only knowing that he’ll be home soon that keeps you from pleasuring yourself all alone.

You feel a million times fresher as you step out of the shower and wrap yourself loosely in one of Jimin’s grey towels, letting your hair dangle wet down your back. Nova’s waiting for you when you step back into his room, taking a break from sharpening her claws on the scratchpost to saunter over and rub herself around your wet ankles, purring.

“Hey pretty girl,” you greet, bending down to stroke her from head to tail, her back arcing along the way. Scooping her up in your arms you once again thank the Gods for sending you such an unusually tolerant cat, planting a kiss on the top of her fuzzy head. “I bet your life isn’t this complicated, is it, hmm?” She stares up at you indifferently with her wide green eyes and you smile down at her, chuckling at yourself for half expecting a reply.

You sit yourself down on the bed and place Nova down beside you with a yawn, eyeing the pillows. It’s not quite time for bed yet and you know you should really get dressed and dry your hair, but the bed is so welcoming and the pillow is so soft, and you’re so emotionally and physically drained from today’s events that you just can’t help yourself. You crawl under the covers, curling up as Nova does the same and falling asleep almost instantly.

The soft clicking of the latch on Jimin’s door as it’s pushed closed is all it takes to pull you from your heavy sleep. You sit up immediately, still half-asleep and disorientated as you force your eyes open, grimacing at the damp patch your wet hair has left on the pillow underneath your hand but forgetting about it completely when you see Jimin stood in the doorway smiling back at you.

“You couldn’t wait for me, kitten?” he asks sweetly, dropping his bag onto the floor by his side and beckoning you with a simple raising of his eyebrows and cock of his head. You smile excitedly as you extract yourself from the covers and secure the towel around your still slightly damp frame before rushing to him, your heart fluttering with happiness. It doesn’t matter how long he’s been gone, or what you might have gotten up to while he’s been away; your feelings for Jimin never change or weaken. You’re still as besotted with him now as you were the moment you met.

He opens his arms and you gladly slot into the space he makes for you, draping your arms around his waist as he pulls you even tighter to him and presses his nose into your raspberry-scented hair.
“I missed you,” you murmur against the black t-shirt he’s wearing. It smells like smoke and sweat as it often does when he’s been out doing god knows what, and you’d never for a moment thought you’d come to enjoy it, but it’s synonymous with Jimin now, so love it you do.

“Always, kitten,” he replies, kissing the top of your head. “Did you have a nice time with Sam?”

God, so much has happened between dinner last night and now that it feels like it a lifetime ago. You pull away enough to look up at him, smiling sweetly.

“Mhmm,” you nod.

“And when you got home?”

“You know I did.” Your smile gets wider as Jimin's grows, his eyes sparkling with happiness even though he's tired. You press a gentle, loving kiss to the soft curve of his mouth. “Thank you for going to all that effort for me. You didn't have to.” He tucks a wayward lock of hair behind your ear and it crosses your mind what a mess you must look; letting yourself fall asleep with wet hair is never a good idea.

“Yes, I did,” he disagrees, obstinate as always. You give out a loud sigh of mock-exasperation, rolling your eyes, but it only makes Jimin laugh lightly and squeeze you in his arms. He's in such a good humour that his face is practically glowing, and you're totally and utterly captivated once again, content to just lapse into silence and gaze up at him.

You only wish his face weren’t covered in so many nicks and bruises, and that there wasn't cause for him to wince when you tighten your arms just a little too much around his ribs.

“Jimin…” He's busy running his thumb along your cheek and learning every detail of your face, ‘hmming’ distractedly when you say his name. “Why aren't you feeding when you're gone? Why’re you torturing yourself, keeping yourself hurt like this?”

You wish you could give him the blood he needs to heal every time he comes back injured but that'd be impossible to do without causing detriment to your own health and you both know it, so you can't understand why he isn't taking the opportunity to feed from his targets that are destined to die by his hand anyway. True, you don't like the thought of it - feeding Jimin feels so intimate now - but you'd still prefer that to him suffering.

“I kind of thought you might not like the idea of me feeding from anyone else,” he explains, speaking softly as he smoothes back your hair again. How is it that he always know exactly how you feel without you even having to tell him? Bashfully you smile, leaning your cheek into his hand when he caresses it. “Besides… you're the only one I want.”

The remorse that suddenly overcomes you at hearing Jimin’s sweet words is so potent that it feels like you've been punched in the gut, all your insides turning topsy-turvy as the smile drops from your face. You don't deserve him, you really don't.

He doesn't notice your abrupt change in mood until the tears start to spring from your eyes and streak down your cheeks, but once Jimin does his expression crumples as well, his second hand rising up to cup your face too.

“Why’re you crying?” he asks concernedly, twisting his head to try to look in your eyes as you purposefully duck them away, too ashamed of yourself to look at him, “Did I say something wrong?”

“No,” you deny instantly, not wanting him to think for even a second that any of this is his fault.
You place your hands over his to try and pull them away and distance yourself, but Jimin’s grip remains gentle yet steadfast. “I don’t deserve you,” you cry miserably, echoing your earlier thoughts with your eyes fixed firmly on the floor.

“Why would you say that, kitten?” Jimin’s got his lips pressed to your forehead as he speaks, giving up on trying to tilt your face upward and wrapping his arms around your shoulders instead, letting you cry against his chest.

“Because,” you sob, pausing to hiccup, your fist curled up by your mouth between the two of you. You screw your eyes up tight, trying to muster the courage to confess the reason that you’re so unworthy of all his love and sweetness. “Because while you were out there arranging movie nights and starving yourself for me…” You stop, choking back a sob as you peek up at him, tears still streaming down your face, “I was back here… with Yoongi.”

The softness that had been so abundant on Jimin’s face starts to fade the very moment those words pass your lips, his eyes flicking back and forth between yours as they sink in. It twists into something hard and unreadable, and you find that more frightening than the angry outburst you were expecting.

“Did you sleep with him?” he asks, tone clipped. You shake your head quickly, too nervous now to even cry but your eyes stinging in the aftermath, your breath shaking on inhale and exhale alike. “Then what did you do?” Blushing, you can’t bring yourself to say the words, your mouth opening and closing but no nothing coming out. Jimin takes hold of your chin firmly, his eyes narrowing. “If you can’t say it, you shouldn’t be doing it.” You swallow, hard.

“I… I sucked his cock,” you whisper, looking for any kind of reaction on Jimin’s face but not finding any to speak of. He’s just waiting for more; calmly, expressionlessly. “And he licked me…”

“Where did he lick you?” Your blush that was once baby pink starts to glow scarlet red at his questioning, all the blood in your body rushing to your cheeks. You start to fiddle nervously with the bottom of your towel, twisting it between your fingers.

“Down there,” you reply, flicking your eyes downward.

“Down where?” he persists, the pitch of his voice dropping to a growl.

“My pussy.” Your reply is barely audible, tears dripping down anew. You don’t for a second expect Jimin to wipe them away, but that’s exactly what he does with his thumbs, leaning down to kiss you fleetingly.

“I would’ve liked to see that,” he murmurs against your lips, breath tickling, and suddenly instead of nausea in your belly there’s heat instead, your face the very picture of surprise when he straightens. “Anything else you need to tell me?”

“When we were watching the movie…” you begin, no longer feeling quite so nervous after receiving that last entirely unexpected reaction. “Taehyung started touching me… and I let him.” Jimin’s eyebrows rise infinitesimally, and he doesn’t ask you to elaborate but you do anyway. “My breasts and my pussy.” You leave out Namjoon, and honestly you’re not entirely sure why. Perhaps it’s because of the all-too-obvious tension that’s between them already; somehow you can’t imagine that Jimin would ever want you share you with him, whether he was present or not.

“In front of everyone?” Jimin asks, and you swear you can hear a hint of amusement in his voice even if his face doesn’t show it. You nod slowly, biting your lip.
All of a sudden Jimin’s huffing a laugh, slinging one arm around your shoulder and cupping the back of your head in his hand to pull you into the crook of his neck, swaying you slightly.

“My kitten is such a bad, greedy baby girl, isn’t she?” Relief washes over you, all of your muscles sagging against Jimin’s solid form as he holds you tight.

“You’re not mad?” you ask, turning your head to look up at him from your spot on his shoulder.

“I’m not mad because i’m not stupid,” he replies, smiling knowingly, his dark eyes glinting. “I know how you and Yoongi-hyung look at each other… and it was only a matter of time before Tae got his hands on you.” You flash a little smile back up at him, your hands that’d been nervously clenched at your sides coming up to hold onto his belt loops. “You’re still in trouble though, kitten, make no mistake.”

“I am…?” Jimin nods slowly, thumbing your bottom lip, his smile turning sly and dangerous and wholly arousing.

“There have to be consequences when you break the rules,” he purrs, “Good girls get rewards… but bad girls have to be punished.” Suddenly you’re struggling to breathe, your chest heaving beneath the towel tied so tightly around it.

“But I didn’t know the rules…” you say huskily, frightened and excited all at once at what this ‘punishment’ might entail.

“There’s only two to remember, kitten, it’s not hard. First; you have to ask for daddy’s permission before you go and play. And secondly; whatever you do with them, you do with me afterwards too.” He cocks his head to the side, strands of grey hair falling into his pretty eyes as he licks his lips. “It’s up to you whose cock you take and how often, kitten… but you’re wrong if you think I’ll go easy on you. I won’t care if you’re sore, or if you’re tired; that’ll be your own fault for being such a greedy girl. If you’re taking their cock, you’re taking mine too.”

Is this heaven or hell in which you’ve found yourself tonight? Jimin may look like an angel but right now he’s smiling like the devil, leading you into temptation from which you aren’t sure you’ll ever return. How could you ever have a normal relationship ever again after one like this? Saying that, you don’t think you’d ever want to anyway. Jimin’s ruining you, and you’re happy to let him.

“Think you can do that?” he prompts when you just stand there mutely, your pulse thudding in your ears.

“Yes, uh-huh.” Your answer comes quicker than you expected it to as you nod your head eagerly and obediently. One of Jimin’s eyebrows lifts and he taps your chin with his forefinger smartly.

“No - yes, daddy, I’ll remember, I promise.”

“Good.” Jimin unexpectedly steps back a pace to separate you, reaching out and untucking the corner of your towel that’s holding the whole thing in place and letting go so it falls and pools round your feet. You squirm as Jimin’s gaze roves over your body, still not quite confident enough to withstand with the thoroughness of these little examinations without at least blushing and looking away. “Turn around.” You do as you’re told instantly, breathing a sharp inhale. “Lean over the bed, palms flat, legs spread, ass up.” The walk towards Jimin’s bed feels like the longest you’ve ever taken in your life, trying to sashay your hips because you know how closely he’s watching but...
probably looking more akin to Bambi learning to walk, given how weak your knees feel.

You follow Jimin’s instructions to letter, mimicking the position he described and then waiting, staring at the opposite wall as you try to concentrate on steadying your breath rather than just how exposed you are spread open like this. You wish you knew what Jimin had in store for you. The anticipation is driving you mad, every second he keeps you waiting feeling like an hour. Is he going to fuck you like this? He takes you from behind more often than not, and you quickly surmised that Jimin favours that position because he can get deeper, go harder, and still watch you come apart underneath him. It also gives him perfect access to your silky soft hair which he so loves to pull; nothing quite gets you writhing on the end of his cock like doing that.

Jimin’s denim wrapped thighs meet the back of yours, his hand coming to rest around the clasp of your collar as he leans down over you to speak directly into your ear.

“How many times did you cum without me today, kitten?” It takes a good few seconds to actually work it out - there were so many times when you almost did that it’s a bit of a blur.

“Once, just once,” you answer, feeling his hand leave the back of your neck and start to caress its way lower, snaking down your spine.

“And how many times should you have asked for my permission?”

“Two times, daddy.” You shudder as Jimin’s palm kneads your tailbone, your pelvic floor clenching with excitement. You’re wet between your legs now, so ready to take whatever he gives you.

“How many does make?” It’s a good job the numbers weren’t higher or more complicated - your head’s hardly in a fit state to perform mental arithmetic.

“Three.” Your voice is breathless, a small whimper trembling out of you when Jimin’s palm comes to rest on one pert, rounded buttock, kneading the flesh greedily.

“Three it is, then,” he purrs, smiling against the shell of your ear. Three? Three what? “You know what a safeword is, kitten?” You nod uncertainly, sure that you’ve heard Sam mention something like that before but not really remembering… “We’ll use ‘plush’, ok?” It might seem like a randomly selected word, but you recognise it instantly as the name of the club you first met in, and despite the position you’re in the fact that he remembers it and considers it important enough to use makes you smile.

Jimin straightens up but continues to palm your behind, the cold weight of his body lifting from your back, and your mind is pulled back to the present, butterflies swirling nervously in your stomach. Why do you need a safeword? What’s he-?

Jimin’s touch that’d been so loving and soft changes into something savage when he abruptly draws his hand back and delivers a hard, open-palmed spank to your right buttock. The sound of your cry is almost as loud as the smack, your body jolting when it connects, leaving behind a sharp, stinging pain that radiates all over. It fades into a deep throb of pleasure right between your legs, your face heating up, confused by your own reaction. You don’t really get any real time to analyse this new and strangely pleasant turn of events before a second blow is dealt, even harder than the first.

“Ah-ah!” you shout stiltedly, your ass on fire underneath Jimin’s now soothing hand.

“Red looks so good on you kitten,” Jimin admires, squeezing the tender flesh, “I’m tempted to leave my handprints all over.” Of course he is. That’d truly satisfy his possessive streak and will to dominate, strewing marks all over you.
A third smack, right in the same spot, and this time you curse loudly, fingers clenching the sheets so right you're surprised they don't rip. You're panting, jolted so far over by the last one that your chest is pressed to the mattress, ass turned up to the air. Jimin tuts behind you.

“Good girl don’t swear,” he scolds, his voice smooth and sweet like honey, and for your transgression you get a fourth and final spank that has you muffling your face into the bed covers, trying not to cry.

It's not that you didn't like it, because you really did; the way your juices are now seeping onto the tops of your thighs are a testament to that. It's just you're wound so tight by this point that's it's bordering on unbearable, and when Jimin runs the tips of his fingers through your folds it does nothing at all to help.

“Look how wet she is,” he murmurs appreciatively from somewhere behind you, sliding them up and down but purposefully avoiding your clit, brushing against you so shallowingly that you haven't a hope of him slipping his fingers inside like you're longing for him to do. “You know what comes next, don't you?” Jimin asks, winding your hair around his fist and using that grip to pull you slowly to standing, just hard enough to make you whimper. “On your knees kitten. Show me what Yoongi-hyung taught you.” You turn on the spot to face him, and when you do he takes your breath away. Jimin's face is so stern, his chiselled jaw clenching as he looks you up and down, his eyes shrouded with lust. Handsome will never be a strong enough word to do him justice.

He nods his head towards his feet and then watches expectantly as you sink to your knees, his pretty pink tongue moistening his lip. It hurts a little to sit back on your heels; your foot is digging into your sore bottom and making it ache fiercely enough that you're sure there'll be a bruise there in the morning. You'll probably be wincing when you sit down for a fair few days to come.

Jimin makes no move to take off his belt or open his jeans. He just looks down at you hungrily, his arms hanging limply by his sides, clearly wanting you to do it for him. You lean forward, placing your hands on his thighs and beginning to mouth at his clothed erection as he hums approvingly. You press kisses down the length of it, nuzzling the obvious bulge, worshipping his cock so openly that it makes him laugh softly, sliding his fingers into your hair and caressing your scalp. Slowly, you undo his belt and fly, letting them flop open to expose his tight blue boxers underneath. There's a wet patch forming where he's tucked himself up and slightly to the left, and you eagerly kitten-lick at it, tasting Jimin’s excitement with a moan. It only makes you want more.

“Stop teasing,” Jimin growls, tightening his grip in your hair.

“Sorry daddy,” you apologise meekly, minding your manners lest you give him an excuse to make your bottom sting even more. You take hold of the waistband of his boxers and pull them down over his thick, meaty buttocks, letting his cock spring free to slap back against his stomach. God, you can't wait to taste it, your mouth practically watering at the sight of him; thick and solid and leaking. You make sure to look up at him as you wrap your hand around the base to pull it downward, towards your already open, waiting mouth, and you see Jimin’s steely expression almost slip when you slide the head past your lips.

“Fuck,” he groans as the warm, wet of your mouth envelopes him, your tongue flicking against his frenulum. His hand is still in your hair, cupping the back of your head, and already his hips are gently flexing forward to encourage his length deeper into your mouth. “Your mouth feels incredible.”

You hum with pleasure, glowing with pride on hearing his praise and letting it spur you on, keeping lips taught and your cheeks hollow as you bob your head up and down eagerly. When you next
look up Jimin’s face is starting to perspire, his hair dangling into his eyes as he savages his lip between his teeth.

“Wider,” he commands breathily, and you do your best to let your jaw go lax and pliant, letting Jimin stuff his cock all the way into your throat as he pushes on the back of your head. Your lips meet his crotch as you take every inch of him, overwhelmed by the musky smell of sex that comes from your nose being nestled in amongst his neatly trimmed pubic hair. He holds you there, your eyes starting to water, and although you can't look you know his chest is heaving; you can hear his ragged breath above you. “Swallow… swallow daddy’s cock.”

It takes a moment for you to even figure out how to do what he's asking, but once you do, swallowing twice in quick succession, Jimin groans so loudly at the feel of your throat constricting around him that you do it for a third time, just to hear him again. You pull back slowly, swirling your tongue around his length and then tonguing the swollen head, all the while looking up at him, growing even wetter as you watch the man you love come apart under your touch. Your hands start to roam as your head moves back on forth, one coming to rest on his perfect, firm behind and the other tentatively cupping his balls and giving them the slightest squeeze.

It's at this point Jimin's composure finally seems to slip. Possessed by the intensity of his need, he slips a second hand into your hair and starts to thrust into your mouth with little to no inhibition, withdrawing himself to almost the tip and ramming his cock back inside, slamming against the back of your throat. His groans are animalistic, his head thrown back as he fucks your mouth. You're a mess underneath him, saliva dripping sloppily down your chin, gagging when he pushes just that little bit too hard or too far, but even though your throat and eyes are burning you wouldn't want to stop him even if you could.

It doesn't take long before you can feel him becoming even harder between your lips, his thrusts starting to get messier, unco-ordinated, his moans get louder.

“Are you ready for my cum kitten?” he pants, knowing you won't be able to give an answer with your mouth so full getting the answer he needs from the eager gleam in your eyes. “You're gonna take all of daddy’s cum aren't you?” You squeeze his ass in both hands, egging him on, and not even two seconds later Jimin finally cums with a languid groan, hot and salty on your tongue. His cock pulses over and over again as he rides through the aftershocks, rocking gently past your lips making the prettiest, softest noises as his orgasm fades. Jimin smiles and strokes your hair as he watches you swallow his load, and then he gently withdraws himself from your mouth and tucks himself back inside his pants, buttoning up.

“You never fail to impress me, kitten,” he praises softly, the dark desire that had been so obvious in his eyes replaced with a look of pure affection and love. He wipes the saliva from your chin with his thumb as you look up at him pleadingly, still knelt on the floor with your feet going numb. You're beyond the point of no return now, your pussy dripping long strands of arousal onto the floor beneath you, so turned out that you wouldn't be above licking Jimin’s shoes if it would make him fuck you. Watching him put his cock away had almost brought you to tears, you're so desperate for it.

“Daddy...” you whine softly, curling your arms around his leg, shuffling on your knees.

“Hmm, what's wrong?” He cocks his head at you, eyes narrowing with amusement. He clearly knows what's wrong; he'd be blind not to see the way you're pressing your thighs together and the flush on your cheeks and chest. “Do you need something?”

You nod miserably, tugging at the bottom of t-shirt like a needy child and feeling like one too. Jimin squats in front of you, taking your chin in his hand as he smiles teasingly.
“Please make me cum daddy.” Your voice breaks as you speak, rocking on your heels trying to find some relief. “Please.”

“Do you think you deserve it?” A tear rolls down your cheek because no, you don't, but you feel like you might die if he doesn't give you something. *Anything.*

“Please daddy,” you beg again, sniffling, pawing at his t-shirt, “I promise I won't ever be bad again, please, I need you, please.” It should be embarrassing, acting this way, but you can't find it in you to care. Jimin considers you for a moment, his expression remaining soft, stroking your chin with his thumb before finally granting you a kiss. You lean into it like you're a woman dying of thirst and Jimin's an oasis in the desert, holding his face in both your hands as you take every press of his lips he gives you.

“Lie down, kitten,” he whispers whilst both of your eyes are still closed. You let yourself sink into the carpet, Jimin helping you lie back with gentle, careful hands. He kneels between your legs and looks down on you adoringly, massaging your aching calves. “I love you so much.” The words blow against your stomach, uttered as he dips his head and starts to press worshipful kisses along your abdomen.

“I love-ah!” Your back arches off of the carpet as Jimin's perfect lips press a kiss to your core, his hands moving upward to caress the inside of your thighs as he explores your folds. “Jimin!”

You don't know which God to thank for Jimin’s uncharacteristic lack of teasing, but you praise all of them aloud as he loves you with his tongue, rubbing softly at your clit because he knows wouldn't be able to take it any other way.

He works you into your orgasm gently, coaxing it out of you so slowly and patiently that when it finally happens it feels like a tidal wave of pure pleasure.

“I love you, I love you,” you repeat over and over, breathless and spent when it finally lets you come up for air. Jimin crawls up your body from between your legs, his fully clothed frame now seeming absurd atop of your naked one, but when he kisses you so sweetly you no longer care, wrapping your arms around him and holding him close.

“Let's get into bed,” he suggests when you're finally done, and to be honest until that point you’d pretty much forgotten you were sprawled on the floor. “Before Nova comes to investigate,” he adds, a cheeky, adorable smile appearing on his face. You're amazed she hadn't already, frankly, as embarrassing as it would’ve been.

Jimin climbs off and pushes to stand as you sit yourself up, blushing when you realise the intensity of that orgasm seems to have left you with a problem.

“Jimin… I can't quite feel my legs.”
Chapter 33

Chapter Notes

I'm amazed I managed to finish this tonight, to be honest, but I was absolutely determined not to break my usually 2-3 day update time-frame! Yes, I do love you guys just that much <3 <3

Your legs miraculously seem to come back to life once Jimin manages to stand you up, though they’re still far too akin to jelly for your liking. Rather than get straight into bed with Jimin you head into the bathroom instead to clean up, wincing when your sore bottom meets the toilet seat. Yup, you're definitely going to be bruised tomorrow. It was totally worth it though; who would've known you’d ever find something so barbaric so pleasurable? Though saying that, since living with Jimin you've engaged in a lot of things you’d never thought you were capable of.

When you re-enter Jimin's room you're really confused as to where he's gone, met with an empty room and empty bed - but then what had initially looked like a shallow hump in the covers suddenly rises up to resemble the shape of a slouched, sitting man underneath. Apparently Jimin's made some kind of one-man cave for himself.

“Jimin? What're you doing under there?” you laugh as you walk over to the bed, pulling on one of his shirts as you go. When you crawl onto the bed Jimin throws the blankets back enough to fold them around his smiling, adorable face, his eyes twinkling with happiness. How can he look so cherubic now when only half an hour ago he was making you gag on his cock? It shouldn't be possible, or even allowed.

“Come on in,” he beckons, throwing the covers back over himself as you watch on, positively bemused by Jimin’s bizarre behaviour. You lift up the edge of blanket to see him sat cross-legged underneath, fussing Nova who's lying curled up by his feet. Smiling, you crawl under to join him to sit opposite. The grey covers are thin enough to let some light through once you've let them fall so you're still able to make out Jimin’s sweet face when he smiles playfully back at you.

“Aren't you tired?” you ask softly as Jimin runs his fingers through Nova’s silky fur.

“Exhausted,” he replies with a chuckle and a shrug, “But it feels like we haven't had any time to ourselves in days.”

“That's true. We tried talking to Namjoon earlier, y'know, about it always being you.”

“We?”

“Yeah, me and the guys. He came to watch a movie with us.” You try to seem nonchalant when you talk about Namjoon, though you can't force yourself to look in Jimin’s eyes. Instead, you focus on Nova, scratching behind her ears as you speak. “Not that it did much good. He's happy to let one of the others go with you but it's still got to be you leading it.”

“Well… I am the best,” Jimin smiles, though you can tell he's just trying to make the best of a bad situation by the way he sighs lightly afterwards. You don't know what you can say that would in any way help so you remain silent, both of you stroking Nova until your hands meet in amongst her
fur. Your fingers gently intertwine, smiling at each other like love-struck teenagers, hidden away together in your secret little den. He pulls gently on your hand to get you to move closer so that you sit cross-legged next to him, and when you lean your head on his naked shoulder he rests his head on yours too.

“I really do love you, Jiminie,” you say after a moment, your eyes closed, unable to keep the affection you feel for him to yourself for even a second longer. Your whole chest aches from your swollen heart, but it’s a good, precious kind of ache. “I don’t want you to feel like you’re not enough, even if—”

Jimin’s kissing you before you can finish your sentence, tipping your chin to bring your lips up to his. And oh, it’s such a soft, sweet, slow kiss that he gives you. He pours every ounce of feeling into it, showing you how loved you are with every peck of his lips, every gentle brush of his tongue, every caress of your cheek, and for once, sweet is all it is. It doesn’t get deeper, or hotter, or more urgent, but it’s still one of the best kisses the two of you have ever had, and your head’s reeling when he pulls away with one final gentle press of your lips.

“You don’t have to reassure me about how you feel,” Jimin says softly, thumbing your cheek with an understanding smile, “Those guys don’t threaten me.” The corner of his mouth flicking upward turns his smile into something cheekier, and when he bites his lip for a second you end up giggling like a schoolgirl. You think it’s embarrassing but Jimin seems to like it, his eyes creasing as he watches you. “You’re so cute sometimes.” He kisses you again, holding firmly onto your chin, but this time it’s you that pulls away, sitting back and blowing your hair off of your forehead.

“I’m going to melt under here in a second.” You waft the blankets to the side of you to try and let in some air. It’s too easy to forget that Jimin doesn’t experience temperature the same way you do; he’s probably perfectly comfortable in this stuffy little sauna he’s created. He takes pity on you though, throwing the covers off the bed so it’s just you and him and Nova together on the plain mattress. Nova seems a little reproachful about it, actually, giving Jimin the side-eye as she stands with a stretch and then leaps gracefully off the bed to curl up in the discarded duvet on the floor. You and Jimin shuffle up the bed, arranging yourself so that Jimin’s back is against the headboard, his arm curled around your body that’s turned in towards him, lying with your head on his chest, and for once you’re quite glad of his cold feet when they tangle up with yours.

Jimin turns on the TV and for a while you just sit and watch it together in a sleepy stupor, content just to be together in comfortable silence. You don’t get many moments like this, so you make sure to treasure them when you do.

Jimin starts to absent-mindedly tickle his fingers up and down your arm and it makes you shudder, suddenly reminded about what happened the last time you were sat watching TV in bed like this.

“What is it with you guys, anyway?” you ask abruptly, broaching a question that had been bothering you for a while now. Jimin must’ve been half asleep when you spoke, because his answering ‘hmm?’ sounds decidedly groggy. “Like, the way they all act around me. It’s like they’ve never seen a woman before.” You pause, thinking about all the different encounters you’ve had with Jimin and his friends over the last few weeks. “Except Hobi maybe, and Jin. Jin’s never even looked at me the wrong way.”

Jimin straightens up a little from where he’d started to slump into the mattress, pushing his hair back from his face as he considers your question with a small smile.

“I guess we don’t really come into contact with the fairer sex as often as we’d like.” He glances at you, noting your glare with a chuckle. “Until you arrived, obviously.”
“But why? It’s not like you guys couldn’t get laid if you tried. I mean, look at you.” This time Jimin laughs outright, batting away your hand that’s gesturing up and down his glorious half-naked frame. “Aren’t there female vampires you could... y’know, hook up with?”

“They’re pretty far and few between, as far as I know, and honestly the only one I ever met was a total bitch.” You can’t keep the slightly satisfied smile off your face on hearing that. If the vampiric curse seems to grant the gift of beauty when it’s given as it seems to have with Jimin and the rest, then surely you wouldn’t have a hope of competing with some stunning, vampiric vixen if she ever came along.

“Oh, that’s a shame,” you say a little too happily and Jimin eyes you with bemusement, probably predicting your line of thought with startling accuracy, as usual. He pats your arm, a tad condescendingly, if you’re not mistaken.

“Anyway, Jin-hyung wouldn’t be such a perfect gentleman if he didn’t have a girlfriend.”

“He does?!”

“Mhmm.” Jimin nods, turning his eyes back to the TV, “I think her name’s Soo Mi... something like that.” Well, Jin certainly kept that one quiet.

“You’ve never met her?” He glances at you with a twitch of a smile.

“She’s in Korea, so no. He only dates online, and even then it’s not very often. He finds a girl he likes and then cuts it short once it gets serious enough that they start asking to meet - I don’t think he trusts himself enough to try and have what we have.” You frown, considering what Jimin’s just said as you trace circles into his porcelain skin. What must it be like to have to do that over and over again? You suppose it must take different amounts of time to reach that point with every girl, but by that point they must be in pretty deep, right? How awful for Jin to have to force himself into goodbyes when he probably wants to meet these women just as much as they do him.

“That sounds... really depressing.”

“It is. That’s why he doesn’t do it very often, and why the rest of us never bothered. It’s too fatalistic; getting into something you know is just going to have to end sooner or later anyway.” Despite feeling sad about Jin, what Jimin just said still makes you smile just a little - does him saying that mean he intends for you and him to be a long-term thing? He catches your grin out of the corner of his eye and smiles too, squeezing you against him.

“What does he do about... y’know...?” you ask, flushing a little bit at even the thought of Jin doing something in any way sexual. He just doesn’t seem that way to you, not compared to the others, and even though he’s undoubtedly good-looking and sweet, you can’t really picture it even if you try.

“Do yourself a favour and do not go near his laptop.” You initially think Jimin’s joking, starting to laugh but then stopping when you see how sincere his expression is, his eyebrows raised.

“Yikes... ok,” you agree, pulling a face that makes Jimin smirk. “What about the rest of you?”

“Uh, let’s see...” Jimin tilts his head back to look at the ceiling for a moment as he thinks, his delicate neck extending beautifully as he does so. It takes all your effort not to start nibbling at it.

“Yoongi-hyung doesn’t date, at all, as far as I know, even for a one-night stand, but Hobi-hyung will go out at least a couple times a month and find someone to take him home.” That doesn’t surprise you about either of them, to be honest. Yoongi’s isn’t off-the-cuff charming enough to just hook up for the night, whereas Hobi has charm in spades; you saw it first hand, after all.
“Tae-ah goes to some kind of club that seems to sort him out, and Namjoon- hyung … well… you saw what he’s into.” Jimin’s brow furrows for a moment as he looks down at you laid on his chest, probably checking you’re alright at his mention of that particularly unpleasant memories. You shoot him a reassuring smile, trying not to think about it by carrying on the conversation quickly.

“What kind of clubs?” you ask suspiciously and Jimin shrugs, his shoulders bouncing.

“Honestly? I try not to ask.” Oh god, what the hell have you gotten yourself into by saying yes to Taehyung? What kind of games does he ‘play’ exactly?

“I need to talk to you about Hobi, actually.” You’re getting pretty good at changing topics here; why confront worrying thoughts when you can put them off and stress about them later, right?

“Why, what’d he do now?” Jimin asks, sounding just as suspicious as you did a moment ago.

“It’s not what he’s done, it’s what he’s trying to do that’s worrying me… or rather who he’s trying to do.” You sit up, pushing yourself upright to rest next to him. This particular topic feels too serious to have it lying down. Jimin raises one curious eyebrow, waiting for you to elaborate further, his hand coming to rest on your bare leg rather than around your shoulder, squeezing it gently. “Him and Sam have started texting.”

“How’d that happen?” Jimin asks incredulously, sounding almost a little sharp.

“I wasn’t at the table when he came to pick me up earlier and he just… swooped. I literally left her alone for like two seconds.” You expect Jimin to laugh or at least show some vague signs of amusement, but right now his face looks deadly serious.

“You want me to talk to him? He’ll leave her alone if I ask him to,” he offers, but you surprise yourself when you quickly shake your head.

“I don’t… I mean, he does genuinely seem to like her, and Sam seemed pretty smitten too.” You shrug, chewing on the corner of your mouth as the TV speaks to itself in the background, completely forgotten. “It’s just - what if he loses control?” Jimin looks past you for a few second, clearly thinking hard about the situation before finally sighing lightly.

“I don’t think he would.” He tongues his bottom lip as he pauses again. “He’s slept with plenty of girls before and left them perfectly intact in the morning. And if he actually cared about Sam then I think he’d be even more careful than usual.”

“You think?” Your voice sounds so hopeful. You really do like the idea of Sam and Hobi together, and knowing that Jimin has confidence in his friend helps put your mind at rest too - maybe enough to be able to give them your blessings and really mean it.

“If I can resist someone as sweet and gorgeous as you, then he should have no trouble.” Jimin smiles as you roll your eyes, smiling too at how disgustingly corny he can be at times.

“You saw how gorgeous Sam is, right?”

“Kitten, I only saw you that night,” he replies without missing a beat, and sickly sweet or not, the look on Jimin’s face is nothing but genuine as he presses his lips to your forehead in a lingering kiss. Your face is beetroot red, your heart pounding; always thrilled whenever Jimin says such openly affectionate things. Damn sweet talker.

“Ah, little Kookie -ah.”

“He’d kill you if he heard you calling him that,” you scold playfully, swatting Jimin’s leg. Jungkook seems to hate being babied - at least you presume that’s what the blush on his cheeks means whenever it happens.

“Alright then - your big boy, Jungkook-ah - he’s a virgin.”

You swear your mouth actually hits the mattress you’re so shocked, and your face must look a picture because Jimin actually starts laughing at you as he pushes his hair back, amused by your dumbfounded expression. How? How is that boy still a virgin? He’s not even a boy anyway! He’s almost fifty, vampire years included… surely even he can’t be that awkward to never get laid in that space of time? Even if he was, all he’d have to do was keep his mouth shut. Jungkook’s gorgeous enough that he wouldn’t have to say a word and he’d still have women queuing up down the street.

“How?” you stutter, trying to pick your jaw up off the floor. Jimin shrugs loosely.

“Jungkook -ah was really young when he was hospitalised, so he never got chance to have that awkward teenage fumble like the rest of us. And then once he turned… he has tried, don’t get me wrong.” You raise your eyebrows, looking for further elaboration when Jimin pauses, looking slightly awkward. “He just gets a bit… over-excited. He always ends up killing them before he can actually…” Jimin makes an odd head movement as he trails off, widening his eyes as he cocks it to the side. You’re tempted to repeat his earlier words to him about ‘not doing it if you can’t say it’ but you resist; your bottom still smarts too much to go being a smartmouth right now.

“Well that sucks,” you state, unsure of what else you possibly could say that does it justice. It was only until very recently that you were a virgin too, so you still remember how it feels when you’re sure everyone else in the world is having sex but you - and you weren’t even that bothered about it. You can’t even imagine how Jungkook must feel; judging by the time you found that bandana outside Jimin’s door he’s obviously plenty interested in doing it. Poor guy. Suddenly you really don’t begrudge him taking that opportunity to peep in on you at all. It might well be the most action in person he’s ever actually had, and he wasn’t even getting to touch anyone.

“Yeah, it does. We’ve all tried giving him advice and brought girls back to… you know… if Hobi’s brought someone back and she’s had a friend? But it never ended well, so we stopped trying after a while.”

“Poor Kookie.”

“Poor Kookie,” he agrees with a solemn nod. Jimin takes a breath, patting your leg fondly. “But anyway, that’s why you’re a bit of a novelty right now. None of us have really spent any length of real time with a woman in a very, very long time.” A slow smile spreads across your face as you lean into him, placing your arm across his waist as you nuzzle your nose against the line of his jaw.

“A novelty, huh?” you repeat teasingly, “Is that all I am to you then?” Jimin plays along, wrapping his arms around you too and smiling toothily, his fangs just poking out from under his top lip.

“Not to me, kitten,” he assures you, rubbing the tips of your noses together as you look up at him, “Never.”

“Hmm, glad to hear it,” you smile, nipping at his bottom lip with your teeth lightly and making him growl playfully back.

“Careful,” he warns, rolling onto his back and pulling you on top of him with a startled yelp, palming
your buttocks and pulling your core down against him. You groan both in pleasure and pain as his fingers dig into your quickly-forming bruises, and Jimin smirks at the response that flows so naturally and easily from you. “You’re tired and sore already; remember what I said about being greedy.” You pout, huffing, but roll yourself off of him anyway, snuggling up to his side and letting him wrap his one arm around you again.

“When we wake up then?” you ask, already yawning, your body automatically recognising this now familiar position for sleep. Jimin laughs, planting a gentle, chaste kiss on the top of your head as his fingers start to stroke through your hair affectionately.

“Sure, kitten. Whatever you want.”
Chapter Summary

Here you go guys, another installment :)  

I'm guessing you're all as overwhelmed with the comeback as I've been? Do go ahead and let me know what your favourite track on the album is, and generally scream at me about how amazing it is. I'll scream right back!

Love you x

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ugh… 4pm. How can just one morning of waking up early have messed up your sleeping schedule so much? You’ve been lay in bed staring at the ceiling for at least half an hour now, wide awake as Jimin sleeps peacefully next to you, but no matter how you try you can’t get back to sleep. Studying his restful face keeps you occupied for a while, lying on your side and watching him with a soft smile, tucking your hands under your pillow to help resist the urge to do more than just look. You’ll never stop appreciating just how lucky you are to be loved by someone as runway-ready as Jimin, and you’re forever grateful that despite his good looks he’s remained modest and sweet and kind too. You really hit the jackpot with him, didn’t you?

Still, there’s only so much staring you can do without feeling like a total creeper The bruises lingering on Jimin’s face keep you from wanting to wake him too early, knowing that he’ll heal better with a full night’s sleep, so after a while you give up on sleep and get up out of bed, sighing, bending to the will of your grumbling stomach and heading towards with the kitchen to fetch breakfast.

You have no expectation that anyone will be awake at this time in the afternoon, which is why when you push open the kitchen door and see Yoongi sat at the table in his black t-shirt and sweats you’re both surprised and pleased in equal measure. He doesn’t notice you even when you’re practically on top of him, peering over his shoulder to peek at whatever he’s writing, concentrating on it so hard that he’s bent over with his nose almost touching the table. Unfortunately it’s all in Korean, so you’re none the wiser.

“Yoongi- oppa ,” you say softly, placing your hands on his shoulders and smiling at the little jolt of surprise you feel shoot through him, “What’re you doing up so early?” Yoongi’s hand comes up to rest on top of one of yours, squeezing it as he cranes his head round to look at you, blinking hard behind the square rims of his glasses. You always love it when he wears these; they make his pretty eyes look even more defined, bigger and deeper. So easy to get lost in.

“I should be asking you that,” he smiles softly, squeezing your hand. “Technically I need to go to bed before I can wake up.” Your eyes widen marginally.

“You’ve been awake all this time?”

“Mmmh. That’s why I look like total shit.” Yoongi groans in mock pain when you bat him around
the head scoldingly, messing up his mop of black hair. “Fine, you’re right, I’m gorgeous,” he huffs, still teasing with a roll of his eyes.

“Is this what’s kept you up?” you ask, inclining your head down towards the pad laid out in front of him. Yoongi glances down at his own writing like he’d forgotten it was there, but before he gives any kind of answer he first swivels in his seat, bringing his legs out from under the table to guide you down onto them with a gentle hand on the curve of your waist. You try to make yourself comfortable even though Yoongi’s bony legs are digging into your sore bottom, draping your arms over his shoulders to play with the back of his hair as he places his own around your hips, holding your steady.

“When you mentioned ‘Suga’ last night it got me to thinking about all those dreams I used to have,” he explains, still staring down at the mystery words in front of him. “I think it was all just games to the others… you know, a distraction?” You nod solemnly as he glances at you, showing him that he has your full and rapt attention. “But I really wanted it, more than anything; to write music, make music, have people hear what I have to say and make them really listen. And not just listen but like it, too.” Yoongi falls silent, chewing on the inside of his cheek contemplatively as he scans the words on the page again.

“Is that what this is - lyrics?” you ask, running your fingers comfortingly through the shortest part of his hair, right at the nape of his neck. He nods. “Can I hear some?” Yoongi swallows, his eyes flicking to yours nervously.

“The translation might not be quite right…”

“That’s ok,” you reassure, smiling encouragingly. After a slight pause he pushes his glasses up the bridge of his nose and then places the tip one of his delicate fingers below the pretty foreign script, beginning to speak.

“I want to be locked in you, swim in you. I want to know you more. I…” He hesitates and frowns, licking his lips in what you recognise as a gesture that’s borne of anxiety. “I haven’t figured out the middle part. Uh.. You’re art, a masterpiece. I imagine it all night, every day, because it’s all a dream anyway.” When he comes to an end, his finger resting at the bottom of the page, the quiet hush of the kitchen around you both only serves to call attention to the way your breath has quickened. You’ve been moved by Yoongi’s sweet prose, momentarily rendered speechless as he looks up from the page. Would it be too much to hope for, to think he might have written those lyrics about you - for you? “It sounds better in Korean… I think.”

“No, no, that’s really pretty,” you say when you realise he’s waiting for you to speak, his eyebrows slightly rising as he awaits your judgement, “A little sad, but pretty. Do you have music to go with it yet?” His lips turns up at the corners just slightly at your approval, his expression unusually bashful - awkward, almost.

“A few chords… it’s nothing special.” He shrugs his shoulders, dismissive of his own talent. “I don’t know why I’m doing it, really. It's not like anyone will ever get to hear it.”

“Why not?” Yoongi starts to chew on his thumb nail, shrugging again as he avoids your eyes despite the way you're try to soothe him, stroking either side of his long neck with your thumbs.

“I'm a mess, gongjunim. I was always anxious, always, but being here, being this just made it worse. I can barely leave the fucking house, forget performing.” Yoongi's almost shaking by the time he finishes speaking, his voice muffled by the thumb he's practically gnawing off.

It breaks your heart to see him like this; you knew already that Yoongi has had issues with
depression in the past from what Jimin had told you before, but clearly anxiety plays a part in it too. To see it up close, to watch the way he almost shrinks in on himself… you so desperately want to do anything you can to help.

“Hey, hey,” you say softly, touching Yoongi’s cheek to make him turn his head and face you, carefully withdrawing the tip of his thumb from his mouth. “You don’t give yourself nearly enough credit, oppa.” Yoongi smiles weakly at you, lacing the fingers of your one hand together. “You could always write for someone else? A different singer-"

“Rapper.”

“Rapper then. That way it’ll all still get heard, like you want it to.”

“Hmm..” Yoongi’s deep in thought, staring at your two hands and tapping his thumb against the back of yours.

“Besides, if you find something you love, you shouldn’t just give it up.” Yoongi chuckles a laugh like what you said was funny, but rather than elaborate he just looks back at you with a soft smile, gripping your hand tight in his.

“I don’t intend to.” Are you still talking about music here? You’re not sure, made to think otherwise by the way Yoongi’s staring unflinchingly into your eyes, his own full of ill-concealed affection. He lets go of your hand to gently take hold of your face in both hands. “Come down here,” he instructs, managing to sound cute and insistent all at once, automatically blinking when you remove his glasses carefully and place them on the tabletop so they don’t get in the way. Wasting no more time you let Yoongi bring your face towards his, both your eyes flopping closed when your lips meet in a slow, tender kiss, your fingers finding their way back into his hair as his head tilts back. It’s so soft - just like his lips - and when Yoongi lightly tugs on your bottom lip with his teeth you tighten your grip on his hair too, pulling just hard to enough to make him hum in pleasure.

The sound of your stomach grumbling serves to interrupt you, making Yoongi chuckle into your mouth and pull away with an amused smile after one last kiss.

“You should get something to eat.” Yoongi thumbs your cheek for just a second longer and then lets you go somewhat reluctantly, patting your lower back to encourage you up. You leave his lap, but not without a pout first, one that you’re sure to turn your head and throw at him over your shoulder as you make your way towards the cupboards, too. Yoongi just laughs at you and puts his glasses back in place before planting his elbow on the table and leaning his cheek on the open flat of his palm.

You can feel his eyes on you as you rummage around, trying to find the bread you need to make some toast. It’s shameful, really, how unfamiliar you are with this kitchen after so long; you really must stop letting Jin make all of your meals. Occasionally you’ll catch Yoongi smiling in your peripheral vision, noting the way he’ll scribble something down from time to time as you try not to let your toast burn. Maybe all those lovely words really are about you…

“Things were ok with Jimin, by the way,” you say after a moment, trying to distract yourself from all the butterflies swirling in your stomach.

“You told him about us?” he asks curiously, pen nib paused against the paper.

“I thought I better had do, seeing as everyone else picked up on it.” You peer into the toaster, trying to judge whether it’s done yet or not, feeling progressively more hungry as each second ticks by.

“Sorry, that was fucking stupid of me not to realise.”
“It’s alright, I should’ve thought too.” You smile as your toast pops out, pleased by its perfectly golden appearance. “But there’s no harm done.” Yoongi’s quiet as you start to butter it, your knife scraping against the warm, crisp surface the only sound to fill the silence.

“What did Jimin have to say?”

“He basically said I can sleep with whoever I want, as long as I ask him first and make sure he gets the same treatment afterward,” you reply casually, one piece of toast dangling out of your mouth by the corner as you scoop up the crumbs you’ve made.

“You make it sound like you’re gonna be making your way round the whole house,” Yoongi chuckles, clearly amused by such an absurd idea. His statement hits a little too close to home, though, sounding just a bit too much like the truth, and it brings you to an awkward halt just as your foot is pressing down on the mechanism to open the lid to the garbage. He picks up on the way you falter, the smile immediately slipping from his face. “Are you?”

You chew on your mouthful of toast and purposefully avoid his eyes, noting how dry it suddenly seems compared to just a few seconds ago.

“I mean… I guess it’s nice to know the option’s there?” you reply hesitantly once your mouth is empty, now busying yourself with putting away the bread and butter, your slice of toast abandoned on the counter top. Yoongi is entirely silent, worryingly so, and when you push the fridge door shut you risk a glance at him, licking your lips nervously when you see the impassive look on his face. “It’s not like i’ve made any plans, you know?” God, if there was an award for the worst liar in the world you’d surely get first place. Your words sound hollow and unconvincingly even to your own ears, never mind someone as perceptive as Yoongi.

“You see,” he says, nodding curtly, his dark eyes boring into yours from across the room for almost a full minute before he speaks again. “Well I’m glad I didn’t get you in any trouble.” He flashes you a smile but it’s tight and insincere, just like your lie.

You wish you could pretend that you were oblivious to the sudden change in Yoongi’s behaviour, but it’s so stark that it’d take an idiot not to notice it. Five minutes ago he was soft and playful and affectionate, but now his face is almost totally unreadable. It’s only in knowing Yoongi so well that you understand that this utter lack of emotion means that there’s exactly the opposite raging around inside of him. If you didn’t know any better, you’d guess he was jealous.

But how can he be? It’s only by Jimin being willing to share your affections that the two of you were able to become closer in the first place, so how can Yoongi be so against it? And things are different with him, anyway. It’s only lust that draws you to the others, but with Yoongi it’s a much deeper, stronger pull than that. It’s what makes you want to stay in his arms once the sex is over and done, to be cradled and cherished and loved by a man whom you know is craving the very same thing, even if he tries to hide it.

“Yoongi-” you start, finally looking at him properly, your heart heavy in your chest.

“I’m going to bed,” he interrupts, standing up from the table abruptly, tearing out the page he’s written on and balling it up in his fist like trash, tucking the now empty pad under his arm.

“Oppa, don’t go…” You feel as though you might cry, a lump forming in your throat. He stops part way across the room, glancing down at his feet before looking back at you, and when he sees your hurt expression his own slips for just a second, the crease of his eyebrows and furrow of his brow behind his glasses giving away the turmoil underneath.
“I…” Yoong starts, but then cuts himself off with a shake of his head, face going blank again as he exercises that well-practiced self-control of his. “I guess I’ll just wait my turn, right?” He leaves without another word, turning his back on you stood stranded in the middle of the kitchen feeling like you’ve been stabbed in the heart, your whole chest aching.

Your toast is still warm when it's thrown in the garbage, too busy fighting back tears to be anywhere near hungry anymore, and you’re about to take a right out of the kitchen door to go back to Jimin’s room when you abruptly change your mind and take a left instead, heading to Yoongi. You can’t leave things like this between the two of you; it’ll bother you each and every moment if you do. You’ll talk to him, work it out, try to make him understand that he’s different from the others. He’s special, and you need to let him to know that too.

When you reach Yoongi’s door you find it shut tight, faint rap music playing on the other side of it. Bracing yourself for the argument that might follow you take deep, steadying breath before knocking against the wooden panels firmly, three times. You’ve give it a good ten seconds, barely breathing, but when Yoongi doesn’t answer you exhale noisily, frustrated.

“Yoongi, please talk to me…” you call, shifting restlessly from foot to foot. The next time you knock there’s a long pause before you hear movement within, and for a second you’re hopeful that he’s coming to open the door and let you in - but no. Yoongi gives you a very clear sign that you’re not wanted, turning his music up even louder to the point where the bass is almost making the door vibrate under your hands. You feel tears prickling hot in the corner of your eyes, biting your lip as you stare angrily at the door that cruelly separates the two of you, and you do your best to keep them at bay, but it’s no good. By the time you’ve turned around to make your way back to Jimin dejectedly they’re already tumbling silently down your cheeks.

Of course you would cross paths with someone when you look like this; half dressed and a total mess. You’re aware of someone’s presence on the stairs as soon as you step into the entrance hall, but it isn’t until you pick your chin up and look properly that you realise that person happens to be Namjoon. You could almost roll your eyes if you weren’t so upset, because of course it’s Namjoon. Who else would happen to turn up at the most inappropriate moment but him?

“You’re up early,” he observes as he descends the last few stairs, dressed casually in a loose fitting white t-shirt and baggy denim jeans. He plants himself directly in your way to that you have to come to a stop, your face pointed at the floor to avoid showing him your tears. “Bed hopping again were we?” You can just about make out Namjoon leaning forward slightly from his great height, craning his head to the side to try and look at you properly. He probably wants to revel in the sight of your now blushing cheeks, knowing him. You wish you could stop it happening but unfortunately you can only focus on one thing at a time, and right now it’s on trying to stop yourself from crying before he notices and preys on that weakness too.

Namjoon’s hand extends towards you, curling his long fingers around your wrist, and though you can’t see him you know he’ll be smiling that sly, cunning smile of his; the one that both turns your stomach and excites you all at the same time.

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“You can always come crawl into my bed, little one, if Yoongi’s done with you.” He uses his grip on your wrist to pull you closer, your heaving chest almost flush with his as he leans down to speak directly in your ear. “If you aren’t sore yet, I promise you will be by the time I’m finished.”

You snatch your wrist away from his grasp but neglect to step back, so fed up with Namjoon’s relentless toying that you forget to care about your tear-stained cheeks. Sex is the very last thing on your mind right now; the one and only thing you want is to make things right with Yoongi, and that’s all. You’d gotten so used to seeing a soft look on his face that watching it turn cold and aloof
again had been almost unbearable.

“Not now, ok?” you tell him, attempting to be fierce but sounding decidedly pathetic instead, your voice wavering as you look up at him with shining eyes. “Just leave me alone.”

Something strange happens then; as Namjoon watches tear after tear slide down your cheeks and hears your voice break as you speak, the vindictive gleam in his eyes completely disappears. His smile slips, a crease appearing between his eyebrows as he scans your face, identifying your absolute vulnerability but apparently choosing not to act on it. Instead, Namjoon gently wipes the tears off each of your cheeks in turn with his thumb, chuckling softly at the way you initially flinch away from his touch - though there’s no malice to hear in it. He cocks his head to the side as he drops his hand, his pouty lips curled into a small, sincere smile that does strange things to your stomach.

Neither of you says anything, after that. You just stand there looking at each other for almost a full minute, your head full of so many different emotions that you can’t even begin to process them. You aren’t sure you want to look too closely at the confusion this little moment has caused anyway, fearful that it’ll only serve to mess you up all the more. What’s Namjoon even doing, anyway? He isn’t supposed to act like this. Warm, soft gestures aren’t his style - unless maybe this is all still part of his manipulation?

Without uttering another word you eventually step around him and exit the hall towards Jimin’s room, feeling Namjoon’s eyes on your back until you disappear from his sight around a corner. At least that bizarre little exchange has served to dry up your tears, if nothing else.

When you get back to Jimin’s room he’s still fast asleep in practically the same position you left him in. You’re not so concerned about waking him up anymore, too in need of comfort to be able to resist pressing yourself against his side under the covers. You may not be crying anymore, but your chest is still aching with sadness as you find your way into his arms, placing your head on his chest. Almost instinctively Jimin’s arms fold themselves around you.

“Hmm, what’s wrong?” he groans, eyes closed, his voice so sleepy that you’re almost certain he won’t remember this conversation come the time when he wakes up later. He must’ve picked up on how tense your body is against his, or maybe it was the lingering dampness on the cheek that’s pressed to his chest that tipped him off to the turmoil you’re in. “Bad dreams?”

“Something like that,” you murmur, snuggling against him further and hooking your legs over his. “Can you just hold me, please?” Jimin presses a kiss to the top of your head and squeezes you in reply, the warmth of his embrace helping to chase away some of the cold, emptiness you feel inside.

Chapter End Notes

Oh, the angstyness :( my poor sweet fluffy Yoongi, what did I do to you?!
Chapter 35

Chapter Notes

More angst, peoples.

I'm sooooooorry >.<

Over the next couple of days things don’t improve with Yoongi whatsoever. You see neither hide nor hair from him, and though you take the walk down to his room for your piano lesson as usual every evening, Yoongi’s door remains firmly shut where once it’d always stood slightly ajar; a cautious invitation to come inside that has since been revoked. It hurts every single time and becomes no easier to bare; on the third night you don’t even bother knocking anymore, not wanting to face the rejection you feel when he never comes to answer your call.

Jimin keeps asking you what’s wrong. He can see that you’re upset, tiptoeing along the edge of bursting into tears for most hours of the day, but you don’t want to talk to him about this. You’re not sure he’d understand; as far as he’s concerned Yoongi’s just like the rest of them. He’ll probably just get mad that Yoongi feels like he has any right to get jealous - it’s not him you belong to, after all.

When Namjoon walks into the living room at the beginning of the fourth night and announces that he wants the group to report to the gym for training and hand-to-hand combat practice, you’re almost relieved. Your eyes have kept on drifting over to Yoongi’s usual spot, and every time you see he’s not there your chest tightens painfully. It’ll do you good to get out of the room and spend some time in one completely lacking in any memories of the two of you together.

Jimin plants a kiss on your temple before rising from the sofa, and out of the corner of your eye you’re aware of Namjoon loitering in the doorway with his arms folded, watching the two of you.

“You coming along? I’m just gonna go change into something more comfortable,” he tells you, the mild concern he’s been wearing on his face for the last few days still all too apparent.

“Yeah, sure,” you smile half-heartedly, “I’ll meet you in there.” Jimin flashes you a soft smile and then turns to leave. “Jiminnie, bring me a sweater back with you?” He nods and then leaves the room, having to brush past Namjoon on his way out due to the taller vampire purposefully not stepping aside.

Is it just the weather that’s left you feeling so cold lately? You doubt it. It does seem to have coincided with recent events all too conveniently to be just down to the slow encroach of winter. Honestly, you could’ve never guessed that Yoongi’s absence would make you feel like this. You knew you cared for him, of course, it’s always felt different with him than it has with the others. And yes, you had spent a lot of time with each other since you’d moved in - almost every day, in fact, now you think about it - but you never expected to feel this gaping hole in your heart where Yoongi once was. Perhaps, now you’re willing to admit it, your feelings for him are much stronger than you originally thought.

Jimin’s the only one who can lift your mood; his unfaltering devotion and love for you never failing to soothe you when he holds you in his arms. Realising how deeply you feel for Yoongi hasn’t weakened your love for Jimin at all, as much as that confuses you. In fact, it only makes you
appreciate him more. When you’re with Jisoo you’re almost able to forget the way you’re aching for Yoongi, simply because when the older vampire’s soft face or gummy smile pops into your head it makes you feel too guilty to keep thinking of him for long. Alone, he’s practically the only thing that runs through your mind.

“Is everything ok with Yoongi -hyung?” Hobi breaks you out of your reverie with a start; you’d barely noticed he was walking beside you on your way to the gym, so caught up were you in your own thoughts. He’s already appropriately dressed in a colourful t-shirt and loose sweat pants, ready to fight or work out or whatever it is that Namjoon wants them to do.

“What makes you think I should know?” you reply, a little more curtly than usual. You don’t mean to snap, but Hoseok’s question just serves to remind you of how far removed from you Yoongi has become. You hear a faint, breathy laugh come from behind you, and instinctively you know the culprit is Namjoon. He’s following the two of you to the gym, keeping well behind but still close enough to hear your conversation. Choosing to ignore his presence you turn your head to look at Hobi as you walk, cringing inside when you see his chastised expression.

“I figured you two were close, that’s all.” Of course he knows you’re close; it wasn’t so many days ago that they were able to smell him all over you. “He’s spent more time with us since you’ve been here than he has in years.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. You’ve definitely helped bring him out of whatever funk he was in before.” Hearing that should make you happy but right now, in these circumstances, it only makes you feel like crying, cursing yourself for how badly you’ve fucked things up. Maybe you did help him before, but now it seems like he’s right back to where he was before you arrived.

It’s at that moment that you happen to pass by Yoongi’s closed door, and instantly there’s a painful lump in your throat and tears prickling in your eyes.

“I don’t know if he’s alright,” you admit quietly, looking down at your feet for a moment to collect yourself. You need to confide in someone about this, even if it’s not in all the gory details, otherwise you feel like you’re going to explode. “We’ve kind of… fallen out.”

“Oh?” Hobi’s eyebrows rise in surprise and when you flash him a feeble smile he places a consoling hand on your shoulder as you walk, squeezing you gently.

“It’s not something I can really talk about too much.”

“Well you know where I am if you ever change your mind,” he tells you kindly, letting his hand drop from your shoulder as you arrive outside the gym and holding the door open for you to enter with a chivalrous smile. You know he’ll spend the rest of the evening trying to cheer you up now; it’s just part of his sweet, sunshine nature that you’ve come to adore. He really will make Sam happy if she gives him the chance, you just know it.

Jin, Taehyung and Jungkook are already in the gym using various pieces of equipment when you arrive.

“Can someone go fetch Yoongi from wherever the hell he’s hiding?” Namjoon enters the room right behind you, his arm coming into contact with your shoulder as he brushes past, entirely ignoring your presence as he surveys the group. At least he’s back to acting like to usual; as unpleasant as this Namjoon can be you still know how to handle this one better than whatever role he was playing the other night.
“I already knocked his door but he didn’t answer,” Jin replies, taking a breathless pause from the leg curls he’s doing across the other end of the room. Namjoon lets out a growl of frustration, running his hand through his hair, and for a second you think he’s about to march down to Yoongi’s room and drag him out himself. Instead, he stalks towards the door you know leads to the room where you found Jimin dancing before, beckoning Hobi with a gruff shout of his name. Hobi looks genuinely concerned, the corners of his mouth turned downward as he swallows hard and then follows after Namjoon to take whatever beatings Namjoon’s the mood to dish out in the name of ‘training’.

You choose to follow after him out of sheer curiosity, eager to see how each of the boys fight and find out whether Jimin is really as skilled as they all say. Namjoon glances at you as you pass through the doors but his face remains impassive as he plants his feet solidly on the wooden floor, getting into a fighting stance as Hobi does the same opposite him, eyeing the younger vampire with obvious trepidation.

The moment your bottom hits the floor, sinking down the wall to watch from the sidelines, Namjoon starts his attack. He’s got an obvious height and weight advantage, using his long reach to swing and jab at the other from afar, exhaling noisily with each punch. Hobi’s far quicker than Namjoon through, swerving and dodging from side to side to evade his punches, his own fists raised up in a defensive posture. He moves like a dancer, surely too graceful to be a fighter, and you can see Namjoon getting more and more riled up the longer Hobi manages to dodge everything he throws at him.

Eventually though, Hobi’s luck runs out. He’s just gone on the offensive, striking out with a kick that’s obviously meant for Namjoon’s knee, when suddenly the taller vampire side steps and takes advantage of Hobi’s displaced balance, kicking out himself and sweeping Hobi’s leg out from under him. You gasp as your friend hits the floor with a thud, landing heavily on his ass, and you expect that to be it then, anticipating Namjoon to help him up and either end the fight or begin another round, but no. Namjoon spins into second kick, his bare foot connecting with the side of Hobi’s face with a sickening slap of skin on skin that has you gasping again.

This time Hobi ends up flat on his back, groaning as he cradles his injured cheek, grimacing with the pain.

“Not good enough,” Namjoon growls, standing over him. “You didn’t manage to land a single hit on me before I had your ass on the ground.” Hobi sits up, rotating his jaw, a bright red mark from Namjoon’s strike across his otherwise pale face.

“Must be rustier than I thought,” Hobi murmurs, picking himself up the floor to stand almost chest to chest with Namjoon. He’s not being confrontational; if anything his stance looks respectful, the earlier trepidation gone from his face and a serious, stern look replacing it. “I’ll work harder, leader. Next time I’ll do better.”

“Good.” Namjoon’s full lips turn into an unexpected smile as he pats Hobi’s uninjured cheek with a fondness you’ve never seen in him before, and strangely enough Hobi starts smiling in return. You shake your head, watching the two of them with disbelieving eyes. How do guys do this; tear into each other one minute and then go back to best buds the next?

The studio door opens and in strolls Jimin, dressed more appropriately now in black sweats and a white vest that matches the one Namjoon is wearing. Namjoon almost looks pleased to see him, clapping Hobi on the back as he beckons Jimin with his free hand.

“Jimin- ah, come show our hyung how it’s done.” Hobi takes his leave, slumping down next to you with a soft grunt as Jimin takes his place opposite Namjoon. He glances your way, throwing you one of his hoodies as he flashes you a quick, reassuring smile when he notices the worried
expression on your face; you really don’t want to watch Jimin go through what Hobi just had to 
endure. You’re not sure you’d be able to just sit here and watch him take it without wanting to 
intervene yourself - for all the good that it’d do.

“He’ll be fine,” Hobi assures you from his seat at your side, obviously having noticed your concern 
too. You turn your head to look at him once your head has popped out the other side of the hoodie, 
tearing your eyes away from Jimin and Namjoon as they ready themselves and cringing at the nasty 
mark on Hobi’s face. It looks even worse up close.

“You ok? That looks really nasty.”

“Aches a bit.”

“A bit?” you scoff, watching Hobi nurse his jaw, rotating it again.

“It’ll heal up in no time,” he assures you with a soft smile. “You think it makes me look more 
manly? Dangerous?” His smile turns silly, cocking his head to the side as you giggle at him, 
shaking your own. “Does… Sam like that kind of thing?” Hobi ask haltingly, and you’re sure that if 
he could blush he would be. The mark on his cheek almost makes it look like he is, anyway.

“Sure, she likes it.”

“Oh.” He sounds crestfallen, but you’re not sure why; he’s a vampire for heaven’s sake, how much 
more dangerous can you get?

“That doesn’t mean it’s good for her though. Just be yourself Hobi, she’ll love you.” He brightens 
once more, beaming happily and about to reply when you both become distracted by Jimin and 
Namjoon getting started.

They weren’t wrong about Jimin being the best of them. His speed is incredible to watch, his moves 
both elegant and powerful. Unlike Hobi he somehow manages to dodge and go on the offensive at 
the same time, weaving and then striking out at Namjoon’s ribs with a right handed upper-cut that 
makes his elder stagger back with a laugh. It’s almost funny, watching him get overwhelmed by 
someone so much shorter and softer than him, but the fear of the tables suddenly turning keeps you 
watching silently, chewing on your lip with worry.

Jimin grunts as he delivers another heavy blow to Namjoon’s jaw, gifting him with an almost 
identical mark as the one he gave Hobi. The two of them pause, each vampire out of breath, 
Namjoon massaging his jaw as he smiles slyly at his opponent.

“See,” Namjoon pants, pointing his finger at Jimin and glancing at you, “This is why I can’t afford to 
let Jimin sit at home getting soft.” You have to admit, he’s got a point. If you were him you’d be 
tempted to send Jimin all the time too, reassured that he’s skilled enough to get the job done quickly 
and cleanly. Still, the bags under Jimin’s eyes tell you he needs some respite - hopefully having a 
companion with him from now on will help lighten some of the load.

“I was surprised when your little pet made a plea for you to be around more often,” Namjoon 
comments, stepping back towards Jimin and blocking the punch that comes his way, pushing his arm 
to the side with a grin and then shoving him backwards. Jimin’s starting to tire; he’s peaked too 
quickly and used all his energy in that first assault, and now Namjoon is taking advantage of it. 
“Given how much fun she has when you’re not here.”

Jimin falters and comes to a standstill, his eyes narrowing as Namjoon smirks, quickly taking the 
opportunity to make a jab directly at Jimin’s nose while he’s sufficiently distracted. Thankfully he
manages to block it just in time, grunting with the effort of knocking Namjoon back.

“I already know what she does, hyung ,” Jimin growls, and you can tell his temper’s starting to fray by the way his nostrils are flaring slightly as he breathes, chest heaving. Goading Jimin was quite clearly Namjoon’s intention, and it seems to be working a treat. “Because she gets my permission first 。” They’re no longer fighting anymore, stood opposite each other just a few paces apart, both of their bodies coiled like springs, ready to strike at any moment.

“Oh, I suppose it’s you I should thank then, Jimin- ah ,” Namjoon smiles, and you feel your stomach drop unpleasantly, knowing what’s coming next but unable to stop any of unfolding right before your eyes. “She makes the sweetest little noises, doesn’t she?” As soon as those sly words pass Namjoon’s sumptuous lips you see Jimin’s expression slip, his eyes that’d been glaring hard widening marginally, his mouth opening as he sharply inhales. Namjoon’s revelling in his reaction, delighted in discovering that you’ve neglected to tell your lover about the brief encounters the two of you have shared.

Hobi can only shift next to you, clearly uncomfortable with being present during this sort of intimate disclosure, and you’d feel sorry for him if you weren’t so caught up in your own state of panic. There’s a second of silence that’s only punctuated by the heavy breaths of multiple bodies, and you find yourself wishing that you could make yourself disappear, pressing your eyes closed because you’re too scared to watch what’s going to happen next.

Jimin flies into a rage, lunging for Namjoon with a blood-curdling growl, and when you open your eyes you see Namjoon laughing, holding his opponent at arm’s length by his wrists.

“You're not usually so eager to share,” Namjoon continues to goad as Jimin pushes back against him. Both of their swollen biceps are straining from the deadlock they're caught in, their muscles starting to shake with effort. “What's changed, Jiminnie? She too much for you, or is she just that much of a slut?”

“Don't talk about her like that,” Jimin warns, dipping his head forward towards Namjoon's, a dark, menacing look on his face.

“No wonder she's whoring around; I bet you can't even make her cum with that little dick.” Both you and Hobi tense at Namjoon's words, holding your breath to see what Jimin’s reaction will be. Strangely, he backs off a few paces, a twisted smile curling his lips as sweat drips down his face. He cups himself through his sweats, his normally pretty eyes darkened with something unsettling and unfamiliar.

“Your sister seemed to like my ‘little dick’ just fine.”

Hobi gasps beside you as your own eyes widen, unable to believe that Jimin just said what he did. For a moment time seems to stand still as Namjoon processes the words, his smug expression quickly transforming into a look of unbridled, murderous rage that's as beautiful as it is terrifying. His lips pull back to expose his fangs, seeming to grow two foot more as he roars in anger before throwing himself at Jimin.

As skilled as Jimin is, he's still no match for the amount of raw power that comes hurtling towards him. Namjoon knocks him to the floor like he weighs nothing, yelling in Korean as he pins Jimin to it with his knees in the crook of the others elbows. Sat on Jimin’s chest, he starts to deliver blow after savage blow to the others face. Thankfully the moment Namjoon had charged Hobi was already up on his feet, managing to grab hold of Namjoon's arms and restrain him before even the third punch falls. He's struggling, though, unable to pull Namjoon off or even hold him back for too
long as the other curses him, out for blood.

Hobi yells your name, and it's only then that you realise you've been sat, dumbstruck, just watching it all unfold.

“Get the others!” he shouts, looking panicked. Namjoon manages to yank an arm free and lashes out once more, a sickening snap telling you that Jimin’s nose is now broken.

You jump to your feet and run to the gym, flinging the door open. It's no wonder they didn't hear the commotion; they've got their music turned up loud and Taehyung’s doing some cute, silly little dance on the treadmill as Jungkook laughs at his antics.

“Jin!” you shout, hysterical, tears running down your face as all three of their heads turn to look at you in alarm. “He's gonna kill him!” You needn't say anymore; all three of them rush after you as you run back inside.

Jimin’s trying to buck Namjoon off, kicking uselessly with his legs as Hobi tries in vain to pull Namjoon off of him. Unthinkingly, you enter the fray.

“Namjoon, stop!” You grab hold of his vest, yanking, but it's like a fly attempting to move a one tonne boulder, for all the good it does. You're little more than an annoyance, and without taking his eyes off Jimin, Namjoon grabs your wrist and throws you away, so strong that you land halfway across the room, rolling across the polished wood floors before coming to a stop face down and whimpering with pain. You roll onto your side, holding onto the hip that took the brunt of your fall as it throbs with pain, tears rolling sideways from your eyes and onto the floor.

You hear Jungkook yell your name and suddenly he's at your side, squatting down next to you, fear and concern flooding his eyes. He wraps his arm around your waist and eases you into a sitting position as you clutch your side, holding back panic-stricken sobs.

“Are you ok?” he asks, his face only inches from yours, pretty hazel eyes scanning you all over.

“Go help Jimin!”

“He's alright, they've got it, they've got it,” he reassures you, gently squeezing your uninjured side. He helps you to stand, taking your hand in his, and once you're upright he continues to support you with that gentle hand on your waist, his gaze never leaving your face. It's the closest you've ever been to Jungkook, and the longest he's ever held eye contact, but you barely even register it, looking past his shoulder to the foray of vampires on the floor.

Jungkook was right; they've got it. With the combined strength of the three of them Jin, Hobi and Taehyung manage to end Namjoon's assault, pulling him up and off Jimin’s chest. For a moment Namjoon fights them, struggling against their hold as Jimin sits up with heaving breaths, wiping the blood that's running from his eyebrow and nose and mouth alike.

“Namjoon- ah! That's enough!” Jin yells, and finally Namjoon stops fighting, realising he's beaten. After a minute of calm in which the room is full of the sounds of heavy breathing and your quiet sobs, the three vampires gently release their hold on their leader. Taehyung looks terrified, his fingers twitching as he withdraws his hands like he's ready to grab hold again at a moment's notice.

Thankfully, Namjoon doesn’t lunge again. He just points at Jimin, furious, and spits a threat, his fangs still bared.

“Talk about her again, and you're dead.”
With that, he stalks out of the room, slamming doors behind him and making you cringe with each and every one.

The atmosphere in the room stays just as tense even when he's gone. Jin and Taehyung are glancing back at forth at Jungkook, wondering what the hells gone on, whereas Hobi just looks awkward, now sporting a busted lip, too. And Jimin… Jimin’s looking across to where you're stood with Jungkook's arm around your waist and your hand on his shoulder, glaring at the two of you. Clearly Namjoon's words got to him, his possessive nature flaring while his adrenaline still runs high. He gets up slowly, wincing as he does, and then starts to walk across the room towards you.

Suddenly, you're almost as furious as Namjoon. Before you'd been too caught up in panic and worry to get mad, but now that Jimin’s safe and still breathing, you're more angry than you can ever remember being in your whole life, your blood burning in your veins.

He reaches out to take you from Jungkook's grasp but you step back, out of his reach and away from Jungkook too.

“Don't touch me,” you say fiercely, and Jimin's wounded face looks taken aback by your sudden outburst. “How could you say that to him?!” Surprise morphs into indignance, his eyebrows knitting together as he frowns.

“Did you hear the shit he was saying about you?!”

“Of course I did! But you're supposed to be better than that, Jimin! What you said was just as bad.” You pause, cringing at the pain that shot through your hip when you shifted your weight. “Actually, no, it was worse.”

Jimin hesitates, looking you up and down and taking in the tenseness of your body and the sadness in your eyes. At least your tears have dried up now. You're too ashamed of the way he's behaved to cry.

Finally Jimin has the decency to start looking shamefaced, glancing around at the others and then to his feet when he sees the way they're all staring. He pushes back his hair as he looks back up at you, worrying his bottom lip with his teeth.

“Look, I just…” He huffs a sigh, shrugging lamely, “I lost my temper. I'm sorry, I-""  

“It's not me you should be apologising to.” You stare back at each other for a moment, and though deep down you're longing to comfort him - he really does look a mess, even more so now his anger has faded, tiredness taking its place - you manage to resist the urge for now. You're not done being mad at him yet. “I'm going to go check on him.”

Jimin’s about to protest, reaching out to you again, but by that time you’ve already turned your back on him, halfway out the door.
Chapter 36

Chapter Notes

Bit of an emotional rollercoaster coming here guys <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As you leave the gym, limping slightly, you can’t help but wonder to yourself whether Jimin’s going to explain to the others what that fight was about or not. You can understand them wanting to know - they had to break it up, after all - but something tells you that Jimin will probably skirt the question. You can’t imagine Hobi will break his confidence and tell them either, if they ask. You shake your head at no one in particular, sighing. Poor Hoseok… getting dragged into all this. You’re going to have to apologise to him later, for sure.

Sounds of thudding and banging suddenly come from somewhere upstairs, the alarming noises above distracting you so much you almost don’t notice what’s right in front of your nose.

Yoongi’s door is open.

You heart starts to pound, the air leaving your lungs when you see Yoongi himself pop his head out of the doorway, peering down the corridor in the direction of the hall and then up at the ceiling, frowning in confusion. He doesn’t spot you until it’s too late; by the time he turns his head to look in your direction you’re already stood right outside his doorway, your hands clasped together anxiously in front of you.

“Yoongi…” you breathe softly, your gaze rushing over every inch of his face lest it be disappear so cruelly again. It feels like years, not days, since you last saw him, and even though his whole posture screams tensity you can tell by the way he scanning you with widened eyes that he’s doing exactly the same thing as you. His hair’s a mess, like he’s just woken up, and it takes all of your effort not to reach out and run your fingers through it. You can’t stop yourself from stepping forward though, drawn towards him like a magnet, wincing and rubbing at your hip as it throbs with the movement. God, that’s going to ache for days.

“You’re hurt?” His voice is raspy, like he hasn’t spoken since that fateful conversation days ago.

“Just a little,” you reply quickly, eager to move onto much more important topics, like fixing this mess you’ve found yourselves in. “Can we talk? Please? I need to-”

“I don’t have anything to say.”

“You don’t have to talk… I just want a chance to explain,” you plead, aware of how desperate you sound but not caring at all. Yoongi frowns, shifting his weight from one foot to another with his hand resting on the doorframe, and he’s just about to speak when another crash comes from upstairs, louder than the last.

“It sounds like you’ve got more important things to deal with right now.” How very wrong he is. There’s nothing more important to you than him right now; even if Namjoon was tearing down the very walls around you, making things right with him would still be your first priority.
Yoongi starts to retreat back into his room, but before he can step too far away or close the door you quickly grab a hold of his hand in desperation, forcing him to stop. How can Yoongi’s hand in yours feel so comforting, even when it’s ice cold? He looks down at your hands, surprising you by not pulling away when you link your fingers together, squeezing gently.

“I miss you,” you admit bravely, struggling to speak past the lump in your throat. He looks back to you, and you hope it’s not just wishful thinking that gives you the impression that Yoongi’s beginning to thaw, his expression becoming just a tiny bit softer as the seconds tick by.

“I don’t know how to do this,” he sighs after a moment, letting his head hang forward and shaking it defeatedly.

“Maybe… I can start coming for my piano lessons again?” That’d be something at least… a start to repairing the damage you’ve caused. He lifts his head again, studying your hopeful expression before finally nodding his consent.

“You’ll only suck again if you don’t,” he adds, the corners of his mouth turning up into the tiniest smile you’ve ever seen. If you’d have blinked you would’ve missed it because in the next moment it’s gone again, Yoongi’s face becoming serious and sullen again. You know you definitely saw it though - the way your heart is thundering in your chest is proof enough of that it existed. “Not sure I could endure that torture again.” Despite everything, Yoongi's savagery still manages to make you laugh. You knock your shoulder into his playfully, feeling lighter than you have in days, and this time he really does smile, lips curving, eyes creasing.

Unfortunately a sequence of loud thuds from upstairs interrupts the two of you, and when you glance at the ceiling, chewing your lip worriedly, Yoongi squeezes your hand before releasing it entirely.

“Go on, go fix whatever needs fixing.” He knows you too well, he really does.

“Young, you tell him sincerely, both for understanding you need to leave and for granting you the chance to make things right again. Yoongi's leans his head to the side, resting it against the doorframe as you turn to leave, and when you glance backward at the end of the corridor you see him still standing there in the open door, watching you go with a thoughtful look on his face.

Climbing the stairs is not a comfortable task right now, not with your hip protesting the way it is, and you're about to climb the flight to take you upstairs to Namjoon’s room when another loud bang both startles you and makes you realise he's actually still somewhere on this floor.

You follow your gut all the way down to the study, trying not to listen to that little voice in your head that's telling you this is a very, very bad idea. You're fairly certain he would've killed Jimin if the others hadn't intervened, and here you are delivering yourself to him only fifteen minutes later. What hope do you have if he decides to take out his rage on you too?

Still, for some reason you have some misplaced faith in Namjoon that makes you think he won't knowingly hurt you. Stupid, really, seeing as he's the reason your left side is throbbing like it is. It's probably because of the way he acted the other night; that brief glance of his softer side he gave you when he wiped your tears away.

Not that that incident seemed to have any kind of influence on his behaviour today. Namjoon certainly wasn't soft when he was revealing your antics to Jimin, nor when he was breaking his nose.

Still, it's too late now. Your feet have already carried you to the open door of the study, and as you take in the carnage laid out in front of you your eyes slowly widen, heart pounding as your adrenaline spikes. Namjoon hasn't noticed you yet, and you thank God for that. He's too busy
pacing the study floor with his hands twisted in his hair, his eyes fixed on the floor as he mutters to himself frantically in Korean. He's stepping over books that he's ripped from the shelves and loose pages that are littering the floor - the eye of a storm, leaving destruction in his wake. He's toppled a whole bookcase in it's entirety and flipped the table too, the lamp that usually sits atop of it lying in pieces against the far wall.

Some thought must set Namjoon off again, because suddenly he starts grabbing book after book off the remaining bookshelf, throwing them against the wall as he yells in frustration. There's so much anger behind it that the books actually dent the plaster, chips of it falling to the floor. It isn't until one hits the wall not too far from you and makes you gasp that Namjoon actually realises you're there.

He becomes deathly still but remains completely tense, drawing himself up to full height as he faces you. He looks terrifying; his lips pulled back, fangs bared, hair in disarray from the way he was tearing at it before.

“Get out,” he snarls menacingly, each word aggressively punctuated, and you really would be well and truly frightened if it weren't for what you see when the swinging lampshade suddenly casts light across his face.

He's crying, and the sight of it takes your breath away. Streaks of salty tears are running down his face, plain to see now that you know they're there, his pain-riddled eyes shining with moisture as they stare back at you, watching you guardedly.

You're so caught off guard seeing him this way. Being witness to such rare vulnerability from Namjoon makes you wish you could say something to offer some comfort, your heart aching for him when a fresh bout of tears rolls down his cheeks, but what can you say?

An apology would probably seem insincere, and asking if he's ok would just be idiotic - it's all too obvious that he's a million miles away from ‘ok’ at the moment. Maybe actions speak louder than words anyway?

Very cautiously you enter the room, watching Namjoon's body language closely as you take slow steps towards him. You're looking for any indication that he might suddenly fly into a rage again or lash out, but if anything he starts to increasingly unsure and suspicious the closer you get, no anger in him left to be seen. The tears keep coming though, dripping one after another down his cheeks as he blinks, looking down at you once you're stood in front of him.

You give him a small smile that you hope is reassuring, acting on instinct when you gently reach up to touch his face. Namjoon actually leans back a little when he realises what you're doing, his eyes widening as he stares at your hand like it's a foreign object, hovering just in front of his face. He glances back down at you, at that little smile you're wearing, and then exhales heavily, his breath shaking like he’s frightened of you.

Copying his gesture exactly you gently run your thumb over each of his cheeks, wiping away his tears one by one until they finally cease to fall, and when you're done Namjoon just stares down at you, and you don't even know. The expression on his face is so foreign you can't even begin to identity it.

You let out a breath you hadn't even realised you'd been holding as your hand leaves his face, managing to look away from his intense gaze long enough to look around you and survey the carnage. You still don't know what to say so you set about tidying up without a word, collecting the books you love off the floor and placing those that are still intact back on the remaining bookcase.

Surprisingly enough Namjoon joins your efforts after a minute or two, remaining just as silent as you.
It makes you gawk when he effortlessly lifts the bookcase back in place. It'd probably take two or three human men to do the same task, but Namjoon makes the solid wood look like it weighs no more than cheap plywood. He rights the table and chairs too, and within fifteen minutes the room looks semi-presentable again. The lamp’s still broken, and there are still dents in the wall, but there’s nothing either of you can do about that.

“I'm sorry for what he said,” you apologise once it's done, feeling like you have to say something, turning on the spot to see Namjoon stood right behind you. You don't have to mention Jimin’s name for him to know exactly what you're referring to, and just the mention of it is enough to have him clenching his jaw tightly.

“It's not your apology to make,” he answers through gritted teeth, a dark look flashing across his face before he banishes it with a slight shake of his head. “I'm sorry you got hurt.” He briefly presses his fingertips to your hip, obviously having noticed the way you were wincing as you'd bent up and down picking up his mess. His touch sends a jolt of electricity up your spine, all your hairs standing on end as he breaks contact. “And thank you… for coming to check on me.”

Namjoon hesitates for a second, glancing away uncomfortably as he shifts his weight from foot to foot and folds his arms across his chest.

“It's been a long time since anyone cared enough to do that…”

“The others care about you-” you start to disagree, but Namjoon cuts you off with a shake of his head and a bitter smile.

“No, they don't. Not anymore. And neither should you.” You frown, keeping silent, watching pain contort Namjoon's handsome features as he continues. “I destroy everything. Anything and anyone I love, I ruin. They keep their distance; it's safer that way.” Pausing as you watch him look to the ceiling and the floor, inhaling and exhaling hard, you can't help but feel sorry for him.

Namjoon might act like a total asshole most of the time, but part of you wonders if perhaps that behaviour is borne partly by his self-inflicted isolation. If you never interact with anyone, if you hide yourself away and let all these thoughts fester - you're unloved, you're destructive, no-one does or should care - then of course you're going to be a social nightmare. He's stuck in a vicious cycle, playing the role that's now expected of him, both by the others and himself.

Still, you're convinced there's something softer in him. You can see it now, in the glassy vulnerability in his eyes, and you saw it the other night when he wiped away your tears. To do the things he did for his sister, too, the lengths he went to try and save her and the ferocity of his reaction just now. Namjoon’s clearly more than capable of caring, and very deeply, if you're not mistaken.

“I think you think you think worse of yourself than anyone else here, Namjoon,” you tell him softly, reaching out and placing your hand on his folded arms, rubbing his cold skin with your thumb gently back and forth. Again he looks confused by the softness of your touch, and it makes your heart hurt to think how long it must’ve been since anyone at all showed him any innocent affection. “Just because you're a vampire, it doesn't have to make you a monster.”

Namjoon remains quiet, but you can tell he's spinning those words around in his mind by how deep in thought he suddenly looks, gazing down at you, his eyes flicking between yours. He unfolds his arms and takes the hand that'd rested on them between both his own, cupping it gently. “I've been so cruel to you, toyed with you… how can you- I don't deserve-“ You cut him off by quickly standing up on your tiptoes and pressing a soft, quick kiss against his cheek. Namjoon’s too shocked for words when you sink back on your heels, letting your hand slip from between his easily as you take it back.
“I have faith there's someone better in there, somewhere. He just needs someone to believe in him.” You flash him a hopeful smile, and after a second, after he's blinked once and then twice, a slow smile grows on his face too. It's different to his usual smiles; this one's sweet and almost shy, his dimples making an appearance as he looks down at the floor.

“Thank you,” he tells you again as you're heading towards the door, his hands in his pockets now. For once he looks his age; the gangly, unsure middle child of a group of seven, not a leader, not a monster.

“Anytime, Joonie.”

You aren't sure whether to expect Jimin to be there or not when you get back into his room, but he's sat waiting for you on the edge of the bed, head in his hands. When you push open the door he immediately looks up with wide, hopeful eyes. Rising from the bed he rushes over to you, sighing your name in relief but stopping just short of touching you.

“He didn't hurt you?” Jimin asks, looking you over. It's ridiculous really, him worrying about you when his face looks the way it does, all swollen and bruised. Once again you feel a pang of concern for him, one that you quickly push away. You're still mad at Jimin for what he said, especially after seeing what a devastating effect it had.

“I'm not the one he's mad at,” you answer shortly, stepping around him to pause by where Nova is lying atop of the sheets, stroking her gently as you speak. “You really hurt him Jimin - you know how sensitive he is about his sister, and you still went ahead and used that against him.”

“So I should've just let him keep saying that stuff about you?” He opens his arms in exasperation, shrugging his shoulders.

“Of course not,” you sigh, letting your hand drop from Nova and turning to look at him sadly. “But what you said was just cruel; not like you at all. I don't know what to think.”

What you're saying is true - the Jimin you love would never be so callous as he just was. Now that your anger is fading you're just disappointed in him, and you think he can read that quite plainly from the look that you're wearing.

For the first time since you've met him, Jimin looks small and lost, staring at you helplessly from across the room.

“We're the ones who should've just let him keep saying stuff about you?” you ask, unable to keep yourself from asking the question that had been running through your mind ever since those words had passed his lips. “He didn't hurt you when he was just expressing his feelings.”

“No! During the movie the other night...Tae wouldn't have done anything if Namjoon hadn't been encouraging it. And then once he started... Namjoon joined in too.” You brace yourself for a whole different fight to start then but all Jimin does is sigh, pushing his hair back.

“Of course he did,” Jimin mutters to himself, looking tired rather than angry now, and more sad than anything else.

“Was what you said about his sister true?” you ask, unable to keep yourself from asking the question that had been running through your mind ever since those words had passed his lips. It catches Jimin off guard, making him look at you for the first time in a little while, those perfect lips of his parting. He hesitates for a second before answering, but then finally nods.

“It's true.” You feel a nasty, irrational pang of jealousy on hearing him confirm it, and you know it's ridiculous, all things considered, but it's still there. It makes you drop your eyes from his face and
swallow hard, hating the mental image of Jimin with someone else. God, what a hypocrite you are. “It was after Ji Su…” You presume that must’ve been the name of his childhood sweetheart - he’s never actually said her name before, and you can hear the pain in his voice when he does.

“Geongmin was there for me. It was never anything serious; I doubt we’d have even looked at each other under normal circumstances but… being stuck in that hospital together… it was a comfort.”

When you look back at him again he shrugs, watching you with a worried expression as he takes a few steps forward, closing some of the space between you. “We only slept together once, right after she found out she was terminal. She was scared she’d never…” He leaves the end of the sentence hanging, knowing that you’ll know what he means whether he says it out loud or not. “No one ever knew about it until now.”

“Until you threw it in Namjoon’s face,” you add harshly. Jimin has the good graces to flinch, finally repentant enough now to look well and truly ashamed of himself. A silence falls between the two of you as you look at him, trying to figure out how you feel.

You love Jimin, and one stupid mistake on your part isn’t going to change that. Hell, if it could then you’re sure you’ve already made enough to have messed things up more than once already. Despite having no doubts about your depth of feeling for him, however, you’re not sure whether or not you want to be around him tonight. Everything feels so raw, and though you’re not angry anymore you still feel fragile, like the slightest of things could set you off, and you don’t want to risk you and Jimin getting into an argument about nothing and saying things you might regret later.

It’s with that thought in mind that you collect a change of clothes from your drawers and the nightwear you keep underneath your pillow, not seeing Jimin’s wide, frightened eyes until you turn towards the bathroom to seek out your toiletries.

“What’re you doing?” he asks, and even though you’ve noted his troubled expression you somehow miss the tremble present in his voice.

“I think I’m going to sleep somewhere else tonight… just to give us both some space,” you explain, pulling out a clean pair of underwear and adding it to the pile in your arms. Maybe you could ask Jin if you could stay in his room? You know he’ll be more of a gentleman than the others, and you’re not sure Yoongi would welcome you back to that extent just yet.

Jimin’s eyes grow even wider, his hands shaking at his sides, all of which you neglect to see until a quiet, breathy ‘no’ brings your attention back to him. When you finally look at him, really look, you feel pain stab at your heart as your lips part in a silent gasp. You’ve reduced him to the appearance of a little boy, one who’s spilling tears down his cheeks from terrified eyes, biting his bottom lip as his chin wobbles, grabbing at the bottom of the vest he’s wearing like he’s trying to cling to something, anything for comfort.

“Jimin…”

Before you can realise what’s happening Jimin’s closed the gap between you and fallen to his knees at your feet, wrapping both his arms around your thighs as he presses his face into your lower stomach. He’s sobbing against you, completely silent, only the shaking of his shoulders giving away how distraught he is, and all you can do is stare down at the top of his head, dumbstruck, unsure what on earth you’ve done to prompt this kind of reaction.

“Please, don’t leave me,” Jimin pleads thickly, upturning his wounded, tear-stained face to look up at you, “Please, I’ll do anything you want, just don’t leave, please.”

Chapter End Notes
I promise, promise, promise that this angst isn't going to continue much longer guys, you have my word!
Guys, I've got to take a second to say thank you to you all.

I honestly never expected for this fic, or any of my writing, to get this kind of positive attention, and all your responses have been so overwhelmingly kind and funny and sweet.

We've hit the point of almost 550 kudos, over 10,000 hits, over 1,000 comments (although it's more like 500 once you take out my replies ;) ), and over 100 subscriptions - and it just... it blows my mind. It's by no means one of the most popular out there, not even close, but for me this feels like a pretty big deal!

So thank you again, I appreciate every single kudos, every comment, every bookmark, every single bit of support and encouragement you give me.

Love you <3

The clothes you'd collected end up in a crumpled pile on the floor when you drop them without thought beside you, freeing up your hands to take hold of Jimin’s face, brushing away his tears as they fall one after another. You’re at a loss for words, staring down the beautiful, broken face that's looking back at you. How could he possibly think that that's what you meant? Does Jimin really think your love so shallow that something like this would make you abandon him? Of course he does - why would he think any different when he's already been cast aside once by someone he'd loved for so long?

You realise now that this is what Jimin’s overwhelmingly emotional reaction is about; he's gone into a total panic, assuming that you taking some space is synonymous with drawing your relationship to a close. It breaks your heart to know he’s thinking that way because you can only imagine what your reaction would be if Jimin told you it was over. You’d probably be ten times the mess he is and a million times less attractive, what with your propensity to develop a red, splotchy face and runny nose whenever you’re upset.

“You thought wrong. I’m not leaving you, Jimin. I’d never do that to you.” Grabbing hold of his hands that are still clutching onto the backs of his thighs you pull him to standing, looking up at him now rather than down, relieved that no more fresh tears seem to making an appearance. “You mean too much to me,” you tell him softly, linking together your fingers where they hang by your side and stepping closer so you can rest your cheek against Jimin’s chest and close your eyes. His breathing
is still a little ragged, chest shuddering slightly as he exhales, but as soon as you’re pressed to him
Jimin squeezes your hands, pressing his face into your hair and inhaling deeply, like the scent of you soothes some primal part of him.

“I’m sorry,” he murmurs quietly, his voice sounding tight and raw from all the crying he’s done.

Honestly, Jimin doesn’t need to apologise to you anymore. Any remaining anger you had, any doubt about wanting to be around him, it’s all been completely wiped away by seeing him this way. If it’s a manipulation on his part to earn instant forgiveness then it’s definitely a good one, but something in your gut tells you that his reaction was nothing but genuine.

“I know you are,” you say into Jimin’s chest, pulling your hands from his and wrapping your arms around him instead, your palms pressed to his shoulder blades.

“I just love you so much…” Jimin fingers start to run through your hair, the other wrapped around your waist as your heart flutters as it always does on hearing those words. “I’ve got no self-control when you’re around; my temper, my thirst, my desire… it all goes to hell.” One of Jimin’s gentle fingers comes to rest under your chin to tilt your face upward, and when you look at him again Jimin looks almost back to his normal self - save the bruises on his face and swollen nose and jaw. “You have no idea what you do to me.”

“I think I know how you feel,” you answer softly, because you really, truly do. You’d never thought you could feel like this, and it’s as scary as it as liberating, all at the same time. Your heart feels swollen in your chest, thumping like it’s trying to break through your ribs to get to him, and ever the slave to your impulses you tip forward to press your mouth to Jimin’s in an eager kiss, melting into you when he kisses you back just as desperately. “I love you,” you tell him between the meeting of your lips, and the next time they press you feel Jimin’s curved into a slight smile, his hand twisting in your hair to pull you closer.

Gently, you kitten-lick at Jimin’s lips until he parts them, granting you access to his mouth. It almost feels strange kissing this way. You’re so used to Jimin taking the lead that to have him hold back and allow you to explore the cavern of his mouth, rolling your tongue against his, feels completely foreign. Odd, but wonderful all the same.

You moan quietly when Jimin lightly sucks on your bottom lip, and on hearing the sound you make he suddenly scoops you up in his arms without warning, only breaking your kiss when you wince slightly from the ongoing soreness of your hip. Jimin smiles apologetically at you, adjusting his grip enough to carry you comfortably over to the bed bridal style, and when he pulls away after carefully laying you down there's nothing but love burning in his eyes for you, so intense that it takes your breath away.

“Jimin...” you faintly implore, extending your reach towards him as he climbs onto the bed too, leaning over you as you pull his vest up and over his head, no longer possessing the nerves that would’ve once made you hesitate. You long to feel his naked body pressed to yours, that familiar ache starting to take you over as he unhurriedly removes your shirt too. He's so being so soft and so gentle that it only makes you want him more, and with eager hands you slide down his sweats and boxers too, smiling into the kiss you're sharing when he fumbles in trying to kick them off.

When you feel Jimin's hard length nudge against your stomach you keenly wrap him in your palm and tease him with a firm squeeze, adoring the stilted moan that it pulls from his lips. Jimin’s hips flex forward gently with each and every stroke of your hand, his eyes closed above you, dragging his bottom lip through his teeth as you torment him with slow pleasure.

He changes position, letting himself sink into the mattress to lie on his side, and as soon as his
graceful hands are freed from supporting his weight they start working on your pants, Jimin obviously keen for you to be as naked as he is. He takes his time, kissing you leisurely as you continue to pleasure him, making him groan into the kiss more than once as he strips your lower half. As soon as Jimin’s able to he’s touching you, rubbing his fingertips gently back and forth between your folds as you match his pace, steadily moving your hand up and down his cock with a gentle twist of your wrist. You honestly hadn’t realised just how wet his kiss had made you, but it’s hardly a surprise; your body has never had an issue in responding to even the lightest of Jimin’s touches, and today is no exception.

The feel of his fingers starting to circle your clitoris only further heightens your awareness of your own state of arousal, almost completely forgetting about pleasuring Jimin when he firmly rubs at the hardened bud, your pelvic muscles clenching as you moan into the pillow. He kisses you deeply, tongue brushing yours as your hips flex forward towards his hand, trying to lure him in by tiling halfway onto your back and letting your thighs fall further apart. Thankfully Jimin takes your not-so-subtle hint; one of his fingers slipping inside, groaning against your neck as he feels your warm, wet walls squeezing around the intrusion. As soon as you’ve accommodated the first then a second joins it, and when Jimin starts to make slow, taunting come hither movements against your g-spot your hips start to move all of their own accord, pushing back with every curl of his fingers.

“I want you,” Jimin murmurs into the valley of your breasts, uttered between lingering kisses on that softest of flesh.

“Take me then,” you encourage breathlessly, squirming as his fine, silver hair tickles your skin. For another minute or so Jimin continues to stroke at your insides, relishing the sweet, needy sounds you make, but eventually he withdraws his fingers from your heat and then wordlessly takes hold of your hand, smiling as he rolls onto his back and takes you with him, maneuvering your bodies so that you’re on top, straddling his thighs. At first you can only look down at him in confusion, your eyebrows raised as you struggle to understand. This uncharacteristic act of submission on his part has left you completely blindsided, and when Jimin reads the expression on your face he chuckles quietly, sitting up for a moment to cup your cheeks in his hands and kiss you with so much passion that it leaves you breathless.

Jimin doesn’t need to say anything when the kiss ends and he lays back down; the love shining in his eyes and the timid, sweet smile on his lips tells you everything you need to know and more. This changing of roles is Jimin trying to demonstrate just how much you mean to him - his relinquishing of control acting as a display of the absolute trust he’s putting in you to not break his already fragile heart. There’s no power games at work now, no daddy and kitten or dirty words, just you and Jimin and the love you share.

If it were a more appropriate moment you would probably already be crying at how the gesture moves you. Your heart feels like it’s grown to twice the usual size inside your chest and as you swallow the lump in your throat you gently stroke Jimin’s hair back from his face, smiling like the lovesick idiot you are. He’s so beautiful, so angelic in appearance… it doesn’t matter how many times you study his face, you’ll never stop being amazed that one person could be so close to perfect even when he’s covered in nicks and bruises like he is now.

“Don’t make me beg, please,” Jimin says quietly, flicking his eyes down to glance at his cock lying hard, swollen and neglected on his stomach, a small pool of pre-cum forming just below his belly-button. He looks back up to you, his hands resting on either side of your hips and squeezing your uninjured side, eager and impatient to be inside you but still mindful of hurting you. You could point out that what he just said was in itself a plea of some sorts, but you’re not sure Jimin’s pride could take it so all you do is smile, leaning over him to capture his lips in the sweetest, most loving of kisses.
You reach down between your bodies and take him in your hand while you kiss, loving the way his length twitches and throbs in your grasp as Jimin lets out a little gasp of pleasure. You shift forward slightly, sitting astride his hips rather than his thighs and lifting yourself so that you’re hovering above him, using your grasp on his cock to teasingly rub the very tip of him through your folds, sighing softly against his mouth. Showing more self-restraint than you ever thought possible you continue to do this for as long as you can bare, waiting for Jimin to start squirming underneath you, digging his fingertips into your hips before you end your mutual agony, his pained expression melting into one of pure bliss as you sink yourself slowly onto his cock.

You let your torso relax forward as you allow yourself time to accommodate his considerable girth, Jimin unhooking your bra and slipping it off you as you kiss and nuzzle at his neck, your hands running through his hair.

“You’re so beautiful Jimin,” you whisper sweetly in his ear as you gradually start to move, and on hearing your words Jimin wraps his arms around you, his chest rising and falling heavily underneath yours. “You make me feel so good…” Rocking your hips steadily back and forth you feel Jimin start to nibble at your earlobe, his breath laboured and husky so close to your ear. It sends delicious jolts of pleasure all along your spine, all the hairs on the back of your neck rising for him to feel as his hand slips up from your back to cradle the back of your head. His other moves down to palm your behind, encouraging the rocking of your body as he helps to flex your hips with gentle downward pressure, rolling his up against you too to get deeper inside and make it even more pleasurable for the both of you.

“Keep-keep doing that,” you tell him breathily, sitting yourself more upright and bracing yourself with your palms flat on his chest as you steadily start to increase your pace, biting your lip as it starts to feel even better than before. Jimin’s cock is brushing against all the right places inside you, the expert movement of his hips just heightening your pleasure all the more, and soon you’re practically mewling with pleasure on top of him, your eyes closed tight as you focus solely on the sensation of him inside you.

One of his hands reaches up to cup your breast, kneading it in his palm as you move, tweaking at the nipple just hard enough to make your inner walls clench and squeeze around him, Jimin moaning sinfully when he feels it and tilting his head back into the pillow.

“Close?” you check, out of breath and sweating slightly from how hard you’re working. You’re alternating between sliding yourself up and down on his cock as well as back and forth, focusing solely on Jimin’s pleasure as you try to ignore the way the muscles in your thighs are complaining. It’s nothing compared to the way your hip is aching anyway, but you try not to think about that, knowing that any soreness you feel afterwards will be more than worth it.

“I’m not cumming without you…” Jimin’s eyes are shrouded and dark with lust as he looks up at you from underneath the strands of his hair that have fallen in front of his face. His dominant side is making a reappearance as his orgasm draws near, you can tell from the way he’s clenching his jaw and grabbing at the tops of your thighs, fingertips digging into your flesh, but honestly you don’t mind at all; being Jimin’s willing subject is all you live and breathe for.

“Please Jimin,” you whine, pressing your nails into his chest, knowing that you could get there yourself eventually but choosing to egg him on, craving the power he exerts over your body when he takes control. “Make me cum, please.”

When he hears your soft, needy pleas, any sense of restraint left in him leaves Jimin entirely. He’s overwhelmed by his urge to take you and claim you, to make you so mindless with pleasure that by the time he’s done the only thing you’ll know is his name. He forgets all about the sweet,
loving Jimin that lay beneath you just five minutes ago and grabs savagely at your hips, regardless of how it might hurt you, growling at the back of his throat as he starts to thrust up into you from underneath. He bounces you on his cock like a ragdoll, slamming into you with his powerful thighs, buttocks and hips as they work in tandem, smiling in satisfaction at the way you start to gasp and moan with every thrust.

“You like that?” he grunts, watching your face as it contorts in ecstasy, biting his lip, sweat trickling down the side of his face as he pushes you towards your orgasm. Jimin’s fucking you so hard that you can barely keep your balance, having to fall forward and lean your chest on his for support as he continues his relentless pace.

You moan his name stiltedly into his neck, grabbing onto his hair as he fucks up into you, his cock pounding against your g-spot at the most perfect of angles, and you can feel him getting harder, can feel him getting close, and that just makes it feel all the more incredible. You can feel your own orgasm coming, exquisite pleasure burning hot in your pelvis, every push of Jimin’s hips so intense that it’s almost akin to agony.

“Jimin, god, I-mmff-I’m so close,” you slur, barely realising how hard you're tugging on his hair as you lose all sense of rhythm and coordination, completely at the mercy of Jimin’s every move.

“Me too, fuck, you're gonna make me cum,” he huffs, letting go of your hips to wrap his arms around you, holding your body to his as his motions become sloppier too. He groans your name through gritted teeth and you swear you've never heard a sweeter sound until he moans it again, right in your ear. “Cum with me, c’mon, let it go.”

You gasp when it finally overwhelms you, burning you up from the inside out, every nerve in your body screaming with pleasure as nonsensical sounds pour out of you, muffled by Jimin’s mouth. The moment he feels your walls contract around him Jimin succumbs too. He bites down on your bottom lip as he cums, hard, spilling into you with in a series of deep, slow thrusts, his cock twitching sporadically until both of you are completely spent.

As soon as you manage to summon the will to move you sluggishly turn your head to the side, letting it fall onto the pillow as you try to catch your breath. You’ve got a stupid, blissed out smile on your face that must be infectious, because when Jimin turns to look at you his full lips curve into the softest, sweetest of smiles too.

“Love you,” you whisper quietly and Jimin’s smile only grows, his eyes creasing with happiness.

“Love you,” he whispers back, caressing your cheek softly. It’s only then, in that after-sex glow when you let your eyes drift lazily over his face, that you realise that Jimin neglected to take the opportunity to feed. The bruising on his face is coming along nicely, turning a deep purple in several different spots, the bridge of his nose painfully swollen too. He’d probably look a mess if he weren’t so damn beautiful to begin with. “Why didn’t you feed? You haven’t had any in days,” you say, sounding more chastising than you intend to as you sit up, climbing off of him to sit at his side instead, removing your collar. It's funny how your concern for him cuts straight through the lingering haze of your orgasm, your mind suddenly crystal clear when it comes to ensuring Jimin's health and happiness.

“Don’t,” Jimin interrupts, sitting upright too and taking hold of your wrist firmly, stopping you midway. You cock your head in confusion, frowning, but he just shakes his head. “I deserve these. I shouldn’t get away so lightly.”

“Jimin…” You pull your wrist from his grasp, continuing to take it off despite his objections, pushing your hair to one side. “I can’t stand seeing you hurt like this, whether you deserve it or not.”
Tilting your head to the side you look at him imploringly, hoping that the sight of your exposed, vulnerable skin will lure him in. “Please.”

It’s working; you can tell by the way Jimin’s eyes are drawn to your neck, fixating on your jugular as it visibly pulses with blood, your heart beating hard and fast from all the exertion you just endured. He licks his lips, eyes darting up to yours for just a split second before he pounces, fixing his hand in your hair and tugging your head further to the side as he slices into your neck, fangs piercing hard and deep.

You let out a strangled moan, clutching onto his shoulders as that pain-pleasure mix washes over you, endorphins winning the fight over adrenaline and making your head swim as he drags the blood from your veins. For someone that had said he didn’t want it, Jimin’s certainly making the most of your offer. He gorges himself on you, drinking almost to the point of you passing out and only stopping when he realises how you’re starting to sag against him, your grip on him going lax, hands falling to your sides. You don’t begrudge him for it though, not when it’s left you feeling so wonderfully high. If it weren’t for the fact you’d only just orgasmed you’re sure it would’ve happened again during his feed, but you don’t really mind missing out on that either. In fact, you don’t really care much about anything right now, happy to let Jimin manhandle you into a suitable position for sleep, smiling goofily up at him as he leans over you with concern in his eyes.

“See?” you giggle, reaching up and patting his now pristine cheek, “All better.”

“Are you ok? I took too much, didn’t I?”

“I’m fine Jiminie, promise,” you grin, having to close your eyes because of the way the room is spinning, “Jus’ need some sleep. Now come on, come cuddle.” Jimin let’s you pull on his shoulders, falling into bed next to you and rolling onto his back to accommodate the way you’re already trying to snuggle up to him. He helps you into his arms, laughing softly when you nuzzle into his chest making strange little noises of contentment, slinging your arm over his waist and squeezing him tight.

“Hmm… nightie night.” You fall asleep so fast and so deep that you don’t even feel the kiss Jimin affectionately presses to the top of your head or him quietly you wishing you the sweetest of dreams.

Chapter End Notes

Hurray for the angst being over!

Like... I'm literally starting to run out of ways to describe orgasms here guys lol I know that sounds stupid. And there's so many more to come! (Ha, come) I'm gonna have to start cracking out the thesaurus or some shit, idk.

Also... PeriwinkleRain - I'm not sure if you'll see this note, but I saw the way you bookmarked this fic, and oh my lord it made me laugh - "Bookmark Notes: The one where Jimin is a vampire and you're in love with him, but you also kinda like Yoongi, and Jungkook watched you masturbate." ....... Sums it up pretty well, right? <3 <3
Chapter 38

Chapter Notes

Argh, sorry this one's taken a little bit longer to be posted guys, it's been a busy few days <3 <3

By the time you wake up the following evening Jimin’s nowhere to be seen. He’s already off out on his next assignment - wherever the hell it might be - though the only reason you know this is because Jimin left a note on his pillow telling you so. You find it when you turn over, reaching out with bleary eyes in search of his sleeping body but touching cold, empty sheets instead. His handwriting is unexpectedly neat, feminine almost, and with it he tells you that he’ll be home soon and not to worry; he’s got Jin- hyung with him to keep him company and keep him safe.

You smile to yourself as you roll over onto your back, rubbing your eyes. You’re glad he’s got Jin with him, not only because they’re more likely to come back in one piece that way, but also because it means Jin will get something proper to eat too, for once. Glancing over to Jimin’s clock you’re surprised to see how late you’ve slept, putting it down to the blood loss you sustained last night. The way your vision spots a little when sit up just adds further weight to that theory; Jimin really did go to town, didn’t he? Still, you can’t begrudge him too much for it - he did have a lot of healing to do after Namjoon nearly beat him to a pulp, after all.

You take your time in getting out of bed, aware that you might be more physically weak than you first think, so you’re pleasantly surprised when all that happens is a slight wobble as you stand, a slight breathlessness that passes after a minute or two. Besides, you can’t afford to not get out of bed; you’ve got a very important piano to attend.

You really should hurry - Yoongi's probably wondering where you are - and as you head into the bathroom you can't help but wonder how today will go. What’ll Yoongi have to say? Will he have forgiven you yet? Hopefully he will have done; the ache in your chest whenever you think about him hasn't resolved itself yet, and you know it won't until you've well and truly put all of this behind you. You miss him so much it hurts; his company, the way he makes you laugh, his touch.

God, his touch. Would it to be too much to hope for that Yoongi and you could make up the same way you and Jimin did last night? You grab your phone from last night’s hastily discarded pants, deciding it'd be wise to get Jimin’s permission just in case something does happen. Premature, maybe, but you’d rather ask and nothing happen than risk another sore bottom.

'You should've woken me up before you left daddy, I missed you ♡ I’m going to my piano lesson soon.'

You hesitate, chewing your lip and staring at the screen. How the hell do you even go about phrasing this? You type several different version of the same question and then delete them one after one, sighing, and then finally send the message as it is, hoping that Jimin might get the hint just from you mentioning it.

It doesn't take you long to shower and by the time you get out the light on your phone is blinking, a message waiting.
‘Didn't want to disturb you. Will Yoongi-hyung be teaching you anything else this week?’

You blush down at your phone, smiling shyly as you tap out your reply. Thank God Jimin knows you well enough to realise you wouldn’t have mentioned it without an ulterior motive.

‘Do I still have that much more to learn? Would it be ok if he did?’

You dry your hair in front of the mirror, wrapped in one of Jimin’s fluffy towels as you eagerly await his reply, trying not to feel too nervous. You can't imagine he'd say no, not when you've properly asked permission. That was the rule, after all.

‘As long as you show me what you learn afterwards, kitten. Good girl for asking. A please wouldn't have gone amiss, though. Do we need to work to improve your manners? ;)'

Once again Jimin has you blushing, although not just from his simultaneous praise and threat of correction. Just the possibility of being intimate with Yoongi again has your breath quickening at the thought of it, your cheeks and chest flushed.

You really can't think of an adequate reply to that message, so for now your choose to ignore it, focusing on applying a light coverage of makeup in the mirror instead. Even though you didn't text him back, you notice your phone flashing again only a couple of minutes later.

‘His favourite colour's black - why don't you wear that satin set I bought you and send daddy a picture, too?’

This… is crossing into new levels of bizarre. Permission is one thing, but to have your boyfriend give you advice on what sort of underwear his friend would like best is just… well, you don't even know. Still, maybe you should be thankful for it. You certainly won't be plagued by guilt anymore, anyway.

Taking Jimin’s suggestion you slip into the black satin bra and pantie set stashed away in your drawers, smiling as you catch sight of Jungkook’s bandana hiding between your various articles of lingerie. The poor boy would probably die of embarrassment if he knew that’s where you were keeping it, and you make a mental note to subtly return it to him as soon as possible as you set about the task of taking a picture of yourself for Jimin.

How difficult can it be to take an underwear shot? Very difficult, apparently. Your own insecurities mean you end up taking one after another, never quite happy with how they turn out, and Nova constantly walking into the frame does nothing to help. Aware of time ticking on you finally settle for one that looks at least passable, sighing and shrugging as you hit send and then rushing to get dressed in a black, floaty off-the-shoulder top and long black skirt. By the time you're done and walking towards Yoongi’s room Jimin has already replied.

‘You look good enough to eat, kitten. Can't wait to come home and show you how beautiful you are. Work hard. Have fun♡’

Your heart skips happily as you smile down at your phone, quickly typing out a reply telling him to stay safe and that you love him.

You're just coming into the entrance hall when you look up from your phone, your eyebrows rising when you spot Hoseok stood in front of the grand, gilded mirror that adorns one wall. He's messing with hair and frowning hard at his reflection, trying to get one unruly piece to stay down and not having much luck to speak of.

“Off somewhere nice?” you ask as you approach him, laughing when he jumps and spins on the spot
to face you, his mouth forming a small, shocked ‘o’. He relaxes only marginally when he sees you stood behind him, still messing with that wayward piece of hair in vain.

“Yeah… I… uh… I've got a date,” Hobi tells you nervously, his eyes darting off to the side for a second before looking back, obviously trying to assess your reaction.

“With Sam?” He nods slowly, but not before you note him swallow. He probably thinks you're going to start hitting him again.

Instead, you throw your arms around his shoulders in an enthusiastic hug that he doesn't expect, stumbling slightly when he's hit with your body weight.

“Aww Hobi, well done!” Now that he knows he's not being assaulted, Hoseok’s arms circle around you too, giving you a brief, friendly squeeze. You pull away, hands still resting on the shoulders of his jacket. “Told you she’d like you.” He grins shyly, scratching the side of his neck, clearly suffering with some pre-date jitters. “Where’re you taking her?”

“There’s a new cocktail bar I thought she might like…”

“She'll love that,” you smile, and Hobi's whole face brightens at your approval. The collar and lapels of his jacket aren't quite straight so you start to fix them for him, smoothing them down as you throw in some helpful tips. “Her favourite’s a ‘Bramble’… it's gin, blackberries... God knows what else.”

“Bramble. Got it.”

“Can you dance?” Hobi gives you a look that screams ‘bitch, please’, and it instantly makes you laugh on seeing it. “Good, show her your moves. She loves a guy that can dance.” You pat his jacket once more and then step back, feeling like a proud mama seeing off her boy on his first date. He looks really good tonight; shoulders broadened by the slim fit of his jacket, waist extra trim in tight pants that leave very little to the imagination. Sam's going to eat him alive.

“Oh! And she's obsessed with Maroon 5. Act like Adam Levine is the hottest guy you've ever seen and she'll be putty in your hands.” Hobi tilts his head, smiling widely at you as he narrows his eyes.

“I love you, you know that right?” he tells you, reaching out and pinching your cheek that's quickly began to blush.

“Only cus I'm helping you score,” you scoff, batting his hand away with a roll of your eyes. “But don't let her take you home tonight though, ok? Keep her wanting more.” He feigns insult, pressing his hand to his chest and widening his mouth and eyes.

“What kind of girl do you take me for?”

“You don't want me to answer that,” you grin slyly and Hoseok just laughs, dropping the act with a shake of his head.

“Oh, ok, all advice duly noted.” He checks his watch and pulls a face, turning to the mirror to check his reflection one last time. “I better go, don't wanna be late.”

“Have fun,” you say with a wave, and as he reaches the door you point your finger at him, raising an eyebrow. “Keep your hands, and your teeth, to yourself, Jung Hoseok.”

“Yes mom,” he grins cheekily, and with that he's gone, pulling the front door shut behind you as you roll your eyes. Cheeky he might be, but you trust Hobi enough to know he'll be on his best behaviour. Behind all that roguish energy is a sweet, kind person - you're certain of it.
As soon as he's gone you head briskly towards Yoongi's room, aware that you're now even later than before. You hope he hasn't been waiting too long, or worse, presumed you aren't coming and gone off somewhere else. Then again, you're not sure Yoongi ever goes anywhere to speak of anyway.

Thankfully, when you get to his door - it's ajar, and you smile - you can hear music coming from inside already. You enter eagerly, your smile growing when you see Yoongi sat at the piano, playing beautifully, as always. He looks gorgeous in a long-sleeved, loose fitting white t-shirt and tight black jeans, his slightly shaggy hair falling in front as his face as he turns it downward, absorbed in the melody.

As you close the door behind you, though, Yoongi immediately looks up, his fingers stilling on the keys.

"I was starting to think you weren't coming," he says as you approach, and you can tell by his deadpan expression that he's really not joking.

"Sorry… I overslept a little," you explain sheepishly, taking your usual seat next to him on the piano stool once he slowly shifts across to make room. Yoongi just looks at you once you're sat, his facial expression still not shifting, stoic and silent to the point where it starts making you feel a little uncomfortable.

"You look paler than I am."

"Oh… yeah." You huff a little laugh of embarrassment, your cheeks flushing, not realising you're fingering your collar until you see Yoongi's sharp eyes look that way. He puts two and two together, quickly realising exactly why you look quite so drained and sickly today.

"You shouldn't let him take so much," Yoongi tells you, his voice initially coming out so harsh that it makes you cringe. Recognising the way his words made your body tense his next are uttered much softer, delivered with a soft tucking of hair behind your ear. “Your health shouldn’t suffer for his.”

You try to lean into him but the touch doesn’t last long enough, his hand lowering to rest on the stool by his side.

“I’ll be fine in a day or so,” you reassure him but Yoongi just ‘hmms’ in response, his mouth set in a straight line as he looks away and down at the piano keys. A silence falls between the two of you, but with every thud of your pulse in your ears you can feel your longing to touch him grow, the ache so strong that it’s making your stomach hurt. “About what I said the other night…” you begin, just wanting to get it out of the way, clear the air, but before you can say anymore Yoongi interrupts you.

“Can we just play, first?” You blink, caught off balance for a moment by his mumbled request but then agreeing with a shrug, trying not to sigh aloud.

“Sure.” Yoongi starts to rearrange the sheet music in front of you, bringing to the front something you’ve never seen before. It has a simple enough looking melody, for the most part, getting progressively more complex as the piece goes on. You play the first couple of notes, prodding softly at the piano keys as you concentrate hard on the papers in front of you, but when you move to add your left hand Yoongi stops you with a gentle touch of your knuckles.

“Concentrate on the melody first. I’ll do the rest.” You nod, removing your fingers from the ivories and trying to ignore the way your skin is tingling from just that slightest of touches.

Slowly, the two of you start to play. It’s a little disjointed to begin with, but then it always is when you’re first getting to know the particularities of a new piece. It always takes awhile to get the
rhythm right - for you, anyway. Yoongi seems to know this song back to front, his graceful fingers moving with practiced ease. Though you’d never expect anything different from him; he always seems to make it look effortless, even when he tells you he’s never played a piece before. Practice makes perfect, though apparently not for him.

You’d initially felt a little put out that Yoongi had insisted you play before discussing the issues between you, but now that you’re doing it you can kind of see why he did. Concentrating on the music means you’re distracted from your anxiety, unable to overthink or panic about what you’re going to say, and in doing so your mind relaxes, your body following soon after, all tension leaving you. It seems to be soothing Yoongi too; his jaw no longer so tight, the lines of stress that were written on his face beginning to smooth out. It’s like the synchronicity of the two of you playing together is bringing you back into balance, restoring the harmony you always used to feel in his presence.

When the piece comes to an end Yoongi’s the first to turn, swivelling on the stool to face you.

“I expected that to be worse,” he says, the corner of his mouth twitching into a smile.

“So did I,” you admit, smiling shyly back. Honestly, you really did. Maybe your muscle memory is better than you thought - or maybe fate’s just cutting you a break. Another little silence falls but this one feels more comfortable than the last, and you use it just to study the thoughtful look on Yoongi’s face, thinking to yourself how glad you are just to be sat here with him. “I missed you,” you confess again, whispered softly. Your hand moves unconsciously shifts across the piano stool, just a little bit closer to his, fingertips almost touching but not quite.

Yoongi considers you for a while, quiet and contemplative, before sighing your name, shaking his head and then uttering something you hadn’t even dared to hope for.

“However much you might’ve missed me… I’ve missed you so damn much more.” He makes a grab for your hand, linking your fingers together and then using that grasp to pull you into him, wrapping you up in his arms and holding you tightly against him, like he’s afraid you might slip away. You nestle your head in the crook of his neck, inhaling the familiar smell of him that you’ve missed so much, smiling into him when you feel his nose in your hair, his lips pressing over and over again to the top of your head.

“I know I’m a hypocrite. I know I don’t have a right to feel jealous… and you and Jimin will do what you want to do anyway. Just... don’t rub it in my face, ok?” Yoongi Isn't usually a man of so many words, so you give him the good graces of listening intently, letting him get it all out and noticing a hint of sadness in his eyes that he’s failing to hide as he speaks, your stomach clench unpleasantly in response to it. “I’ve thought a lot about it... and I still don’t know how to do this,” he sighs, tightening his hold on you, “But I can’t keep away from you, gongjinim. I thought I could, but look at me. The second I see you I just…” Yoongi trails off, letting you go just enough to look down into your eyes. His own are so full of doubt that it breaks your heart. You smile sadly at him, leaning in to rest your cheek against his as you loop your arms around his shoulders, stroking the back of his hair soothingly.

“I didn’t mean to make you feel like… like this is just some sort of game. It’s not like that, ok?” Briefly pressing the tip of your nose against his you hear Yoongi’s sharp intake of breath and note the way his eyes flick down to look at your lips, swallowing in excited anticipation. “Yoongi...” His name comes out as a whisper, your voice becoming husky as his hands slip from your waist to travel upwards, cupping your face in his hands. “You’re always so sweet to me. So good and sweet and soft, even when you’re pretending like you’re not.” Your words are coming out in a rush now, your eyes closed, the feel of Yoongi’s breath brushing across your lips. “You’re talented and
you’re beautiful, even when you think you’re not those things either… and the way I feel when I’m with you - I just-

“Don’t,” Yoongi interrupts again, his voice breaking as he speaks, thumbs rubbing at your cheeks, your heart pounding through your chest so hard that he can feel it too. “Don’t say these things to me if you don’t mean them, gongjunim.” You open up your eyes and all the breath leaves your lungs when you see how close his face is to yours, hoping that the sincerity of your gaze will make him see just how much truth there is to the words you’ve said.

“I mean them.” That’s it, then. You see Yoongi’s eyes look back and forth between the two of yours, and then he’s pulling your face to his and kissing you with a desperation the like of which you’ve never felt before. His tongue plunges into your mouth almost the moment your lips meet, his hands slipping from your face and grabbing at your body instead; your upper arms, your waist, your hips, kissing you so hard that you’re almost pushed backwards from the force of it, in danger of falling off the stool until he scoops you up and sits you directly on the piano keys. The sound is jarring, the stool hitting the floor with a thud behind him as Yoongi knocks it over in his haste to stand between your legs.

Yoongi’s hold on your hips is bruising, the top of the piano digging into your back as he leans over you, your hands in his hair. The sound of your helpless moans are consumed by his mouth, growing more needful as you feel his erection pressing at your stomach through his jeans, and you give yourself a mental pat on the back for having the foresight to gain Jimin’s permission for this in advance. Being guilt-free just makes you all the more bold, grabbing a hold of Yoongi’s belt and starting to hastily undo it, not allowing your kiss to break until he suddenly steps back, panting.

“What’s wrong?” you ask breathlessly, confused by the frown he’s wearing, sliding off the piano keys as soon as Yoongi’s weight is no longer holding you there. He wipes his mouth with his thumb, looking away from your for a moment as his chest heaves and then looking back, dark eyes roving over your body from bottom to top.

“Nothing, nothing.” Yoongi pauses, letting himself calm for a moment before stepping towards you again. Some of the desire has left his expression, a softer, more concerned look taking its place when he sees the worry on your face. “I just… I want you. Shit, I really do,” he huffs, smiling almost a little bitterly as he runs his knuckles along your cheek, “But I need a little more time… just to get my head around all this.”

Your stomach takes an unpleasant turn when you hear him say that, petrified that it means more time apart, more distance between the two of you again, reflexively taking hold of the front of his shirt like that’ll somehow keep him there for good. Seeing your panic Yoongi quickly pulls you into his arms, holding you close and pressing his face to your hair.

“But I need a little more time… just to get my head around all this.”

Your stomach takes an unpleasant turn when you hear him say that, petrified that it means more time apart, more distance between the two of you again, reflexively taking hold of the front of his shirt like that’ll somehow keep him there for good. Seeing your panic Yoongi quickly pulls you into his arms, holding you close and pressing his face to your hair.

“Not like before, gongjunim,” he reassures softly, kissing your forehead when you turn your face upward to look at him and smiling as he rests his against yours. “Believe me, I’m never putting either of us through that again.”

“Good.” You manage a smile back, loosening your grip of his shirt but still not letting go just yet, not until Yoongi’s kissed you again. He’s tender this time, his kiss unhurried but still just as deep, and it leaves you reeling just as much when he pulls away.

“I hope you didn’t break anything,” Yoongi comments as he finally lets you go, stepping back to pick up the stool from where it’s toppled on its side, “That piano was expensive.” You lift your eyebrows at him, scoffing at his sudden cheek.

“I think you’ll find it’s you that keeps throwing me onto the thing, Yoongi,” you point out, pleased at
the grin that spreads across his face. He sits, pressing experimentally at the keys and nodding, pleased when they all still seem to be working. As you sit next to him you suddenly become very aware of how damp your underwear is, sticking to you as your bottom meets the seat, and shifting uncomfortably your murmur, “Not that you ever follow through, mind you.”

All of a sudden Yoongi’s grabbing hold of your chin, yanking your head round to face him, his eyes narrowed and his lips twisted into smirk that’s so dangerous and sexy that is has you biting your lip again just seeing it.

“When I do, gongjunim, no-one will be able to hear the piano over the sound of your screaming anyway, I promise you that.”
Chapter 39

Chapter Notes

Hey nerds, It's me back at it again, posting a chapter for the literal love of my life Aramina89. (It is me, Mackenzie if you didn't know?) I think that sweet Steph did a particularly good job on this chapter? she is always so amazing. I want to marry her. Everything she writes is a gift?????????? Did y'all read her oneshot on Tumblr? shit son. Anyway, leave her extra love so she wakes up in a good mood :-p I love you guys byeeeeee~

Almost a week passes by, and life has been pleasant if a little predictable. Jimin continues to be absent almost every other night, always with one of the others in tow, and now that they're getting regularly fed the vampires seem even more spirited than they did before. This seems especially true of Tae and Hobi, who regularly look as though they're going to start bouncing off the walls these days.

You're not sure what Tae's excuse is for all the extra smiles and energy, save a full stomach, but you presume Hoseok's must be partly linked to his and Sam's first date having gone very well. She'd texted you gushing all about it the very next day, and when you'd winked at Hobi later that evening he'd turned decidedly coy about the whole thing. Not that you needed details from him - you got enough of those from Sam's end, particularly regarding her immense frustration at Hobi insisting on being the most perfect of gentlemen, kissing her at her door and nothing more. Oh, you were so proud.

Just lately though, you haven't been able to help yourself wondering about how there are any people in the city left at all, considering how often Jimin is out of the house. When you'd passed comment on this one night, querying just how many mob bosses there could be to possibly keep him quite so busy, Jimin had just laughed, shaking his head at your naivety.

Their assignments weren't always bloodbaths, he'd explained, sometimes they'd be doing reconnaissance work or acting as hired muscle, accompanying a variety of shady people to various shady places. You'd giggled at the idea of Jimin as a bodyguard - he doesn't exactly have the build or figure for it - but then maybe that's a good thing. No one would ever guess at first glance that he possesses the strength that he does, so perhaps that gives him an edge. Still, it was nice to discover he isn't always out on a murderous rampage, and it helps you sleep a little easier knowing his life isn't constantly on the line whenever he's not at home.

Intimacy is still something that's lacking between you and Yoongi ever since your argument, but thankfully everything else has returned to the way it was before. He's affectionate and tactile, happy and smiling again when you're around, and yet despite all of Yoongi's behaviour telling you he's long gotten over what happened, he nonetheless seems in no rush to sleep with you again. Part of you wonders if he's doing it on purpose, trying to suss out whether you really meant those sweet things you said before; dragging things out to make you prove that he really does mean more to you than just a fumble between the sheets.

If that's what it takes to prove how you feel, then you're more than happy to wait and endure the way
even Yoongi’s lightest of touches leave you yearning for more, certain that his mind will change again soon enough. You’re fairly sure he was starting to crack during the lesson you just had; Yoongi’s hands kept lingering a little too long on your waist, a constant, glossy sheen gracing his lips from how often he kept licking them in your company. Even the kiss you’d just shared had screamed of poorly repressed desire. Yoongi had had both hands in your hair as he’d pressed your body against the doorway with his own, kissing you like for the very last time, and only stopped when you started to grab at his t-shirt, clearly wanting more. He’s being a god-damn tease, and at this rate you’re not sure how you’ll ever be ever to hold out.

Still, you manage to. After having left his room you go back to Jimin’s, grumbling your way down the entire corridor, and then get changed into some comfortable clothes more suited to manual labour. Thankfully Jimin has relented lately on the dresses and skirts only rule, encouraging you to order some clothes more suited to your usual style once he’d seen how cute you look in his sweats and shorts. You’d also ended up ordering some gardening paraphernalia too - pruning shears and forks, hedge cutters and hard-wearing gloves - and it’s those things you’re loaded down with as you use your foot to pry open Jimin’s door, trying not to drop anything on the one foot that’s still planted on the ground.

That all goes to hell when the door swings open and you look up, only to see Namjoon stood practically right outside. You jump, startled, dropping almost everything in your hands with a frustrated cry and then rushing to pick them all up again, your heart thumping with the surge of adrenaline it just received.

“Sorry,” Namjoon sputters, uncharacteristically caught off guard after being similarly surprised, just standing there and watching you struggle rather than actually bending to help. You gather everything in your arms and then straighten up again, an embarrassed smile on your face and matching blush on your cheeks, aware of how much of a klutz you must look to the usually graceful Namjoon.

“No harm done,” you say breathily, shrugging your shoulders as your smile turns reassuring. Ever since the ‘Jimin-incident’ you’re no longer nearly so afraid of Namjoon. He doesn’t give off the same threatening air anymore, or carry the same malice in his eyes that he once did whenever he looked your way. That dark, seductive aura still seems to linger around him though, much to your confusion and dismay.

The tall vampire’s lips bend into a small smile, his head cocking to the side as he inspects all the equipment in your arms.

“What’re you up to?”

“Oh, these?” You look down at the things you’re carrying too then look up with an excited grin that makes Namjoon smile all the more. “I was going to make a start on the garden, thought I might be able to get it looking nice again… like its glory days.”

“You enjoy gardening?” he asks, lifting an eyebrow, and you chuckle softly, shaking your head.

“Not particularly,” you admit, “But I thought Nova would appreciate the chance to spend more time outside, and I could always use a new hobby.” Right on cue Nova comes wandering through the gap between your legs, ignoring yours and heading straight for Namjoon’s instead, rubbing up against him and mewing prettily. What is it with her and him? He smiles indulgently down at her, bending to scratch her between the ears, and it’s then that you realise he’s got something tucked under his free arm.

“What were you doing anyway, loitering outside people’s doorways?” you ask teasingly, only realising too late that you’re a fine one to talk, given your past history with Namjoon when it comes
to doing just that, blushing as soon as the words leave your mouth. His smile becomes a smirk as he stands tall again, a mischievous glint in his eyes. That cockiness falters, though, when Namjoon reveals what he’d been carrying, pulling out a book which he then holds out towards you in both hands, now looking a little nervous and unsure.

“I got you this,” he explains, looking down at the book rather than your eyes, “I remembered you’d said you liked reading about dystopia… This is supposed to be one of the best, or at least I think it is. It’s been awhile since I read it.” Realising that he’s rambling Namjoon abruptly stops speaking, lifting his head to look at you once more, his eyes slightly wider than usual. The cover says ‘Brave New World’, and though it’s not one you’ve read before you do know it’s supposed to be one of the dystopian classics. You’d been wondering what to read next, actually, what with Namjoon having destroyed almost half the library during his fit of rage. Perhaps that’s why he’s bought it; to start rebuilding were once full shelves.

“I don’t know if you’ll like it,” he says, and you realise that he was waiting for you to speak, that nervous edge still lilting his voice, “I hope you do.”

“What’s brought this on?” you ask, cringing how unintentionally ungrateful you just sounded, “I mean - thank you, obviously - but it’s not my birthday, or christmas yet, as far as I’m aware.” Your arms are starting to ache from the weight of all the equipment in your arms, but you still manage to smile nonetheless. Namjoon chews his lip for a second before answering, and in the pause Nova meows again, flopping down at his feet to invite more attention.

“Just to… say thank you for before.” He shifts his weight from foot to foot, glancing down at Nova. “It really had been a long time since anyone showed me any concern and… I appreciated it. I do appreciate it.”

“Well… then I suppose you’re welcome,” you reply, starting to blush a little. You’d really never thought that you’d be having this kind of conversation with him, not in a million years, but here you are, having a civilised exchange with a practically gentlemanly Namjoon. What an odd turn of events this is. “I’ll look forward to starting it.” There’s an awkward moment where you just stand and look at each other, unable to take the book from his hands as you would do if your own weren’t already so full. Namjoon glances down to and then realises what the problem is, his eyes widening with embarrassment.

“Oh! Oh… I can just…” He extends his arms out towards you, taking your supplies before you have chance to argue. He makes it look ridiculously easy to carry it all, though knowing his natural advantage keeps you from feeling too bad about it. Namjoon puts a hand in his pocket, and you’re not sure if it’s your own embarrassment induced paranoia that makes you swear you see him adjust the crotch of his pants before he walks back over to you. “Thanks,” you repeat, trying not to blush even harder.

“Here, give me all that.” He extends his arms out towards you, taking your supplies before you have chance to argue. He makes it look ridiculously easy to carry it all, though knowing his natural advantage keeps you from feeling too bad about it. “I’ll take it all this outside - you go fetch the others to give you a hand.” You lift your eyebrows at him, laughing a little as his suggestion.

“I'm not sure they're green-fingered sort…”

“They don't have to be, they'll follow your lead if you tell them I said they don't have a choice,” he
tells you, a sternness that’s as hard as steel entering his expression and making you shiver involuntarily.

“I suppose it'd be nice to have some help… and some company,” you admit. There's only so far that your conversations with Nova go, after all.

“Go on then,” he encourages, and like the obliging girl you are you nod quickly, turning on your heel and scampering off down the hallway, Namjoon’s eyes on your back the whole way. You needn’t worry about Nova following you - you know she’ll be trailing outside after Namjoon like the lovesick kitty she is.

You’re unsurprised to find the rest of the group in the living room, sat in their usual spots doing their usual activities, and when you enter the room Jin looks up from the newspaper he’s reading with a smile, greeting you.

“You haven’t eaten yet, have you? Did you want me to make you something?” You pad over to where he’s sat, shaking your head and reassuring him that you’re fine as you perch yourself on the arm of the sofa next to him, looking down over Taehyung’s shoulder to try and see what he’s doing. He's lying on his stomach on the rug again, an impressive looking camera in his hands, the photographs of which he's currently reviewing, flicking back and forth between them.

“Did you take those, Tae?” you ask curiously, and you can tell from the way he startles and cranes his head round to look at you, mouth hanging open, that he hadn't even realised you were here until now.

“Yeah, they're mine,” he replies enthusiastically, already rolling over to get up when he asks, “Wanna see?”

“Sure,” you smile, laughing when Taehyung walks over and plonks himself directly on Jin’s lap so that he can show you his work, the newspaper not standing a chance as crumples under his weight.

“Tae-ah!” Jin complains loudly, giving the younger boy a shove but then sighing resignedly when Tae refuses to budge, like a long suffering parent who’s far too used to his children misbehaving. Tae, meanwhile, is completely ignoring his elder to lean over your lap instead, camera in hand.

The pictures that he shows you are actually very well shot, much to your surprise. You'd expected Taehyung to have too short of an attention span to keep still long enough to even take a picture that's in focus, nevermind one that looks as good as the photographs he's showing you now. Clearly, you underestimated him.

“These are really good, Tae,” you praise enthusiastically, summoning that boxy grin of his as he beams with pride. Sure, most of them are indoor shots, or ones taken at dawn or dusk when he can risk that very mild exposure to the light, but they're still exceptionally well framed. The boy obviously has a good eye. You hear Jungkook mumble something from the sofa opposite, his eyes fixed on the screen on his laptop as Taehyung slides off Jin’s lap to sit next to him, an incessant clicking coming from his fingers on the keypad and mouse.

“You say something Kookie?” you ask, tilting your head, and he looks up so sharply it's like he didn't even know he'd spoken out loud.

“Oh… I just…” He glances from you to Jin to Tae to you again, patting the top of his hair nervously, “I like photography too. Film making and… stuff.”

“That's cool,” you smile, and Jungkook smiles shyly in reply. You're about to broach the subject of
the garden when he speaks again.

“I can show you sometime, if you want.” Honestly, you don’t get how Jungkook can switch from being such a cute little bunny to a cocky little shit whenever the mood suits him. It makes you wonder what he’d be like to hang out with if you ever got past that crippling awkwardness of his.

“That’d be nice.” His lips twitch into a smile again and then he looks away, becoming absorbed once more in his game. “So… I have a favour to ask,” you announce to the three of them before you lose their attention completely.

“What is it?” Jin asks curiously.

“I’m going to start re-landscaping the garden, and I was wondering if you guys would give me a hand?”

“Wait,” Tae pipes up, switching off his camera and putting it down, “We have a garden?” You see Jungkook roll his eyes out of the corner of yours.

“Yeah,” you laugh, as amused as always by Taehyung’s incessantly oblivious nature. How could he live in one place for so long and not even know they have a garden? Then again, it's not like they'd be throwing outdoor summer barbecues or anything else of the like. “It’s right outside Jimin’s room… have you guys never been out there before?”

“Nope,” Jungkook answers briefly, not bothering to look up.

“I have, once or twice after we first moved in,” Jin adds, nodding once, “But it was a bit depressing.”

“Exactly,” you laugh, as amused as always by Taehyung’s incessantly oblivious nature. How could he live in one place for so long and not even know they have a garden? Then again, it's not like they'd be throwing outdoor summer barbecues or anything else of the like. “It’s right outside Jimin’s room… have you guys never been out there before?”

“I’m not sure it’s really our sort of thing…” Taehyung says finally, prodding at the inside of his mouth with his tongue and glancing at Jungkook, presumably for back up.

“Yeah I think I might pass,” Jungkook says, briefly looking up and adding a ‘sorry’ that it doesn’t really sound like he means. See, this is why you weren’t going to ask in the first place. Although Tae and Kookie’s combined ages reaches nearly a hundred they certainly don’t act like men who might enjoy such slow and gentle pastimes, so you knew it your heart of hearts that it’d be a fruitless ask. Still, Namjoon did say you could throw his name around if you so wished. Maybe it’s not such a bad idea? You pause, curling your tongue inside your mouth as you try to find the right words to say without it sounding too much like ‘Namjoon says so’.

“Namjoon was pretty keen on you guys helping me…” you say experimentally, watching for any observable reaction to your words. Jungkook looks up, a slight frown gracing his far-too-handsome face.

“Since when have you been all pally-pally with hyung?” he asks curiously, his eyes narrowing at you across the room. A quick glance in Taehyung’s direction sees him looking oddly at you too, his head tilted to the side, blonde hair falling into his eyes. You should’ve known that they’d find any supposed alliance between you and Namjoon strange. The last encounter they witnessed between the two of you saw him knocking you halfway across the room, and that’s without even mentioning Taehyung’s extra insight into the disturbing nuances of yours and Namjoon’s interactions to date.

“Look,” you huff, trying to avoid the question and standing up from the arm of the sofa brusquely and placing a hand on your hip, “Are you going to help me or not?” Jin stands next to you, brushing
off the seat of his pants as he does.

“We better had do if Namjoon-ah said so…” Taehyung gets up soon after, following Jin’s lead with a resigned nod of his head, and when Jungkook realises he’s being outnumbered he snaps shut the lid of his laptop with a decidedly bratty sounding sigh, shoving it off his lap and onto the sofa next to him.

“Lead the way then,” he says, almost a little condescendingly, and you can’t help but raise your eyebrows at him. Here’s the cocky little shit you were thinking about earlier - god, what you wouldn’t give to smack him, just once, right in his pretty mouth. Why can’t your feelings about these boys ever be straightforward? You’re already conflicted enough about the rest of them, nevermind trying to keep up with your conflicting urges to both cuddle Jungkook when he’s sweet and shy, and then simultaneously squeeze the life out of him whenever he’s giving you lip. “I get why Jimin and Hobi-hyung aren’t here, but how come Yoongi-hyung gets out of it?” Jungkook grumbles as the four of you leave the living room and you roll your eyes in response, sighing as he continues to bitch.

“If it bothers you that much Jungkook I’ll go fetch him, alright?” The youngest gives you a self-satisfied, shit-eating-grin, doing nothing to quell your desire to pop him one.

You go off to the left as they turn right, calling after Jin to tell him just to get started without you and to keep an eye out for Nova when they get out there. You hope she hasn’t gone wandering off… you’d never find her in the darkness, being black as pitch as she is.

You’re too irritated and flustered to remember about bothering to knock when you get to Yoongi’s door, too eager to fetch him and just get started on the task at hand. You barely even register that his door is shut tight before you push it straight open, no thought given as to why he might’ve closed it in the first place. That’s why when Yoongi’s door abruptly swings open you’re met with a scene that’s entirely unexpected, a sight that has you gasping aloud, your grip tightening around the cold metal of the door handle.

Yoongi’s lying on his bed, propped up on one elbow with his head thrown back and his eyes closed, still fully dressed save the waistband of his sweats circling his slender thighs. He’s lost to anything that exists beyond whatever he’s imagining behind his eyelids, his hand wrapped around his cock, tugging it with firm, rough strokes that make his hips flex up from the bed with each and every movement. He’ll bite his lip now and then, silent apart from the soft, breathy sounds that escape when he rubs his palm over the head, pausing to thumb the slit.

It’s the hottest thing you’ve ever seen, or at least, you certainly think it is before you push the door shut behind you and Yoongi’s eyes snap open, his head lifting but every other part of his body freezing in panic. You take just half a step forward, biting your lip as you realise your state of breathlessness, your eyes stretched open in an attempt to absorb every little detail of what you’re seeing.

“Don’t stop.” You don’t recognise your own voice when you speak, as husky and laden with lust as it is. You hadn’t even planned on saying the words before they tumble out, so deprived of intimacy with Yoongi that’ll take anything you can get, even if it means watching him pleasure himself whilst receiving nothing yourself. The straight line of Yoongi’s mouth quirks upward at the corners, twisting into a delicious smirk that has all your pelvic muscles clenching when it’s accompanied by the sultry, come hither look that gather in his eyes. He lets himself sink back into the mattress as his hand starts to move once more, eyelids closing, all the tension that had entered into his muscles on your arrival melting away again just as quickly.

You greedily devour every subtle moment Yoongi makes, each shudder of his chest, every shift of
his hips as they chase after each upward stroke from those perfect, veiny hands. It's with bated breath that you watch his second hand slither it's way down his stomach to join the other, wrapping both palms around himself for just one excruciatingly slow, teasing stroke and no more, soon abandoning his cock in favour of cupping and rolling his balls as he recommences that earlier punishing pace. Both hands work in tandem, and Yoongi's clearly well practised in the art of self-pleasure, widening his legs to slip that second hand either further down, somewhere below his balls, and god, you feel like you're going to cum just from watching him. You can only imagine what he's touching now, the secret places he's stroking, but just the thought has you whimpering aloud, arousal smearing on your thighs as you take another involuntarily step closer to the body you so long to touch.

“Yoongi,” you call desperately, needily, knowing that you were wrong before. This. This is the hottest thing you’ve ever seen. He tilts his head to the side, eyes flopping open lazily to look at you past heavy lids, not stopping the movement of his hands for even a second.

“D-dont,” he groans, calling a halt to your slow approach with that one single stuttered word. “Daddy’s permission first... remember?” Yoongi's struggling to get his words out past his heavy breaths, but even so you feel like he's purposefully bringing up Jimin's rules to taunt you, to bring his level of teasing to new, dizzying heights. A grunt escapes past his red, swollen lips as he fists himself even harder than before, grip so tight that his knuckles are going white. “God, I wish you could bring that tight little pussy over here.”

This is it, this is how you're going to die. You're going to die by Yoongi's vicious, beguiling tongue, reduced to a molten puddle of arousal right here on his bedroom floor. You’d ask God for mercy, but at this point you're pretty sure even he will have averted his all-seeing eyes.

“What if I did... T-then what?” you ask haltingly, cursing yourself as soon as the words pass your lips. You must be suicidal, or a glutton for punishment at the very least.

“I’d fuck you so-so hard, princess, stuff my cock in so deep,” Yoongi stutters, head turning your way again, desire blazing in his eyes, “Make you feel so good… fuck you till you're screaming… screaming m-my name so they can all hear… all hear me make you mine.” Your heart had already been bounding in your chest, but on hearing Yoongi’s stilted drawl, on seeing the possessive look on his face, something else stirs inside you.

“You wanna mark me up, Yoongi?” you ask softly, speaking with a braveness you never knew you possessed as you clench your thighs together at his responding groan. “Wanna show everyone where you've been?”

“Fuck, yes,” he grunts, his usually deep voice wrecked, breaking as he speaks.

“Wish you could, Yoongi,” you half whisper-half whimper, playing him at his own game as you run your fingers across your collarbone, gently stroking the curve of your neck as you tilt your head to the side. The way his face contorts in pleasure when you say his name... You feel like repeated it over and over just to see what'll happen. “Wish you could put your lips on me... your tongue...” You pause, unsure you should say the words that rest of the tip of your tongue but unable to hold them back when you see the desperation in Yoongi’s eyes. “Your fangs... God, Yoongi, I wanna feel your bite too… right here.” You drag your fingertip along your jugular, arousal and fear gripping you in equal measure at the feral snarl that rips from his throat.

“Shit, gongjunim, don't tempt me.” It's with great effort that you see him wrench his eyes away from your the throbbing of your pulse in your neck, throwing his head back into the pillow again as his features contort in a mixture of pleasure and pain. “Don't, don't, I can't… you have no... god, I want-“
All to soon, Yoongi's incoherency soon gives way to a series of grunts and moans, his hips stuttering, hand stilling as his stomach muscles contract and his whole body tenses. Your name pours from him like a prayer as his cock starts to pulse, cum oozing from him in hot, thick spurts just a moment after, pushed over the edge by the thought of your blood slipping down his throat like liquid paradise.

Embarrassingly enough, Yoongi manages to collect himself far quicker than you do, his pants ceasing long before yours. Your mind is still reeling, mouth hanging open when he casually wipes his hand on the sheets next to him, looking at you with a bemused smile. He pulls his sweats up like nothing happened when he stands, snapping them back into place.

“You needed something, gongjunim?“

Chapter End Notes

Did I mention you should leave Steph love? I bet you agree with me now that you've read what she wrote ;). Don't forget to find her on Tumblr!!

~Saranghae~
Mackenzie

ps. Steph (Aramina) here. Just wanted to let you guys know that there might be a delay in the next chapter, just because I've got my friend visiting from Germany so obviously I'm going to be somewhat busy entertaining her! BUT I'm hoping it'll be no longer than 4-5 days :) Love you <3 <3
Chapter 40

Chapter Notes

Clearly I'm a poor, poor host with how quickly I've actually managed to get this chapter out lol oh dear, shame on me.

You half expect Yoongi to be just messing around, convinced that at any moment he’ll take pity on you and drag you back to bed with him to ‘return the favour’ as he’s done once before, but much to your disappointment that expectation proves to be totally and utterly wrong.

He disappears into the bathroom for a moment or two, giving you precious seconds to try and collect yourself as he presumably cleans himself up, but when he comes back he continues to act like the last five minutes never even happened. You struggle to remember why you even came to his room in the first place, tripping over your words as you request his assistance with blushing cheeks, and when Yoongi asks if there’s anything else you'd like his help with, slinking towards you with a sly smile, you know he really is just messing with you for the fun of it. Did he plan all of this? Did he want you to find him like that, lost in self-pleasure?

You shake your head, no, no thank you, and try not to whimper when he presses his fingers to your hip - the ones that just a moment ago were so busily wrapped around the length of him. He just smiles knowingly and then takes your hand with a gentle kiss to your cheek, apparently satisfied that you’ve suffered enough.

“And you managed to convince Jungkook -ah to help?” Yoongi queries as the two of you leave his room, heading towards the entrance hall. “I’m impressed.”

“Oh he’ll be quietly bitching the whole time we're out there, make no mistake.”

“I don't doubt it. It'll do the boy good to get out of the virtual world once in awhile, anyway. Get some fresh air.” You squeeze Yoongi's hand with a playful smile, knocking your shoulder into his.

“Bit rich coming from you, isn't it?” you tease and Yoongi just narrows his eyes at you, a hint of a smile playing on his lips.

“Shut up.” It's at that moment that the two of you come to the glass doors by Jimin’s room that lead outside. You make towards them, free hand extending out to open them up, but before you can Yoongi gently pulls you back. “I wouldn't go out there yet,” he advises you, murmuring the words conspiritually against the top of your head.

“Why?” you ask, confused, tilting your face up to look at him and noting the way that smirk of his is threatening to return. He lifts your joined hands to his lips and starts to press soft, teasing kisses along your knuckles, his gaze becoming heated when even this most innocent of gestures has your breath starting to quicken again.

“Because,” he rasps, leaning down to speak directly into your ear, “You smell like a bitch in heat.”

His words make you gasp, another pulse of arousal that Yoongi’s responsible for making your pelvic muscles clench and contract around nothing.
“It’s your fault,” you accuse huskily, shuddering when you feel his mouth on your neck. Suddenly your earlier desire to feel his bite seems all too close to coming to fruition, his fangs gliding across your delicate, paper-thin skin to tempt and torture you both.

You’re not sure when this overwhelming desire to have Yoongi feed from you first reared its head - probably around the same time that you realised you were starting to fall hopelessly in love with him too. Shit, what a mess you’re getting yourself into.

“I know,” he chuckles darkly, tucking his teeth away behind his smile before he does something you’ll both regret. “So go take those soaked panties off and change, before anyone starts thinking they can touch what’s mine.”

“Yours?” you question, lifting an eyebrow at him as he pulls away. Yoongi’s expression twists into something dark and possessive as he suddenly reaches out, pushing his hand between your legs to harshly cup your mound through your sweats. He must be able to feel the dampness of the material, the warmth lingering there as he rubs his hand back and forth, your legs weakening at his touch.

“I did this, didn’t I? All this wetness? It’s mine, for me, no one else,” he growls and you find yourself nodding helplessly, biting your lip so hard that you start to taste copper on your tongue.

“Good.”

Yoongi lets go, features relaxing into neutral and then turning strangely soft again as he thumbs your cheek. You’re going to get whiplash at this rate - you can’t keep up with all the different emotions and urges he’s making you feel.

“Go on then, gongjunim. Don't be long.”

And then he's gone, turning round and heading outside with another word and leaving you gawping in his wake.

What the hell is going on? You waddle your way into Jimin’s room, wetness slicking down your thighs, trying to figure out what on earth just happened as you change. You’d thought your fall out from before would make Yoongi less possessive of you, not more, but now it seems as though he’s making sure to grab and claim whatever he can, whenever he can, owning you entirely for the short periods of time he's allowed.

Honestly? You sort of like it. He did say that he didn't really know how to do this - maybe he's decided that this is the best way to cope with things… taken a leaf out of Jimin’s book?

Sighing and shaking your head as you make your way back out the bedroom, you resign yourself to giving up trying to figure out Yoongi's thoughts and motivations. As long as he's happy and Jimin's happy and you're happy too, that's the most important thing.

You’re pleasantly surprised by the amount of progress the guys have made by the time you join them, from what you can make out in the dark. They might be a little unwilling, but hey at least they’re still effective, right?

In retrospect, you really hadn't given enough thought to the issues that were going to face trying to garden in the dead of night - just the increase in insect activity makes the idea of it unpleasant alone. You could at least do with a little bit of daylight to properly make out what you’re doing. You’ll have to focus on the part of the garden that’s still illuminated by the house for now, until you can sort out some other means of lighting.

“We’ve just been trying to clear the dead plants and weeds,” Jin tells you when he notices your
arrival, walking over and gesturing to the pile of limp greenery forming in the middle of the lawn.

Taehyung’s got the hedge clippers and is snipping away at the overgrown bushes, Yoongi collecting the severed leaves and branches as he goes along, adding them to the pile.

“Looks good,” you say enthusiastically, your smile turning apologetic after a moment. “Sorry, I hadn't thought about how difficult it'd be to do this in the dark.”

“That's not really an issue for us,” Jin chuckles, smiling kindly, “I can see you just as well in the dark as I can in the light.”

“Oh! Oh, well that’s handy then.”

You jump at the sounds of roots being ripped out of the ground, looking around into the darkness to try and find the source of the sound, your eyes wide. A few seconds later Jungkook emerges out the dark carrying a massive, dead bush that consists of nothing but gnarled roots and branches.

Apparently there's perks to having vampiric strength on hand whilst you're gardening too.

“Show off,” Yoongi comments dryly as Jungkook drops the bush on the pile, smiling proudly. God damn it, how is he so infuriatingly adorable all the time?

You pull on the nearest pair of gardening gloves, ready to get down to work, and when you kneel down next to the nearest flower bed you're relieved to see Nova sat underneath the undergrowth, gently cleaning her paws.

“Surprised you didn't just run off with Joonie,” you murmur at her as you start to pull weeds from the soil. She just stares innocently back at you with those wide, glassy eyes of hers. Jin kneels down beside you, joining your efforts with a contented sigh. “Thanks for doing this Jin, I really appreciate it.”

“No worries,” he smiles, pulling out clumps of wayward grass and throwing them behind him onto the pile. “We’ll have this place cleaned up in no time.”

Jin was right about it it not taking much time at all. With the combined man-power of four supernatural beings and little old you, the garden has been almost completely cleared of debris and unwanted foliage within a couple of hours. All that remains is for you to figure out what to do now with all the open space you've been given. You know you definitely want a climbing plant to replace whatever ugly thing had previously marred the archway trellis… but that's about as far as your forward planning has gotten. A couple of benches might be nice, too, or maybe a little swinging seat? The possibilities are endless, really.

You don't bother to bore the others with all those thoughts. By the time you're done they all look fairly wiped out, with dirty fingernails and sweat-stained shirts. The group makes plans to meet up in Jungkook’s room once you've all gotten cleaned up - Taehyung’s adamant that the youngest’s gaming system is something worth cramming so many bodies into such a small room for - parting ways as soon as you step inside. Yoongi hangs back for a moment though, waiting until all the others are gone before turning to you.

“I think I'm gonna give boys night a miss this time,” he confides, linking your hands automatically. It feels as natural as breathing now, Yoongi’s fingers intertwining with yours, but it still makes your heart give a joyful thud whenever you feel it.
“Was digging around in the dirt really that exhausting?” you tease gently, knowing full well how much your body is aching even as you speak.

“It’s not that,” he scoffs, rolling his eyes but smiling a little nonetheless, “Just wanna spend some time on my music.”

“Want me to come keep you company?” you offer sweetly, swinging your arms.

“Don't take this the wrong way, but you'd probably end up being more of a distraction than anything else.”

“Oh, I see how it is,” you grin, trying to feign annoyance and wrench your hands out of his but failing miserably.

“Stop it,” he laughs, teeth and gums and all, relinquishing your hands to pull you into a tight hug instead. “You’ll have all my attention again soon enough.”

“I better.” Yoongi chuckles at you, leaning down to press his forehead to yours, his lips to your lips shortly thereafter. When he pulls away he looks thoughtful, pensive, and after a momentary pause he asks,

“You think he'd let you spend the night some time?” You know ‘he’ means Jimin, but after surmising that you draw a bit of a blank. You honestly don't know if he would or not, although your instincts tell you the answer would probably be a no. Sex is one thing but… falling sleeping in another man's arms? In Yoongi's arms? No matter how badly you might wish for it, you’ve no idea what Jimin would say should you actually ask.

Yoongi must mistake your thoughtfulness for hesitation because you can spot the exact moment he starts to withdraw, trying to close himself off now that he’s realised how unintentionally vulnerable he's made himself. He tries to take his hands from yours, straightening his back, glancing away in embarrassment.

“If you wanted to. You probably don't.” You hold on like a vice, closing the space he just put between you. “I know the first time was-”

“Of course I want to to,” you reassure, interrupting him and smiling softly, “I'll ask, ok?”

“Ok.” Yoongi's features relax, mirroring your smile before leaning in for one last kiss that makes you hum longingly against his lips. “See you later.”

“Don't work too hard.”

It doesn’t take you too long to make yourself presentable again, slipping into a soft sweater and comfortable pyjama bottoms adorned with cute cartoon animals. You try to avoid looking at the laundry hamper as you leave the room - it’s almost full again already after your numerous changes of clothing today. Oh well, another job for another day. Maybe if you ask Jungkook nicely enough he might do it for you; the boy seems to find some sort of bizarre enjoyment in doing the laundry, always taking his time in making sure it's crisp and neatly folded.

You head upstairs his room, eager to see what the inside of it looks like. All the boys have joked about it being small, but you really don’t think it's that bad once you get in there. Sure, his double bed has one side pushed up against the wall, and there's not a lot of space between the other edge and his desk, but there's enough space to move around, and he's clearly got it set up just the way he
wants it. It seems like there's tech everywhere; two screens sat atop his desk alone, an impressive looking set of gaming headphones next to them, and on the wall opposite his bed is a god-knows-how-many-inch TV that he's got a console connected to. It's a gamer's paradise, really.

The three boys are already sat atop of the bed when you arrive, controllers in all but Jin’s hands as they wait for whatever game they’re going to play to finish updating, and when Taehyung spots you he starts to dig his elbows into Jungkook’s side.

“Move up, Kookie -ah. Make some room.” Jungkook looks at him reproachfully, rubbing his ribs, but starts to move up anyway until you dismissively wave your hand.

“It’s alright, Tae. I’ll be alright on the floor,” you assure him, putting yourself in the little nook where the bed and wall meet and leaning your back into the corner as you shuffle around, getting comfortable. Satisfied that you are, in fact, as alright as you say, the two younger boys start debating the finer points of whatever it is they’re about to play. The topic is so foreign to you that it almost sounds like they’re speaking a different language, and you’re reassured when you see Jin looking just as lost as you. You share a look, Jin’s eyebrows rising comically as he shrugs his broad shoulders, and the sight of it makes you giggle, patting the leg that’s hanging off the edge of the bed next to you fondly.

“One of these we’re going to have spend some time just you and me, oppa,” you say, tilting your head back against the mattress to look up at him with a smile, “I always feel like there’s lots I don’t know about you yet.”

“Are you sure you aren’t just looking for an excuse to spend more time with this handsome face?” he smiles sweetly, waving his hand around to display it to maximum effect and making you chuckle once more.

“Ah,” you sigh, tilting your head to the side, “You caught me. That, and I’m dying to hear more of those stunning puns of yours.”

“Well who’d blame you? We’ll make a date of it sometime, for sure.”

“Sounds good,” you smile, patting his leg once more and then letting your hand slide back down onto the carpeted floor. There’s no point in trying to maintain a conversation now, anyway. The game’s fully updated and ready to go, and Jungkook’s speakers are turned up so loud that it’s a wonder the furniture doesn’t start to vibrate.

You watch them for a little while, but honestly you’re not paying that much attention. It’s some kind of first person shooter, group espionage type thing, from what you can gather, and after a while even watching Taehyung lose miserably over and over again starts to be less and less amusing. You end up tilting your head back again and looking at Jin who’s now sat tapping away on his phone, a soft smile lighting up his gentle features. You wonder if he’s talking to his girl in Korea, making a mental note to find out more about her should you and Jin ever actually spend that time one-on-one. If it were any of the others you might just come out and ask about her now, but Jin strikes you as a more private kind of person, one who wouldn’t necessarily appreciate talking about those kind of things in a public setting.

Your bum’s starting to go numb, sat on the floor for so long. You shift your weight, uncrossing your legs and adopting a different position, and as you do your hand comes to rest just underneath Jungkook’s bed frame, almost slipping under your weight when it lands on something hard rather than the plush carpet you were expecting. Curiously, you pull out whatever it is that’s resting under your palm.
It's a hardbacked book, one that you recognise from the few times you’ve seen Jungkook sketching rather than having his eyes fixed on a screen. The fingers itch with intrigue, longing to open it and look through, and when you glance up and see how little attention any of the boys are paying to your actions, the urge becomes one you can no longer resist. Subtly, keeping the book still halfway under the bed, you flip the front cover open and take a peek.

Jungkook’s drawings are wonderful. He seems to favour either delicate pencil lines or shaded charcoal, and every piece is drawn in a realistic style, the little details you note in each one bordering on obsessive. His subject matter is fairly varied; architecture, machinery - game characters, of course - plants and animals. There’s even a roughly drawn sketch of Nova in here, one that makes you screw up your nose and smile when you see it.

What lies on the next page is nothing that you could’ve anticipated, not even for a second. Your own smiling face is right there on the paper, and everything about it makes you feel like Jungkook invested an awful lot of time into this one. The lines and shading are flawless, so perfect that if it were in colour you’d mistake it for a photograph rather than a drawing, and when you turn the page you see another that’s just as detailed as the last. This time he’s captured you curled up napping on a sofa, Nova lying against the curve of your stomach, all your features relaxed by sleep. He’s made you look beautiful, elegant - almost as ethereal as Jimin appears to you - and when you turn yet another page you’re met with what can only be described as a study of your eyes, drawn over and over again but each set conveying a variety recognisable, potent emotions.

It’s only when you finally turn to a blank page that you realise how hard you’re blushing, your cheeks throbbing with heat at this unexpected discovery… this overwhelming tribute unknowingly offered by Jungkook’s own hands.

You shut the book, looking up and meaning to put it back but freezing when you inadvertently meet the youngest vampire’s eyes. He’s seen you looking, his gaze glancing down to the book in your hands and then flicking nervously to the others who thankfully enough have started to play their own round and rendered them sufficiently distracted. From the anxiety plainly written on his face - the way he’s biting his lip as he looks at you pleadingly - you realise that he’s presuming your intention is to embarrass him. to show Taehyung and Jin just what he’s been drawing and laugh with them at his expense.

You’ve no intention of doing such a thing, though. For one, you’d probably find it just as mortifying as him, and two… well, you’re just not that mean. If Jungkook is harbouring a bit of a crush on you - which would make sense, all things considered - it’d be truly cruel of you to inform the entire world of it.

It’s with that mindset that you gently place the book back under the bed, smiling in a way that you hope is both reassuring and kind, and Jungkook must get the message that you’re trying to convey because his features start to gradually relax, his shoulders un-bunching as he slumps back against the wall. His slender lips send a small smile back to you, and for once he seems in no hurry to end the eye contact you’re enjoying, his sweet, hazel eyes staring back into yours. You watch as they slowly start to fill with a warmth that gradually becomes a heat, the smile slipping from his face as something more dark and primal enters his expression. You’ve never, ever seen Jungkook look at you this way before, and it sparks a fire in the pit of your stomach so hot that you’re unable to deny its presence.

Luckily, or unluckily, you’re unsure which, it’s at that moment Jimin and Hoseok happen to return. Hobi bursts into the room with no warning, surprisingly full of energy considering they’ve been out all night, throwing himself over the laps of all three boys with a shout and a ridiculous smile, well and truly interrupting whatever moment you and Jungkook were just having.
Jimin enters the room in a rather sedate pace by comparison, pushing his hair back from his face as his eyes scan the small space, obviously looking for you. He smiles when he spots you in your little corner, walking over and completely ignoring the fight that’s now broken out on the bed to offer you his hand.

“What’re you doing all the way down there?” he asks sweetly, helping you up and pulling you into his arms for a kiss that’s as passionate as it is fleeting.

“There wasn’t any space left,” you answer when he pulls away, embarrassed by how breathless he’s made you with just one little kiss. Jimin backs up, pulling you with him, and when he flops back heavily into Jungkook’s computer chair he pats knee, smirking suggestively up at you with an eyebrow raised. You climb into his lap obediently, wrapping your arms around his shoulders and snuggling into the crook of his neck, so glad that he’s home and safe and sound that you don’t care what the others might think of this gratuitous display of affection.

He wraps his arms around you too, running his fingers through your hair as he presses a kiss to your forehead and then murmurs softly into your ear,

“There’s always room for you on daddy’s knee, little kitten.”
Chapter 41

I know technically I'm a little late for wishing our ChimChim a Happy Birthday, but I'm gonna do so anyway. Here's to my favourite little bias-wrecker <3 <3

As furious as their little foray amongst Jungkook’s sheets happens to be, it doesn’t take the four boys long to calm down again once Jin begins to threaten them all with a variety of torture methods should one more pillow happen to dare strike his perfect face. They settle back into playing whatever game it is they were absorbed in before, Hoseok swiping a controller from Taehyung to make up for lost time, and though you and Jimin are more caught up in each other than anything else, you still notice Jungkook casting more than one fleeting glance your way.

“All straight forward?” You lean your head on Jimin’s, walking your fingers up and along the buttons of his black shirt. “I’m guessing it was, you’ve come back looking pretty clean.”

“Mm,” Jimin agrees, taking hold of your two fingers and then curling his hand around the entirety of yours, holding it to his chest, “I let Hobi take the lead tonight. The whole thing felt like more hassle than it was worth.”

“Ah,” you smile knowingly, looking over at Hoseok and noting the beaming smile on his face once more, “No wonder he’s in such a good mood then.” The soft tip of Jimin’s nose brushes against your cheek, rubbing back and forth as he tightens his grip on your side, pulling you in closer.

“We’re simple creatures. Love us and keep us well fed and we’re happy.”

“Is that vampires, or just men in general?” Jimin laughs, his adorable eyes pressing into a straight line as he does.

“Both, I think.” You grin, knocking your forehead gently into his.

“Any other tips on what makes a contented Jimin?”

“Hmm…” he muses, tapping his chin in an exaggerated scholarly expression that soon cracks into another smile. He leans in close so that he can speak directly into your ear, squeezing that hand that he’s still holding. “Plenty of sex certainly helps.” You scoff, shoving his chest to push him away with a chuckle, peeking at the others just to check they hadn’t overheard. You’re fairly sure Jin would be scolding you by now if he had, anyway.

“I’m already well aware of that,” you tease, lifting an eyebrow at him as he leans closer again, both of his arms settling around your hips as he shifts slightly underneath you.

“Just making sure,” he replies all too innocently, widening his eyes far more than they ever naturally rest, and damn it if he doesn’t look the very definition of cherubic. How’re you ever supposed to resist Jimin when he demonstrates each duality of his personality so well and to such devastating effect? You place a hand on his jaw, rubbing his cheek with your thumb as you lean in to kiss him, your lips already curved into a smile.
You don’t mean to the kiss to be more than a peck, but inevitably it ends up becoming more. It always does with you two. Jimin’s soft tongue brushes against your lips to gain entryway to your mouth, sliding inside as he kisses you sensually, unhurriedly, his hand eventually finding its way to push your hair back from your face and then resting there. A luscious heat starts to kindle deep in your pelvis, a quiet moan slipping from your lips when Jimin encourages your hip back and forth to gently rock you against his lap, just once.

“If you’re gonna fuck, can you maybe not do it in my chair?”

The sound of Jungkook’s voice snaps you out of the little bubble the two of you had created, your cheeks blazing with embarrassment as you quickly pull away from Jimin’s sinful mouth. You’d gotten so caught up that you’d entirely forgotten where you were and who you were with - though from the smirk gracing Jimin’s face you have the feeling he knew exactly what kind of a show you were putting on.

Jungkook’s back to looking like a sullen teenager, his doe eyes rolling as he returns his attention to the game, becoming progressively more irritated by the multitude of inane, nonsensical questions that Jin’s suddenly asking as a means to avoid engaging with any of this.

“Yeah guys, be fair,” Hobi laughs, finding the whole thing more amusing than anything else. “Kookie -ah already has to suffer through the audio - he doesn’t need the visual as well.” You’re momentarily distracted from your embarrassment by confusion, narrowing your eyes at Hoseok questioningly. He tosses his controller into Taehyung’s lap - who’s staring at you and Jimin with that wide-eyed, blank expression that he so often has - and grins devilishly at you. “Didn’t you ever wonder who’s room’s above yours?” No, you can’t say you ever had, but now you retrace your steps and think about the layout of the house… yep. Jungkook’s bedroom lies almost directly on top of yours and Jimin’s, and now even he’s starting to look embarrassed, his eyes fixed on the screen but sort of unfocused, like he’s looking but not really seeing.

You really think you’ve maxed out on humiliation at this point, your cheeks beetroot red as Jimin chuckles beside you, trying and failing to soothe you by gently rubbing your back, but when Hobi opens his mouth again your shame increases tenfold.

“Ah, daddy, please!” Hoseok pleads in a falsetto tone that’s clearly supposed to mimic your own, screwing up his face in mock pleasure, “Daddy, harder!” Someone please, please, just kill you now.

Mercifully Jungkook is quick to act. It’s Hoseok he hits, though, not you, smacking his forearm into the other’s stomach full force to shut him up, scowling hard. You interrupt Jin’s scandalised gawping by leaning forward from Jimin’s lap and reaching out your palm, requesting,

“Jin, a pillow please.” He slowly passes you one, regarding your murderous expression with concern, and once it’s firmly in your grasp you lob it full force at Hobi’s head, smirking when it hits him straight in the face and knocks him back to clonk his head against the wall.

“It’s not nice to kink-shame hyung ,” you hear Taehyung murmur as the sufficiently chastised vampire sits up, rubbing the back of his head but still smiling far too widely for your liking.

“Thank you, Tae,” you acknowledge, letting yourself sink back into Jimin’s arms as Taehyung turns those soft brown orbs of his back on you, his gaze so intense that it’s almost like he’s looking right through you.

“Alright, alright,” Hoseok chuckles, backing down and lifting his hands in surrender, “I’m sorry for embarrassing you, beautiful.” He throws in a roguish wink for good measure, one that has you
rolling your eyes fondly. It’s not like you could ever stay mad at him for more than five seconds anyway.

“You better be, or else I’ll be forced to disclose a few embarrassing details to Sam, too.”

“Pfft, you don’t have any dirt on me,” Hobi scoffs, his eyes then darting to Jimin nervously, “Does she, Jimin -ah?” You’ve never loved Jimin more than when he just shrugs, smiling a secret smile, playing along. You revel in Hoseok’s increasingly anxious expression, giggling as Jimin embraces you again, pulling you into a kiss that remains quick and fleeting this time around. The topic is swiftly dropped after that, their game recommencing in earnest as you and Jimin watch on, just enjoying your time together whilst it lasts.

Not ten minutes later, however, Jungkook huffs heavily and pauses the game, looking over to Taehyung.

“Dude, you suck right now. If you’re not gonna concentrate then let Hobi -hyung play again - even he doesn’t get his ass owned ten times in a row.”

“S-sorry,” Tae mumbles, passing the controller into Hobi’s waiting hands and then folding his own neatly in his nap, glancing across the room at you and then looking away, tonguing the corner of his mouth. You’re so busy watching him and wondering what’s wrong that you don’t feel Jimin leaning in to whisper in your ear until the words are already tickling against your skin.

“I think our little display earlier might’ve gotten Tae all hot and bothered, kitten.” He places a kiss on that softest of skin just behind your ear, sending a shiver through you just as Taehyung’s eyes flit back your way, fixing on your lips as they part. “Don’t tell me you haven’t noticed the way he’s been looking at you tonight.” You feel the rate of your pulse start to escalate as Jimin’s hand that had been lingering on your knee starts to creep upward under his friend’s watchful gaze, every inch he ascends slower than the last, intentionally trying to draw a reaction from Taehyung. It’s working, too; you can see his breathing getting harder even from here.

Of course, Jimin doesn’t actually reach the apex of your thighs. He does squeeze your leg though, hard, chuckling in a way that has goosebumps forming all along your arms.

“Would you like to ask me something?” he questions quietly, your eyes still locked with Taehyung’s save when his are travelling up and down the length of you. You bite your lip and when you do you notice the boy opposite you shift on the bed, his forearm coming to rest across his crotch, pushing down to discourage the erection that’s growing there, you presume.

You turn your head to look at Jimin, a thrill running through you when you see how lustful his expression has become, how heavy his eyelids look above his eyes.

“Can I go play daddy?” you ask softly, nuzzling your head into the crook of his neck to hide how coy you feel, pressing little, pleading kisses all along his creamy skin. Jimin doesn’t reply but you feel him shift underneath you, and when you look up you see he’s got his phone in his hand. Curious, you watch as he opens up a pre-existing chat between himself and ‘Taetae’ and then dexterously taps out a message with just his thumb.

‘Not in the mood to game tonight?’

Taehyung’s phone must be on vibrate because although you hear nothing, the blonde-haired vampire is suddenly reaching into his pocket to fetch out his phone, his eyebrows pulling down into a frown as he reads Jimin’s message. Before he can start to reply, your lover sends another.
'Or are there other toys you’d rather be playing with?'

You watch as Taehyung presses his lips together, his eyes flicking up from his phone to look first at Jimin and then you, his tongue coming out to wet his lips when he notices the flush on your cheeks. Jimin’s hand tightens on your hip as his friend shifts on the bed, his state of arousal becoming more and more obvious the longer he looks at you. Again, he starts to reply but Jimin doesn’t give him chance.

‘Go wait in your room. She’ll meet you there.’

Taehyung’s head jerks upward abruptly, his mouth hanging open as he looks to you for confirmation, eyes darting to Jimin like he can’t quite help doing so, and when you give a slight nod of your head you see him swallow, his Adam’s apple bobbing up and down in his throat. It’s only then that you realise that Hoseok, who’s sat next to Taehyung, has come to notice this silent exchange and is now reading curiously over the other’s shoulder just as Jimin sends a fourth and final message.

‘Make her cum for me Tae-ah. I want to hear her screaming from here.’

Hobi’s eyebrows shoot upward as he reads the message, his mouth falling open, and you have to resist the urge to hide your face in your hands as he then looks across the room to you. Taehyung hasn’t even realised he’s been caught out; he’s too busy shuffling off the bed and stuffing his hands in his pockets to conceal his erection as he stands.

“I’m not feeling well,” he announces, a little too loudly, and all the while Hoseok is smirking, unconcerned with hiding his amusement.

“Did you eat something you shouldn’t again, Tae-ah?” Jin asks, the concern on his face taking the edge off the chastisement in his tone. Tae shakes his head quickly, and this time when he speaks it sounds far more natural.

“No, it’s not that. I think maybe I’m just tired. Don’t worry about me hyung.”

“I’m sure he’ll be feeling fine again in no time,” Hoseok adds cheekily and you shoot him a glare before you can help yourself.

“Ok, well, goodnight,” Jin says, still regarding the other with something akin to suspicion but letting it go when Taehyung leaves, giving his wide shoulders a little shrug as Jungkook calls goodnight too.

Jimin’s been gently trailing his fingertips up and down your thigh the whole time this has been happening, keeping you fixed in a state of arousal that has you squirming on his lap as you simultaneously try to avoid meeting Hobi’s eyes - not an easy task, considering you can feel them boring into the side of your head.

“Hmm, you’re getting excited, aren’t you kitten?” Jimin whispers into your neck, repositioning you on his lap to better demonstrate just how hard he is, “I can smell it.” He places a teasing kiss on your shoulder and again it has you shuddering, a blush forming on your cheeks.

“Jiminnie, stop it,” you discourage quietly, trying to keep a straight face as he pushes his nose into your hair and tugs on your hips, pulling your ass into him.

“I can’t wait to fuck you once Taehyung’s done with you.” You bite your lip, feeling your underwear starting to dampen with arousal at Jimin’s whispered words. “Daddy’s little slut.”
Only by clamping down on your lip even harder do you stop a groan from escaping, and when you look up you’re mortified to see that even Hobi is starting to regard you darkly now, long having abandoned the game to leave Jungkook playing solo. He shouldn’t be looking at you like that - he’s your friend, your friend who’s dating your *best* friend - but you know he can’t help it. What else can you expect when he can hear you blood thundering excitedly through your veins? If Jimin can smell you it won’t be long till the rest of them can too, and maybe Hoseok already can judging by the way he inhales deeply and then slumps back against the pillows, licking his lips.

“All you can go?” you whimper, turning your head and kissing his pouty bottom lip, digging your fingers into his rock hard stomach through his shirt. He pulls back to look at you with the most delicious of smirks twisting his mouth, pausing for just a moment before tilting his head to the side and taking his hands off of you.

“Be good, kitten,” he tells you softly as you climb off his lap, all too aware of the stickiness between your legs as you cross the room toward the exit.

“You too?” Jin questions, making you pause.

“Yeah,” you answer shakily, wishing that Jungkook would’ve just carried on playing his game rather than now having four pairs of eyes lingering on you all at once, “It’s been a long night.”

“Sleep well then,” Jin smiles sweetly and when you mumble a thank you on your way out you catch Hobi winking at you from the other side of the bed, making you blush one more time before you pull the door shut behind you.

You actually have to take a moment to collect yourself once you’re out in the hall. Just a second where you lean against the wall, trying to catch your breath and prepare yourself for what you’re about to go and do.

This feels so different than before, scarier almost. When you'd slept with Jimin and Yoongi for the first time there’d been at least *some* feelings involved. None of it had been pre-planned either, not on your part anyway, so to be stood here looking at Taehyung’s door knowing if you go in there it'll be for one reason and one reason only is just... well, you can't quite get your head around it. It's so much easier when you're all wrapped up in the moment, when you're not thinking, just feeling, letting yourself get swept up in lust and desire. Logically, you know that that will inevitably end up happening if you can just stop being such a chicken and force yourself to take the first step. It's with that thought in mind that you finally manage to reach out and turn Taehyung’s door handle, taking a bracing breath as you do.

He looks up from where he's sat on the end of the bed as soon when you enter, his fingers continue to fidget in his lap even though he looks happy to see you.

“I’d thought maybe Jimin was just teasing me,” he says and you smile nervously as you close the door softly behind you. “There’s a lock at the top. You can...” Taehyung trails off when he notices you swallow at the suggestion, suddenly fumbling over his words as he rises from the bed. “Unless you don't want to. I just thought-“

“No... no it's a good idea,” you stammer, “Wouldn't want anyone walking in while we're...” It's you that trails off this time, trying not to blush at the mental image that pops into your head as you stand on your tip-toes to slide the bolt in place. When you turn around again Taehyung is suddenly a lot closer than before, his head tilted to the side as he regards you.

“You're so pretty Jagiya.." He reaches out to touch your face so suddenly that you actually flinch away, baulking, and Tae frowns, evidently confused by your unexpected rejection.
“Sorry,” you apologise, laughing stupidly at yourself as you tug at your sweater sleeves. God, your heart is pounding so hard. “I'm kind of nervous.” Taehyung doesn't smile but his eyes do soften as he looks down at you, and this time when he reaches out to take your hand you let him, even stepping forward a pace to bring you closer together.

“We won't do anything you're uncomfortable with, I promise,” he assures you, his long fingers lacing through yours. Taehyung’s taller than both Yoongi and Jimin, and you find yourself having to tilt your head far more to look him in the eyes. He really is handsome, though unlike the others it's in an odd, almost otherworldly way, like he's the product of someone's meticulous design - every beauty spot precisely placed to enhance his beauty.

You find yourself swallowing again, caught in his steady gaze.

“Tell me what you'd like me to do,” Taehyung encourages softly, and it's at that moment you realise just how much you're aching for him to touch you again, the memory of the last time still a potent one in your mind. Still, baby steps.

“We've never kissed before,” you reply after a moment, trying not to let your voice shake. How strange it is that this boy in front of you has had his fingers inside you before, but you've never even touched lips. “Kiss me?”

Taehyung doesn’t hesitate to fulfil your request. He steps forward till you're toe to toe, intertwining your remaining hands and then leaning in to kiss you sweetly. His kiss, too, is totally unlike those you've had before; his lips thinner than Jimin's but softer than Yoongi’s. He’s playful, teasing, withdrawing enough to make you chase after his lips and then surging forward again as soon as you do, giggling against his mouth.

It's you that deepens the kiss, your confidence bolstered by Taehyung’s happy-go-lucky approach to it all. He obligingly lets you explore the warmth of his mouth that’s so inviting, allowing you to take the lead and simply groaning when you bite gently on his bottom lip.

Instinct is taking over now. Whether it be Jimin or Yoongi or Taehyung, all of the basics are the same when it comes down to it. You know what to do now to make them feel good and the things that feel best for you too, and just the thought of getting to experiment in doing those things with a new play mate is getting you all hot and bothered, eager for more now that your nerves have faded.

Your hands have slipped out of his and have come to rest instead on the oversized grey t-shirt he’s wearing. Though you’re not trying to, you’re still able to feel the tautness of Taehyung’s lean stomach through the material, and knowing that that’s what’s lurking underneath all these expensive designer clothes, waiting to be unwrapped, just makes you want to see it for yourself all the more.

“Taehyung,” you murmur huskily against his mouth, grabbing at his belt loops, “Tae, take off your clothes.”

Chapter End Notes

URGGHH I'M SORRY YOU'RE NOT HAVING SEX YET >.<

I really hope you guys don't mind how long-winded I am with everything. I just enjoy writing the interaction with the others so much and adding more layers to their relationships and stories. I hope it doesn't come across as like... filler? Cus that's really not what it's intended to be.
Anyway, I really hope you enjoyed that, even if you didn't quite get into Taehyung's pants -just- yet <3 <3
Chapter 42

Taehyung is remarkably quick to respond to your request - was it a command? You're not sure - stepping away from you just enough to pull his t-shirt off and throw it elsewhere as you watch on hungrily. He's just as lithe as you were expecting him to be, somewhere in between Jimin and Yoongi in terms of frame but lacking the same kind of muscle that's bestowed on the former. His skin is flawless though, more akin to milky coffee than cream, and you find yourself irresistibly drawn to touch him, the palms of your hands placed flat on his chest as you regard him with something halfway between lust and wonder.

"Can I take this off?" Taehyung asks quietly, effectively pulling you out of your state of distraction by giving a tug to the front of your sweater.

"Seeing as you asked so nicely," you smirk, surprising yourself with how cocky you sound. It's like Jimin’s words are coming out of your mouth without you even meaning them to.

You see Tae lick his lips right before his face disappears, your sweater being tugged over your head and momentarily obscuring your vision, shivering when it hits the floor at your feet. You're braless underneath, and when your nipples meet the cold air they instantly start to harden, Taehyung’s intense stare only making the problem worse. His fingers twitch at his sides.

"You want to touch them Tae?" His mouth slightly parted, he nods just once. "Finish getting undressed for me first."

Where the hell is this coming from? You've never acted like this before - you've not even ever thought about acting like this before - but watching the way Taehyung starts to scramble to remove his pants, the way he bites his lip when you palm your own breast... yeah, this is definitely something you could learn to enjoy.

He steps out of his pants, and now it's you that's biting your lip as your eyes come to rest on the generous tenting of his tight grey boxers. There’s the biggest patch of pre-cum you've ever seen collecting at the head, and when Taehyung brushes his palm against his length, exhaling hard, you swear it gets even bigger.

"Those too," you say huskily, your voice hitching when you pinch your nipple between your thumb and forefinger, knowing just the pressure with which to do it to send pleasure jolting straight between your legs.

He hooks his thumbs into the waistband at your instruction and then drags them down, kicking them off to the side. When he straightens up and you catch full sight of him you audibly groan, squeezing your breast reflexively as you take him in.

Taehyung’s completely hairless, and this, along with the device that he's got wrapped around the
base of his cock, makes him look absolutely huge.

“Is that one of your toys?” you ask breathlessly, your eyes stuck on the throbbing, veiny length of him even as he walks back towards you. He immediately takes your breasts in both hands, rolling the soft flesh in his palms as he starts to kiss your neck hungrily.

“It's a cock-ring, jagi,” he informs you between kisses, “It’ll make me feel so good for you...” Oh, you don't doubt it.

“D-does it feel good for you too?” Your now unoccupied hand seems to develop a life of its own as you reach between your bodies, running a fingertip from the edge of the ring all the way to the tip, pre-cum oozing out onto your finger when you get there. Taehyung practically mewls as you do this, his thumbs roughly stimulating your nipples to bring you to the point of panting too.

“Yes…” You wrap your hand around the length of him, slowly starting to pump him up and down, smiling to yourself when he shudders. “So good…”

The kisses you share when you find his mouth again are rougher and needier than they were just five minutes ago, your tongue delving eagerly into his mouth and swallowing up every moan he makes. One of Taehyung’s hands leaves your breasts and delves downward, slipping under the waistband of your pyjama bottoms uninvited to immediately find his way to your core.

There's no teasing about it this time; his fingers sink directly into your wet heat, skewering you on them so roughly that you momentarily lose your mind, crying out and throwing an arm around his shoulder for support. Your hands start to work in time with one another's, your forehead pressed to his chest that's starting to perspire as you pant against it.

“You're so wet, so fucking wet,” Taehyung groans in those low, dulcet tones of his, and the noises coming from underneath your pyjama bottoms only serve to agree with him as he strokes at your insides.

“More,” you moan greedily, tugging at his cock in time with his fingers, and honestly you'd think you were being a bit too rough if it weren't for the groans of pleasure that accompany his every exhale. “More Tae, give me more.” He yanks your pyjama buttons down with his free hand, allowing you to open yourself up to accommodate a third finger and a thumb against your clit. Like this Taehyung manages to bring you to your high within seconds, your cries muffled against his chest whilst your legs threaten to give out from underneath you, awash with pleasure.

After taking your weight during that all too fleeting moment of ecstasy, Taehyung walks you over to his bed and sits you on the end of it, bending to kiss you just that little bit softer than before, his hands cradling your face. When you start to stroke his cock again he stands straight, his chest rising and falling heavily as you pay particular attention to the head, smoothing back his foreskin and smearing a generous helping of pre-cum around the sensitive skin underneath.

He stands there like that, head tilted back, lips parted, gratefully receiving the pleasure you so eagerly give, and you're trying so hard to burn this image of him into your memory that you can't tear your eyes off of him, not even for a second, even when you hear voices out in the hallway. The others must be heading to bed now too, though you pay them very little thought, far too wrapped up in trying to make Taehyung fall apart.

“Do you want-” He has to pause for a second, his teeth dragging along his bottom lip as you squeeze his length. “Do you want to see my other toys?” You nod enthusiastically, releasing him from your grip even though you're reluctant to do so. Leaning back on your elbows you watch with a tilted head as Tae walks to his closet, sliding open the doors and then squatting to rummage inside. He has
the kind of skinny boy butt that you just want to sink your teeth into, so petite and pert, and it takes an awful lot of willpower not to follow him over there to do just that.

Soon enough, Taehyung emerges from his closet with a black box in hand and an equally boxy grin on his face. It’s inconspicuous enough really - just a plastic box with clip fasteners that would never arouse any suspicion on first glance, but when he brings it over and opens it up, sat on the bed with the box between you, you have to try not to gawp. There’s all manner of goodies inside, some of which you recognise, some which you most definitely don’t, and suddenly all those nerves are coming back again, making you swallow hard as your eyes drift over a rather large anal plug.

You look up with flushed cheeks to find Tae watching you closely with those gorgeous brown eyes of his, evidently trying to gauge your reaction. Knowing that he’s waiting for you to say something you glance down into the box again, wetting your lips that have suddenly gone very dry.

“Tae… I’ve never tried anything like this before…” you confess slowly, hoping that he won’t be too disappointed by your lack of experience. Hell, before a few weeks ago you’d never had any experience with sex at all, let alone with whatever that… weird, egg-shaped thing is. Surprisingly Tae just smiles, letting his head flop to the side as he regards you.

“I don’t want to use them on you, Jagi,” he tells you, reaching across the space between you to cup your breast again, gently toying with your nipple as a confused frown graces your face. Why did he get them out then, if it wasn’t with the purpose of using them? “I want you to use them on me.”

Oh.

Your mouth pops open, breath hitching and body bucking when Tae pinches your nipple harshly. Well that… you don’t know how you feel about that. It’s particularly hard to form any coherent thought when he continues fondling you with those eager hands of his.

“Would you like that, Jagiya? Want to play with me?” You look back into the box, your eyes roving over all the different shapes and sizes and materials, and out of the corner of your eye you can see Taehyung starting to touch himself lightly. He hasn’t started soften during any of this, his cock still straining hard and upright, and you think that must be partly thanks to the cock-ring still sat snugly at its base.

Your hand is just reaching out to touch something that looks a little bit like a pair of small metal clips when Tae lets slip a deep moan, the sound of which hits you right between your legs. Suddenly, you’re very, very certain that yes, you really do want to play his games, especially if it means you can get him making more of those delicious noises.

“Tae… what’re these for?” you ask softly, lifting them out of the box. He opens his eyes - he’d let his head fall backwards with the slow, soft strokes he was bestowing on himself - and flashes you a smile when he sees what you’re holding.

“Nipple clamps.” You eye them suspiciously as you turn them over in your hands. To you they just look like they should hurt, what with the toothy grips on the end… but then maybe that’s the point?

“You want… do you want me to put these on for you?” you ask hesitantly.

“It doesn’t matter what I want,” he states matter-of-factly, his expression far too open and naive to match the things his hands are doing… the toys he likes to play with. Your eyes drift from his face to his nipples; they’re already hard, tiny buds that are an even darker shade of brown than his skin. You can’t help but wonder if they’d become red and swollen like his lips are under the teeth of the clamps… whether he’d whine when you put them on. God, Yoongi would hate these…” “Jagi,
please.” Taehyung’s tone is suddenly a little desperate, his cock twitching in his hand as he looks at you from under his thick eyelashes. “Whatever you want, I’ll do whatever you ask. Just use me.”

Hearing his breathy, needy pleas seems to flick some sort of switch inside of you, one that you never knew was there, and before you’ve even thought about what you’re doing you’ve shoved his box of toys from between you and you’re climbing onto his lap, nipple clamps in hand. You grab his wrist, pulling his hand off of his cock as you lean your weight against his chest to force him down onto the mattress. Taehyung’s hands end up above his head in a seemingly automatic gesture, one that has a thrill of pleasure running through you when you see it, smirking as you lower your mouth to his chest and start to litter him with wet, careless kisses.

It doesn’t take long for you to find your way to one of his nipples, and you’re not cautious with your tongue or your teeth as you start to flick and bite at it, already knowing that Tae will inevitably enjoy whatever pain you dish out. Indeed, his hips are starting to move restlessly beneath you, low groans of pleasure spilling out of him each time you bite just that little bit harder. Sitting up, you attach the first clamp to his spit-shined nipple, and the look of agony that crosses Taehyung’s face when you do makes your pussy clench around nothing, arousal starting to drip from you onto his thighs.

“You want the other one?” you ask breathily, and when he nods you immediately repeat the process with just as pleasant results. You take a minute just to pause and admire your work once the second one is attached, smiling to you at just how wrecked the boy beneath you looks. His breaths are shuddering, his head lolled to the side with his blonde hair in disarray, lips bitten to pieces, his eyes shut tight, cock leaking on his stomach. The urge to sink yourself down onto him and satisfy the fierce ache between your legs is almost overwhelming, but something holds you back.

You’re having too much fun to stop now. You want to see how far you can push before he’s begging for release, certain that you can have him moaning and groaning your name before you’ve even let him get inside.

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That’s a lie, and you know it is, but oh, if only your daddy could see you now. You’ve learnt so much from his example, you’re sure he’d be proud.

“Th-the beads,” he stammers, his eyes wider than usual, mouth remaining open with the ragged breaths he’s taking. He looks so pretty like this that you find yourself running a hand through his hair soothingly, pushing it back from his face in a gesture he seems to find comforting. “Th-the metal ones.”

You pull the box closer to you again, rummaging around in amongst all manner of items until you find the ones you think he means, lifting them out to dangle above his face.

“These?” His pink tongue prods at the corner of his mouth, gaze flicking from the toy to your face before he nods. They’re heavier than you expected them to be; a long line of metal beads that slowly increase in size as they move along the chain, smooth and cold to the touch. You’re not an idiot - you know what these are designed for - but as for actually getting started with them… you’re at a little bit of a loss.

Thankfully your new position of power allows you some flexibility. Instead of having to admit that
you don’t know what you’re doing you simply lean down to whisper in Taehyung’s ear.

“Get yourself ready, baby.” You nibble gently at his earlobe, pleased by the wanton groan that your words pull from his lungs. “I want to watch you do it.” With a great amount of willpower you climb off of his lap, remaining to kneel at the foot of the bed whilst Taehyung eagerly shimmies his way backward, leaning over to his bedside table to retrieve what turns out to be a bottle of lubricant that he squeezes liberally over the fingers of his left hand.

You’re transfixed, watching with a bounding pulse as that hand comes downward to nestle between Taehyung’s legs. He spreads them wider, his head falling back amongst the pillows as he strokes his perineum. Up and down, up and down, and then further down still, till his slippery fingers are pushing against his asshole and you’re reaching down to touch yourself too, the room full of the sounds of heavy breaths that belong to the both of you. He picks his feet up off the bed, giving you an all the more graphic view of the things he’s doing to himself, and you wait until he sinks one of his fingertips past that puckered ring of muscle before sliding a finger inside yourself too.

Both of you are moaning simultaneously, fingerling yourselves in union, and god, Taehyung’s sheets are going to be ruined by the time you’re done, your juices running down your thighs as you watch him stretch himself open, adding a second finger, whimpering into the pillow when he does so.

You can’t stand it any longer; you need to touch him again, you need to find some relief of your own. Crawling up the bed, you call his name and Taehyung lets his legs drop, craning his neck forward to look down at where you’re sat between his feet, He curses loudly when he sees what you’re doing with the anal beads, easing them in and out of your pussy to warm and lubricate them, and when you smirk back at him, allowing yourself a salacious moan, his head flops right back down into the pillow, his hips flexing up from the mattress. “You want these, Tae?” you ask, withdrawing them from yourself to press the blunt curve of the smallest ball against his perineum.

“Please,” he groans, his body tipping from side to side like he’s trying to wriggle after it when you drag the metal across his hole. Gingerly you apply a little pressure, testing the resistance and biting your lip when Taehyung hisses. “Please, put it in, Jagi, please.” Hushing him, you spare a modicum of pity and start to palm his cock again, stroking the length of him as you gradually ease the first bead inside, and then the second, and then the third, and with each ball that slips inside Taehyung whimpers and cries, twitching in your hand. By the time the toy is fully inserted he’s practically tearing at his own hair, the heels of his hands pressed into his eyes, legs shaking on either side of you.

“Are you ok?” you check quietly, placing a gentle kiss on his knee and ceasing all motion for a moment, concerned that it’s all becoming a little too much.

“Mm-m ok,” he answers after a brief pause, barely able to speak he’s so breathless and keeping his eyes covered. “Feels so g-good.” Again his cock twitches, the whole length of it throbbing and starting to look painfully swollen, the head an angry red from where it’s emerging above your fist.

Sufficiently reassured you begin again, withdrawing the beads almost entirely before thrusting them back inside, and every time you do it’s almost like you can feel it yourself, your pussy aching so badly that you could cry. Taehyung looks like he’s beginning to fair no better, either, his lips nearly bleeding from how badly he’s been biting them, his cries becoming more and more desperate each time he’s breached.

There’s no pre-cum left to seep from him anymore, but what remains you lean over and begin to lick from him, moaning as you suckle soothingly on the head of his cock, and it’s at this point Taehyung
breaks.

“I can’t, Jagi, I can’t take anymore,” he tells you, his voice hoarse, eyes filling with tears as he removes his hands only to have you take them both, threading your fingers through his. “I need to cum, please, please let me cum, it hurts, Jagiya.”

“Ok, ok,” you soothe, climbing across him to sit astride his hips, smothering his continuing pleas with the softest, gentlest of kisses until you feel him start to calm, his grip on your hands starting to loosen, his muscles starting to go lax underneath you. “It’s ok.” You smile tenderly at him, releasing his hands to first stroke his face and then remove the ring that’d brought him so much pleasure and pain. He sighs in relief as it comes off and once again you kiss him, suddenly full of affection, wanting to touch him all over but no longer tease.

“You’ve been such a good boy, Taehyung,” you praise, smiling when you hear him hum happily into your next kiss. You reach down between your bodies, only now realising how badly your hands are shaking as you line up the tip of his cock with your entrance.

“Please,” he whispers, and that’s enough for you to finally give in, allowing yourself what you both so desperately want by sinking onto him in one exquisite motion. The feel of him stretching you open, the way your walls clench around him, just finally feeling full, it’s enough to have you falling forward to bury your head in the crook of his neck, stammering a string of nonsensical curses. You can’t wait to allow yourself time to stretch, to accommodate; you’re too desperate for that, and so is he.

“Taehyung,” you gasp, rocking your hips back and forth, your fingers threaded in his hair, “Tae, make me cum, fuck me, please.” You’re past the point of no return, no longer able to remain the dominant one, to be the one in control - you need him to take over, to wreck and ravage you until you can’t take a minute more and luckily, he obliges. His hands settle on your hips, grabbing at you as he starts to slam up into you from underneath, and god, it feels so good that you know you won’t last long, not after how long you’ve waited for this moment.

“So good, so good,” you hear him groaning between pants, his face turning to press against your hair, “Feels so good, Jagi, fuck.”

Writhing on top of him, chasing your orgasm on his cock as it pounds against your g-spot, you start to suck on his neck, leaving dark, purple bruises to show where you’ve been. It’s the only way to stop yourself from screaming, and honestly, you love the way he’s moaning in agony, only fucking you harder in response to the added pain.

“Tae, Tae-ah, ah, I’m gonna cum, shit, I’m gonna-” That’s all you can manage before it suddenly rips through you, the strength of it almost knocking you out as pleasure floods through your body, crying out and grabbing onto whichever part of him you can reach first. He’s right behind you, too, moaning your name, begging you for something.

“Pull it out, when I- ah- please!” Through the haze you realise what he wants you to do just in time to do it, mindlessly sitting yourself up and reaching behind where you’re joined to grasp the end of the anal beads, all the while his cock still hammering into you, your engorged clit brushing on his pubic bone, and as you yank the beads out you feel it growing again, your nerve endings screaming with ecstasy.

“God!” you shout, another orgasm roaring through you even stronger than the last as Taehyung finds his release too, spilling his load into you pulse after pulse as you contract around him, both of you moaning helplessly as you hold onto each other lest you fall apart. There’s one all-consuming thought that runs through your jumbled mind as you and Tae catch your breath, enjoying a quiet, post-coital embrace in which he’s pressing soft, affectionate kisses against your neck.
If this is what all play dates with Taehyung are like, you're definitely going have to schedule another one.

Chapter End Notes

OK. SO. I want LOTS of feedback from this chapter, for two reasons which I shall hence list forthwith.

1) I'm super insecure about my subby Tae and I've never written a guy as being sub before and I've never written about using toys so this whole chapter has me like AHHHHH *self doubt*

2) I've totally spoiled you by updating less than 24 hours later so just... y'know... gimme *grin*

But no, in all seriousness, there's no obligation, but I really would like to know what you thought of it if the urge so takes you. Love you guys <3 <3
“That was fun.” Taehyung’s grinning at you as he comes back to bed with a washcloth in each hand for you to both clean up, and you take it with a grateful smile, sitting up and trying to find a dry spot to put yourself in.

“Certainly was,” you agree, eyeing up the marks that you’ve left littering his neck and cringing a little at the sight of them. “Sorry about those.” He frowns slightly, not realising what you mean until you gently touch his throat when he leans over to take the cloth back.

“Oh.” He gives a breathy laugh, glancing at the floor bashfully before throwing the soiled laundry into his hamper and sitting next to you on the bed. “I’ve come home with worse, don’t worry.”

You can’t believe how self-confident he is, sitting cross legged with everything on display the way he is. He seems almost oblivious to his state of undress, totally unashamed, and why should he be, looking the way he does? You’re a little envious really; even though you’ve just slept together you’re still too self-conscious to lie there totally exposed - you struggle to do that still with Jimin, nevermind Tae - so you tug the bedsheets upward to cover yourself, smiling sheepishly.

“Was that from the ‘club’ you go to?” you ask, remembering what Jimin had told you before, ignoring the way Taehyung now looks like he’s trying to stare right through the sheet that’s wrapped around your frame. Jeez, he’s insatiable.

“Not really. Don’t worry, Jimin didn’t give me any of the details.” Taehyung looks thoughtful for a minute, and curious as you always are, you can’t help but delve further, “Is that where you got into all… this stuff?” Slowly, he nods.

“It’s not really a club… more like a safe space for people who like that kind of thing… BDSM, pet play…” he pauses, visibly hesitating for a moment before smiling slightly and adding, “Daddies and littles.” You blink, feeling colour rush to your cheeks at even the mention of it. You’d kind of hoped no one would ever bring it up again, but you’d rather it was him than Hobi or Jin… or worse yet, Jungkook.

“Don’t be embarrassed,” Taehyung says quickly, noticing the way your hands are creeping upward to cover your rosy face, “You’re really lucky; I’ve always thought Jimin would make a good daddy.”
He doesn’t seem to realise what he’s said until you start to giggle, and when he does his eyes broaden and he shuffles on the bed nervously, twisting his torso to face yours more directly. “Don’t tell him I said that.”

“His ego doesn’t need inflating any further,” you smile, leaning your shoulder against Taehyung’s. Both of your bodies are still slightly sticky after your earlier exertion; you really should hop in the shower as soon as possible. “I won’t say anything.”

“Thanks.” He grins, scrunching his eyes together, and he looks so sweet that you can’t help but press a quick, affectionate kiss against his cheek, the remnants of which he presses his fingertips to when you pull away.

“Is that… do you-um-do you have one?” You shouldn’t be nearly so shy about asking him about these things, considering what you’ve just done, but still here you are blushing again and tripping over your words when it comes to anything too risqué.

“A daddy?” He shakes his head, smiling once more. “Nah, but I do have a mommy.”

“A mommy?” You have to try not to choke as you blurt the words out. You’re not sure why it even comes as a surprise anyway; if ‘daddies’ are a thing then it just makes sense that ‘mommies’ are too.

“Uh-huh,” he nods, “She calls me baby boy.” Taehyung says it with so much innocence, so plainly, that it almost makes you feel stupid for being so taken aback by it. Maybe it’s because he is what he is - a predator, a killer - and even though he was fairly submissive with you just now, the idea of him being dominated in the same way Jimin dominates you… it just seems like the most unlikely the world.

“Does she, your mommy, does she know about you?”

“About these?” Taehyung draws his lips back and tilts his head back for a second to expose his long, pointed fangs. He usually keeps them so well hidden that this is the first time you’ve ever seen them, and it sends a thrill and a shudder down your spine. “No. The whole reason I first started going there was to help control that side of me.” You tilt your head curiously, hoping he’ll explain further. “I had a bit of a… problem not long after we were first turned.”

“A problem?” For once Tae looks mildly uncomfortable, folding his hands together in the space between his knees and looking away for a second.

“I killed… a lot of people, Jagi,” he confesses slowly, deep voice muttering out the words so quietly that you almost don’t hear. “The others were always smarter than me… they knew we’d get into trouble if we took more than we needed just to survive but…” He licks his lips, lifting his troubled eyes from the bed to look back at you, “It was too easy, and I liked it.” A slightly glazed, far off look enters Taehyung’s expression for a moment, like he’s lost in a memory, and it isn’t until you shift uncomfortably under the weight of his eyes on your throat that he seems to remember himself, looking away. “The whole town found out about us, and it was all my fault.”

There’s a short silence in which neither of you can seem to stand to look at one another. You can tell he feels guilty about it - all you need to do is look at the slump of his shoulders to see that - so after a moment you resolve to let it bother you no further. He’s not that person anymore anyway. Taehyung could’ve killed you whilst you were in his arms with no effort at all if he’d have felt so inclined but he didn’t, and you trust him enough to know he’d never do anything to hurt you, regardless of how checkered his past might be. Not ever.

“What does that have to do with the club?” you ask, trying to move the conversation past the point of
generating so much remorse.

“It was Namjoon-hyung that told me I should try it, after we ran and ended up here.”

Why does that not surprise you? If there was going to be anyone that knew about that sort of lifestyle it feels appropriate that it’d be him. Your mind starts to drift for a moment, wondering just how extreme Namjoon’s tastes might be. If he’s willing to kill during sex you can’t really imagine him having much of a problem with else, no matter how kinky or depraved.

“He thought it’d help me control my urges… give me a different outlet.” You give your head a little shake, turning your attention back to Tae after you realise you’d been staring off into space, all kinds of images playing in your head that you don’t want to admit having even to yourself.

“Wouldn’t it make more sense for you to be the more dominant one, then?” you ask and Taehyung smiles a little.

“Probably, but I wasn’t disciplined enough for that. If I hadn’t have been muzzled and restrained like I was it wouldn’t have been safe, and once I tried it…” He shrugs loosely, that smile of his growing, “Well, it worked.” Once again your mind wanders, asking yourself why Jungkook hasn’t resorted to trying anything like that before now if it really helps the way Tae’s saying it does, and now your brain’s full of images of that, too.

Man, living here really has corrupted your once such innocent mind, hasn’t it?

“Well,” you smile after dragging yourself out of the gutter of smut you’re wallowing in, “I’m glad you found something that helped.”

“Me too,” he grins back, all his pearly teeth showing, fangs included. Could this sweet boy really have been such a killing machine? Out of all of them Taehyung looks like the most unlikely, with his soft eyes and faraway look, but perhaps that’s what made him so deadly? You can certainly imagine how he could lull you into a false sense of security and convince you to let your guard down before making his deadly strike.

Taehyung says no more after that, swivelling around on the bed to grab the TV remote from his bedside table and put away the lubricant at the same time. It’d be so easy to just lie back and get comfy, watch some TV and fall asleep like your tired eyes are telling you to, but instead you force yourself up and out of bed, retrieving your clothes off the floor.

“I’d better go,” you tell him, pulling on your pyjama bottoms with a regretful smile, “Jimin’ll be waiting for me.”

“Ok,” he replies, quite contented as he slumps back and starts to flick through the channels, and therein lies the difference between your relationship with Taehyung and with Yoongi. Tae’s not interested in your affection - he just wants to have fun - whereas Yoongi… Yoongi holds onto you like he never wants to let you go. You ignore the pang of longing that hits you square in the chest, pulling on your sweater and readying yourself to leave.

“I really did have fun,” you smile and Taehyung grins back, flopping his head to the side against the wall.

“Me too, Jagiya. Hope you can come play again.”

“I hope so too.” You’re about to turn to leave when your eyes happen to drift over Taehyung’s little box of treasures where it’s still resting at the foot of the bed, and without meaning to you find yourself walking over to have another look inside, knitting your eyebrows together thoughtfully.
Those metal beads would definitely be too big for you, but maybe…?

You take out a smaller set made of black plastic and lift them up so Taehyung can see what you’re holding, trying not to blush as you ask,

“Mind if I borrow these?”

When you get back to Jimin’s room you half expect him to already be asleep. He’s always tired when he comes back from an assignment and the lights are turned off inside, only the glow of the TV illuminating the otherwise darkened room, but as soon as the door opens far enough to reveal the length of the bed you realise your presumption was wrong.

Jimin’s sat bolt upright against the headboard in just a pair of sweats, Nova curled up in a ball on his lap, and you can hear her purring even from across the room as his fingers rake through her fur. He’d been absorbed in watching something when you first arrived, but the moment he hears your quiet footsteps all of Jimin’s attention is focused solely on you, a light smirk gracing his face.

“Did you and Tae have fun?” he asks softly, his watchful eyes studying your every step as you approach the bed, unable to hold back a brief yawn.

“Mmhm.” You climb onto the bed next to him, crawling along feeling even more tired than you did before now that you’re back here with Jimin, where you belong, his one arm extending outward to usher you into the space at his side, and the way you slot so in perfectly against him makes it feel like you were always designed to. Nova seems to disagree though, apparently, getting up the very moment you start to invade her space to stretch, hopping down from the bed with a thud and disgruntled mewl. Well, good riddance anyway. As much as you love her you’re fairly sure Nova prefers the company of male vampires over yours - well, with the exception of Taehyung, anyway.

“So tired…” you mumble, pressing your face into his bare chest, relishing the scent of him as you snuggle in with your eyes tightly closed.

“I’ll bet you are.” You feel Jimin’s lips press against against your hair in a fleeting kiss, his fingers trailing through the length of it, and for a little while he lets you drift blissfully halfway into slumber before waking you all too soon with a low, stern whisper. “You’re forgetting about our second rule, kitten. Am I going to have to punish you again?”

And just like that you’re suddenly awake - as much as you possibly can be anyway, your blurry eyes still half closed as you force yourself to sit up a little straighter in his arms.

“Sorry daddy…” you apologise meekly, once again trying and failing to hold back a yawn, “I’m just… I’m so tired after my piano lesson and the gardening and then staying up late with Taehyung…”

Jimin’s clearly having none of your excuses; you can tell just by the stern expression on his face, the one that thrills and frightens you all at the same time. He tilts his head to side, narrowing his eyes, and you have to try very hard not to let yourself get distracted by just how devastatingly beautiful he looks when the artificial glow coming from the TV screen highlights his profile just so.

“I don’t see how that’s my problem.” Before you’re able to figure out what he’s doing Jimin’s already gripped your sweater in both of his hands and pulled it off only to then fling it onto the floor with dark, lustful eyes. “You know the rules. It’s not daddy’s fault that you’re such a greedy little girl.” As he speaks Jimin grabs a hold of the back of your neck, his fingers wrapping possessively around your collar and squeezing lightly, and it’s with that grip that he drags you towards him, slamming your mouth into his to kiss you with so much ferocity that it takes your breath away.
What hope did you ever have of resisting him?

He pushes you onto your back to lean over you, pinning you with his weight as his tongue delving hungrily into your mouth, and even though you’re beyond exhausted your body still starts to wake and quiver with excitement under him.

“Did he make you cum?” Jimin asks between the messy, frantic kisses he starts to trail down your throat, his voice coming out needier and breathier than usual. Perhaps he’s not in quite as much control as he might have initially appeared to be.

“Yes,” you moan, your hips flexing as he passes his hand under the waistband of your bottoms to head straight between your legs. You cling onto his shoulders, trying not to shout when he starts to rub roughly at your clitoris - you’re still so sensitive that it’s almost unbearable, your toes curling into the sheets.

“How many times?” He’s kissing your collarbone now, scraping blunt, harmless teeth along the bone, a manic look in his eyes as he watches your face for every little flicker of reaction.

“Two times, two.”

“Then you owe me at least two more.” He removes his hand from your bottoms and focuses on stripping you of what little clothing remains, not waiting for you to lift your hips to ease the way, just yanking them off whist his mouth is busy abusing your breast. You’d completely forgotten about what was tucked away safely in your pocket, pre-occupied as you are, so it’s only when you hear the light thud of your borrowed toy hitting the floor after rolling off the bed that you remember even bringing it with you at all.

Jimin must hear the noise too, because suddenly he’s sitting up and pausing to lean over the side of the bed, a curious look on his face. It gives you precious seconds to try and catch your breath as you stare at the ceiling, hands in your hair, just waiting for his reaction whilst you will your body to calm down a little. You’re never going to survive this if you remain so over-sensitive.

“What’re these, kitten?” Jimin asks, straightening up and bringing with him the anal beads. He lets them dangle above your stomach from where he’s sat between your legs, a smirk on his face and his eyebrows raised.

“I borrowed them from Taehyung…” you murmur quietly, biting your lip. His smirk only grows as you speak, his eyes flicking down to look between your legs and then back to your face, pupils even more dilated than they were before.

“He used these on you?” Slowly you shake your head, and part of you delights in the look of surprise that briefly passes over Jimin’s face, momentarily breaking his composure. “On him?” You nod, smiling slyly. Jimin’s head tilts back for a second, his lips pressing together to hold back a groan, and when he meets your eyes again he looks positively *feral*, so consumed with desire you’re not sure if he’s planning on fucking or eating you first. “You’re such a dirty, dirty girl,” he snarls, keeping the toy in hand but grabbing you by the backs of your knees to yank you towards him and pull your legs apart, dipping his head. “I fucking love it.”

Jimin’s face disappears between your legs. He plunges his tongue inside the slickness of your pussy and groans as he begins to eagerly eat you out, his hands wrapped round the backs of your thighs to keep you close. Your back arches from the mattress, biting your lip to hold back a moan, and though you’re almost completely lost to the pleasure radiating from your core, some small part of your mind is still fixating on the fact that Jimin’s tongue is thrusting inside where Taehyung’s cock was only half an hour before. Can he taste him there? Strange as it is, the thought of it only turns you on
“Tastes so good,” he hums into you, an obscene, wet slurping sound reaching your ears when he sucks harshly on your clitoris. You whisper his name breathlessly, your hands placed on each of your blazing cheeks in hopes of cooling them down as a war rages inside your body, caught somewhere between wanting more and telling him to stop because you’re so, so sensitive down there. Not that you’re sure he’d listen anyway - you knew the rules, after all.

Jimin’s tongue slips back inside your core, pleasuring you there until you’re mewling quietly again, and then suddenly his mouth starts lavishing attention elsewhere, moving downward, lapping across your perineum and then -

“Oh!” Your body automatically bucks away at the foreign feel of Jimin’s pouting lips pressing a light kiss against your puckered hole. He momentarily pauses, peeking up at you past your pubic bone with a slalacious smile.

“My turn to play now, kitten,” he says softly, your glistening wetness smeared across his lips, “Gonna taste every little bit of you, ok?” You swallow nervously, knowing what that means without him actually needing to say the words. It means a lot to you that he waits for you to haltingly nod, biting down on your bottom lip. Rough he may be, but you know Jimin would never do anything to you that you didn’t want him to, and he flashes you a sweet, genuine smile for just a second before his eyes darken again.

He returns to your core for just a little while, soothing your nerves with gentle licks and kisses before he slowly slips lower again. Tentatively, he starts to lap at you with the flat on his tongue, and with each stroke it gets a little bit easier to fight that instinct to pull away. You’re surprised at how quickly the strange feeling starts to get good, actually, and when Jimin starts to rub your clitoris at the same time you soon start moaning again, breath hitching in your throat when the tip of his tongue starts to apply a gentle, persistent pressure.

It’s as you hide your face behind your hands, panting, that Jimin gets his first taste of you there, too. You can’t believe you’re letting him do it, writhing around on the end of his tongue wondering how on earth it can feel so good. Jimin seems to be enjoying it too; you can hear quiet, approving moans coming from between your legs, the sound of which only adds to the pleasure you’re feeling.

Something cold suddenly breaches your core, slipped inside with no prior warning, and it takes you a moment for your scrambled mind to figure out that what’s being dragged in and out of you is the anal beads that Jimin had been keeping clutched, ready and waiting, in his free hand. Great minds clearly think alike - he’s using your wetness to lubricate them as he simultaneously readies you wish his tongue - and once both are ready he sits up to kneel between your legs, wiping his mouth as he presses the tip of the beads against your hole.

“You ready to know what these feels like?” he asks in that silky smooth voice of his, biting his lip at the flush of blood visible on your cheeks and chest. You nod again, eagerly this time, whimpering when Jimin makes you lift your feet from the bed, folding you in half and then grabbing your left buttock to spread everything apart so he can watch everything. It’s so undignified but you really don’t care, not when you’re so focused on the feel of that first bead slowly pushing it’s way inside.

You gasp as it suddenly slips in; there’s a stretch and burn as it pushes past that tight muscle, quickly fading into a dull throbb of pleasure.

“Yes?” Jimin checks, palming and squeezing the flesh of your bottom in a way that feels soothing, comforting.
“Mmhm,” you answer shakily, the sound muffled by your hands, and Jimin takes that as his cue to push the second one inside as well. This one is bigger and feels even more intense, your legs starting to shake where they’re hanging in mid-air, and when the third and fourth balls slip in in quick succession the entirety of your pelvic floor clenches tight, your growing arousal slipping down between your buttocks to coat Jimin’s fingers where they’re lingering, holding onto the toy.

“God, look at you,” you hear Jimin say, his tone so soft it sounds almost worshipful, “How does that feel, kitten? Your pretty little ass looks so good all stretched out.”

“Feels so... f-full,” you stutter as he slowly slides them almost all the way out and then back in again. There’s no other way you can think to describe it; it feels so good that when he starts to slip his fingers inside your pussy at the same time the only word you can think of is ‘heaven’. “Jimin,” you whimper, twisting your head to press your face against the pillow, your whole body throbbing with need, “Daddy, please, I need you so much.”

“You want me to fuck this pussy?” Jimin asks huskily, the pace of his fingers and the toy both increasing as he thrusts them into you, “I bet you want the toy, too, don’t you? You’re so fucking greedy.”

“Yes daddy, please,” you beg, frustrated that you can’t see him past your legs but knowing he must be doing something because suddenly everything stops and you feel the bed shifting. Even though he’s not moving the beads anymore you can still feel them there, your muscles pulsing around them as pleasure and want throbs in aching waves through your core.

Jimin appears above you, grabbing onto your knees to hook his legs over your shoulders, his lips swollen, eyes hooded, and you only get a second of warning when the tip of his cock lines up with your folds before he thrusts it savagely inside. He doesn’t give you chance to rest, pulling back immediately and then slamming in again, over and over, throwing his head back in soundless pleasure. The wet sound of skin slapping on skin is pornographic, especially when you start to mewl along, short, sharp high-pitched yelps of pleasure falling from your lips every time his cock slams into your cervix.

At some point your stare that had been fixed on the prominent veins in Jimin’s neck drifts upward to the ceiling, moaning your loudest moan yet before suddenly shoving your hands over your mouth when Hoseok’s voice pops into your head uninvited, reminding you who’s room is above you right now. Jungkook will be able to hear every bit of this if you’re not careful, you’re sure of it, so you make a conscious effort to keep quiet, biting your lip, hand still pressed to your mouth to muffle your cries because no matter what you do, you just can’t stop them from coming.

Unfortunately, Jimin has other ideas. As soon as he spots what you’re doing he reaches down and yanks your hand off your mouth, snarling,

“Those moans are mine, and I want to hear them.”

“But… but Ju-ungkoo-ok, ahhh,” you garble, smothering a cry when he reaches down and starts to rub your clitoris, your legs bouncing on his shoulders from the harshness of his thrusts.

“Don’t pretend like you don’t love the thought of him hearing you,” Jimin growls, his pace never faltering even as he speaks, “You want him to hear what a slut you are for my cock, don’t you?”

God, he’s right. Even as he says it a fresh jolt of pleasure shoots down your spine, making you twist and whimper underneath him. “Say my name, kitten, let him hear you.”

“Jimin!” you moan, pushing your hips up to meet his as you squeeze your eyes tight. Apparently you weren’t loud enough, or else you got it wrong, because suddenly Jimin’s hand strikes,
your ass so hard that it stings and burns, the force of it shifting the beads inside you, too.

“Try again!”

“Daddy!”

The carpeted floor between his room and yours does very little to muffle the sounds coming from below. Your sweet, pleasure-wrecked cries find Jungkook’s sensitive ears just fine, and he groans to himself as he hears them, increasing the pace of his hand as it tugs harshly on his cock. He pretends that it’s him that’s pulling those sounds from your soft, open mouth - his cock that’s plunging into you over and over and over again - unable to even to imagine how perfect you’d feel wrapped around him.

Jungkook knows how wet you can get - he’s seen and smelt it for himself, after all - and now he closes his eyes to picture how your pussy would look stretched out around his cock, how warm and soft it’d feel, how it’d welcome him in and how you’d beg him to never leave. He’s so painfully hard as he listens to you, the veins on his cock throbbing under his hand, ready to blow even though he’s only been touching himself for a couple of minutes at most.

He’d tried so hard to resist, especially after you’d found out earlier that his room is so close to yours, but he never can. It always makes him feel so dirty, getting off to the sound of his hyung fucking you, but guilt-ridden or not he still does it, touching himself to the sound of your moans every damn time. Part of him wonders if you want him to hear - surely if you didn’t you’d be making more of an effort to be quiet, especially now you know?

But no, you’re crying out just as loud as ever, maybe even louder, and it makes Jungkook grind his teeth with arousal and frustration, clenching his jaw as he squeezes his palm around himself. You’re such a fucking cock tease. He hates the effect you have on him, that you have on all of them, but as much as he wants to despise you Jungkook still wants to fuck you even more. He wants to fuck you and feed from you, sink his teeth into you as you cum, and in his lust-drunk haze he tells himself he wouldn’t care if he drank too much, if he drained you dry. You deserve it for making him this way, for turning him into such a pervert, one who replays that look he saw on your face as you came in his mind over and over again.

Jungkook’s done this enough now to be able to tell when you’re close from just the sound of your cries alone. The tell-tale signs are all there; as Jimin starts to groan your noises are only getting higher in pitch, the bed thudding rhythmically against the wall - honestly, how can you not have known someone would hear you? - and now you’re begging, a moan of ‘daddy, daddy please!’ preceding every plea for him to give you more.

Jungkook’s hand starts to pick up speed, stroking himself even faster as he imagines being the one able to give you exactly what you’re asking for, whispering to himself under his breath as he gets off.

“Yeah…” he groans, biting down on his lip as he squeezes himself again, trying to stop himself cumming too soon. He wants to wait until you do, wants to imagine that he’s covering you in his cum, all over your pretty face. “Mmff, that’s it, babygirl, take it… Sh-shit.”

He can’t hold back any longer, not when you’re moaning the way you are, crying out so loud he’d be surprised if the whole house didn’t know you’re about to cum. The rhythmic banging of the bed is faltering but you’re still crying out with every thrust of the hips Jungkook pretends are his own, pushing up forcefully into his hand, and when you finally cum he lets himself go too.

Hot, thick ropes of cum spurt from him to spill out all over his stomach as he throws his head back,
and if it weren’t for the sounds you and Jimin are making you’d probably be able to hear Jungkook’s own. He groans indulgently, your name pouring from his lips as he comes down from the high of his orgasm into the shame that awaits him all too quickly. Still, he milks it for all that he can, stroking his softening cock until the sensitivity makes it too unbearable to carry on. It doesn’t matter how many times he cums to the thought of you, it never feels enough and he never feels satisfied - not when you’re down there and he’s up here.

By the time he’s come back to bed with his sweatpants on and a clean stomach he can hear the two of you talking below, your voices too quiet now to make out the words, but whatever it is that Jimin says, it quickly makes you being to giggle. It’s such a sweet sound, one that has Jungkook smiling at the ceiling for a second before the pang of longing in his chest becomes too strong, turning that smile into a frown.

When Jungkook falls asleep later that night to the sound of your voice he’s lying on his side, his arm dangling off the side of the bed so his fingertips touch the carpeted floor; reaching out for you even in his dreams.

Chapter End Notes

Also, thank you SO MUCH for the sheer amount of comments on the last chapter. You were so lovely and reassuring, and I appreciate it more than you know. I asked, and you delivered above and beyond.

Love you <3 <3
Chapter 44

Chapter Notes

Ah guys, I’m so sorry it’s taken me so long to get this chapter done. Work has been just... crazy the past week or so and I’ve really struggled for time to write.

But here it is, better late than never eh? I hope you like it <3 <3

“Nova, don’t go wandering off too far please.” You crane your neck to peer through the bushes, watching her butt waggle and her tail swish as she saunters off into the distance. Why you’re bothering to appeal to her better nature you’ll never know; she probably doesn’t even understand a word you’re saying, but at least you can actually see her now. You’d spent forever threading LED fairy lights through the bushes surrounding the fountain area a couple of nights ago, and though it was a fiddly task you’re glad you took the time to get it done. It’s both pretty and practical, and thanks to their soft and subtle glow you’re able to see what you’re doing instead of having to just root around blindly in the dark.

You’d gotten up early anyway - apparently plant nurseries don’t deliver during the night - so you’d managed to get a lot done whilst the sun was still up. It was nice, actually, spending some time in the daylight. It wasn’t particularly warm - it’s almost November, after all - but the evening sun had still felt nice as its pale rays shone across your face. Maybe you should start taking some kind of Vitamin D supplement? This nocturnal schedule probably isn’t doing you much good in the long run…

You take a momentary pause, sitting back on your heels and pulling off your gardening gloves to give your hands a chance to breathe. You’ve been doing this for hours and now everything’s starting to ache: your back, your thighs, your butt. Being a little bit of a perfectionist at heart you don’t like to start a job and leave it unfinished, so even though you’re sore you’ve managed to keep on going, welcoming plant after plant into their new homes amongst the flower beds.

You’re so busy looking down at your phone and skipping through your song playlist that you don’t realise anyone’s approaching you until their feet have already entered your field of vision. Your gaze drifts up from black timberland boots to tight black jeans that are ripped at the knees, up past an oversized grey t-shirt and matching grey scarf wrapped around a slender neck to finally rest on Namjoon’s bemused face. He lifts an eyebrow at you as you scramble to pull out your earbuds and stand, brushing off your knees to close at least a little bit of the height between you. Clearly you’ve underestimated just how badly your legs have seized up because halfway to standing you almost get a little bit stuck, having to push on your thighs with a groan to make it all the way up, a sight that Namjoon seems to find most amusing.

“Hey Joonie,” you greet, ignoring the smirk resting on his face as you rub your hands together, “What brings you out here?”

“Just come to see how you’re getting along, Jungkook -ah said you’d had some kind of… delivery?” He looks around at all the work you’ve done, his second eyebrow rising to meet the first.

“He did?” You hadn’t even seen the youngest of them today. Still, you’d think if he’d noticed the delivery arrive he could’ve at least offered to help you take it all outside.
“You did all of this today?”

“I’m a busy bee,” you confirm with a nod and a smile, only realising after you’ve said it how lame that just sounded. Namjoon wanders over to the old trellised archway and briefly touches the flowers you’ve planted there.

“Ipomoea alba, right?”

“Um…” you hesitate, looking at the large white flowers with a blank expression, “If that's another fancy word for a Moonflower, then sure!” How is it that Namjoon seems to know absolutely everything about anything?! He smiles indulgently and it makes you blush, glancing down at your feet before you try to carry on as though his dimples aren’t affecting you in the slightest. “They're all night bloomers ‘cus… y’know.” You grin playfully. “I know it's probably not a good idea to go planting things in winter but…”

“It looks good.” Namjoon nods and walks over to the fountain to take a seat, patting the stone next to him as he looks expectantly back at you. “Come sit.” You know he’s not really asking, so you do as he says, a little shiver running down your spine. Is it the cold that's affecting you so, or the scent of Namjoon's aftershave that you catch as your bottom meets the seat? You hope it's the former, but somehow you doubt it. “I like the lights. They're very… you.”

“Thanks…” You’re not sure what exactly Namjoon means by that, but at least nothing obviously negative springs to mind. Frivolous maybe? Regardless, you like them and he said he did too, so that’s good enough.

You’re trying not to squirm as the vampire next to you studies you thoughtfully, licking his lips just once before he asks,

“Have you made a start on that book I gave you?”

“Started? I finished it days ago.” Namjoon’s eyebrows lift, mildly impressed, and you can’t help but smile a little smugly.

“I take it you liked it then. What did you think?” You chew your bottom lip, trying to think of a reply that might meet Namjoon’s intellectually high expectations.

“It was really interesting. Surprisingly relevant actually, considering how long ago Huxley wrote it.” He nods, crossing his legs and taking hold of his chin as he adds his own thoughts. You’re sure he’s at his most handsome when he’s concentrating, when his dark eyes get that quietly introspective look about them.

“I thought it was quite a brave piece of social commentary too, given how controversial some of the themes would’ve been at the time.” Your head bobs up and down like a nodding dog, unsure of what else to say. You don’t really want to go too far into discussing the novel’s intricacies with Namjoon; you’re sure the issue of encouraged sexual promiscuity will come up at some point if you do, and frankly that hits just a little too close to home to be comfortable. “Have you read 1984?”

You shake your head. “If you enjoyed Brave New World you’ll probably like that too. I’ll get you a copy.”

“Not a first edition this time,” you say quickly and Namjoon’s lips curl into a small smile, glancing at the floor between his knees. It’d taken you a few days to realise how valuable the copy he’d given you was, and after that you couldn’t help but touch it all the more gingerly, afraid to bend the spine or crumple the cover. It must’ve cost him a fortune. “I’d much rather have a book I can accidentally spill tea on and not have to cry over.” He chuckles.
“Do you often do that?”

“No, but I like to know the option’s there,” you smile and Namjoon laughs again, his shoulders shaking. It’s nice to see him looking so relaxed, so at peace with himself for once.

The two of you fall into a comfortable silence for a moment or two, the gentle trickling sound coming from the fountain at your back helping to soothe any of the remaining anxiety that you feel from being in his presence or from the way in which he regards you with so little consideration given to normal social convention - doesn’t he know it’s rude to stare?

“There was something else I wanted to give you,” Namjoon suddenly declares, and just in time too - your face was starting to feel like it was burning under the intensity of his gaze.

“Oh?” He starts to unwind the scarf he’s wearing from around his neck as you watch on curiously. You almost flinch when he places it around your shoulders instead of his, startled by his sudden movement, and for a second Namjoon hesitates, looking into your eyes and only continuing when you flash him a small, cautious smile.

Carefully, he settles the scarf around your neck and as he does his fingertips brush gently across your skin. You hope he doesn’t feel the way you shudder, or see the way your cheeks start to blush. The scarf may not be warm - it’s not like Namjoon has any body heat to speak of - but it smells like him and that’s enough to make your head start to reel and your pulse accelerate in kind.

“It’s getting too cold out here for you to not wrap up properly,” he tells you, his eyes focused on the part he’s trying to fluff up so it sits properly around your neck.

“You didn’t have to give me yours though,” you reply, hoping it doesn’t sound too ungrateful. Namjoon lets go after a second or two more, his hands falling to rest on his knees, and when he looks back at you it’s with a small, sad smile.

“Technically it’s not mine,” he says, and you frown, tilting your head, “It was Geongmin’s… before she died.” Your mouth pops open in shock; this was his sister’s? Suddenly it feels too heavy around your neck, the significance of Namjoon giving you this gift not lost on you.

“Namjoon, you shouldn’t give me this.” You start to take it off, trying to give it back, but Namjoon takes your hands in his and pulls them away, holding them tightly where they now rest on your lap.

“I want you to have it.” he persists, shifting closer to you across the stone, his knees now making contact with yours as he leans forwards slightly. “You remind me of her; always trying to see the best in everyone, always smiling.” You blush, looking away for a second. Namjoon is rubbing his thumbs across the back of each of your hands, smiling softly when you look back. “She’d want you to have it for the kindness you’ve shown me. I think she would’ve liked you a lot.”

Namjoon seems in no hurry to say anything after that, simply watching on as you try to figure out what to do or what to say when faced with such unexpected sweetness from one so unlikely. You settle for a smile and a thank you, one that he receives with a slight incline of his head and a squeeze of your hands.

Eventually the way Namjoon’s looking at you becomes too intense for you to bare and you have to look away, clearing your throat and failing when you try to slip your hands out of his.

“I should get really finish planting-”

“I like you a lot.” Namjoon interrupts, pulling your conjoined hands into his lap instead of yours, shifting even closer so your hips meet, his whole body twisted to face you as much as he’s physically
able. You blink, completely caught off guard by his sudden confession and the sincerity with which he said it. What do you say to that? Not so long ago Namjoon didn’t even want you here, and now here he is gazing at you like you’re a sight to behold and he’s uttering your name, letting go of one of your hands to cradle your cheek in his palm.

Before you can even process what’s happening Namjoon’s suddenly leaning towards you, his eyes falling closed, and then his lips are pressing against yours in a gentle, hesitant kiss that makes your heart jump up into your throat.

For a second you’re struck dumb, just letting him kiss you, the shock keeping your eyes pinned wide open until you start to realise just how nice his lips feel, just how supple and soft they are, and now you’re kissing him back too. You’re not even thinking, your mind blank save for noting how delicious his mouth tastes when he slides his tongue into yours. His hand has wandered from your cheek and into your hair, his fingernails scraping at your scalp, dragging through the roots, and the longer the kiss goes on the more handsy he’s starting to get, grabbing onto your thigh through your jeans.

Namjoon pulls back just enough to speak, his lips swollen and shiny from how long you’ve been kissing. You’d lost track of time while it was happening, but it was long enough for you to start throbbing between your legs, that’s for sure. His eyes are dark, lust flickering in them as he gently tugs on your hair to tilt your chin up.

“You taste so sweet,” he tells you huskily, licking your saliva from his lips, “Though I know you taste even sweeter elsewhere.” Everything clenches inside you; of course Namjoon already knows how you taste, he’s already sucked your juices off his fingers once before, and you can tell he’s got the same thing on his mind when his hand slides upwards to start pressing the heel of it against you through the crotch of your jeans.

You almost jump when you feel something brush against your leg. Namjoon doesn’t seem to notice it, too busy pressing kiss after kiss to the small amount of neck he can access with his sister’s scarf wound around it, but when you cast your eyes downward you see Nova sat at your feet, staring up at the two of you. It’s probably entirely your own paranoia that makes you feel like she’s silently judging you, but it’s enough to help sufficiently clear your head and remember the rules that you’d promised Jimin you’d abide by.

You swallow back a groan and attempt to speak.

“Namjoon, we need- I need-” You’re trying to tell him that you need permission first, before this goes any further, but the thought of asking Jimin to share you with Namjoon suddenly seems entirely absurd when you remember how the two of them haven’t even spoken since the incident that led to all this. There’s no way he’d ever agree to it, not over his dead body.

“Yes little one?” he growls into your ear, nose pressed into your hair, “Tell me what you need.”

“I n-need you to stop,” you mutter, trying to be strong and resist how wonderful it feels to have this gorgeous, enigmatic vampire’s hands and mouth all over you. “Stop,” you repeat with renewed conviction, and to Namjoon’s credit he does this time, sitting back but letting his hands linger on your thighs restlessly. “I can’t do this.” You opt for straight-forward honestly - it’s not worth beating around the bush with this, not when you know just how badly it’d upset Jimin to find out.

A flicker of something passes over Namjoon’s face, so fast that you can’t identify it.

“But you can with Yoongi- hyung and Tae -ah ?” he asks, eyes narrowing slightly. How the hell does he know about that? Namjoon wasn’t even anywhere near Taehyung’s room that night - at
least not to your knowledge. As if reading you’re mind, Namjoon continues, “I know everything that goes on in my house, little one.” His voice seems to have lost some of its silky softness from before now too, beginning to sound a little curt, a little irritable.

“That was different,” you try to reason, licking your lips nervously. Oh, you wish you weren’t able to taste him there. “Jimin gave me permission…”

“For you to whore yourself around like an all-you-can-drink buffet for everyone else but me, is that it?” Wow. Namjoon really doesn’t take rejection well, does he? He’s still holding onto your hands though, albeit harder now, your knuckles grinding as he squeezes them. You’d expected him to be hurt, maybe even a little mad, but you weren’t expecting this kind of reaction at all, and it instantly gets your back up.

“Only Jimin feeds from me,” you say sharply, eager to defend yourself from such harsh words. You’d thought that you and Namjoon were past all this; that he was your friend? Maybe he hasn’t changed so much after all... “He’d never agree to anything between you and me, not after what happened.” You watch as his jaw clenches, the tendons in his neck straining under the skin, and pain shoots up your arms as his grip becomes even tighter. “Namjoon... Joonie, you’re hurting me!”

Abruptly he lets go, releasing your hands and looking down at them with widened eyes and an opened mouth, all the anger you’d seen in him a second ago completely disappearing as he realises what he’s done. You clasp your hands together, rubbing them to try and ease the way they’re aching now the blood’s come rushing back.

“I’m sorry,” he apologises, scooping your hands up in his own and lifting them to his mouth to kiss each and every one of your knuckles despite your worried look, his eyes locked on yours, searching for forgiveness that you’re all too quick to give when he apologises again. He just looks so sincere that you can’t help but give in, captivated by that dark, deep gaze of his that sees right through you. You’re too soft, and he knows it.

When he finally lets go Namjoon sighs your name, dropping his head and shaking it slightly before looking up again, the twinkling of the fairy lights reflected back at you in his eyes.

“I can give you so much more than him... love you more than he ever could,” he tells you quietly, “I’d make you my Queen, little one, and you’d look so perfect by my side.” Namjoon touches your cheek briefly and you swallow, your eyes flicking between his as you try to take everything in. How can he be saying all this? Yes, you’ve been kind to him lately, cared for him, but how could he switch from hating you to...

“I’d keep you so satisfied you wouldn’t even need to...” He snarls this last part, a decidedly jealous tone entering into his voice, one that worries you and sends a chill running down your spine.

Does he really think you’d leave Jimin for him? You hadn’t meant to mislead him with any of your kindness or compassion, and whilst you’ve always found Namjoon inexplicably attractive you’d never let the thought of a relationship with him even cross your mind. He’s too volatile for that; this conversation alone is proof enough.

“Namjoon,” you begin hesitantly, trying to steel yourself for his inevitably bad reaction to what you’re about to say, “I’m not going to leave Jimin, whether it be for you or anyone else. I love him, and I won’t hurt him like that.” There, you said it. Bracing yourself, you look up from the floor you’d been speaking to and up to Namjoon’s face, expecting to see anger waiting there for you but
finding only a blank, cool expression. There’s silence in which Namjoon regards you impassively, and despite his lack of reaction you find yourself fidgeting uncomfortably. This is even worse than if he’d started yelling; at least you’ve seen and dealt with that before.

“I see,” he says finally. Just those two words and nothing more, the line of his mouth set in an unflinchingly straight line, his gaze just as steady and unnerving.

Nova decides to meow, rubbing against your leg again, and even though you know it’s only to get your attention in order to tell you she’s hungry, you could kiss her whiskered little face for providing such a perfect excuse to escape this increasingly awkward situation.

“She’s hungry,” you blurt out too eagerly, picking her up in your arms and standing from the fountain-side, avoiding looking at Namjoon as best you can given the weight of his stare, “I’d better take her in and get her fed.” You’re halfway out of the garden before you realise you’re still wearing Geongmin’s scarf, and despite all your instincts just telling you to leave you still end up turning back. “I shouldn’t keep this.”

Namjoon rises from his seat and approaches you slowly, his footsteps falling silently until he stands before you, looking down. He takes hold of your chin, a light smirk appearing on his face as you gasp at his touch. Despite everything you just said and however much you may mean it you still can’t help the way your body responds to him, and it’s as frustrating as it is embarrassing.

“You’ll come to me one day, little one, whether you intend to or not. Even your blood’s calling out for me.” He drags his thumb across your bottom lip and once more you shudder, your eyes flopping closed. “Can’t you feel it thudding through your veins?” He’s right and you know it - you can even hear it roaring through your ears, threatening to deafen you as feel him lean in even closer. Namjoon’s mouth finds yours once more, gifting you with a kiss so fleeting that when you open up your eyes and see that he’s no longer there that you wonder whether it had even ever happened at all.
Chapter 45

Chapter Notes

Here you go my lovlies!

I can't get enough of how many of you guys are leaving comments now and chatting to each other, it's really something special <3 <3

You do return to the garden to finish your night’s work eventually, once you’re certain you’ve given it enough time for Namjoon to have well and truly moved on. You’d sat on Jimin’s bed whilst Nova ate, absent-mindedly wrapping the strands of Namjoon’s scarf around your fingers as you’d stared off into space, trying to get your head around what’d just happened. By the time you’d stepped back outside you were still none the wiser about what to do next.

Namjoon’s made so much progress lately that you don’t want undo it all by avoiding him and isolating him again, but neither do you want him to get the wrong idea and think you’ve changed your mind about pursuing a romantic relationship. If Jimin was open to it and all Namjoon wanted was to have for you for a night here and there then of course you’d be on board with that. It’s not like you’re oblivious to the sexual chemistry between the two of you - if you ever did end up in bed with him you’re sure it’d be an occasion worthwhile remembering, to say the least - but the things Namjoon said don’t make it sound like a casual hook-up is all he’s interested in. It’s like he wants to own you, and that could be a problem given how you’ve already got two possessive men in your life, especially when Namjoon really doesn’t seem like the sort to share.

When you’re finally done your head’s aching just as much as the rest of you. You drag yourself inside, grimacing with every step, fully intending to have a good long soak in the bath before Jimin gets home to make yourself feel better, but when you get there you gleefully realise you’re too late. He’s already home, earlier than usual, and already partway through changing out of his blood-stained clothes.

“You’re home early!” you observe happily, grinning when his head reappears from underneath his t-shirt. His hair’s a mess but he looks adorable, and the smile he greets you with lights up his whole face as you walk into his arms for a much needed embrace.

“You know what Taehyung’s like; he might be messy but at least he’s fast.”

“Amen.” You feel Jimin nuzzle his face into your hair and hear him inhale as he squeezes where his arms are wrapped around your shoulders, but just as you’re starting to get comfy he releases you, wrinkling his nose.

“You’ve got soil in your hair.”

“I do?” You pat the top of your head as Jimin chuckles at you, picking it out for you with an affectionate gleam in his eyes. “I’ve been out in the garden all night - I was just about to head into the tub.”

“What a coincidence - so was I.” Jimin’s smile grows as he swiftly begins to undo his belt to remove his pants. You can’t help but giggle at how eager he is when he reaches out to you, a sight to behold
tood there in just his boxers and nothing else, clearly intending to even out the score. He starts to pull at Namjoon’s scarf, but the very moment he touches it his hands fall still, his grip on the soft fabric loosening. “I’ve seen this before…” he says quietly, almost to himself, a frown forming on his face. Panic grips your chest, squeezing your ribcage so tight it feels a struggle to breathe. “Who gave you this?” No point in lying; Namjoon’s scent is practically woven into the wool, and if you can smell it then Jimin must certainly be able to too.

“He just didn’t want me to get cold,” you reply, chewing on the inside of your cheek nervously. Jimin’s eyebrows remain lowered as he turns the length of the scarf over in his hands, his eyes fixed on it, quietly thoughtful.

“Did he tell you this belonged to his sister?”

“He might have mentioned it…” He nods shortly and then begins to unwind it from your neck, his expression difficult to read. You’d anticipated jealousy or anger but if anything Jimin just looks a little worried as he takes it from your shoulders.

“You two have gotten closer just lately, haven’t you?” Jimin asks calmly, placing the scarf on the set of drawers nearby and then coming back to start unbuttoning your blouse like you’re not right in the middle of a conversation that could be classed as awkward at best.

“I guess,” you answer non-committedly, shrugging your shoulders as his hands pass over them, slipping off your top, “It’s not like… y’know… I know you wouldn’t like that. We just talk about books… and stuff.” Ok, so it’s not the whole truth but it’s pretty damn close, and besides, you have no intention of doing anything you shouldn’t - and Namjoon knows that too. Sort of.

“I know.” He gently touches your face, a smile tugging at his lips for just a moment before he starts to work on removing your jeans too. “I trust you, and it’s good that Namjoon- hyung is coming down from his tower once in awhile.” Jimin slides your jeans down over your hips and chivalrously squats down to help you step out of them, foot by foot. “But just… be careful. He has a tendency to get fixated on things, obsessive, and I just don’t want him to mistake your kindness and friendship for more than it is.” An unsettling sensation comes over you as Jimin speaks, like cold water trickling down your spine, but you try your best to look un-phased as he straightens up again, faking a smile.

That’s not what’s happening is it? Sure, Namjoon seems to have a little bit of a crush on you, but it’s harmless, right? Just a misunderstanding that was settled with that conversation in the garden… that conversation that ended with him kissing you for a second time. Ugh, what a mess.

Jimin places his hands on either side of your neck, thumbs brushing your cheeks as he steps towards you, bringing your half-naked bodies into contact.

“He’s powerful, kitten, and he’s used to getting his own way. I can’t be here to protect you all the time.” You hope he doesn’t notice the hairs on your arms rise…

“You really believe he’s dangerous, Jimin? You two used to be friends.”

“A long time ago.” Jimin sighs heavily, his shoulders lifting and falling with the weight of it. “I would’ve never believed my friend would seek out a vampire, or murder his parents or…” He trails off, shaking his head. “But here we are. I don’t know what he’s capable of, or whether he’s dangerous or not, but I won’t risk losing you.” You can see the emotion in his eyes as he leans in to kiss you, and when your lips meet you can feel your heart thud hard in your chest, your love for him flowing through your veins with every beat.
“I’ll be careful then,” you promise as you part, uttering it softly against his mouth, your eyes still closed. “Love you, Jiminie.”

“I love you too.” He smiles, his hands leaving your neck to take yours instead, pulling you towards the bathroom. “Let’s go get cleaned up.”

Although what Jimin had said undoubtedly shook you up a little, it was all too easy to forget about once he pulled you into the tub him. He’d been so sweet and attentive as he’d cleaned you both up, his gentle hands gliding over every little inch of you beneath the water and the bubbles, and though his touch had started out as perfectly innocent it didn’t take long to turn into something more - as it always does.

Impatient to have you Jimin had scooped you out of the bath and carried you back to his bed still dripping wet to sully and soil you once again. He’d taken you from behind, pressed flat on your stomach and tugging on the sheets as you came again and again, a whimpering mess by the time Jimin had finished too, with a grunt and a groan and his fingers knotted in your hair.

And now you’re lying in a myriad of wet patches with Jimin panting at your side, your hands intertwined in the space between you. You don’t know what’s bath water or bodily fluids, but honestly you don’t care. You’ve never been happier than when you’re in the middle of a Jimin-induced post-coital glow, and the look on your face when your turn your head to gaze at him is one of a love that borders on infatuation. Thankfully Jimin looks just as besotted, staring back at you with a small smile playing on his lips, squeezing your hand in his.

“We’re probably gonna need to change these sheets before we go to sleep,” he comments after a minute or too, no longer breathless. His hair’s a complete and utter mess, still damp enough to be shiny but too dry to be in any way salvageable in terms of style. Not that yours is probably any better.

“I think you’re probably right,” you smile back, fighting back the yawn that threatens to overcome you and failing miserably in the process. Jimin’s smile has grown wider when you finally manage to stop it and after giving your hand one more final squeeze he sits up, pulling you with him.

“C’mon, looks like we need to do it sooner rather than later.” You groan as Jimin fetches clean bed linen from the closet, refusing to even get up off the mattress until he’s pulling out the sheet from under you. You hate changing the bed; it always takes your far longer than it probably should, and at some point you always end up with the pillowcases inside out, or get lost amongst the giant duvet cover, turning yourself into an accidental ghost. Why can’t he just have a second clean, dry bed that you can hop straight into, rather than faffing about with all this?

Now that you think about it, though, you do have a second bed that you know you’re always welcome in, one that’s right down the hall and contains certain someone you’ve been missing all day. Would now be an appropriate moment to ask? Jimin does seem as though he’s in a particularly good mood - he always is after sex - so perhaps there’s no time like the present?

“Daddy…” you begin cautiously, picking up a pillow and busying yourself in changing it in order to avoid looking at him as you pose the question.

“Yes, kitten?” he responds, and you can hear the amusement in your voice. He knows that slightly whiny tone of yours well enough by now to know that you’re about to ask for something, although you very much doubt he’s going to have anticipated this.
“Would it be alright… if I go sleep with Yoongi-oppa tonight?”

“It’s ‘Yoongi -oppa’ now, is it?” You risk a glance up, relieved that he still sounds more amused than anything else, and when you do you see that he’s got an eyebrow raised at you as he fixes the pillows across the other side of the bed too. “Three times not enough for you, hmm?” You end up blushing and looking away again, frowning when you realise that you have indeed put the pillowcase on inside-out. Every god-damn time.

“I didn’t mean for that,” you explain, but when Jimin scoffs you can’t help but smile sheepishly, admitting, “Ok, maybe for that too, but he’d asked a couple weeks back if I’d like to spend the night with him. The whole night.” There’s a pause in which you can feel your heart beating a little faster than usual, pulse fluttering in your neck as you wait for his response.

“Would you like to?” Jimin plonks his pillows back down on the bed, his hands preoccupied but his eyes fixed on your face, observing every little flicker of emotion you give away.

“I guess… yeah. I think I would.” You place your pillow down neatly too, trying to calmly maintain eye contact even though you’re bracing yourself for a potential hissy fit should it occur. Jimin looks back at you a while longer, his face giving nothing away as he smooths the duvet back in place, and then walks back around to your side of the bed and takes your hands, lifting them to his mouth to kiss them.

“Oh, kitten. I guess I can manage without you for just one night.” He places another kiss atop of your knuckles and then cocks his head, smiling sweetly. “I’ll miss having you here, though. It doesn’t feel right falling asleep without you anymore.” You smile back, warmed from top to toe by his sickly sweet sentiment, tilting forward to steal a kiss from his lips, too.

“I’m sure Nova will keep you company,” you tease as he releases you, setting about finding yourself some nightwear decent enough to wear through the house on your way to Yoongi’s room. You should probably pack a mini night bag, actually, now that you think about it.

Jimin climbs into bed on your side, watching you get your things together with a thoughtful look on his face, and by the time you’re all set he’s practically pouting, making grabby hands at you as you walk over in your cutest of pyjama sets, smiling down at him.

“I changed my mind, you can’t go,” he whines cutely, tugging on your top to pull you down into another kiss, one that lingers and makes your heart race a little.

“I’ll see you when we wake up,” you assure softly, pulling out of his grasp, “You can even come fetch me, if you want.”

“I might do,” he grins, “Come steal you away again.”

“That’s fine with me.” You start to make for the door, grabbing your little toiletry bag as you go but then pausing, turning back. “I don’t think I’ve really got the energy… but would it be ok if we do end up sleeping together? If he wants to?” Jimin chuckles, leaning back into the pillows with his head cocked to the side.

“He’ll want to, kitten, of course he will.” You blush, shuffling a little on the spot. “But yes, it’d be ok.”

“Thank you daddy.” You smile shyly, scurrying over for just one more kiss from those perfect lips of his before wishing him sweet dreams and taking your leave, trying to ignore the pang of guilt you feel when he wishes you a somewhat subdued sounding goodnight as you close his door.
Yoongi's door is slightly ajar when you get there but you still pause to knock, more out of politeness than anything else, because even when you get no answer you still go inside, knowing he won't mind.

“Gongjunim!” Surprise heightens his pitch when he sees you walk through the door, and as you smile and approach the bed on which he resides, Yoongi pushes himself up to sit straighter amongst the pillows, removing his headphones. “I thought you said I wouldn't see you today.”

“Well, I changed my plans.” You pop your little bag onto his bedside table before clambering over to lie next to him, slinging your arm over his body, careful to avoid the laptop resting on his lap. He doesn’t look as though he expects the kiss you greet him with, and when you pull away he's smiling goofily, gums on display.

“Isn't Jimin home already? What time is it?” You squint at his laptop screen, looking at the time display in the bottom corner underneath some bizarre korean computer software he's clearly been engrossed in during your absence.

“4:32, I believe.” You place another brief kiss on his cheek, overwhelmed with feelings of affection for the boy that's now furrowing his brow as though he's trying to understand why you're here with him and not with Jimin. “I asked if I could stay the night with you, Oppa.”

“And he said you could?”

“Well I'm here, aren't I?” you grin, slipping your hand under his t-shirt to run your hand up and down his side, wrinkling the maroon fabric as you go.

“I guess you are,” Yoongi smiles, eyes sparkling with happiness as he places a kiss to the top of your head. He lets out a contented sigh as he feels you snuggle into him getting comfy, and you watch on as he returns to whatever he was doing, long fingers gliding over the laptop’s touchpad.

“What’re you up to?” you ask after a moment.

“Just working on some beats.” So he's still making music then? You're so pleased that he is; you'd worried that after that incident in the kitchen with his lyrics he'd just given up. He pulls the headphone jack out of the laptop, clicking on the touchpad a couple of times until music starts to play. You’ve only been listening a second or two when you feel Yoongi’s arm settle around your shoulder, soothingly rubbing his thumb back and forth along your skin as he holds you close.

“Sounds really good. I like it - especially that hook,” you tell him, something that feels a lot like pride blossoming deep in your chest when you see the shy smile that appears on Yoongi’s face.

“Yeah?” You nod quickly and enthusiastically, hoping he can tell you're sincere. You're really not just humouring him; although it's a little rough around the edges it's still got a good sound and your fingers are tapping along on Yoongi’s ribs all of their own accord. “I’ve been swapping some emails with a local MC… he wants to hear some more of my stuff.”

“That's amazing!” you gush, smiling from ear to ear as you sit to twist round and look at him properly. The way he shrugs is a little dismissive, like he's purposefully not letting himself get too excited or get his hopes up.

“It’s early days,” he says, ever the cynic, turning the music off with a tap of his finger and closing the laptop up to put it on the floor next to the bed.
“Yeah but it’s still exciting,” you insist, sitting cross-legged opposite him, beaming so hard that Yoongi finally lets a smile slip. How could he not, when faced with such overwhelming enthusiasm? “I’m so proud of you, Oppa.”

Yoongi reaches over to pull you into his lap, gathering you up in his arms to cocoon you as best he can with him small, slim frame and then kisses you passionately, pressing his firm lips to yours over and over again. He holds you close as you wrap your arms around his neck, happily letting him breach your mouth to play with your tongue and letting out a breathy sigh of pleasure when he nips at your bottom lip. He chuckles at the needy sound, breaking your kiss but leaving your foreheads touching in place to speak.

“It’s all thanks to you, princess,” Yoongi confesses softly, drawn to kiss your lips just once more before continuing to speak. “I wouldn’t be doing any of this without you here to inspire me.” You don’t know what to say; all you can do is blush and smile, biting on your lip until he kisses it again. It’s hard not to become overwhelmed by the warm, happy glow you feel inside, to resist telling him those three little words that are hanging on the tip of your tongue when he pulls away to look at you with those adoring eyes.

How can you feel this way about him when you’re already in love with Jimin? It doesn’t make any sense to you, all these conflicting emotions, all these thoughts running around your head. Before meeting Jimin you’d never been in love at all, and now here you are, desperately in love with two men at once. Does it make you a bad person, to be telling Jimin that you love him and meaning it just moments ago, to now be longing to tell Yoongi exactly the same? Before now you’d thought love was a purely monogamous affair - at least that’s how the movies always made it seem - but maybe it’s not so straightforward after all.

“Are you alright?” Yoongi asks gently, pushing back hair from your face with a worried look, and it’s only then that you realise you’ve been frowning, lost in your thoughts.

“I’m fine,” you say dismissively, planting another kiss on him before slipping out of his lap and off the bed, grabbing your little bag off the table. It’s best that you remove yourself from temptation for just a moment, you think, before you admitting something that you don’t even yet fully understand. “I’m just gonna go brush my teeth.”

He nods, standing from the bed too and starting to strip from his clothes in readiness for sleep, and even though you’ve seen him naked a few times now you still feel like you should be averting your eyes - not that you do. In fact you’re almost downright staring on your way past him to the bathroom, your fingers itching to touch his milky pale skin, and Yoongi sends you a meaningful look as he slips down his sweats, his cock already hanging semi-hard against his thigh.

“Don’t be long.”
You swear you can't have been in the bathroom more than ten or fifteen minutes getting yourself ready for bed, but apparently those ten or fifteen were too long because when you step back into Yoongi's room the boy's already fast asleep. The pang of disappointment you feel at missing out on the chance for intimacy only lasts for a second because it's impossible to focus on anything other than just how sweet he looks, lying there butt naked on the bed, eyes closed and breathing slow. He didn't even make it under the covers - just curled himself up in a ball instead, one arm under the pillow - so he must’ve been pretty damn tired.

How long had he actually been awake before he’d crashed? You know it’s not unlike Yoongi to pull an all-nighter when he's engrossed in something, so this might well be the first time he's shut his eyes in days. Keeping that in mind you try to be extra quiet as you approach the bed, gingerly pulling back the covers and repressing a soft laugh when your eyes land on various bits of paper and pens that he'd obviously forgotten were there.

You collect all the papers up, almost failing to realise that amongst them is the page you'd seen him writing on in the kitchen until it's actually in your hand - the page he'd torn out and crumpled up when you'd argued. You'd presumed he'd thrown it away but here it is, and though it's still slightly creased you can tell Yoongi tried the smooth it out and salvage it once he'd calmed down. It looks like it's gotten longer, too, more lines of his slightly untidy scrawl following on from the rest of the indecipherable characters above. You wish you could know what it says but finding out would require waking him, and you couldn't bare to do that. Putting curiosity aside you settle for placing it all the floor next to his laptop, smiling to yourself. It means a lot that he'd kept it even when he was angry… he really does care about you, doesn't he?

You climb into bed next to him, taking one last sneaky look at his body before pulling the sheets up and over both of you, relieved when he doesn't stir. You rest there for a while, lying on your side facing him, enjoying being able to stare as much as you want without the fear of being caught out doing it, but the longer you look the stronger your urge becomes to touch him. It's all-consuming, this desire to feel his skin on yours, and after a shamefully small amount of consideration you start to undress yourself, slipping off your pyjamas under the covers and tossing them onto the ever growing pile of stuff next to the bed till you're as naked as he is, slightly breathless at just the thought of lying together so intimately.

Carefully you shuffle closer, inch by inch, till you're near enough that your bodies are almost touching. You move down the bed until you're low enough to tuck your head under Yoongi’s chin, your cheek resting against his cool skin, chests pressed together, and it's only when you place your arm over him that he stirs even slightly. He mumbles something and then copies your gesture, his arm draping over your hip and pulling you closer to him in his sleep. Your heart flutters with happiness; it feels like heaven to have him hold you like this, to know such peaceful contentment in his arms.
Does he feel the same way as you do, you wonder? You can't help but muse about if his heart could beat whether it'd be galloping just as hard as yours is now, or whether he too is holding back from saying the same 'I love you’s'. Sometimes you think you can see it in Yoongi’s eyes when he looks at you - unspoken but there all the same - but what if you’re wrong? What if you're just projecting what you feel onto him and imagining this to be more than it is?

You nuzzle closer to his chest, inhaling his cool, crisp scent as your eyes close and your arm around tightens its hold around his slim frame. Whatever this might be with you and Yoongi, however complicated it might be, all you can think about whilst you swiftly fall asleep is how you don't ever want it to end.

His lips are on your neck, pressing featherlight kisses from the angle of your jaw to the slope of your shoulder and leaving goosebumps in his wake as he goes. His hands trail down your arms, barely touching until they settle on your hips, halting the tremble that was running through you.

“Open your eyes, little one.” Namjoon’s voice is like silk as it drifts into your ear, his visage magnificent as he stands behind you, holding your gaze captive in the mirror. He smirks at your gasp of surprise, keeping his eyes fixed on yours as he lowers his mouth to your neck to suck on delicate skin your collar would usually cover, littering you with his own marks of possession. His hands leave your hips, gliding up your naked stomach to cup your breasts, rolling them gently in his palms as you watch, transfixed, a little voice in your mind that’s far too easily silenced wondering how on earth you ended up here.

“You're lying to yourself,” he whispers into you, toying with your nipples that'd hardened instantly under his touch. It feels so good that your back arches into him, a second, haggard gasp leaving your lips that Namjoon laughs on hearing. “Look at the way your body gives into me so willingly.” His hands leave your breasts to slide down between you, grasping your inner thighs from behind to pull your legs apart, forcing you to widen your stance. Arousal is glistening at the entrance to your core, smeared all over your thighs. “Look at that and tell me you don't want me.”

You can't, because you'd be lying through your teeth if you did. Your core is aching already, craving his touch. You've had it before but all too briefly; this time you won't ask him to stop, you won't push him away.

Namjoon's hand snakes between your legs from behind, his fingers sliding between your folds as you whimper with humiliation and pleasure, your whole body hot and flushed for the both of you to see in the mirror - if only you'd open your eyes.

“Tell me you don't want me to make you cum on my fingers.” He sinks two inside of you, slipping them back and forth until you're reaching up and backward to find his hair just for something to hold onto, twisting your fingers in it as he pulls the most wanton of sounds from your lips. He lets you grab and tug, growling so soft that it's almost a purr, the sound travelling straight between your legs and just adding to your pleasure.

It feels so good, the way he fucks you with his long, powerful fingers, but just as soon as you feel your orgasm starting to build Namjoon suddenly withdraws them, only to deliver them to your mouth a moment later. He forces them past your lips to make you taste yourself, biting his plush bottom lip as he watches.

“Tell me you don't want me to fuck you.” You've automatically started to suck on his fingers, sloppy slurping sounds coming from your mouth as they move in and out and you remove any trace of where his hands have been.
His eyes just seem to grow darker the longer that he watches you, sending a shiver down a spine that if you were smarter you’d probably take as a warning. But no, you stand there like a willing doll in his hands, letting Namjoon grab savagely at your breast and bruise your neck. What will Jimin say when he sees these marks?

His expression is starting to morph into something harsher now, too, his eyes narrowing, lips pulling back till his fangs are almost showing.

“Go on, tell me!” he practically yells, a sharp contrast to the soft honey his word were before, echoing off the empty studio walls.

He spins you on the spot, hands clasped around your forearms as he glowers down at you, seemingly enraged by your lack of reply and now so frightening in appearance that it's breathtaking.

Suddenly his large hand is wrapped around your throat, squeezing lightly but slowly getting tighter. He cocks his head to the side as he watches your eyes widen in fright, playing with your airway by tightening and loosening his grip in turn, all the while mocking you with that dimpled smile.

You try to speak now, you do, but nothing will come out, only raspy gasped breaths that say nothing and only serve to make Namjoon chuckle whilst your vision starts to spot and blur black and white.

“Tell me you don't long for this.” He tilts his chin down, baring his fangs, and now his eyes are a dark, bloody red, and your heart is beating ten times too fast in panic and desperation. “What's that, little one?” he asks as he starts to dip his head, clenching his fist even tighter around your neck, “I can't hear you.”

You wake with a gasp and covered in a cold, clammy sweat, your wide eyes roving wildly around Yoonig’s room as you instinctively look for danger, the events of your dream still all too fresh in your mind. There’s nothing - of course there’s nothing - but that doesn’t seem to make it any easier for you to breathe or ease the frantic pounding of your heart. It’s like you can still feel Namjoon’s hand wrapped round your throat, closing off your windpipe to slowly choke the life from you, and when you close your eyes you can almost see his sadistic smile leering down at you too.

Impulsively you pat your neck, ignoring the voice in your head that’s mocking you for doing so, and it's only once you’ve done so that your state of blind panic gradually starts to subside. Even calmer, though, the collar which usually sits so comfortably around your neck suddenly feels far too tight, too restrictive, and without a second thought you pull it off and throw it to the floor carelessly, sighing in relief once it's gone. Finally, it feels like you can breathe.

You sag into the mattress once your body starts to relax, shutting your eyes to fully enjoy the feel of your lungs expanding with each deep, cleansing breath you take. You're calmer again now, able to reassure yourself that it was just a dream, nothing more. The combination of events from the prior evening in addition to Jimin’s warnings must have affected you more than you thought to have leaked into your dreams so vividly. But it was just a dream, simply a product of your overactive imagination, and though your relationship with Namjoon continues to be tumultuous at best you truly doubt he would ever harbour any murderous intent towards you. He might well be troubled but there’s good in him still, you just know it.

Yours and Yoongi’s body have changed position whilst you slumbered, and now you’re settled again you can appreciate just how nice to feels to have him lying behind you, spooning you, his arms wrapped tight around your body. It reminds you of the first time you ever spent the night together, except this time there are no layers of clothes to interfere with the press of your bodies, the brushing
of your skin. He’s clinging to you even whilst he sleeps, his frame molded entirely to yours, and if it weren’t for his perma-cool skin it’d be stifling to have him curled around you so. As it is, it feels wonderful. His presence helps to further ground you after your nightmare, the slow, steady rise and fall of his chest soothing you too.

You’ve no way of knowing the time - there are no windows or clocks within sight - but it matters very little anyway seeing as you can’t seem to get back to sleep. You’re too unsettled, too full of adrenaline even now the ‘danger’ has passed, and no matter how long you lie with your eyes closed sleep remains elusive. You end up telling yourself just to make the most of the quiet intimacy with Yoongi you’ve been gifted with, because who knows when you might get to enjoy it again. You can’t imagine Jimin granting his permission for this too often, not with how reluctant he seemed for you to leave earlier.

Is he lying there in bed just as awake as you are now? Is he missing the weight of your head on his chest as you sleep? You feel a stab of remorse as you imagine it, once again wondering just what you ever did to deserve someone like Jimin. He always puts you first, always, despite any of his own reservations or discomfort, although you know if he’d truly have had any issue with you being here he would’ve put his foot down and refused - like he does whenever the subject turns to Namjoon. It’s that thought that helps to chase some of the guilt you feel and make you able to accept the soft kiss that’s suddenly pressed against your shoulder with little more than a contented sigh.

“Morning, princess,” Yoongi croaks into your ear, kissing its curve as his body shifts behind you, drawing you in closer to him. The rasp of his voice on waking makes his low, drawling voice sound even more alluring than usual, and you happily tip your head to give him open access to your shoulders and neck, hoping he’ll take advantage and continue lavishing you with slow, tantalising kisses. “What a sight to wake up to you are…”

“Hmm.. hideous, I know,” you muse, smiling and squeaking playfully when Yoongi nips on your earlobe.

“Behave,” he scolds. Yoongi’s one hand to finds its way into your hair, gently running his fingers through it whilst his other travels the span of your stomach and hips, caressing and kneading your flesh as he goes. “You’re gorgeous, gongjunim, a goddess.” You can’t help but scoff, rolling your eyes behind your eyelids.

“And you’re a flatterer.”

“Never,” Yoongi disagrees gruffly, but you can feel a smile on his lips when they press to the blade of your shoulder. He clearly means to carry on where you left off last night; you can feel his erection growing with every kiss, and when you push out your behind encouragingly he flexes his hips, grinding it against you with a low, lustful growl. “Where did all your clothes go, hmm?” He’s trailing wet kisses along your shoulder, his hand travelling up from your hip to cup your breast and squeeze it as his hips roll again, a soft sigh escaping you.

Your desire for him is growing with every second that passes, a delicious heat steadily growing in your pelvis. It has you reaching behind you to hold onto him, trying to drag his body closer even though you know it’s not possible, and you hear Yoongi chuckle quietly at your all too obvious need. It’s not as though you can help it; it feels like forever since you last had him inside you and your body is more than ready already, wetness smearing on your thighs as they rub together.

“You’re not wearing your collar…” He must’ve only just realised the full extent of your nakedness because all of a sudden Yoongi stops kissing your throat, pulling his arm out from under you enough to prop himself up on his elbow, looking down at you with an expression you can’t read. It’s the first time you’ve seen his face since you woke up, and even though it unsettles you not knowing
quite what he’s thinking you still end up smiling at the cute little kink in his hair from where it’s been mussed overnight by his pillows. Yoongi doesn’t seem to notice though; his eyes are too busy roving the length of your neck, his tongue poking out to wet his lips. “He fed from you last night?”

Slowly you nod, a blush creeping onto your cheeks as your hand covers the freshly scabbed over puncture marks Jimin left on your throat. Although you cover them quickly Yoongi snatches your hand away just as fast, grabbing you by the wrist and pinning your arm above your head as you gasp in surprise. He leans over you again, mouth latching onto your neck with a renewed fervour and groaning as he pushes his length along the valley of your buttocks.

For a second you think he’s going to start feeding on you too, so possessed does he seem, but rather than piercing your skin Yoongi starts sucking at it, hard, and you realise he’s leaving his mark too, side by side with Jimin’s. God, you wish he’d bite you though, your body is screaming for that almost as much as it is for him to take you, and soon you’re writhing underneath him, whimpering as he leaves another hickey next to the first, still pinning you down with a strength he shouldn’t possess.

“Yoongi, please,” you plead, contorting your body in search of more friction, “Please don’t tease me.”

“Tell me you want me,” he breathes, lifting his head from your throat to skim his mouth along your jaw, his nose nudging at your cheek as his hips roll. He’s so hard, the tip of his cock smearing pre-cum into the curve where your back gradually turns into the smooth, rounded swell of your buttocks. “How much you need me.”

“So much, Yoongi, baby, please.” You feel no shame at how breathless you are or the whine present in your voice - not when your words prove so effective. Yoongi lets go of your hands to lift your upper thigh slightly, keeping you on your side whilst he leans over you as though you were on your back. His movements are a little frantic, clearly as eager for this as you are, a frown knitting his eyebrows as he bites his lip and guides his cock into position, parting your soaking wet folds with the head and then pausing.

He looks down at you, a sudden clarity to his lust darkened eyes that’d been so hazy just a moment ago, his chest rising and falling as he holds himself in place at your entrance. It’s a some kind of sweet agony, to have him so near yet so far, your insides aching with the need to be filled. You reach out to him, his arm the only thing near enough to touch, and you trail your fingers down it slowly, trying so hard to be patient even though it’s practically killing you. You know why he’s doing it; he wants to savour the moment, wants to watch you come undone for him, and you can’t really blame him for that. Those three words are sitting like a lump in your throat again, begging to be set free, and it’s only Yoongi starting to slowly enter you that morphs your opening ‘I’ into long, languid groan of pleasure rather than a confession.

He pushes inside so slowly, stretching you open inch by inch until he’s fully seated inside and pausing again, the corners of his lips curving into the smallest of smiles when you open your eyes and look up at him. He’s giving you that look again, the one that makes you think he might feel the same, his every feature softened with affection as he starts to move inside you.

“God, princess,” he groans, his eyes falling closed as he steadily rocks himself in and out of you, his long cock pushing in so deep that you’re moaning with almost every thrust. Lying on your side means that he’s brushing against your g-spot every time he enters you and even this leisurely pace feels incredible. Yoongi doesn’t say any awful lot as your bodies move in sync, but then he really doesn’t need to. You can tell simply by the look on his face how good it’s feeling to be inside you; the way his head tilts back, his mouth parted just enough to see the pink of his tongue.
“Yoongi,” you moan softly, arching your back to angle his thrusts even more perfectly than before, “Feels so, so good…” He ‘mhmhs’ his agreement, continuing his slow and steady pace, his eyes still closed like he’s trying to memorise every little detail of how it feels to have your warm, wet walls wrapped around him, one hand supporting his weight, the other travelling restlessly over the rest of your body, caressing every inch of skin he can find.

You’ve no idea how long the two of you stay locked like that, enjoying the slow, sweaty grind of your bodies, but eventually Yoongi pushes himself a little more upright and manipulates your uppermost leg to lie vertically against his chest, toes pointed to the ceiling, watching you closely for any signs of discomfort. Granted, it’s not the most comfortable of positions, but once you give him a subtle nod and Yoongi begins to move again, harder than before, you can see why he did it. Like this his cock reaches even deeper and the orgasm he’d been slowly working you towards is suddenly hurtling towards you at breakneck speed, pleasure like white hot fire growing and spreading in your pelvis.

You’re pushing back against him, flexing your hips to chase after his cock each time he withdraws it, mewling when Yoongi suddenly slowly down, panting hard. He grabs onto your hips, trying to keep you halt the way you’re writhing around on end of his cock, the length of it throbbing inside you.

“Stop, gongjunim, ” he begs brokenly, sweat dripping from his brow, “I’m gonna cum if you don’t stop.” You purposefully clench your walls around him, lifting your arms above your head and grabbing at the pillow, unable to keep yourself still no matter how hard he’s holding onto you, too close to your orgasm to want to stop now.

“Keep going,” you gasp, breasts bouncing as you fuck yourself on his cock, “Please, Yoongi, I’m so close, keep going. Cum with me.” You hear him growl a curse and then he’s shoving your leg off his chest and flipping you onto your back to begin slamming into you with abandon, the sounds of slapping skin mixing with the groans spilling from both of you. He’s got his face pressed into your neck, his hands linked with yours atop of the pillow, hips pistoning back and forth as he drives you both unrelentingly toward your high.

“Shit, oh my god.” You feel his cock twitch and start to pulse as he cums with a stilted moan, finally letting himself go. His grip on your hands tightens, and as you feel his warm cum spill out inside of you you finish too, your back arching from the bed as you cry out for him, mind blissfully blank for just those few seconds of ecstasy.

Yoongi’s already kissing you by the time your mind and body fall back into sync.. His hands have moved to cup your face and he’s kissing you so tenderly, so softly, letting you slip your tongue inside his mouth to seek out his, your arms wrapping around his waist. This, too, goes on for what feels like forever, neither of you in any hurry to separate your bodies any sooner than absolutely necessary. Eventually Yoongi does pull away, though not by far. He keeps the tips of your noses touching, his eyes flicking between yours as a smile graces his lips, thumb grazing your cheek.

“Oh, my beautiful princess...” he murmurs wistfully, “You’ve no idea what you do to me…”

Chapter End Notes

I literally just finished writing this and I honestly think I might need to go take a cold shower now.. jeeesus.
“You’ve really shown a lot of improvement,” Yoongi compliments from his spot next to you, his arm wound round your waist as you play, fingers gently stroking your hip. You smile down at the keys, trying not to let him distract you too much. You have a habit of messing up whenever he tries to speak to you or touch you whilst you’re playing, although not so much just lately. Maybe he’s right, maybe you are getting better.

“I might not need my lessons much longer,” you say teasingly, knocking your shoulder into him, “You won’t have to keep putting up with me hanging around anymore - lucky you.” Sneaking a glance away from your hands you see Yoongi pull a face of mock disgruntlement, squeezing your hip.

“I was only saying that to save your feelings. You’re terrible, really. Total shit.” You snort a laugh, rolling your eyes as Yoongi presses his face into the crook of your neck, kissing it. “I think you’re gonna keep needing my help for a good long while yet.”

“Is that right? Well maybe I’d do better if I didn’t have someone trying to distracting me all the time.”

“Oh I’m sorry.” His tone is sarcastic but playful as he withdraws his hand from your hip, unwinding his arm and pulling away. “I’ll keep my hands to myself, shall I?”

Abruptly you stop playing, throwing your arms around his waist and draping yourself all over him.

“Noooo,” you whine, pouting your lips and grabbing at his t-shirt needily. Yoongi starts to laugh as you place loud kisses all over him, eventually wrapping his arms around you too, relenting.

“Don’t worry, princess. You know I can’t resist you for long.” You lift your face from where you’d been kissing his neck, smiling cheekily at him before he kisses the grin off of your face, placing his lips solidly on yours. He nibbles at your bottom lip during the kiss, tightening his hold on you as you wonder to yourself how it does always come down to this. You probably could have made even more progress with your lessons by now if the two of you could keep your hands off each other for longer than five seconds at a time, but being like this comes so naturally that you’re not sure how you ever used to manage to exert that kind of self-control back when touching him was still forbidden.

A gentle knock comes at Yoongi’s door, breaking your kiss, but even as he grants them whomever it is entry he neglects to loosen his hold. He’s getting bold, apparently, and though it doesn’t bother you, you still dread to think how exactly he’d explain the way you’re half sitting on his lap if it was
Jungkook that happened to walk in right now, rather than Jimin.

“I’m not disturbing you, am I?” he asks casually as he saunters through the door, looking stunning even though he’s wearing nothing more than a pair of black sweats and a long-sleeved grey tee. He’s just showered; his hair is slicked back and darker than normal, his forehead exposed, little damp patches evident on his top where he must not have dried himself fully. He’s got a plate of toast in his hands which you presume must be for you, and your stomach grumbles reflexively at just the smell of the butter wafting over on his approach.

“Not at all,” Yoongi answers, just as smooth, and you swear you can feel his grip tighten just a little.

“I brought you breakfast.” Jimin’s unperturbed by the slight coolness in Yoongi’s tone, coming to stand right beside the two of you, gifting you with a brief smile before turning his eyes to the boy that’s still clinging to you. “I presume she can take a little break to eat?”

“Of course.” Yoongi relinquishes, letting you slide of the piano stool to stand before Jimin, taking the plate of toast with a grateful smile. As soon as his hands are free he places one of your cheek, leaning in to possess your lips in a lingering kiss that leaves your head spinning. By the time he pulls away Yoongi is already playing piano again behind you, presumably distracting himself from watching the way Jimin takes your hand to lead you across the room to his bed. He climbs on to sit cross-legged on the sheets and takes the plate from you to let you get comfortable opposite him.

“If I find crumbs I'm blaming you, Jimin-ah,” Yoongi calls over the music he’s playing but Jimin just smiles, passing back your toast. Eagerly, but oh so carefully, you start to eat under the younger boys watchful gaze.

“Did you have a nice evening?” he asks you and you nod quickly, unable to answer with your mouth so full of buttery toast. “Good.” You rush to finish chewing so you can ask a question in return and Jimin folds his hands in his lap, waiting as your jaw works furiously.

“What about you? Did you sleep ok?” He nods too.

“Not as badly as I thought I would. Struggled a little before I remembered that Yoongi-hyung cherishes you almost as much as I do. I knew he’d look after you… keep you safe.” Jimin's words make you blush and glance over at Yoongi's back, wondering if he heard what was just said. It'd be hard to tell if it weren't for the slight stumble in his pacing across the keys, the rhythm of the song faltering for a second before smoothing out again. Jimin pays it no mind, looking over with a grin as he adds, “It was nice not having to fight you for the duvet for once, too.”

“Feel your pain,” Yoongi chimes in, confirming that he is indeed keeping one ear on the conversation.

Indignance makes you almost choke on your toast.

“You're cold blooded!” you sputter, “You don't even need blankets!” At that Yoongi stops playing, swivelling around on the stool to face the both of you.

“Not the point... It's the principle of the thing.” You glare at him, chomping on your toast as Jimin laughs, thoroughly amused.

“Whatever,” you mumble around your mouthful, trying not to let the adorable smile curling Yoongi’s lips affect you. The three of you fall silent as you continue to eat, though it's a strangely comfortable kind of quiet given the complexity of your relationship with the two of them.

You notice Jimin’s attention shift after a second or two, looking down at something amongst the
covers next to him. He picks up Yoongi’s pad and starts to leaf through it, his eyebrows rising slightly.

“You started writing tunes again hyung?” You watch as Yoongi straightens up a little in his seat, looking slightly embarrassed.

“A little, yeah. It's nothing impressive.”

“Don't be so modest oppa,” you chide, “He's been talking to an MC who wants to see more of his stuff.”

“Really?” Jimin looks up, his eyes widening slightly now too as you nod and Yoongi shrugs. “I mean, I can see why. These lyrics are good, hyung. Better than the stuff you used to write.”

“It's been like thirty years since the last time you read anything I wrote, it's bound to be better.”

“Accept the compliment, dick.” You snort a laugh, almost choking on your toast at the affectionate banter being exchanged between the two of them. Yoongi just smiles cockily and Jimin returns it, giving his head a little shake and then turning his attention back to you. “What about you? Do I get to see how good you've gotten?” You pause, toast halfway to your already open mouth.

“You want to see me play?”

“Of course.” You glance at Yoongi smiles reassuringly, shifting over on the stool to make room for you. Suddenly you feel a bit nervous; before now the only people who've ever seen you play are Yoongi and your parents. What if Jimin thinks you're no good? That’d be so embarrassing - though you're sure he would never tell you so even if he did think you were awful.

Slowly, you put down your toast and climb off the bed and over to the piano where Yoongi is waiting. He touches your back briefly in a little gesture of encouragement, leaning closer to whisper in your ear which song you should play. He the suggests the tune you’d been learning as a duet until very recently, and though you know it’s your best piece you still hesitate for a moment before playing your fingers on the keys.

“Go on, gongjunim,” Yoongi whispers, prompting you with another gentle brush of his fingers against the small of your back. Sufficiently coaxed, you start to play, trying hard to focus on the melody rather the weight of Jimin's eyes.

Soon enough you're concentrating so hard on the movement of your fingers that it's almost easy to forget everything else around you, allowing yourself to get lost in the music. You make the odd mistake here and there, but where once you would've gotten frustrated and given up now you bolster and carry on. You’re fairly certain that unless you intimately knew the piece - like Yoongi and you do - you wouldn’t haven even picked up on the way you missed a note, or played that one part just a little too fast.

At some point you feel Jimin come to stand behind you, watching you play from over your shoulder, and by the time you finish he’s got his hand in the back of your hair, trailing his fingers through the strands.

“I’m not sure what to say,” he tells you once you've finished, swivelling a little in your seat to look at him, your knees touching Yoongi’s. Now that you’re not playing anymore the nerves are suddenly back tenfold, especially he’s said something so vague. What exactly does that mean? Did he hate it so much that he can’t even think of a way to soften the blow? “I expected you to be pretty good after so many lessons, but that was… beautiful.”
“Really?” you ask stupidly, cheeks flushing. Jimin smiles sweetly at you, cocking his head to the side, eyes squinted.

“Really.” His hand slips from your hair to your upper back, rubbing gently between your shoulder blades, and at the same time you notice his other hand come to rest on the back of Yoongi’s neck. Both yours and the elder boy’s eyes widen as Jimin and he come into contact, and though Yoongi gives him a somewhat questioning look he doesn’t pull away as Jimin’s thumb begins to rub lightly against his skin. The younger boy doesn’t even seem to even acknowledge his slightly out of character behaviour, looking at Yoongi and carrying on as if it were the most natural thing in the world. “You’ve done a really good job of teaching her.”

“T-thanks.” Yoongi’s voice is halting and uncertain, clearly caught off guard by the unexpected physical contact from his friend.

“I’m very proud of you, kitten,” Jimin tells you, turning to face you again with a soft smile on his lips. You feel your cheeks heat up all the more, your heart thudding hard when Jimin lifts his hand from your shoulder to push back your fringe tenderly, tucking hair behind your ear and pushing it from your shoulders to expose your neck. His eyes trail from yours downward - your lips, your jaw, your throat - but when they get there they suddenly narrow, and for just a split second you can’t figure out why.

That is, until, you touch your neck and realise you’ve forgotten to put your collar back on, and your skin is still littered with marks Yoongi left there not even two hours ago.

“Where’s your collar?” he asks quietly, his hands dropping from both Yoongi’s and yours necks, “And what the hell are those?” You swallow nervously as your eyes glance to Yoongi, looking for some back up but he’s just looking a sheepish, gaze cast downward. “I… It got uncomfy. I had a bad dream so I took it off and I just… forgot to put it back on.” It’s true enough, but it sounds like a bad excuse rather than honestly and Jimin seems to think the same, his jaw tensing.

“And the marks?” Your mouth flaps, no words coming out, far too flustered to form any kind of coherent reply. Jimin knows what they are anyway, where they came from. You’d kind of presumed that it wouldn’t matter, seeing as he’d given you his permission but… apparently not. His eyebrows lift as he waits for a reply, but when one doesn’t come he simply sighs. “You know I’m going to have to punish you now, don’t you kitten?”

“You are?”

“I am.” He pulls you up off the stool and gives you a gentle push toward the end of the piano, his eyes dark and licking his lips. He's no longer the soft Jimin who was praising you just a minute ago. No, the set of his jaw and the intimidating sensuality of his expression is all daddy, and it's he who growls at you to bend over and pulls down your leggings and underwear all in one go to expose your ass to the air. “Ten,” he states, rubbing his palm against one of your cheeks and groping the flesh, “Don't you let go, and don't forget your safe word.”

He barely gives you any time to prepare yourself for the first blow; his hand strikes smartly across your ass and makes you gasp at the sting, tipping forward onto your tip-toes. The second one comes just as quick, though this time on the opposite cheek, and as that one lands you suddenly remember that Yoongi is watching it all. It makes the third one feel all the more humiliating as the sound of Jimin’s hand connecting with backside echoes around the room.

Being punished is embarrassing enough, without it being carried out in front of someone else… and yet, somehow you find yourself revelling in the humiliation, arousal starting to pool in your core as you receive your fourth.
He pauses, giving you the smallest of respites to catch your breath, his own ragged with exertion. Jimin’s really not holding back, and you're glad of it.

“Gonna leave you fucking raw, kitten, seeing as you like being marked so much,” he growls lowly, and judging by the strength behind his blows you’re sure your ass is practically glowing red already, nevermind when you’ve taken even more.

There’s a fifth and a sixth, always on alternating buttocks, and though you're gritting your teeth to hold back a moan through the seventh, you still seem to hear one. It’s not a moan that belongs to you though, and neither does it belong to Jimin; when you turn your head to look down to the other end of the piano you see Yoongi still sat there, his eyes locked on yours as you receive the rest of your punishment.

You try to keep looking back at him, even as you cry out and flinch with the remaining three that are left, grabbing onto the wood of the piano in desperation to hold on. Yoongi’s mouth is slightly open as he watches, the tip of his tongue just visible and his eyes so full of lust that the whole of you aches with the want for him. Or Jimin. Or both. At this point your mind is so flooded with desire that you really don’t care.

“You took that so well,” Jimin praises, caressing you with both hands, “Such a good girl, taking your punishment like that.” Your ass feels like it's on fire, throbbing even though he's being nothing but gentle, and you have to try not to whimper when he gives it one last light tap as he steps away from you. You only realise once you’re standing yourself straight that you're soaking wet, your thighs sliding against each other as you bend to start pulling up your underwear and leggings, presuming that it's all over and done now that Jimin is walking back to where Yoongi's sat - though you certainly wish it wasn't.

“Leave those off,” Jimin tells you before you've even got them past your knees, “And go lie down on the bed ready for daddy.” Nodding, you slip both articles of clothing all the way off and hurry towards the bed, your legs like jelly, and as you pass the stool where Yoongi's sat you notice how Jimin’s got his hand placed around the back of his neck again, threading up into his dark hair as his hungry eyes continue to watch you. “The other way around,” he prompts when you go to lie with your head amongst the pillows. You change direction, crawling down to the foot of the bed, and as you do you can't help but notice the way Yoongi's staring at up at Jimin, almost tilting his head back into the other man's hand.

What the hell is going on there? Since when has Jimin ever been so handsy with anyone else but you, and since when would Yoongi have ever been so accepting of it? As you roll over onto your back you catch a glimpse of Yoongi licking his lips before they both disappear from your sight, and the image of it has you clenching your legs together as you stare at the ceiling, lying there in nothing but your t-shirt.

“Tell me how you fucked her, Yoongi.” Jimin’s voice soft but assertive, and simply the drop of the honorific after the older boy’s name tells you exactly the kind of mood the other is in; as if the spanking hadn’t been enough of an indicator. There's a short silence in which neither of them speak and you're left biting your lip in anticipation of Yoongi’s reply, heart pounding in your chest.

“I had her leg over my shoulder…” he answers, sounding a little breathless, and you hear Jimin ‘hmm’ in response.

“Good choice.” The sound of Jimin's footsteps tell you that he's approaching the bed, your breath quickening too, and soon he's climbing on the bed and leaning over you, a smirk on his face. “You know I want, kitten.” Oh yes, you certainly do, and you want it just as badly.
You spread your legs for him and Jimin practically devours the sight of your glistening folds, his tongue running across his bottom lip as you lift your one leg in the air and hook it over his shoulder, smiling coyly.

“Why don’t we try for two?” he suggests huskily, grabbing onto your other leg and lifting that over his shoulder too. Jimin is still fully dressed at this point, but the moment he has you where he wants you he tugs his sweats down to circle his thighs, freeing his cock that’s already weeping with the anticipation of being inside of you.

“I want it, daddy,” you moan needily, using the leverage you have on his shoulders to lift your bottom from the mattress and nudge your folds against the head, trying to coax him inside but failing miserably.

“Didn’t you make her cum, Yoongi?” Jimin asks, lifting his head to look at the other man still sat at the piano, his hips moving just enough to keep the tip nudging at your entrance, dipping in shallowly enough to leave you whining for more.

“I had her cumming like half an hour after she woke up,” Yoongi answers, sounding a little defiant, and at that Jimin looks back down at you, a smirk on his face.

“Is that true, kitten?” Looking up at him past your ankles you slowly nod, biting your lip and groaning when he pushes inside just an inch and then withdraws again. “You’re such a needy little slut. How can you be this wet when you were cumming on someone else’s cock only an hour ago?”

“I’m always-” you mewl as he sits back on his heels and spreads your pussy open with his thumbs, watching his own cock disappear inside you inch by inch, taking you so slowly that you want to scream. “I’m always needy for you, daddy.” Again he withdraws before he’s entered you fully and you just can’t take it anymore, tugging on your hair and flexing your hips up from the bed. “Please, fuck me, fuck, please.”

“I love it when you beg for me,” he growls, something hot flickering across his gaze, “Do it again.”

“Please, I want… I need you so much, please, daddy,” you oblige, clenching your pelvic floor around what little of his length is inside of you. At the feel of you squeezing around him Jimin groans, incensed by your pleading and whining, and finally enters you fully in one sharp, hard thrust.

“Fuck,” he snarls, though you barely hear him over the sound of your own whimpering. Your hips are twisting restlessly, wiggling your backside against his lower abdominals, and Jimin grabs onto your thighs to render you motionless. “Keep still. This isn’t for your enjoyment, kitten, it’s for mine. You’ll get what you’re given.” He stares down at you, almost like he’s challenging you to backtalk him, completely still save for the twitch of his cock you feel inside you when you bite your bottom lip and nod obediently.

Does he really expect you not to enjoy this? Just the feel of him inside you and the way in which he’s speaking is enough to have your core throbbing with pleasure; nevermind how much you love knowing that Yoongi is watching too.

Jimin slides his hands from your thighs upwards, along your calves till he’s gripping your ankles, and all the while his hips are starting to move, sliding himself in and out of you slowly, pressing his plushy lips together and then licking them when he looks down to watch himself fuck you.

“Youngi you should see how pretty her pussy looks taking my cock,” he says to his elder, lifting his eyes from your core to look straight past you into the eyes of the boy sat somewhere behind you.
You hear Yoongi’s clipped exhale and it’s enough to make your walls clench again, pleasure jolting down your spine. “I’m not gonna be able to hold back if you keep doing that.” Jimin glances down at you as he gives one particularly hard thrust, but then his eyes are back to Yoongi and he’s licking his lips, his head listing lazily to the side.

God, you wish you could see what he’s seeing; what’s Yoongi doing back there to make Jimin look so lustful? Is he touching himself, watching Jimin fuck you? Is his cock out, encircled by Yoongi’s long, skillful fingers? You can’t help but clench again, tipping your head back into the sheets. It’s such a sexy image, and that combined with the feel of Jimin’s cock inside you is almost more than you can bare.

You hear Jimin growl, his grip on your ankles tightening as he pulls your legs apart, spreading them into a wide ‘V’ up in the air, no longer resting on his body.

“I warned you, kitten.”

He most certainly did; but nothing could have prepared you for the savagery of the way he starts pounding into you now. He slams into you at breakneck speed, each thrust as hard as the last, the position that you’re in allowing Jimin to get deeper inside than he’s ever been before, and you’re grabbing onto the sheets and moaning like a whore as he fucks you.

“Fuck,” Jimin curses breathlessly, the seat of his lap slapping against your ass, short fingernails digging into your ankles, “I love this fucking pussy. Gonna fill it so full of my cum, fuck.”

“Please,” you whine, feeling your orgasm starting to build in the depths of you. You can already tell it’ll be a good one, one that’ll leave your head reeling with it’s intensity, and you chase after it, trying to push back against him as best you can in such a restrictive position.

“You ready, kitten? You ready for daddy’s cum?” he groans, sweat beading on his forehead, and you can feel his cock swelling inside you, ready to spill his load but you’re not ready, not yet, close but not quite there.

Jimin lets go of your ankles to grab onto your hips as he slams into you one last time with a feral groan, stuffing himself as deep as possible and holding you there as he cums inside of you. You can feel it spilling out hot against your walls, his cock throbbing and pulsing, and there’s so much of it; it just keeps coming and coming as he throws his head back, groaning out your name.

You’re whimpering as he comes down from his high, his head tilting forward again to look down at you with a satisfied smirk on his face. He knows you didn’t cum but does nothing to try and help you finish, simply slips his softening cock out of you and climbs off the bed, pulling up his sweats as you lie there trying not to tremble. You’re wound so tight you feel like you could cry, your pussy aching with how empty it feels, from how badly you need to cum, and your hands start to drift down towards your core almost all of your own accord, desperate to try and bring yourself some relief if Jimin won’t.

“Don’t you dare,” Jimin threatens, pulling your hand away from your clitoris and using his grip on your wrist to pull you up to sitting. You can feel his cum start to leak from you just from the shift in position, and feeling it sully your thighs and pool underneath you on Yoongi’s sheets only turns you on all the more. “Look what you’ve done, kitten.” Jimin walks away from the bed and over to Yoongi, ignoring your pleading eyes and slipping his hand into the other boy’s hair. Yoongi looks wrecked, his lips swollen, eyes hooded, leant back against the piano with his legs spread wide open, palming himself through his sweats. “Show her what she’s done,” he prompts, and Yoongi’s hungry eyes flick from you to Jimin, his lips parting slightly as he follows the others instruction and pulls down his pants enough to let his cock out.
It’s so hard, so angry and red, and Yoongi’s practically shaking as he tries to resist touching himself, his cock twitching and bobbing against his stomach.

“Youngi…” you murmur under your breath, biting your lips to ribbons trying to fight the urge to go over there and climb on top of him - to ride him until you get the orgasm you so desperately need. Jimin, however, appears to have other ideas.

He leans over Yoongi and takes his friend’s cock in his hand, wrapping his palm around it as you’ve seen him do so many times with his own. He starts to stroke him gently, slowly, smirking at the shell-shocked look on Yoongi’s face and then leaning close to start whispering something in the other boy’s ears. Yoongi looks like he doesn’t know what to do with himself, his hands hovering in mid-air, eyes wide, breath escaping in short, staccato pants as Jimin touches him.

It’s the hottest thing you’ve ever seen, and even with no one touching you you end up moaning, wanting nothing more than to go over there and join the two of them. Yoongi’s eyes meet yours when he hears the sound, and when he sees how much the sight of them is wrecking you he finally seems to relax into it, his shoulders sagging and hips pushing upward into Jimin’s hand, eyes closing.

“See what you’ve done to your oppa,” Jimin says, his voice low and silky smooth, calling your attention back to him. He starts to handle Yoongi’s cock a little more roughly, drawing a strangled moan. “I think you owe him an apology.”

“S-sorry, oppa,” you stutter out, and it feels like your whole body is on fire.

“I bet you want to fuck her, don’t you?” Jimin asks the boy he’s standing over, and you can tell by the way Yoongi’s breath catches that Jimin must have just tightened the grip of his hand.

“Yes. God, yes, please.” Yoongi sounds just as shameless as you did earlier and you hope with every fibre of your being that Jimin will take mercy on the both of you, but when all he does is chuckle darkly that hope is quickly extinguished.

“Then you better not put your filthy mouth on her ever again, you hear?” Jimin snarls, tugging on the other boy’s cock so hard that it must giving him just as much pain as it is pleasure. Yoongi doesn’t seem to mind though; he lets out a whine the likes of which you’ve never heard from him before, his eyes locked with Jimin’s dark ones, his own hand reaching up to touch Jimin’s hip, skirting the edge of his t-shirt like he wants to slip his fingers underneath. “I’m the only one that gets to mark her. Mine.”

“Yes,” Yoongi agrees breathlessly, nodding submissively, clearly willing to go along with anything whilst Jimin’s hand is doing what it’s doing.

“I think you owe me an apology too, boy.”

“S-sorry.” Jimin flicks his wrist and Yoongi’s head falls back, moaning prettily, “Shit! Sorry, Sir, I’m sorry. I won’t - ah - I won’t do it again.”

“That’s right, you won’t.” Abruptly Jimin lets go of Yoongi’s cock, letting it slap back against the other boy’s stomach as he straightens up, leaving the other panting and looking at him helplessly, chest heaving. “Neither of you get to cum today,” he tells you both, his eyes shifting between you and Yoongi coolly, seemingly unaffected by yours and Yoongi’s equally pathetic states.

“Don’t make me punish you both like this again.”
Now, let me know how you feel about this little twist that's just happened. I mean I >love< a bit of boy on boy action but maybe not all of you feel the same? I hope you do, anyway <3

Oh, and I know some of you guys have already seen it, but you might be interested in reading Fiception

It's a hilarious little fic written by my friend MacKenzie. A sort of 'what would happen if the 'real' BTS read 'Sweeter than Sweet', and it's so funny (I think so anyway ;))

I absolutely love it and can't WAIT to see how she carries it on in line with what's just been happening here lol <3 <3
Hello to all the new readers that have left comments just lately! Welcome to the party!

We're hit 20,000 hits, god damn. You guys are the best, honestly, I can't get over it. Whenever I'm having a shitty day I just come look at all your comments and just bathe myself in the love you all give so generously. I love you lots <3 <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Come here.” You look up as you’re re-dressing yourself to see Jimin beckoning you over, your collar hanging from his open palm, his face still fixed into the same stern expression as before. Once your underwear and leggings are back in place you obediently make your way over to him, turning on the spot when he gestures for you to do so. It’s difficult for you not to shudder as he shifts your hair out of the way of your neck, his fingertips brushing your flesh as he puts your collar back in place and fastens it tight. You shake your hair back into place as you turn back to face him, trying to ignore the woefully neglected ache between your legs.

“Are you alright?” Jimin asks, taking your chin in his hand, rubbing his thumb back and forth.. His eyes softer now, and you wonder if that’s simply down to your collar being back where it belongs. You nod shortly, not quite trusting yourself to speak because to be honest you’re really not, not right now anyway, and you think Jimin would know this whatever answer you gave. He leans in, kissing you so fleetingly that you have to try not to chase after his lips as they leave, and when you sigh quietly a small smile appears on his face. “It’ll feel so good next time, kitten. Trust me, it’s worth the wait.”

“It better had do,” you answer before you can help yourself, your voice coming out husky, and at that Jimin laughs, dropping his hand from your chin and pulling you into a tight embrace, squeezing you in his arms. You know this feeling is only temporary - it’s not like you’ve never been horny before - but right now even the feel of his solid body against yours is making you want to rub your thighs together.

Yoongi must be suffering too, after all of that. He’d disappeared off to the bathroom a couple of minutes ago - but not before he received a stern warning from Jimin not touch himself in there. What would happen if Yoongi disobeyed? Would he need punishing too? You feel your cheeks reddening at just the thought of Yoongi receiving a spanking, bent over his piano at the mercy of the man holding you now, but you quickly try to rid yourself of those thoughts. Not only are they counterproductive in trying to calm yourself, but you know Yoongi would never let himself be put in that kind of compromising position.

Or would he? Half an hour ago you never would have believed he’d permit Jimin to touch him the way he did either, nevermind enjoy it the way he was. Maybe there’s things about your two favourite vampires that you don’t yet know?

“Jiminie,” you say after allowing yourself to enjoy his lingering embrace just a moment longer, “What-um-what was that that happened with Yoongi- oppa?” He looks down at you, the very corners of his lips turning upward into a small, secret smile.
“Didn’t you like it?” You shake your head quickly, not wanting for him to think for even the briefest of moments that you had any kind of issue with it at all. Hell, that’s a show you’d pay good money to see.

“No! I mean-yes-I liked it. I liked it a lot.” His smile grows, the hands that are resting on your hips giving an affectionate squeeze. “It was just a little… unexpected.” Unfortunately Jimin just cocks his head to the side slightly, remaining frustratingly mute about the whole subject. You’re so curious about it though; was that the first time they’ve been intimate like that? Has Yoongi ever touched him too? “Have you guys ever—”

The bathroom door opens, abruptly cutting your conversation short, and as Yoongi steps into the room his eyes meet yours first. You send him a sympathetic smile, knowing he must be feeling just as frustrated as you, and though he initially smiles sweetly at you too, it falls off of his face when he notices Jimin looking at him too. His expression turns sheepish, his head dipping slightly as he looks away, walking around the two of you to go sit on the edge of his bed, hands dangling between his legs.

You hope what just happened isn’t going to cause a problem; you’d hate to add to the reasons for things to be awkward between the three of you.

“I guess you’ll be heading off?” Yoongi asks, directing the question to you rather than Jimin. It seems like he can’t quite bring himself to look at the younger boy right now. You do, though, tilting your head up questioningly.

“I was going to suggest we watch a movie,” Jimin tells you, his hand in the small of your back, “We don’t often get chance to enjoy a quiet night in.”

“Sounds cosy,” Yoongi comments, and you swear you can hear a hint of bitterness in his tone that Jimin seems to pick up on as well, turning to face the older boy.

“You’re more than welcome to join us.” Your eyes widen marginally, shocked that he’d extend the invitation so casually. You’re shocked he’d offer it at all, actually, and so’s Yoongi.

“... I don’t want to intrude.”

“You won’t be,” Jimin reassures him, a hint of amusement sparkling in his eyes as Yoongi’s turn briefly to the ground, evidently hesitating.

“Please come, oppa. It’d be nice to spend time with both of you.” He looks up again, a thoughtful expression on his face as he gazes back into your eyes, chewing briefly on his thumb nail before standing from the bed, shrugging his shoulders.

“You’re more than welcome to join us.” Your eyes widen marginally, shocked that he’d extend the invitation so casually. You’re shocked he’d offer it at all, actually, and so’s Yoongi.

“... I don’t want to intrude.”

“You won’t be,” Jimin reassures him, a hint of amusement sparkling in his eyes as Yoongi’s turn briefly to the ground, evidently hesitating.

“Sure,” he says, and you get the feeling he’s trying to sound more relaxed about it than he actually is, “It’s not like I’ve got anything else planned.” You grin, extending your hand out to him and squeezing his when he takes it.

“Thank you,” you tell him gratefully and Yoongi smiles softly back at you, too, squeezing your hand just as hard even as Jimin’s arm winds it’s way around your waist. You feel his lips press against the side of your head and you shut your eyes for a second at the happiness you feel swelling in your chest, taking a moment to just appreciate the feeling.

“Come on,” Jimin beckons gently, tugging lightly on your waist to make you open your eyes and start walking with him. You’d thought he’d try to separate you and Yoongi, pull you far enough ahead that you’d have to let go of his hand, but Jimin does just the opposite. He hangs back so that
the three of you can walk side by side out of Yoongi’s room and down the corridor, and you smile gratefully up at him as you go, a smile Jimin returns warmly, giving your waist a squeeze.

You can’t wait to spend the evening with both of them. You’d love to think you could continue being this tactile, too, but inevitably you’ll have to part should any of the others turn up. It’d be kind of hard to explain why’re being just as affectionate with the both of them, you suppose, and you’re not sure all of them would understand anyway, even if you did. You’ll just have to enjoy it while it lasts.

You’d never expected that your evening could be derailed as drastically as it is when you walk into the entrance hall, confronted by a sight you never thought you’d see. Sam - your god damn Sam - is stood in the middle of the room, talking animatedly to none other than Namjoon, a big goofy smile sitting underneath her too wide eyes. Namjoon’s smiling too, though it reminds you of the way a crocodile would smile whilst inviting you into his jaws, and the moment your brain fully processes what’s happening you start to panic, tugging your hand out of Yoongi’s and wrenching away from Jimin to run over.

“Sam!” you call loudly, sprinting across the room and practically rugby tackling her in the process of throwing your arms around her body. After a moment of recovery Sam shrieks your name too, hugging you with equal enthusiasm, squeezing you tight. “What the hell are you doing here?” you ask as you pull away, trying to sound happy to see her but very aware that you’re gritting your teeth with worry, pulling on her arm to put a little bit of distance between her and Namjoon as Jimin and Yoongi make their way over too.

“Thought I’d pop over - give Hobi a nice surprise,” she tells you, winking at you before then becoming entirely distracted by the two men you feel walking up behind you. Her pretty eyes look them both up and down, a knowing smile spreading across her face. “Jimin and Yoongi I presume?” She extends her hand to Jimin first.

“I’ve heard lots about you,” Jimin says, shaking her hand and giving her a winning smile.

“Likewise.” It’s reassuring to know it’s not only you who’s so easily overwhelmed by Jimin’s charms; Sam’s blushing a light pink as she withdraws her hand to then offer it to Yoongi. He’s slower to take it, that slightly aloof, icy exterior of his making an appearance when confronted with someone new. You hope Sam won’t think poorly of him for it. Now you know him better you know it’s only a symptom of the anxiety that plagues him that makes him behave so coldly, rather than a genuine dislike of other people. Eventually they shake hands too, albeit with a tight, all too brief smile on Yoongi’s part.

You’re focused on Namjoon whilst the majority of this is going on. Although he was initially smiling when you arrived the moment Sam’s back had turned it’d suddenly been wiped off of his face, his sharp eyes assessing the way the three of you arrived in tandem. It’s with something that looks all too similar to jealousy that he takes in the marks on your neck your collar fails to hide, and when he nostrils flare slightly you know he’ll be catching the scent of the three of you all over one another. You wish you didn’t notice the way his eyes narrow slightly when he looks back to you; they look all too similar to how they did during your dream, and just the memory of it has your heart pounding anxiously against your ribcage.

You wrench your eyes away from him, refusing to let yourself get caught in his gaze by turning yourself toward Sam.

“Hoseok gave you the address?” You’re going to kill him if he did; surely he wouldn’t be so irresponsible enough to do something like that?
“Um, not exactly,” Sam answers, looking slightly guilty when she sees the confusion on your face, “He kind of… forgets to turn his location settings off when he messages me-”

“Of course he does,” Yoongi mutters behind you.

“-This place isn’t exactly hard to find. There’s nothing else for like a mile either side.” Ok, so apparently it’s Sam that’s the irresponsible one. Hell, they’re both as bad as each other. “Nice place, by the way,” she continues to gush, looking over her shoulder to grin at Namjoon, flipping her hair as she does. “I was worried no one would be here, but luckily enough Joonie was around to let me in.” Joonie? Really? That’s a little familiar, isn’t it?

He flashes his dimples at her, and honestly you can’t blame Sam for the way she swallows, her eyes drifting slowly up and down his frame. He does look gorgeous, unfortunately, dressed up in a well-fitting navy pant suit and jacket.

“You should’ve invited Samantha over sooner,” Namjoon says, reaching out to smooth her raven hair behind her ear, smiling seductively at her before turning his attention back to you, Sam practically melting on the spot from that briefest of touches. “We don’t bite.” The urge to scoff is almost overwhelming but you manage to hold it back, helped in part by the unpleasant emotion that knots your stomach when you witness him touching her.

Is this jealousy you’re feeling too? Unfortunately you think it might be, though honestly you’re struggling to fathom out why. Why would you feel that way when it’s you who’s told him nothing like that could ever happen between the two you? You have everything you could ever want standing right behind you; so why does the way Namjoon’s staring at you so intensely have you feeling all hot under the collar again? You dreamt about him trying to kill you, for Christ’s sake.

The gentle press of Jimin’s fingers against your wrist and Sam’s voice break you out of whatever hold Namjoon has on you, and when you look away you feel almost as though you’ve been in a daze, having to blink a few times to clear your head. Sam continues to speak, smiling cheekily.

“I think she’s just trying to keep all of you to herself.” Oh, if only she knew how close to the truth that is. You’re pretty sure you Yoongi sniggering quietly too, actually.

“Jimin, do you wanna go get Hobi? Tell him Sam’s here?” you say quickly, wanting to separate her and Namjoon as quickly as possible without physically dragging her away. You’re fairly certain Namjoon wouldn’t actually do anything too untoward where she’s concerned, but you’d rather nip things in the bud now while you can, before the chance even presents itself.

“I’ll go,” Namjoon volunteers, and your heart drops when you realise that’s probably bad news for Hoseok. You can’t imagine Namjoon’s going to have appreciated this little breach of the group’s privacy and the carelessness of Hobi’s that led to it. He starts to leave before you can disagree, however, but not before casting one dark, lingering look at you over his shoulder.

“So,” Sam starts, oblivious to any of the tension playing out around her, “What’ve you been up to to keep yourself busy? Apart from playing lady of the manor, that is.” She grins, hands on her hips, and you can’t help but smile back at her, immediately more at ease now that Namjoon’s gone.

“Gardening, playing piano, reading,” you reel off, leaning your head on Jimin’s shoulder when he wraps his arm around you again.

“Wow, slow down wild child,” Sam jokes, rolling her eyes. Both Yoongi and Jimin laugh at your expense and you huff in mock irritation - not that Sam pays any attention to it. “You’ve not forgotten it’s my birthday next month, have you?”
“It’s you that forgets my birthday, Sam, not the other way around.”

“Like… three times, tops,” she dismisses with a grin. “Anyway, we should totally all go out or something. You haven’t let me drag you out in ages.”

You glance at the boys in turn; Yoongi looks less than keen, barely managing to keep the grimace from his face, but Jimin’s smiling warmly, already nodding along.

“That might be fun,” he agrees, much to Sam’s delight, tactfully ignoring the way you’re elbowing him in the ribs. You’d think he might think better of it, seeing he knows better than anyone what happened the last time you went out with Sam. Still, the risk of that happening again with Jimin actually at your side is pretty non-existent.

You start trying to talk your way out of it only to have Sam interrupt you a second later, her eyes widening as she spots the marks on your neck.

“Where the hell did those come from?!” she gawks loudly, pointing at them. You have to repress a sigh; if she’d thought for just a second she’d know perfectly well where they came from and could have saved herself the awkward blush that’s forming on her cheeks now that her brain has finally caught up with her mouth. She soon recovers though, smiling slyly as her eyes shift from Jimin to Yoongi. “Or should I ask who they came from, rather than where?”

“Sam!” you scold, feeling Yoongi shift awkwardly beside you.

“Hey, I’m not judging,” Sam assures the three of you, holding up her hands innocently. “You should see what I’m wearing under here.” Suddenly she’s pulling on the lapels of her raincoat, and she’d probably have flashed you all fully if you hadn’t have shrieked her name again the moment you caught a glimpse of the skimpy black negligee she’s wearing underneath.

“I think some things are better left to the imagination,” you chide gently, not really wanting the boys on either side to get an eyefull of Sam’s beautiful body lest they realise how far superior it is to yours.

“Oh what, are you worried about these two?” Sam scoffs, waving her hand at you like you’re being ridiculous, “Sweetie, they’ve clearly only got eyes for you.”

How is it that Sam makes the little love triangle you’ve got going on sound so… normal? She doesn’t even bat an eyelid when Yoongi picks up your hand to kiss your knuckles in confirmation of her words, Jimin simultaneously leaning his head atop of yours.

“How is it that Sam makes the little love triangle you’ve got going on sound so… normal? She doesn’t even bat an eyelid when Yoongi picks up your hand to kiss your knuckles in confirmation of her words, Jimin simultaneously leaning his head atop of yours.

“I missed you, Hobi-bear,” she tells him as he pulls back, keeping his hands resting on each of her forearms. It's nice that they're glad to see each other - Hoseok doesn’t seem like he's even noticed anyone else is in the room, quite frankly - but ‘Hobi-bear’? You can feel yourself grimacing at the sickly-sweetness of it, and next to you you can feel Yoongi's body shaking with silent laughter. “I wanted to see you.”

“I know, pumpkin, I missed you too,” he tells her sweetly, leaning in to kiss her briefly before adding, “I wish you’d called first, though.”

“Pumpkin…” Yoongi snickers, unable to hold back his laughter any longer. The sound of it finally
draws Hobi’s attention to the rest of you, his mouth opening slightly when he sees you standing there.

“I think it's sweet, hyung,” Jimin chuckles, lightly teasing his elder. To be honest they're hardly ones to talk, what with the names they call you; though yours aren't quite so mushy. Hobi seems to be tactfully ignoring them though, fixing his eyes on you.

“I didn't realise she was coming,” he explains, giving you a sheepish grin as he addresses you like a school teacher on the verge of giving him a detention.

“Don't worry, Sam already explained,” you reassure, and Sam watches your exchange with a delicately raised eyebrow.

“Are you, like, the manor matriarch or something?” You laugh at her, shaking your head. You, the matriarch of a family of vampires; wouldn't that be something?

“Hobi just knows how hard I'd beat his ass if anything ever happened to you, that's all.”

“You'd think I was walking into a lion's den or something,” she snorts, rolling her eyes whilst Yoongi mumbles under his breath,

“Namjoon's gonna end up giving him a beating for this anyway.” Sadly, you know he's probably not wrong.

“Well, you’re here now,” you say finally, giving her a smile. Unexpected or not it’s still very nice to see her, and you may as well take advantage. “We were gonna go watch a movie; you wanna join us?” Hobi puts his arm around Sam’s waist, the turning of his head toward her clearly deferring the question her way.

“Maybe in a little while?” Sam’s eyes widen, glancing downward at the coat she’s wearing as her head cocks slightly to the side, obviously trying to drop you a hint. You struggle not to laugh, your lips twitching as you nod. Oh, Hobi has no idea how lucky he’s about to be. “Hobi-bear, will you show me where I can put my coat?” she says sweetly, lightly pouting, and you can almost see him turning to putty right there in front of you, a silly, love-sick smile stretching across his face.

“Maybe put a shirt on while you're there, Hobi- ah,” Yoongi snarks after them as you watch the two love-birds go, arm in arm. Hobi looks back over his shoulder, throwing you a wink as he declares, “You love it, hyung. Don’t wait up!”

Honestly, you’re struggling to remember ever having had a more perfect evening. When you’d gotten into the living room Yoongi had taken his usual spot on the sofa, and Jimin had gently pushed you in the older boy’s general direction whilst he’d searched for a DVD for the three of you to watch. It’d taken a little while to find something for you to all agree on, but whilst the two of them had bantered back and forth Yoongi had placed his arm around your shoulder to absent-mindedly play with your hair, and when Jimin had finally sat down on the other side of you he’d done nothing to stop him, simply placing his hand on your thigh and giving it a squeeze.

As the movie had gone on you’d changed positions to get more comfortable and ended up with your head in Jimin’s lap and your legs across Yoongi’s, each of their hands lavishing you in loving attention. Jimin would massage your scalp, run his fingers through your hair and stroke his fingertips along the curve of your neck whilst Yoongi would softly caress your thighs and hip, even going so far as to lift your t-shirt slightly to slowly tickle your side.
Every moment had felt like heaven, and even the lewd sounds that’d started coming through the ceiling from upstairs only fifteen minutes into the film hadn’t done anything to spoil it. Jimin and you had simply laughed as he’d turned up the TV volume to cover it; after all, you’re both more than guilty of inflicting your antics on the rest of the household, so it was about time someone got their own back. Yoongi, however, had been less forgiving, grimacing at the ceiling every so often whenever there was a particular loud moan or bang of the headboard.

You’ve got to hand it to Hoseok; the boy has stamina. It’d gone on and on and on throughout almost the entire movie, finally ending in a noisy climax as the credit had rolled, and if you’re honest? It’d gotten you a little flustered just hearing it. It was hardly your fault - after the way Jimin had left you earlier it was no surprise you’d be so easily affected - and you’d had a sneaky suspicion that Yoongi had had the same problem as you by the way he was shifting around, whether he’d about it grumbled or not.

Hobi had looked like the cat that got the cream when the two of them had finally come downstairs, too busy smiling like an idiot to pay much attention to the disapproving side-eye given to him by his elder, and Sam was fixed to his side, dressed in one of his t-shirts and a pair of his sweats too. Her face glowed a flushed, healthy shade of pink, and her eyes sparkled too as she’d smiled shyly at you on their way over to the opposite sofa. It’d been lovely, the way neither Yoongi nor Jimin had thought to stop their little displays of affection once you were no longer alone. You know it’d have been different if it were anyone else, but Hobi and Sam hadn’t even batted an eyelid at the intimate position they’d found you in, and you’d loved being able to be so open about it around them, happy to kiss Yoongi goodnight when you’d all finally decided to part ways, safe in the knowledge that they wouldn’t judge you for it.

Admittedly, now you’re walking down the the corridor back to Jimin’s room you kind of wish you hadn’t had to have kissed him goodnight at all. It’d been more than wonderful, spending time with both of them like that without any of those guilty feelings that plague you when you’re with one and not the other.

“I really enjoyed tonight,” you say. Jimin looks down at you, squeezing his hand in yours, smiling fondly.

“I did too, kitten,” he agrees, “It’s nice to see everyone looking so happy lately.” You nod quickly.

“It’d be nice if Sam could spend a little more time here; I miss seeing her as often as I used to.” Jimin just ‘hmm’s’, and you shrug your shoulders, sighing a little. “I know it’d be hard trying to keep her from finding out, though. I’d rather she be safe and see her a little less, I guess.”

“She seems like a sweet girl.” He pauses, a smirk pulling at the corner of his lips, eyes twinkling with amusement. “A little loud, though.”

“I have a feeling that was her trying to be quiet,” you laugh, tilting your head against his arm. You’re just about to carry on speaking when Jimin comes to an abrupt stop, stopping you in your tracks right in front of his door.

“What’s that?” he asks, voice dropping an octave and you follow his eyeline to the floor, wondering what on earth he’s seen that could suddenly make him look so stern.

Sat right in front of his doorway is a book, and sat on top of it is a flower you recognise from your garden - the Moonflower Namjoon had commented on right before he’d kissed you. Letting go of Jimin’s hand you bend to pick them both up, turning the book over in your hands and noting the title;
“It’s just a book Namjoon thought I might like,” you say, trying to keep your voice smooth despite the escalation of your pulse. Why would he do this? The book you can understand, but the flower? Jimin isn’t going to appreciate this.

“And the flower?” You turn back to him, shrugging but struggling to meet his eyes, knowing that they’ll likely be blazing with the anger you can hear in his voice. “Fuck this, I’m going to go talk to him, straighten this shit out,” he proclaims with a growl, turning on the spot and starting to stalk away before you grab a hold of his arm, pulling him to a stop.

“Jimin, don’t,” you plead, and he turns back to look at you over his shoulder, nostrils flaring slightly. “You know what happened last time you got into a fight with him. It’s just a flower.” Jimin hesitates, eyes flicking between yours and then down to the flower clutched in your hand. He takes it from you, inspecting with a narrowed gaze it as he twirls it round and round in his fingers. “It’s just a harmless crush, he’ll get over it,” you assure him, though you’re not all too sure of that yourself.

“He better,” he states finally, voice low, crushing the flower in his hand and then throwing it off to the side before taking your hand again and practically pulling you into his room, slamming the door behind him.

Still feeling a bit shaken, you place Namjoon’s gift on your bedside table and then sit on the edge of the bed, watching Jimin strip aggressively out of his clothes. You can tell his mood is going to be black for at least a little while - it always is whenever Namjoon is involved - but you figure it’s just best to ride it out and carry on acting as normal in hopes that Jimin will eventually too.

“Jiminnie,” you call softly, and his head snaps up to look at you from across the room, eyes dark. “Will you chose something for me to sleep in tonight?” Maybe letting him assume some control will help him feel more at ease, too. He walks over to your drawers, completely naked, and opens the top one without a word. You start to undress as he roots around to find you something, but after a second you realise he’s gone eerily quiet, and when you look up from taking off your underwear and leggings you see him stood staring at you with Jungkook’s bandana held in his hand, an unreadable expression on his face.

Blind panic takes a hold of you, your mouth popping open, and suddenly it’s a little difficult to breathe.

“What’s this doing here?” he asks in a deadpan tone and for a moment you just stutter, trying to figure out exactly what to say to de-escalate the situation as best you can. It’s probably best to just be honest, you decide, stepping towards him.

“It’s Jungkook’s.”

“I know who’s it is,” he snaps, making you flinch inside. He was already in a bad mood - this really wasn’t what you needed right now. If you’re not careful this could blow completely out of proportion, especially when this unfortunately discovery has come just minutes after the first.

“I found it outside the door, he dropped it, I think.” You stop yourself, forcing yourself to take a deep breath to try and restore some calm, knowing that you’re not really making any sense. “One of the night’s when you were out on assignment I was feeling really… y’know.” You can feel your face flushing but Jimin’s remains steadfastly stern, unblinking. “And I think… Jungkook, he could smell it on me, and then I came back to your room and I-I was touching myself and thinking about you and then… afterwards when I finished and I went back outside that was on the floor outside the
By the time you’ve finished you’re slightly out of breath, standing right in front of Jimin looking up at him beseechingly, hands clasped in front of your naked form. He still refrains from saying anything, gazing into your eyes like he’s trying to read your thoughts, like he’s trying to decide whether he believes you or not.

“I’m not lying, daddy,” you say quietly, reaching out to press your hands to his naked chest, closing the space between you and feeling relieved when he doesn’t push you away. “I would’ve just asked your permission if I wanted to sleep with him. I promise.”

After a couple of seconds more you finally feel Jimin sag, exhaling heavily, and just a second more after that his arms enfold you too, leaning his cheek against your temple.

“I believe you, kitten,” he tells you quietly, planting a kiss there, too. You stand like that for at least a minute if not more, just enjoying the feel of each others bodies and the reassurance you find there, until finally Jimin speaks again, pulling back slightly. “Still, it was wrong of Jungkook -ah to go spying on you like that.”

A slow, dangerous smile starts to spread across Jimin’s face as he steps out of your embrace, smirking at the bandana still held in his hand as he asks,

“I think he deserves to be taught a lesson, don’t you?”

Chapter End Notes

YES, THAT'S RIGHT, IT'S FINALLY HAPPENING!!

HOLD TIGHT BITCHES! <3 <3
Chapter 49

Chapter Notes

Ok, so *deep breath*

I’m so nervous about this because it’s been so long-awaited but... here it is.

Ta-da!

ps. I know that some of you are going to be younger than Jungkook (probably a lot of you, actually) but damn it, let me have my little Noona kink. I’m older than >all< of them, and I need at least ONE smutty scene where the MC gets called Noona for my own peace of mind. Forgive me <3 <3

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Jungkook’s retribution takes a good couple of days to come to its fruition. The delay is partly due to Jimin being sent out on assignment for two consecutive nights following the discovery of the offending bandana, but it’s also a consequence of an awful lot of discussion being had about how exactly it should all go down.

It’s almost like Jimin’s given you a part to play, complete with lines and stage direction, and if you’re honest you’re more than a little nervous now the opening night is finally here. He dresses you in underwear he picked out himself - a deep maroon bralette with matching french knickers - and then helps you into a short, black satin dress that clings to your curves like a second skin. Every brush of his fingers against your skin leaves it prickling with excitement, like little shocks of electricity that run all the way down into your spine.

He must be able to tell that you’re nervous because every couple of minutes Jimin will tell you how beautiful you look and how no one will be able to resist you, and when he finally stands you in front of the mirror to take a good long look at yourself you have to admit that he might be right. He’s turned you into some sort of femme fatale, one who’s almost as vampiric in appearance as Jimin thanks to the heavy eyeliner and crimson lipstick he’s applied. All you’re missing is the fangs.

Once you’re all dressed up and ready to go he walks you down to the entrance hall, his arm around your waist helping to disguise the fact your legs are wobbling, and once you reach the bottom of the stairs Jimin kisses you so passionately that part of you just wants to turn right back around and fall straight back into bed with him, instead.

“Try not to break him too badly, kitten,” he tells you huskily. He presses the bandana into your palm, smiling dangerously. “At least not until I get there.” You swallow hard, your heart thudding as Jimin kisses you once more. You’re not sure if it’s the nerves or the anticipation you’re feeling that’s making it pound so hard; either way it’s a little dizzying, but in the very best of ways.

When he pulls away Jimin gives you a gentle nudge towards the staircase he then watches you climb, and as you reach the corridor that leads down to Jungkook’s room you cast one last fleeting look over your shoulder to where he stands smouldering at the foot of the stairs. You give him a slight nod and tighten your grip around the bandana, trying to steel yourself before carrying on down the darkened hallway, breath shaking slightly as you exhale.
Why is this so nerve-wracking? It’s just Jungkook, and it’s just sex. It’s not like he’d even know if it was bad, what with it being his first time, but then maybe that’s exactly why it feels like there’s so much pressure? You’re going to be his first, and he’s going to remember this forever. The thought turns you on just as much as it terrifies you, and by the time you’re stood outside his door you can already feel heat growing between your legs.

You don’t give yourself time to linger outside because you know it’ll only serve to make your more nervous. All you allow yourself is time to think over everything Jimin said - the way you should act, the things you should say - and then you’re knocking at his door and folding your hands neatly behind your back, obscuring the bandana from view as you enter on his answering call.

Jungkook’s sat at his desk as you step inside, gaming at his desktop computer with a large pair of headphones sat atop of his head. He must presume you’re Taehyung or one of the other boys, because instead of turning around he just keeps on playing, swearing under his breath.

“Dude, I swear this fire squad are a bunch of pussies, they - oh god damn it!” You see the screen change onto some sort of loading screen as Jungkook gives his keyboard an angry shove, ripping off his headphones and throwing them onto the desk before finally swivelling in his chair to face you.

The moment he realises it’s you stood there in his doorway, not Taehyung, he immediately sits up a little bit straighter, eyes widening slightly as he says your name in surprise.

“I hope I’m not disturbing anything,” you say, a slow smile spreading across your face as you notice the way his eyes are greedily drinking you in, roving over every inch of you from head to toe and back again.

“N-no, it’s fine,” he answers quickly, dragging his gaze back up to your face rather than letting it linger on the curve of your hips. “What’re you doing here?” Realising he must’ve sounded a little rude Jungkook quickly corrects himself, touching his hair nervously. “I mean, do you need something?”

It’s amazing how quickly the youngest vampire’s bratty side completely disappears when you’re one on one. If you hadn’t have seen it before you might doubt it’d ever existed when faced with the shy, tongue-tied boy in front of you now.

“Actually,” you begin, walking further into the room and sitting yourself on the edge of his bed, not bothering to correct the way your dress rides slightly up your thighs. His room is so small that even sat on his bed you’re still near enough that you’d be able to reach over and touch him if you wanted to, and Jungkook, as if sensing this, leans back in his seat slightly. “I have something I wanted to give back to you.”

Ever so slowly you withdraw the hand you were holding behind your back to extend it out in front of you, Jungkook’s bandana resting in your open, outstretched palm.

“I’ve been looking for that for months!” he exclaims, reaching out to take it from you, “Where’d you find it?” You snatch your hand back, pressing your closed fist against your chest and smiling slyly at the look of confusion that crosses his face.

“Right outside my bedroom door,” you state slowly, “Don’t you remember dropping it?” Your eyes never leave his face as you speak, eagerly watching for any kind of reaction, and although he manages to hide it very quickly, you know you aren’t imagining the panic you see flash across his face. His head flinches rapidly to the side and back again - a nervous tick of his, you suppose - and you sit waiting expectantly for his reply, enjoying the way he shuffles restlessly in his seat.
“I did?” He clears his throat, unable to sustain eye contact with you for more than a second at a time.

“Mmhm,” you confirm with a nod. You get up from Jungkook’s bed and take a step towards him, your smile growing as you watch him lean back in his seat, his eyes widening.

“I… I d-don’t remember,” he denies, hands gripping tightly onto the arms of his chair as you come to stand between his legs. Tutting, you sit yourself daintily on his lap, inwardly groaning at how meaty his thigh feels underneath you.

“Sure you do.” Jungkook’s eyes are darting between your thighs, your cleavage and your face as he swallows, and when you rest your arm on his shoulder to thread your fingers up and into the back of his hair he nervously licks his lips, trying to lean back even further but finding there’s nowhere else left for him to go. “I know you were watching me,” you all but whisper, leaning yourself against his chest, and as your one hand is scratching your fingernails lightly against his scalp, the other is finding Jungkook’s pocket to stuff his bandana inside of it, carelessly brushing against his crotch on the way out.

You love the wide-eyed, bunny caught in headlights expression Jungkook’s wearing right now. His breath has started to quicken, blowing in short, sharp pants across your face as you lean even closer, looking up at him from under your lashes and skirting your fingers along the hem of his t-shirt.

“Did you get off, Jungkook, watching me cum?” Jungkook can’t seem to help his hips from flexing at your words, his whole lap shifting underneath you even as he’s biting his lip with embarrassment, looking away from your taunting gaze. If vampires could blush you know he would be, and it only serves to drive you on. You want to make him squirm. “Have you been touching yourself to my moans?” You slip your hand under the white fabric of his t-shirt, pleased by the way his abdominal muscles jump at your touch.

God, he’s so firm. He’s even more muscular that Jimin, and the more you touch the more you can’t wait to rid him of his clothes - to have him spread out on the bed begging and whimpering for you.

“I-I-” The poor boy can’t get his words out, let alone touch you, his eyes transfixed on your lips as you hover your mouth only inches from his.

“It’s ok,” you hush softly, admiring the shapeliness of his top lip and the plushy thickness of the bottom, barely able to keep yourself from kissing him a moment longer. “I like you too.” Jungkook blinks, and for a second you swear he stops breathing entirely.

“You do?” he asks, so quiet that you’d barely know he was speaking if you weren’t so busy staring at his mouth. Your carefully put together facade slips for just a moment, your seductive smile replaced with one that’s genuine and affectionate as you push his bangs back from his forehead, softened by how sweet and naive he looks staring up at you the way he is.

You let your actions do all your talking for you, after that. Pressing your palm to the flat of his stomach and cupping the side of his face in your hand, you press your lips to his in a tender but firm kiss, one that he takes a sharp intake of breath against before finally starting to kiss you back. He's holding back, you can tell, kissing you in noisy pecks and brushes of his nose, not yet succumbing to the sweeping of your tongue against his lips. He's still not touching you yet, either, but somehow you're throbbing for him already, craving more of that sweetness you're getting all too brief a taste of.

Jungkook says your name breathlessly, trying to speak between your insistent kisses.

“What-” You slide your hand further up his t-shirt, reaching the outline of a pectoral which you trace...
your fingertips along, “What about h-hyung?” One more kiss, and then you lean back enough just to speak against his lips, your eyes still closed, stroking your thumb back and forth along the sharp angle of his jaw.

“It's ok,” you reassure again, sighing softly as Jungkook rubs the tip of his nose along the length of yours even whilst he’s second-guessing himself, “Jimin doesn't have to know; it'll be our little secret..” You feel his hips flex underneath you again, the slightest of groans colouring his exhale, and you know that willingly or not Jungkook’s getting all worked up by how forbidden it feels, knowing that he shouldn't be doing any of this but wanting to all the same. Hell, it's getting you off too and you know it's all a rouse.

“But…”

“Don’t be shy…” You shift in his lap, pressing yourself against him as your fingernails lightly scrape his chest. and Jungkook hisses through clenched teeth at the feel of it. “You can touch me, if you want to.” His biceps flex, gripping onto the arms of the chair so hard it's a wonder they don't break, and as he looks back at you the internal war going on inside him is all too clear from the furrow of his brow and nervous darting of his eyes. You steal another kiss, letting it linger before you finally whisper, “I won't tell if you don't.”

Ever so slowly you feel Jungkook's hands make their way from the chair onto your body as he succumbs, kissing you back. He's slightly less hesitant now, tilting his head to kiss you better, one hand coming to settle on your hip, the other drifting upward to cradle the back of your head as the kiss deepens. Soon enough Jungkook's tongue is slipping it's way into your mouth to caress yours, and your senses are near overwhelmed with all of him; the hardness of his body, the potency of his aftershave, the sweetness of his mouth.

You want him, badly, and you know he wants you too by the growing hardness you can feel pressing against the side of your thigh, yet still Jungkook hesitates again. He'd been trailing kisses down the curve of your throat, digging his fingers into your hip when he suddenly pulls away.

“I… we shouldn't;” he tells you thickly, swallowing as he looks to your throat and back up into your eyes. He'd make a more convincing argument if he wasn't groping at the exposed flesh of your thigh as he speaks, but no matter how he protests Jungkook just can't seem to help himself. “I'm not… I can't control…” His pupils are so wide that you can barely make out the hazel of his irises, lips flushed and swollen from all the kissing you've been doing, and you've never seen him look as appealing as he does now; breathless with arousal, bratty attitude and snarky comments nowhere in sight.

“Jungkook…” you sigh, tilting your head to the side and sending him a sultry smile as you move your hair off of your neck and pull your collar slightly out of place to display Jimin's most recent bite marks and the scars left from all those that've healed before. Jungkook's eyes widen as he greedily takes them all in, licking his petal soft lips hungrily. “Does it look like I'm scared of getting bitten to you?”

He hesitates for a moment longer, looking from your eyes to your bites and back again, and just when you think he’s going to cut and run entirely Jungkook suddenly seizes your mouth with his, kissing you hard. He’s pushing on the back of your head to keep your lips locked together - though it’s not as though you’d be pulling away if he weren’t - his fingers tangled in your hair so tightly that it’s sending little jolts of painful pleasure all the way down your spine. Your fingertips are digging into his stomach as you kiss, his tongue pushing through the barrier of your lips, tasting you, and then groaning against your mouth when you bite his bottom lip.

You change positions, sliding off of Jungkook’s thigh only to climb back onto the chair planting a
knee into the black leather on either side of his waist to straddle him, and when you wrap your arms
around his neck and sit directly on his on the bulge in his jeans he throws his head back, screwing his
eyes closed.

“Shit,” he huffs, placing a hand on either side of your waist. They quickly start to slide down the
satin of your dress onto your hips and then your buttocks thereafter, squeezing a cheek in each hand
as he rolls his hips up against you. When you start to nibble at the angle of his jaw Jungkook moans
your name, his voice cracking on the way out.

“Noona,” you correct breathily, grinding yourself down against him in time to the rolling of his hips,
and the friction you’re getting from the mound in his jeans rubbing against your underwear over and
over again is slowly driving you insane. “Call me Noona.”

You know it doesn’t make any sense, really, asking him to call you that. Sure, you’re older now
than Jungkook would’ve been when he was turned, but he’s still more than twice your age if you
count his vampire years, even if it never really feels that way when it comes to him. Still, when
Jimin had enlightened you to the younger boy’s apparent ‘Noona’ kink it’d immediately sparked
something inside of you, and now that you’re here, practically fucking through your clothes, you
want nothing more than to hear him whimpering it in your ear.

Jungkook’s head nods eagerly in agreement with your request, his hair falling into his eyes, and now
it’s him kissing your neck rather than the other way around, his tongue laving a wet, sloppy trail
downward toward the valley of your breasts. His muscular arms support your weight as you bow
your body, tilting your head back to allow him better access to your throat, longing to feel his mouth
over every inch of skin you own, and Jungkook all too happily obliges.

It only serves to remind you how strong Jungkook is when he manages to hold you so steadfastly
with just one arm while the other lets go, his hand coming to rest on your bare knee. Your dress has
been hitched up round the top of your thighs ever since your climbed astride his lap, and now
Jungkook’s hand slides upward as though he’s seeking it out. Your core is throbbing in anticipation
of his touch, excitement making it feel as though you’re dizzy when you sit yourself forward again
and practically fall onto his lips.

Jungkook hesitates as his fingertips approach the apex of your thighs, and you mentally scold
yourself for repeatedly forgetting just how inexperienced he is with all this. It wasn’t so long ago
that you were a virgin yourself, and although you’re fairly certain he’ll have at least gotten this far
with a girl before you can still empathise with how nervous he must be feeling inside - even if the
insistence of his kisses does nothing to convey it.

“Jungkook… dont stop,” you softly encourage, speaking the words against his mouth and dragging
your fingers through the back of his hair, “Don’t you want to feel how wet you’ve made me?” You
take one of your hands from round Jungkook’s shoulders and place it on top of his, guiding it further
up your thigh. Both of you have your eyes closed, foreheads resting against each other’s, and you
can hear him audibly swallow as both of your hands make contact with the outside of your
underwear.

You’re soaked. Jungkook exhales noisily as you encourage his fingers back and forth against your
folds underneath your own, his laboured breath blowing across your face before he presses his lips
together to hold back something that sounded suspiciously like a whimper. With every second that
passes he becomes more confident, his fingers starting to explore all of their own accord, even
skimming at the edge of your underwear in his haste to get inside.

You groan his name, giving yourself over to the gentle waves of pleasure that wash through you
every time he brushes your clitoris through your panties. You’re happy to let him take the lead for
now, cupping his face in both your hands as you kiss him again, slowly and deeply, letting your hips rock against his fingertips. You feel him shift your panties aside, inexperience telling him to immediately seek out your entrance, and when he starts to dip his finger inside you moan again, your pelvic muscles clenching around nothing whilst he breaches you so shallowly.

“Mm… Jungkook, don’t tease me baby,” you sigh against his cheek, flexing your hips, and you swear you feel the lips that are pressing against yours curve into the slightest of smiles.

“I like it when you call me baby,” he tells you, leaning back in the chair to look at you properly for what feels like the first time in forever, rubbing at your clit with the pads of his fingers, his dark eyes hooded. Just as you’d suspected, some of Jungkook’s brattiness is starting to creep it’s way back into both his expression and tone, his head cocking to the side as he purrs, “Do my fingers feel good, Noona?” The word sends a pulse of pleasure through you, having to bite your lip to keep yourself from moaning as you brace yourself on his stomach.

“They’d feel better inside,” you answer back, trying to act like the smirk that appears on his face doesn’t send a shiver right down to your core. “Get this off.”

You’re trying desperately to take back some control even as you’re dripping all over his fingers, yanking on his t-shirt impatiently, your whole face flushed. Jungkook has to remove his hand just for a second to strip himself, giving you some much needed respite if only for a second, but the moment the fabric hits the floor his fingers are straight back inside your underwear to relentlessly play with your pussy. He slips a long finger inside, apparently tired of teasing now, too, and your stilted moan is swallowed by his mouth as he kisses you with a ferocity that has you feel as anxious as it does excited.

You can’t stop running your hands over his body, grabbing at every swell of muscle along his shoulders and biceps, rocking your hips in time with the thrusting of his fingers as he adds a second, clawing your fingernails down his chest and smiling at the hiss of pleasure he makes. You run a palm over the bulge in his jeans, loving the way his breath hitches as you do, and when you give the length of him a hard squeeze the whole of his body lifts up from the seat, the leather creaking at the movement.

“How many times have listened to Jimin fucking me, baby?” you ask, trying and probably failing at sounding seductive when it’s such a fight to even get your words out, Jungkook’s fingers pumping in and out of you roughly.

“Too many,” Jungkook groans as you continue to palm his cock through his jeans, feeling it twitch underneath your hand. “I wanna-” He swallows hard, evidently trying to collect himself, and you wish you could see his facial expression but his head is stuffed in the crook of your neck. “Wanna fuck you so hard. W-wanna see you cum again. Make you cum like hyung does.”

He’s starting to nuzzle at your throat, planting open mouthed, wet kisses around the band of your collar, and even whilst your head is reeling from his words and your body is fire from the movement of his fingers, your gut still manages to flip-flop in panic when you feel the distinct scrape of teeth against your flesh.

“You smell so good, Noona,” he murmurs from the space just below your ear, flicking his tongue out and laving it against you like he’s savouring the taste of you.

It’s a testament to how screwed up your sexual appetite has become that even whilst knowing Jungkook’s history of killing his lovers quicker than he can manage to get inside them, you aren’t doing anything to discourage him. In fact you’re tipping your head back, practically offering yourself up to him, consequences be damned.
You two are a very long way now from that first time he sat across from you at the kitchen table, all shy and doe-eyed.

“Jungkook -ah…” Jimin’s low, throaty growl rumbles behind you.

Both you and Jungkook suddenly sit bolt upright, snapped out of the lusty haze that had gripped both of you just in time. His fingers immediately withdraw from your underwear, eyes simultaneously dropping to the floor, and your face burns with embarrassment as you scramble off the younger boy’s lap. You’d been waiting for Jimin all along - his sudden arrival is all part of the plan, after all - but you almost willingly letting yourself get bitten was definitely not something Jimin had been expecting to find.

Jimin’s smouldering as he stands just inside Jungkook’s room, his fists clenched at his sides, and somehow even with his small stature he seems to dominate the entire room, throwing daggers at the boy opposite. He doesn’t even look at you as he stalks forward, leaning over Jungkook intimidatingly, his hands on either arm of the chair.

“I knew you couldn’t keep your eyes to yourself, Jungkook,” he snarls, his top lip curling back, “But I thought you’d know better than to go touching what’s mine.”

“H-Hyung, I-” Jungkook stutters, shrinking back from his elder, his eyes wide, and you’re starting to regret ever agreeing to this as Jimin grabs Jungkook by the buckle of his belt and yanks him up to stand before shoving him back onto the bed. He bounces as he hits the mattress, hands grasping for purchase amongst the sheets and stammering apologies as Jimin climbs onto the bed after him to sit astride his chest, rendering him motionless.

“Give me your hands,” Jimin commands, and from where you’re stood at the foot of the bed you see him pull a length of rope from the back pocket of his black jeans.

“Why? What are you- hyung?”

“Your hands, Jungkook. Now.” Jimin’s voice is quiet, dangerous, and from round Jimin’s side you see Jungkook offer up his wrists obediently, letting the older boy wrap the rope tightly around them both and then lift his arms up above his head, fixing him to them bars of his bed with nary a complaint.

It shouldn’t turn you on so much, watching your boyfriend dominate someone else so entirely, but as you see Jimin give an experimental tug on Jungkook’s bonds, testing their strength, your entire pelvic floor clenches, a shaking exhale leaving your lips. The sound of it shuddering finally draws Jimin’s attention to you, and as he climbs off of a bewildered looking Jungkook he shoots you a dark, lust-filled smirk. He extends his hand to you, and like an obedient child you walk over to him immediately, sighing as he wraps you up in his arms and claims you with a kiss that’s possessive and deep and needful.

When he pulls away Jimin simply steps back and lets himself sink into Jungkook’s chair, turning his gaze back to the helpless boy who’s still straining against in pants despite Jimin’s manhandling, looking back and forth between the two of you in confusion. Who knows, maybe he liked it?

“You like watching so much Jungkook -ah?” Jimin undoes his belt and flicks it open, the buckle jangling, and then he’s unzipping his fly and reaching inside to pull out his already full erect cock. He strokes the throbbing length of it up and down, dragging his bottom lip through his teeth as his other hand reaches out to you and pulls you towards him till you’re close enough for him to yank down your underwear. “It’s your lucky day.”
*hides*

Ok, so, firstly, please don't kill me. I know it's frustrating that it's a two-parter but god damn it, all the good smut I write just... runs away with me and I CANNOT fit it all in one chapter.

That being said, I hope you liked how it's all started off so far, and I PROMISE you definitely will be getting some Jungcock (ha!) properly in the next chapter ;)

<3 <3
Chapter 50

Chapter Notes

So I'm even MORE nervous about this chapter -

a) because it's taken me so long

b) because the whole Jungkook thing has been SO eagerly awaited

and

c) because WHY IS THIS SO LONG?! Like I'm actually concerned you guys are gonna fall asleep halfway through if it's not hot enough?

*sob* I hope it's hot enough <3 <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Take off your dress.” Jimin’s voice is stern, demanding your obedience, and just his tone is enough to send a thrill rippling through your body. “Let Jungkook —ah see how beautiful you are.” He’s stroking his cock languorously, letting his head tilt to the side as he watches you undress, his eyes following your dress as it falls to the floor to openly admire your form. You can feel Jungkook’s eyes on your back, too, and when you reach behind to unclasp your bra you can see him out of the corner of your eye, staring at the curve of your eye, staring at the curve of your behind.

The narrowness of his room means that if his hands weren’t tied above his head Jungkook would be able to reach out and touch you where you stand, and you know it must be killing him to be so close and yet so far - especially when he’s already felt you wrapped so tightly around his fingers tonight.

“Come sit on daddy’s lap,” Jimin summons, continuing to touch himself even as you climb astride him, his eyes darkening further the closer you get. Your whole body feels like it’s searing with heat, burning from the inside out, and as soon as you’re within reach Jimin grabs a fist full of your hair with his unoccupied hand, dragging your ear toward his mouth even as you whimper. “Don’t think you aren’t getting punished for that little near miss earlier, kitten,” he snarls quietly enough for Jungkook not to hear, and you’re sure the average person with any sense would find his threat frightening, but not you. If anything it only makes you hotter, almost dizzy with arousal as Jimin lets go of your hair and starts groping your breast instead, seizing your lips with his.

Jimin’s kiss is bruising, his tongue pushing past your lips to swirl around yours as he tugs harshly at your nipple. The sharp pain he elicits shoots straight to your core, and he continues doing it over and over until you’re digging your fingers into him through his shirt and mewling into his mouth, a quaking mess against him. “Don’t think you aren’t getting punished for that little near miss earlier, kitten,” he snarls quietly enough for Jungkook not to hear, and you’re sure the average person with any sense would find his threat frightening, but not you. If anything it only makes you hotter, almost dizzy with arousal as Jimin lets go of your hair and starts groping your breast instead, seizing your lips with his.

Jimin’s kiss is bruising, his tongue pushing past your lips to swirl around yours as he tugs harshly at your nipple. The sharp pain he elicits shoots straight to your core, and he continues doing it over and over until you’re digging your fingers into him through his shirt and mewling into his mouth, a quaking mess against him. There’s been too much build up for you to take, so much foreplay that you’re starting to drip into his lap, and when Jimin abandons your breast to slip his fingers inside your heat you keen wantonly, slumping forward so your face is pressed to his neck, your hands clutching his solid thighs.

Jimin’s abandoned touching himself now, focusing solely on you, and the difference in the two boys experience levels become all too evident when the elder finds your g-spot so expertly, curling his fingers against it till you’re having to smother moans against his skin. Jungkook’s touch felt good
too - god, it did - but Jimin has had months to learn your body off by heart; plenty of time to know exactly what to do and where to touch to make your head spin.

“You did a good job warming her up for me,” you hear Jimin say, and you’d bet your life that he’s smirking over your shoulder at the hapless Jungkook. He’s completely silent save his heavy breaths and the rustling of the sheets underneath his restless body, and even though the urge to turn around and take a glimpse of him is a strong you can barely lift your head from Jimin’s shoulder with the things his talented fingers are doing. “You’re so ready, aren’t you?”

“Mmhm,” you whimper in agreement, moving your hips with the motion of his internal stroking. It feels good but you know his cock will feel better, and only seconds later on you’re asking for it impatiently. If he knows you’re so ready why won’t he just give it to you already? “Can I have your cock now, daddy? Let me have it, please.” You know you sound a little bratty but you’re tired of being played with, especially when his cock is sitting there so hard against his stomach just ready for the taking, rubbing against you as you move on his fingers.

Jimin takes hold of your chin and uses it to pull your face up and away from his neck, looking back at you and raising an eyebrow when he sees the way you’re practically pouting, amusement tugging at his lips.

“I don’t appreciate your tone, kitten,” he warns, though you can hear the warmth in his voice. You’ve never acted like this with him before and clearly he’s finding it more endearing than he’s meant to. Still, it doesn’t last long; one moment he’s smiling and the next he’s thrusting his fingers into you even more savagely than before, adding a third and fucking you with them like it’s his cock. Your pussy is making the wettest, lewdest sounds that are nearly drowned out by the sound of your stilted cries. “Are you going to ask nicely?” Jimin asks, having to speak loudly for you to hear him over yourself.

“Please, daddy, please,” you cry between your moans, clutching onto his shoulders. He’s being so rough that it’s starting to hurt, Jimin’s knuckles stretching you every time they thrust in and out. “P-please.”

“Should I let her have it?” Jimin questions the other, not slowing the pace of his hand. You hear nothing but Jungkook must have nodded or expressed his agreement in some form or another, because suddenly Jimin’s fingers are gone and now he’s grasping your buttocks in both hands to pull them apart, slouching in the chair to bring his cock level with your entrance, nudging the head in amongst the slickness of your folds. “Nice and slow, kitten,” Jimin encourages, and even though he’s completely in control of this whole situation you can tell it’s affecting him just as much, the strain in his voice telling you so. “I want Jungkook to get a good, long look.”

You try your best not to rush, honestly you do, but it’s so hard to go slow when sinking yourself onto him feels so heavenly. You’re panting, eyes shut tight whilst images of what Jungkook must be able to see play behind your lids; Jimin’s fingertips pitting your buttocks, his cock disappearing into you inch by inch, your fleshy pink folds stretching out around him. He kisses you once he’s sheathed fully inside, groaning when you intentionally squeeze your pelvic floor around him.

“Fuck, Jungkook -ah , you should feel how tight she is,” Jimin goads as you start to move, rocking yourself along his cock and leaning forward so your clit is grinding against his pubic bone. You’re barely listening, to be honest, too caught up trying to reach the orgasm you’ve been craving, clinging onto Jimin’s shoulders as you use his body to get off. You know it’ll barely take any time at all, given how tightly wound you’ve been. “Does she look as good as you’d imagined?”

“Y-yes,” you hear Jungkook reply raggedly, but the rest of his words are so quiet you don’t hear them over the moan that spills forth from you when Jimin starts to push up into from underneath,
using his grip on your buttocks to slam you down onto his lap even harder.

You’re getting so close to release, your every limb starting to throb with pleasure when Jimin suddenly calls a complete halt to your movements, leaving you hovering emptily above his cock and whimpering at the injustice of it, opening up your eyes and pleading with them.

“Turn around kitten. I want him to see the look on your face when you cum on my cock”

You scramble off of him as fast as you possibly can, your legs quivering, and you’re not sure how exactly you manage it but with Jimin’s help you end up the other way around his lap as he sits straighter behind you.

Jungkook is truly a sight to behold. Not even your wildest dreams could’ve prepared you for how utterly wrecked he looks, and when his desperate eyes meet yours all the air disappears from your lungs, leaving you breathless and wanting. His hair’s a mess, his chest glistening with sweat, and on either side of the rope encircling his wrists you can see deep red marks forming; evidence of just how hard he’s been pulling at his restraints. Jungkook’s biting his lip as Jimin arranges you exactly as he wants you, planting your hands on his thighs and your knees on either side of his hips, and soon enough you feel the swollen head of his cock pressing inside you again.

It can only go so far in this position without your cooperation, however, Jimin’s hands coming to settle on your naked hips to try and coax you backward onto his length as he directs you.

“Sit back, kitten, don’t keep me waiting.” You don’t even pretend to have the strength to be able to resist Jimin anymore, closing your eyes as you let yourself sink onto his length with a sinful groan. Instinctively you start to rock back and forth on his cock, bracing yourself on his knees every time the answering thrust of Jimin’s hips jolts you forward, and you can feel your orgasm starting to build again within seconds.

The sound of the metal bars of Jungkook’s bed banging against the wall pulls your attention back to him, momentarily distracting you from the pleasure that thums through you from every pound of Jimin’s cock against your g-spot. Your eyes open to see Jungkook tugging at his restraints, gritting his teeth, his back bowing off the bed before falling limp again when he realises it’s hopeless. His head lolls to the side, cheek pressed to the pillow as his eyes find yours past the hair dangling in them, and when he sees you looking back at him his lips press together like he’s trying desperately to maintain some sort of self-control. They’re trembling; it’s evident even from here.

“You look so good fucking yourself on my cock,” Jimin growls from behind you, giving your ass a short, sharp slap that has you arching your body as you gasp past the lips you’re biting. He takes advantage of your movement to cup each of your breasts in his hands, forcing you upright on his lap, and as you start to circle your hips you can’t help but notice the way Jungkook’s eyes are roving so hungrily over your body. He’s unblinking as he watches Jimin roll your nipples between his fingers, letting his gaze linger there before it finally slips down to fix on where the two of you are joined.

You know he’ll be able to see all your slick glistening over your thighs and the stains you’re leaving on the seat of Jimin’s jeans, and when Jungkook licks his lips and looks back up at you you end up groaning at the sheer lust you see in his eyes.

“How’s the view from over there, Jungkook -ah?” Jimin gives a hard shove of his hips from underneath, his lap slapping against your buttocks and making it sting where he’d spanked you before, and as that coil of pleasure in your belly starts to tighten all the more you’re mewling without restraint, grabbing onto your own thighs as you throw your head back.

“Hyung, please…”
"I think she’s getting close, don’t you?” You can feel your blood roaring through your veins telling you that Jimin’s right, and your whole body’s burning as though it’s on fire. Knowing that Jungkook is watching every moment just makes it all the more pleasurable and pushes you towards your orgasm even faster, the sound of a strangled moan leaving Jungkook’s lips hurling you straight to the edge. Jimin’s fingers tighten their grasp on your hips, his mouth finding its way to the shell of your ear before he whispers,

"Go ahead and cum, kitten. You know he’s dying to see.”

You dissolve into pleasure, falling forward as you cry out, drowning out whatever noises the two other boys might be making as they watch you come apart. You have to brace yourself on Jimin’s knees as your whole body quakes uncontrollably, your fingers clutching onto the denim of his jeans, and Jimin continues to move as your walls contract around his length, not letting up even as you start to whimper.

You’re amazed he hasn’t cum yet, too; a testament to Jimin’s self-control that he can go so hard for so long with barely a murmur, always putting your pleasure first. He does start to slow, though, your hips moving languidly but in sync, and when you pick your head up from where it’d flopped forward you see that Jungkook has managed to roll himself almost completely onto his front. He can’t be comfortable - his wrists are all twisted and crossed over each other - but the position he’s adopted has allowed him to rut against the mattress in search of relief, his hips continuing to move despite the embarrassment that makes him look away once he realises you’re watching, hiding his face in the pillow.

"Baby, don’t hide,” you encourage tenderly, still slightly breathless, “We like to watch, too.” Jimin’s caressing the tops of your thighs, humming lowly in agreement as he continues his slow thrusts, and after a second or two Jungkook turns his head to face you again, biting back a moan as his hips push into the mattress. He still can’t look you in the eyes, though, preferring to keep them closed during the slow grind of his confined cock against the bed. Pity swells inside you as you hear Jungkook whimper, his eyebrows knotting into a frown - clearly even this isn’t working as well as he’d like.

You place your hands on top of Jimin’s where are resting on your thighs, tilting your head to the side as lavishes kisses along the slope of your shoulder.

"Daddy… he’s been such a good boy…” you say softly, sending a kind smile Jungkook’s way when his eyes half open as he realises he’s being spoken about, “Can I help him, please?”

"Hmm, you’re not satisfied yet?” Jimin murmurs lowly across your skin, “You want Jungkookie -ah too?” Jungkook’s eyes are no longer heavy-lidded; they’re open wide, his body suddenly stilling.

"Would you like that?” Jungkook bites his lip before slowly nodding his head, and you can hear the sheets rustling underneath as he does, “You want noona to come give you a hand?”

"P-please,” he stutters, a pained expression haunting his eternally youthful face.

There’s a pause then, a gap where the only sounds filling the room are that of the gentle creak of the bed, Jungkook’s haggard, panting breaths, and the wet sounds coming from between your legs as Jimin’s cock slides back and forth between your folds. It's as if he's really savouring these last few moments in which he's still enveloped in you, sighing in pleasure and squeezing your hips to hold you in place the next time your cheeks meet his lap.

"Daddy…” you whine when Jimin seems in no hurry to let you go, wriggling so enthusiastically in his lap that you feel him twitch inside you, clearly enjoying the friction. Finally though, with one last kiss of the tender flesh beneath your ear, Jimin relinquishes his hold you. He helps you off his lap,
placing you down softly on Jungkook's plushy carpet and then wrapping his own hand around his length in an attempt to replace the feel of you around him.

You feel so empty now, but rather than mourn the loss you feel you focus instead on the way Jungkook's watching you approach the bed, his eyes wide and apprehensive. He looks like he's not even breathing, and to be honest you're not sure you are either as you climb onto the bed next to him, suddenly very aware of how naked you are.

Bravely, you reach out to touch him. You trail your hand along his back in marvel at the mounds of muscle that surround his shoulders, and it's as he feels your touch that Jungkook suddenly exhales. His breath shudders as it passes his lips, his eyes closing again as he tilts his face back toward the mattress.

“Turn over, baby,” you encourage from where you're knelt at his hips, ghosting your fingertips over the dimples in his lower back that rest on either side of his spine. After a second of hesitation he does as you ask, rolling onto his back and uncrossing his wrists in the process. He tilts his chin down to look at you, licking his lips nervously, and suddenly you're filled with the overwhelming urge to lick them too.

Moving slowly, you crawl up the bed and position yourself so your hands rest on either side of Jungkook's head, leaning over him and looking down into his pretty hazel eyes. You allow plenty of time for him change his mind as you slowly lean in to steal a kiss, but rather than protest Jungkook does the exact opposite. As soon as you're within reach, he's lifting his head and clinging onto your lips with his, fixing the bottom one between his teeth so that when he sinks back into the pillows he practically pulls you with him.

Given how meek and mild Jungkook had looked whilst you were with Jimin, he now seems anything but. His kisses are messy and desperate, all teeth and tongues and whimpers that are swallowed up by your mouth, and at first when you move away to start kissing his neck he tries to give you chase, turning his head to the side to find your lips again.

“It's ok.” you hush, planting a gentle kiss on his Jungkook's shoulder as you sink onto your elbows, threading your fingers into the back of his hair.

“What're you going to do first, kitten?” Jimin asks from behind, sounding slightly breathless.

Good question; what do you want to do? He's entirely at your mercy, and technically you can do whatever the hell you want, but right now all you can think about is stripping Jungkook of the rest of his clothes so you can get your hands and mouth around whatever's hidden away in his jeans. If the bulge between his legs is anything to go by, what Jungkook has to offer is more than generous, and you're practically salivating at just the thought.

“Wanna have him in my mouth,” you murmur, and although you're speaking quietly, your words half smothered by your lips pressing over and over along Jungkook's neck, you know both of them will hear you. In fact, you're certain Jungkook has because of the way his breath suddenly hitched in his throat, his hips lifting off the bed. “Want me to suck your cock, baby?” you whisper softly in his ear, smiling against it. Jungkook nods rapidly.

“Fuck, yes.” You slip the tip of your tongue around the shell of his ear, relishing in the low, throaty groan Jungkook emits as his hands automatically reach for you, pulling against the ropes.

It must be so frustrating for him to just lie there so powerlessly.

“You can use my safeword, if you need it,” you reassure, running your fingers through his hair
soothingly. Yes, you want to see him squirm, and yes, you know Jimin is determined to teach
Jungkook a lesson, but you still don’t want him to suffer in any real way. It’s important he has an
out if he needs it, just as you do. “If it gets too much, just say ‘plush’, ok? I’ll stop, I promise.”
Pulling away, you’re pleased by the gratitude you see on Jungkook’s face as he gives a slight nod of
his head in acknowledgement of your words.

You remove your hands from Jungkook’s hair, getting straight down to the task of taking off his belt
and unbuttoning his jeans. He’s very helpful, picking his hips up off the bed when it’s time to pull
them down to make it easier for you. You stick with just the jeans at first, leaving him lying there in
just his tight black boxers. If it were anyone else you would’ve taken it all off in one go, but
Jungkook’s looking nervous again, his eyes darting nervously between his own body and your face,
like he’s checking whether you’re liking what you see.

Saying that Jungkook looks good would be a total understatement; he’s so muscular that even
without flexing you can see the curve of his thigh muscles under his skin, and you weren’t wrong
when you’d guessed that the youngest vampire was indeed well endowed. Even with his boxers
still in place his cock looks huge, tenting the cottony material which confines him.

Slowly you reach out, brushing your palm against the peak. There’s a wet patch where Jungkook’s
been leaking pre-cum into his boxers, and when he tilts his head back into the pillow, letting out a
soft moan, you encircle the head to greedily milk out more. Watching how responsive he is- the way
his abdominal muscles jump, his hips twisting as you stroke the length of him even with a fabric
barrier between you - it makes your whole body throb with arousal. Moving cautiously, you lean
over his body until you’re hovering over that patch of pre-cum, pausing for just a second before you
start to lick at it with the flat of your tongue. It’s tangy, tasting the same way Jungkook smells, but
not at all unpleasant, and as soon as he feels the warmth of your mouth anywhere near his cock his
hips jump again. Jimin lets out a low chuckle.

“I’d get started kitten, else Jungkook -ah will be cumming in his pants before you’ve even gotten a
real taste.” You manage to look at Jimin as you lick at Jungkook again, head turned to the side and
smiling devilishly, and you swear you see the corner of his lips twitch even as he’s biting them,
amused by your little display.

Still, you do as he advises, sitting up and pulling at the waistband of Jungkook’s boxers to slip them
down. His hips rise once more to give you aid, pressing his lips together, and when his bottom
comes back down onto the bed his cock bobs, touching his stomach and then springing away to
stand upright again. You’re sure there must be an expression of wonder on your face at the sight of
it, so thick and long and delicious, but apparently Jungkook must not be able to read the look on
your face because he still looks apprehensive, chewing his lip even as his cock twitches again under
your gaze.

“You don’t need to look so nervous, baby,” you tell him sweetly, climbing over him to kneel
between his legs, running your hands down each of his meaty thighs and back up again, dragging
your nails as you go, “You’re gorgeous, Jungkook.” Leaning down, you place a trail of wet kisses
along the inside of one of his thighs, hearing his breath quicken up above you the higher you get.
“Isn’t he, daddy?”

“Mouth-watering,” Jimin replies huskily, and once again Jungkook’s cock responds to the praise,
every inch of it bobbing at his elder’s words, waving tantalisingly in front of your face.

“Noona please,” Jungkook pleads, his voice strained as you hover your mouth just above him,
blowing a gentle stream of warm air down onto his length at grinning at the way his hips lift, trying
to chase after you mouth as you move it away teasingly. “Please.”
Jungkook looks so flustered, so desperate, that you can’t find it in your heart to resist him any longer; you open your mouth wide as you can and lower it onto him, engulfing the head of his cock in warm, wet heat. As soon as he feels your tongue running along the underside of his length Jungkook lets out a strangled moan, automatically trying to push further inside by flexing his hips. You take as much as you possibly can, but it’s by no means all of him, and you know your jaw is going to start aching sooner rather than later with just how wide you’re having to open your mouth to fit Jungkook inside. What you can’t fit in you wrap your hand around, stroking the length of him and beginning to suck in earnest, spurred on by stilted moans and groans that are spilling from Jungkook’s mouth.

“How’s that feel, Jungkook -ah ?” you hear Jimin ask as you bob your head enthusiastically, unembarrassed by the lewd slurping sounds that are filling Jungkook’s room.

“Hnnnhh-shi-” Jungkook’s almost incoherent, unable to even answer Jimin properly. You open your eyes to see him with his head tipped forward, watching you suck his cock with his mouth hanging open, brows furrowed with pleasure. As soon as your eyes meet he throws his head back into the pillow like it’s too much, like he can’t bear to watch, his abdominals contracting inwards as his hips strain up. “N-noonaaa...

You tighten your grip, pumping him roughly up into your mouth as you run your tongue up and down his frenulum and then swirling it around the head, pulling his foreskin back. Jungkook’s growing harder, you can feel it, and knowing he’s getting close on serves to spur you on.

“Look what hungry little whore she is,” Jimin growls throatily, and even whilst you’re trying to stuff Jungkook’s cock further down your throat you open up your eyes to meet your daddy’s dark, lustful ones. You see him devour the sight of you, tilting his chin upward, his nostrils flaring slightly as he takes in your swollen, spit-slickened lips. You redouble your efforts, humming around Jungkook but holding Jimin’s gaze even as the younger boy starts to cum.

“Shit, shit, shit,” Jungkook gasps, his cock pulsing between your lips, spilling his cum into your mouth in hot, thick spurts, his hips writhing beneath you as you continue to lick and suck at him gently even as his orgasm has passed, milking him for every last drop.

Licking your lips and wiping your chin you sit back on your haunches, ready to give Jungkook a your best cheshire cat smile before you notice the expression on his face. He looks mortified, panting for breath but still trying to speak.

“Shit, I’m sorry,” he garbles, head flopping back for a second before he picks it up again, pulling at his restraints, “I didn’t mean to cum so fast, shit.”

“Hey, hey,” you say quickly, placing your hands back on his thighs and rubbing them reassuringly. Poor Jungkook, he looks so disappointed in himself. “It’s alright, honestly.”

“N-no, no, I wanted…” He risks a glance to Jimin who’s watching the whole exchange with a smirk on his face, fondling himself half-heartedly. Apparently he still hasn’t cum. “I wanted to fuck you…”

“Baby, you can,” you smile fondly, tilting your head to the side and walking your fingers back upward to Jungkook’s cock to carefully stroke him, trying to avoid overstimulation whilst he’s so sensitive. “See, you’re still hard.” He’s barely softened at all, still more than large enough to feel good inside you, and within barely a few seconds he’s back at full mast and ready to go again, albeit gasping every time your thumb skirts delicately over the head.

“Please noona , I wanna feel you.” He groans as you squeeze the length of him. “So bad.”
“Are you sure you’re ready?”

“So ready,” Jungkook confirms with a wanton groan, one that makes you laugh softly. Of course he’s ready; Jungkook’s been ready for years.

You suddenly feel the weight of it as you climb on top of him, the significance of being his first, and it makes your stomach turn over on itself with nerves, a lump forming in your throat as you lean down to kiss him. You try to be tender, to take your time, but Jungkook doesn’t seem to want you to be, kissing you back fiercely and sending a shudder through your entire body when he murmurs another broken ‘please’ against your lips.

“Daddy?” You position Jungkook’s cock at your entrance, gently running it back and forth between your folds as you turn your head to look at Jimin. It's going to be such a stretch - even as well lubricated as you are. Jungkook starts feasting on your neck, covering it sloppy, careless kisses whilst he still can. “Can I?” Jimin’s not looking at you - he’s too busy watching the tip of Jungkook’s cock disappear inside of you - biting his lip as he nods his consent.

You sink down onto the boy beneath you, gasping at the stretch and burn of his girth as it breaches you, having to pause every inch or so just to give yourself time to accommodate him. Jungkook’s already coming apart underneath you, his thighs shaking, head flopping to one side with his eyes squeezed shut, completely soundless until he’s fully inside. He lets out the longest, most languid of groans, then; one of the sexiest you’ve ever heard.

“Does-does it feel good?” you ask him breathlessly, bracing yourself on his stomach as you slowly start to move. It feels amazing for you, so you can only hope it’s the same for him.

“You’re-ah- noona -you’re so tight, it feels-” Jungkook cuts himself off with a moan when you lift up almost to tip of his cock and then sink down again, all the way to the hilt in one smooth motion. “F-feels so… so good. Shit.”

“Look at that pussy stretch,” Jimin admires, watching you bounce on Jungkook’s cock as Jungkook watches your breasts bounce, too. “I bet you’ll be able to fit me and Yoongi -hyung in there once Jungkook’s done with you.” The briefest flicker of confusion flickers across Jungkook’s face at the mention of his other hyung, but it’s all too quickly wiped away when you start to pick up your pace, incensed by the thought of Jimin and Yoongi fucking you at the same time.

You fall forward, clinging onto Jungkook’s shoulders and pressing your forehead to his as you ride him with abandon, oblivious to the sweat wiping from his skin onto yours.

“Baby,” you gasp, rocking back and forth on his cock, “Baby, move your hips too. It’ll feel even better.” He does exactly as you say, starting to thrust up into your from underneath as best he can whilst still tied up but faltering when you suddenly bite his lip, tugging on it hard.

“Noona ,” he stutters out, followed immediately by a whimper of your name, “I want to touch you, noona , please.” He kisses you desperately, fucking up into so well from underneath that you’d never know this was his first time. The boy’s a natural. “Please, I know I can make you feel good, please, untie me.”

You do so want to feel his hands on you; so badly that you sit up and start to pull at the knots without even Jimin’s say so.

“Kitten,” Jimin growls in warning, and it makes you slow down but not completely stop, loosening Jungkook’s ties even as you speak.
“You can keep me safe, daddy,” you reassure him, throwing him a glance over your shoulder, “And baby, you’ll be good, won’t you?” You look down at Jungkook who nods agreeably, so aroused that his eyes look almost as though they’re glazing over as he looks back. You should notice the dangerous little curl of his lips as he smiles but you don’t, too caught up in how good he feels inside you to pay much mind.

Jimin doesn’t even get time to give his permission, in the end. As soon as his binds are lax enough Jungkook pulls himself free, fraying the ropes and grabbing onto your hips with an animalistic growl, throwing you off of him and onto the bed. It should scare you, but all it does it make you burn even hotter, mewling submissively as Jungkook tugs you around, eventually positioning you on all fours in front of him. He leans over you, pressing on the back of your shoulder to make you sink onto your elbows, ass in the air as you feel him line up his cock again, barely giving you time to breathe before shoving himself inside with a loud, domineering grunt.

You presume Jimin must know you’re not in immediate danger, seeing as he’s letting this happen - unless getting fucked to death is a legitimate cause for concern. If anyone was going to do it, it’d be Jungkook. He’s fucking you like an animal, uncoordinated, frantic, slamming into you over and over again.

“You are a slut, aren’t you?” he sneers, pressing his fingers into your waist, “Did you really think I was just going to lie there and take it? Hyung should know me better.” All you can do is nod into the mattress, clinging onto the sheets, tears streaming from your eyes at the mix of pain and pleasure being inflicted by his massive cock. He’s going to make you cum in no time like this, and you’re fairly certain that his second orgasm is fast approaching too.

You hear groan coming from Jimin, and you can guess that he’s working himself towards his high as well, obviously realising that things are rapidly escalating into a glorious, grand crescendo.

“You’re gonna cum, aren’t you?” Jungkook’s completely out of breath but he still manages to speak even as he snaps his hips even harder, pounding against your g-spot. You can only sob a reply, and Jungkook leans down over you, panting in your ear. “That’s right, say my name, noona, I wanna hear you scream for me. ”

“Jungkookahhhh!” you shriek as he grabs a fist full of your hair, yanking your head back, and it’s the triumphant growl he lets out on hearing his name that pushes you entirely over the edge, your whole body arching underneath him, trembling, wracked with pleasure that leaves you whimpering into the mattress, pussy throbbing as Jungkook continues to use and abuse it.

His mouth is all over your neck, still holding onto your hair as he fucks into you with thrusts that are becoming sloppier, and just before you think he’s going to cum Jungkook suddenly wrenches his mouth away from you, calling for his hyung.

“You-you need to... “ Jungkook stammers, “I can’t - if you don’t - I’m gonna hurt her, hyung, she smells too fucking good!”

It all happens so fast. You can only just about see what’s happening by turning your head to the side and watching through one eye, but at Jungkook’s plea for help Jimin suddenly springs up from the chair with unnatural grace and speed. He grabs Jungkook by the back of his neck to hold him back and keep him from biting you whilst still allowing him to carry on the frantic bucking of his hips.

“It’s alright, it’s alright,” Jimin reassures his friend, even as Jungkook is growling and gnashing his teeth, trying to throw him off despite having asked for his help, his fingers clawing for purchase at your shoulders, your hips, your waist, desperately trying to get back to the vulnerable skin of your throat as his high fast approaches. “Let go, Jungkook,” Jimin demands hoarsely, and it’s only then
that you realise that even as this is going on Jimin is still pumping his cock, his lips pursed together, frowning hard.

It’s starting to hurt, now, your pleasure having long disappeared with the surge of adrenaline that accompanied Jungkook’s total loss of control.

“C’mon, baby,” you plead, pushing back against him in encouragement, “Give me your cum, c’mon, I want you feel you.”

“Shit-god!” Jungkook curses, throwing his head back as he thrusts into you just once, then twice more before spilling his hot load inside of you with a low, throaty groan of pleasure, and as you feel Jungkook cum you can hear Jimin finally finish too.

It takes a good thirty seconds for any of you to speak again, the sounds of your heavy breathing filling the room as the weight of what’s just happened settles. It’s you that breaks the silence first.

“Oh my god,” you huff, wiping your face on Jungkook’s mattress as you feel him slip out of you. You feel so sore, so thoroughly used, but even though it’s uncomfortable you can’t deny that you rather enjoy the feeling.

“You alright?” you hear Jimin ask, and you’re about to reply when you realise that he’s actually speaking to Jungkook.

“Yeah, yeah,” Jungkook confirms breathily, and when you manage to straighten up into a kneeling position you see Jungkook sitting cross legged opposite you looking... a little shell-shocked, truth be told. “I’m sorry noona, I was so rough…”

“It’s ok,” you reassure, trying to hide the way you wince when sit down. Looking to the end of the bed you see Jimin tucking himself away in his pants, smirking. “You didn’t bite me, so that’s a plus.” Jungkook dips his head, sheepish.

“She likes it rough, anyway,” Jimin injects.

“I noticed.” Jungkook lifts an eyebrow at you, the corner of his lips quirking into a smile. Jimin picks your clothes up off the floor and comes to sit on the bed next to you, placing a sweet, gentle kiss against your lips as he hands you them, and when you look at Jungkook as the other pulls away, you notice that that jealousy you used to see in his eyes doesn’t seem to be there anymore. He must’ve fucked it out of his system.

“That was really good,” you tell Jungkook earnestly, slipping on your bra. He furrows his brows.

“Just good?” he snorts, a cheeky smile spreading across his face, “I thought that deserved at least an eight… maybe a nine out of ten?”

“Don’t get cocky, maknae,” Jimin chides gently, climbing off the bed with you and helping you get back into your dress with slow, considerate hands.

“There was room for improvement,” you tease, although honestly, you can’t think of how, “You’ll have to let me know if you want more practice.”

“But let me know first.” Jimin sends the younger boy a pointed look which Jungkook throws up his hands in response to, feigning innocence and unintentionally displaying the red marks present around both his wrists. You wonder how he’ll explain those to the rest of the group.

“I’ve learnt my lesson, hyung, I promise.”
“Good,” Jimin says shortly, wrapping his arm around your waist and leading you towards the door. You feel a little sorry for Jungkook, really. He’s just lost his virginity in… not exactly the most usual of ways, and now the girl he’d lost it to is disappearing before he can even get in a post-coital cuddle. Still, he doesn’t look entirely fussed about it, which you suppose is all for the best.

“Sleep well, baby,” you tell him with a kind smile, hoping he can hear the affection and warmth in your voice even if he can’t feel it.

“Thank you, noona,” he replies softly, and you get the feeling he’s not just thanking you for your well-wishes.

“Sleep well,” Jimin adds, pressing a kiss to your temple as the two of you loiter by the door. Just as you’re about to go through it, Jimin suddenly turns back, spinning you both on the spot. “Oh, and Jungkook? You’ve got my cum on your back.”

Chapter End Notes

Aaaaand breath.

Please let me know if you liked it, my loves. I really hope you did <3 <3
Chapter 51

Chapter Notes

Ahh I'm so sorry this one has taken me so long guys. I think after Jungkook’s chapters and how long and intense they were I just needed a little break. I hope you don’t begrudge me for it, and I hope this one makes up for the long wait.

Love you, always <3 <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Things with Namjoon have gotten… weird.

Admittedly, they were always pretty weird to begin with but... just lately? What Jimin had warned you about - Namjoon’s propensity for obsession - has really gotten inside your head. Maybe you’re being paranoid, because there’s nothing in particular you can actually put your finger on that’s putting you on edge. It’s just a gut feeling, right down deep in your stomach, and you’re fairly certain his reaction to your little fumble with Jungkook has contributed heavily to the unease you feel whenever he crosses your mind.

He’d seen you and Jimin, leaving Jungkook’s room together. You’d been walking along the corridor with your arms around one another, giggling gleefully over Jimin’s parting words to the younger vampire and paying very little attention to anything other than him when Jimin had suddenly come to a halt. When you’d looked up your laughter had quickly disappeared on seeing Namjoon stood across the balcony overlooking the entrance hall, evidently having just been on his way downstairs.

You’ll never forget the look on his face as he’d taken the two of you in; the way his eyes had narrowed and his nostrils had flared, breathing in the smell of sex that lingered all over you both.

Usually Namjoon would’ve smirked at the very least but on that occasion all he did was stare; eyes boring into the back of your head, hand ticking at his side like there was an itch he was longing to scratch. He might well have been doing his best to keep an expressionless face, but it wasn’t hard to figure out simply from his stony silence that he was far from pleased by this new revelation.

Jimin, however, had seemed to delight in bumping into his elder, a sly smile twisting his beautiful lips the moment he’d seen him. You’d felt it when he’d pressed a long, lingering kiss against the side of your head and pulled you too him tight; a display of possession if ever there was one.

Namjoon had just watched in continuing silence, face impassive and cold, but as Jimin had led you away down the stairs you hadn’t failed to notice the way Namjoon’s hands had clenched into fists at his sides.

One of these days it’s going to get ugly again, you just know it. What you’re not sure of, however, is whom it’ll be that actually starts the fight. Jimin’s seems be gunning for it just as much as Namjoon is; so much so that even little things like seeing you wearing Geongmin’s scarf or reading one of Namjoon’s books appears to instantly darken his mood.

That’s why you’re having to read it now - first thing after you’ve woken up when Jimin’s already gone. You’ve gotten used to the evenings where it’s just you and Nova and an otherwise empty bed for the first hour or two of your day, and whereas you used to lie there and pine, cuddling into
Jimin’s pillow, you now use that time to indulge in reading, making the most of the lack of your boyfriend’s reproachful, scowling eyes.

It is a good book. But then you should have already have known it would be; it came with Namjoon’s recommendation, after all. You wish things were better between you again, so that you could go and talk with him about it. He always has the most interesting insights and opinions about things… you almost miss him, actually, now that you stop and think about it. Why does you heart always insist on beating that little bit faster whenever it comes to him?

But that’s a dangerous line of thought, one that you should most definitely not follow. You’ve clearly had enough of reading for one sitting if your mind if drifting off like this; you’re sure you’ve read the last paragraph at least five or six times and you’re still none the wiser about what it actually says. Sighing, you close the book and place back in the bedside table drawer, stroking Nova absent-mindedly as you fall back into the pillows once more.

Is there a way to fix this? Clearly Namjoon’s relationship with the rest of the group has been strained for a good long while, and whilst you’d thought you’d made a breakthrough before now it only seems to be getting worse again - with Jimin, at least. The others just seem as nervous as him as they always have. If there is some sort of solution then it’s certainly escaping you right now. The best you can probably hope for is that Namjoon will get over whatever feelings he thinks he has for you sooner rather than later and things will settle down again.

Eventually hunger motivates you enough to get your ass out of bed and go shower. Everything feels a little bleak today, and you can’t figure out why. Perhaps it’s because the weather keeps getting progressively colder and the days ever shorter, or maybe it’s simply down to the fact that both Jimin and Yoongi are absent tonight. You always do feel particularly down in the dumps when they’re gone, and it makes you wonder how you’d ever manage if you lost either of them. Honestly, the thought doesn’t even bare thinking about - just imagining the desolation you’d feel has you almost crying like an idiot in front of the bathroom mirror. Sam would be telling you to get a grip if she saw you now. Though saying that, with the lovesick messages she’s been sending you about Hobi lately, maybe she’s turning into a sap too.

There’s still a lingering soreness between your legs from your encounter with Jungkook, one that wasn’t helped by Jimin practically pouncing on you the moment he’d gotten you back to his room, and once again last night. You’re always amazed by just how unending Jimin’s desire for you seems to be. It doesn’t matter if your hairs a mess or you’re half asleep or your legs need shaving; he’ll have you anyway, as often as he possibly can, and whilst it may be exhausting you can’t deny that it’s wonderful to feel so desirable all of the while.

A little smile crosses your face at the thought of Jungkook as you complete your outfit with the addition of a new, crimson red collar that Jimin bought for you. You’ve not crossed paths with the youngest vampire since you took his virginity, and you can’t help but wonder how he’ll react once you finally do. He’d seemed perfectly at ease when you and Jimin had left him post-coitas, but who knows what effect a little time for it all to sink in will have had. You can only hope that he won’t be too awkward around you - or worse; embarrassed. There’s really no reason for him to be.

You head towards the kitchen in search of breakfast as soon as you’re ready, Nova trailing after you along the way. She’s soon learnt that if she follows you down there she’ll usually end up being given some sort of titbit that she shouldn’t really have; bits of leftover chicken, a saucer of milk, the lid off of a yoghurt pot. You like to have her company, too, which is why you don’t do anything to discourage her, talking to her softly on your way down the corridor, a loving smile on your face.

You’re just starting to push open the kitchen door when you suddenly hear voices coming from
inside, causing you to pause where you’re stood holding it just slightly ajar. The fact anyone’s in there at all is a little surprising - aside from Jin the other’s tend to not have much business in the kitchen - and whilst it’s not usually in your nature to eavesdrop, the words you hear spoken next plant your feet firmly to the ground, eager to hear where the conversation goes without your presence.

“You ever gonna tell us where the hell those came from, Kookie -ah?” you hear Hobi say, his tone teasing and playful. It can only be the ropeburns on Jungkook’s wrists he’s referencing, surely. They must’ve darkened up nicely since the last time you saw them.

“I don’t go asking about the nasty-ass hickeys on your neck hyung,” Jungkook retorts. The sound of Taehyung’s responding laughter from inside alerts you to his presence, and the smell of cooking wafting across the air leads you to presume Jin must be in there too, pottering around without getting too involved - as usual.

“I’ll tell you all about them, if you’re really so desperate to know,” Hobi offers.

“We’re not.” Yep, there’s Jin. You can so clearly imagine him rolling his eyes at the others as you hear him sigh heavily.

“DidNamjoon finally convince you to go to that freaky club? Did you take him, Tae -ah?”

“It’s not freaky, hyung. And if he did go, it wasn’t with me. That’d be weird.”

“I thought you guys liked weird,” Hobi persists, but you can tell he’s only teasing. In fact, you’re sure you can make out the exact moment Taehyung hits him on the arm, or elbows him, or kicks him under the table. Whatever sort of pain it is that he inflicts it has Hobi yelping in protest, and you have to press a hand to your mouth to stop yourself from chuckling too loudly. You love the banter the boys share. Even if it ever comes across as savage you can tell there’s so much love behind it. “Anyway, tell us.”

Poor Jungkook, he probably thought he’d gotten away with it for a moment then.

“Is it so hard to believe I just met a girl and got laid?”

“Yes,” Taehyung answers shortly and you hear Jungkook huff loudly in response.

“It does seem a little unlikely after so long,” Jin chimes in, “Especially with… well… y’know… Your track record.”

“Not you too, hyung?” There’s a pause in which the group are obviously just waiting for him to speak, and after another sigh Jungkook finally relents. For one brief second you’re frightened that he might just tell them the truth, but luckily Jungkook makes up another lie - one that sounds far more convincing. “It was just a girl I’d been talking to through overwatch for a while… she wanted to meet up and I… I told her it was… y’know… something I liked. I thought if she tied me up I could make sure she didn’t get hurt.”

“Did it work?” Jin asks, and you can hear the concern in his voice even from the other side of the door.

“Yeah, it worked.” There’s a pause in the conversation that’s briefly interrupted by the sound of running water and very little else, the boys unusually silent for once. Surely that can’t be it? They can’t be letting the topic drop as quickly as that? Admittedly, you’re perhaps a little too eager to hear what Jungkook has to say about his first time, biting on your lip as you lean slightly closer to gap in the door, hopeful he’ll disclose more.
“Bet you bust your nut in like five seconds flat,” Hobi declares after a moment more, and the whole room erupts with the sound of laughter. Even Jin’s laughing this time around.

“I did not!” Jungkook’s indignance only serves to amuse the others all the more, and as Taehyung goads him further you hear the youngest huff angrily. You smile wryly to yourself; he did cum a little fast the first time, but that was only to be expected. Besides, he soon redeemed himself quickly enough.

“Alright alright,” Jin says, attempting to calm the rabble and waiting for Hobi and Tae to grab a hold of themselves before speaking again. “So go on, how was it? Was she hot?”

You heard that correctly, right? That was Jin that just spoke? It takes you a second just to put your eyebrows back down where they belong, so surprised are you to hear Jin speak that way. Apparently he’s not as prim and proper as he always makes out.

“Ughhh, so hot,” Jungkook groans. A blush rises on your cheeks, and suddenly you feel shy even though there’s no one around to see you.

“Nice tits?” Really Hobi?!

“Fuck, man... the best tits.” Is this how guys really talk when girls aren’t around? You’re suddenly regretting ever listening in to this, although truth be told it is quite a nice little ego boost.

“You manage to make her finish?” You can’t believe you’re hearing these words come out of Jin’s mouth. Thank god he said ‘finish’ rather than ‘cum’, or you think you would’ve ended up choking on your own saliva.

“Twice,” Jungkook states boastfully, and you can all too easily imagine the smug look he must be wearing on his face as the others congratulate him and dissolve into a rabble of impressed ‘oo’-ing and ‘ahh’-ing.

“Such a little liar,” you mutter under your breath, smirking and shaking your head. It’s almost a little tempting to march right in there and expose him, if it weren’t for the fact that doing so would expose you too. You’d probably feel a little mean taking the moment away from him, too, and lord knows he’d never live it down if the others found out about his exaggeration of the truth.

“Nicely done, maknae,” Hobi congratulates again as the others murmur their agreement.

“Are you going to see her again?” Jin asks. You hear Jungkook start to reply, murmuring a maybe, when you become distracted by Nova rubbing around your ankles. She’d been pacing the hallway impatiently up until now, probably wondering what the hold up was in getting her grub, but now she’s trying to take matters into her own hands, aiming for the gap in the door with a purposeful flick of the tail.

“Nova,” you hiss, bending down and taking hold of her around the middle to pull her backward, “Don’t go blowing over cover just yet.” She wriggles out of your grasp and gives you one last reproachful look before sauntering away back towards Jimin’s room, apparently more than a little put out that you haven’t delivered the tasty treats she was expecting.

Rolling your eyes at her diva-like behaviour you straighten up, only to gasp in surprise when strong arms suddenly encircle your waist out of seemingly nowhere. You feel someone at your back, their lips pressing to the side of your head through your hair, and when those lips lean down to start softly kissing your neck your body which had been so tense starts to melt, leaning back into them with a blissful hum.
“You’re home earlier than I thought you’d be,” you say quietly, closing your eyes and tilting your head to the side to give Jimin all the more access to your skin.

He hums his agreement, soft lips caressing their way across your shoulder as his hands coming to rest on your stomach. You place your arms and hands on top of his, opening your eyes to watch your fingers intertwine and only then realising the mistake you’ve made.

The hands that are touching you are far too large to belong to Jimin, the fingers far too long, and the large silver ring resting on their index finger is nothing like what Yoongi would wear, either. No, you’ve seen this ring before. but on neither of the men that should be embracing you this way.

“Namjoon!” You try to keep your voice down despite the panic that suddenly grips you as you spin in his arms, not wanting to alert those still in the kitchen to your presence. Namjoon holds you fast even as you try to pull away, pushing on his upper arms in an attempt to free yourself but failing miserably, and while you do this all he does is smile down at you, one eyebrow raised, his head cocked to the side. “Let go of me,” you hurriedly whisper, adding a ‘please’ at the last second that makes Namjoon smirk with amusement.

“You didn’t seem to mind a second ago.” He laces his fingers together in the small of your back, dragging you in closer and making it perfectly clear he doesn’t intend for you to be going anywhere anytime soon.

“I thought you were Jimin-”

“I’m sure you did,” he interrupts, his eyes narrowing slightly, “Or maybe Yoongi-hyung, or Taehyung, or Jungkook-ah.” Namjoon’s pitch lowers noticeably at the last boys name; evidently that’s still a very sore spot judging by the look on his face and the way his arms have tightened around you even more, gripping you possessively. “Do you have any idea how insulting it is that you’d rather let yourself get fucked by a virgin than by me?”

“It’s not like that...” you tell him softly, trying to appeal to his ego in an effort to soften the blow and soothe some of the malice you see glinting in his eyes. Besides, it’s not like you’re lying; you’d more than happily spend time with him like that, too, if it were in any way an option. You’ve wanted Namjoon since the moment you saw him, truth be told, no matter how much he’s scared and intimidated you at times, and today is no exception. He looks so good dressed in a tight black polo neck and smart grey pants, the dim lighting of the hallway perfectly accentuating the angle of his jaw. Despite all your better instincts you end up resting your hands on the flat of Namjoon’s stomach, nervously fingering the soft cotton of his sweater with quivering hands.

“You’ve no idea how good I could make you feel if you just gave me chance, little one.” His expression has softened slightly, one of his hands moving from the small of your back to cup your face, tracing his thumb across your cheekbone tenderly. You don’t doubt Namjoon’s words; having watched him in action just once you know what he’s saying isn’t coming from a boastful or egotistical place. “One night with me and you won’t even remember your own name by the time I’m finished.” His thumb drifts from your cheek to your bottom lip, dragging across the swell of it to pull it from between your teeth and licking his own, devouring the blush that’s growing on your cheeks.

You murmur his name as his hand slides back into your hair, encouraging you to tip your head back into his palm to properly meet his eyes, and the second you do you see his pupils expand, dark and full of lust. Before you know it Namjoon’s leaning down to kiss you again and you’re letting it happen, gripping onto the front of his sweater so hard that your fingers start to ache.

You shouldn’t be doing this, you know you shouldn’t, yet you can seem to stop yourself even as Namjoon walks you backward to press you against the hallway wall, towering over you with his
long, lithe body pushed against yours. His tongue pushes past the barrier of your lips and into your mouth hungrily, groaning as his hands tightly gripping your waist.

This is doing nothing to discourage Namjoon’s seeming obsession with you, or do anything to disprove his belief that you’re longing for him as much as he does for you. Maybe you do. Maybe you’re just as obsessed as he is. That seems the only logical explanation for the way all of your sense seems to abandon you whenever he’s near.

“Feel how hard I am for you, little one, see what you do to me.” Namjoon’s silky voice is so enticing as he whispers against your mouth, as is the feel of his cock weighing heavily against your stomach through his pants. He’s touched you intimately so many times yet you’ve never done the same - despite imagining it more times you care to admit - so when Namjoon gently moves one of your hands downwards and places it over his crotch you do little to resist. You’re eager, if anything, to know what he feels like, and as you close your eyes and run your palm up and down the solid length of him you’re not disappointed by what you find. He’s so long, so hard, so thick, his cock twitching under your firm touch, and when Namjoon groans your name into your kiss your hand reflexively grips him tighter, squeezing him to elicit another long, drawn out growl of pleasure.

“I know you want to know how that’d feel inside you, don’t you?”

God, you do. You’re stroking Namjoon in earnest now, kissing him back just as desperately, all too aware of the state of your underwear and the pounding of your heart in your chest. You can still hear the boys inside the kitchen, and the fact that you could be discovered at any moment is just getting you hotter, aching for Namjoon to touch you too but frightened that if he does you’ll lose your mind completely and let him take you right here roughly against the wall for everyone to hear.

“Jimin can’t keep you from me forever,” Namjoon mumbles against the corner of your lips, his hands sliding from your waist, down to your hips and onto your ass, rocking his body to push his cock rhythmically into your hand. “You were made for me, little one. Don’t ever forget.”

Suddenly Namjoon is letting go of your body to start unbuckling his belt, pulling open his fly with heavy, ragged breaths as you watch on, leaning back against the wall running your hands through your hair, unable to believe what’s happening but somehow unable to stop it.

“Get on your knees,” Namjoon commands breathlessly as his hand disappears underneath his grey boxer shorts, stroking himself roughly, and you’re just about to sink to the ground on shaking legs when suddenly you hear something that makes your blood run cold.

There’s a loud bang that comes from the entrance hall - the sound of doors being thrown open and hitting the walls - and then Jimin’s voice is ringing out, shouting for help over and over again, frantically calling for his hyungs. You’ve never heard him sound like that before, not ever, and in your heart you know something must be terribly, terribly wrong for Jimin to be so panic stricken. You completely forget about Namjoon stood right there in front of you, abandoning him without a word to rush off down the corridor towards the commotion, and when you get there the sight that greets you almost makes you collapse where you stand, your stomach turning inside out with nausea.

Jimin’s on his knees on the cold wooden floor, leaning over Yoongi who’s lying completely still save the jerking movements his body makes as Jimin’s hands run helplessly all over him. They’re both covered in blood, though most of it seems to be coming from Yoongi rather than Jimin, and as you approach, a hand pressed to your mouth to hold your sobs in, you see that Yoongi’s lying in a pool of his own blood, his skin a sickly grey rather than his usual milky pale.

You hear the clatter of feet behind you as the rest of the group run into the entrance hall behind you,
the room filling with shouts of confusion and panic as they take in the scene, but all you can focus on is Jimin’s face as he looks up at you; the rest of it is just white noise. He’s got tears streaming down his face, blood matted in his hair and streaked on his cheeks, his hands pressed to a deep wound on Yoongi’s chest in a fruitless attempt to stem the bleeding. He sobs your name, his voice cracking.

“Someone help him, please!”

Chapter End Notes

Ok, don't hate me.

Just keep the faith it'll all turn out ok in the end, please? <3 <3
Chapter 52

Chapter Notes

Here you go my loves!

All your feedback has been so overwhelming just lately. There are >so< many of you leaving comments and I absolutely love it. Thank you, thank you, a million times over from the bottom of my heart <3 <3

It seems like there’s a million conversations going on at once as you suddenly find your feet and rush forward to Yoongi’s side, none of which you particularly hear. You get snippets, keywords your ears pick up between the pounding of blood against your eardrums and own harsh, shuddering breaths.

It’s all a jumbled blur, just noise, panic making you unable to concentrate on anything than the boy lying on the ground at your blood-soaked knees. Yoongi’s so pale, so lifeless save the odd shallow breath, and covered… covered in blood. It’s soaking through his clothes, so saturated with it that you can’t even tell where the bleeding’s coming from.

“Yoongi,” you whisper, grabbing a hold of his hand and choking on a sob at how limp it is in your grasp. “Oppa…” With your other shaking hand you reach out to touch his face, his neck, his chest, and everywhere you go you leave fingerprints of blood in the places that were clean. There’s so… so much.

You should be trying to do something, you should be trying to help…

“Jimin.” You don’t take your eyes from Yoongi’s face, holding his hand tightly in your lap and trying to ignore the way the puddle of blood you’re sat in is slowly getting bigger. “Jimin what do we do?” Jimin doesn’t reply right away despite the urgency in your voice, and when you finally look up you see him staring wide-eyed at Yoongi’s chest like he’s in shock; completely mute, tears spilling silently down his cheeks.

“Jimin!” you shout frantically, snapping him to attention. He looks at you with those big, fearful eyes and then back down at Yoongi again, patting his hands all over his hyungs body.

“He needs a transfusion, he needs blood,” he mumbles, preoccupied now with unbuttoning Yoongi’s ruined shirt. His chest is a mess of blood and littered with gauges and… burns? How did this happen?

“J-Jin hyung is… he’s coming.” It’s Jungkook’s voice you hear from behind you, his hand you think you must feel being placed on your shoulder, but when you flick your eyes to the side to look you realise it’s Namjoon stood there, touching you. He doesn’t meet your eyes, simply tightens his grip slightly on your shoulder, and for once his touch does absolutely nothing to stir you.

“Who did this?” he growls to Jimin. Your attention has slipped back to Yoongi, hot tears running down your cheeks as you press your lips together to try and hold back the sobs trying to break out of your chest. Where’s Jin? What’s taking so long?!
“I don’t know,” you hear Jimin say as you’re running the back of your knuckles over Yoongi’s cheek. “It’s like they knew we were coming, like they knew what we were.”

“They can’t know - we’ve been so careful this time!” Taehyung’s voice now, cracking as he speaks like he’s crying as well. You try to wipe away the trail of blood that’s seeping from the corner of Yoongi’s mouth, your thumb shaking, only to have more blood replace it a second later.

It feels like your heart is breaking in your chest, an unbearable ache that runs right through you when you think of never seeing that sweet, silly, gummy smile of his ever again, or the feel of his hands in your hair as he kisses you. The love in his eyes when he calls you his princess… the way he looks at you like you’re his whole damn world. You can’t lose him. This can’t be happening, it just can’t.

“Don’t… Yoongi…” He’s going to die. He’s going to die whilst they’re all stood there waiting for blood when there’s already perfectly good supply running through your veins.

You don’t even need to think about what you’re doing before you do it. You start to unbuckle your collar, and your sudden burst of action and the steely expression which has come over your face grabs Jimin’s attention immediately.

“What are you doing?” he asks, his voice higher in pitch than usual as he watches you drop your collar into the similarly coloured pool of blood surrounding you.

“You said it yourself, he needs blood,” you reply without looking at him, throwing your hair over one shoulder and starting to lean down to bring your neck towards Yoongi’s mouth. Namjoon’s hand holds you back.

“Jin’s coming, he-” Jimin tries to argue but you interrupt him fiercely, wheeling round to face him with tear-stained cheeks but eyes that are suddenly clear and dry.

“There’s no time!” You can see that Jimin doesn’t like it from the set of his mouth, his gaze flicking between yours and Yoongi’s face, clearly at war with himself as he frowns and rakes his hand through his hair. You can imagine exactly what he’s thinking; he’s loathe to let anyone else near even a drop of your blood, but as much as he hates the thought of it… he also knows you’re right. Jimin knows his hyung will die if he doesn’t let you.

“It’ll kill you to give as much as he needs,” Namjoon says gruffly as Jimin continues to frown, biting his bottom lip with his eyes fixed on yours. You feel Namjoon try to pull you away by your shoulder but quickly shake him off, turning your panic induced loss of temper on him too.

“I don’t care!” you practically yell, and the room falls silent save the sniffing you can hear from whichever of the boys it is you can hear crying. It might well be all of them. Namjoon’s eyes are blazing with anger and jealousy but he doesn’t try to stop you as you turn back to Yoongi and drag him up, sitting him upright to flop against you, and neither does Jimin.

“Yoongi,” you whisper shakily, gently maneuvering him to place his head on your shoulder, pushing his mouth towards your neck, “Oppa … Yoongi, c’mon, please drink.” you implore, trying to regain some calm, but as he lies there limply, his lips pressed cold and unmoving against your neck, you start to fear the worst.

A terror that’s ugly and black starts to grab hold of your lungs is squeezing them, stealing all your air, and you’re fighting for breath through renewed tears as you tighten your grip around his waist, once again pushing on the back of his head, your fingers in his hair, pressing his lips to your skin in a cold, motionless kiss. You can feel his blood on your hands now, slick to the touch.
“Please, Yoongi- oppa, please…” It’s no good; if Yoongi is still alive - you’re telling yourself over and over again that he is, he must be - then he’s too weak to even act to save himself. “Jimin,” you sob, your broken cry echoing off the cold brick walls of the hall. You twist your head round to look at him over Yoongi’s mass of black unruly hair, pleading with your eyes. “You need to bite me first, he’s… he’s too weak, he can’t-”

“Don’t ask me that,” Jimin whispers back, a heavy sadness in his voice and in his eyes, looking back at you helplessly, “Please don’t ask that of me.” The other vampires in the room are absolutely silent as you and Jimin speak, the weight of what you’re about to do rendering them mute. You only hope they can control themselves should they stay to witness it - especially Namjoon. You can feel him there, still, hovering over your shoulder.

“We’re going to lose him, Jimin. We both are.” You really don’t care what the others may make your words; your use of the word ‘we’ rather than ‘you’ or ‘I’. Jimin cares for Yoongi, you’re certain of it. It’s more than brotherly affection you see in your lover’s eyes when he touches Yoongi or watches the two of you together, and it’s not just lust there, either. “Please,” you beseech once more.

There’s only one more flicker of hesitation in Jimin’s eyes before he finally crawls forward on hands and knees to approach you, caution thrown aside. He moves quickly now, taking hold of your hair to pull your head to the side and pierce your neck with his razor sharp fangs in one swift bite. You hiss, caught off guard by the pain. He’s not as gentle as usual, sinking them in deep and hard to encourage your blood to flow as fast and thick as heavy as possible and then wrenching himself away before he can become too tempted to drink.

“Go,” Jimin encourages, his lips and teeth and tongue now as bloody as the rest of him, his pupils dilated with the want to gorge on you as he so desires. You dread to think what the others must look like having watched it. The scent of it alone must be driving them mad. “Let him feed.”

Carefully, you bring Yoongi back towards your throat. You can feel your blood trickling warm and thick down your neck, adding to the overwhelming smell of copper in the air, and with every second that he just lays there you despair at each drop that’s being wasted, knowing that every single one could be helping him to heal - if only he’d drink.

“God damn it Yoongi, it’s right here,!” you cry, frustration sending a fresh roll of tears fall from your eyes.

Suddenly, you feel Jimin touch your neck. He’s running his finger through the blood, collecting it and then touching it to Yoongi’s purpling lips, painting them red as you watch on with bated breath, ignoring the way your heart is starting to pound a faster from the blood loss.

“C’mon,” you hear him murmuring under his breath as he does it again, this time slipping his finger inside Yoongi’s open mouth to smear it on his tongue. Once more he does it, Jimin’s voice breaking when he chokes out Yoongi’s name in desperation, and you’re sobbing now, unreservedly, your forehead pressed to Yoongi’s shoulder as you fold his body in your arms.

“Please, please, please! ” you weep, cradling him to you. You can’t believe it - you won’t believe - he’s not dead, he can’t be! You never even got to have your first date or tell him how you feel; how much you love every single part of him.

Jimin inhales sharply, the entire room taking a collective breath as you look up and see something that makes your heart leap up into your throat. Yoongi’s miraculously closed his lips around Jimin’s finger, sucking it clean with his eyes still closed, and when the younger vampire pulls that finger free Yoongi sluggishly chases after it and lets himself be led to the rivulets of red trickling down your
throat. His small, pink tongue slowly begins to lap at your blood as your tears of misery turn to those of joy. You thread your fingers into his hair to pull him closer, kissing the top of his head, each and every flick of his tongue becoming stronger as it rolls against you.

“Thank god…” Hobi sighs from behind you and you echo that thought in your mind a million times over.

“Gong…junim,” Yoongi slurs from the crook of your neck, voice hoarse, his nose nuzzling against Jimin’s bite marks. You can feel Yoongi’s hands slowly crawling their way up your body, still so weak that it’s like they’re having to climb your clothes, his chest still slumped against yours.

Yoongi had been calm and sedate to begin with, rhythmically caressing his tongue down your throat, but it doesn’t last. You’re not sure what exactly sets him off - maybe it was just a sign of him regaining his strength, or perhaps he was finally overwhelmed by this first, heavenly taste of you - but all of a sudden his hands grip tightly onto your waist and an open mouthed kiss that’d almost mode you moan morphs into his teeth being savagely thrust into your neck. He makes a bite all of his own, not satisfied by the blood that continues to seep from the one before, and hungry desperation must make him forget to be in any way gentle as Jimin is. This time hurts like you were very first bitten and feels just the same. It’s like someone’s thrust hot needles through your neck and is twisting them inside, and as you cry out in pain and grab onto Yoongi’s shoulders you feel Jimin’s arms encircle your waist to help hold you still. You’re screaming and clawing Yoongi’s bare skin but all Jimin does is place kisses that are supposed to be comforting on the other side of your neck, whispering reassurances that don’t help at all.

“It’s ok, kitten, just a second longer,” he coos to you as your vision starts to spot, dizziness overwhelming you. Your hands lose their purchase on Yoongi’s shoulder blades, slipping from his back to dangle limply at your sides as his fist into your hair, drinking so greedily that you can hear him slurping and swallowing. “Just a little more, I promise, I won’t let him take too much.”

Crying feebly, your head flops to the side as your body gives up all intention of defending itself. The last thing you see before you pass out is Jimin’s face and the worry and fear festering in his eyes.

God, your arm is itchy. Like really, really itchy. Your mind is a bit of a mess save that one over-riding thought, your vision blurry as you start to wake, and it feels like you must’ve slept for a year to be so drowsy. Even your body seems more sluggish than usual; the effort it takes to try and lift your one hand to scratch that irritating spot in the crook of your elbow feeling near impossible.

“Careful, gongjunim. It took Jin-hyung a good four or five attempts to get one of those into you.” You fight to open your eyes on hearing Yoongi’s calm, drawling voice, peeling back your eyelids and trying to ignore the nausea that twists your stomach as the room seems to spin a little before finally settling into something almost normal. Yoongi’s sat next to you on an armchair pulled to the side of Jimin’s bed, his elbows on his knees and biting his thumbnail, and even with your fuzzy vision you can make out the turmoil swirling in the vampire’s eyes.

“What happened?” you croak, pushing yourself up to a sitting position with great difficulty, Yoongi rushing to your aid and helping to arrange the pillows behind you as you settle back into them.

You’re not aching - not really - you just feel enormously weak, like there’s no strength left in your bones. You haven’t felt this bad since the morning after you and Jimin first met, and as you recall that same weakness and fatigue that’d plagued you then you’re suddenly hit with a wave of recollection of the events that’d led you here. It makes you gasp quietly, reaching up to touch your neck and finding it wrapped in something much thicker and softer than a collar. When Yoongi’s eyes meet yours next you see him glance at the bandages with a frown, the guilt plaguing him all too
You let your hand drop from your throat as Yoongi settles back into the armchair uneasily, and when your arm straightens out again you catch a glimpse of what it is that was itching so much; there’s a thick needle sticking into the crook of your elbow, a drip hooked up to the veins. The line that runs from it is full of blood, trailing off of the bed and up to a drip stand on which hangs a transfusion bag that looks as though it’s almost empty.

“How long have I been out?” you ask, extending your hand towards the bedside table to gesture for the glass of water sat on its top. Yoongi passes it to you gently, licking his lips before he answers.

“Two days.” Two? Oh god, that must mean someone’s had to catheterise you, just like they did in the hospital. Did Jin do that too? Shit, you’re never going to be able to look him in the face again. That’s coming out, like, now, or as soon Jin comes to tell you how to do it. Jesus christ. That’s the worst bit out of all of it.

You take a sip of your water, trying to focus instead on wetting your parched throat.

“We’ve been taking it in turns to sit with you, make sure you were alright,” Yoongi explains. He looks about a million miles away from being comfortable as he speaks to you, unable to maintain any kind of eye contact for very long.

“We?” you ask over the rim of the glass.

“All of us. Even Namjoon -ah.” He rubs his neck anxiously and it’s only then, as the hem of his shirt lifts a little to reveal a perfectly unmarked stomach, that you realise how pristine and perfect Yoongi looks. There’s not a scratch on him thanks to your generous donation, and even though you wouldn’t be in a hurry to do it again - not like that, anyway - you can’t help the little smile that creeps onto your face at seeing so well, so alive. “Though Jimin -ah wasn’t exactly thrilled at the idea. He’d said-”

“Yoongi,” you interrupt softly, making him look up from the floor, his mouth still hanging slightly open mid-speech, “Oppa I’m so glad you’re alright.” And now you’re crying again, happy tears spilling down your face as you press a hand to your mouth to try and keep it in, embarrassed by how easily your emotions have overwhelmed you. “I thought I’d lost you, I thought-”

“Hey, no, it’s ok, don’t cry,” Yoongi says quickly, rising from his seat and taking the glass from your hand and putting it aside. He turns back to you and moves to turn back the covers but you already have, making frantic grabbing gestures at the air to encourage him into bed with you as you purse your lips together, desperately trying to stem your tears.

Yoongi slips into bed next to you gingerly, pulling the covers back over the two of you. He clearly expects you to be as weak and fragile as china but soon changes his mind about your condition when he gets the wind knocked out of him by you throwing yourself at him carelessly, stuffing your face into his chest and grabbing onto him with your free arm. He wraps you in his embrace, carefully avoiding the dangling IV line.

“I thought I’d lost you too,” he whispers into your hair, kissing the top of your head as you continue to cry into his chest, littering wet little splotches over his white t-shirt. “When Namjoon pulled me off of you and I saw what I’d done… princess, I’m so sorry.” Yoongi’s voice cracks as he speaks, and when you pull away enough to look up at him you’re taken aback by the moisture you see collecting in his eyes. “If Jin hadn’t been able to give you the blood transfusions… If I’d… If I’d…” He can’t get his words out, swallowing heavily and casting his eyes downward, tears rolling off of his cheeks and dripping onto the duvet.
“It’s ok,” you hush, reaching up to cup his pale, perfect face in your hand to lift it up, looking him in the eyes, “Yoongi, I’d do it a million times over if it meant keeping you with me.” His dark eyes flicker between yours and his arms tighten around your waist, his mouth opening as though he’s about to speak. He takes a deep breath and your chest tightens, anticipating what he’s about to say.

Is this it? Is this the moment where he’ll he finally say the words you’ve been longing to hear for so long?

Yoongi swallows again, glancing away and shutting his mouth, and you feel your stomach drop with a sense of disappointment that’s difficult to maintain when he draws you to his lips. He may not say he loves you out loud but you swear you can feel it in the tender passion of his kiss, in the way he slips his hands from your waist and into your hair as it deepens. You can feel his tears wetting your cheeks as he kisses you, mingling them with yours, and you try your best to make him feel how much you love him too, your heart pounding hard and fast for him beneath your ribs.

If there was ever a time for a confession of love, wouldn’t this be it? You’d hoped it wouldn’t be you that had to take the first plunge, but perhaps Yoongi will always be just that little bit too shy and uncertain to say it first, given the complexities of your relationship with him and Jimin.

You steel yourself, forming the words on your tongue as the kiss ends and getting ready to let them spill, consequences be damned.

“Yoongi, I-”

“Do you think you can walk?” he interrupts, thumbing your cheek gently and completely missing the way the smile slips from your face, “Jimin-ah wanted to know the second you were awake.”

“Yeah, ok… I think I can, if you help me,” you agree after a second, disentangling yourself from him long enough for Yoongi to rise from the bed and offer you his hand. “I guess we’ve got plenty of time to spend just the two of us, right?” There’ll be plenty more opportunities, you’re sure of it - though you don’t intend to wait very much longer to tell him. Yoongi's brush with death has given an amazing clarity to how you feel, and now, more than ever, you want to spend every second that you have by both his, and Jimin's, sides.

“Always, princess.”
Hi guys!

I'm sorry this chapter has taken a while. What with it being the festive season there’s been an awful lot of social gatherings that have been taking up time I’d usually use for writing, so I apologise.

Thank you so much for your continuing feedback, you're honestly the best. Keep screaming, keep shouting, keep gushing and theorising and talking to each other, I love it ♡♡

Enjoy ^^

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

You do almost make it up and out of bed with Yoongi’s assistance before you suddenly remember that you’re somewhat tethered down with medical paraphernalia. A sharp stab of pain in your arm as you inadvertently tug on your IV line brings you to a halt with a hiss, letting go of Yoongi’s hand and flopping back down into bed to stop it pulling.

“Shit, sorry,” Yoongi apologises quickly, eyebrows crinkling on concern, “I didn’t think.”

“It’s fine, don’t worry,” you assure, though you know he will. You’re fairly certain that all of the boys might go treating you a little gently after this, at least for a bit, anyway. You inspect the crook of your arm just to check you haven’t accidentally dislodged the cannula; thankfully, it doesn’t seem like you have. “Could you go fetch Jin? I’d like to get all this stuff out of me if I can.” Especially the catheter.

“Sure.” Yoongi brushes his lips against your forehead, flashing you a small, brief smile before leaving to fetch his elder. You try to get yourself comfortable again, wriggling back to lean against the pillows as you wait for Jin to come and set you free.

You’re not sure how much blood he must’ve given you; all you can hope is that you didn’t eat into their stores too much. You’d hate to think that any of them might go hungry because of you. Still, you must’ve needed it. Even now, sat still with your eyes shut, you can feel that your head isn’t quite right. Everything’s a little muzzy and difficult to focus on, and your pulse is bounding in your neck far faster than it usually does. You’ll have to make a considered effort to take it easy for a while till you’re properly back on your feet.

You’re almost asleep again by the time Jimin’s door opening rouses you. You peel back your eyelids and force yourself to pick your head up off your shoulder as you see Jin walk through the door, a large smile on his face and a plastic box in his hands.

“So it’s true!” he exclaims, striding over to the bed and sitting himself on the edge of it, “Yoongi said my favourite patient had finally woken up.”

“Just about,” you chuckle, rubbing your bleary eyes with the heel of your hand. It really does feel
like you’ve been hit by a bus. Hit, and then dragged for several blocks afterward. “And I’m your only patient, Jin.”

“Ah, you’re still my favourite though,” he tells you fondly, flashing you his most winning smile and making you laugh even when it feels like you’re lacking any energy to do so. “How’re you feeling?” Jin asks, suddenly serious, his soft eyes drifting from your face to run along the IV line and up to the blood bag that now hangs completely empty.

“Pretty crap, not gonna lie,” you answer with a crooked smile and he frowns, reaching out to place his fingers on your wrist, presumably feeling your pulse. Not wanting him to worry too much, you add, “No worse than the last time this happened, though.” He releases your wrist, seemingly satisfied.

“You don’t seem to have much luck, really, do you?” Jin’s lips curl into a small smile, his head tilting to the side.

“An unavoidable hazard given the company I chose to keep, I’m afraid,” you reply somewhat humorlessly and Jin nods, pursing his lips for just a second.

He knows you’re in far too deep now to even consider suggesting that you just leave this place behind and try to forget about all of them. Admittedly, it’d be a very sensible idea - especially since now it seems as though there’s something that might be potentially threatening their safety too - but you both know the words would be pointless to say. It’s never going to happen. Physically, yes, you’d probably be far safer, but emotionally? You’re not sure you’d survive, or even want to, without this group of men you’ve come to know and love, each in their own way.

“What’s in the box?” you ask in an attempt to break the momentary silence.

“Ah!” Jin exclaims, instantaneously regaining his chipper exterior. He pulls the bendy lid off with a flourish and immediately your senses are assaulted with the rich, sweet smell of chocolate. “Brownies.” He extends the box to you with a wide grin and when you peer inside there are three rows of slightly gooey looking brownies stacked one on top of the other.

“Shouldn’t I be eating something more... wholesome and nutritious for my first meal in two days?” you ask, raising an eyebrow at him.

“ Probably,” he admits with a laugh, “But you could do with the sugar.”

“Not gonna argue with that.” They do smell heavenly. Carefully, you take one from the box with an eager smile, and Jin replaces the lid and puts it aside as you take your first bite. God, they taste heavenly too. Rich and dense and moist - a perfect chocolate fix. “I’m gonna have to almost-die more often if this is the treatment I get,” you tell him round your mouthful, brownie stuck to your teeth, and Jin gives you a playfully stern look as he rises from the bed.

“Don’t you dare.” Jin heads over to Jimin’s set of drawers as you eat, collecting some medical supplies that you hadn’t noticed were there until he’s now called attention to them. He brings over a tray, some gloves, cotton wool and a yellow plastic bag that has the word ‘incineration’ printed in thick black letters all over it and then sits on the bed again, closer to you this time. “Let’s get that out of your arm.”

“Yes please,” you nod, finishing up your last bite and then shimmying closer, extending your arm out towards him. Jin pulls on some gloves and then goes to work detaching the drip before removing the cannula, concentration etched across his handsome face. Where on earth did he get all this stuff, and how does he know how to use it? You suppose vampires wouldn’t be above the idea of
stealing, but that still doesn’t explain how natural Jin looks in a pair of latex gloves, carefully removing the dressing that’s been keeping your cannula in place.

“Where’d you learn to do all this?” you ask as he removes the tiny plastic tube that’d been nestled in vein in one smooth motion and then presses cotton wool to the small entry hole that’s left behind and starting to bleed. If the sight of the blood bothers Jin he certainly doesn’t show it, save the very slight movement you catch in his throat as he swallows.

“Jimin told you about our condition, didn’t he?” You nod as he discards the cannula into the incineration bag and continues to press firmly on the cotton wool, stemming the bleed. “I’d been halfway through a medical degree when I’d gotten so sick that I’d had to stop.”

“Oh.” What else can you really say, other than that? ‘I’m sorry your dreams got put on hold when you got sick and agreed to become a member of the undead’? Somehow you don’t think that’d sound quite as comforting as you mean it to.

“Mmhm.” Jin lifts the cotton wool to check if the bleedings stopped, reapplying it when he sees it hasn’t. “The nurses used to love me,” he tells you, still focusing on the task at hand but smiling nonetheless.

“I can imagine,” you laugh, “Handsome young doctor like you making the rounds.” Jin’s smile grows when he hears you call him handsome, but his expression turns slightly bittersweet as he applies some tape across the cotton wool to fix it in place.

“Even as a patient they used to get me putting up all the others drips and IV’s. Told me I had to ‘earn my keep’. ”

“I’m sure the others loved that.” Jin laughs, though it’s not as loud and balshy as usual. You can’t imagine any of the boys being pleased about Jin being in charge of potentially painful procedures; they must’ve had to try and keep on his good side to save themselves getting poked and prodded with any needles that might’ve been poorly aimed on purpose. “The practice certainly came in handy, though, huh?”

“It did,” Jin agrees, getting up from the bed and returning one tray to bring another one over, changing his gloves in the process. This one carries nothing but an empty syringe.

“Is that for the… uh…” You feel your cheeks start to flush with heat as you glance down to where your lower half is covered by the duvet. For the first time Jin looks mildly embarrassed, glancing away for just a second.

“We didn’t know how long it’d take for you to wake up,” he explains, “It was sort of unavoidable.”

“No, I understand, that’s ok.” you say quickly, not wanting him to feel guilty for doing something that ultimately saved you from the shame of having to have the others nurse you fully. “But can I take it out myself? If you tell me how to do it?”

“Sure, it’s simple enough.” Jin explains exactly what to do to remove the catheter, and it really does sound simple even with no prior experience of anything even remotely medical. Even if it was more complex you’d still want to have a good go at it yourself first to save yourself the embarrassment of having Jin see you so intimately again. He passes you a clean pair of gloves from the box and then pulls off his own.

“I’ll leave you to it, then.”

“Thanks Jin.” You smile gratefully at him as he starts to rise from the bed. “Could you send Yoongi
back in in a few minutes? I don’t think I’m gonna be able to get out of bed by myself.” Jin pauses, sinking back down onto the mattress.

“Sure, but take it easy, ok?” He places a hand on your leg through the covers, giving your thigh an affectionate pat or two. There’s a warmth in his eyes that fills you with a similar feeling as you look back at him, a smile still lingering on your face. “I’m really glad you’re alright. You guys really had us all worried there for a while.”

“I know,” you tell him, nodding. It’d really worried you, too, to say the least. “You kinda saved my life, right? Yoongi said I might not have made it if you hadn’t been able to transfuse me.”

“I did my best,” Jin humbly replies.

“Well, thank you.” You curl your fingers around his forearm and give it a gentle squeeze through his light blue shirt, trying to convey the sincerity of your thanks.

“You’re welcome,” Jin replies, smiling brightly. You lean forward to plant a kiss on his cheek in an effort to show him your appreciation, but somehow - and you’re not entirely sure how it happens - you end up landing right on his lips instead. He must’ve gone to kiss your cheek at the same time, or maybe he just happened to turn his head at the wrong moment, but for whatever reason you’re now mouth to mouth with Jin, his soft lips against your frozen ones, and when you open up your eyes you see him looking back at you like a deer caught in headlights. You blink.

Thankfully, a split second later your brain gets over the shock and kicks itself gear, wrenching you back from Jin with scarlett cheeks and a pounding heart.

“Sorry! S-sorry!” you gush, looking at the bedsheets or your fingers or the wall, anywhere but straight at the man sat opposite you who you can see licking his lips unsurely from the corner of your eye. Yeah, you really won’t ever be able to look Jin in the face again after this. “I wasn’t… I wasn’t aiming there. Sorry.” There’s a beat of silence, one where Jin’s so quiet and still you can’t help but look back at him, and more or less as soon as you do he suddenly manages to pull himself together, smiling broadly.

“I understand.” he says emphatically, his tone teasing. “It was the thought of me in one of those pristine white medical coats, wasn’t it? I can’t say I blame you. Who could resist?” And just like that any awkwardness that might’ve lingered is completely gone, erased by Jin’s easy-going nature.

“Shut up,” you huff, rolling your eyes just as hard as you’re smiling. Jin rises from the bed.

“I’d better go, hadn’t I? Before you lose what little self-control you still have.”

“Before I ram one of these brownies down your throat, you mean,” you snort, narrowing your eyes at him as he deposits his supplies back on the side. Jin just laughs at your threat, and it’s back to sounding as loud and abrasive as ever. He even blows you a kiss on his way out of the door, following it with another when you pretend to bat away the first in great distaste. You shake your head when he’s gone, pulling on the gloves Jin gave you and then whipping back the covers to get down to the unpleasant task at hand.

“Gongjunim?” Yoongi’s calling you from Jimin’s bedroom, but right now you’re focusing all your energy on trying to keep yourself upright rather than speaking, leaning over the bathroom counter tops with shaking knees. “Where are you, princess?”
All you’d wanted was to use the toilet normally after sorting yourself out; have a wash, brush your
teeth and hair, and whilst you’ve managed to do it it hasn’t come without a price. Your reflection in
the mirror is pale and clammy and your breaths are shaky too, but you still manage to huff out a
laugh when you notice that even whilst you were unconscious Jimin had still thought to put a collar
around your neck.

There’s a sharp rap on the bathroom door that makes you jump even though you were half expecting
it. He calls your name, worry evident in his tone.

“Are you alright?”

“No, not really,” you reply shakily, almost laughing again at the state you’ve let yourself get into.
Yoongi’s through the door and at your side in a flash, scowling as he lifts you up to lay across his
arms. You’ll never get over someone so slender and fragile looking possessing such unnatural
strength - it catches you off guard every single time.

“You should’ve waited for me,” he tells you crossly, huffing when you loop yours arms around his
shoulders and tuck your head into the crook of his neck. “What if you’d passed out and fallen?”

“Then you would’ve found me and taken care of me like you always do,” you reply sweetly as
Yoongi carries you back into the bedroom, and though you hear him tut opening one of your eyes
and peeping upward shows you that he’s smiling - albeit reluctantly.

“Maybe.” He walks the two of you towards Jimin’s bed, clearly meaning to put you back in it until
you kick your feet limply, whining your protest.

“I thought I was going to see Jimin?”

“You were, but that was before you started looking like death warmed up. You need to be in bed,”
Yoongi tells you firmly, using his very best ‘no-nonsense’ voice.

“But I want to see him,” you whinge and he sighs heavily, stood at the foot of the bed.

“And how’re you going to get to him when you can barely walk?” he questions, raising an eyebrow
as he looks down at you.

“You’ll carry me.” You smile sweetly at him and this time Yoongi can’t help but laugh, shaking his
head at you.

“You’re being really bratty today, you know that?” Bratty or not, he does exactly what you say,
leaving Jimin’s bedside and walking you towards the door.

“I think I’m entitled.” Yoongi ‘humphs’ in response but doesn’t disagree, just places a kiss atop your
head as you exit Jimin’s bedroom.

It doesn’t look as though you’ve got far to go. As soon as you’re out in the corridor Yoongi takes
the door that leads out into garden and starts following the fairy lights along the path, carrying you
towards a waiting Jimin, wherever he must be. You presume wherever he is Nova must be too; she
wasn’t in the bedroom, not as far as you’d seen.

As Yoongi takes you further down the path, underneath the archway blossoming with moonflowers,
the sound of the garden fountain trickling softly starts to mingle with gentle, soulful music that
becomes gradually clearer with every step. The night is fairly cold but luckily whomever had
dressed you last had decided layering was obviously best, and you’re thankful for that now.
The two of you round a corner, past the hedges and a few steps more when Jimin finally comes into sight. He’s sat on the swinging bench you’d bought, Nova on his lap and his phone screen illuminated where it’s sat by his side playing that slow r’n’b you’d heard before. He doesn’t spot you straight away, sat facing slightly off to the side as he is, but all it takes is Yoongi’s step crunching an unfortunate snail underfoot for Jimin’s head to whirl around to face you, his eyes widening when he takes in the sight of you in Yoongi’s arms.

He gushes your name in relief, completely forgetting that he has Nova on his lap when he abruptly stands and sends her tumbling to the floor with a disgruntled hiss which he pays no mind. Jimin strides over to you with a hesitant smile stretched across his face, glad to see you but clearly wary of your condition.

“You're awake,” he observes, stopping just short of toe to toe with Yoongi and immediately reaching out to touch you, resting his palm against your cheek. You lean into it, briefly closing your eyes. “You don't look too good, why're you out of bed?”

“Hey don't look at me,” you hear Yoongi say from above you and when you open your eyes you see Jimin looking sternly at the man holding you, “She's as stubborn as ever.”

“He's right,” you smile, twisting your head to place a kiss on the inside of Jimin's wrist. The brief irritation that had coloured Jimin’s mood instantly melts away when he looks at you, a soft smile replacing his frown. “I insisted.”

“So I see.” Jimin leans in and kisses your forehead, pushing your hair back. It hasn't escaped your notice how nonchalant Jimin seems about how tightly Yoongi is holding you, cradled in his arms, and you're glad of it. “How're you feeling?”

“Pretty ropey,” you admit. There’s a pregnant pause, one in which you see Jimin taking note of the bruises that lay under your collar from Yoongi's savage bite. It's been a long time since a bite has left you marked like that, and judging by the look on Jimin’s face the sight of it doesn't leave him unaffected.

“You two have probably got things you need to talk about,” Yoongi says, reading the mood as perfectly as always, “Can you stand?”

“I think so-”

“I've got her,” you and Jimin say simultaneously. Ever so carefully Yoongi lowers you to the ground and the moment your feet touch the cold floor Jimin’s got his arm around your waist supporting your weight. You dig your fingers into his clothes, holding on tight, using the solidity of his stance to help maintain your balance too.

“Thank you oppa.” Yoongi gifts you a small smile and a nod before his eyes drift to Jimin, his expression turning somewhat meek and mild. Is he nervous? Does he feel guilty having fed from you when he knows how heavily Jimin had bogarted your blood before?

“Thank you hyung,” Jimin echoes. In the periphery of your vision you notice Jimin’s free hand extend towards Yoongi’s as he expresses his gratitude, and you know you're not hallucinating when you see the younger boys fingertips brush against the others. You didn't lose that much blood. Yoongi's own fingers respond, twitching to brush between Jimin’s for just the briefest of moments before he then nods at Jimin, too, then turns to leave.

The two of you watch him go, and once he has Jimin wraps you up in both his arms and pulls you tight to his chest, pushing his nose into your hair.
“I love you,” he breathes, tightening his grip like he's trying to merge your two bodies into one.

“I love you too,” you respond into his shoulder, closing your eyes and holding onto him just as desperately.

“I was so worried.” Jimin pulls back, a multitude of emotions clouding his eyes when he looks at you. “I thought I'd let him take too much… if Namjoon hadn't pulled him off of you…”

“But he did.” You reach up to to Jimin’s face, brushing his cheek with your thumb. “I'm ok.”

“It should've been me protecting you, I should've been the one to stop him.”

“You were just trying to help your friend, Jimin.” Jimin’s small, delicate fingers curl around your wrist, and this time it's him that's leaning into your palm, his eyebrows lowering in a pained frown. “It was the right thing to do. He would’ve died if he hadn't…” You trail off, noting the way Jimin once again fixates on the marks lining your neck.

An awful thought suddenly appears in your mind, one that you know is irrational yet it remains potent nonetheless, and it makes your whole body prickle with unpleasant goosebumps, a chill deep down in your stomach.

“Does it… does Yoongi having fed from me… change anything?” you ask quietly, your hand dropping away from his face as you worry your lip.

“What do you mean?” Jimin responds, tipping his head slightly to the side.

“Well it's just…” You sigh, trying to gather your thoughts for just a second, “Will you still want to feed from me now that he has too?”

Jimin actually laughs at that, his head dipping forward and eyes crinkling with glee.

“Oh kitten,” he smiles, leaning down to rest the tip of his nose on yours, “If anything, it only made me want to do it even more.” You smile, closing your eyes as you let out a breathy laugh of relief. It shouldn't feel like such a weight hearing that, but it does. “Look at you. So happy to know daddy still wants you,” Jimin chuckles lowly. You feel his finger tap the underside of your chin as your cheeks warm with a blush, his lips ghosting over your own just a hair's breadth away. “I'll always want you.”

The kiss that Jimin bestows on you then is nothing short of captivating. His thumb and forefinger hold your chin as skims his lips against yours, waiting until you're sighing softly before encompassing your mouth with his. It isn't too demanding of a kiss; it never deepens nor steals the breath from your lungs, but the sweet tenderness of it still leaves you reeling and starry eyed when he pulls away.

The two of you smile at each other, your foreheads pressed together and your heart throbbing with love inside your chest, neither of you speaking but the music from Jimin’s phone pleasantly filling the silence. It's another r'n'b song, one that you don't recognise, but it's slow and soothing and clearly Jimin seems to like it, judging by the way he starts to sway.

“What're you doing?” you giggle as he joins his hands in the small of your back, swaying you with him.

“Dancing,” Jimin replies plainly, like it's the most obvious thing in the world.

“Sorry to tell you this, but I can't dance.”
“Can't, or won't?” Jimin questions, smiling a crooked smile and raising an eyebrow at you.

“Hmm, a bit of both,” you grin, looping your arms around his waist too.

Suddenly you feel Jimin lift you off of the ground, just by an inch or two, and then put you right back down again. The only difference is now your bare feet are stood directly on top of his pointed shoes, and when he moves so do you, like some odd little puppet.

“What are you doing?” you laugh again, moving your arms from his waist to his neck. Jimin presses his cheek to yours, chuckling into your ear.

“We’re dancing,” he explains, playfully kicking his feet - and yours - out to the side one by one in an over exaggerated motion to demonstrate. “See?”

“You're disgusting,” you accuse, laughter still lilting your voice as Jimin falls back into a gentle sway, rotating the two of you on the spot to the song as it plays.

“You love it.”

You must look quite the picture; dancing on his feet in the middle of the garden, surrounded by twinkly fairy lights, you in your pyjamas and Jimin singing softly in your ear. It's corny but it’s wonderful, and within seconds you're forgetting to be embarrassed or self-conscious, just letting yourself be held and comforted by the man you love - the man you'd once wondered could ever be sweet and soft at all.

“So what happens now?” you ask into the soft cashmere of Jimin’s sweater after a few minutes has passed. You're starting to get cold now and you find yourself longing for him to have some body heat to share. “Have you figured out how they knew how to hurt you?”

“Not yet,” he replies, gently lifting you from standing on his feet to straddling his waist, a hand under each of your buttocks like it's no effort at all. It's probably a good job he's done so, actually; even standing whilst supported has left you feeling a little dizzy again. “We're laying low for a while whilst we look into it.”

“That sounds smart,” you agree, pressing your lips to his forehead whilst he starts to walk, taking all your weight with just one hand as he collects his phone from the bench, ready to head back inside. He's silent for a moment, save for calling Nova back inside as he carries you back down the path towards the house.

“You haven't told anyone about us... have you?” Jimin’s quietly spoken question shocks you, your eyebrows rising as you mean back enough to look at him in disbelief, bouncing slightly as he walks.

“Of course I haven't!”

“Not even Sam?”

“No!” Jimin’s eyes bore into yours, like he's trying to decide whether you're telling the truth. Just knowing he's doubting you for even a second makes your heart ache. “Do you really think I’d do anything to put any of you in danger?” Jimin’s facial expression softens and he stops walking, pausing to kiss you in a way that feels apologetic.

“I don't, kitten, I promise. But I still had to ask.” He smiles hesitantly, a smile that grows when you kiss him back and then lay your head on his shoulder with a quiet, tired sigh. “Let's get you back to bed.”
“Will you stay with?” you murmur, your eyes already starting to close.

“Of course.”

You're starting to drift in and out of sleep as Jimin crosses the courtyard with you in his arms, only to have the fragrance of night blooming jasmine rouse you in your way past. You hum contentedly, turning your head on Jimin’s shoulder, and you're about to close your eyes again when suddenly a light from the house draws your gaze.

On the very top floor, in a large circular window all on its own, is a shadowy figure that unmistakably belongs to Namjoon. You can’t make out his face - it's too far and the light behind him is too bright - but you can identify him purely from his stature alone. He's as unmoving as a statue, and though you can't see his eyes you know they'll be fixed on the image of Jimin as he carries you through the garden. You know he'll be able to see you looking back at him, too, though that does nothing to stop him. He keeps on looking, making your heart rate even from a mile away, until Jimin carries you inside, out of Namjoon's sight.

Chapter End Notes

So there we go!

I do apologise for that absolutely sickening bit of fluff there (actually, I'm not that sorry but still ;))

The next chapter will probably be some time after christmas, but before new year. Just to give you some sort of time frame ♡♡
Chapter Notes

Hi all! I hope you've all been enjoying the festive period and the break from school/work/finals!

I noticed the other day that we've gotten to 30,000 hits on this, and honestly I can't thank you guys enough. I know some of them are down to those of you who keep on coming back to re-read or check whether or not I've updated, and I couldn't be more grateful <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It’s a little bit of a double-edged sword being one of Kim Seokjin’s ‘patients’.

On the one hand it’s very pleasant to have almost a constant stream of company at your bedside, all of whom are eager to fulfill your every whim and tend your every need. Jimin is with you most of the time now that he’s suddenly blessed with a lot of free time, and that in itself is a gift, but it’s nice to know the others care so much for you too.

Jin comes to check you over and bring you delicious food at regular, reliable intervals and Taehyung will sit beside you in bed with his tablet or phone to play silly little games together or watch equally silly videos. Hobi brings his warm smiles and friendly conversation, updating you on the latest happenings with him and Sam whom the others have affectionately dubbed ‘Hosam’ for the time being; not that there’s ever anything other than good news to hear. (Do they have a name for you and Jimin? God, you hope not). Hobi gets a lovesick look in his eyes whenever he talks about her, and she’d unquestioningly accepted her lover’s excuses for why you weren’t able to see her anytime soon.

“You told her I had diarrhoea?! What the hell kind of diarrhoea lasts this long?!”

“The messy kind,” Hobi grins shamelessly. Yoongi throws a pillow at him after that.

Yoongi’s with you the most out of all the others, which doesn’t comes as much of a surprise to either you or Jimin. He’ll often give the two of you a little time alone but even when he doesn’t Jimin seems to take no issue with Yoongi touching you as often and as intimately as he likes. It’s nothing sexual - unfortunately everyone seems to think you’re far too fragile for anything like that just lately - but Yoongi will often snuggle up to you under the covers to watch TV whilst Jimin reclines on the chaise lounge just a stone’s throw away. You’ve lost count of how many times Jimin’s woken you and Yoongi from the naps the two of you so enjoy, always tender and always smiling softly down at you both. It’s certainly not a conventional situation, but you’re glad there doesn’t seem to be any bad blood between them after recent events.

The other perk to you not being at your best is that it’s given Jungkook something to focus on when he visits. He can fluff your pillows and fetch you drinks, little tasks that keep him busy rather than awkward, and he’s so eager to please that he even loans you one of his beloved games consoles to keep you occupied during your enforced bedrest. Initially you’d worried that you two sleeping together would end up moving yours and Jungkook’s relationship backward rather than forwards, but when he bids you goodbye one morning with a kiss to your cheek and a lingering smile, you
It’s really very nice to be on the receiving end of all this tender loving care, for the first day or two at least, but of course there’s a downside that accompanies all this sweet worry and concern for your wellbeing. It only takes a couple of days for you to be feeling perfectly fine again, more or less, but no matter how much you repeat that fact to all your various companions no one seems to be listening. Ok, so maybe you’re still a tiny bit dizzy still on getting out of bed, but it’s nothing you haven’t handled before. You’re fairly certain you were still in a worse state than this than when Jimin first brought you back here, and you certainly didn’t see any of them fussing around you like this back then.

You’re starting to get cabin fever, trapped in bed all day. You miss playing the piano and you miss pottering around the garden in the freezing cold with Nova. Heck, you even miss watching the guys fighting over whichever game they happen to be playing from one day to the next, but no matter what you say or how you argue all of them seem to be singing from the same hymn sheet; you need your rest, get some sleep, eat your food. They’re all treating you as if you’re made of glass, Yoongi especially, and it’s really starting to piss you off.

Worst of all is their absolute reluctance to touch you with anything other than chaste affection. You’ve become accustomed to a certain amount of physical intimacy, living here, and the sudden lack of it is making life a little bit unbearable - as greedy as it sounds. You even try to use your womanly wiles to get your way on several occasions, but with little to no success to speak of. All it does is leave Jimin with a boner that he has to go satisfy in the bathroom and you laid there staring at the ceiling flushed in the face, aching between your legs, and feeling wholly, wholly frustrated. You know It’s only been a matter of days but it feels like months, and though you know they’re only looking out for you the stubborn part of you just wants to throw one unholy tantrum in protest. This can’t go on much longer, surely?

A gentle knock comes at the door, startling you, and you quickly go about pulling up the straps to your nightdress that’d fallen down during your failed attempt to seduce Jimin.

“Coming!” you call, slinging your legs out of bed, but before the soles of your feet can even touch the floor Jimin emerges from the bathroom.

“I’ll get it,” he firmly says, looking over at you and then shifting his pointed gaze to the bed, his instruction clear. It’s with folded arms and a sulk that you wiggle your way back into the pillows, Jimin smiling fondly as he watches you on his way to the door. You lean to the side to try and see around him as opens it, curious as to which of the boys has had the good graces to knock on this occasion; usually they just burst into the room unannounced.

“Ah, hyung, come in,” Jimin warmly greets whichever of his elders is there. He steps back to reveal Namjoon stood at in the entranceway in all his usual glory, magnificent in a loose pair of grey jeans and an equally baggy long-sleeved t-shirt, and as he comes inside he and Jimin shake hands, exchanging smiles. Jimin even goes so far as to hold Namjoon’s far larger one in both hands, clasping it tightly before letting it fall and gesturing for him to come further inside.

It’s a bizarre thing to bear witness to. The last time you’d seen them together - before all of this had taken place - they were still as hostile with each other as ever. Seeing them like this is… odd to say the least. What’s changed? Was it the part that Namjoon played in drawing an end to Yoongi’s gluttonous feeding before it went too far that’s helped towards mending the rift between Jimin and him? You can only presume so, not unless something else drastic happened whilst you were out cold, and you’re fairly certain you would’ve heard about it already if it had.

Namjoon’s eyes find yours before you’re fully prepared, and the moment they meet your stomach
does somersaults that don’t seem to want to stop as he comes towards you. His slow approach is akin to a panther’s graceful prowl, and even his warm and easy smile does nothing to calm the nervous beating of your heart as he sits himself on the edge of the bed next to you.

“You look well,” he observes politely, folding his hands in his lap.

“Thank you,” you reply, trying to hold his eyes rather than stammer and blush as you’re so naturally inclined to do whenever he’s so close. You can’t stop yourself from thinking about the last time you and Namjoon were together; the way he had you pinned against the wall, the way you very almost let him take pleasure in the heat of your mouth and caress of your tongue. You can’t afford to think about these things, not with Jimin stood just at the foot of the bed watching the two of you. It’s making guilt start to gnaw at your insides, and suddenly you’re having difficulty meeting two pairs of eyes rather than just the usual one.

Apparently Jimin is oblivious to the tension in the room, or else he’d never say the words that next leave his lips.

“Do you mind if I go and shoot some hoops with Tae whilst you’ve got company?” he asks, jutting a thumb over his shoulder towards the door, “He’s been begging me to whoop his ass for months.” You hesitate for just a second, eyes flickering to Namjoon’s expressionless ones and then back to Jimin. You force your mouth into an unsure smile as you give a short, sharp nod.

“Sure.” Your feeble smile is no match for the winning one that Jimin flashes at you as he crosses the distance between you and leans over the bed to place a lingering kiss on your forehead, his hand cradling the back of your head. You see Namjoon watching the entire exchange, the tightening of his jaw unmistakable even in your peripheral vision.

“Shouldn’t take me long,” Jimin says with a hint of smugness, clearly confident in his sportsmanship, and then he places one last kiss onto your lips before swiftly leaving the room with a parting wink, pulling the door to behind him.

The very fact that Jimin is willingly leaving you alone with Namjoon is a massive change and honestly? You’re not a hundred percent sure it’s a necessarily a positive change. Especially with the way Namjoon is looking at you now, the corner of his mouth curled into a barely-there smirk.

“How’re you feeling?” he asks after enjoying a moment of silence in which he seems to take pleasure in watching the way you sit and squirm under his gaze.

“Better than everyone seems to believe,” you reply, eager to move the conversation forwards in hope that you’ll push past the tension too, “Everyone’s treating me like some fragile little thing.”

“You are, compared to us.” Namjoon cocks an eyebrow in amusement, chuckling at the stubborn expression that appears on your face.

“Yeah, well… puny or not I feel fine.”

“You very nearly weren’t.” The tone in which Namjoon says those words is suddenly very stern, his gaze piercing into yours when you lift your sullen eyes to look at him. “What did you think you were doing, putting yourself at risk like that?” If you didn’t know any better you’d think Namjoon was concerned for your safety.

“You saw the state he was in Joonie, we didn’t exactly have a lot of options,” you reason, shrugging helplessly. You can appreciate that it wasn’t exactly a smart choice, but it was the only one left save leaving Yoongi to die, and as far as you're concerned that was never a choice at all. “Besides, Jimin
feeds from me all the time and it’s always been fine.”

“I’m well aware of that,” he bites out, the rumble of a growl audible in the back of his throat. You swallow nervously, chagrined. Namjoon huffs after a couple of seconds, his jaw loosening as he forces himself to calm down, shoulders sagging too. “Do you have any concern for your own safety? At all?” he asks, and now he sounds more concerned than angry.

“Of course I do,” you say quickly, leaning forward from the pillows. Just because you don’t pay any heed to them doesn’t mean that they aren’t there in the first place. “But I’d still do it again if I had to.” Namjoon laughs breathily at your response, clearly writing you off as a some silly idiot girl as he looks away and derisively shakes his head. “For any of you,” you add pointedly, reclaiming Namjoon’s attention, “If you needed me.”

He pauses for a while, keen eyes looking you up and down thoughtfully before he finally sighs.

“Then you’re more of a fool than I thought.”

“Maybe,” you shrug, finding yourself with a smile on your face even though you’re not entirely sure why. Maybe it’s because you know how right he’s; you really must be lacking any self-preservation instincts to be sticking with them so long. Surprisingly enough Namjoon starts to smile too, his cheeks pitting as he looks down at his lap, shaking his head again.

“I’m glad you’re alright,” he says, picking his head back up and turning it to face you. You hear a gentle rustling of Jimin’s sheets and when you look down you see one of Namjoon’s long-fingered hands sliding toward you cautiously. Despite your better judgement you find yourself bridging the gap and letting him take your hand, holding your breath as your fingers link, his silver ring cold against your skin. “I’ll tell the others to ease up on the bedrest.”

“Being the boss has its perks hm?” you smile and Namjoon grins back, giving your hand a squeeze.

“I do enjoy getting my own way,” he purrs, eyes momentarily slipping to the gaping cleavage of your nightdress and smirking when you flush at his blatant behaviour.

“Really? I hadn’t noticed,” you say, coating your voice with playful sarcasm to try and hide how flustered you feel. You pull your hand out from his as you speak, leaning back into the pillows and grinning when Namjoon lifts his eyebrows, amused by challenge you’re inadvertently posing.

You quickly change the topic lest he really try to fulfill his desires. Namjoon never bothers to hide his lust. He wears it plain for you to see in the darkness of his eyes and the twist of his supple mouth, and right now it’s making you start to feel a little too warm under the sheets.

“Do we have any idea who’s responsible yet?” you ask, your stomach clenching at the way Namjoon’s whole face seems to darken, shoulders tensing. “I know Jimin said you guys were laying low for a while whilst you figure it out…”

“That’s right,” he confirms tersely, “But we’ve yet to find anything at all. We’ve no idea how they know what we are. No-one’s been any less discreet than usual and those would could expose us swear they haven’t.” Namjoon’s eyes search yours for a moment when he says that, and even though you know you’re innocent you still find yourself shifting a little uncomfortably. “At this rate we might have to just carry on and hope that it won’t happen again - albeit more cautiously than before.”

The thought of any of them going back out there without really knowing what the dangers are doesn’t sit well with you at all, and as another worrying thought crosses your mind you feel your
skin prickle unpleasantly, hairs on the back of your neck rising.

“You don’t think they’d find us here, do you? I mean if they know about you being vampires there could be lots more that they don’t know.” Namjoon’s mouth fixes into a grim line.

“We have the advantage here, they don’t. Tactically it wouldn’t make sense to try and attack us on our own soil.” His reassurances relax you a little, your tight grip on the bed sheets loosening. You hadn’t even realised you’d been clutching them at all. “And if they do,” he continues, his voice dropping dangerously in pitch, “I’ll rip their throats out myself, make no mistake.”

Namjoon’s words stay with you for a good long while after they’re said. The look of blood-lust on his face when he’d said it, the way your insides had frozen in fear… it’s not something you can easily forget. Still, at least all that rage is directed towards a faceless enemy rather than anyone else. You’re not sure you’d like to be in their shoes if Namjoon ever does get his hands on them.

He came through on his word, though, about getting you up and out of bed. Namjoon had stayed with you until Jimin had returned from his basketball game with Tae - wonderfully sweaty and slightly out of breath - and then insisted that he give you more of a free rein to roam about the house again as you pleased, and for once Jimin hadn’t argued against his leader’s word. It’d felt wonderful to stretch your legs again; however wobbly they might’ve been at first.

A few days on and you feel so well again that Yoongi’s brush with death and your subsequent blood loss feels almost like a distant memory. Yesterday Jimin had gone out on their first assignment in quite some time, more heavily armed and accompanied by both Jungkook and Hoseok on that occasion. It’d been difficult for you to concentrate on your piano lesson whilst they were gone, out of practice to begin with and distracted by the thought of them being dragged home in a state similar to Yoongi’s. Luckily they’d come home without a scratch, and each of them had been on the receiving end of one of your enthusiastic hugs and a kiss on the cheek as soon as they’d stepped through the front doors in one piece.

Jimin had gotten even more than that later on that morning, much to your mutual satisfaction. Your lack of intimacy over the past week or so had meant that it was all over in record time, but Jimin had more than made up for that on the subsequent occasions - of which there were many.

You wake to Jimin softly calling your name and the feel of his lips brushing your forehead, eyelids fluttering open to see him leaning over you with an amused smile stretched across his face.

“Morning sleepy head,” he says affectionately, chuckling when you groan and throw your forearm over your eyes to shield them from the ceiling lights. “You’ve slept well.”

“Have I?” you groan, peeking out at him, “It doesn’t feel like it.” Your eyes feel like they’ve got sand stuck in them; there’s no way you usually got your usual seven hours if you still feel like this.

“Well you certainly seemed worn out once we were finished last night.” He flashes you a cheeky smile, one that you can’t help but smile back at even as you re-cover your eyes, wiggling your hips to assess the aching between your thighs. It’s not as bad as you expected it to be, actually. “Look, you’ve even drooled a bit,” Jimin teases. Your eyes fly open wide to see him pointing at a spot on the pillow next to your head; a spot that turns out to be dry when you actually look, much to your boyfriend’s amusement. If looks could kill Jimin would be bursting into flame from the deathly glare you send his way before shutting your eyes again, still frowning at nothing.

“That’s because a certain someone wouldn’t leave me alone till the middle of the god damn
afternoon,” you growl. Jimin laughs, and even without having him in your sight you still get a perfect mental picture of his handsome face in the darkness behind your eyelids.

“I have a good appetite, what can I say?” You feel his hand comes to rest on your thigh through the sheets, snaking its way up to trace lightly across your stomach.

“Voracious appetite, more like.” Jimin just hums, tracing patterns across your bare skin so lightly that it starts to tickle. You feel his weight shift further up the bed to sit right at your side and a moment later his lips are pressing to yours in a kiss that ends far too soon for your liking. Maybe your appetite is just as voracious as his is.

“Come on, time to get up,” he whispers as the kiss ends making your groan once again.

“Do I have to?” you whine, peeling open your eyes give him your best puppy-dog expression, “Can’t I sleep some more?”

“Nope,” he says firmly, squashing any hope of further argument as he gets up from the bed and takes your hand, pulling you up and out of it and into his arms with his unnatural grace and strength. “We’ve got to get you ready.”

“Ready for what?” you ask curiously, still giggling a little at being carried across the room butt naked in Jimin’s fully-dressed arms. He flashes you a mischievous smile, relishing in knowing something you don’t until you give him a playful bite on the nearest bit of skin you can reach, scowling. “Ready for what?!”

“Yours and Yoongi’s first date.”

Chapter End Notes

Hopefully the next chapter will out not too long after new years! Get ready for some serious Yoongi fluuuuuuff <3 <3
Chapter 55

Chapter Notes

Hello my loves! I hope you all had a great New Year and you enjoy this latest chapter ^^

I've got next week off work so I'm really hoping to be able to bring you another update a little bit sooner than this one, hopefully by the end of next week.

Love you guys so much <3 <3

It’s lucky that Jimin was carrying you when he’d dropped that bombshell in your lap, else there’d have been a high probability that your legs - which had suddenly adopted a consistency more akin to jelly than skin and bone - would’ve given out from underneath you entirely. Jimin had merely laughed at your shell-shocked expression and continued on his merry way, drawing you a bath and then sitting you in it like some sort of mute, life-size doll.

It’s not that you’re not excited about the prospect of it; that’s really not the issue. It’s just… isn’t this starting to get a bit weird? Jimin’s made it very clear that he has no issue watching you engage in intimate acts with others. It’s not even a case of begrudging acceptance; Jimin enjoys it, to the point where you swear he actively encourages it sometimes (partner permitting, of course).

Sex is one thing, and even Jimin having been so willing to let you spend the night with Yoongi had caught you off guard way back when, but dating? Is he really as ok with this as he makes it seem? Looking at him now, leant over the side of the tub with a serene smile on his face as he gently massages shampoo into the roots of your hair, there certainly doesn’t look as though there’s anything troubling him.

But what are vampires, if not masters of deception? You’d hate to think that Jimin’s just going along with this in some misguided belief that you could never be satisfied by him and him alone. If he asked it of you, you know you could commit yourself to a monogamous relationship. Yes, you’d grieve the loss of what it is that you and Yoongi share - just the thought of it makes it feel as though your ribs are trying to squeeze all the air out of your lungs - but you’d do it, if that’s what Jimin wanted.

You sit up in the tub, skimming your hands over the top of your squeaky clean hair, blinking away the water in your eyes, and by the time you’ve opened them Jimin’s already lathering up a sponge with sweetly scented foam, completely absorbed in his task.

“Jimin?” you ask softly, submerging your hands into the water to float between your legs. He looks up curiously, eyebrows slightly raised.

“Hm?” he leans forward and begins washing your back with a tenderness you’ve become far too accustomed to as of late. You try to discourage him, honestly you do, but Jimin seems to delight so in performing these little care rituals that you haven’t the heart to stop him.

“Are you really ok with this? With me and Yoongi… dating?” Jimin doesn’t say anything for a
second or two, concentrating on covering you from head to toe in suds, a small smile on his face.

“If it wasn’t ok, kitten, I’d tell you so.” His eyes meet yours, smile growing at the puzzled look on your face. Jimin’s touch may be chaste, but your nipples still respond to the brush of the sponge as it passes over them, tight buds hardening above the surface of the water and momentarily distracting you. “I already know that you’re in love with him.”

Well that’s certainly a good way of re-capturing your attention.

Your body tenses under his gentle ministrations, so much so that Jimin pauses, meeting your gaze.

“You do?” you say quietly, suddenly flushed and warm all over despite the rapidly cooling bath water surrounding you. Jimin tilts his head to the side, smiling in amusement. Have you really been that obvious? Has it been so apparent to Yoongi, too? God, you hope not.

“I do,” he confirms, rubbing slow, soapy circles into your skin once more. He catches the anxiety written on your face and chuckles softly, giving his head a shake. “Don’t panic, he’s just as oblivious as you are.” Your eyes narrow and Jimin laughs louder this time. “Yoongi’s in love with you too, kitten. He has been for weeks.”

“H-he is?” you stammer stupidly, half choking on the lump that’s suddenly become lodged in your throat, your eyes twice as wide as they were just a split second ago. You’d had your suspicions for a while now, but hearing Jimin say it too? Maybe all these lingering looks and loving embraces are really as meaningful as you’d hoped - maybe it’s not just a product of your overactive imagination.

Jimin nods briefly, abandoning the sponge to float listlessly at your side as he gets up to fetch you a towel. You watch as he returns, looking closely for any sign of anger or upset in his demeanor but finding nothing to speak of. He looks as calm and collected as ever, nothing but love in his eyes as he reaches out a hand to you to assist you out of the tub.

“And you’re… ok with that?” you ask hesitantly, keeping your gaze fixed on him as you pull out the plug and then stand with his help, wobbling slightly. This whole thing has left you feeling a little off balance, truth be told.

Jimin relinquishes your hand to wrap you up like fuzzy towel burrito before he lifts you out of the bath, apparently in no rush to reply. He places a kiss on your forehead as your dripping feet meet the cool tile, wrapping you in his arms.

“I already told you; I’d tell you if I wasn’t.” Your eyes flick between his own as he pulls away, all too aware of the creases in your brow. You’re grateful Jimin is so understanding, so selfless, but… “I might’ve felt differently if I’d thought you loving him would in any way diminish the love you felt for me, and I’d worried it would… to begin with.” He gently touches your face in the pause he takes, brushing his thumb against your cheek. “But when I see the way you look at me; all sweet and wide-eyed, full of love and awe… I know your feelings haven’t changed, regardless of whatever you might feel for hyung.” You lean into his hand, cheeks flushing under the sweetness of his gaze. You’re so lucky to have him. So, so lucky. “You look just as smitten with me now as you did after the first time we kissed, and that’s saying something,” he finishes with a playful glint in his eyes, “So yes, kitten, it’s ok.”

“Ok,” you echo softly, turning your head to place a kiss on his palm before he lets it slip away, flashing his pearly white teeth in a wide smile, fangs and all.

“C’mon, we’ve not got much time, Yoongi’ll be here soon,” Jimin encourages, hand on the small of your back, rubbing gently through the towel. It’s then that it really hits you; you’re going on a date
with Yoongi. A first date, for which you’ve had absolutely no time to mentally prepare for.

“Hey Jimin,” you murmur as he starts to brush through your hair, careful not to pull, “What the hell am I supposed to wear?”

With Jimin’s help it takes a remarkably short time to polish you up into something that looks halfway presentable, ready for Yoongi’s imminent arrival. Stood in front of the mirror as you are, it’s impossible not to notice the way you’re shifting nervously from foot to foot, your bottom lip caught between your teeth as you inspect your appearance.

You’d been questioning Jimin relentlessly about where Yoongi’s supposed to be taking you, but whether it’s through ignorance or stubbornness Jimin remained infuriatingly silent about the whole thing. He didn’t seem to have any trouble identifying an appropriate range of outfits for you to choose from, though, so you’re thinking it’s probably the latter.

Some women might well hate having their partner pick out their clothes, but for you - who’s always considered shopping and fashion amongst your most laborious of chores - it’s ideal, especially taking into account Jimin’s excellent taste in clothes.

Wherever you’re going, it must not be fancy. Dressed in jeans, a white sweater and a chunky, oversized cardigan, you look the epitome of winter casual. You’re a little relieved actually; the sturdy boots you’re wearing are definitely preferable to tottering around all evening in a little pair of heels.

“Will you be warm enough?” Jimin asks from where he’s loitering behind you, watching you as you watch your reflection. Your fingers are trembling a little as they skirt along the edge of your collar - why is that? Why are your insides wriggling with nerves more vehemently with every second that ticks by?

It’s ridiculous to feel this way. Ok, so maybe this is your first ‘official’ date - the first time you’re ever going to spend any length of time together with Yoongi actually outside - but the two of you have slept together, for Christ’s sake. You’ve seen each other at your most vulnerable, your most exposed, fallen asleep and woken up each others arms; not to mention almost died in them. Is it because of what Jimin said earlier? Is that why it feels so… momentous?

“You’ve dressed me in two layers of knitwear, Jimin,” you say, grinning impishly, “I think I’ll be fine.” You turn away from the mirror, stuffing your hands into your cardigan pockets in an effort to quell your tremors.

“You sure?” he checks again, beckoning you into his arms and placing a kiss to the side of your head when you deliver yourself into them. “Did you want your scarf, too?” You lift your head from Jimin’s shoulder to look at him in mild surprise. Does he mean the scarf that Namjoon gave you; his sister’s scarf?

“Sure, ok,” you agree hesitantly, and at that Jimin releases you and fetches it from the back of the door where it’d been so hastily hung after that first evening he’d saw you wearing it, never to be donned again since. You meet him halfway across the room and stand still as he loosely loops the thick grey material around your neck. It still smells like Namjoon, even after it’s been sat gathering dust for days on end, and you try your best not to breathe through your nose and inhale it, lest Jimin pick up on your accelerating heart rate.

“There,” Jimin states, seemingly satisfied that you won’t, in fact, freeze to death any time soon.
You’re more likely to melt, actually, with all these layers. He pats the scarf into place on last time before lowering his hands to his sighs, exhaling softly. “Have fun tonight, kitten.”

“I will.” Smiling sweetly, you entwine your fingers with Jimin’s and tip forward onto the balls of your feet to land your lips on his. When he pulls away Jimin’s answering smile practically gleams.

“I don’t doubt it.” Jimin leans in again, brushing his lips across your brow and then leaning down to murmur in your ear, his fingertips applying the lightest of pressures into your hips. “Your oppa has already requested all the permissions you might need,” he purrs into your ear, cold breath tickling along its shell, delightful shivers travelling down your spine and collecting at your centre.

Of course, it’s at the very moment that Jimin’s lips are ghosting over yours, your inhale held in your throat, that Yoongi decides to arrive. His smart knocking has you almost jumping in alarm, flinching in Jimin’s arms in a way that he seems to find most amusing. He smirks down at you, granting you a passing kiss before releasing you to answer the door.

It’s with a fluttering heart that your cross the meager space between you and Jimin’s bedroom door, caught somewhere in-between nerves and excitement as you pull it open to reveal Yoongi stood behind. There’s a timid smile upon his face, trepidation the gaze that flicks backs and forth between you and Jimin, and whilst you sympathise fully with the anxiety Yoongi’s clearly trying and failing to hide, it’s also very reassuring to see.

You bid him a shy greeting, his eyes fixing on you and lighting up as they always when Yoongi hears you call him ‘oppa’ in your sweetest of tones. If you didn’t know any better, you’d almost guess that you and Yoongi had coordinated your outfits on purpose. Chunky grey boots make his feet look almost comically large attached to his spindly legs, his knobbly knees poking out through the various rips and gashes in the black fabric. His oversized coat is just as midnight pitch in colour as his jeans, smartly layered over a white long-sleeved t-shirt and complimented by a far softer looking scarf than yours.

Yoongi murmurs a low ‘hello’, his hands tucked neatly behind his back.

“Ready?” You eagerly nod, turning to cast a glance at Jimin and smiling from ear to ear now that excitement is starting to override anxiety. He smiles warmly in return, dipping his head encouragingly. “These are for you,” Yoongi suddenly says, stealing your attention away. When you turn back to him he has one willowy hand outstretched, a pair of grey fluffy of earmuffs looped over his fingers. “It’s getting cold.”

“Did you buy these specially?” You take them gratefully, placing them over yours ears and giving them an experimental pat. They’re so wonderfully soft. “Seems like you all think I’ll get hypothermia or something the second I step outside,” you chuckle, voice muted to your own ears by the thick muffs until you take them off. Yoongi looks vaguely sheepish, as though he were afraid he made a poor choice.

“Too cutesy?” he asks, wrinkling his nose in distaste. You smile, shaking your head.

“The cuter the better,” you assure him as Jimin comes to your side, your satchel in hand.

“Here.” He holds it open, letting you place the muffs inside before taking it from him and resting it on your shoulder. “You will bring her back, won’t you hyung?” Jimin asks his elder with a teasing smile and a tilt of his head, and though Yoongi doesn’t laugh his lips do pull back so far as to reveal the points of his fangs, flashing his gums.

“I’ll try my best, Jimin-ssi .”
With that, Jimin takes a gentle hold of your hand to pull you towards him and kiss you, letting his supple lips idle on yours till you’re exhaling a soft, wantful moan.

“See you later, kitten.” The hand that’d cupped your cheek slips away as he similarly relinquishes your hand, and as your fingers unlock from Jimin’s Yoongi’s finds them instead, intertwining just as tightly as you step to his side.

“Let’s go, gongjunim.”

You’re never really been the patient sort, so it’s lucky for you that Yoongi is a lot more forthcoming about your date than Jimin had been. You practically wriggle with excitement in the passenger seat of the car when he discloses your destination. He’s taking you to a basketball game - your first ever basketball game - and Yoongi can’t help but take his eyes off the road and grin when you gasp in delight.

It doesn’t take long for you to get to the arena, and whilst you travel Yoongi tells you all the ins and outs of the team you’re going to watch play. They’re his favourite despite him never having seen them in person before, and he seems almost as excited as you are, his speech and mannerisms almost as enthusiastic as when he speaks about his music; and that’s saying a lot. He’s in a very good mood the whole ride there, so much so that it becomes all the more apparent when it suddenly takes a nosedive.

You notice something’s up from almost the second you get out of the car. Yoongi’s smile seems to slip away the moment his shrewd eyes take in the vast amount of game goers crowding the parking lot, and when you’re stood in line waiting to present your tickets he seems all the more agitated, chewing on his fingernails and moving restlessly at your side.

“Oppa, are you alright?” you ask quietly, leaning into him. It’s a bit of a needless ask, really. You’ve already guessed Yoongi’s sudden withdrawal is down to his ever-present anxiety, no doubt triggered by the hordes of people on either side of you.

“Fine,” Yoongi answers shortly, his eyes shifting uncomfortably from your face to the floor, now picking at the skin at the side of his thumbnail having already stripped it of the nail. His shoulders sag underneath his coat when he sees your skeptical gaze, giving a light sigh and letting his hand drop. He swallows.

“There’s just… so much noise. So many smells.”

Yoongi’s expression is pained as he speaks, and you can’t tell if it’s from displeasure or the internal struggle of resisting his vampiric impulses around so many vulnerable human beings.

“Is it the blood?” you whisper, and Yoongi looks at down at you sharply, eyes narrowed, “We can leave, you know, if it’s too much.” Unexpectedly, Yoongi grants you an amused smile, exhaling a quiet laugh.

“I was talking about more unpleasant smells than that,” he whispers back, bending to whisper in your ear and placing his hand in the small of your back. He flicks his eyes towards one of the men stood in front of you and against your better judgement you find yourself inhaling to take a sniff, nose wrinkling in distaste when you do.

“I see what you mean…” Yoongi laughs at your expression, sending you into a fit of giggles that you have to press your hand against your mouth to try and withhold, resting your face on Yoongi’s
chest to smother them further, lest you call the unpleasant man’s attention.

His loving hand that’d been caressing the small of your back travels round to your hip to keep you in a close embrace. It seems to bring Yoongi some comfort as you shuffle forwards in the line, able to close his eyes and forget the crowds with his nose buried in your hair. You’re more than happy to simply stand and enjoy being held just so, a secret, love-drunk smile on your face that Yoongi can’t quite see.

You make it to the stands like that, even managing to queue for an obscenely large hotdog that Yoongi had raised his eyebrows at on witnessing you take your first bite. More giggles followed, and when you’d somehow managed to drip ketchup down your chin Yoongi had scooped it up and fed it to you with a knowing smirk, one that’d had your tummy turning somersaults in excitement.

He’d bought a drink, too, one with two straws for you to ‘share’, and it’s from his purple straw that he’s pretending to sip now, sat next to you in courtside seats, coats and scarves thrown over the back.

“I’m really glad we’re finally doing this,” you tell Yoongi as you take the oversized paper cup from his hands and take a sip of your own - a real one, this time - smiling around the straw. You have to raise your voice considerably over the din of those sat behind you, but Yoongi hears you all the same. He smiles back softly, removing the hand that had been cradling his chin to rest it instead stop of your knee, giving it a squeeze.

“So am I, princess.” A whistle blows to signify the start of the game, yet you and Yoongi only have eyes for each other as the crowd starts cheering, the players shoes squeaking on the highly polished floor. He takes the cup from your hand and puts it aside, cradling your cheek and leaning in to bring his face close to yours, a gentle smile curving his lips. “For once, it almost feels as though you’re mine.”

Your eyes flick between his, the strength of his gaze rendering you in a state of breathlessness.

Doesn’t he see? You’re just as much his as you are Jimin’s, just as enamoured with the both of them, your heart split into two equal parts, each as swollen as the other. You’d tell him so, but now’s not the time to broach that kind of conversation, not with a referees whistle ringing shrilly in your ears.

Yoongi leans in just enough to press his forehead to yours, rubbing the tips of your noses together and skimming a kiss across your lips before he moves once more. He slings an arm over your shoulder in a careless display of casual affection, a contented smile on his face as he leans back into his seat, feeling so much of a winner that he’s oblivious to the fact that his team is already on course to lose.

Chapter End Notes

How on earth did I manage to write half a chapter and not even get to the date yet? haha
I’m sorry guys but at this point you know what you’ve signed up for - longwinded, rambling waffling. It's nice that you seem to like it ^^ <3 <3
Chapter 56

Chapter Notes

Well would you look at that! Another update, and so soon! It's been so nice to have some proper time to write with the week I've had off work.

I hope you enjoy this update as much as I enjoyed writing it <3 <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You know I’m still not sure how they managed to pull that back.”

There was not a single moment in the mundane little life you’d led prior to Jimin arriving into it in which you’d ever predicted that one day, somewhere in the not so distant future, you might stroll hand-in-hand with a member of the undead, discussing the finer points of basketball. But, improbable as it may have seemed, here you are. It’s comfortable and it’s wonderful, and honestly, there’s nothing on earth you’d be willing to trade for the feel of Yoongi’s cold fingers threaded between yours. You wouldn’t change a thing.

“I was starting to question your judgement after that mess of a first half.” Yoongi’s laughter that follows your gentle ribbing is so carefree that it warms your heart to hear it, the smile on his face completely infectious.

“Oh ye of little faith,’’ he grins, tightening his grip just enough to squeeze and rub your knuckles together playfully, laughing again when you yelp and pout at how uncomfortable it feels. He kisses them, one after another, in sweet apology. “Would you like to go again?”

“Definitely,” you nod, knocking shoulders with Yoongi when you’re forced to side-step to in order to avoid a woman coming briskly toward you along the pavement. “Sports aren’t really my thing, but the fans were so enthusiastic I couldn’t help getting all caught up.”

“I noticed.” Glancing to the side you see the corner of Yoongi’s mouth curled up into an amused smirk, his eyes fixed straight ahead, and you know exactly what it is he’s alluding to.

“Yeah, well, I stand by what I said,” you grumble. That referee was blind; you and two hundred other angry fans can’t have been wrong.

“Shouted, you mean,” Yoongi corrects, clutching his side exaggeratedly after you jab your elbow into it, “I didn’t buy you that popcorn just for you to throw it.”

“Oh shut up,” you laugh, and this time when you nudge your shoulder into his it’s purely in affection. Ok, so maybe you did get a little carried away, and sure, maybe you might have shouted a couple more expletives than you would do in your normal, everyday life, but what else did he expect? You’re an impressionable young woman, easily led astray be the will of an angry mob… apparently.

“I like it when you’re feisty.” Yoongi wrinkles his nose at you, smiling broadly, and it reminds you of the way one might regard some sort of adorable, miniature dog as it tries to take on one more than twice its size. You roll your eyes, attempting to appear far more annoyed that you really are and
failing miserably right from the off.

The city streets are fairly crowded this evening; more so than usual for this time. It’s too early for the club goers but sports fans and pre-emptive Christmas shoppers seem to be making up for their absence, and it’s surprising how well Yoongi appears to be coping with it all. It’s either that he’s gotten much better at hiding his anxiety, or else getting him out of the house has had some kind of miraculously positive effect in only a very short space of time. You know it’d be a mistake to start thinking the issue has somehow magically been resolved, though, and you don’t want to misinterpret today’s success as something more than what might just be a ‘good day’.

You can’t remember the last time you had a date went this well, actually - excluding Jimin’s birthday. Already being so familiar and comfortable around each other definitely helps; there’s no pressure to make awkward conversation, no-

“Oh shit.” Yoongi’s yanked backwards when you come to a complete standstill, stumbling for a second before returning to your side with a concerned frown when he notes how pale you’ve suddenly become.

“Gongjunim, what’s wrong?” he asks softly, moving as though to cup your cheek but missing when you suddenly spin him around by his jacket and place yourself directly behind him. “What’re you doing?” Yoongi cranes his neck to try and look back at you, but you’re too busy ducking your head down and trying to melt into the pavement to pay much attention.

“That’s my ex,” you hiss, cursing Yoongi’s petite, slender frame. Why can’t his shoulders be as broad as Jin’s? You’d have no trouble hiding then. You feel Yoongi tense slightly under your palms, his head suddenly whipping forward again.

“Where?” You take a cautious peek around his side, cringing both internally and externally. God, you hope he doesn’t see you. It’s been years, but you know if he spots you Simon will have absolutely no qualms whatsoever in coming over and informing you about all the amazing stuff he’s got going on. You know this for a fact, because it’s exactly what happened the last time you were unfortunate enough to bump into him, and just the memory of his simpering, faux-sympathetic tone when you’d told him that yes, you were single, and yes, you were unemployed, makes you want to turn tail to run and hide.

“Across the street, 2’o’clock.” Yoongi’s head swivels from side to side and you huff in frustration, resting your face between his shoulder blades as you continue to hide. “The douchebag with the man-bun wearing the t-shirt that’s about a million times too tight.” Why did you ever think it was a good idea to go out with him?

“Ew,” Yoongi sneers, baby face crumpling in disdain.

“Yeah,” you sigh, clutching onto his jacket as you sag against his back, seeking comfort, “That about sums it up.”

“Want me to kill him?” There’s absolutely no humour in Yoongi’s tone, his expression deadpan serious when you glance upward. “I am kinda peckish.” The corner of Yoongi’s mouth twitches slightly, giving him away, and you’re actually a little relieved to know it’s merely a joke. Your new vampire family is so fiercely protective of you that you wouldn’t put it past them going that far if they deemed it necessary.

“It’s tempting, but probably not the best idea.” You wind your arms around Yoongi’s waist, giving him a squeeze to let him know you’re nevertheless grateful for the offer. “Is he gone yet?” He says nothing for a moment or two, and during that time you notice a prepubescent boy with his mother
giving you a very questionable look as they pass by. What, has he never seen a grown woman cower before?

“He’s gone,” Yoongi confirms, turning round to face you with concern in his eyes. “You ok?”

“Better now,” you smile weakly.

Although you’re relieved, you feel a little stupid for acting that way now Alex has moved on. It’s a part of you you thought you’d left behind these last few months; a girl that’s meek and mild, crippled by her own insecurity. That’s not you anymore, not when you’re with Yoongi, not when you’re with Jimin, not when you’re with anyone of the men you’ve come to care so deeply about. Or so you’d thought, anyway.

“C’mon,” he says gently, taking your hand, “You look like you need that drink.”

Walking silently side by side, it doesn’t take long to reach the bar you’d been heading towards before the two of you were so unfortunately waylaid. Yoongi’s mercifully respectful of your quiet introspection, managing to resist the urge to question you further until you’re sat opposite each other in a comfortable booth, alcohol in hand.

You’ve always liked this place. It’s cosy without feelings claustrophobic, filled with well worn fabric chairs and couches framing ancient looking tables. You’ve always thought it was a bit devil may care, actually, keeping soft furnishings in an environment so rife with the risk of splashes and spills. Still, every time you’ve visited it’s always seemed clean and the staff so friendly and warm that it gives the place a homely, family feel.

By far your favourite thing, though, is the modestly elevated staging area that takes up almost a quarter of the entire bar. They hold open mic nights here almost every night of the week, and even though the place is by no means at full capacity there’s already a guy up there strumming his acoustic guitar, singing - as so many of them seem to do - with his eyes tightly closed. He’s not half bad, actually, especially given the fact that he’s singing what sounds like his own original material.

“So, wanna tell me what the story was with ‘Mr Cool’ back there?” Yoongi asks, hands clasped around a coffee that you know he won’t actually drink.

“‘Mr Cool?’” you snort from around the rim of your glass, lifting one eyebrow. Yoongi’s mouth morphs into a crooked smile as he chuckles, glancing over at the guitarist. He’s just hit a rather bum note, and you know it’s probably bothering Yoongi more than he lets on.

“I was going to call him a hipster fuck, but that wouldn’t be very polite.” You very nearly choke on your drink, and seeing you splutter only serves to heighten Yoongi’s amusement. How is it he can have you laughing again so soon, when only moments before you’d felt so low?

“There’s not much to tell, to be honest,” you say a little dismissively, touching your hand to your chin to make sure you didn’t just splatter rum and coke all over yourself. Yoongi just looks back at you silently, his face as still and beautiful as a porcelain doll as he waits for you to expand. “Simon was alright, for the most part. Liked to play the martyr, though. Holy shit, did he enjoy that.” You take a large gulp of your drink, glancing down at the graffiti scrawled across the table as you try to push back the most unpleasant memories of your time together.

“Who broke it off?” he asks inquisitively, finally getting round to taking off his jacket and scarf. With no internal thermostat, it’s all too easy for Yoongi to forget to appropriately adjust his layers in order to avoid calling any unwanted attention to himself. He passes the knitwear over to join the pile at your side where your own scarf and earmuffs lay, your fingers brushing along the way.
“He did. We were only dating for a few months, but then he started getting... impatient.” You shift in your seat, peering down into the glass which you tap your fingernails on to avoid Yoongi’s penetrating gaze.

“Impatient for what?” You sigh, fidgeting once more. Why does this feel so awkward to talk about? Yoongi already knows that you were a virgin before you met Jimin.

“He was... pressuring me to do things I wasn’t ready for.” You look up only to see Yoongi’s eyes narrowing, your fingertips now wet with the condensation from your glass, and although he’s not yet saying anything, the sudden intensity of his gaze gives away the anger festering inside. “I wanted to wait… and he didn’t. So he dumped me.” That’s all there is to say about it really; it was never some big dramatic saga, no great romance.

“Fucking asshole,” Yoongi mumbles darkly, peering down into his coffee.

“Yeah, well...” Once again you shrug, unwilling to give it any more thought or time than you already have. Alex wasted too much of it to begin with. “I’m kind of glad he did, in the end. I think if he’d have just kept on and on… I probably would’ve just ended up caving and doing it anyway.” The idea clearly displeases Yoongi, a scowl lowering his eyebrows even further.

“You’re worth so much more than that.” The strength of his conviction raises the volume of Yoongi’s voice as he speaks, rumbling into your ears at an irresistibly low timbre. “If you didn’t know it then, then I certainly hope you do now.” Your laughter starts before you even realise it’s coming; the sudden, gleeful smile that’s suddenly stretched across your face taking Yoongi completely by surprise.

“Trust me, moving in with you guys have done my confidence the world of good,” you laugh, meaning every word. Being desired by not one, not two, but a whole group of gorgeous, enigmatic vampires is most definitely an ego boost. You’re still not sure how the hell it’s happened, actually, but you’re not about to go looking a gift horse in the mouth.

Yoongi slender lips curve into a small, contented smile, his hand reaching out for yours across the table. It’s strange, how unfamiliar the warmth of his skin is having been warmed by the coffee that sits untouched on the table.

“Glad to hear it.”

The conversation between the two of you continues that way for a while; a pleasant back and forth that has you in fits of giggles more times than you can count. Yoongi’s dry sense of humour never fails to amuse - his snarky comments funnier by far than one young man’s poor attempt at stand-up comedy - and before you know it you’re glancing down at your watch and realising that almost two hours have passed you by. It’s true what they say - time really does fly when you’re having fun.

The bar is busier now, full of music and chatter, and your second glass of rum and coke - one of the only alcoholic drinks you actually profess to like - has you feeling enjoyably warm and relaxed as you lean against Yoongi’s side. He’d quickly come to the conclusion that he’d prefer to sit next to you rather than opposite you, and ever since he switched sides his hand has either been on your knee or locked with yours beneath the table, seemingly incapable of leaving you be. Not that you mind.

“Oppa, why is that woman murdering that piano?” you ask, your head rested atop of his shoulder, twisting your head to look up into his eyes. You may be over-egging how tipsy you feel, truth be told, because you can tell that Yoongi’s enjoying seeing you this way. He smiles indulgently down
at you, rubbing his thumb over the back of your hand.

“I don’t know, princess.” The red-headed woman currently butchering Beethoven hits another series of duff notes and both of you cringe as one.

“She needs some of your lessons.” One of his eyebrows rises, smile morphing into a smirk in the blink of an eye. “Not like that,” you shriek, slapping him playfully on the chest and pouting as he laughs. Yoongi leans in, still managing to chuckle even passed the pursed lips he kisses you with. You nip his bottom lip in revenge, throwing him a risqué wink as he pulls back, dark eyes gleaming. You’re not immune to it, insides fluttering as he kisses you once more. It’s deeper this time, hungrier, and when it ends it takes you a moment or two to actually be able to think straight. “I’m sure we could show her a thing or two.”

“I’m sure we could,” Yoongi replies huskily, giving your hand a squeeze and reinforcing the impression that his mind is, in fact, completely in the gutter. There’s a modest round of applause when her turn comes to an end, the stage left empty once she steps down, beaming with pride.

“Why don’t we?” you suddenly say, your eyes wide with enthusiasm, and it’s difficult to keep laughter at bay when you see a look of total confusion pass over Yoongi’s features. “No-one’s going up there. We could take a turn, show them what real music sounds like.” Yoongi looks around the bar, likely taking note of how much busier it’s become, and when he turns back to you he suddenly looks nervous, wracked with self-doubt.

“I’m not sure that’s a good idea,” he says quietly, avoiding your eyes, “I’ve never played in front of anyone before.”

“You’ve played in front of me.” Yoongi glances at you sceptically.

“You know what I mean.” You fall silent for a minute or two, eyeing Yoongi’s handsome side profile as your mind turns. You don’t want to push him into something he’s not comfortable with, not by any means, but you can’t help but feeling like it might do Yoongi some good to put himself out there - if only he were willing to take the risk.

“I thought you wanted people to hear your music?” you persist gently, squeezing his hand in yours, “Don’t you think this is the perfect opportunity?” If you didn’t know any better, you’d guess that you were being ignored, but you can tell by the restlessness of Yoongi’s eyes that he’s listening to every word you say. “And I’d be right there with you, oppa. We can do it together.” Once again he remains silent, but silence is better than refusal, you figure, so instead of pushing further you just sit back and give him time; time to consider if it’s a feat of bravery he’s capable of taking.

When he softly sighs, anxiously rubbing the side of his neck, you know he’s made up his mind.

“Why not?” Yoongi shrugs, clearly trying to play nonchalant. There’s a quiet determination gleaming in his eyes despite the feeble nature of his smile, and when you spring up from the booth with a squeak of excitement Yoongi plays the willing victim and lets himself be led towards the bar hand in hand.

The owner is quick to nod when you ask if you can take the stage, and before you know it you and Yoongi are sat side by side at the old oak piano, hands poised and ready to play. There’s very little discussion needed to decide what piece it should be; when you suggest your duet Yoongi is quick to nod, reminding you quietly to mind the A flats that so often make you stumble.

“I’m really nervous,” Yoongi suddenly admits, his voice merely a whisper. His hands are trembling where they rest on the keys, his back and shoulders slumped like he’s trying to disappear. You’re
nervous too - sickeningly so, actually - yet you’re so concerned for Yoongi that you barely have chance to acknowledge it.

“Don’t be,” you whisper back, extending your pinky finger to brush against his, “Barely anyone’s even looking. Pretend it’s just you and me.” Yoongi glances around to see if what you say is true, chewing nervously on the inside of his mouth. Honestly, most of the patrons are in their own little worlds; talking, drinking, laughing, paying very little attention to whoever is on stage. Live performances aren’t exactly a rarity here, so you know it’ll take something special to make them sit up and listen, otherwise it’ll just pass them by like background noise.

For a second you think Yoongi’s going to back out entirely, but then he shuts his eyes, takes one long, deep breath, and starts to play. Your face splits into a broad smile, your chest swelling with pride, and you get so caught up in watching him play that you almost miss your cue to start. You don’t, though, knowing you’d only be letting him down if you dared falter. The moment your fingers find the keys yours and Yoongi’s parts fall almost perfectly in sync, complimenting each other in a gorgeous harmony that’s rich in its complexity.

Yoongi’s hands had ceased their shaking after the very first note he’d braved to play, and now, as you risk a glance over at his face, you’re overjoyed by the way his mouth is curved into the most beautifully serene smile. He’s still got his eyes closed, lost far away in his own little world, surrounded by the music loves and knows so well and safely hidden from the many admiring stares that are now turning your way. Yoongi may not be aware of it, but the bar has suddenly fallen oddly silent and still, the patrons sat in rapt attention listening to the two of you play. You’re not naive; you know it’s Yoongi that’s carrying you through. He plays with a natural grace and finesse that no amount of practice will ever achieve, and the audience are enraptured by it, and so are you.

The piece comes to an end far too quickly. Yoongi draws it to a close as beautifully as it began, the seeds of applause blooming long before the final note dies out, and it’s so enthusiastic, so sincere, that it almost moves you to tears to hear it. It’s not for you - and that’s ok, it was never meant to be - it’s for him, and you’re so proud, so happy, so hopelessly, irrevocably in love, that you feel like you could burst with joy at any given moment.

Your partner, however, seems shaken to the core once he opens his eyes and suddenly realises he’s at the centre of everybody’s attention. His pupils dart nervously this way and that, palms rubbing restlessly against his thighs, and before you get chance to utter even a single word of praise Yoongi’s on his feet and ready to flee, entirely overwhelmed, and in the blink of an eye he’s gone. As you hurry to follow after him, hastily grabbing your things on the way out, you can see some of the bar patrons blinking and frowning as they try to make sense of what just happened. After all, Yoongi more or less just vanished in front of their eyes.

Your breath flows like smoke from between your lips as you call Yoongi’s name, stepping outside into the cold night air. You wrap your scarf around your neck as you look this way and that, the beginnings of panic making your stomach twist nervously inside. He has to be here somewhere nearby. Yoongi wouldn’t have just upped and left… he’s too protective of you for that, no matter how worked up he may be.

“Yoongi?” There’s a sound to your right, and even though it’s Yoongi’s familiar form that steps out of the shadows your heart still instinctively accelerates as a ‘just in case’. The fright you’d seen on his face less than a minute earlier has melted away, masked by something else you can’t quite identify. “Yoongi, are you ok?” you ask softly, approaching the wall where he’s lent, his eyes fixed on yours.

As soon as you’re within reach Yoongi grabs a hold of you, wrenching your body into his with a
satisfying thud. His hands are in your hair, his tongue behind your teeth, and the wall that was in front is now suddenly behind, your back pressed against it and his chest flush with yours.

“Thank you.” His words disappear into the cavern of your mouth, swallowed up by your passion. “Thank you.”

Chapter End Notes

Ok so I know this was another hella fluffy chapter, but I hope you enjoyed it nonetheless.

I know these kind of chapters aren't the ones that prompt the most screaming or agonising in the comments, but I really hope you guys are still all there, loitering quietly in the background! I'd hate to people to be losing interest.

Also, there was supposed to be smut in this chapter (you can feel it coming, right?) but as always, things kind of got away with me and... well yeah. There wasn't space. Next chapter, I promise! <3 <3
Chapter 57

Chapter Notes

Some super soft, sweet smut coming your way guys. Enjoy ^^

<3 <3

Getting back to Yoongi’s car is a little tricky given his currently incapability to keep his hands to himself. It’s not exactly a long walk back to where the car’s parked, but it takes you ten times longer than it should do when you have to keep stopping along the way for Yoongi to pull you into darkened corners every few minutes, seemingly unable to resist sampling your lips over and over again.

The streets are more crowded than they were before, full of Friday night thrill seekers, and yet Yoongi no longer seems to care - not even when a group of guys catcall and holler when they spot the two of you clinched in a tight embrace against a shop window.

“Oppa, what’s gotten into you?” you giggle breathily. You wish you could see Yoongi’s face but it's nestled snugly in the crook of your neck, hiding just out of view. Your scarf would keep you warmer, but it’s difficult to care about wind chill whilst Yoongi is layering kiss after kiss upon you in its absence.

“I miss you, princess,” he murmurs between them, arms wrapped tightly around your waist to keep your body close to his, “Jimin’s been hogging you for weeks.”

“It almost sounds like you’ve been counting,” you tease, your hands finding their way into Yoongi’s coat to shy away from the cold.

“And you haven’t?” Yoongi growls, jutting his hips forward at the same time so there can be no doubt about just how aroused he is. He chuckles darkly at your harsh intake of breath, kissing his way up your neck till he’s nuzzling into the hair behind your ear, nipping at the shell of it.

He’s not wrong. Since Namjoon’s instructions to lay low Jimin’s kept you almost entirely to himself for every hour of every day that's gone by, and as lovely as it’s been to have so much time with him you can’t deny that you’ve missed those precious moments alone you used to have with Yoongi. And it’s not just the sex that you’ve missed, either. You’re craving the intimacy of falling asleep in his arms, the quiet affection ever present when you look in his eyes, and tonight’s date has only served to reinforce that desire - amongst with others.

“Oh course I have,” you admit, slipping your hands up the back of Yoongi’s t-shirt to skim across his lower back as another lewd shout finds your ears. It originated from a circle of men stood outside of a bar a few doors down, whose leering grins visible even through the cloud of cigarette smoke that surrounds them. “Oppa, people are staring…”

Yoongi straightens up to his full height at the worry he hears in your voice, turning his head to meet
the eyes of your observers whilst his hands continue to move restlessly at your waist.

“Let them look,” he says, not bothering to lower his voice as he stares them down. They’re all far taller than Yoongi - both older in appearance and heavier set, too - and yet something about the slight, black-haired boy intimidates them into averting their eyes just mere seconds later. Perhaps it's some innate, primal sense of predator and prey that does it; Yoongi's threatening aura making it very clear which title belongs to whom. “It’s the most they’re gonna get.” He steps back, cocking his head and smirking as he slips away. Taking your hand he leads you fearlessly through the onlookers, leaning in to whisper, “You’re mine tonight,” just loud enough for them to hear, his possessive tone making you tingle from head to toe with excitement.

Your impatience for Yoongi’s touch only seems to intensify on the return to the car, growing exponentially with every step, and by the time you’ve reached the parking lot you’ve become almost as handsy as he is, unable to let go lest somehow he disappear. Inevitably, though, Yoongi does eventually step away, separating himself from you with a knowing smile in an attempt to unlock the car, only to have you lean yourself against the door, blocking his way. You turn your body into his, coyly biting your lip whilst hooking your fingers through his belt loops playfully, swinging your hips. He eyes you with amusement, the corner of his lip twitching into a smile that’s hidden once you lean forward and plant your mouth firmly on his.

All the cars that had occupied this parking lot when you’d arrived so many hours ago are now long since gone, and so is any sense of embarrassment you’d felt at Yoongi’s earlier public displays of affection. Now that you’re alone amongst the concrete, bathed in a spotlight of orange lamplight with Yoongi’s skilfull tongue pressing its way between your lips, your thoughts have turned entirely singular in nature. You want him, badly, and judging by the the urgency with which he kisses you a similar desire must be preoccupying Yoongi, too. He devours you with it, his hands grabbing hastily at your clothes whilst he presses himself against you, growling softly in the back of his throat.

“You're making it very hard for me to be patient, princess.” If his tone were any different you'd might well think Yoongi was complaining. As it is, the only discernible emotion you can hear is lust; lots of it. Your hand slips downward from his leather belt to the swell of Yoongi’s erection trapped inside his jeans, spurring a hitch of breath when you grasp the length of it in your palm. He grabs a hold of your wrist and pins your arm against the cold metal of the car with a thud, his eyes darkening when you insolently squirm your hips underneath him. “How am I supposed to resist fucking you right here, right now when you keep do things like that?” A slow, lustful smile spreads across your face under Yoongi’s gaze, absentmindedly licking his lips as it appears.

“Don’t,” you answer simply, voice thick with desire. Using Yoongi’s momentary confusion to your advantage you slip from his grasp, smile growing as you take the car keys from his pocket and unlock the door. You reach behind you and curl your fingers around the handle of the rear door as Yoongi hungrily watches every sway of your hips. “I can’t wait anymore, oppa. I want it right now.” You wrench open the car door and sit yourself on the edge of the leather seats, casting one last glance from under your lashes Yoongi’s way before scooting yourself backwards until your shoulders meet the opposite door.

It takes less than a two beats of your overexcited heart for his pale, familiar face to appear in the open doorway. Yoongi peers inside, his hands placed on the roof of the car as he relishes in the sight of you laid out so invitingly across the rear door as Yoongi hungrily watches every sway of your hips. “I can’t wait anymore, oppa. I want it right now.” You wrench open the car door and sit yourself on the edge of the leather seats, casting one last glance from under your lashes Yoongi’s way before scooting yourself backwards until your shoulders meet the opposite door.

He closes the door behind himself and you welcome him by spreading your legs to make room for
his slim form to fit between them, your rate of your breath increasing as he tears off his coat and throws it into the front seat, his eyes never leaving you. Yoongi’s body melts atop of you, molding with yours as he seizes your mouth with his, claiming it with a ferocity that’s as overwhelming as it is arousing. You wind your arms around him, hands tugging at white cotton that still lies across his shoulders as you kiss. You want to touch him, to feel his cool skin beneath your fingertips, and as though he can read your mind Yoongi moves away for just long enough to tug his t-shirt off, the muscles in his triceps flexing attractively as he pulls it over his head. It falls somewhere into the footwell as you lean up to meet his mouth halfway, tugging him back down with your hands in his hair, his finding their way onto your waist.

Your body aches and burns beneath Yoongi’s touch as it wanders up beneath your sweater, one hand cupping your breast through the lace of your bra as his hips grind lazily into yours. His kiss may be passionate but no gesture he makes is rushed or taken for granted. Hidden from view of the outside world by the car’s tinted windows, Yoongi takes his time to enjoy you.

A soft, beeseching moan of your lover’s name escapes your lips as soon as they can speak, his mouth abandoning the sweetness of it to linger its way across your neck instead. Goosebumps arise across every inch of your skin as you feel his fangs graze your skin, your back arching and pushing your breast further into his groping palm. You know Yoongi won’t bite you, not with Jimin’s collar wrapped possessively around your throat, but you know he wants to - the jutting of his pelvis into yours and the deep-throated that groan he makes tells you so.

Yoongi abandons your breasts long enough to strip you of your sweater - a somewhat difficult task all tangled together as you are - but as soon as it’s tossed aside he starts making his way down the length of your neck, folding himself almost in half in the cramped backseat to descend onto the slopes of your breasts. He cups them through your bra as his mouth fixes on the flesh, sucking open-mouthed hard enough to make you gasp but not enough to leave a mark. Jimin’s displeasure at the hicckeys he’d left on your neck so long ago must still be fresh in his mind, enough to make him move on a little sooner than you would like, licking and kissing his way down your stomach until he’s at the waistband of your jeans.

“Yoongi, please,” you whine as he skims along its edge, his thumbs rubbing circles into the inside of your thighs as he spreads them as wide as the denim they’re wrapped in will allow. He looks up at you, fixing you in his black-eyed stare as his mouth curves into a gentle, teasing smile, finally making efforts to begin taking them off.

It proves even more difficult than removing your sweater had been, and both of you end up dissolving into laughter when you almost kick him in the face whilst flailing your leg to try and get them off. When the laughter fades all that’s left is Yoongi’s wide, gummy smile beaming down at you as he caresses your hips. The pure adoration you see in his eyes has your heart swelling to twice its normal size inside your chest, beating hard, and you sit up abruptly to fling your arms around his neck, pulling him into a loving kiss. Your enthusiasm catches him off guard, ‘oomphing’ when your mouth meets his and chuckling once again when he peels you off of him after a moment or two, lying you back down with a firm yet gentle hand on your stomach.

Luckily, Yoongi had had the foresight to remove your underwear at the same time as your jeans to avoid the risk of further possible injury. Well, lucky for the two of you, maybe, but not so lucky for the car’s leather upholstery. Every shift of your hips that’s spurred on by Yoongi’s fleeting touches has your arousal - copious in it’s amount - smearing onto the the seat below you. You’d been shivering when you’d first entered the car, the leather freezing cold underneath you, but your body’s heightened state of arousal has soon warmed things up to a comfortable temperature, even with Yoongi’s lack of body heat to contend with.
“I always forget how beautiful you are till I see you like this again,” he tells you softly, hands resting on either side of your pelvis as his eyes travel the length of you, roaming upwards till they meet yours, “You never fail to take my breath away… every time.” Yoongi’s unfettered words of praise make you blush deeply, the air temperature around you rising further as your blood turns to lava, desire scorching through your veins.

Yes, you’re craving the feel of him inside of you, and yes, the need for physical release is becoming almost painful the longer Yoongi’s fingers tease their way up the inside of your thighs, but what you’re longing for more than anything now is the intimacy that comes with it. You want him to show you that he loves you in the only way he seems to know how; with every part of you locked together, tangled up so tight that to separate would seem a rather cruel and unnecessary thing.

You inhale sharply when the tips of two of Yoongi’s fingers first make contact with your clitoris, melting into a moan when he circles the sensitive bud, your eyes falling closed. He gathers your wetness off of your folds, running his fingertips from bottom to top with a featherlight touch until your body is practically aflame, your hips tilting towards his hand in an attempt to tempt him inside.

“Oppa ,” you whisper shakily, prying your eyes open to look down at him, the desperation in your voice all too easily heard.

“It’s ok, princess,” Yoongi reassures, words as gentle as his touch, “I’ve got you.” He slides one solitary, long finger into your heat, and there’s been so much build up, so much anticipation, that even that most slender digits has you crying out, your head tipping backwards. It narrowly misses banging against the car door, but you’re so preoccupied with the slow thrust of Yoongi’s finger that you barely acknowledge it.

“More, Yoongi, please…” Always the generous lover, Yoongi gives you exactly what you crave as you ask for it, a second finger slipping in alongside the other to stretch you further. The heel of his hand sat snugly against your mound gives you the perfect pressure to grind down on, and as you circle your hips, pleasure chasing, Yoongi lays himself on top of you once more.

He doesn’t kiss you right away, like you’d thought he would. Despite your pouting, parted lips, Yoongi simply stops and looks, his fingers still curling tenderly inside you to stretch you open. You stare into each other’s eyes for a moment that feels like it lasts forever, and when Yoongi finally leans in to claim possession of your lips you press your palms to his naked chest, exhaling a sigh. You feel him shudder with impatience as your hands wander lower, tracing the vague outline of abdominal muscles with your fingertips.

“Are you ready for me, gongjunim?” Yoongi purrs, planting kisses to the corner of your mouth. The motion of his fingers becomes slightly rougher as he speaks, more purposeful, pleasure flooding through you with every firm press against your g-spot.

“So ready,” you confirm breathlessly, undoing his belt as you kiss his cheek, his chin, the base of his neck; all that you can reach. Although the loss of his fingers grieves you, the anticipation of what’s about to happen has you biting your lip, practically trembling with excitement as you watch Yoongi slide his jeans and boxers down along the curve of his behind to sit at the base of his buttocks. You reach for his erection as soon as it springs free, encircling it with the warmth of your palm and giving a few eager strokes that have Yoongi burying his head in the curve of your neck, groaning softly.

Gently lifting your thigh, Yoongi settles himself between your legs, his length brushing teasingly against the entrance to your core. The heat of you, the way you arch your back and moan in longing for him… it’s almost more than he can bare. When he can wait no longer - when you’re lifting your hips up from the seats to slip the tip of his slick, swollen cock between your lips - Yoongi kisses you once more, allowing himself to begin the agonisingly slow descent inside.
“O-oh…” you moan, fuller and fuller with every inch, your walls clenching around his length and squeezing it tight. It feels so right to have him inside of you, even better when he starts to move, Yoongi’s fingers tangling in your hair as his hips move back and forth.

The car fills with the sounds of your love-making as it begins; the bushing of skin, the creaking of leather, and combination of your stilted, laboured breaths. It’s certainly not the most comfortable location you’ve ever had sex in, but it’s perfect regardless, your bodies moving in unison in the small amount of available space.

Things start off slowly, in the beginning, Yoongi’s hips rocking into yours as he savours every thrust, his lips moving restlessly between your mouth, your jaw and your neck. Your hands that’d been holding onto his shoulders so tight travel up into his raven hair, running through the silky-soft strands and then onto either side of his face as he moves, holding it where it now hovers only a few inches above yours.

You open your eyes, quietly panting in the semi-darkness and biting your lip to hold back the emotion that overwhelms you as you admire Yoongi’s face. He looks… serene; dark eyelashes splayed across creamy skin, his slender lips barely parted to let out quiet expressions of pleasure.

“I love you,” you whisper, your fingers cradling the angle of his jaw, thumbs brushing the flawless complexion of his cheeks.

You hadn’t even realised you were about to say it. There was no forethought, no planning, no great expectation of the event, but there it is. It’s said, it’s done, and you don’t regret it for a second, heart souring as Yoongi’s eyes snap open to search yours, like he can barely believe what he just heard.

“What?” he blurts out, somewhat blunt and inelegantly, his body falling still atop of yours.

“I love you, Yoongi,” you repeat, unable to withhold the smile that spreads across your face, “So much.” There’s a moment of silence in which you’re suddenly very aware of a bead of sweat that’s inching its way down between your cleavage whilst you’re staring into each other’s eyes.

“Gongjunim…” Yoongi trails off, his hands moving to mirror the actions of your own, cupping your face. He’s never looked so blindsided before, so totally caught unawares, his small eyes widening, lips forming a hesitant, almost disbelieving smile. Every single emotion that fleets across his expression is clear as day to read, for once, and after the sentiment has had chance to sink in, it fills with a look of awe and affection; a love so raw that it takes your breath away. He licks his lips as they part, but rather than speak Yoongi seizes your mouth with his own, kissing you ferociously as his fervent motions begin again. He’s suddenly urgent, driving his body forward with hard, deep thrusts, the bones of his pelvis digging into the flesh of your thighs, driven into a frenzy by your heartfelt confession.

“I love you,” he gasps between kisses, “I love you.” Fixing your bottom lip between his teeth Yoongi tugs on it until you’re gasping, digging your nails into his back. “God, I love you.” Now that he’s said it once it seems as though Yoongi can’t stop, chanting it again and again as he fucks into you. He sits up as best he can under the low ceiling, letting go of your face to grab onto your hips and drag you onto his cock, trying to get deeper and deeper. You’re mind is reeling, overwhelmed with pleasure and the joy that threatens to bubble over into tears at hearing those three precious words after all this time.

“Yoongi!” you cry out as his thumb finds your clit, rubbing it harshly as you grab onto your own breasts, bouncing so enthusiastically with Yoongi’s thrusts that they’re almost spilling out of your bra. “O-oh that feels so good, f-fuck.” Your orgasm is fast approaching, heat pooling deep in your pelvis as Yoongi’s cock breaches your hot, wet core over and over again, slamming against your g-
spot. Your walls are contracting around Yoongi’s length, warning him of your impending climax and pulling him towards it too, his thighs starting to quiver.

“I’m close,” Yoongi groans, chest rising and falling unsteadily, “Cum with me?”

“Yes, yes,” you pant back, reaching out and taking hold of his hips, pushing back against him to get the angle of his thrusts just right. “Oh god, Yoongi, oppa, I’m gonna cum. You’re gonna make me cum!” You do, fingernails marking crescent moons into his skin.

“Sh-shit,” he curses under his breath as you fall apart underneath him, so entranced by the sight of you that Yoongi barely realises he’s about to cum until it’s already happening. Even as it does - even as he’s filling you with his cum, emptying himself into you in drawn out groans of pleasure - he can’t take his eyes off you; throwing your head back, arching your back off of the sweaty leather seats, your thighs clenching around his hips as though you’re trying to trap him inside… his name pouring from your lips over and over in endless throes of ecstasy.

Yoongi’s kissing you when the haze of it finally starts to clear, your legs shaking on either side of him, his thumb rubbing at your cheek, the others in your hair.

“I love you, princess. I always have.”

Chapter End Notes

*whispers* don't get used to it being all soft and gentle like that, there might be more smut coming next time ;) <3 <3
Chapter 58

Chapter Notes

Here you go my loves! Some more Yoongi fluffy stuff for you and gradually getting into... well... you'll see <3 <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Have you seen my other sock?” Groping around the footwells of the back seats in semi-darkness, you try to find the articles of clothing you’d so hastily shed earlier whilst Yoongi pulls on his t-shirt on next to you, his hair a mess when his head pops out the other side. He leans down forward and fishes around under the driver’s seat, emerging triumphant with one crumpled black sock in hand a second or two later. “Thanks.” You grin sheepishly as you pull it on, your knee jabbing into his thigh because of how close he’s sitting next to you.

It’s impossible not to notice the fond look on Yoongi’s face as he watches your every move. There’s an unmistakable softness to his features, his lips fixed in the curve of a smile, and as soon as you’re both put back together he grabs a hold of your hand and lies down along the backseat, pulling you with him. You fall onto his chest with a squeal of happiness, settling between Yoongi’s legs which then wrap around you, squeezing tight.

For someone with such skinny legs, they sure are strong. He playfully squishes the air out of your lungs by tensing both his arms and thighs in strong but short contractions, enjoying the way you gurgle and laugh as you try to escape his grasp, wriggling like a worm. Yoongi always likes to do things like this; tease and taunt you with random bouts of mild physical assault. Maybe some small part of him is still stuck in the mindset of an eight year old boy, where the best way to show that you like someone is to kick them in the shins or poke them in the eye.

“Oppa!” you shriek, giggling as you flail your legs, “Oppa, I can’t breathe!” He finally releases you, beaming a wide, maniacal grin that you scowl back at. He leans up to kiss the crinkle between your eyebrows but you dig your chin sharply into the space between his pectorals before he can get there, out for revenge, laughing hard when he yelps and bats you away to rub the sore spot you’ve left behind.

“That was uncalled for,” he sulks, bottom lip jutting out.

“Oh was it now?” you chuckle, pushing his hand out of the way to rub his chest yourself, shifting upwards to be able to reach his lips with your own. By the time you’ve finished kissing Yoongi’s pout has well and truly disappeared, his hands resting lightly on your waist as he gazes up at you. “Tonight’s been… amazing,” you tell him softly, reaching up to push his hair from off of his forehead and loving every centimetre more of pale skin that’s revealed.

“It has,” he confirms, tightening his grip, and when you look back to his eyes you find them locked onto yours, pools of pitch black just waiting to be fallen into. “I’ve been wanting to say that to you for a very long time.” You can’t resist the chance to tease Yoongi a little more, nevermind how serious the subject matter may be.

“Tell me what?” He tilts his head to the side, corner of his lips flicking upward into a smile as he takes in the mischief evident on your face.
“Really? The million times I said it just now wasn’t enough?” You purse your lips, mimicking his head tilt as you let out a thoughtful ‘hmm’, dragging out your reply.

“I could stand to hear it again,” you admit eventually, and when you do Yoongi releases your waist to take a hold of your face it its stead, pulling your lips down onto his for a lengthy, heartfelt kiss, his tongue entwined with yours.

“I love you,” he whispers quietly as you pull away. You don’t hesitate before answering in kind, placing your hands on top of his against your cheeks. The effect your words have on Yoongi is clear to see; his chest rising falling heavily underneath you as he inhales just that little bit harder than usual, a smile finding its way onto his face once again.

“What took you so long?”

“I could ask the same of you,” Yoongi counters, lifting an eyebrow and then pulling one of your palms towards him to kiss loudly, smacking his lips against your skin.

“Touché,” you chuckle, finally letting out a little sigh before you speak again, Yoongi planting kiss after kiss upon you in the interim, “I wasn’t sure you felt that strongly about me until recently...” He peeks up at you with a smirk, momentarily pausing.

“What gave me away then? Was it the constant staring? The insane jealousy? Or maybe it was all those songs I wrote about you?”

“There’s more than one?” you interrupt, eyebrows lifting in surprise. Yoongi rolls his eyes as if it’s the most obvious thing in the world.

“There’s more than one.”

“Oh,” you breathe out softly, heart thumping. You’re filled with sudden desire to demand that he take you home right this instant and show you every single song, but this moment is too sweet to want to cut it short just for the sake of having your ego stroked.

Yoongi tucks some of your hair behind you ear, his eyes carefully tracing every detail of your face as you shift your weight on top of him. The temperature in the car is starting to drop a little now, the tip of your nose sat like a fleshy icicle right in the centre of your face.

“Jimin said something earlier that finally convinced.me.” Yoongi’s hand pauses where it’s threading through your hair. “It seems as though he knew how we felt long before either of us,” you say with a smile. Yoongi’s silent and thoughtful for a moment, his expression difficult to read.

“This whole thing confuses the hell out of me,” he finally admits, letting out a sigh, “I’m glad Jimin is so… ‘relaxed’ about all this, but doesn’t it feel a little too good to be true? I keep waiting for him to suddenly change his mind and keep you away from me.” You can read the worry on Yoongi’s face all too clearly, and it pains you to see. Sitting up, you pull Yoongi with you, taking hold of his hands and settling them in your lap.

“No one’s going to take me away,” you tell him reassuringly, “Jimin cares about us both; he knows trying to seperate us would only make us miserable.” Yoongi picks his head up from where he’d been staring at the floor, looking you in the eyes as he reverses the hold of your hands, taking yours in his. “I just want you to be happy,” he says emphatically, squeezing them.

“I want all of us to be happy. I still don’t understand how I could love the both of you like this, so much, all at the same time… but I do.” You pause for a second, bracing yourself for a pang of jealousy to show on Yoongi’s face, but it never comes - not obviously, anyway. “I hope that’s ok.”
He’s quiet for a second longer before Yoongi leans in to kiss you chastely, brushing your lips with his.

“It’s ok, gongjunim.” The relief you feel is tangible, anxiety you hadn’t even realised you’d been holding onto leaving you in one soft exhale, relaxing as you lean your forehead on his and close your eyes. A minute passes before Yoongi speaks again, the car quiet save the far off sound of the main city streets. “You’ve saved my life twice now, you know.”

When you open your eyes you see Yoongi already looking back at you, his face so close that you can only focus on one dark iris at a time. Correctly assuming your lack of reply to be ignorance, he continues,

“Once, when you let me feed.” The palm that’d been pressed to your cheek slides downward now to linger at your neck, encircling it, hiding half of your collar from view. “I’ll never forget the way you tasted…” he murmurs, thumb brushing up and down your jugular.

You swallow heavily, a shiver running through you at his touch. The want to feel Yoongi’s fangs on you again is almost overwhelming, each breath of yours jagged and your cheeks flushed as his gaze roves your delicate skin, wetting his lips. You long to know how tender his bite might be if he were more in control; if Yoongi were drinking from you for pleasure rather than thirst.

“A-and the second?” you ask breathlessly, attempting to distract the both of you from the desire that’s threatening to overcome you. Yoongi’s eyes snap back upward to meet yours, the spell seemingly broken as he lets his hand drop, swallowing hard.

“Before you found us…” He seems to struggle all of a sudden, trailing off and looking away to consider his next words, a frown dipping his brows. “I was barely existing… worthlessly wasting year after year. What’s the point in living forever with no dreams, nothing to hope for?” You reach out to touch Yoongi’s face, gently pressing to turn it back towards you. Yoongi’s words are so raw, said with such feeling that hearing them makes your chest constrict, your arms aching with the want to hold him. Imagining him feeling so desolate and hopeless almost brings tears to your eyes, and when Yoongi notices them glistening he smiles affectionately. “I was alive - though often I wished I wasn’t - and then you arrived… and everything changed. The house came alive again. You reminded me that I have something to live for.”

You blink, stunned by the sincerity of Yoongi’s words and at a total loss for what to say. What on earth can you say that’d even come close to matching that kind of sentiment?

Suddenly Yoongi laughs, shaking his head and lowering it so that he can hide his embarrassment behind the black curtain of his fringe.

“God, I just heard that back. That came out a lot more cringy than I meant it to be.” You hear him grimace, running his fingers through the hair that continues to dangle in the way of eye contact.

“Yeah… it was a little gross,” you admit with a grin, smiling harder when he looks up, his eyes narrowed at your teasing tone. You go to take his hand and he quickly withdraws it, playfully avoiding your grasp again and again as you are laughing, any embarrassment he might’ve felt long forgotten.

“Sappy or not, though, I feel the same,” you say once he finally allows you to touch him. Yoongi stills, granting you his rapt attention. “I was never close to my parents - they always preferred my sister to me - and I was too shy to be any good at making friends. Sam was all I had until now… you guys are like family to me.” A smirk appears on Yoongi’s face and you suddenly realise what you said, hastily adding, “In a strictly non-incestuous way, obviously.”
“You realise your little daddy kink isn’t making this come off any better, right?” he laughs and this time it’s your turn to pretend to be appalled, shifting yourself away from him with a scandalised expression and folding your arms, back against the car door. Despite the way you glare Yoongi just continues to laugh, completely unphased. “Come on,” he says, opening the door on his side and swinging his legs out. The night beyond him is black, the bass of the nearby bars and clubs coming louder now your private little bubble has been breached, and a cold draft enters the car when the wind blows noisily. You shudder and fold your arms even tighter, trying to keep warm. “Let’s get home before this gets even more vomit inducing.”

The sight of the manor as it appears in the distance, statuesque and gleaming in the light of the full moon, is a welcome one. You’re eager to get home to see Jimin and tell him what a wonderful night you’ve had, to change in your most comfortable of sweats and then maybe curl up in the living room with all the others and watch some god awful movie - most likely of Hoseok’s choosing.

Still, arriving home will inevitably bring yours and Yoongi’s date to an end - which is an eventuality you don’t particularly relish. Parting with him always feels unnatural, like severing yourself from some non-essential limb; you can live without it but it just doesn’t feel right without it being there.

Yoongi must pick up on your little dip in mood; he seems to acting extra sweet for the remainder of your journey in an attempt to compensate, but in reality, it only makes you feel worse. When he pulls up on the driveway he’s the first to hop out, opening your car door for you to climb out, his handling of you tender and his smile soft and small as he curls an arm around your waist, pulling you closer when he feels you shiver from the cold. Yoongi leads you into the house amongst a comfortable silence that’s broken when the heavy front door slams shut behind you, caught by a blast of winter air.

The two of you silently embrace at the bottom of the stairs, clinging onto each other like forbidden lovers for the longest time until Yoongi lifts his head from your shoulder and shifts away, holding you at arm's length.

“You should get back to Jimin,” he says, tone tinged with regret before it’s masked with a slanted smile, “I did promise him, after all.” You grab onto the front of his coat with both hands, stepping closer again.

“But it’s barely even 1am…”

“I know,” Yoongi consoles gently, reaching up to brush his thumb along your cheekbone before cupping your face in his cool hand, “But he’ll be missing you.”

“And I’ll miss you ,” you persist, whining shamelessly. Much longer and you’ll be stamping a foot on the ground too, no doubt. “I hate this. I hate having to leave one of you for the other all the time.”

You know it might seem greedy, but all you want right now is to go back to Jimin's room with Yoongi by your side and be able to bask in their love and attention - to cuddle up with both of them like you did last time Sam was here. Is that so much to ask?

Yoongi just looks at you wordlessly, his expression not quite blank but just… resigned. He knows this is the arrangement the three of you have, whether he likes it or not, and he probably doesn’t want to push his luck any more than necessary. It’s unlikely Jimin would appreciate a direct challenge of his dominance within your little love triangle - not from Yoongi, anyway - but maybe you might be able to broach the subject? He might take it better, maybe, coming from you. It's got to be worth a
try, right?

Before you can lose your gall you grab a hold of Yoongi’s hand and turn on the spot, dragging him in the direction of Jimin’s bedroom with long, determined strides, your lover stumbling along behind you.

“What’re you doing?!” Yoongi jogs a little to catch up, preferring to walk side by side even if he has no clue of your intention.

“I told you; I hate this.” You can feel him ogling at the side of your face so you keep looking straight, barely seeing all the artwork that you usually spend so much time admiring each time you travel this hall. “We’re going to talk to Jimin, come to some sort of arrangement.”

“We?!”

“Yes, we,” you insist, using your free hand to unwrap your scarf from around your neck and shove it into the bag still dangling from your shoulder. Now that your blood’s pumping you’re suddenly too warm, full of nervous energy. “You’re as much a part of this as me and Jimin, or you should be, at least.”

The two of you reach Jimin’s door, the sound of the TV playing inside confirming your boyfriend’s presence on the other side. Before you can reach for the handle, however, Yoongi brings you to a halt with a grab of your cardigan.

“I’m not sure this is a good idea,” he says quietly, eyes flicking to the door, his lips drawn tight with worry. Sighing, you turn to him.

“Look… Yoongi… I love what we have.” His face softens, chin tilting down as he watches you take a step closer toward him. “I love the time we spend together. But I want more than what we have now… more than just a few stolen moments when Jimin gives the say-so.” Yoongi rubs the side of his neck nervously, the bright corridor lights glinting off of his jeweled ring as it moves to and fro. “Isn’t that what you want too?”

He studies you for a moment, searching your gaze for the reassurance you so desperately try to give when you place a hand on either side of his slender waist, thumbs circling his skin through his sweater.

“He relents after a moment, setting his jaw. This is the second time he’s chosen to place his faith in you tonight, and you’re infinitely grateful for each and every display of trust. You can’t imagine Yoongi is someone who would ever blindly follow someone else’s lead unless he really did care for them.

You take a breath, flash Yoongi a smile, and then push open Jimin’s door to enter, the two of you hand in hand. If it weren’t for the nervous fluttering of your heart, you’d find the way both Jimin and Nova’s heads simultaneously turn toward you rather amusing. They’re both sat on the bed, Nova curled up by Jimin’s bare feet, and from the way Jimin has his phone still in hand, one earbud in, you can guess he was listening to music even though the TV is already on. You make a mental note to talk to him about trying to be more environmentally friendly once you’re done with the task in hand.

“Kitten…” Jimin is all smiles as he sits up from the pillows, yanking his earphones out and swinging his legs out of bed, disturbing Nova enough that she jumps down too, thudding to the floor at the same time as your discarded handbag. Jimin’s still dressed exactly as he was when you left him a few hours earlier, in a loose white t-shirt and black shorts that do little to conceal the flexing of his
thighs as he closes the space between the two of you. “Did you have a nice time?” he asks as you’re hit with a waft of his aftershave, a delicious musk that always leaves you swooning when it’s combined with a gentle palm being placed on your neck.

“It was great,” you reply, squeezing Yoongi’s hand in your own. Jimin’s all eyes for you, looking you up and down and taking in every feature of your face like he hasn’t seen you in months, a dreamy smile on his face. “We played piano at an open mic night.”

“You did?” For the first time Jimin turns his attention to the boy standing somewhat awkwardly at your side, his smile becoming even wider as he regards Yoongi with open affection. “That’s great, hyung, I wish I could’ve been there to see it.”

“It was nothing special,” Yoongi drawls, shrugging his shoulders casually and grunting when you elbow him in the ribs, frowning disapprovingly.

“It was amazing,” you insist, pleased when Yoongi lets a little smile slip, glancing down at his boots. Jimin looks between the two of you, his thumb rubbing at the juncture of your shoulder and neck.

“I’m glad the two of you had fun.” You can tell from the tone of Jimin’s voice, as pleasant and sincere as it is, that he intends for this to be a closing statement; a cue for you and Yoongi to say your goodbyes.

Instead, you link your fingers tighter through Yoongi’s own, pulling him closer to your side so your shoulder touches his.

“Jimin,” you begin meekly, your mouth suddenly dry, “Can Yoongi stay?” You notice Jimin’s eyes widen a millimeter or two as soon as the quiet, hopeful words pass your lips, his hand stilling at your neck as the room falls silent save the murmur of TV in the background. He takes a breath, a slight frown appearing on his pretty face as he glances between the both of you, but before he can speak you find yourself talking over him, everything you’ve been wanting to say these past few weeks pouring out in one long, garbled sentence.

“I hate having to leave him, Jiminie, and I hate leaving you too. I hate having to pick between the two of you and how guilty I feel when I’m with one of you and not the other. I love you both, you know I do, and I don’t want to have to chose anymore. I want all of us to be equal in this, I want to be with Yoongi- oppa and you all the time, the three of us, like we did the other night, remember?” You pause to catch your breath, shifting your weight nervously as you watch Jimin blink a few times, his perfectly pouted lips slightly parted. Yoongi doesn’t even seem to be breathing beside you, and you’d be tempted to turn and look at him to check he’s ok if it weren’t for the way you’re trying to beseech Jimin with your eyes. He definitely looks caught off guard, that’s for certain, the turning of the cogs of his mind almost plain to see as he tries to digest all that you’ve just thrown at him.

“I… I want Yoongi to be my daddy too, daddy.”

It’s almost instantaneous, the way Jimin’s expression darkens, mouth closing and jaw clenching. His hand drops from your neck and his gaze snaps to Yoongi, side stepping to stand directly in front of the other male.

“Was this your idea, hyung?” he growls lowly, and Yoongi, who looks almost as shocked as Jimin at this whole messy situation, answers abruptly and without thinking.

“The whole daddy thing is your kink, not mine, Jimin.” Jimin regards him closely through narrowed eyes and Yoongi, in an uncharacteristic display of self-confidence, stares right back.
You’re starting to think this was a very bad idea as you watch the two men square up to each other, practically equal in height although Jimin takes the upper hand in stature. The way Jimin has his hands balled into fists at his side is unnerving you, so you ever-so-gently reach out to cup your hand around one of his, attempting to calm things down as you softly say his name.

A moment longer passes, the air so thick with tension that it feels difficult to swallow, and all the time Jimin is inspecting every feature of Yoongi’s face. Perhaps it’s wishful thinking, but does Jimin seem to be frowning less? The lines around his eyes certainly seem a little less angry…

Jimin says your name, his voice so sudden that it actually makes you jump.

“You’re not to call anyone else that name. Only me,” he tells you, turning his head to look at you sternly, his tone so firm that you know there’d be no use in arguing. Is that it, then? No discussion, no hope of things being anything other than what they are? Your shoulders sag defeatedly, eyes dropping to the floor, surprising yourself with how devastated you really feel.

“But.” You look up abruptly, eyes widening as Jimin continues, his eyes back towards Yoongi. “If you were willing to submit to me, hyung… then I’m sure we could come to an arrangement that all three of us would find satisfactory.”

Once again, a silence falls between the three of you. Yoongi, who usually looks so passive and calm in day to day life, has his eyes held open wide as they dart back and forth between Jimin’s, as though he’s trying to figure out whether or not the younger boy is joking.

“Submit to you?” Yoongi repeats, his tone deadpan. You have to force yourself to take a breath, only realising you’ve been holding it when you start to run out of air, practically giddy. You feel as though you’re merely an observer, as though you’re not really here as the scene plays out, so caught up in each other are the men stood in front of you. “Why the hell would I want to do that?”

A smirk breaks out onto Jimin’s face, a breathy laugh passing his lips.

“In almost forty years, do you think I’ve never noticed the way you look at me when you think I’m not looking, hyung?” Jimin chuckles, raising an eyebrow at his elder. Yoongi’s mouth abruptly closes, his eyes dropping away in embarrassment before they’re lured back again. Jimin’s rendered him speechless, Yoongi suddenly appearing smaller as Jimin steps forward so they’re almost toe to toe, nose to nose. You watch as Jimin’s hand moves up to cradle Yoongi’s neck as he so often does to yours, his thumb tracing the weak slant of Yoongi’s jaw, no longer smiling but smouldering as he looks into the others eyes.

“I would never ask you to do anything you didn’t want to do, Yoongi,” he says softly, tilting his head to the side. The dropping of the honorific doesn’t go unnoticed, Yoongi’s Adam’s apple bobbing in response to Jimin’s close proximity. “But if you let me, I could bring you so much pleasure. By my hand, or hers,” Jimin flicks his eyes briefly your way, Yoongi glancing over at you too, his pupils shot to hell, “Or both.”

You’re struggling to remember a time you were ever more aroused than as you are now, watching this all unfold. Your pelvic muscles are clenching around nothing as you observe the way Jimin’s thumb strokes back and forth across Yoongi’s skin, your breathing just as uneven as Yoongi’s has become, and you find yourself praying to whichever God might hear you that Yoongi will accept Jimin’s proposal. Please, God, let him say yes.

“And if you want to,” Jimin begins, leaning in closer and brushing the tip of his nose against Yoongi’s, lips curling into a smirk as other eyes flutter closed, mouth parted, “You can pleasure me too.” Yoongi’s breath hitches as Jimin nudges his nose against the slant of his cheekbone, lips
ghosting across his cheek. “Would you like that, Yoongi? Would you like to touch me?”

“Yes,” Yoongi replies almost instantaneously, shocking the three of you, his voice like gravel.

“Yes what?” Jimin persists, clearly enjoying the way Yoongi visibly trembles under his touch.

“Yes, sir, please.” Jimin leans back slightly, just enough to let Yoongi open his eyes and try to catch his breath, still wearing that same, satisfied smirk. “I want to… I-” Yoongi looks over at you and you know he’ll be able to see how wrecked you are, how flushed from head to toe. Hell, they’d probably both be able to smell the way you’re dripping from the other side of the house. He turns back to Jimin, locking eyes, his mind apparently made up. “I submit.”

Jimin practically purrs with pleasure, his hand moving to the nape of Yoongi’s neck as he leans his forehead against the other boys, and then, with a calculated slowness, Jimin tilts Yoongi’s mouth onto his own. You don’t even register the little noise you make as it happens, far too enraptured in watching the timid first meeting of their lips that’s seems to go on forever and yet take no time at all, Yoongi panting for air by the time Jimin finally relinquishes him.

Jimin smiles, not cruelly or smugly this time - a soft, loving smile that Yoongi shyly returns as Jimin holds his face in both hands.

“Good boy.”

Chapter End Notes

YOU KNOW WHAT, THIS CHAPTER WAS GOING TO END AT HER SAYING SHE WANTS YOONGI TO BE HER DADDY TOO, AND NOW I’M SO GLAD I MADE IT LONGER!

... I enjoyed writing that far too much.

Man, I can't wait to write the next chapter *wiggles excitedly* <3 <3
Chapter 59

Chapter Notes

God I've been so, so psyched to write this. I really hope you enjoy it, I have ♡♡

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jimin calls your name, and though his voice is soft you find yourself startling ever so slightly when you hear it, your heart thudding hard.

“Y-yes?” you answer haltingly. Jimin’s eyes haven’t left Yoongi’s, his thumbs brushing the other’s cheeks back and forth.

“Come here.” You close the small amount of space between yourself and the two men, still shaken by the kiss you just observed only a second before. “I think Yoongi deserves a reward for being so obliging,” Jimin muses, inspecting the other’s face with eyes as dark and tumultuous as a stormy night at sea. You hesitate to move without his explicit say so, your hands opening and closing where they dangle limply at your sides, and when you fail to respond Jimin finally turns to look at you, one eyebrow raised as his nearest hand slips from Yoongi’s face. “Don’t you?”

Already nodding, you glance in Yoongi’s direction. He’s staring hungrily at Jimin with his lips slightly parted, little pink tongue coming into view as he wets them. He looks completely caught up in the other boy’s spell; a feeling you can empathise with. Too many times has Jimin rendered you completely at his mercy with merely a look and a well-placed touch, willing to do anything it takes to please and please.

“What should I do?” you ask in a whisper and Jimin smirks at your sudden hesitance, forcing a warm blush to flood onto your cheeks. He says nothing, only flicks his eyes towards the carpet at his and Yoongi’s feet meaningfully, and without thought you sink to your knees, swallowing hard when you come face to face with both of their crotches.

Each boy is already at least semi-hard - that’s all too clear to see - though Jimin’s shorts do a far poorer job at concealing his erection than Yoongi’s stiff denim jeans. Looking from side to side you wonder where you’re supposed to start first, and when you tilt your head up to address Jimin for further instruction you’re gifted with the sight of the two of them kissing again, mouths moving messily in tandem. From below you can see when Jimin’s rolling tongue presses against Yoongi’s lips for entry, and similarly when Yoongi succumbs and opens wide, groaning as he’s plundered, Jimin’s small hand cradling the back of his head.

As if sensing your lack of direction Jimin suddenly steps even closer to Yoongi, closing the gap between their bodies as they kiss, his free hand skimming quickly over Yoongi’s t-shirt and down onto his belt. He gives the buckle a sharp tug, twisting the black-haired vampire’s crotch directly towards you before flipping the thing open so carelessly that it almost hits you in the face. You take the hint, then, shuffling forward on your knees and undoing the front of Yoongi’s jeans with trembling fingers, your hands brushing Jimin’s before he draws it away to slide it under the hem of Yoongi’s t-shirt. You feel Yoongi quiver as Jimin touches his bare skin, noting the way his hand twitches where it’s rested at his side - like he wants to touch the younger boy too but isn’t quite sure when or how to do it.
The smell of Yoongi’s sex is obvious even before you’ve fully opened his fly; his pre-cum and the scent of your earlier sexual exploits a heady mix as it meets your nostrils. You promptly begin to mouth at the obvious phallic outline within Yoongi’s grey boxershorts, tracing the edges until you reach the head, placing your mouth directly over it and exhaling hot breath through the dampened material once you get there. Yoongi groans, wrenching his mouth away from Jimin’s to look down at what you’re doing as his hand finding its way into your hair, fingers winding between the strands like long vines around pliant branches.

“You’re so hard oppa,” you admire, lifting your eyes to his as your hand fondles the length of him, squeezing its solid form. You see Yoongi inhale sharply, his hold on your hair tightening as you do it again and again, licking at the patch of pre-cum that grows under your ministrations. Jimin’s busy up above, Yoongi’s earlobe caught between his teeth, but at the sound of Yoongi’s stilted breaths you notice his arm slide further under the slighter boy’s t-shirt, the outline of his hand travelling upward until he does something that makes Yoongi’s eyes shut tight and his cock twitch back against you.

“Do you want to feel her mouth on you, Yoongi?” you hear Jimin ask, voice husky with lust, “She’s good, isn’t she, at sucking cock?” Yoongi can barely muster a reply, choking out a moan as Jimin continues to play with his sensitive nipples - or at least you presume that’s what he’s doing given the subtle movement of his hand under the soft cotton of Yoongi’s t-shirt. Jimin casts his gaze down at you, giving you a stern nod to prompt you into finally releasing Yoongi’s length from its confines. “I suppose I should thank you for teaching her so well.”

“Princess…” Yoongi groans as you slowly stroke him up and down, foreskin gliding like silk over the blood-thickened muscle, and you flick him a smile. He might not quite have realised it yet but Jimin’s the one giving all the orders now, and you’ll be waiting until the moment he gives his say so before taking Yoongi into the hollow of your mouth regardless of how badly he may beg for it in the meantime, so warm and wet for the taking.

Jimin grabs a hold of Yoongi’s small chin, turning his face around to his roughly.

“If you want something you ask me now, got that?” Jimin snaps menacingly, and you watch as Yoongi’s Adam’s apple bobs in his throat, head automatically beginning to nod.

“Yes sir,” he utters, and when Jimin continues to stare back expectantly at him, his features smoothing out as any sign of aggression disappears, Yoongi adds, “I want to fuck her throat…” Jimin soft lips curve into a full smile, letting go of Yoongi’s chin to brush a thumb against his cheek before looking down at you, inclining his head.

“You heard him.” Eagerly you nod, picking up the pace of your previously languid fondling as you guide Yoongi’s cock towards your waiting mouth. You waste no time in wrapping your lips around the head, your cheeks hollowing and eyes closing as you suck and slurp, too aroused to be self-conscious of how it might appear but reassured by the way Yoongi’s hips jerk forward, pulling on your hair to force you deeper.

“How’s that feel baby?” Jimin asks - he’s calling Yoongi baby? God, that’s so hot - and amongst the wet sounds of your working mouth you’re able to discern the smacking of lips somewhere up above you, of eager, needful kisses against skin. “Look at those sinful fucking lips; they look so good around your cock. Why don’t you tell her what a good girl she is?”

You feel Yoongi’s hand slip from your hair, curling round to stroke your cheek as you take in as much of his length as you possibly can, rhythmically pumping what your mouth can’t reach.

“S-such a good girl,” Yoongi repeats breathlessly, holding the angle of your aching jaw to drag you
onto his cock with more force, pushing it deeper. “So good.” You hum at his praise, his words only serving to inflame the lustful fire blazing deep within your core. You’re so uncomfortable; knees and jaw aching, back of your throat burning as the bulbous head of Yoongi’s cock smacks into it over and over again, and you’re hot - much, much too hot - so much so that you have to pause for moment to throw the cardigan from your shoulders before beginning anew.

It’s worth it though; worth it for every grunt and groan you pull from Yoongi, every muttered curse under his breath when he feels you run the tip of your dexterous tongue along the fat vein that runs the length of his cock.

“You’re getting close, aren’t you?”

You open your eyes to see Jimin and Yoongi’s foreheads pressed together, and whilst Yoongi has his bottom lip between his teeth and eyes tight shut, Jimin’s are wide open, watching every tick pleasure that fleets over the other’s face. He places a kiss to the corner of Yoongi’s mouth as you lightly drag your teeth along the flesh that rapidly assaults your mouth, a pleased hum escaping Jimin’s throat when Yoongi whimpers at the combination of your way touch. Jimin’s still toying with the black-haired boys nipples, something you know must be driving the other into madness with how sensitive they are, Jimin’s anticipation of Yoongi’s orgasm proved correct when you feel him begin to harden even further atop of your tongue.

After making a conscious effort to redouble your efforts - slackening your jaw in order to allow Yoongi to thrust inside in earnest as Jimin’s fingers also wind their way into your hair - it’s a great disappointment to find yourself being dragged off of the other man’s cock. Saliva drips from your open mouth, hanging down your chin as you look up at the two of them, gulping breath down into your burning lungs.

Yoongi practically whines at the loss of your eager mouth, attempting to coax you back whilst Jimin simultaneously pulls you away, the awkward push-pull of their tugging on your hair making pain bite at the very roots. You yelp, attempting to flinch away and not managing to get very far at all when Jimin decides to intervene.

“Let go,” he hisses at Yoongi, glaring hard, “Or you won’t cum at all.”

There’s a hint of challenge in the older man’s eyes as he stares back - the denial of his impending orgasm giving rise to Yoongi’s naturally snarky attitude despite his earlier promise of submission - and for a second or two his grip on your hair remains steadfast. You watch on as a silent war rages between the two of them, eyes deadlocked until Jimin runs his tongue along his bottom lip and Yoongi makes the mistake of taking a look. It’s all downhill from there; the little victory smirk that Jimin smiles proves to be Yoongi’s undoing, and with a shaky breath he releases you, Jimin relinquishing his grasp only a second later, his hand travelling smoothly from your hair to the base of Yoongi’s cock.

Yoongi gasps the moment he’s touched, his eyes falling closed, and as Jimin picks up the pace that you left off you hear Yoongi’s breath start to rattle as it passes his lips.

“See?” Jimin goads, taking far too much pleasure in how easily wrecked Yoongi is by his touch, “It pays to do as you’re told, doesn’t it, kitten?”

“Yes daddy,” you answer obediently as you hungrily observe each rapid flick of Jimin’s fist, sinking back onto your heels and feeling your underwear stick to you in the process. Yoongi’s hand suddenly reaches out, grasping onto the front of Jimin’s t-shirt as his head tips back, rapidly nearing his end as the hand that’s wrapped around him starts to move even faster, the slick wet sound like music to your ears. Jimin allows Yoongi to draw his chest into his, and as the whimpering boy hides
his face in the crook of Jimin’s neck, the silver-haired boy purrs,

“You’ll soon learn to obey.” Yoongi’s hips jerk forward, and Jimin looks to you. “Open your mouth,” he commands, gaze blistering with heat as he watches you crawl forward again, towards Yoongi’s manhandled cock. “Wider, unless you want your precious oppa’s cum all over your face.”

With the theme of the day in mind - obedience equaling rewards - you relax your jaw even further, letting your tongue roll out as a waiting canvas. It makes Jimin smile to see, looking down at you with his curved bottom lip between his teeth as he drives Yoongi ever closer to the edge.

“Ji-Jim-min,” Yoongi moans brokenly, the tendons in his neck flexing as he attempts to bury his head further into Jimin’s broad chest.

“Open your eyes, Yoongi,” Jimin encourages, voice soft but firm as he jostles the shoulder on which Yoongi leans in order to make him move, “Look how hungry she is for your cum.” Yoongi’s hair has become stuck to his forehead in the time in which he was hidden away, and when he peels back his eyelids to look at you you’re able to see just how far gone he’s become, his pupils expanded into deep, black holes that long ago devoured his irises.

You lick your lips for emphasis, placing the flats of your hands on Yoongi’s thighs as you wait, thirsting for a taste.

“Are you going to give it to her?” Jimin’s speaking directly into the shell of Yoongi’s ear now, his eyes closed, nose nestled amongst black hair. “I bet she’s dying for it.” One of Jimin’s eyes peeps open at you, corner of his mouth twitching into a smirk as he slurs, “Cumslut.” Fuck. You feel the effect of Jimin’s degradation right between your thighs, your walls clenching as though his words actually have the power to penetrate.

Yoongi’s muscles jump underneath your palms, just as affected, his cock twitching in Jimin’s tight grasp, and as Jimin continues to pour out lowly whispered words that you wish you could hear into the others ear Yoongi finally reaches his long awaited high. He cries out, fingers twisting knots into Jimin’s t-shirts as cum spills from him in ribbons to coat your tongue with drip after drip, and it isn’t until his orgasm starts to fade that Yoongi manages to finally look at you once more, a hazy, blissed out look in his eyes.

You can feel cum starting to roll off your tongue, dripping warm down onto your chin, and though you wish to swallow it down Jimin isn’t yet done. He continues to stroke Yoongi’s cock almost lazily, squeezing slowly from base to tip as though he’s milking him for every salty drop and smiling when Yoongi shudders with oversensitivity, biting his lip.

“You may swallow.” Jimin tells you once he’s finally finished, releasing Yoongi from his grasp. You do so greedily, licking the remnants from your lips like it’s some sort of heavenly ambrosia. A small, contented smile finds its way onto Yoongi’s lips as he watches you do so, and he reaches out to scoop the remainder from your chin and feed it to you with one long finger - an action which Jimin approves of with a pleased hum. Jimin extends his hand to you with a soft smile, linking them together to help you stand in spite of your aching thighs, and as soon as you’re on your feet he’s pulling you into his arms and kissing you breathless, his unsated erection pressing hard into your hip.

Your willing body melts into Jimin’s touch, sighing into his mouth as he pushes back your hair from your face, his tongue entwined with yours regardless of any of Yoongi’s cum that may linger. You feel a second pair of lips at the nape your neck, another hand in the small of your back, and as Jimin claims your mouth Yoongi presses soft, loving kisses amongst your hairline, his nose pressed into it.

“Let’s get you undressed,” Jimin husks as he withdraws, his gaze affectionate as he squats low to
remove your boots one by one. Yoongi is no longer shaking when he touches you next, making short work of your sweater as he follows Jimin’s lead, pulling it up and over your head and then tossing it carelessly aside. Your bra is hardly a match for him, easily undone from where he stands behind you, and once it’s slipped from your goose pimpled covered arms Yoongi’s quick to press his chest to your back, arms encircling your waist to cup a breast in each palm.

“We're going to take such good care of you,” Yoongi whispers into your ear, the promise in his voice making you quiver with excitement, mind suddenly flooded with all the many possibilities that could await. Your nipples are already hard when Yoongi finds them, alternating rolling each tight bud between his fingertips and kneading the mounds of your breasts, touch so firm that it has you tipping your head back onto his shoulder and pressing together your lips. Jimin’s watching from below, his rapt attention all yours as he strips you from jeans, socks and underwear in turn, till you're completely naked stood between them.

God, you wish he would touch you. You’re so aroused, so sensitive to stimuli that even the ghost of Jimin's fingertips trailing across your waist has you keening, back arching to push your breasts into Yoongi’s hands and your behind into his crotch.

“Kitten,” Jimin calls, seeking your attention, and it’s with great effort that you manage to lift your head to look at him, lust-drunk. He cups your cheek in his palm, barely concealing his amusement when a pinch of Yoongi’s fingers making you gasp. “Kitten,” he repeats, knowing that you're barely in your right mind. “Go bend over the end of the bed. Wait for us there.”

“Oh,” you reply breathily, and although Yoongi's hands may slip from your breasts but trailing he still makes sure to trail them down your bare stomach before truly letting you go, still wearing the smirk from the way you’d trembled as you make your way past him towards the bed.

With knocking knees you find your mark, walking forward under two sets of watchful eyes until your thighs hit Jimin's mattress, casting a look over your shoulder that you hope is as sultry as you intend it to be to the both of them before slowly bending at the waist. Your legs automatically part as you sink onto your forearms, breasts meeting the duvet and back arching to push your ass up into the air, ripe for the taking, and then you wait. With your cheek against the blankets you're all too aware of the harshness of your breaths, so you turn yourself face down into an effort to conceal them, closing your eyes and biting the inside of your mouth.

“You become more beguiling by the day, kitten, do you realise that?” Jimin compliments, and if you listen hard enough you can hear his soft footsteps approaching along the carpet. “How are we supposed to resist a pussy so sweet when it's offered so eagerly?” A pulse of fresh arousal throbs through you, centering in your pelvis, warm slick coating the tops of your thighs. You wish you were flexible enough to bend so far and be able to clench them together - anything to give some relief - but as it is you're stuck as you are, folds glistening invitingly for all to see.

The TV falls silent, your ears detecting the sound of remote being picked up and placed down atop of what you presume must be Jimin's bedside table, the drawer of which is pulled open a second later.

“Why don’t you take a better look?” Jimin says to his elder, and whilst Jimin rummages for some unknown thing you are suddenly aware of Yoongi's presence approaching you from behind, jumping when his palms come to rest atop the globes on your buttocks. “On your knees,” Jimin barks as the drawer slams shut, and once again Yoongi moves, hands slipping to the backs of your thighs.

The feel of his breath as it catches the moisture coating your lips makes you sigh longingly into the duvet, hips pivoting from side as though it might lure him in. Yoongi his learnt quickly, however,
and he remains entirely still despite the tantalising sway of your sex right in front of his face, save for the digging of his fingertips into your flesh.

“Please,” you beseech, extending your vowels and arching your back all the more, earning a chuckle and a tut from Jimin on his approach.

“You’ll be needing this,” you hear Jimin say, one of Yoongi's hands briefly abandoning your thighs to receive whatever it was Jimin had to offer. What is it? Your anal beads, perhaps, or something else entirely? “Take your time, Yoongi, get her good and ready.”

“Yes sir,” Yoongi replies, a smile evident in his voice, and a moment later you feel a singular probing finger start to part your folds, sliding back and forth between them. The way you jump at this initial contact earns your behind a firm smack, Jimin's hand remaining to rest on the blossoming mark he's made, helping to hold you still even as you whine and whimper. “I don't think I've ever seen you wet like this,” Yoongi comments gruffly, a second finger slipping through, teasing your entrance yet never breaching it.

“God…” You tilt your face to the side, cheeks aflame and gnawing on your lip as you grab at the sheets, rocking forward on the balls of your feet. Your toes curl as your fists clench, and it's just when you're on verge of begging that Yoongi comes through, sliding both fingers deep into your heat and groaning at the utter lack of resistance he feels. “F-fuck!” you curse as he starts to finger you roughly, curling his fingers so vigorously that each movement pulls your pelvis towards him, and all the while Jimin is palming your behind, grabbing at the cheek to spread you wide.

“Can you feel how badly you're dripping onto Yoongi's fingers? You're a fucking mess,” Jimin growls, the dominant role he likes to play forcing a harsh edge to his voice. You garble an affirmative reply only to cry out when two more fingers push in alongside Yoongi's. These are shorter, thicker, and they piston in and out whilst Yoongi's continue to assault your g-spot, stretching you open so far that it burns, your cries muffled by Jimin's thick blanket.

Your neglected clit is throbbing, screaming for attention, and you're sure you'd cum in a second if only one of them would touch it. When you feel Yoongi's fingers withdraw, Jimin continuing unfalteringly in his place, you think perhaps your wish might be granted. Instead, you hear the opening of a plastic cap and Yoongi's raspy, low voice.

“This might be a little cold, princess,” he warns, and then two ice-cold slippery fingertips are circling your asshole, pursuing it even whilst it contracts and shrinks away in time to your sudden yelp.

“W-what's that?” you gasp, turning your face to the side and managing to cast your eyes downward enough to see Jimin stood behind you, his dark eyes focused entirely on the gentle pressure Yoongi's fingers are busy applying. “Daddy?” He lifts his head, his own fingers still working inside you as he grins wolfishly back at you, tip of his tongue running the edge of his teeth.

“You said you wanted us both, kitten,” Jimin answers smoothly, disappearing from view for just a second when your eyes press shut, moaning sinfully as Yoongi's fingertip wriggles its way inside, sinking to the first knuckle. “Lets hope you haven't bitten off more than you can chew.”

Chapter End Notes

YES I KNOW IT'S IN TWO PARTS AGAIN AND i KNOW YOU HATE ME BUT GOD DAMN IT, I BASICALLY DIDN'T BREATHE FOR TWO DAYS WRITING
THIS.

I'm so... ugh... so dangerously dehydrated right now.. ❤️❤️
Chapter 60

Chapter Notes

Right, so it's taken /forever/ but here it finally is!

I hope the length of this chapter makes up for the horrific wait you guys have had, and honestly I can't apologise enough. I've felt so bad for just not having the time to get this done that I solemnly swear I will never split another smut chapter again *sigh*

Anyway, enjoy guys. I really hope it's worth the wait♡♡

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It’s too much. Too much, and yet not nearly enough.

Your hips move restlessly under the ministrations of both men, chasing after their fingers each time they withdraw, pushing them deeper - harder - into each of your greedy orifices. Pelvic floor clenching, your velvety walls squeeze both Jimin’s and Yoongi’s fingers in turn, like you’re trying to drag them further in, and you hear Jimin chuckle lowly at your wanton behaviour.

“How does that feel, kitten?” he asks, the hand that had been resting in the dip of your back sliding upwards to fix in the tresses of your hair, teasing through it. You mewl into the sheets that you’re clinging onto in response, no longer capable for forming coherent words. “Are you ready for more?”

You force yourself to lift your head, nodding, lips parted with silent pleasure, and as soon Jimin witnesses your feeble attempt at conveying consent you feel another finger probing at your hole.

One becomes two, a broken cry of pleasure-pain pouring out of you as Yoongi pushes it inside, knuckles deep. There’s a deep burn as he drags them back and forth, a searing heat that flashes through your pelvis every time he scissor them open to make room, but every time you start to think it’s too much, or doubt your ability to tolerate such an insistent, unrelenting assault, Jimin merciful touch is right there. The press of his fingertips to the most sensitive part of your anatomy distracts almost entirely from any discomfort that you might feel, the curling of his digits inside of you inciting far more moans of pleasure than any of pain.

“You’re so tight,” Yoongi’s husky voice declares from where he remains knelt behind you. He withdraws both his fingers to almost the tip and then plunges them back inside to make you keen, pressing your face into the mattress. “Relax gongjunim.”

“That’s easy for you to sa-ay,” you grit back as you body struggles to come to terms with the conflicting sensations from either side of your perineum. It’s not as if you and Jimin have never dabbled anally - you’ve most definitely put Taehyung’s anal beads to good use since commandeering them - but nothing could have prepared you for the sensation of Yoongi’s fingers moving inside of you there; curling, stretching.

There’s a look that’s exchanged between the two boys when you stutter out another groan a moment later, and though you may not be able to see the meaning behind it you certainly feel their intentions as Yoongi’s probing tongue presses to the tight bud that sits swollen below Jimin’s fingers. As you arch your back, fingers dragging through the bedsheets, you start to wonder if they mean to kill you with kindness, so sweet a torture is it to be assaulted by all three sensations at once.
Yoongi proves to be a skilled multi tasker. Even as he laps at the juices that flow from your core out onto Jimin’s fingers and onto his tongue, his fingers never cease their motion back and forth. He teases you open millimetre by millimetre as Jimin watches on, matching the pace of his fingers to Yoongi’s slimmer ones.

“Oh god,” you gasp as a third digit starts to wriggle inside alongside the others, pelvic muscles contracting at the further intrusion.

“Full?” Jimin enquires from behind you, voice thick with lust. You nod into the mattress, pushing back against their varying appendages as your body finally starts to adjust to the unfamiliar sensation. There’s no pain now, only pleasure, and you want more. Jimin chuckles lowly at your silent reply, his free hand coming down to press on the small of your back, forcing it to bend and push your ass further up into the air as his hand picks up speed. He’s so rough that the motion of his curled fingers slipping out of you keeps tugging you backward to make the back of your thigh slap against his leg again and again, pulling you onto Yoongi’s eager mouth. “How full do you think you’ll feel when you’re taking both our cocks, hm?”

Yoongi’s fervent licks against your clitoris turn into deep throated growl of excitement against your sex on hearing that. He grabs a hold of your thigh with his one remaining hand, short fingernails scraping your flesh as his teeth do the same, a strangled sound pouring out of you as hot white pleasure shoots up your spine, nearing your limit.

“Do you think you can take us, kitten?” Jimin continues, wetting his lips as your velvet walls contract around his fingers. He can feel Yoongi’s ministrations too, every push and pull, and it’s driving him so far to distraction that it’s becoming difficult not to rush. “Are you sure it’s what you want?” Yoongi’s sucking on your clit now, flicking the tip of his tongue against it, and you can feel yourself nearing the precipice, ready to fall head first into the ecstasy that awaits you.

“Please, p-please,” you ramble into the blanket, muscles coiled tighter than a spring, shoulders bunched, fingers clenching. “Please, Jimin-daddy- oh -please!” You feel no shame whatsoever in begging; for release, for them to take you and claim you, fill you so full that you might never feel complete again after they’re through with you.

“That’s it kitten,” Jimin coos, hand slipping from the small of your back to cup your ass, pulling the cheek to the side to better watch your hole contract around Yoongi’s pale fingers when you cum. “Cum for daddy.” Yoongi hums his agreement around your spit-slick nub, and that’s all it takes to finally send you spiralling into oblivion.

You’re a trembling, writhing mess as pleasure rips through you, crying out your release into the bedding as your orgasm spills out onto Jimin’s fingers, all over Yoongi’s nose and lips and chin, and as it starts to subside your breaths are shuddering on your exhales, tears leaking from the corners of your eyes.

It stings as Yoongi’s fingers withdraw, an involuntary hiss leaving you at the feeling. You feel utterly boneless now, so very relaxed as you ride the remaining endorphin high of your orgasm; so much so that your two lovers could probably manipulate into any position they wish.

“Princess?” You feel the bed dip on either side of you, two bodies coming to join you atop of the covers, and when you finally manage to turn your head to the side and open your eyes you see Yoongi kneeling by your side, fly still hanging open, his dark eyes full of concern. “You ok?” You hum happily, reaching out and brushing your fingers against the denim of his jeans as Jimin’s find your hair and stroke it back from your forehead.

“Of course she is,” he answers for you, tone affectionate and warm. “Stand up for me, kitten.”
Slowly, you push yourself up onto your elbows and then straighten, standing on wobbly legs at the end of the bed on which the two men are now knelt.

Each of them take a hand and assist you onto the mattress, the three of you crawling up towards the pillows exchanging kisses along the way. Jimin lays you back gently, his lips firmly attached to yours until your back hits the mattress. He pulls away before you can wind your fingers into his hair to keep him close, nipping at his soft, wicked mouth, kneeling back and smiling cockily at your hum of displeasure.

Yoongi’s taken the opportunity to start undressing himself whilst he's been sat by your feet watching the two of you kiss, and his shirt is already long gone - cast aside somewhere on the floor. His nipples are hard, one of them blushed pink thanks to Jimin's earlier ministrations, and when he catches your eyes drifting over his body he flashes you a timid smile, eyes twinkling with mirth.

“Come closer, oppa ,” you beckon softly, rocking your hips from side to side, the wetness between them making your thighs glide pleasantly against one another. Yoongi finishes removing his shoes, jeans and socks before joining you and Jimin further up the bed, and you're pleased to note that he's rock hard again even following his earlier orgasm, more than ready to fulfill whatever role the younger boy has in mind for him.

Jimin hasn't been able to keep his hands off of your body whilst your attention has been on Yoongi; one greedy hand roaming restlessly across the swell of your breasts, plucking at your nipples, pressing the heel of the other against the erection that's straining painfully inside his shorts, desperate for some much needed relief that only you can supply.

You pull your lips away from Yoongi’s hungry kiss, twisting your neck to see Jimin kneeling above the two of you.

“Young master, oppa!” you whine impatiently, biting your bottom lip as you reach up to run your hand over the crotch of his shorts, brushing against his length as Yoongi’s lips trail along the length of your neck, his hand caressing the curve of your hip. “Come join us.” Jimin’s eyes flutter closed for just a second as you touch him, his full lips pressing together as he struggles to maintain control and not give in to the lust that threatens to overwhelm him. He gently takes a hold of your hand and moves it away, opening his eyes.

“So impatient,” Jimin purrs as you smile coyly, letting out a little moan as Yoongi’s teeth nibble at your earlobe, erection grinding into your side as his hips move restlessly beside you. There’s a smirk on Jimin’s face before it disappears as he tugs off his t-shirt and tosses it aside to join the numerous other articles of clothing strewn along the floor, and he takes a moment to run his hand through the silver stands of his hair before starting on his shorts, chuckling at the way you devour every inch of his toned body. It doesn’t matter how many times you’ve seen Jimin naked before now, it always affects you just the same, quickening your pulse and making you blush as he slips off his shorts, commando underneath.

The absence of Yoongi’s lips on your neck gives you pause to turn your head and look at him, and when you do you see that his eyes are fixed entirely on Jimin, travelling the length of the other boys body up and down. This is the first time Yoongi’s ever been quite blatant in his admiration of Jimin; the other times you’d engaged in sexual activities with the two of them the older boy had more or less kept his eyes and attention completely on you, maybe for fear that he’d give himself away if he’d let his gaze roam unchecked. Now that it’s all out in the open Yoongi can’t seem to help but look, his pupils dilating as they linger on Jimin’s swollen cock, tongue poking at the corner of his lips.

Jimin gives himself a few practice strokes, well aware of Yoongi’s stare and seemingly spurred on by it, his breath a little heavier as he gathers his precum on the pad of his thumb and smears it over the
head. You reach down between yours and Yoongi’s bodies to start to stroke him through his boxershorts in time with Jimin’s fist, peppering kisses along his prominent collarbones and dipping your tongue into shallow indent at the base of his neck.

“Can I?” Yoongi’s husky voice rumbles against your lips as it passes through his throat, and the feel of his hand leaving your hip to move elsewhere makes you believe he must’ve had some sort of an affirmative reply even if you didn’t hear it. Jimin’s breath hitches behind you, and the subsequent back and forth motion of Yoongi’s arm and the accompanying fleshy sounds make it all too easy to discern what’s going on. It’s impossible for you to resist taking a look, no longer laying kisses on Yoongi’s neck in favour of being able to watch the tight grip of his hand moving up and down Jimin’s cock. The younger boy has got one hand resting on the flat of his stomach, fingernails digging into his abs as his fingers tense and relax under Yoongi’s touch, his eyes pressed tightly closed, lips slightly parted.

You roll over to face Jimin, unable to deny the urge to touch him too. Your hand reaches out to join Yoongi’s, moving simultaneously up and down Jimin’s cock, no inch of velvety skin left untouched.

“F-fuck,” Jimin groans as he watches your hands pleasuring him in unison, Yoongi’s long, delicate fingers almost overlapping your shorter ones as they stroke back and forth, and it makes you smile to see him lose some of that carefully maintained composure. “God.” Jimin slumps as another curse leaves his lips, curling in on himself to grab onto the pillow next to your head, head flopping forward, and you hear Yoongi exhale a short chuckle behind you. You’re sure if you turned your head you’d be able to see him smirking, but as it is your eyes are fixed on Jimin and the tormented pleasure on his face.

“Does that feel good, daddy?” you smile, wiggling your ass back against Yoongi. He pushes right back, the thickness of his cock pressing into the crack of your ass as he nips at the shell of your ear. Having Yoongi alongside you as a playmate - a partner in mischief - is bringing out your playful side, and you’re sincerely enjoying getting the upper-hand on Jimin for once, reveling in the way he’s been momentarily rendered helpless under the combination of your touches.

You slow down the pace of your hand and Yoongi follows your lead, your strokes laguid but purposeful, allowing Jimin to catch his breath.

“Oppa,” you say softly, and Yoongi hums against the back of shoulder he’s busy kissing, “Will you fuck me, oppa?” You watch Jimin’s face carefully as you speak, stomach fluttering with nervous butterflies as you test the waters, wanting to see how far you can push before your lover snaps. “My pussy’s aching so badly, I need you to fill it up for me.” Yoongi chest rumbles with a growl, his hand falling away from the other man’s cock to rid himself of his boxers as Jimin’s jaw ticks.

You pick up speed in Yoongi’s absence in an attempt to keep Jimin subdued, smiling to yourself at the way his cock twitches in your hand, and when you lift your leg to allow Yoongi to place his length in the gap between your thighs Yoongi grabs onto your hips and immediately begins to move, not yet pushing inside but sliding back and forth between the slick of your lips with a groan. The repetitive motion has the head of his cock rubbing over your over-sensitive clitoris again and again, and soon enough you’re pushing back against him with stilted little moans, the need to be filled and fucked more than genuine.

“You want my cock, princess?” Yoongi huffs into your ear as your fist pumps up and down Jimin’s length, gripping hard, your eyes shut tight as you focus on the throbbing of your centre and the slip and slide of Yoongi thrusting between your thighs.

“Mm, yes,” you groan, biting your lip as Yoongi digs his fingertips into your hip, grabbing at you for better leverage.
“In your pussy?” Your walls clench, a fresh gush of arousal seeping out onto Yoongi’s cock as his mouth moves closer to your ear, his voice low but coloured with amusement as he continues, “Or maybe here, in your tight little ass? What do you think, Sir?” He suddenly withdraws from between your legs before Jimin has chance to reply, pushing the blunt head of his cock against your asshole, and you gasp as he starts to apply to slightest of pressure, very nearly edging his way inside until he’s suddenly pushed away, hand yanked off of your hip.

“That’s mine,” Jimin growls ferociously, grabbing onto your arm that’d been so busy pleasuring him and using it to shove you down onto your front. You get the briefest glimpse of his face before you’re face down in the pillows, and his eyes are hard, full of lust, his mouth set in a hard line. “You’re forgetting your place, boy. Carry on and see what happens if you keep pushing me.” Jimin’s hand is twisted in your hair as he speaks and you feel him moving to take position behind you, shoving open your legs with a rough hand so they’re spread open before him. He leans over you, the head of his cock knocking against the curve of your ass as he hisses in your ear. “You too, kitten. Do you think daddy’s going to take it easy on you now, huh?” No, you don’t, but that’s exactly what you wanted.

You cry out as Jimin’s hand connects harshly with your buttock, the slap echoing off the walls. It throbs fiercely, stinging all the more as Jimin digs his fingertips into your ass to pull the cheeks apart, exposing you fully and you mewl and twist your hips as he rubs the head of his cock against your hole.

“Lube,” Jimin growls and you feel a fresh batch of nerves flare up inside of you, twisting at your insides. You know Jimin wouldn’t hurt you - even if he acts as though he would when he’s all riled up - but you also know he’s gifted with a length much girthier in width than Yoongi’s slender fingers, and that has your body tensing anxiously, shoulders bunching as you grip your pillow tight. You can hear movement behind you and the sound of a bottle cap opening again, just like before, and you almost leap up from the bed when cold gel is squeezed liberally onto your hole without warning.

“Did you really think,” Jimin begins as his fingertips start to massage the lube into you, dipping inside the tight ring of muscle that Yoongi had already stretched out earlier, “That I’d let you fuck her before me?” You realise he’s speaking to Yoongi, taunting him as he pushes his fingers inside, making way for his cock. A muffled cry is absorbed by your pillow as he pumps them in and out and Jimin’s breathing heavily behind you as he preps himself, coating his length with even more lube. “You’re gonna have to watch,” he groans as he presses the tip against your hole and begins to ease slowly inside even as your muscles automatically contract to try and keep him out, “Watch me take what’s mine.”

Your knuckles are turning white, teeth gritted together as Jimin applies steady pressure, one hand on your waist, squeezing tight. You can hear the tension in his voice - feel it in his body resting behind you - and you know he’s going as slowly as possible so as not to hurt you, despite the things he’s saying.

“And maybe if you’re good, baby boy, I’ll let you fuck her with me.”

You never knew it’d feel like this. Yoongi’s fingers were one thing but Jimin's cock is something else entirely, and a dull pain simmers and burns through you as your body stretches to accommodate his girth. It’s not unmanageable - just intense - and once the extra-sensitive rim of the head of his cock passes past the unwilling muscle of your entrance it’s suddenly oh so good, the rest of his silken length sinking steadily inside with ease.

“Da-addy,” you whimper as Jimin bottoms out, the seat of his lap meeting the curve of your
buttocks. Opening your eyes you see Yoongi looking back at you, a tender look on his face as he reaches out to run his thumb along your cheek. Jimin's gone completely still on top of you save the heaving of his chest, giving you time to accommodate him, you presume, if not to regain proper control of himself.

“How's daddy’s cock feeling, kitten?” Jimin asks, and if you're not mistaken you can hear his voice wavering as he speaks. “Think you can take it?” He swivels his hips against you, tilting them forward to press even deeper inside, and as sparks of pleasure dance behind your eyelids you moan out a confirmation, pushing back against him in a plea to get started. “Good girl.”

Measuredly, Jimin begins moving inside of you. His thrusts are slow and shallow, carefully controlled, but they affect you both just as greatly as his normally animalistic pace would do, labouring Jimin's breaths and making his fingers clench deeper into the mattress every time he sinks into you. With each and every shift of hips it becomes all the more pleasurable and your thighs start to ache from tilting your ass up from the bed to meet him mid-thrust, lips wrapping around the tip of Yoongi's thumb to suck and lick and kiss. It'd been tracing the edges of your parted mouth, admiring the two swollen, blood-red bitten pieces of flesh, but now Yoongi's eyes are fixed on how eagerly you devour the digit, moaning around it whenever one of Jimin's thrusts hit just right.

“Fuck,” Jimin groans out from behind you, supporting himself on one arm to grab an ass cheek and pull it aside, watching his cock disappear into your snug hole, “You take daddy’s cock so well.”

You make moans of affirmation around the two fingers that are being pushed between your lips, pleased when you hear Yoongi inhale sharply at how eagerly you suck on them. Every time your pelvis is pushed into the bed by Jimin’s thrusts you can feel a wet patch of arousal that’s formed beneath the you as you drip freely, soaking the sheets, and whilst the motion of Jimin moving inside of you feels amazing it does little to sate the persistent ache deep in your pelvis. The repetitive grind of your clit against the sheets only exacerbates the problem further, and as Yoongi begins kiss his way across the sensitive blade of your shoulder you’re letting go of Jimin’s manhandled pillow to sneak one hand underneath the curve of your waist in an attempt satisfy your growing need.

You’ve only managed to brush the tips of your fingers against the hard little nub before Jimin realises what you’re doing, yanking away your source of gratification and pinning your hand above your head. The shift in position plunges him even deeper inside of you and you whimper helplessly, hips grinding relentlessly into the mattress for any source of stimulation you can find.

“Always so greedy,” Jimin hisses into your ear, teeth clamping onto the lobe and pulling as he shoves into you, “Always wanting more.” Yoongi’s sat himself up slightly, unable to gain access to you when you’re so shrouded by Jimin’s form but more than content just to watch the way your cheeks turn pink at being scorned, smiling when he watches you bite your lip because you love it so. He can’t deny that he’s enjoying watching Jimin at work, either, and Yoongi’s cock twitches against his stomach at the sinful curl of a smirk that twists the younger boys lips as slams his pelvis into your buttocks to make you cry out his name. “You want your oppa too, huh?” Jimin’s mouth is right against your ear, breath brushing around the shell and across your cheek.

“Yes, please, o-oppa, please,” you sob, reaching out with your unrestrained hand to grope for Yoongi’s form.

“Why?” Why? What does he mean, why? Isn’t it obvious? “Tell me why,” Jimin demands further, squeezing your fingers between his. It’s so hard to think, and Jimin has not intention of giving you any respite to try and gather your thoughts, pounding into you relentlessly, the headboard of the bed banging against the wall.
“I-I-” you stutter out mindlessly, finding Yoongi’s forearm and digging your fingernails into it to make him hiss.

“You’re what? What are you?” You suddenly understand what it is that Jimin wants you to say, what he’s pushing for, and the words pour from your mouth without a modicum of embarrassment or restraint.

“I’m greedy, daddy - a greedy, dirty girl,” you confess breathily, noting the way Jimin growls at the back of his throat and letting it spur you on, “I want you both, daddy, oppa, please, I want both your cocks in me.” Jimin’s thrust actually falters for a second, falling still on top of you as he seems to have to take a moment to collect himself, face pressed amongst your hair. After a second, you feel his head turn.

“What about you? Will you be good for me?” Jimin asks, addressing Yoongi, and you open up an eye to see the black-haired vampire nodding furiously, eyes fixed on your pleasure-wrecked face.

“Yes sir.” Yoongi’s voice sounds hoarse, like he hasn’t had a drink in years, his tongue wetting his lips as he watches Jimin slowly withdraw from you. You wince slightly as his cock slips out, and as Jimin climbs off of you you begin to wonder just how on earth the three of you are going to make this work, memory fragments of poorly acted pornography crossing your mind.

Luckily, Jimin seems to have it all worked out. He comes to lay on one side of you whilst Yoongi slips down to lie on the opposite side, and a firm hand on your hip rolls you to lie with your face toward Yoongi, Jimin at your back. You smile nervously as Jimin takes a hold of your uppermost thigh, lifting it and then hooking his hand behind your knee to bend it, kneecap almost touching your chest, and Yoongi smiles comfortably back at you, reaching out to brush the tangles of hair from your face. It’s a hungry, passionate kiss that he inflicts on you as Yoongi closes the space between your bodies, the head of his cock nudging against your stomach and smudging wet arousal across it.

“Make her beg for it,” Jimin prompts huskily, the hand cupping the back of your knee squeezing and pulling it even tighter to your chest. Yoongi hums his agreement into your mouth even whilst his tongue is tangled up with yours, and you feel him reach down to guide his cock between your slickened lips, rubbing it back and forth between them with a deliberate slowness.

He breaks your kiss, a string of saliva connecting your lips as he moves away just enough to be able to watch the torment on your face.

“Is this what you want, princess?” he asks lowly, tapping the head of his cock against your clit and smirking at the way your breath hitches. Jimin’s are lips are working their way along the back of your neck, teeth scraping as he goes, and it sends a shiver down your spine when he begins to suck on your delicate skin - not hard enough to bruise, just hard enough to make you whine.

“God, yes,” you gasp as Yoongi’s deft fingers pluck and tweak at your nipple, squeezing it between his fingertips. “Fuck!” There’s too much going on at once, too many sensations, Jimin’s mouth, Yoongi’s fingers, his cock - oh God his cock - nudging at your entrance, teasing unmercifully as it dips in and out, in and out by just an inch, and thanks to Jimin’s tight grip on your thigh you can’t even flex your hips to force him deeper, powerless to do anything but lie there and take it, tears forming at the corners of your eyes. “I can’t take anymore, please, Y-Yoongi, please put it in, please,” you ramble, hands pawing at his chest, pleading with water-filled eyes, “Please.”

Yoongi’s desire-dilated pupils shift to focus on Jimin where he lays behind you, and it’s with bated breath that you await the outcome of their silent exchange, almost sobbing in relief when Yoongi gives an almost imperceptible nod and, mercifully, he seems to have no intention of torturing you any further.
As soon as Jimin has given the go-ahead Yoongi is pushing inside, hands on your waist, slipping in to the very hilt with uncharacteristic haste. After all - if you're intending to take both of them at once, then surely you can manage the stretch of just one? Still, the sharp thrust makes you cry out into Yoongi’s mouth, and then again and again as he snaps his hips back and forth, rutting into you and grunting with the force of it, slamming you backwards into Jimin who pushes right back.

Your body jolts as the head of Jimin’s cock finds its way between your buttocks, eager to reclaim his place inside you, and as Yoongi realises what’s about to happen he slows the pace of his thrusts, his kisses becoming tender and soothing as Jimin starts to push his way inside, even more gradually than the first time.

“F-fu-uck,” you gasp, pulling away from Yoongi’s mouth to gasp for air with wide eyes as he enters you. The sensation is like nothing you could’ve ever imagined, overwhelming but wonderful, so gloriously, inexplicably full once Jimin is seated fully inside of you, only your velvet walls separating the two men’s cocks as they begin to slide and glide against one another in tandem.

“Holy shit,” Yoongi gasps out as they both slide into you in unison, his eyes practically glazing over at how indescribably tight you’ve become with both of them inside you, “Jimin.” Hearing your Yoongi groan out your lover’s name in such a way sends a whole new wave of pleasure washing over you, walls clenching to squeeze them both even tighter and Jimin moans in reply as he feels it.

“You look so beautiful like this, kitten, I wish you could see.” Prompted by Jimin’s words, Yoongi takes a good long look between your legs and bites his lip at the sight of the two cocks sinking into you almost side by side, covered in your arousal. So incensed is he by it that Yoongi’s powerless to resist taking you harder, faster, and Jimin meets him stroke for stroke, hip bones digging into your ass with every thrust. “So beautiful, taking both our cocks.”

“Made for us,” Yoongi contributes, grabbing at your waist, nipping at the corner your mouth. “Ours.” Jimin growls the word possessively, and it thrills you more than you could ever hope to explain. Not ‘his’ anymore but ‘theirs’ - Jimin’s and Yoongi’s - all three of you, together. Jimin lets go of your knee, allowing your leg rest back in place to hug their lengths even tighter as they push and pull against each other, an incredible to and fro that you never want to end. He reaches around your hip and slips his hand between your legs to play with your clit, and in less than a minute you’re a quivering mess between them, moaning wantonly, nerve endings alight as Yoongi roughly fondles your breasts.

“Are you cumming already, princess?” Yoongi asks huskily, lips ghosting across yours as he pulls at your nipple. You reply is a muffled, high-pitched moan, thighs clenching together as Jimin’s fingertips torment your pleasure-centre, sending you closer and closer to the edge, their thrusts into you never ceasing. If anything they seem to get faster the closer it approaches, chasing you towards it.

“Fuck, you’re so tight,” Jimin grunts, sweat-covered chest slapping into your back, “Cum for us, kitten, cum all over us.”

The three of you are a panting, writhing mess of mouths and hands and limbs when it finally happens, your body spasming wildly as the orgasm hits and rips its way through you, so intense that you’re left seeing spots of white behind your eyelids. Yoongi’s swearing under his breath, trying desperately to hold on as your walls contract as though you’re trying to milk the cum out of him, because he can tell him the determined look in his eyes that Jimin isn’t done with you yet.

"Get that off.” He may not be cumming yet, but it doesn’t stop Jimin’s voice from sounding tight
and strained, his jaw clenched tight as they continue to fuck you through your orgasm and out the other side, unconcerned with the way you twist and mewl from overstimulation. Yoongi does as Jimin asks, unclasping your collar to toss it aside and then pushing your hair off of your neck to grant the other boy access, already having figured out exactly what Jimin’s intending to do.

“Do it,” you gasp out before he can even begin to ask for permission, wanting nothing more than the sweet bliss of his bite to make all of this complete, and Jimin’s too far gone now to even think to hesitate. His fangs slice through your skin like a knife through butter, delving deep into your throat, and the stab of pain is a sweet kind ecstasy, a long, languid moan falling from your lips as he pulls the blood from your veins.

Jimin’s hand slips out from between your legs as he feeds from you, his arm coming to lay across your hip whilst your endorphin-ridden body melts into the mattress. He grabs onto Yoongi’s ass and begins pulling the other boy into your pussy even harder and deeper than before, moaning around a mouthful of blood, and in turn Yoongi does the same, grabbing onto Jimin just as hard.

Are they imagining fucking each other now, you drowsily wonder?

Jimin detaches himself from your throat when he hears your heart, which had initially accelerated so rapidly, become sluggish and slow, and you feel him shift slightly behind you to raise himself onto his elbow and then lean over your form towards Yoongi. Feeling him hovering above you, you peel back your eyelids to watch as Yoongi leans up to meet him halfway to press his lips to Jimin’s blood-covered ones, and you groan with delight as you witness the younger boy beginning to share your blood with his elder through a messy, open-mouthed kiss.

Perhaps it should horrify you to see your blood running from their mouths, smearing between their lips and dripping down their chins, but it has the opposite effect. Your body, which had been screaming with over-stimulation and then subsequently numbed by Jimin’s bite, is now suddenly alert again, hips moving backward and forward to keep up the pace of their thrusts whilst the two of them are otherwise occupied.

And god, they really are wrapped up in each other. Yoongi’s making sounds you’ve never heard him make before as he licks the inside of Jimin’s mouth clean, lapping up every morsel of your blood that he can find, and the look in Jimin’s eyes is positively feral as Yoongi sinks back into the pillow, sated, licking his lips.

It’s your turn to kiss him now, undeterred by the taste of your blood lingering in his mouth, and Jimin watches the two of you with a purr of satisfaction, still guiding Yoongi thrusts into you in a rapid, rolling motion, palming the other boys ass.

“You gonna cum for us, Yoongi baby?” Jimin purrs and Yoongi groans against your mouth, cock twitching inside you and making Jimin’s twitch in turn. “Been such a good boy, don’t stop now - let me feel you cum.”

“S-shit,” Yoongi curses as his thrusts become wild and unrestrained, slamming into you as he chases his high, and all the while Jimin is muttering encouragements, fucking into you even faster.

“I’m gonna cum, daddy, I’m gonna cum,” you warn as your pleasure rapidly begins to peak once again with their relentless assault, and you grab onto Jimin’s hand where it lays open Yoongi, pulling on him too, tilting your hips to bring every thrust of his cock into contact with your g-spot. It only takes a matter of seconds more for Yoongi to break, his head tipping back as cums with a shout, hips stuttering as he pulses his seed into you,

“Yoongi,” Jimin grunts, and you know he can feel it all through you; can feel Yoongi’s cock as it
throbs next to his, can feel the heat of his cum coating your insides. It’s enough to push Jimin over the edge, and you too, the both of you cumming in unison, his face pressed into your neck, crying out against it. He spills into you as Yoongi holds onto him, breathing hard, and you’re whimpering by the time it’s all over, stuffed full of their cum, throat covered in blood, your bodies coated in each others sweat.

Yoongi is the first to speak, voice rasping through ragged breaths.

“Gongjunim, are you alright?” You prise open your heavy eyes, fingers still entwined with Jimin’s on top of Yoongi’s ass.

“A bit…” You pause, wincing as Jimin slides out of you and Yoongi follows suit, “Sore.” Yoongi smiles apologetically, placing a sweet kiss to the tip of your nose whilst Jimin chuckles behind you, simultaneously kissing the back of your neck.

“I can’t say I’m surprised.” He kisses you again, trailing his lips from the back of your neck to your throat which he cleans with a few swift, efficient licks, finally kissing your cheek before rising from the bed and leaving you folded in Yoongi’s arms.

“Where are you going?” you ask, twisting your head with a worried frown. You’re nowhere near done cuddling yet, even if you are lying in the middle of a rapidly growing mess.

“To run us all a bath,” he smirks as he retreats, walking backwards from the room, “I think we need it.” He’s not wrong, and both you and Yoongi laugh as Jimin disappears into the bathroom, holding each other tight.

Yoongi’s positively radiating with happiness as the two of you bathe contentedly in the afterglow, eyes sparkling with happiness, beaming a smile back at you, gums and all, and you can’t resist kissing him again, so full of love that it feels as though your heart might burst. The two of you kiss for so long that it’s only Jimin’s return that eventually pulls you apart, Jimin’s arms winding the both of you with a satisfied hum.

“I love you,” you tell them, squeezing each of their hands in turn, and it’s Jimin that answers, squeezing back.

“We love you too.” Yoongi nods his agreement, and that love-drunk feeling only grows, filling you with warmth right down to your toes. You roll onto your back, noting the brief lightheadedness that accompanies the motion.

“So Yoongi can stay?” you ask Jimin quietly, his hand caressing your hip.

“I’m not about to go back on what I said,” he smiles, eyes flicking to Yoongi’s beside you, “The three of us will figure it out.” You beam back at him, squirming happily when Yoongi nips playfully at your ear, a smile tugging at his lips too. “C’mon, the water will be getting cold.”

Somewhat reluctantly the three of you rise out of bed, Yoongi’s hand slipping into yours as soon as you’re standing to walk with you to the bathroom, anticipating your unsteadiness.

“Oppa ,” you muse as you enter the steam-filled bathroom, “Do you think we need to buy a bigger bed?”

Chapter End Notes
Now I've never, ever written dp before, so please, do let me know what you think haha

Again, I hope you enjoyed it.

Love you ♡♡
Chapter 61

Chapter Notes

Hello all! Hi to the loyal readers, hi to the newer readers, hi to those of you who've found me via tumblr or vice versa!

Thank you for your continuing support, guys, I really appreciate it. Thank you for all the feedback you lavish on me, and all the love (I'm as needy for it as Jimin - I'm not afraid to admit it) and you never fail to deliver ^^

Enjoy <3 <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Fingers and lips are the tools by which you're lured from the sweet embrace of sleep, running through your hair and brushing against your neck. You were dreaming before you started to wake, you're sure of it, but you have no recollection of its theme or happenings now. It was a happy one, though; that's something you're certain of regardless of knowing where you were or whom you were with. You can remember the warmth you'd felt and the sense of safety that'd come with it, and it's with a certain sleepy reluctance that you open up your eyes, greeted by the sight of Jimin's plain white walls.

Exhaling softly, you allow them to close for just a moment more.

“Did you have to wake me up?” you groggily moan, turning your head to rub your face into the pillow. It’s refreshing against your skin, like a cool caressing breeze, and Jimin’s scent lingers there amongst the fibres even though he’s nowhere to be seen on his side of the bed. His absence isn’t unusual; he frequently rises before you and Yoongi have even begun to stir, making it back to bed just in time for you to wake, freshly showered and full of energy after his daily workout. Yoongi had simply glowered the first time Jimin had tried to wake him to come along, and the younger vampire had soon gotten the message that the elder was not in the least bit interested in joining in his strive for physical perfection.

Waking up between your lovers has very quickly become your favourite time of day, so perhaps you shouldn’t begrudge Yoongi for coaxing you back to the land of the living as gently as he is. Who wouldn’t love being pressed between two equally gorgeous men, both of whom are just as eager to kiss and touch you as the other?

“I was having such a nice dream,” you sigh, rolling over under the covers and seeking out his lips with your eyes still closed, shuffling your body closer to his. You note how hesitant his answering kiss is when your mouths first meet but think nothing much of it, too busy enjoying the petal softness of his lips as they begin respond to the ministrations of yours to fixate on whether you might be putting him off with a particularly nasty case of morning breath.

His arm settles over your waist, the sheets rustling pleasantly as he draws you closer to him, only the bed sheets to separate the two of you. You’re surprised that he’s already up and dressed so early on in the night; it’s usually you who’s having to entice Yoongi to awake rather than the other way around. Still, you have a feeling he might not be wearing his clothes for long - not if the way he’s rolling his pelvis against yours is anything to go by, or the tongue that’s delving hungrily into your
“Are you always this excitable first thing of the morning, little one?”

Your eyes snap open at the sound of Namjoon’s silky smooth voice, your heart halting in your chest as you try and fail to jerk yourself backward and away from him. He’s holding you too tightly - too possessively - and as he takes in the alarm on your face an amused smile spreads across his, dimpling each of Namjoon’s cheeks.

“You can’t keep doing this, Namjoon,” you sigh when you realise fighting against him is hopeless, falling still but crossing your arms across your chest in an attempt to put a physical barrier between the two of you.

“Doing what?” he grins, fingers rubbing circles in the small of your back above the sheets. God, you wish you weren’t naked underneath them; it’s hard enough not to feel vulnerable whenever Namjoon’s more predatory persona makes an appearance, nevermind when you’re completely exposed.

“Sneaking up on me, catching me unawares like this.” You look between each of his eyes, the brown of his irises so dark they’re almost black, so deep that they threaten to swallow you whole. “It’s not fair,” you add quietly, voice wavering, and when Namjoon hears the way you falter his expression softens slightly, the smirk on his face melting away. A second or two passes in which you’re all too aware of the restless beating of your heart where it’s thuds lying beneath your palm.

“You’re right,” he agrees, leaning back slightly and allowing you space to breathe, though the shock you feel at Namjoon willingly admitting he’s wrong makes it difficult to do so. “The next time we kiss, it’ll be you who comes to me.”

“Next time? You might be waiting a long time,” you laugh, relaxing slightly. Namjoon may still be touching you - his large hand gliding slowly up and down the curve of your spine - but now that you know he no longer intends to take it any further it just feels… nice. Comforting, almost.

Namjoon doesn’t react as you’d necessarily thought he would to your rebuffal. He simply smiles and rubs a little more firmly at the small of your back, shifting his head where it lays atop of Yoongi’s pillow.

“It’ll happen, little one,” he says casually, exhaling a sigh as he gets comfortable, “I have no doubt.” Namjoon tucks his free hand behind his head and rolls onto his back, his body no longer touching to yours as he crosses one ankle over the other. He hasn’t even removed his shoes before lying himself on top of the sheets, so little respect does he have for bed the three of your share.

You wish you could ignore the instant longing you feel for his touch from the moment it’s removed, and you wish that Namjoon didn’t look so absolutely certain of himself as well. It’s like he already knows something you don’t, something that fills him with the confidence he so effortlessly exudes as he lies there looking at you. Perhaps he’s able to read the internal struggle you go through whenever you’re in his presence better than you’d thought, or maybe it’s because you succumb to his temptation almost every single time you’re tested. Hell, you’d probably be confident too if you were him.

“A little bird tells me that Yoongi’s taken to sleeping elsewhere this past week,” Namjoon comments after a minute or so of silence, gauging your reaction as the words leave his mouth. No point in beating around the bush; everyone else in the house knows about the three of you.

They’d found out the very day after it’ll all happened, actually, when the you, Jimin and Yoongi had
joined the others in Taehyung’s room to play an interactive dancing game that’d required far more coordination than you were capable of. No one had batted an eyelid when you’d sat on Jimin’s lap following your first turn, but they’d certainly noticed when you’d curled up on Yoongi after the second. You wish you could’ve taken a picture of Jungkook’s face - it certainly would’ve been one worth keeping hold of. His mouth had gaped slightly, wide open eyes looking to Jimin to gauge his reaction and then mouthing an extended ‘oh’ when the younger boy had walked over and kissed you right then and there whilst you were cradled in the other boys arms.

Taehyung hadn’t been all that shocked, really, and observed it all with nothing more than a smile and a shrug. Of course Hobi, had already been well aware of what was going on, so there were no surprises there, though he did let out a mock gasp just to join in, much to Yoongi’s irritation. Jin’s reaction was somewhere between the Jungkook’s and Taehyung’s - not quite shock but more than surprise. His eyebrows had lifted as he’d watched you, his confusion plain for all to see, but he’d also smiled when he’d seen the unrestrained happiness written across Yoongi’s face when you’d kissed him after Jimin.

No one had actually said anything - it didn’t really require words to be understood, given your past history with the others - and mercifully, they hadn’t yet decided to tease you about it much either. Yet.

You realise Namjoon is still waiting for a reply, watching patiently whilst one long fingered hand taps rhythmically against his firm chest.

“He’s been staying here. With Jimin and me,” you answer calmly, distracting yourself from Namjoon’s piercing eyes by adjusting the lay of the sheets across your chest, pulling them higher to obscure even the slightest hint of cleavage.

“I gathered,” Namjoon laughs, and when you look back at him you find him staring at the ceiling, a thoughtful look upon his face. “I have to admit, even I didn’t quite see that coming. Yoongi, yes, but Jimin? That caught me by surprise.” You stare at him, taken by surprise by how much it sounds as though he knows.

Despite the physical contact between the two of them - which has been increasing in frequency as time has gone on - it’s been very much a private affair. The only time they’ve exchanged touches, whether it be kisses or something more, has been during your presence only, the two of them staying very much apart when in front of the rest of the group. Maybe Namjoon has just presumed, and rightly so.

“Speaking of; where are they?” Namjoon lets his head flop to the side, the longer part of his fringe falling across his eyes and he smirks at you.

“Occupied enough that you needn’t worry about them walking in on us.” You roll your eyes, tightening the folded arms across your chest.

“That’s not why I’m asking.”

“Sure it’s not.” One of Namjoon’s eyes presses into a wink whilst the hand that was rested on his chest slips itself between your face and the pillow, his thumb brushing softly against your cheek. His touch makes you shiver, your eyes pressing closed as you try to calm the frantic beating of your heart. “I like watching you sleep,” he mumbles quietly after a short but poignant silence, “You look so peaceful… so serene. I can’t remember the last time I slept as soundly as you seem to.” Your cheeks flush with heat in response to Namjoon’s quiet utterings and the fascination with which he seems to regard you.
How can he flit so recklessly back and forth between these two sides of him? How are you ever supposed to keep up or know where you stand when he is so ever-changing?

“Do you often make a habit of watching me?” you joke feebly, a little breathless as he continues to caress your face.

“I would,” he replies without falter, smiling cutely as your blush deepens further, not a trace of the monster he proclaims to be in sight. Not right now, anyway.

You’re not sure what to say after that. You allow him to continue his innocent touches for a time, even going so far as to close your eyes to better enjoy the feel of his fingers on your skin.

“I was thinking,” you murmur sleepily, and Namjoon ‘hmm’s’ to show he’s listening, “They were looking for new staff in that bar I went to a couple weeks back. Maybe I could start working again?” You peel back your eyelids, eyes meeting Namjoon’s only a foot or so away. He’s rolled onto his side again now, and as he tucks his arm against his chest you get a waft of his aftershave; strong and heady. “You know… contribute a little. Make myself useful.”

“You needn’t worry about anything like that, little one. I’ll always provide anything you might need.” You give him a withering look and Namjoon chuckles, briefly closing his eyes. “It’s a matter of pride then, is it?” When you nod his expression turns thoughtful, his eyebrows bending in a way you find oddly attractive. He moistens his lips before continuing to speak, his hand underneath your cheek falling still. “You’d need to be careful - and I’d insist on one of us dropping you off and collecting you at the end of each shift.”

“I’m more than capable of catching a taxi, you know.”

“It’s my job to keep this family safe,” he explains patiently, “I wouldn’t want anything to happen to you.”

Family? Namjoon considers you as… family? God, how things have changed from that first real conversation you and he ever had ever shared as little more than strangers. A pet - that’s all he’d said you’d ever be - and look where you are now, lay in bed together, your faces almost touching as he begins to stroke your cheek ones again, softly laughing at the surprised look you’ve failed to hide.

You’ve been left rather speechless by this new and unexpected revelation, and your mouth falls open long before your brain has chance to kick back into gear and structure a reply.

“I guess I can live with that,” you say finally, glancing away from the warmth in his eyes. It’s too hard to look at, too unfamiliar. It’s stirs too much.

“You guess?” he amusedly chortles, “Not in the mood to fight me today?” You smile despite the nervous tension in your chest, risking a look back up at him.

“You like it too much when I do.” Namjoon’s smile only grows wider at your gentle teasing, the deep dimples in his cheeks providing the most tempting of targets for you to poke your fingertip into. It’s a close call, but you manage to resist the urge to do so.

“I’ve always enjoyed a challenge.”

There’s a weight to the air that surrounds the two of you as you lie there looking at one other in the seconds that follow. It’s like you’re caught in your own little bubble which is slowly shrinking, compressing, trying to bring you closer together by some invisible force. It’s difficult when he’s looking at you the way he is - when his eyes hovering on your lips as they are - but somehow you
succeed in withstanding Namjoon’s inexplicably strong pull with merely a smile, unwilling to give him the satisfaction of his earlier prediction turning out to be true so quickly after it’s been said.

Beaten, Namjoon sits himself up on the bed, straightening out his shirt, and it’s only then that you realise Nova was lying against his other side the whole time, previously hidden from your view.

“I’ll let you get up,” he says as he gently misplaces her to the end of the bed and then climbs off himself, giving her a final parting stroke of the head which she nuzzles into.

“Ok. Sure.” You sit up as well, drawing the sheets tight around your figure to ensure nothing shows and patting the back of your hair. You must look a mess but Namjoon seems to disagree, his eyes drifting over your body hungrily. For a second you think he might change his mind and try to stay - attempt to seduce you now like he’s tried to do so many times before - but then he drops his eyes to the floor and rubs the corner of his mouth with his thumb, and when he looks back up some of that heat and want you’d seen is suddenly gone, repressed deep down.

“See you soon.” You’re sure you hear some sort of underlying promise in his words, sure that you see the corner of his mouth lift into a smirk just before he turns his back and leaves the room.

You hadn’t realised how tense you’d been until Namjoon’s departure. As soon as the door closes behind him your posture seems to wilt, released from the imaginary strings that’d kept your body feeling so tight. It’s odd that you’d still respond that way physically when mentally you’re far more at ease with Namjoon than you used to be; no longer frightened of him, per se, just aware of his physical presence more so than others. He has a strong aura, so it makes that you might respond to that on some baser level. It’s instinct.

You shower and dress yourself fairly quickly, intent on finding Jimin and Yoongi wherever they may be hiding. Presumably Namjoon would’ve told you if he’d sent them both out on assignment, so they must be around somewhere. Jin’s sat at the kitchen table when you peek inside on your way through the hallway, frowning hard at his laptop as he distractedly tells you he’d last seen them heading towards Yoongi’s room. You don’t stop to ask what seems to have upset him; you get the feeling Jin wouldn’t have told you right now anyway, far too occupied in briskly typing away at the keys. Whatever it is, you hope everything’s ok.

You push the door open just a crack, just enough to spy through, curious to see what the two of them get up to when you’re not around, and you can’t say you’re disappointed by what you find.

Yoongi’s against the mirrored wall to your left, his laptop resting atop of his crossed legs, and it’s that from which the music is coming. It’s not a tune you recognise, not from ‘popular music’ anyway, but there’s something identifiably ‘Yoongi’ about it. You don’t know how to describe how or why, but somehow you just know it’s his. He’s nodding his head along to the beat, his eyes fixed on Jimin’s form as the younger boy dances in front of the mirrors. The style of his movement is different today, less fluid than when you’ve seen him dance before - more rigid and jarring, his joints locking in place as he moves in time to the music.

“Can’t believe you still remember this choreo,” you hear Yoongi tease and you catch a flash of Jimin’s smile in his reflection.
“I can, with the amount of times Hope made me practice it,” Jimin replies, slightly out of breath as he springs back up from where he’d dropped knees to slide diagonally across the floor. You can barely keep up with his footwork as his ankles twist this way and that, his arms performing similarly complex motions at the very same time. “Too good, right?” he adds with cocky smile and Yoongi scoffs, shaking his head but smiling back all the same.

Suddenly, with just the press of a button, the tempo of the music begins to increase. It speeds up and up and up with every subsequent push, and the faster it get the more Jimin laughs as he tries to keep up and nail every move. He actually doing a pretty good job of it for a while, until he finally gets himself all twisted up, almost falling down in a twisted tangle of feet but just about managing to save himself before his ass hits the floor.

Yoongi’s in hysterics, and has no shame in pointing and laughing as the other boy rights himself back to standing and runs a hand through his hair.

“Struggling to keep up, baby J?” Baby J? What the hell kind of name is that? Some sort of bizarro stage name they came up with whilst they were playing make-believe idols? Jeez, and you’d thought Suga was bad.

You see Jimin fix Yoongi with a look in the mirror, and it’s both stern and seductive enough to bring Yoongi’s laughter to a pettering stop. The younger boy slinks over to his elder and Yoongi swallows on his approach, leaning backwards slightly whilst Jimin squats down and shifts the laptop off of his lap, the music coming to an abrupt stop.

“I think I’ve outgrown that name a little now, don’t you?” Jimin asks softly, looking straight into Yoongi’s eyes, “Baby?”

You don’t hear Yoongi’s reply, so quietly does he utter it. All you see is Jimin tip forward to place a palm on the wall either side of Yoongi’s hand, trapping him there as he climbs astride his lap, pinning him in place with a smile. Yoongi hardly seems to mind; his hands soon straying from where they’d landed on Jimin’s hips to crawl up under the hem of his shirt as the younger moves in for a kiss so deep that it looks as though he might try to swallow Yoongi whole.

It’d be tempting just to hang back and see how far this might go if it weren’t for how much you wish you were in between the both of them.

“So this is how I find you, huh?” you call to grab their attention as you enter the room, a wide smile upon your face. Despite not having anticipated your arrival Jimin and Yoongi are in no hurry to break apart when they hear you voice, drawing their kisses to a close with such a slow pace that it almost seems indulgent.

“Good morning, kitten,” Jimin greets once he’s finally relinquished Yoongi’s lips with a wet ‘pop’, licking his lips as he turns his head away. “Sleep well?” You walk over to the both of them and sink to your knees next to Yoongi with a nod before kissing them both in turn; Yoongi first and Jimin second. They taste like each other - Yoongi’s lips still shining with the remnants of Jimin’s saliva.

“Too well, apparently. You should’ve woken me up.”

“It was bad enough that he woke me,” Yoongi grumbles, though the look on his face is more affectionate than grumpy as he flicks his eyes in Jimin’s direction. The younger boy is still sat on top of him, carding his hands through Yoongi’s hair to push it back from his forehead over and over again. “Thought we’d spare you the trauma.”

“Very kind,” you reply sarcastically, placing a hand on Jimin’s thigh and squeezing at the firmly
flexed muscle you can feel beneath his sweatpants. He’s always so ripped after he’s been working out or dancing, and it reduces you to a molten puddle of raging hormones whenever you see or feel it. “I would’ve liked to come watch, though. It’s been too long since I saw you dance.”

Jimin’s just opening his mouth to reply when Hobi suddenly comes hurtling into the room making some strange zoomy sound effects to accompany his arrival, and though his eyes may immediately fall on the two boys’ intimate embrace his expression barely seems to register it as anything unusual, skimming over them to look at you with an exaggerated sigh.

“Don’t you ever check your phone?” he asks exasperatedly, and out of the corner of your eye you see Jimin slide off of Yoongi’s lap to sit beside him instead - though his hand still lingers on the other boy’s knee.

“Not often, no,” you admit with a confused look, “Why?”

“Sam’s been trying to get hold of you - she wants numbers for how many of us are going out on Saturday night,” he explains, sighing again when you look blankly, “For her birthday, remember? You’re all coming, right?”

Crap, how the hell did you manage to forget that? Admittedly, there's been a lot that's happened since she last mentioned it, but even that is hardly a good excuse to almost forget your best friend’s birthday.

You look to Jimin and Yoongi, and whilst Jimin looks pretty open to the idea, shrugging and nodding his head, Yoongi is rubbing his neck and looking back at you unsurely.

“You fancy it?” you ask, directing the question to Yoongi rather than Jimin and trying to keep your tone soft in an attempt to let him know it’s by no means an obligation that he has to. You know it’d be a big thing for him. It’s a lot to ask for him to be in such a crowded place for such a length of time, but a big part of you still hopes he’ll say yes. It wouldn’t feel right without him there if all the rest of the group is. “We don’t have to stay all night.”

“We’ll be right there, hyung,” Jimin adds quietly, placing a gentle kiss against Yoongi’s cheek and squeezing his knee regardless of Hobi’s presence, and that, along with your pleading eyes, seems to make up Yoongi’s mind.

He sighs, removing his hand from his neck and looking past your shoulder up to Hobi with a resigned expression.

“Sure,” he agrees, and Hobi jumps up into the air with a loud ‘woop!’ in celebration, dancing as soon as his feet return to the floor, swaying his arms and rocking his hips from side to side, much to Jimin’s amusement. Yoongi gives you a look that you’re fairly certain translates as ‘what the hell are you getting me into?’ and then shakes his head with a reluctant smile. “How bad could it be?”

Chapter End Notes

I don't know if you'll have all have gotten the 'baby J' reference, but apparently that was a legitimate stage name they were considering for Jimin pre-debut, along with 'Seagull' as an option for Jungkook *shudder* I've only recently found this out myself, and I couldn't making reference to it. Can you /imagine/ referring to Jimin as 'baby J' now? Like really? With those hip rolls? Jeez.
Anyway! I hope you liked the chapter! As always, feedback is much appreciated. This chapter was a little bit... filler-y but necessary, and I promise things will start getting a little more... eventual again sometime soon.

Love you <3 <3
Helloooo!

Blame my smutty Jungkook one-shot that I wrote for this being so damn late. That thing was hard work, but also totally rewarding. Those of you who follow my Tumblr will know what I'm talking about, and probably be aware of how smitten I am with that damn bun lately *sigh*

Anyhoo, this feels... kind of fillery too? But you guys know my writing and how waffly it is and this is all necessary build up for what's soon to come, so just bare with me. I don't know how to write any other way than this lol<3 <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Jeez, will you quit messing with that?” Sam appears behind you in Yoongi’s bathroom mirror and plucks the piece of hair you’ve been busy scowling at from between your fingers to tuck it behind your ear, out of sight. “There, problem solved.”

“I just don’t see why this bit looks shorter than the rest,” you complain, twisting your head to the side to see whether or not the difference in length is still visible behind the delicate dangling strands of your earrings. It’s not, but that doesn’t stop you scowling at it all the more. “You think she did it on purpose?”

“I bloody well hope not.” Sam’s leaning towards the mirror now, breasts almost spilling out of her top as she applies a thick slick of shiny lip gloss to her pout. “It’s not like she wasn’t getting paid well enough.”

“Good point.”

Jung Hoseok really knows how to treat a lady; that much you’ve surmised to be true. He’d rudely awakened you after only a couple of hours sleep earlier this morning to drag you from between Yoongi and Jimin’s arms and into a waiting limousine in which Sam had been eagerly waiting, an ecstatic grin on her face and a glass of champagne in her hands. He’d really pulled out all the stops; arranging for the two of you to spend the day being preened and pampered in preparation for the night ahead whilst being waited on hand and foot by the many staff belonging to the luxurious hotel spa he’d sent you to. You’ve been waxed and buffed to within an inch of your life; your hair washed, conditioned, and then washed once again before you’d finally relented to ‘just a trim’ off the length under Sam’s insistence that you make the most of every bit of money spent.

You’re starting to think the girl in the salon might’ve cut a little bit extra off just to get you back for how often you’d winced every time the scissors had snipped. What a bitch.

“I see you’ve managed to keep those two bloodsuckers off of your neck for once,” Sam chortles whilst you’re stepping into your shoes, almost falling straight back out of your heels in alarm, grabbing onto the sink to keep yourself steady as you sharply look up, eyes wide. Your friend looks bemusedly back at you in the mirror, one eyebrow furrowed, clearly confused by your over-the-top reaction to what you’re now realising was merely a joke.
“Oh, yeah,” you laugh weakly, patting a palm against your collarbones. You’d forgotten that the last time you’d seen each other your skin had been covered in love bites, feeling particularly thankful, now, that you’d chosen to put one of the larger collars that you own; a band of thick black lace intricate enough to disguise any lingering puncture wounds. “They get a little carried away sometimes.”

Sam lets out a little laugh, running her fingers through her hair one last time and then turning round to face you, leaning back against the sink.

“You do realise how jealous I am that you’ve managed to bag yourself two of these guys, right?” You peek up from fixing the straps around your ankles, flashing her a grin. Oh, if only she knew.

“Who can blame him,” she laughs, playfully tossing her hair over her shoulder whilst you roll your eyes at her in the mirror, painting your lips a deep, crimson red. “You ready?” You check your teeth for wayward smudges of lipstick, glance once more at your reflection, and then give her a short nod of affirmation to which she wiggles her hips, squirming excitedly. “Ah, you look so hot! They’re gonna lose their minds when they see you!”

Sam grabs a hold of your hand and together the two of you totter your way out of Yoongi’s room, wobbling slightly on your heels because she just won’t slow down, too eager, too full of anticipation for the night ahead - not to mention the glasses of champagne she’s knocked back throughout the day. It’s a good job Sam can hold her liquor.

All of the boys are ready and waiting when you arrive in the entrance hall, congregated around the bottom of stairs, and it becomes apparent that you and Sam aren’t the only ones that’ve been polished to perfection today. It’s almost as if they’ve coordinated their outfits, all of them dressed more or less head-to-toe in black save the odd flash of white here and there and the shiny silver boots that adorn Hobi’s feet. You’d bet your ass that Sam bought those for him; they’re just her style.

“Look at all of you!” Sam exclaims, catching their attention, and when Hobi turns to face you she lets go of your hand to fling herself into his arms, planting a loud kiss to his lips as you lag slightly behind, suddenly self-conscious with so many eyes upon you.

“T ook your time.” Yoongi’s drawling voice greets as you approach the group, a teasing smile on his face from where he’s sat next to Jin at the bottom of the stairs. Both of them are wearing black jackets though one looks far more formal than the other, and whereas Yoongi has neat rips in the knees of his pants, Jin is wearing a slim black tie. Both, however, are devastatingly handsome.

“You can’t rush perfection, hyung,” Jimin counters as he straightens up from where he’s sat next to Jin at the bottom of the stairs. Both of them are wearing black jackets though one looks far more formal than the other, and whereas Yoongi has neat rips in the knees of his pants, Jin is wearing a slim black tie. Both, however, are devastatingly handsome.

“As long as it’s not my panties,” you whisper back conspiringly, and at that Jimin lets out an
adorable little laugh, his eyes pressed into crescent moons as he releases you from the brief embrace.

Taehyung calls your name and you spin on the spot to face him, smiling at the mismatched pin-stripe and polka-dot combination of his jacket and shirt. Only Tae could wear that and still make it look good.

“Your hair looks kinda weird,” he tells you with a slightly furrowed brow, mouth agape with curiosity as he stares at whatever is offending him so, “Did they cut it wrong?” Immediately you realise that he’s looking at the locks of hair that Sam had tucked behind your ear which are now dangling free. You tuck them back again hastily, embarrassed.

“Asymmetry is in right now, didn’t you know?” Sam jumps in, and you flash her a thankful smile as Tae mutters an ‘oh’, Jungkook rolling his eyes from where he stands beside him, his arms folded across his chest.

“Looking good, maknae,” you compliment, admiring how smart the youngest boy looks in his slim fit suit and collarless white shirt, small silver hoops dangling from each ear, and whereas once Jungkook would’ve flushed and stuttered at your words of approval he now looks proud, chest puffing and chin tilting upward with a grin.

“Not so bad yourself, noona.” You don’t even need to look at Jimin to know the look he’ll be giving the younger boy - that raised eyebrow and sideways smile - and you know they’re there because Jungkook gives a little laugh, shaking his head.

“Where’s Joonie?” Sam suddenly pipes up, Hobi’s armed wrapped around her waist, her handbag dangling from his free hand, so sweet together that it’d almost make your teeth hurt to look at them if you weren’t so preoccupied with what she just said.

“He’s coming?” You spin on the spot, directing the question to Jimin who barely has time to open his mouth before you hear the stairs creak above you with the weight of steady footsteps.

You swear he does this just to make an entrance - loiters in the shadows until the most opportune moment make himself known - but god, what an entrance Namjoon makes. Your eyes drift up his form from his pointed black patent shoes to his tight leather pants and the expensive looking belt that a plain white tee is snugly tucked into. A fitted black jacket hangs off his shoulders, broadening their appearance, and a silver pendant threaded onto a fabric black band dangles from his neck to adorn his throat.

The thing that startles you most, though, is the change to Namjoon’s hair. No longer is it the dull, grey-green colour that it’d been before; it’s a warm, chestnut brown, styled so that his fringe is pushed back and flopping to the sides where it’s just that little bit too long, forehead fully exposed, his eyes twinkling with amusement at the dumbfounded expression he reads on your face.

“Are we ready to go?” he asks as he reaches the bottom, Yoongi and Jin rising from the steps on which they’re sat to let him pass. Namjoon’s gaze travels the length of you up and down as Hobi confirms that you are, following his arrival, and just as you’re starting to feel your cheeks begin to blush Namjoon turns his eyes to Sam, a warm smile spreading across his face. “Happy Birthday Samantha.” His voice is warm, molten honey when he addresses her, and you know you don’t imagine the way she nervously swallows, hand fluttering to her chest. “You look stunning.”

“T-thank you,” she replies with a faltering smile, completely overcome with the sight of him, and honestly you can’t say you blame her; you haven’t been able to drag your eyes off of him since the moment he appeared. Hobi, thankfully, seems more or less oblivious to the pink flush that’s
suddenly blossomed under her tan, but when you finally manage to look away you realise you’ve had no such luck.

Jin’s been watching you closely since Namjoon appeared, though surprisingly enough he doesn’t seem to have gotten annoyed by your blatant appreciation of the other male. He doesn’t look anything, really, which although unexpected is a little bit of a relief.

“We’ll head out first,” Hobi announces, slinging Sam’s handbag over his shoulder. Strangely enough, it doesn’t actually look that out of place.

“We’ll hop in with you guys,” Taehyung chirps up, glancing at Jungkook who nods in response, uncrossing his arms and passing his palms over his shirt to straighten it out.

“Ok, see you in a little while,” Jin agrees, and at that everyone says their goodbyes and it’s just the five of you that remain in the entrance hall. You feel a hand in the small of your back and when you twist your head you realise that it’s Yoongi who’s snuck up behind you, fingertips circling your skin through the silk of your dress as he comes to stand at your side.

“Aren’t we going yet?” you ask, puzzled as to why you’re all still stood there looking at one another and not following on behind.

“It’s best if we space out ourselves out a little,” Jin explains smoothly, leaning back against the bannister, one large foot resting on the bottom post, “We tend to call too much attention to ourselves if we arrive anywhere all at once.”

“I can imagine why,” you reply without thinking and when Jin’s smile begins to widen you quickly add, “I mean, Jin alone must turn some heads.” Jin titters good-naturedly at your joke whilst Yoongi chuckles softly, a somewhat weak smile appearing all too briefly on Jin’s face.

You hope he’s ok; Jin really hasn’t seemed quite like himself lately and you can’t seem to put your finger on why.

“We won’t have to wait long - just ten minutes or so,” Jin assures you, shaking his bangs out of his eyes as he sits on the steps, spreading his legs, “Come sit, kitten, tell us all about your day.” He extends a ringed hand to you again, gently pulling you the space he’s allotted for you to sit on the step below him with a sweet smile. You can feel Jin’s eyes on you as your bottom meets the carpeted stairs, and you unconsciously tug on the hem of your dress in an attempt to restrict the amount of thigh on show. Not that it does much good; the hem is so tight that it’s more or less a fruitless effort, and you silently curse Sam for convincing you to buy an outfit quite so risque. “We missed you.”

“I missed you too,” you naturally reply, your gaze shifting seamlessly from Jin’s face to Yoongi’s whilst Namjoon draws his own eyes away, a tick in his jaw.

Sam and Hobi are already burning up the dancefloor by the time your party of five arrives, their arms draped all over one another as they move in perfect sync, smiles on both of their faces and completely oblivious to anyone else around them. Taehyung and Jungkook aren’t with them, but it doesn’t take long for you to spot them stood huddled together at the bar, tall glasses in their hands, taking it in turns to speak directly into the other’s ear in order to be heard over the rhythm and bass that’s thumping out of the speakers.

Much like Jin had done when you’d first laid eyes on him the two vampires at the bar seem to
almost repel the crowd around them, setting them apart from the rabble on either side, and it’s with a protective arm around your waist that Jimin leads the way towards them, crowd effortlessly parting to allow you through. You can feel Yoongi trailing close behind the two of you, and you try your to push back the worry that’s creeping into your mind about how he’s supposed to manage with all these people pressing around him and all this incessant noise. You can only hope he’ll say something if it gets too much rather than just suffer on in silence - it’s not as though you’ve ever minded an excuse to go home early.

“Not wasting any time, are you?” Jimin laughs as you reach the bar, directing his comment to Jungkook who has a drink clutched in each of his hands, a straw inserted in each alternate corner of his mouth, his eyes wide as he drains both glasses with slow, steady gulps. Jimin appears to be right; the two boys are already stood next to a host of empty glasses that haven’t yet been cleared away and they’ve only been here half an hour, tops.

“I thought you guys could only drink-” You stop yourself, glancing around before continuing with a lame, “-Y’know.” You’d presumed it was just Namjoon who could tolerate alcohol, given that he’s the only one you’ve ever seen consuming anything other than blood in the whole time in which you’ve known them.

“Fortunately not,” Yoongi replies as he slips onto a stool at Jungkook’s side, his voice raised above the music. You can’t help but take note of the way his eyes are glancing around, from one group of people to the next, his mouth set in a grim line as he steals Taehyung’s drink straight out of his hand.

“Just gives us a bit of a nasty hangover,” Jimin smiles, erasing the worried frown from your face with a pass of his thumb across your cheek.

“You and me both.”

Your eyes are drawn to Namjoon when you see him lean over the bar in your peripheral vision, his long arm extended in the air to gain over the attention of the nearest barmaid, beckoning her over with a curl of his finger and a charming smile. Of course, she attends to him right away, taking his order with a blush that’s apparent even in the semi-darkness, and as she rushes off to fetch his drink Namjoon takes requests from the rest of the group, turning to you last.

Namjoon reaches for you, placing the flat of his hand against your shoulder blade to draw you effortlessly towards him. The business of the bar gives him the perfect excuse to keep you pressed close to his side, your body burning where it lies in contact with his, and as you try to calm the wild fluttering of your pulse you feel Namjoon’s hand shift to rest low in the small of your back, just above the curve of your rear.

“What do you want, little one?” he asks silkily, his lusciously thick lips hovering barely an inch away from your ear.

Now there’s a question; one that’s far too difficult for you to answer when you’re stood so close to him, the scent of his heady aftershave clouding your senses.

“I’ll... uh... I-“ Namjoon’s breathy chuckle cuts you short, his cold breath leaving goosebumps in its wake as it brushes over your skin.

“You sound like you need some help figuring it out,” he murmurs quietly, his hand creeping onto
your hip and squeezing subtly, fingers sliding against the silk, and you feel your insides tense at how intimate it feels to have his arm coiled so tightly around your waist.

Glancing down the bar towards Jimin, you’re relieved to see he’s still deeply absorbed in conversation with Jin, the crease of a frown between his eyebrows. Better that than he be aware of yours and Namjoon’s excruciatingly close proximity.

A drink appears on the bar in front of you - a tall glass of coke and something by the looks of it - and as Namjoon presses notes into the barmaid’s open palm, without even looking at her, you can tell she’s less than impressed by his sudden inattention. She appraises you with a decidedly envious gleam in her eyes before moving on to the next customer, and you can’t help but think you’ve done her a favour. Namjoon would probably eat her alive if he got his hands on her - quite literally.

You’re glad of the refreshingly cold condensation that drips over your fingers when you pick up your drink. It’s a well-needed reprieve from the stifling warmth of the club that comes from too many bodies moving as one, and from the inevitable rise in your body temperature that you encounter whenever Namjoon is staring at you as he is now; hungrily, lustfully, and completely unashamed of showing it.

Stooping your neck forward to take a sip from your straw, you feel him lean in even closer.

“You look good enough to eat tonight, little one,” he purrs into your ear, and at hearing the feral timbre of his words you promptly proceed to choke on your drink, coughing and spluttering and very narrowly avoiding it coming out of your nose. Thankfully in all the commotion Namjoon removes his hand from your side, retrieving you a napkin from the bar which you then promptly press to your mouth just in time for Jimin to come to your aid, concerned.

“Are you alright?” You nod, coughing once again and probably smudging your lipstick in the process.

“Fine,” you croak out, his hand rubbing soothingly at your back, and once you’re sure the coughing fit has passed you dab at the corner of your lips, embarrassed now that you realised they’ve all turned to look at you and witnessed your red-faced spluttering.

“Not much of a drinker, huh?” Jungkook teases, smirking all the more when you glare over at him. It’s convenient that you can use the strength of the drink Namjoon bought you as an excuse - and it is strong - but you’re fairly sure you would’ve choked on something regardless of whether or not you’d had your mouthful at the time.

“Keep laughing it up Jungkook; we’ll see who’s feeling it in the morning,” you counter and he laughs shortly, knocking back another drink in total disregard of tomorrow’s consequences.

Vampires must have a better tolerance for alcohol than humans; if you were to consume even half the amount Jungkook and Taehyung have you’d probably be on the floor by now. That, or getting your stomach pumped.

“Ah, I love this song!” Tae suddenly declares as a new track comes on, his fists rising to quiver with excitement in front of his chest, eyebrows disappearing behind his bangs. He turns to you and Jimin with his sweet, square grin. “Come dance? I don’t want to be up there alone with those two. ” You follow the nod of his head to see Hobi and Sam dancing together even more lewdly than they were before, one of his thighs placed between her legs as she rolls against him, and you turn back to him with an exaggerated sigh, lifting your drink.

“I’ll need to have a few more of these before you get me anywhere near that dance floor,” you say
regretfully - although not really feeling that regretful about it at all. “You go, though, if you want,” you add, giving Jimin a smile and a nudge with your hip.

“You sure?” he checks needlessly, his palm still sliding up and down the length of your spine, and once again you smile, nodding your head.

“I’ll keep Yoongi company.” Looking over at the black-haired vampire sat nearby you reckon he looks as though he could do with a reassuring word or two; his shoulders are tightly bunched under his jacket, one leg crossed tightly over the other, foot tapping restlessly again the stool leg.

Jimin smiles gratefully, sliding his hand up to cup the back of your neck to draw you into a fleeting kiss that tastes of the sweet spirit he’s been drinking, and as he and Tae head towards the dance floor they grab a hold of Jungkook and drag him along despite much furious protest on his part.

“Not a dancer?” you ask Yoongi as you sidle up beside him, noting Namjoon’s position. He’s leant himself back against the bar at Jin’s side as the two of them converse, slowly supping at the drink held within his large hand.

“I can dance,” he replies quickly, looking up at you with a hint of defiance, “I just choose not to.” You smile wryly at his retort; that’s so typical of Yoongi.

“That’s a shame.” You take a sip of your drink, wincing slightly. The barmaid must’ve been a little generous with her pouring when she’d presumed the drink was for Namjoon rather than you; you swear this thing is more alcohol than mixer. “I was looking forward to seeing your moves.” Yoongi smirks, chuckling over the rim of his glass.

“You see plenty.”

“True.” A beat passes as you regard each other with soft affection, his dark eyes gazing up into your own, and after a moment more you feel Yoongi’s arm slide around your waist to pull you closer, allowing him to rest his head against you, the pale of his cheek a harsh contrast to the dark fabric of you dress. It’s a surprising move on his part but welcome nonetheless. You hadn’t expected him to allow himself to appear so openly vulnerable in front his peers, but perhaps him seeking out solace in the warmth of your stomach speaks for itself.

Threading your fingers gently through his black locks, you’re equally as surprised by the feeling of protectiveness Yoongi’s fragility brings out in you. Vampire or not, you know you’d fight to your last breath if it meant keeping him safe and happy, and as you look out across the floor towards the dancing, prancing bodies of your friends and your lovers, you know you’d do the same for them, too.

“I’m glad you’re here, Yoongi.”

Chapter End Notes

Also, can I just say how overwhelmed I am that this has broken the 50,000 hits mark and has now gotten over 200 bookmarks? Like, whoa.

Thank you guys. I know it's a long ride but I still hope you're enjoying it <3 <3
Fourth drink of the night in hand, you tap Jin smartly on the shoulder. He’s been absorbed in his phone all night so far, a long way away in spirit from the life and soul of the party that he usually is, and it’s starting to worry you more and more.

“What’s up, handsome?” You smile when he startles at your touch, promptly locking his phone and tucking it away in the inner pocket of his jacket when he realises you’re stood as close as you are, the tops of your thighs pressing into the side of his.

You’re not very adept at judging personal space when you’re tipsy - that much you’re willing to admit.

“Ah, nothing, sweetheart,” he soothes smoothly, painting his face with a smile so convincing that if you hadn’t have witnessed his strange behaviour over the past couple of days you’d almost believe it. He swivels on his stool and turns his knees to face you, a drink resting on his thighs and clasped between both his hands. “Why do you look so worried?” Jin’s head cocks to the side as he mirrors your frown, the creases in his forehead deepening when you sigh forlornly.

“You haven’t seemed yourself lately, Jinnie.” His broad chest rises and falls briefly with a heavier breath, his eyes glancing off to the side for just a second. “I haven’t heard a good quality pun in days - I’m starting to get the shakes.” Despite whatever’s worrying him Jin manages a smile at that at least, and it fills you with happiness to recognise it as a genuine one.

“I’ll be back on top form soon, I promise,” Jin assures you, pausing to take a sip from his drink; a tumbler full of what smells suspiciously like some sort of sweet rum and very little else. You’d hoped he would divulge what’s on his mind now that you’ve approached him about it, but in the silence that follows you soon realise that that’s not about to happen.

Unthinkingly you step forward into the small space between his thighs, forcing them to part further. You miss the way Jin blinks, taken by surprise, too busy focusing on trying to assuage whatever might be bothering him to realise that this is the closest the two of you have ever been - save that one, accidental kiss, of course.

“You know that you can always talk to me, don’t you?” you ask, worrying the corner of your lip with your teeth and Jin immediately nods, leaning back slightly as you come even closer, “I mean it, Jinnie, about anything, ok?”
“O-ok.” The weight of you throwing your arms around Jin almost knocks him clean off his stool, wobbling dangerously as he clenches his drink between his thighs so he can release his hands and hug you back whilst simultaneously trying to steady the both of you. Your fingers are wet from where the amaretto in your glass has slopped over the sides, but you don’t care. It’s comfortable here, with your face pressed into Jin’s expansive shoulder, his large hands patting your back as if he doesn’t quite know where to place them.

“I really care about you, y’know?” you murmur into his neck, eyes closing, “About all of you.”

“Maybe I should get you some water,” Jin laughs softly, gently petting the back of your hair before removing you from his arms ever so slowly, standing you up straight with an affectionate smile.

“I’m fine,” you dismiss with a wave of your hand. Yes, you may very well be tipsy but you’re not reaching vomit-inducing levels just yet, and frankly, you rather enjoy this stage in between where your tongue is just that little bit looser than it normally is. “Honestly, I might just go dance a while and sweat it out.” Well, there’s an attractive image.

Jin laughs at you once more, shaking his head indulgently as though you’re some wayward child he thinks too fondly of.

“You’re definitely due some water if you’re actually considering joining those lot.” He juts his chin towards the dancefloor where the five of them are tearing up the place, still going strong even though more than an hour has passed since they went out there.

Hobi is clearly the ringleader; he’ll bust out a move and seconds later the other will usually try to copy it with varying levels of success, and even when it’s contending with the music you can still hear the raucous laughter coming from the group with each spectacular failure that occurs.

“Are you two really not going to dance at all?” you ask, addressing the question to Namjoon too now that he’s returned from wherever he’d momentarily disappeared to, leaning himself on the bar behind Jin and watching you with thinly-veiled amusement.

“It’ll only get competitive if we do,” Namjoon smirks, chuckling at the obstinate expression that appears on Jin’s face as he whirls round in his stool to face him.

“What competition?! I’ve always been a better dancer than you!” Namjoon laughs again, louder this time, his head tilting backwards gleefully, cheeks dimpling deep.

“Is that so, hyung?”

“You’re both awful,” Yoongi calls from where he's sat nursing his drink a couple of meters away. You always forget how well attuned their senses are compared to yours, and now it’s been brought to your attention you can't help but wonder what Yoongi must’ve made of your drunken rambling just a minute ago.

“He doesn’t know what he’s talking about.” Namjoon takes a dismissive sip of his drink, the chunky silver ring on his index finger tapping against the glass, and as Jin continues to rant and rave something about ‘character deformation’ you stand and stare at Namjoon, the blase attitude you’ve inherited thanks to the alcohol in your system rendering you unconcerned as to whether he might notice.

No matter how hard you might try, you just cannot picture Namjoon dancing. His arms and legs look too long to move with any kind of meaningful coordination, though he can fight well enough - so perhaps you might be mistaken. He can fuck, too; that much you know.
“Someone say something about dancing?” Sam’s timely arrival at your side proves invaluable, intercepting the dangerous route your eyes had been taking as they’d descended from the shallow dip the base of his throat to just below his belt, the memory of his lithe, naked body at the forefront of your mind.

Namjoon’s right; you do want him, and that desire is becoming more intense and more difficult to ignore by the day.

“Sure, why not!” You force a grin onto your face and place what little remains of your drink back on the bar, not missing the way Namjoon is watching your every move, your eyes meeting briefly before Sam whisks you away with an excited whoop, leaving the rest of the group behind.

It’s not very often she actually manages to get you up on your feet, so you can forgive her for the over-enthusiastic way that she drags you through the crowd, pulling you along with no regard for the poor people whose arms and shoulders you knock into. You call apologies behind you, but honestly you’re not sure they hear over the house track that’s getting progressively louder with every step you take closer to the dance floor.

It’s slightly sticky underfoot when you get there, and you find yourself hoping that you won’t inadvertently lose a shoe as Sam leads you into a small open space right in the middle of the floor, smoke swirling around your ankles from where it’s pouring from machines affixed to the ceiling. The eyes of several men follow the movement of your best friend’s hips as she begins to move, yet she’s totally oblivious to them, too caught up in the music to pay any mind, her one arm extended into the air and the other wrapped around you, coaxing you to sway along.

You hope one day you might look as at home as Sam does amongst a crowd. She looks so happy, so free as her raven hair whips across her face, eyes closed and singing along at the top of her lungs to almost each and every song, every move that she makes completely on beat, completely in time. This is Sam’s church, right here amongst the strobe lights, and it’s a pleasure to watch her at worship.

For the most part you manage not to make a total fool of yourself. You’d learnt a long time ago to simply mimic Sam’s moves, and though it might be a poor man’s imitation it still serves you fairly well as one song morphs into the next, to form one long, relentless beat. All too soon you can feel the hairs at the back of neck dampening with sweat, slightly out of breath from trying so hard to keep up, and yet you can’t wipe the smile from your face.

You wish you could bottle up this feeling and keep it forever, this happiness with which you’re brimming over. You grab a hold of Sam’s hand and spin her on the spot, smiling as she shrieks with laughter, and as she spins you back you close your eyes and try your hardest to memorise every moment, laughing too when you collapse in her arms.

Head swimming, you hold onto her for support.

“You ok sweetie?” She beams down at you as you peep open your eyes from where you’re rested on her shoulder and as you straighten up you grin back, enthusiastically nodding your head.

“I’m great!” you shout over the music, backing away from her and then rebounding back when you bump into someone behind you with a ‘whoops!’ Sam grabs a hold of your hands, pulling you closer again with an amused shake of her head.

“So I can see!” You smile sheepishly, shrugging your shoulders as you link your fingers together, two-stepping from foot to foot, and when the fast-paced track suddenly slows into an r&b song with low, rolling bass beat, Sam draws you against her with a devilish wink.
“What’re you up to Sammy?” you giggle as she brings your pelvis into contact with hers, rolling against you, hands slipping from yours to firmly grip your hips.

“You just work with me,” she says directly into your ear, her hair tickling as it brushes your exposed shoulder, “They’ll love it.”

By ‘they’ you presume Sam means the men that you came with rather than the one around you that are already beginning to stare, and sure enough when you peek around her you see that her assumption was indeed correct. Every pair of eyes belonging to the vampires stood around the bar are now fixed on the two of you, and from afar you can clearly make out a particularly wicked smile appear on Hobi’s face as you begin to play along, looping your arms around Sam’s neck and grinding back against her, too.

“Are they looking?” Sam’s whisper makes you shudder; you’re not used to the feel of warm breath on your neck, as pleasant as it may be.

“They’re dribbling,” you affirm and Sam laughs, one of her hands leaving your hips to snake upward into her hair, ebony strands twisting around her fingers as her body winds from side to side, her hip bones brushing your stomach.

Your eyes meet Jimin’s from across the room and he smirks the instant he realises that you’re watching their reactions, his pale skin flawless under the flashing lights. Slow and purposefully, you slide your hands down the length of Sam’s spine until they reach where the back of her dress begins - almost onto her ass but not quite - and when you smile daringly back at him Jimin leans over toward where Yoongi’s sat, his hand coming to rest at the back elder boy’s neck as says something that makes the other nod. It’s a shame that Yoongi is too shrouded in the shadows of the others to properly read his expression; is he enjoying the show you’re putting on too?

Namjoon approaches Jimin and places a hand on his shoulder, his eyes never leaving yours even as he begins to speak. They’re talking about you - you can feel it - and you wind your body against Sam’s in hopes of encouraging whatever dialogue they’re having, arching your back and tilting your head to expose your neck, knowing all too well what it’ll do to the both of them.

Namjoon has to pause and wet his lips before he can continue, and when you smile mischievously at him he smiles right back around the words he’s saying, Jimin looking back at him and nodding along.

Suddenly Sam laughs, and the fluttering movement of her chest against you draws your attention back to her ever-smiling face. She’s not looking at you, though, she’s looking over your shoulder, and when another pair of hands grab a hold of your hips and spin you in her grasp, you realise why.

“Can I cut in?” Hobi is stood directly in front of you, smiling so broadly that the tips of his fangs are almost visible, and when you fail to say anything, startled by his close proximity, he comes even nearer. Closing the space between your bodies with a playful tilt of his head, his hands leave your hips to rest on Sam’s, hers coming to rest on your waist, her chest meeting your back as Hobi’s meets your front.

You’re sandwiched between them, and they each seem to find it highly amusing.

“Don’t go stopping now, beautiful, not on my account.” At her boyfriend’s words of encouragement and his light tugging on her hips Sam begins to dance once more, laughing tunefully. She rolls her pelvis into you from behind whilst Hobi does the same to the front, moving so in sync with one another that it’s almost as though you’re not there, and you, for the most part, just try not to look too shocked at the sudden feel of Hobi’s crotch grinding into yours.
“He can really dance, huh?” Sam’s nose brushes the shell of your ear as she speaks, ends of her hair trailing the back of your neck.

“Y-yeah,” you stutter back, eyes glancing down to Hobi’s mouth to see the point of his tongue caught between his smiling teeth, “He really can.”

Momentarily letting go of Sam, Hobi finds takes a hold of your hands where they'd been clasped nervously between your bodies and settles them around his neck so you’re holding onto him, and as his own come to rest on top of Sam’s where they linger at your hips you link your fingers at the base of his neck with a shy smile, letting their movements guide you.

The last time you and Hobi were this close he was very nearly about to feed on you, and as the memory of that moment enters your mind it makes your pulse start to creep upwards, your cheeks flushing with embarrassment at the way Hobi chuckles having heard it. You swear the next roll of his hips is a little harder, a little more insistent, and as the two of them start to rock you back and forth between their pelvises your blush only starts to burn hotter, your eyes darting down to where you and Hobi are temporarily joined at the waist.

Does Sam not mind him dancing this way with you? It would seem not - not if the way she reaches past you to tug him even closer by the front of his shirt is anything to go by. You can’t say you’d be so accepting of Jimin if he were to dance with Sam this way, or Yoongi for that matter. In fact, is this not bothering either of them?

You glance to the side, back to the bar, and you’re surprised to find that Jimin is barely even paying attention to what you’re up to. He’s deep in conversation with Namjoon, pausing to drink deep from his glass, and once he’s slammed it back down on the bar Namjoon slaps him hard on the back, smiling from ear to ear.

What the hell is that about?

Your eyes search for Yoongi but he’s no longer sat where he was before. Where did he-?

“Relax.” Your focus snaps back to Hobi and the rhythmic gyrating of his hips with a start, and at the sight of your wide eyes his crocodile smile grows. “He won’t mind.” Your head nods dumbly in agreement, completely caught off guard by the lustful, hungry look in Hobi’s eyes that awaits you.

“Sam doesn’t mind.” He leans in a little closer and you reflexively hold your breath, unable to lean away because of Sam right there at your back.

“Hob-” you start, voice high-pitched with alarm but Hobi cuts you off, speaking directly into your ear.

“Jimin likes to watch, right?” How does he know about that? Sure, he’d seen those text messages to Taehyung that one time but… “Why don’t we give him something worth watching?” He pulls back just enough to gauge your reaction, the smirk on his face almost a dare in of itself, and you’re about to go along with his suggestion until another shift of Hobi’s hips calls your attention to a growing hardness pressing into you that most definitely wasn’t there a minute ago.

A flash of electric like lightning flashes down your spine when you feel it, dissipating in your pelvis and leaving behind a throb of arousal, a little gasp leaving your lips as Hobi makes the same movement again, grinding himself into you with a salacious smile, and honestly if it weren’t for Sam stood right behind you, you’d already be pushing right back. But she is, and you’re very almost drunk and so is she, and this is all too sudden and all a bit too much.

You start to pull away but Sam’s firm grip on your hips pulls you back before you can get too far.
“I really don’t mind,” she tells you, biting her bottom lip as she looks from you to Hobi and then down, directly at the bulge in his pants. Her face is illuminated bright pink as the lights pass over your little threesome, and you’re taken aback by the flush of blood you can see colouring her cheeks and chest, the light covering of shining sweat on her brow. Your friend looks gorgeous - almost as ethereal as the vampire at her side - but then, she always has.

When she tugs you towards the two of them, you don’t resist. Slotting back into place and starting to dance in earnest, Hobi has one hand on your hip and the other pushing back your hair from your face, his eyes locked on yours from above. Sam’s curvaceous hips sway behind you, her fingers looped through Hobi’s belt loops to pull his pelvis into yours, and it’s a slow, dirty grind that the three of you fall into as your bodies move as one.

“I should’ve guessed you’d be able to move like this,” Hobi grins through slightly narrowed eyes, the corner of his mouth still lifted into a smirk, “You must be a really good fuck to have the whole house trying to get in your pants.”

“Hose- oh-” Your shocked exclamation is cut short by the sudden slotting of Hobi’s thigh between your legs, and it’s a wonder you don’t burst into flames from the combination of his muscle flexing against your core and the crassness that’d passed his lips. You hear Sam giggle behind you, and at that the two of them start a synchronized rocking back and forth in time to the beat, trapping you between their pelvises, at the mercy of them both.

A bead of perspiration slides down your neck under Hobi’s watchful eyes, and as it disappears between your cleavage he wets his bottom lip with a slow extension of his tongue. When his eyes meet yours again you swear the whole club has risen several degrees in temperature, and you’re sure it’s only thanks to Hobi’s unnaturally cool body against yours that you’re not sweating even more, drenched from head to toe. Sam behind you certainly feels as though she’s burning.

“Enjoying yourself, beautiful?” Hobi whispers into your ear, voice pitched low into a near-growl as Sam’s forward motion rocks you against his thigh, hitching your breath. “I think you are.” He hums thoughtfully, one hand leaving your hip to cradle your jaw as his nose nudges the alternate side before slipping away again, travelling the length of your arm from shoulder to wrist where it hangs from around his neck. You tremble under his wandering fingertips, closing your eyes as his lips skim across your throat, not enough to touch but so very close. “You smell almost as delicious as Sam does.”

You’d be naive to think that Hobi is referring to your perfume - you know as well as he does that your underwear is starting to glide slickly against your folds with each and every rock of your hips - and it’s with a gasping whimper on your part that Hobi’s smiling lips finally press against your skin. He lets them linger there, tip of his tongue sampling the flavour of perspiration, his hand that remains on your hip gripping down hard and dragging you ever more insistently against his thigh.

“What a shame that I won’t get to have a real taste of you.” What a shame indeed.

Head swimming with a potent mixture of alcohol and lust, you let your forehead drop to rest against Hobi’s chest, giving in to sinful yearning deep in your gut and grinding back against the two of them in turn, quiet, needful whines tumbling from your parted lips. Your fingers twist themselves into the back of Hobi’s hair, fingernails dragging through the roots, his erection becoming more and more prominent where it rests weighty against your stomach, aching for you.

“If you could manage not to go fucking my mate in front of a room full of people, hyung, I’d appreciate it.” Your head sharply snaps up off of Hobi’s chest, your body jerking to a stop when you see Jimin stood beside the three of you, completely still amongst the moving bodies that surround him. Jimin’s lips twitch with amusement when he witnesses your shock and the relief that
follows on realising he’s not mad at you, merely teasing.

He passes a hand through his hair before offering it to you, tilting his head.

“Not all of us share your love of exhibitionism.” Linking your fingers, you allow Jimin to pull you free and into his arms, chest crashing into his.

“Hi daddy,” you greet sweetly, a silly, tipsy smile on your face, and Jimin smiles permissively down at you, tucking a strand of wayward hair behind your ear.

“I don’t know, Jimin -ssi - she seemed to be liking it just fine,” Hobi grins, directing a wink towards you as Sam occupies the space you just left and loops her arms around her boyfriend’s neck, pulling him into a brazen kiss before he can say anything more. Jimin looks back at you and settles both of his arms around your waist, his hands resting in the small of your back.

“Is that right, hm?” You smile playfully, bottom lip caught between your teeth as Jimin coaxes you into dancing with him, too. The motion of his body as it rolls against yours is even smoother than Hobi’s had been, and soon you’re biting your lip for a whole other reason.

“I might’ve enjoyed knowing you were watching,” you coyly admit, fingering the lapels of his jacket as Jimin’s hands slip lower and onto your ass, squeezing a generous cheek in each palm.

“Oh, it wasn’t just me, kitten.” Jimin leans down to place his forehead against yours, his face dark now it’s tipped away from the lights, eyes shrouded in shadow. “You’re getting a little too good at playing the temptress.”

“Am I?” You gigglesoftly, tilting your face just enough to ghost your lips over his soft, plushy ones, sighing an exaggerated exhale as you pull them away. You’d intended to live up to the title he’s just bestowed on you - attempting to taunt and tease - but Jimin’s having none of it.

He holds the back of your head in both hands as he crashes his mouth into yours, keeping you fixed against him, fingers tangled in your hair so you’re unable to escape the tongue that’s slipping past your open, gasping lips. Jimin’s kiss threatens to consume you, so passionate that it has you keening against and grabbing onto his shirt, unconcerned at the looks you must surely be drawing from the other clubgoers around you. In fact, knowing that people might be looking, might be watching Jimin claim you, only makes you kiss him back harder, nipping at his bottom lip.

Maybe Hobi is right; maybe you do like a little bit of exhibitionism.

“What was that about—” You have to pause to catch your breath as Jimin’s mouth slinks away to trace the angle of your jaw. “—About not fucking me in front of a room full of people?” Jimin laughs throatily, cold breath tickling its way down your neck as his fingers do the same down your back.

The arousal you’d felt whilst dancing with Hobi and Sam is reaching new heights now that you’re in Jimin’s arms, the throbbing of your core so intense that you can feel it like a heartbeat, and if you’re very not careful you really might start asking him to take you right here, sticky floor be damned.

“W-we might get thrown out before we get very far.”

“Ah, you’re probably right,” Jimin agrees reluctantly from where his face is pressed into the crook of your neck. He releases some of the tension that’d been holding you so tightly to him and places one last lingering kiss against your throat before pulling away, proceeding to tease you with the fleeting image of his tongue pressing to the pointed tip of his canine when he smiles. God, that shouldn’t affect you the way it does. “Let’s get you something to drink, you’re looking a little thirsty.”
No shit.

A willing subject, you allow Jimin to guide you back towards the bar whilst Sam and Hobi remain behind with their tongues deep in each other's mouths, clearly much less concerned with the concept of public indecency than the two of you. When you rejoin the rest of the group there are a whole host of amused smiles and suggestive comments waiting for you, and though mildly embarrassing to have them all look at you so once it's over and done, you can't deny the way it secretly thrills you, too. Even Jin seems to be looking a little differently at you than normal, his eyes lingering on you just a little too long before he catches himself and looks away, back down at his phone.

It’s only Namjoon that appears to be paying you no attention, staring down into the drink that he’s gently swirling inside his glass.

“Nice moves, Jagi,” Taehyung grins as he passes the remainder of his drink into your hands to finish. With a parting press of his lips to your temple Jimin leaves your side to rejoin Namjoon at the bar, patting his leader on the back as he slouches down next to him and then raising his hand in the air to call the barmaid's attention. You hope he has the common sense to make it non-alcoholic.

“I didn’t know you could dance like that.” You glance at Jungkook over the rim of Tae’s glass and you’re pleased by the way his pupils dilate with desire when your eyes meet.

“Neither did I,” you admit, laughing and playfully nudging the youngest vampire in the ribs when he swallows heavily, touching his hair.

You really must arrange another opportunity for Jungkook to practice tapping into the more dominant, forceful side of his personality again. It'd be a shame if he were to become all meek and mild around you again, as sweet as it is to witness.

“Where’s Yoongi?” you ask abruptly when you suddenly notice his continuing absence among the group. Taehyung’s brow furrows at the worry he can hear in your voice, his warm brown eyes darting up and down the length of the bar as Jungkook’s do the same, head swivelling to scan the crowd.

“He said he was going outside a little while ago.” You worry your lip, a bad feeling settling in the pit of your stomach and clenching it tight the longer you look and see neither hide nor hair of him. “Said he needed some air.” Jungkook’s tongue presses to the inside of his cheek as he frowns, your anxiety catching.

He has to have been gone at least twenty minutes or so. Granted, that isn’t exactly a lot of time, but knowing Yoongi as you do - knowing how anxious this kind of setting can make him - it alarms you far more than it would if it were any of the others that'd gone wandering off.

“Where are you going?” Tae calls after you, stopping you mid-stride as you turn and head towards the doors that lead out to the rear of the club.

“I’m just gonna go take a look outside, see if I can find him.” You can see the way Taehyung visibly hesitates, glancing back at Jimin who’s otherwise occupied at the bar, seemingly reluctant to let you go. “I won’t be long, promise.”

“Come straight back, ok?” he tells you, slowly releasing the hold he’d taken of your hand, and it warms your heart to hear the protective edge to his words. You smile reassuringly at him before turning away once again, weaving your way through the various men and women that block your path, some of whom are more responsive to your shouted ‘excuse me’s’ than others.
You narrowly miss getting covered from head to toe in beer just before arriving at the exit, and you shoot a glare at the careless man who’d very nearly thrown it all over you in his quest to get a better look down the front of your dress. He doesn’t even have the decency to look ashamed as you shove him back, far too drunk to really care, and it’s with gratitude that you leave his disgusting body odour behind and step out into the fresh, crisp night air.

It’s so cold now that every inch of your exposed skin is immediately covered in goose pimples from the moment you step out of the door, and it’s with your arms huddled around you and your breath misting on exhale that you quickly yet carefully survey your surroundings, searching for Yoongi’s familiar form.

There’s certainly plenty of people to look at - the club seems to be making good trade, jammed full even more so than usual for a Saturday night - and for a second you almost mistake a similarly slim boy with jet black hair for the object of your affections, making your way halfway across patio towards him when he suddenly turns around and you realise he looks absolutely nothing like your precious Yoongi.

Where could he be?

You’re starting to panic now, the tipsiness you’d been enjoying long gone as you scan the crowd again just in case you’d missed him but once again coming up empty-handed. At a complete loss as to what to do next, you decide to return inside before your fingers have the chance to freeze, intending to head back to Jimin to seek out his help but becoming waylaid when a commotion to your right-hand side grabs your attention.

There’s a large man stood outside the club’s one and only disabled toilet, and it’s with a red face and spit flying from his mouth that he’s hammering on the door and yelling at the top of his lungs. “Get the fuck out here you rat bastard and try saying that again to my face!”

Immediately, you make towards the scene, roughly pushing your way through the crowd of gawping spectators who seem to be doing nothing but spurring him on. It must be Yoongi hiding away in there, locked inside - your gut tells you so - and it’s that belief that makes you act as boldly as you do now, approaching the enraged man without any consideration of your own safety.

“Hey!” you shout as you reach his side, your heart thumping wildly in your chest and a fierce glare on your face. “Back off!”

The tall stranger discontinues his barrage of abuse against the door to round on you from his far greater height and the too-small eyes that inhabit his too-large face narrow at you as he smirks, looking you up and down from head to toe.

“And who the fuck are you?” he slurs, unimpressed by the stubbornness by which you hold his eye contact regardless of the way your knees are quaking. “Don’t tell me that skinny little shit in there is your boyfriend?” Grinding your teeth, you feel your temper flare at the derogatory tone with which he speaks about Yoongi, your palms itching with the want to slap square in the face.

“What if he is?”

“Fuck, then I feel sorry for you.” The man laughs derisively, brushing back black hair that’s greying at the roots as his eyes once again pass you over. Abruptly he changes tack, stepping towards you with a slow lick of his lips that makes your stomach turn. “How about I show what a real man feels like, huh?”
It’s with a look of horror that you come to realise that he’s reaching towards you meaning to grab a hold of your arm, leering down at you, and with your sluggish reactions you’re slow to even begin stepping out of his range and out of harm’s way. In fact, if it wasn’t for a similarly large hand grabbing a hold of the man’s forearm and yanking it away, you’d probably already be already halfway into his arms.

“I don’t think you want to do that,” Namjoon growls from the protective stance he’s taken in directly in front of you, shielding you so completely that the man can’t even see you anymore, let alone touch you.

Namjoon’s presence is completely domineering. Though the two men are more or less equal in height Namjoon seems to completely dwarf him, even with his slighter frame, and you find yourself feeling thankful that from where you’re stood you can’t see his face; by the fearful look in the other’s eyes you can all too easily imagine how much of a terrifying visage he must be.

“If you try to touch her again, you will lose your arm.” Namjoon’s words make you shudder, the low timbre of his voice rumbling through your core, and it’s with a sense of satisfaction that you watch as the man stood opposite you visible swallows, his eyes darting nervously at the onlookers surrounding you. “Do I make myself clear?”

Snatching his arm back, the man sneers. His aggression is lacking in conviction, though; you can tell from the change in his stance and his inability to hold Namjoon’s gaze.

“Whatever, man.” At that, the creep walks away, throwing a series of dirty looks back in your direction as he goes.

You hadn’t realised how badly you were shaking until he disappears amongst the rapidly dispersing crowd, and by the time Namjoon turns around to face you your hands are visibly trembling at your sides, your teeth threatening to chatter inside your mouth.

“Thank you.”

“You should really be more careful,” he tells you gently, scooping up your hands into his and stepping closer to you, concern softening the usual steeliness of his eyes, “What would’ve you have done if one of us hadn’t of been here?”

“I would’ve managed, I’m a big girl.” Namjoon chuckles at your obstinance, releasing one of your hands to brush his index finger down the curve of your nose, tapping the tip.

“Of course you are, little one.” It’s funny how his little nickname for you that’d once sounded derogatory has turned into a term of endearment that makes your stomach flip-flop pleasantly every time you hear it. Ignoring the conflicting emotions that are raging like wildfire inside of you, you reluctantly withdraw your hands from Namjoon’s grasp, turning towards the toilet door and the task at hand.

“I think Yoongi’s inside,” you inform Namjoon when you notice his questioning look before then raising your fist and knocking firmly on the solid wood, calling Yoongi’s name. “Yoongi, it’s me,” you add after a few seconds pass, wishing that that the music wouldn’t make it so impossible to hear inside. You still try regardless, pressing your ear to the door before giving up only a few seconds later. Undeterred, you knock again. “Please open up.”

You feel the door unlock rather than hear it, an unmistakable ‘click’ underneath the palm of your hand, and you sigh with relief when you try the handle and it starts to turn with very little persuasion. You’re so glad that your instincts were right - that it really is Yoongi inside - because whatever state
you might be in you’re just relieved to have found him regardless.

The door part way ajar, you turn back to Namjoon with a small, timid smile.

“Give us a minute, ok? It might be better for me to go in on my own.”

“Very well.” Namjoon nods graciously, just once, leaning himself back against the wall with his hands in the front pockets of his jeans, and he smiles encouragingly at you as you further push open the door, taking a step inside. “I’ll be right out here.”

Stepping inside the bathroom and gently pushing the door closed behind you, it takes you a good few seconds to actually spot where Yoongi’s sat, and the image that greets you is one that threatens to break your heart.

Hidden away in the far corner of the room, his knees drawn up to his chest, you can’t even see Yoongi’s face. It’s hidden, pressed into his thighs, black hair spilling onto black jeans, but you can tell from the way his shoulders are shaking that he’s sobbing silently, his whole body quaking.

“Yoongi…” Your voice breaks on its way through your throat, and when Yoongi hears you say his name he peeps up at your past his knees with red-rimmed eyes that are full of tears.

“Gongjunim,” he chokes out, “Gongjunim, I’m sorry.”

Chapter End Notes

Remember how I’d made no plans for anything to happen with Hobi? I legitimately don’t know where that came from lol I swear these characters have a life of their own.

It’s official, every character is now a sexual deviant. Except for Nova, she’s still safe.

I hope you enjoyed that guys :) Hopefully I’ll be able to get the next chapter out within a week or two <3 <3
You cross the room in a series of hurried footsteps to reach the broken boy huddled in the corner of the bathroom, your approach watched warily with watery, bloodshot eyes.

“Yoongi… oppa … what happened?” you question gently as you sink to your knees, your concern for his well-being far outweighing any misgivings you may have about the questionable state of the floor.

The vampire before you says nothing as two fresh beads of tears roll down his cheeks on blinking but slowly, as the seconds on snivel-broken silence tick by, Yoongi turns over the hands resting on his knees.

Palms up, you easily identify the maroon substance that's caked and clotted around each of his fingernails, and the sight of it turns your stomach leaden with dread.

“What did you do?” you utter in a whisper, taking his hands in your own.

His eyes do the talking for him; following Yoongi's gaze, your eyes travel up the length of his forearms and widen in horror as you take in the multiple scratches that run from each wrist all the way up to his elbows, ending where the rolled up sleeves of his dark jacket begin.

It’s obvious that the marks are self-inflicted. Yoongi’s been clawing at his skin like he wants to rip himself apart - like there's an itch beneath his skin he can’t get out - and even now you can see his fingers twitching as though he wants nothing more than to carry on, your presence serving as the only thing that’s holding him back.

“I'm sorry,” he apologises again, his voice hoarse, and it takes a mammoth amount of effort for you to not dissolve into floods of tears as well seeing him this way. You know it won't help things if you do. No doubt it'll only make Yoongi feel more guilty, so with that in mind you swallow your emotions down and squeeze his hands in your own, reassuring him with the rubbing of your thumbs over the smooth flats of his palms.

“I only went for a cigarette… I just wanted some air, to get out for a little while,” he begins to explain but Yoongi speaks as though he's rambling almost to himself, quiet and distracted, his eyes looking at some far off point behind your head like he's seeing right through you. “I only had one but he thought I was just holding out on him - trying to be smart. Started pushing me around, screaming at me.”

The quiet anger that'd been simmering away in your stomach ever since you'd first spotted the overgrown ape of a man yelling and hollering outside of the bathroom door mere minutes ago starts
to bubble and boil inside of you, so furious that you can almost feel the hateful acid bile burning at the back of your throat.

How dare he have spoken to your Yoongi that way? Acted so hatefully over something so small and insignificant - driven the boy you love into doing this to himself as a means to cope?

You wish Namjoon really had torn his arm off. You're close to going out there and attempting it yourself, fuelled with rage as you are.

“I wanted to hurt him,” Yoongi utters quietly, looking down at the floor between his parted knees, tear-stained face turned out of your sight. “He came right up in my face and spat on me. Spat and laughed.”

“Yoongi-” You reach out to touch the angle of Yoongi's jaw, taut with tension, but he jerks it away.

“I could've ripped his fucking throat out. I should've ripped his throat out,” he spits, both fists clenched now atop his knees, the veins in his forearms protruding. “Should've made him choke on his own fucking blood - see him try and laugh then.”

Before your very eyes, the sorrow that'd been crippling Yoongi so badly on your first finding of him has morphed into a fury so bloodthirsty that it borders on frightening to witness as he continues to rant and rave. You've never seen him like this before - he's always been more ice than fire when it comes to any sort anger - but right now the emotions raging through him look to be accelerating into an inferno that threatens to consume him.

“Yoongi.” You try to keep your voice calm, level, but it betrays you in the way it wavers with nerves; vibrating like his balled up fists. “Yoongi, you don't mean that.” He smirks cruelly, huffing a derisive laugh as his eyes round on you.

Cold and unfamiliar, they frighten you more than the sight of the fangs that Yoongi bares as he growls out his next words.

“Don't I? Why?” You're at a loss for words, any possible line of reasoning seeming to stick in your throat when faced with the his murderous expression. “Why wouldn't I want to see him squirm like the worm that he is? Why shouldn't I make him beg for his pathetic little life?!”

Yoongi's fist smashes against the bathroom tile, shattering it with a sickening crack as the ceramic splinters, and as his punch connects with the floor you startle, falling back and bracing yourself on splayed out hands with a whimper that Yoongi doesn't hear. With his supernatural strength he's smashed right through to the concrete leaving a deep crater behind when he withdraws the freshly bloodied fist that he inspects as he unclenches it, blood catching under the fluorescent lights.

“Please stop,” you whisper, unable keep yourself from crying any longer, chin quivering, hot tears dripping from the corners of your eyes and taking your mascara with them. You can barely recognise the man sat only an arm’s length away, so foreign does he seem.

Yoongi looks up sharply at the sound of your voice, a feral snarl ripping from his throat that makes you jump again, cowering away in fright. You press your lips together to stop a sob in its tracks, shuffling yourself backward across the bathroom floor away from him with a fresh batch of tears rolling down your cheeks, and when Yoongi sees you doing this he suddenly reaches out for you, attempting to grab the calf that you hastily pull away.

“Gongjunim, ” he croaks out, hand falling limply by his side when you continue to resist and he starts to realise what he's done.
The red mist that had been momentarily clouding his mind is starting to recede - the anger in his eyes his eyes giving way to shame and self-loathing now he's seen the terror his outburst has caused - but you maintain a careful distance, just in case.

“Princess, please, I-” Yoongi's voice breaks and he grimaces as if in great pain before he shoves the heels of his hands against his eyes to hide himself away from you. “I'd never hurt you, ever. Please don’t - I - oh god, I'm so sorry.”

Throwing your arms around his shaking form, Yoongi releases a desperate sob into your shoulder as his arms clamber to embrace you and grasp at your back to pull you close, between his knees, against his chest till you're cocooned in him.

“It's alright,” you coo softly, pressing you salt-wet lips against his temple in kiss after kiss, running your fingers through his hair. “It'll be alright.”

You're not sure which of the two of you finishes crying first, but it feels like a long time that you sit holding one another on the cold bathroom floor until finally the shaking stops, the intermittent thumping of the bass outside the only tremor left running through you.

“Let's just go home.” Yoongi pauses the gentle wiping away of the make up smeared around your eyes to grimace, sighing regretfully.

“I've already ruined your night enough as it is, don't let me go ruining-”

“Stop,” you interrupt, linking fingers with the hand that'd been hovering above your face and turning it over to place a kiss onto his palm that Yoongi smiles weakly at on feeling. “You're not leaving my sight again tonight.”

Resignedly, you push yourself up to standing and absently note that your bottom has gone numb as Yoongi does the same. He slips his hand into yours, cold into warm, but as you flash him a reassuring smile and make towards the door he remains resolutely rooted to the floor, hesitating.

“I don't want them to see,” he murmurs in subdued explanation, glancing down to the vicious lines of broken skin that cover both his arms. His three-quarter length sleeves aren't enough to fully cover them up, nor hide his battered, bleeding knuckles, and for a moment all you can do is stare at them, helpless. “It's my fault,” Yoongi shrugs eventually, already steeling himself for the inevitable questions that'll come, “Let's just go.”

“Wait.” This time it's you pulling him to a stop, letting go of his hand when he turns back to you and removing your collar under his questioning look. When he realises what you're offering he immediately starts to shake his head, frowning.

“No, no way. I almost killed you last time, and I'm in no better state now than I was then.” You shift your hair from your neck, refusing to give in so easily, and you know you're not imagining the way Yoongi's eyes dart hungrily at your throat before he drags them away again, turning restlessly on the spot. “No,” he states again, yet when he comes to face you again it's the only place he can look, rubbing at the back of his neck and chewing on his bottom lip like an alcoholic stood in front of a liquor counter.

“It'll only be a sip, oppa, barely even a mouthful,” you encourage, walking towards him, and Yoongi swallows heavily as though your blood is slipping down his throat already.

You just want to help, to make him feel better after such a harrowing night. This is different to last time - no matter what Yoongi might say. He's not on the brink of death, nor mad with thirst, and you
have every faith he'll be able control himself and stop in time.

“Just enough to heal you, that's all.”

Despite his reluctance, Yoongi all too willingly lets you slip into his waiting arms and rest your body against his, head tilted invitingly to the side. With a quiet hum of appreciation he presses his face into the crook of your neck, inhaling your perfumed scent, and your body quivers in anticipation of his bite when you feel Yoongi's firm lips begin to press loving kisses to your skin.

The temptation is too much, the excited thump of your heart too sweet a siren song for Yoongi to resist, and it's with a needful groan that his pointed fangs slice through your tender flesh. He's sampled your blood a number of times now but never has he been the one to deliver the bite - save when he was half out of his mind - and the significance of this moment is lost on neither of you as he begins the slow, rhythmic pulling of your essence from your veins with all the gentility of a lover guiding their virginal partner through their first experiences of intimacy.

His hand cradling your cheek and his arm around your waist, you relax into Yoongi’s strong hold and close your eyes with a blissful sigh for the short time in which it lasts. Too soon he releases you, likely afraid of getting too carried away, but the sweet way Yoongi laps around the wound with his tongue and kisses it as though to make it better helps to soften the blow, as does the contented gleam in his eyes when he lifts his head and gives you a small, sweet smile.

“Thank you,” he tells you softly, taking your collar from your hand and putting it back in place for you, the marks on his arms noticeably absent when he raises them to do so. “I don't deserve you.”

“That's a matter of opinion.” You smile, thankful that you don't even seem to be the slightest bit light-headed following his feed. Yoongi returns your smile, and this time when you make for the bathroom door neither one of you hold the other back.

If Namjoon was curious what'd taken the two of you so long he doesn't think to express it, simply eyes the two of you hand in hand and nods once when you give him a brief, reassuring smile. You've no doubt he can detect the all-too-fresh scent of blood lingering on you, though, but you try not to dwell on that thought when as the three of you return the the bar to find a fractious Jimin waiting there, relief flooding across his features when he sees you and Yoongi together and safe.

You keep your explanation of what had happened fairly brief and vague, very aware of the way Yoongi is restlessly messing with your linked fingers, his eyes darting around the room despite being so recently fed. You don't need to be especially perceptive to feel the waves of anxiety rolling off of him, which is probably why everyone is so accepting of your wish for you and Yoongi to leave. Even Sam doesn't seem to mind, and you'd worried she would given that it's her birthday celebration you're so hastily running out on.

In fact, it seems as though everyone is full of surprises tonight. When you and Jimin begin to argue about the necessity of him taking you home - you and Yoongi are more than capable of catching a taxi, and you'd much rather he stay and have fun to make up for your absence - Namjoon suddenly swoops in and insists that he's more than sober enough to play designated driver for the two of you.

“Besides,” he argues, “I've done more than enough socialisation tonight to last me a lifetime.”

You accept his offer with only a brief flicker of hesitation on your part; too eager to get Yoongi home to want to waste any more time on arguing it further. Jimin, too, nods in agreement at his elder’s suggestion, and that's how after numerous hugs and kisses goodbye you find yourself curled up in the backseat with Yoongi's arms wrapped tightly around you, Namjoon sat driving up in the front seat.
The relatively quick journey passes in silence save the late night tunes playing soft and low on the car stereo, and if it weren't for Yoongi occasionally bouncing a bony knee along to the beat you would've guessed he was asleep sat as he is - eyes closed, head nestled in the crook of your neck - and you're just running hand through the strands of his jet black hair when you happen to catch Namjoon's eyes in the mirror, his reflection looking straight back at you in the dark.

He's humming along quietly to the song on the radio, timbre low and rumbling in his chest, and it’s only now that you pay proper attention to the words being sung that you realise how utterly lewd the lyrics are. The vampire sat up front catches your rising blush immediately, and as Namjoon tilts his head whilst smoothly navigating a sharp corner you catch a glimpse of full, smirking lips in the mirror, the sight of which has your stomach flipping over with excitement.

“You did well to stay out of trouble tonight, hyung,” Namjoon compliments suddenly as your home comes into view off in the distance, looming on the horizon bathed beautifully in moonlight. Yoongi rouses from where he’d been dozing against your shoulder after having finally surrendered to the lulling vibration of the engine, blinking slowly as he straightens up and peers around as though trying to get his bearings. “It would’ve been unwise for us to cause a scene and draw attention to ourselves… though I don’t think I could’ve shown as much restraint as you if faced with the same.” The boy beside you exhales a laugh that sounds vaguely self-depreciating as he runs his fingers through his hair, shaking his fringe back into place with one arm still passed between the small of your back and the car’s leather seat, holding onto you.

“It was cowardice that kept him alive, not any sort of tolerance on my part,” Yoongi drawls and Namjoon hums thoughtfully in understanding, head bobbing once in the mirror. Turning your head, you place a gentle, consoling kiss to your lover’s cheek in anticipation of the internal beratement you know he’ll be inflicting on himself, and as you pull away Yoongi gives you a brief, grateful smile before returning his gaze to Namjoon’s reflection.

“Still, it was to the group’s advantage that you acted as you did.” The two vampires fall silent for a minute or so, and it isn’t until the car is pulling onto the manor's gravel driveway that Namjoon speaks again, switching off the ignition and putting an abrupt end to the abrasive techno beat that’d been thumping through the car’s speakers. “Don’t judge yourself too harshly; six months ago you wouldn’t have even been able to step a foot in there.”

“I’ll try not to.” Yoongi graciously bobs his head towards Namjoon, who nods right back from where he’s swivelled around in the driver’s seat to face the both of you. He taps the upholstery just once as if to bring the conversation to a close and then climbs out of the car, leaving you and Yoongi to extract yourselves after him, gravel crunching under your feet, and as you walk after the two of them along the driveway your mind dwells on the conversation just gone by.

You’ve never seen Namjoon be so soft with any of his brothers before and it’s thrown you a little off balance to witness it. Namjoon used to be close with them - that’s what you’ve always been told - but until now you could never quite envisage that being the case. When the three of you enter the entrance hall together and Namjoon places a hand on Yoongi’s shoulder, squeezing briefly, it suddenly becomes all the more easy to imagine.

“I’m proud of you, hyung.” The shorter vampire looks as caught off guard by Namjoon’s kind words as you are but he thanks him anyway, nodding his head once again and wishing Namjoon a sincere goodnight when he leaves the two of you with a soft, dimpled smile and a lingering look in your direction.

Hand in hand, you and Yoongi head towards Jimin’s room.

“That was unexpected,” you comment as you pass the kitchen doors, referring to Namjoon’s sudden
and uncharacteristic display of warmth. Yoongi agrees with a brief, low ‘mmm’ but says nothing more until you reach the bedroom and he pauses outside of the door, regarding you thoughtfully.

“It seems as though you’re changing us all, gongjunim.” Scoffing, your roll your eyes.

“I’m not so sure about that.” He takes your second hand in his and squeezes them gently as he leans in to place his mouth on yours in a fleeting kiss, his eyelashes fluttering against your eyelids.

“You should be.” You smile shyly into his neck as Yoongi pulls you into a full embrace, releasing your hands to wrap his arms around you, and it’s held there against him that he whispers a husky thank you into your ear. “I don’t know how I would’ve managed without you tonight. Or any other night, for that matter.”

“Any time,” you reply, softly kissing the of skin that sits just above where the collar of his shirt begins as Yoongi does the same to the top of your head.

“Would you do me another favour, princess?”

“What do you need?” Pulling away, you’re initially worried by the apologetic smile that Yoongi’s wearing.

“Do you mind if I take an hour or two on my own? Just until the others gets home.” He shrugs his shoulders, watching your reaction as if he’s expecting you to be hurt or angered by his request. “After tonight… I could just do with a little time by myself.” You nod quickly, letting your hands slip from his shoulder blades to his waist before removing them entirely. “Sorry,” he adds with a cringe, biting the corner of his lip.

“Of course, oppa … you really don’t need to apologise.”

Although it wouldn’t be your way of coping, you can totally understand why someone else might want a little space after everything that’s happened - a little time to digest it all without any outside distractions - and you’re more than happy to give Yoongi that if that’s what he needs.

“I’ll come find you once Jimin gets back, ok?” Yoongi smiles, reaching out to cradle the back of your head before placing a final kiss on your forehead and then opening up Jimin’s bedroom door. Nova rushes out from between the gap with a disgruntled mewl and then scarpers off down the corridor without pausing for fuss; she must’ve gotten trapped in there by accident when all of you had earlier left.

“I love you,” Yoongi calls after you as you bid him leave, pausing in the doorway to watch you go.

“I love you too,” is your answering reply, smiling playfully back at him as you turn and walk a few paces, throwing a wave, and your heart flutters when Yoongi blows you a kiss from down the corridor.

You really, really do.

You’re not sure where it is you exactly plan on going or doing to pass the time before the others get home, and it’s with a soft sigh and a shrug of your shoulders that you look about the entrance hall when you get there, trying to decide the direction in which to head.

You’d go play piano or find a new book from the study if you thought you were able to spare the proper concentration, or head up to Jungkook’s room and play one of his many games consoles if it weren’t for the fear of accidentally overwriting his save files. In the end you head for the living room, opting to kill some time in front of the television and perhaps indulge in some more of Jin’s
homemade caramel popcorn whilst you’re at it.

One of the undeniable perks of living with a family of vampires is knowing that your leftovers will always remain safe and sound whilst out of your sight, and sure enough when you enter the living room last night’s tupperware tub is still sat there on the coffee table half-full, plastic lid in place to keep it fresh. So distracted are you by your eagerness to taste it that you almost neglect to notice Namjoon’s presence in the room until you’re almost right on top of him, stood by the arm of the sofa on which he’s sitting with one leg crossed over the other, a book in hand.

“I thought you’d have gone to bed,” you say as a means of covering your surprise, retrieving your popcorn and sitting yourself at the other end of the sofa, trying not to let the unexpectedness of his company fluster you. He’s been perfectly civil tonight - gentlemanly, almost - so surely there should be nothing to worry about.

Namjoon raises an amused eyebrow as he checks his watch, smirking.

“It’s only just after two. The night’s still young.” He’s right, of course. Taking a first mouthful of popcorn, you muse to yourself that it’s probably due to all your other nights out that came before, when you were still on a normal sleeping schedule, that it feels as though you should be heading to bed soon in preparation for the next morning’s inevitable hangover. Not that you’ve ever really had many of them; you’ve mostly just suffered vicariously through Sam when she used to moan and groan the next day away, clutching her head.

“You seemed to enjoy yourself tonight.” You nod, smiling contentedly as you chew, swallowing before you properly reply.

“It was nice to see everyone let loose a little.” Namjoon smiles, glancing down at the book that now sits in his lap, fingertip running the edge of the page you’ve distracted him from reading. “Even you,” you add teasingly and Namjoon laughs briefly, looking up again and meeting your eyes.

“It was…” He pauses, shoulders lifting in a slightly shrug, “Better than I’d expected it to be.”

“See?” You eye the tub of popcorn in your lap and decide against helping yourself to more; as delicious as it might be it’s a little too sweet for even your palate. “You should try spending more time with the rest of us - you might enjoy yourself.”

“You might be right,” he admits as you place the tub back on the coffee table and then sit back into your seat, pulling discreetly on the hem of your dress to tug it further down your thighs where it’s supposed to lie. Namjoon’s sharp eyes catch the movement but surprisingly they don’t linger there as you expect them to, flicking back up to yours just a second later before you have time to start to blush.

Still, despite how well behaved Namjoon’s being, you can’t deny that there’s still tension in the air that lingers between you. You have a feeling that all this self-control on his part is a product of what he’d said the last time the two of you had shared a kiss; that next time it happens he wants it to be because you’ve sought it out rather than had it imposed on you.

“Thank you for bringing me and Yoongi home,” you say after clearing your throat, dragging your eyes away from his full bottom lip before your mind has chance to loiter too much on such dangerous thoughts. “And thank you for what you said - about being proud of him. He was giving himself a really hard time.” Namjoon places his book over the arm of the chair, face down.

“You don’t need to thank me. I wasn't saying it to be nice, I was saying it because it was true.”
Smiling, you cross your legs, head slightly cocked to the side to regard him in a moment's silence, and when he notices you staring at him so intensely Namjoon stilts his head too, mirroring your smile but adding his signature dimples for extra effort.

God, he's handsome.

“Penny for your thoughts?” Your smile broadens at his use of the quaint little phrase, and after a moment's consideration you admit to what's been preoccupying your mind.

“I'm just happy, that's all - I knew there was a good person hiding away in there somewhere.” Namjoon’s eyebrows rise slightly at your statement, his newly exposed forehead creasing ever so slightly.

“Maybe,” he allows, unfolding his hands to brush an imaginary piece of lint from his pants before looking back to you, his dark eyes kindled with a warmth that's been more common of late, interspersed with the times that desire makes them burn. “Maybe it's just taken the right person to bring it out of me.”

Oh.

Cheeks filling with pink pigment, you turn your face away and let out a titter of a laugh, flattered and embarrassed in equal parts.

Could it really be you that's helped to spur on this slow change in Namjoon? This slow, cautious emergence from the shadows of the dark and into the light? It'd certainly be nice to imagine so, though you're at a loss as to how or why.

“What-uhm-what are you reading?” you ask with a gesture to his abandoned book, tongue-tied and blushing more because of it. Namjoon plucks the hardback up off the arm of the chair and then closes the gap between you on the sofa with one swift movement sideways, landing so close that his thigh is pressed to yours, your shoulder to his arm. Turning it over, he displays the title whilst you rapidly blink, overwhelmed by his sudden close proximity and the scent of his aftershave as it invades your senses. How does he smell just as good now as he did at the start of the night? You're fairly certain you mustn't.

“Have you read it?” Namjoon questions as your eyes scan the title 'Jane Eyre’. You can feel the heat of his gaze travelling your face, and when you look back up you're suddenly struck mute by just how close he is - how perfectly you can make out the flecks of honey-gold amongst the darkest brown on his irises.

“A long time ago,” you finally manage to answer, eyes drawn to the gentle smile on his lips, “I always thought Jane was a bit boring - prudish.”

“Really?” Namjoon looks surprised, but you barely register it. You're too busy watching his mouth form words, the way his lips and tongue curl and caress around every syllable, and all the while you do the pull you feel towards him only grows ever stronger. “I've always thought she showed great integrity, resisting the troubled Mr Rochester for as long as she-”

He doesn't get a chance to finish his sentence. Cut off by the fervent press of your mouth against his, Namjoon initially tenses when caught so off guard but quickly gets with the program once he feels the palm of your hand encroach onto his thigh, squeezing the muscle you find.

He smiles into the kiss with his softest of lips, triumphant, and then slips his arms around your silk covered waist. For just a moment you allow yourself to enjoy it, melting into him, but when he
lowly utters your name - like some reverful hail Mary - you abruptly pull back, breathless, guilty, and yet still wanting.

“I'm sorry,” you quickly apologise, lacking the conviction to remove yourself from his arms even if you had space in which to go but twisting your hands anxiously in your lap. “I shouldn't have done that… I keep telling you no and then I go do things like this and I just-

“Little one,” Namjoon hushes soothingly, interrupting your ramble with a tilt of his head, thumbs rubbing at each side of your hips, “You needn't let yourself get so worked up.”

“But it's not fair on you - on any of us! I keep giving you all these mixed up signals and if Jimin knew…”

“He knows.” Your stomach drops unpleasantly, your hands suddenly falling still in your lap, and when he sees the expression on your face Namjoon relinquishes a hip to brush tenderly at your cheek. “I asked his permission, little one.”

He… what? You'd seen them getting along tonight - the handshakes, the camaraderie, the shared conversations with you in both of their sights - but never would have thought…

Namjoon smiles at your shell-shocked expression and takes a hold of your chin between his thumb and forefinger before kissing you again, tongue licking at the opening of your shock-parted lips before pulling back once more. His eyes - full of sinful promise - narrow marginally at the shaking breath you exhale.

“Tonight, you're all mine.”

Chapter End Notes

Because it's taken so long to get out I've decided to carry straight on with chapter 25, so hopefully it'll be less than a week before it comes out!

The Namjoon smut is imminent people ♡♡
Chapter 65

Chapter Notes

Sooo... here's chapter 65! It's a really long one as I promised I wouldn't split smut chapters anymore!

Now, I know opinion on Namjoon is very much divided in this fic and well, it's kinda supposed to be, but I also know a lot of you have been waiting a long time for this particular smut scene. It's for both of these reasons that I'm so /so/nervous about this chapter in particular. I really hope it lives up to expectations and your wait has been worth it.

Warning: heavily derogatory language coming up.

<3 <3

“All yours?” you repeat like an idiot as Namjoon’s fingertips release your chin and begin to wander backwards along the angle of your jaw. He smirks at the utter disbelief written on your face, revelling in being able to catch you so off guard.

“Mine,” he confirms with a growl so low that you feel it reverberate in your pelvis, and as he speaks his hand suddenly slips downward to firmly grasp the back of your neck, squeezing tightly - just like he had the first time he’d ever touched you.

You remember how frightening that gesture had felt back then; how terrified you’d been when he’d grabbed you from behind as you’d been sat so innocently at the kitchen table with the others, so many months ago. The emotions and feelings that stir in you now as his head tilts to the side and he wets his bottom lip are far, far away from anything that might be considered as fear - though that's not to say you’re not nervous.

The realisation that this might actually be happening after so many months of fighting and failing to resist him - after wanting him so badly and for so long - is a daunting one, and you can’t deny the frantic pounding of your heart against your ribcage. Even if you did, Namjoon would know you were lying anyway.

“No more waiting, little one. Nothing left to keep you from me.” You swallow hard, pulling your bottom lip between your teeth as your stomach lurches with nerves, and he chuckles softly on witnessing the way you hesitate. “Are you frightened?”

“No,” you reply instantly, breathlessly, and Namjoon smirks again, his eyes glinting as though you’ve issued him with a challenge. He leans closer to you, his second hand leaving your hip to brace his weight on the arm of the sofa behind you, effectively trapping you in place.

“Maybe you should be.” With that, he seizes your mouth with his own.

Unlike the kiss you had initiated a couple of minutes ago, this one belongs entirely to Namjoon. His downy soft lips seek to dominate your own as they press ardently against yours, rough from the
offset, and as both your hands slip up and into his hair you’re barely even aware of how easily you submit, your body relaxing into the cushions beneath you.

Leaning back, you part your lips in an invitation to deepen the kiss that Namjoon takes without hesitation, his tongue seeking out yours whilst he grabs a hold of your thigh to drag both your legs onto the sofa, dress riding up. He breaks the seal of your mouths for the briefest of seconds to sit up, throw away his jacket in a harsh rustling of fabric and then lie himself on top of you, and all the while his darkened eyes never once leave yours, his jaw tensed but breathing heavy.

As Namjoon delves back in, your chests crashing, the pendant of his necklace swings against the base of your throat and brushes cool against the heated flush of your skin. His tongue rolls inside your mouth and Namjoon lets out a low-pitched groan that you swallow, your body arching up into the greedy palm that begins to fondle your breast through your dress, squeezing the flesh so hard that you release an answering moan, your fingertips digging deep through fabric into his shoulder blades.

He sucks your bottom lip between his teeth, tugging harshly as his hand does the same to the neckline of your dress. Fabric rips and exposes your bra, but Namjoon isn’t satisfied yet. Incensed by the way you gasp and writhe at his rough treatment, he scoops your breast from the cup, admiring the way it yields underneath his fingertips.

“Just as sweet as always,” Namjoon appraises, words interrupted by the wet smacking of your lips as you chase after his when he starts to pull away, “Just as desperate to be touched.” Bracing himself on his forearm Namjoon leans back to admire how wrecked you’ve so quickly become; blotchy chest rapidly rising and falling, kiss-swollen lips parted, eyes heavy-lidded as you gaze up at him, wantful.

He takes your arousal stiffened nipple between his thumb and forefinger and twists it savagely, smirking in satisfaction at the way it makes you wail, your head flopping to the side and hair falling across your face. As Namjoon continues his abuse the little peak begins to redden, swelling even further between his fingertips, and so does his cock within the confines of his jeans.

“Such a needy little whore.” Pain and shame flood through you at his actions and accompanying words, back bowing further and further off of the sofa as Namjoon pulls at your nipple, and the more it hurts the wetter you become; the more intensely your core begins to throb as it aches for him.

“Joonie,” you whimper, your two front teeth sunk deep into your lip, fingers grabbing at the soft white cotton that covers his shoulders, and when Namjoon finally ceases his pinching your nipple both aches and tingles as blood floods back into the tiny capillaries inside.

Namjoon looks pleased by the sound of your name falling from his lips, eyes lighting up and they remain locked on yours as he then dips to his head to take the encircle the entirety of your nipple with his mouth, areola and all. He suckles at the flesh as though trying to soothe the pain he’s just inflicted, gently circling his tongue around the bud and smiling, mouth full, when you sigh with pleasure.

“Say it again for me, little one,” he murmurs into your breast, his cold breath stiffening the tight little nub caught between his teeth even further. His large palm cupping the other side of your chest ensures that neither mound remains neglected, and when Namjoon switches his mouth’s attention from one to the other, biting and tugging until each nipple is just as deliciously sore, it’s all too easy to fulfill his request.

You cry his name again - louder this time - your pelvic muscles tensing around nothing when Namjoon suddenly presses his pelvis into you to dig his erection into your hip, hard. Latching onto
the swell of your breast he proceeds to suck, his tongue lapping at the skin under which a thousand tiny blood vessels are breaking to draw blood to the surface, and he doesn’t stop till you’re twisting and tugging at the roots of his hair, your head thrown back over the edge of the sofa.

“Beautiful,” you hear him wistfully declare, and when you tilt your chin forward you see Namjoon running his fingertips across the plummy red bruise he’s left on your skin, admiring it like the finest of artworks. It still shines with the wet of his mouth, moistening the pads of his fingers as they glide over it again and again, prodding just to hear you wince. “If I weren’t so impatient to have you writhing around on my cock I’d spend all night covering you in these.”

On hearing your needful whimper at the filthy mental image his words so effortlessly paint Namjoon smirks, taking the shuddering of your breath as his cue to yank your dress unceremoniously upwards, dragging it over your hips. He grabs a hold of your knees and forces them apart, and as the cold air hits your underwear you’re suddenly shamefully aware of just how badly they’re sticking to you, soaked all the way through. You spare a thought the sofa underneath you that you’re inevitably staining, but it’s only a fleeting one.

He sits back on his heels and inhales hard, his eyelids fluttering closed with the scent of arousal that’s saturating the air, and when they reopen his irises are black from his pupils having expanded so greatly with lust; seduction personified.

You’re caught completely under his spell, preoccupied by the feel of his body on yours, his grasp on your hips, and It’s all you can do to keep breathing as Namjoon begins a slow, worshipful trailing of his lips between the valley of your breasts. Your hands cling to the sofa cushions like a liferaft as you watch him skim the skin that runs beneath the underwiring of your bra with his sinful mouth, his eyes closed, tongue and teeth licking and nipping until the bunched silken fabric around your waist prevents him from descending any further.

“Please,” you moan softly, peering down past your eyelashes, and when he hears the sound of your voice Namjoon looks up with a devilish curl to his lips, dimples pitting his cheeks.

“Yes?” he replies, tone as sweet as honey, full of faux naivety - as if he’s totally unaware of the way your hips are squirming restlessly beneath his pelvis.

“P-please touch me, Joonie.”

After having fought against Namjoon’s lustful advances for so long, how strange it is to now be lying underneath him practically begging for the feel of his touch where you crave it the most. With one hand curled around the swell of his forearm the other reaches underneath your thigh to pull it back and spread your legs open further for him, coyly biting your lip. His fingertips brush yours as his palm comes into contact with the inside of your thighs, and as he slides it upward towards your core you can’t help but hold your breath.

“You’re soaked through, little one,” he groans as his fingertips slip through the slick of arousal coating your skin, pressing kisses to the angle of your jaw. “Dripping all over the place.” Namjoon traces the pad of one long finger along the outside of your underwear, directly down the centre, and your hips strain to the lift off of the sofa as best you can whilst his weight is pressing on top of you when you feel it brush teasingly over your clit. “Are you really so desperate to be fucked?”

“God, yes,” you gasp brazenly, unashamed of finally expressing just how much you’ve longed for this, “Please, I want it - I want you.” Namjoon’s growls lustfully at your confession, his teeth finding the lobe of your ear and biting it sharply.

“I know. Even when you denied me… I always knew.” Shifting your underwear roughly to the
side, Namjoon pauses before making contact with the skin he’s revealed to speak directly into your ear, his cold breath making your shiver. “Last chance, little one,” he whispers.

Your core throbs, pulsating to the rhythm of your heart, and Namjoon’s so near yet so far, his body pressed to yours and his fingers hovering so close to your centre that he can feel the heat radiating from you as though it’s trying to lure him in.

“If you let me start, I’m not going to stop.” Namjoon’s words are both a threat and a promise, and your body responds to them as such, quivering with both fear and arousal. “And I don’t intend to, not until you’re begging… and you’re shaking.” A nudge of his nose to the shell of your ear. “Sobbing.” The graze of his teeth against your jaw. “Ruins laid out before me.”

In some deep recess of your mind you know that making this choice - taking this step - might well bear some sort of negative consequence. Whether he has Jimin’s permission or not you have no idea how this might change things hereafter, and however explicit in nature Namjoon's intentions towards you might be, you also know he's expressed feelings towards you that are far from solely sexual; wants and needs that have the potential to lead to complications a little further down the line.

Yet, however the few of your brain cells that remain unaffected from the combination of tonight's liquor and Namjoon's equally as intoxicating presence may protest, their concerns go unheard, drowned out by the furious pounding of your heart.

It feels like minutes for which you hesitate but it's barely even a second in real time that your eyes dart between each of Namjoon’s, lips parted, panting, until the lightest ghosting of his fingertip against your throbbing clit has you abandoning the last of your senses.

“Yes,” you gasp as you body bucks at the featherlight contact, surrendering yourself entirely to him, and it's with a feral growl that Namjoon grabs a hold of your consent and sets about conquering you. He delves into the crook of your neck, all lips and tongue and teeth against your skin as his fingers do the very same, his soft touch now hard and unrelenting as he hones in on the sensitive little nub that crowns your aching core.

As your hips start to grind against his slowly circling fingertip, silently demanding more pressure - more pleasure - Namjoon too begins to undulate his pelvis in time with his ministrations, rocking himself against the inside of your thigh. The material of his jeans chafes the sensitive skin there till it’s blushing red but you do nothing to discourage him, slipping your hands down his muscular back to rest in the small of it, just underneath the hem of his shirt, palms pressed to cool, firm skin.

A second fingertip joins the first, increasing the surface area with which Namjoon stimulates your rapidly engorging clit, and when he starts to pick up speed your let out a stilted moan, head tipping back.

“Feels good, hm?” he enquires darkly, briefly pausing his passionate assault against the base of your throat, “Do you want more?”

“P-please,” you acquiesce, tipping your hips upward in an attempt to slip Namjoon’s fingers southward to the entrance to your core. The need to be filled - to be sated - is so great that even the bones of your pelvis feel as though they're aching. You'd say anything, do anything he wanted you to right now just for the feel of even his most slender of fingers inside.

A brutal pinch of your clit has you keening, nails digging into the dimples that sit at the either side of his spine as you release a cry that morphs into a moan as Namjoon rubs the pain away into pleasure, chuckling against you.
“Please.” Still in no hurry, Namjoon continues to taunt you, even going so far as to run his fingertips past your entrance to collect further lubrication to massage into your clit, and though it feels wonderful - *maddeningly so* - you need *more.*

Agitated by his continuing torment, you attempt to make a grab for Namjoon’s wrist in hopes of forcing it lower, but you’ve barely even touched him before he’s countering your move, seizing your wrist with his unoccupied hand and pining it roughly by the side of your head, your hand dangling uselessly over the arm of the sofa.

“Impatient,” he tuts, lifting his face from your neck and smirking when he sees the desperate look in your eyes, “You made me wait so long, little one. Why shouldn't I do the same to you?”

“B-because,” you stutter back through gritted teeth, desperately trying to formulate some kind of reply with the scrambled egg you have for brains, “I'm so wet, Joonie - you always make so-so wet.” One of Namjoon’s eyebrows subtly shifts upward, amused by your fumbling attempt at seduction, yet you can tell you've piqued his interest by the way his smirk grows and his fingers tightening around your wrist.

Spurred on, you continue.

“You remember, don't you? How warm I am inside?” It's difficult to keep your eyes open as Namjoon starts to apply more pressure between your legs - pressing harder, moving quicker - but somehow you manage to do so, almost smiling at the growing heat you can see within his gaze.

“Was I nice and t-tight for you, Joonie?” The longer you speak, the more the cocky smile on Namjoon's face gradually slips away, his full lips parting as his breath becomes laboured by lust, his gaze darting down to your lips when you bite them.

Seeing the way you affect him is exhilarating; even with one wrist held down you've never quite felt so powerful as you do now, knowing how badly such a formidable creature desires you.

“Don't you want to have another feel?” you purr, your one free hand trying once more to urge him on, slipping gently down his arm and tracing the veins along his forearms as it goes. Namjoon’s eyes flutter closed for just a second, and as his eyelids fall you quickly reach out to place the flat of your palm against the crotch of his jeans, seizing the opportunity to squeeze at the generous bulge lying within whilst his guard is lowered.

“Fuck,” Namjoon spits, his hips surging forwards, and at that his will to further torment you falters.

Passionately, he takes possession of your mouth, slamming his lips into yours and then dragging himself away mere seconds later, his chest heaving as he declares,

“No I don’t - I'd rather taste you instead.”

You get no other warning before Namjoon is suddenly half way down the sofa and face first between your legs. Palms flat against the inside of your thighs to spread you wide, his nose dug deep into your fleshy mound, a faltering cry is ripped from your throat when Namjoon’s mouth latches onto your clit, and as the tip of his tongue wriggles rapid circles under its hood it feels so good that you honestly think you might lose your mind.

The pleasure is overwhelming - the sound of him beginning to suck and slurp noisily at the sensitive nub nothing short of obscene - and as your fingers find their way into your own hair, dragging and pulling at the roots, you hear yourself call out his name in a voice you barely recognise as your own.
Namjoon relinquishes your clitoris with a slick ‘pop’ of broken suction - though not before he's sucked on it so hard that it almost starts to sting - and ever the glutton for more punishment your hips chase after his mouth all of their own accord. They flex up uselessly under the unyielding force of his hands pressed down on your thighs, only to slam right back down into the cushions when the rough of his tongue licks a firm strip from your perineum upwards, parting your swollen lips along the way.

He laps at your core hungrily - messily - gorging himself on the wetness that drips from you like a dog dying of thirst let loose at his water bowl, though his lack of coordination does nothing to extinguish the growing heat deep down within your pelvis. If anything, the fervent way in which Namjoon seems determined to devour you only serves to arouse you all the more and when he groans, flat of his tongue pressed to your entrance as his face slowly rocks from side to side, a fresh gush of your sweetest nectar serves as his reward.

“Oh god ,” you gasp, rocking your hips up to meet every swipe of his tongue through your folds, every flick against your clit. One of your hands slips from your hair down into his, threading tight through the chestnut strands to tug greedily, pleading more, more, more. “I'm gonna - mmff - I'm gonna cum, Joon, oh, fu-!”

Rendered mute by the force of the orgasm that suddenly grasps you in its hold, you can do little more than twitch and gasp and quiver underneath the vampire laid between your legs who's lapping up every drip that gushes forth from your spasming core with a hum of contentment. He continues to lick and kiss and suck at you even as pleasure begins to give way into oversensitivity, his plush lips wrapped around your clit, refusing to release you even as you tug on his hair, hips bucking wildly.

“S-stop, it - ahh - it's too much,” you mewl, dragging open your eyes for the first time since Namjoon’s feast first began and looking down to see his own peering right back up at you.

The deep, dark brown his eyes have turned completely black, swallowed up entirely by lust, and there's a feral quality to their gleam as he continues to gorge himself on you that you're powerless to ignore. Has he been staring at you this whole time, watching you fall apart?

“I'm too sensitive, I can't, please.” One last flick of his tongue - one more keening whimper from your lips, and mercifully, Namjoon withdraws.

“I thought you wanted me to touch you, little one?” he questions as he lifts his face from between your thighs, lips and chin coated with your fluids. He doesn't even bother to wipe it away, simply licks his lips as he tilts his head to the side, watching the way you gasp for breath with amusement. “I'm just giving you what you asked for.”

“I-I know, but - nngghh!” Your respite is woefully short-lived. Namjoon delves back down for more, licking you sloppily from bottom to top and then latching onto the already well abused bundle of nerves that rests there and a garbled shout bursts forth from your lungs when he pinches it between his front teeth, devilry shining in his eyes.

He tortures you this way for a minute or two more, your cries of pleasure-pain incensing him further, and just as you're starting to get used to the sensation - just as you're starting to roll your hips again, too aroused to fight how undeniably good it feels - Namjoon finds another way to make you shriek.

Two fingers suddenly breach you without warning, sunk deep within your core. The unanticipated stretch is eased a little by how wet you are, the slick that coats the length of Namjoon’s fingers aiding their passage as he begins to pump them roughly in and out of you, squelching with every move he makes.
“Are you going to cum again for me, little one?” Namjoon asks, his words slurred from the continuous movement of his tongue. “I know you want to.” The pads of his fingertips drag along the roof of your pussy with every withdrawal of his fingers to catch your g-spot along the way, and every time they do your breath catches in your throat and your grip on Namjoon’s hair tightens, nails digging into his scalp. “Little whores like you always want more.”

Desperate, you grab at Namjoon’s shirt and yank at him with both hands to pull his mouth back into its rightful place against you. You may be proving him right but you really can’t seem to care at the way he rumbles a laugh against your clit; all you’re focusing on is the growing tightness within your pelvis and the second orgasm that’s coming on so fast that your legs are already quivering in anticipation of it.

“Namjoon, fuck,” you whimper as your pelvic floor spasms and clenches around his invading digits as though trying to draw him back him. It feels so good that it’s almost too much to bare, tears collecting at the corners of your eyes, tightly clamped shut.

“That’s it,” Namjoon growls into you, leaving his fingers in place deep inside and curling them in place, beckoning you to cum with the rapid pressing of his pads to the spongy bed of nerves nestled within, “Give me what's mine.”

Namjoon’s final assault begins, falling silent save the sloughy sounds of his efforts, and when you feel his tongue try to wriggle it's way into your hole alongside his fingers, his nose pressed to your clit, you rapidly begin to fall apart. The building pressure within you is nothing quite like you’ve felt before, so intense that it feels as though you might burst - at least into floods of tears - if you don't cum soon.

“Oh god, oh god, oh god,” you ramble mindlessly, every muscle within you coiling tighter and tighter as his tongue presses its way inside, head twisting and turning so in order to keep stimulating your clit with the pointed tip of his nose, and all the while you're grabbing, pushing, pulling, tugging at the vampire whom you swear must be intending to kill you with such exquisite kindness.

Namjoon’s face is no longer visible above your pubic bone. All you can see through watery eyes is the bobbing of soft hair and your own fingers wound amongst it, but when you look further down Namjoon’s body you suddenly realise he's shifted his position; one foot on the floor, one knee remaining on the sofa as he leans over in order to consume you.

It’s the realisation that Namjoon has already got the front of his shiny black jeans hanging open and a rapidly jerking hand stuffed inside to pleasure himself to the sound of your broken moans that the tension inside you finally reaches its breaking point. Your neck arches backward, core clenching down around his fingers and tongue as the pressure within you is released in a series of curses, high-pitched, faltering moans and the sudden, spurting escape of clear, watery fluid from between your legs that Namjoon quickly catches with his open mouth before it has chance to soak the both of you. The force with which he makes you cum has your body near convulsing with pleasure for almost a full minute, fading into a series of twitches and shaking limbs when the lean vampire refuses to let up, now licking slow figure of eights into your clit despite him knowing all too well how swollen and tender it is.

“No more,” you sob, only realising that tears have escaped your eyes when you press the heel of your hands against your closed eyelids, fingers clutching at your hair, “No m-more, please!”

It's too much - it's too much - and yet, as Namjoon continues to stroke at your insides and swipe soft kitten-licks across your clit with the tip of his tongue you can feel it rising again, ready to engulf you once more. He was right; you should've been afraid. You are now - terrified that you might not make it through this one alive or that even if you do that more might follow.
“One more for me, little one.” Namjoon’s voice is surprisingly gentle as it reaches your ears from where he’s bent low between your legs, and when another sob bursts first from your pressed lips - a hiccup following immediately thereafter - he places a tender kiss to your pearl. “One more, and I’ll give you what you need.”

You appreciate Namjoon’s reassurance despite knowing that you really have very little say in the matter. Excruciating or not your body can’t help but respond, and when your third orgasm hits you swear you very nearly black out, vision spotting as his name slurs out from between your loose lips. You can’t even bring yourself to open your eyes once it’s done, your body limp and spent as a fresh batch of tears roll down your cheeks. It's relief that has you crying this time - relief that Namjoon has kept his word and removed both fingers and touch from your battered, swollen pussy.

You feel him slip down the knickers you’d forgotten you were still wearing down the length of your legs, and when you finally open your eyes you’re greeted by the sight of him using them to wipe off his face, corner of his mouth twitching up into a smirk when he sees you watching, open-mouthed. He drops them to the floor as he gets up off of the sofa, and as he stands over you Namjoon once again begins to palm himself through his jeans, squeezing his length and groaning when you unconsciously start licking your lips as you watch him. Even as boneless and broken as he’s left you, the sight of Namjoon touching himself still sends a new wave of arousal flooding through you. He’s right; you can’t help but always want more. A slave to your desires.

“You look hungry, little one,” Namjoon observes, amusement colouring his tone as he watches the pink of your tongue dab at the corner of your open mouth. Your eyes snap upward from his crotch to meet his, a flush of embarrassment colouring your cheeks at having been caught staring so openly. “You want a taste of me?” Cupping himself through the dark fabric of his jeans Namjoon chuckles at how eagerly you nod, pushing yourself up onto your elbows to sit up until he plants a hand firmly on your chest and forces you back down.

Adopting the same position as he was in earlier Namjoon straddles your chest, one foot on the floor, one knee on the sofa, and as he further opens up his jeans right in front of your face, sliding down the zipper, you can’t bring yourself to look away. His movements may be slow but you can still tell that he’s eager from the way in which he handles himself, yanking open his jeans and then roughly tugging down the waistband of his navy boxer shorts as he simultaneously pulls his cock free, his long fingers cinched tightly around its base.

Long, thick and vascular, just looking it has your mouth filling with saliva in preparation.

“Open,” he instructs gruffly and you do as he says, letting your jaw go lax and mouth fall open wide as you gingerly place your hands at the tops of his buttocks where he’s hovering just above you. Namjoon’s eyes gleam at your willingness to obey and as he bends his cock towards you a pearl of pre-cum leaks from its plummy tip. It provides the perfect gloss with which he decides to paint your lips, slowly circling the silky head around and around your open, waiting mouth and then smiling at the way you begin to whimper, impatient.

“So hungry for my cock, aren’t you?” You nod as best you can whilst peering up at him, doe eyed, and Namjoon’s dimples disappear as he bites down on his bottom lip, his length twitching in his fist. “Such a hungry little cockslut.”

His eyes fixed firmly on your mouth he finally begins to feed you his cock, inch by inch, and the deeper he gets the more laboured his breathing becomes - the harsher his frown. He doesn’t stop until you start to gag, your throat constricting around the width of him, lips pulled tight, and even then you haven’t nearly taken him all. It twitches on your on your tongue and makes you gag again, eyes threatening to water as you gaze upward, and Namjoon groans at the flush of your cheeks and
the stretch of your lips as you fight to accommodate him as best you can.

When he’s had his fill of witnessing your struggle Namjoon finally starts to move. Slow and steady he rocks his hips to slide back and forth between your spit-slick lips, and as he uses your mouth to get himself off you do all you possibly can to heighten his enjoyment, spurred on by the guttural groans he begins to make with ever increasing frequency. Sucking, licking and guarding your teeth, your core clutches with every thrust, arousal dripping anew at the delicious taste and weight of his cock resting on your tongue.

His large hand slips underneath your head to lift it from the sofa, cradling the back of it in his palm and altering the angle of your throat enough to allow him to slide even deeper down, picking up speed.

“Look at you, dribbling down your fucking chin,” Namjoon snarls, eyeing the gleam of saliva that’s seeping from the corner of your mouth, “You’re fucking filthy, aren’t you?” Shoving himself as deep as he possibly can, Namjoon presses on the back of your head to keep your nose pressed to his pubic bone, unmoved by the way you choke around his length. Your throat burns like fire yet every other part of you sings with pleasure, slick coating the tops of your thighs as the clench and squeeze together, your pussy throbbing. “Such a dirty girl.”

You whimper around his cock, tongue wriggling against the fat vein that runs the length of it, and Namjoon presses his eyes closed and lets his head fall back as he wallows in making you gag once, twice, three times more before withdrawing from your mouth entirely with a yank of your hair and a lewd smacking of your lips. Gasping for breath and covered in your own spit, you look up at him with trepidation.

“Sit up,” he barks, climbing off you and dragging you up by the front of your bra. Strong hands push and pull you around until Namjoon has you in exactly the position he wishes; leaning back against the sofa with the balls of your feet rested on the edge, thighs spread open wide to display just how ready you are to receive him, your arousal seeping out onto the fabric cushions beneath you.

“I hope you’ve still got your voice, little one.” Namjoon looms over you as he speaks, stroking himself and squeezing tight when he sees the way your hole clutches with excitement. You wish he’d take off his clothes - you’d love to see his long, lithe body in all its naked glory - yet there’s something all the more arousing about being fucked so uncouthly. “I’m gonna need you to scream nice and loud for me.”

Moving swiftly, Namjoon rests his knees on the edge of the sofa either side of your feet and lines himself up with the entrance to your fiercely aching core, his one hand gripping the back of the sofa and the other pulling back on his cock and then releasing it to slap against your clit. The small respite it’d had from the assault of Namjoon’s tongue has done little to lessen its sensitivity, and as he does it again you let out a stilted cry, reaching out to grab desperately at his broad shoulders.

“Please, Namjoon, please just - just fu- ahh!” Silencing you with his mouth crashing onto yours, Namjoon’s hips simultaneously surge forward into you, and the scream that you release is muffled by his tongue as it dives for your tonsils. He intends to take you in one sharp thrust but the strength with which your inner walls contract renders it impossible, and he has to pause with his length only part of the way inside, shaking, to then ease the rest inside at a far more sedentary pace.

“You’re so fucking tight,” he grits out, teeth clashing with yours as you frantically chase after his kiss, “Even with all the cock you take, it still feels like I could rip you open.” Namjoon eases himself out slowly to sink back in, stretching you out at an excruciatingly slow pace. Moving as he is, you’re able to feel everything; every ridge, every vein, every throb and twitch of his cock as it glides between your walls. “Would you like that, little one? Should I ruin this pretty little cunt?”
He may have asked you a question, but it’s clear that Namjoon has no expectation of receiving an answer; how could he when he choses that exact moment to thrust so savagely back inside you, perspiring forehead pressed to your own? The only sound that leaves you is a sharp, high-pitched cry that hitches with every forward motion of his hips, and as he gradually builds speed, grunting with effort, your hands reach up to clasp around the back of his neck, drawing his mouth onto yours.

“Na-aa-m-jo-oon,” you gasp out as he kisses your open, gapin mouth, both your body and words bouncing with the force with which he drives his cock into you, angling his hips to aim directly for your g-spot, “F-fuck, you - so good. ”

“Yeah?” Namjoon’s voice is breathy, hoarse, “You love my cock, don’t you?” One of his large hands releases the back of the sofa to slip down into your bra, palming your breast as his cock drags back and forth between your walls, accompanied by a symphony of wet, slick sounds. “You take it so well.”

“Faster, p-please.” Your nails drag through the short strands at the back of his hair - always tugging, always pulling, drawing him towards you as though you can’t get him close enough - and when you sink your teeth into his bottom lip and tug, pushing your hips back to meet his next thrust, Namjoon grants your request.

Pushing into you with abandon, the sofa begins to loudly protest under the weight of his thrusts yet neither of you really hear it. You’re too caught up, delirious with pleasure, mewling and jerking every time his thumb grazes your nipple, your core contracting even in the absence of an orgasm, and Namjoon has made you cum often enough in this encounter alone to be able to recognise when you’re getting close. He fucks you all the harder, his hip bones digging into the backs of your thighs, and when your cries start to reach fever pitch he grabs a hold of one of your hands and drags it from his hair to force it down between your legs.

“You gonna cum again for me?” he asks gruffly, leaning back just enough to be able to watch your fingers start to mindlessly grope around for your clit where he’d left them, slipping around in the copious amount of slick that covers the both of you where you’re joined. You groan as you find it, head tipping back, and it feels so raw, so sensitive yet so heavenly that it has your insides quivering with every gentle glide of your fingertips over the blood fattened nub.

“I’m gonna - oh fuck, Joon ,” you garble, head lolling to the side, mouth hanging open, “Oh fuck.” Honestly, by this point you’re so out of your head that you could be saying anything and you’d likely not remember it, so drunk with endorphins that you can barely even prise your eyes open.

Oh, but what a sight awaits you when you finally do; Namjoon towering over you, the pendant of his necklace swinging with every thrust as beads of sweat pool together in the dip at the base of his throat. His perfect, pillow soft lips are parted to drag air into his rapidly heaving chest and his pitch-black eyes are heavy lidded, the hair which was so carefully styled at the beginning of the evening now starting to flop forward to obscure the creamy smooth plane of his forehead, and he looks so perfect - so devastatingly handsome - that you find yourself wishing that you could burn an image of this moment into your brain so you’re able to keep it always.

Despite his utter preoccupation with the feel of being nestled so deep in your hot, wet heat, Namjoon still seems to register the weight of your gaze as it lingers on his face. The corner of his lip twisting into a satisfied smirk catches your attention and it’s as though the sight of it pours petrol onto the embers that were already smouldering deep in your pelvis. A simple expression shouldn’t do such things to you yet you can’t deny the effect it has; suddenly you’re rubbing between your legs with so much desperation that no one would guess that you’ve already cum three times tonight.
“Let go, little one - submit,” Namjoon growls, noting the sudden change in you and going with it, encouraging your mania, his pace never faltering even as your fingers slip and slide against his cock in all your haste, “Fuck, let me hear you say my name.”

Your back bows as you shrilly comply and grab a fistfull of your own hair, eyelids clamping shut and jaw going lax as you feel the heat within in your core unfurling, burning ever brighter.

The head of Namjoon’s cock crashes into the deepest, most pleasurable parts of you, and just as you think you can’t possibly take any more - that it can’t possibly get any better - the vampire between your legs takes it one step further. Hooking his hands under the backs of your knees, he brutally pushes them backwards so that you’re almost bent in half pinned under him, sinking down into the couch cushions so far that your chin is touching your chest and your bare feet dangle over his shoulders.

In this position you can barely even breathe yet somehow your cries of pleasure never cease, desperately hanging onto the front of his shirt as your unravelment gain speeds, hurtling towards your release so rapidly in this position that you barely have time to realise it’s coming before you’re already there.

“Yes baby,” Namjoon grunts as your pussy begins to tighten around his cock like some sort heavenly prison, “Cum like the filthy fucking slut you are.”

“Namjoon!” You’re not sure how many times his name pours from your lips as your orgasm drags you under like a riptide and thrashes through you - nor do you know for how it is that you’re clawing at his biceps in some feeble attempt to hold together long enough to survive - all you know is that when you finally come to Namjoon is suddenly pulling away from you, dragging in deep, ragged breaths.

“On the floor,” he demands as he stands, pointing towards the carpet at the foot of the sofa with a wild look in his eyes and with trembling limbs you do as he says. You’re so weak that you practically fall off of the sofa cushions when you attempt to move, the thud of your landing on the floor and the burn of your behind that follows indicating that there’ll likely be some rugburn lingering there tomorrow.

Before you can even start to maneuver yourself very far Namjoon is on you once again, grabbing you by the hair and yanking you forward to then shove you down onto your front, face first into the pile, and all you can do is whimper in response when you feel him pull your legs open with his one remaining free hand to mount you from behind. In a matter of seconds the swollen head of Namjoon’s cock is breaching you and you’re being fucked savagely into the floor, the movement of his hips so frantic that you know it’ll no longer be just your ass that’ll be covered in grazes but your hip bones, stomach and breasts too.

“Fuck, yes,” Namjoon groans, his pelvis snapping against your behind and making it bounce with every rut inside, his fingers still tangled in your hair and pushing your face down so hard that any sound you can make is completely muffled by the flooring underneath you. “Do you want my cum, little one? I can feel your greedy little cunt aching for it.” Roughly, Namjoon yanks your head to one side so that you can speak - or rather wail - your aquisense.

“Beg me for it then.” An unexpected slap to your buttock makes you shriek as his palm meets flesh to leave a burn in its wake, and as he does it again Namjoon moans at the feel of your walls clenching around him. “Tell me how much you want it - tell me how much you want to be stinking of it by the time i’m done - and then maybe I’ll let you have it.”

“Please, Namjoon, please,” you gasp out, nails dug into the carpet and your eyes pressed closed, jaw
tight as you try to withstand the growing soreness between your legs. Every part of you has been so
overused that it’s bordering on unbearable, and all you long for is the heat of Namjoon’s cum to help
ease the pain. “I want your cum so bad!”

You hear Namjoon groan in response to your words as he drops forward heavily, landing on his
elbow to support his weight as his hand slips from your hair to wind around your throat instead,
cradling your jaw. He uses his hold to force your head back, lifting it from the floor to plant wet,
messy kisses to your cheek and ear and anywhere else he can reach, and all the while he continues to
push inside of you you can feel his cock begin to swell, throbbing, twitching - fit to burst.

“Cum inside of me, please, or-or- all over me, I don’t care.” Namjoon’s movements begin to falter,
his breath heavy against your neck and you screw your eyes shut even tighter as you just try to get
through these last few seconds, even going so far as to rock your hips upwards from underneath him
to push him to new depths, urging him on. “-Just please… Namjoon, please just cum.”

“Fuck, fuck,” he pants as his thrusts become shallow and hurried, his fingertips digging into the
tender flesh of your neck as he uses it to anchor himself, “Fuck, baby, take it all.”

Finally, Namjoon cums with a near-shout of ecstasy, his hips slamming into you and then staying
right there, buried deep within you as his seed pours out. You can feel it filling you, oozing, pulsing
out to ease the sweet burn inside, so wet and warm, and as he cums Namjoons shout turns into a
long, languid moan of release.

His fingers relax slightly from around your throat to allow you to drag in a deep, ragged breath, but
Namjoon doesn’t entirely let go. Chest still heaving against your back, you feel his lips come into
contact with your cheek to press a soft kiss there, nuzzling your cheekbone for just a second before
uttering into your ear.

“Open your eyes, little one.”

You do.

Your eyes are a little blurry for a second - so used to the darkness behind your eyelids that it takes
them a second to adjust - but when they do… when Namjoon uses his grip on your throat to turn
your head to direct your attention to a figure standing in the nearby doorway, watching over the two
of you, you find yourself wishing that you’d have stayed blind.

His mouth curls into a smile against the shell of your ear, his poisonous tongue rolling wetly in his
mouth before he whispers,

“I lied.”

Chapter End Notes

*hides in hands*

Oh god I hope I did a good job and I hope you really liked it and aahhhhh >.< Christ,
I'm just... man, part of me is always glad that's over. I'm sure a lot of you are going to
cojme screaming at me about how that's just ended and that's ok lol I know I'm my own
worst enemy when it comes to these things.

Well done to those of you who guessed that Namjoon was indeed telling a big fat fib about having gotten permission, and to those of you who were really rooting for him to have turned over a new leaf - please don't hate me!

<3 <3
Chapter 66

Chapter Notes

*takes deep breath*

Don’t hate me, don’t hate me, don’t hate me, don’t hate me....

<3 <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

All it takes is one look to know that what Namjoon has said is true.

“Jimin-”

Your voice comes out choked thanks to your heart having leapt up into your throat and the large hand that remains wrapped loosely around it, and at the sound of his name Jimin blinks, his lips parting as the press of his eyelids forces out a singular tear, rolling heavy down his cheek.

Namjoon’s cum travels a similar path as it seeps down the inside of your thighs.

At Jimin’s feet, laid on the floor under the weight of another man, your panicked pulse rapidly begins to accelerate out of control. Frantic, it thuds under the press of Namjoon’s palm so fast that nauseating dizziness soon follows, and yet despite how your heart may race it feels to you as though time has slowed to a slow, creeping crawl. Each second runs through the hourglass like treacle rather than sand, and for every one that passes by Jimin’s face seems to shift from one awful expression to another; shock, realisation, anger, devastation and then finally, betrayal.

Featherlight fingertips run the length of your waist as Namjoon’s hips rock subtly against you, and it’s with a sense of horror that has all colour draining from your face that you realise the two of you are still joined, your treacherous lover still buried deep inside. Everything lurches into fast forward so suddenly, then, that the accompanying roil of nausea has you very nearly gagging, breaking you out of your temporary paralysis as Namjoon’s eyelashes flutter against your cheek in such an intimate way.

Panic-stricken, you try to get away, your hips twisting and legs kicking in desperation to extricate yourself from the terrible mistake you’ve made, and all the while you’re fighting to free yourself you’re calling Jimin’s name, every syllable breaking as it passes your lips. Namjoon lets you escape with nothing more than a smirk when you climb up onto your knees, rounding accusing eyes on him as he nonchalantly tucks himself back into his pants, and he chuckles softly on watching you scramble to cover your exposed breast with the tattered bust of your dress.

“Jimin, please, it’s not- I didn’t-” He takes a deep breath when you turn back to him, his chest rising and then shuddering as it falls and he takes in all the marks Namjoon’s passion has littered upon you.

An arm coils around your waist from behind like a snake, venomous lips pressing to your shoulder in a seemingly loving kiss, and when Jimin’s eyes dart upward and lock onto yours the pain within them is so sharp you feel it pierce your chest, knocking the wind out of you.
Without uttering a single word Jimin turns to leave, and once again you're pulling at the steadfast binds that hold you; reluctant, this time, to allow your release.

“Wait!” you call after his fleeing figure, shoving at Namjoon’s solid arms as Jimin disappears from the room and out of your sight in the blink of an eye.

“Let him go, little one,” Namjoon purrs silkily, kissing your neck once again, but his meaningless attempts to placate you fall on deaf ears. You cry out in frustration as the salty tears that’d been welling in your eyes spill over, hot and heavy, your aching body wriggling in his grasp, and it isn’t until you dig your nails into the back his hand that Namjoon finally lets you go, growling with both pain and displeasure.

The soles of your bare feet slap noisily against the polished wooden floors as you chase after Jimin into the entrance hall, clutching your dress around you and not once looking back. He already has a hand curled around the handle of the front door when you find him there, but when he hears you call his name his whole abruptly body tenses in place, rigid and still, head bent low and staring at the floor, his hair shielding his face from view.

You know it’s probably a bad idea to approach Jimin so boldly or invade his personal space right now, but you’re not thinking clearly. All you can focus on is keeping him from leaving; explaining, apologising, grovelling at his feet. Whatever it may take to make this right.

You’ve been such a naive, stupid little fool. Why did you believe a word he said? Why did you ever think Namjoon-

“Jimin please!” you plead, reaching out and grabbing a hold of his arm, clinging on so tightly that your fingers ache in protest, tears sliding down your cheeks.

The moment you touch him Jimin suddenly snaps into motion; shaking you off so hard that you stumble back, his head snapping upwards to root you to the spot with an unforgiving glare. His eyes are filled with tears, just like yours, but there’s anger in them too - a barely controlled rage that has you thinking twice about trying to come any closer again. You don’t know for a second think Jimin would actually attack you, no matter how angry he may be, but you’d really rather avoid enraging him any further.

“You reek of him,” he spits, the corner of his lip curling in contempt.

“I thought-” your chest jolts up and down as you struggle to force out words past the gasping breaths and tears that threaten to choke you, yet Jimin isn’t crying any longer. Whilst all his tears have seemed to dry up yours have begun to fall even faster, even harder, and as you continue hiccuping and snivelling down at your feet he explodes in anger so suddenly that it makes you jump on the spot.
“I gave you everything!” he roars at the top of his lungs, a snarl ripping from the back of his throat as his lips pull back to expose his deadly fangs. He’s very nearly shaking with fury, his chest swelling as he draws himself to full height as your shoulders curl inward protectively, once again dropping the eyes that’d darted upward at his shout. “Everything you’ve asked for - everything but that!”

“I’m sorry, I’m s-so, s-sorry,” you whimper at the floor, pausing to press your forearm to your top lip to stem the pathetic running of your nose and choking out a sob into it, way beyond the point of even attempting to maintain any semblance of self-control. It feels as though everything you’ve built is falling apart at your feet, and it’s all of your own doing.

It’s. All. Your. Fault.

A voice calling your name cuts through your echoing cries as they bounce off of the high ceilings, yours and Jimin heads turning to locate its origin to find Yoongi stood at the end of the corridor that leads down to Jimin’s room.

He looks as though he’s been napping, his jet black hair pressed flat on one side and his eyes heavy with sleep, but as they pass over the two of you they very quickly widen, alarmed, his sweet lips slightly parting. You must’ve woken him up. He must’ve heard Jimin shouting and have come to investigate, and oh, God, now Yoongi’s going to know, too. He’s going to smell Namjoon all over you, see the brutal marks all over your skin, and then he’s going to hate you just as much as Jimin once he realises what you’ve done - every rule you’ve broken.

“Gonjunim …” Yoongi hastens towards you barefoot, visibly shaken from finding you in the state you’re in, but as soon as he gets within five meters of your trembling form he comes to a complete stop. The arms he’d meant to embrace you in remain held aloft at first, but as he catches your scent - Namjoon’s scent - his arms slowly fall back to his sides, looking at Jimin with brows that are burrowing in confusion. “What’s going on?” he asks quietly, eyes darting between the two of you but coming stuck on the purpling marks that trail the length of your collarbone.

“Ask her,” Jimin snaps, throwing a look vicious look your way, and when you pull your eyes upward again you see Yoongi staring back into your own as if he’s searching for the answers, a carefully schooled expression on his face.

He must’ve already guessed what’s happened. Even an idiot like you would be able to work it out if provided with the evidence laid before him.

A minute of silence passes in which you can’t quite bring yourself to speak - too busy trying to rein in your sobs - and when Jimin realises you’re remaining mute he lets out a cry of frustration, both of his hands reaching up to tangle in his hair as he turns on the spot, too many emotions boiling over within him to be able to even attempt keeping still.

“Go on, tell him,” Jimin prompts again, his usually gentle eyes cold and unforgiving. All three of you know it’s needless to insist that you announce it, pointless to point it out when it’s already as clear as day, but Jimin wants to hear you admit it - wants to hear you say it out loud - and you figure you at least owe him that.

“… I slept with Namjoon…” you mumble to your feet in barely even a whisper, your chin wobbling as you meet Yoongi’s dark chocolate eyes and see the hurt that enters into them.


“I-I-” Yoongi extends out an arm so it braces across Jimin’s chest, holding the other back from
coming any closer to you as he flatly interrupts your feeble attempts to speak.

“I heard her.” Jimin shoves Yoongi’s arm off of him and turns his attention fully on the older vampire, stood so close that you’d almost think they were squaring up if it weren’t for the way Jimin gesticulates your way as he begins to rant and rave.

“You know how I found them? Fucking like animals, hyung, face down on the fucking floor, ” he informs the other, his voice starting to hitch and crack as rage slowly gives way to the misery that’d overcome him to begin with, “She didn’t even know I was there.” Yoongi’s eyes close for just a second as Jimin speaks, his lips pressing together as though the image being described to him is causing real, physical pain. “Did you?” Jimin questions, turning back to you. He’s crying again, now, and witnessing it has you standing there wishing you were able to just sink into the floor and disappear, so wracked with guilt that your stomach is twisting and turning as though it’s fetid, putrid worms that fill your abdomen rather than pink, fleshy organs.

Yoongi reaches out and places a cautious, comforting hand on Jimin’s arm, curling his long fingers around the limb and using his grip to gently pull the younger vampire back towards him to stand at his side. Jimin goes willingly, his face tilting down the floor to hide his pained expression from your view.

“Why?” Jimin whispers wetly, and at that Yoongi’s eyes that had been so intensely focused on the boy next to him turn back to you, devoid of emotion.

Why indeed?

Why would you have risked everything the three of you have so recklessly for someone as volatile and unpredictable as Namjoon? Even recently as he’d seemed to have grown kinder, more human day by day, you’d still been unsure as to whether you could completely trust him. Why didn’t you think to take even just a single second to check whether all his lies were true?

You should’ve known better. You should’ve been smarter, wiser, less naive and not so easily led astray by the carnal desires that Namjoon inspires in you - but now it’s too late. Jimin’s question has no easy answer, though you wish it did. You’ve no idea as to why you would ever act like such a fool.

“I don’t know,” you whisper back, wet eyelashes pressing to your cheeks to avoid seeing the way Yoongi subtly shakes his head, hand tightening to squeeze at Jimin’s arm, holding on for comfort.

The entrance hall falls deathly quiet after that. You can’t even find it within you to cry anymore; everything’s starting to feel numb, detached, like your mind is shutting itself down in order to protect you from any further harm, and it’s with your lips pressed tight that you open up your eyes to see Jimin with one hand fisted in Yoongi’s shirt, his face hidden in the crook of the elder vampire’s neck.

“Jimin,” you utter softly, “Yoongi.” The latter looks to you as his long fingers stroke through Jimin’s hair, murmuring something so soft that only the two of them can hear. “I’m so sorry.”

It’s woefully inadequate, but it’s all you can think of to say.

Slowly, Jimin picks his head up off of Yoongi’s shoulder and fixes his sad, watery eyes on you, and all the pain you can see within them only serves to amplify your own, very nearly taking your breath.

“It’s not enough.” Two large, fat tears roll down each of Jimin’s milky cheeks, and for a second he reminds you of some sort of beautiful, weeping angel; tragic, but breathtaking. Will you ever be
able to forgive yourself for the pain you’ve caused? Will Yoongi, for that matter, or Jimin?

“I need to get out of here,” Jimin announces suddenly, disentangling himself from Yoongi’s arms and making for the door without a single glance back, and before either of you have time to try to convince him otherwise he’s already long gone, out the front door and into the night.

“Yoongi,” you say urgently as he turns to go after him. Unlike Jimin, Yoongi stops, looking back at you over his shoulder, his eyes tracing the tear stains that streak your face and the lines of mascara that trail in their wake. “Look after him,” you plea, voice breaking. He gives you a short, stiff nod, and then he’s gone too, the front door slamming in his wake.

Dazed, it’s all you can do to remain standing upright as you stare at its dark wood panelling, trying to hold yourself together. You don’t even realise you’re crying again until you feel the wet droplets falling onto your chest, and it’s with a miserable sob that you bury your face into your hands and let your dress fall in tatters around your waist, the chill from the night air covering every inch of exposed skin in goosebumps.

What are you supposed to do now?

You’re not even sure what all of this means for the three of you; Jimin didn’t exactly say you were through, at least not in so many words, and Yoongi had barely said anything at all. But then… do they really need to? How can you possibly come back from this? How can you ever hope to make things right when Jimin won’t even give you a chance to explain?

If you can just get them to listen, just for a little while, just long enough to them about Namjoon’s lies… It’s got to count for something, right? You know there’s still a lot you have to answer for - still a wealth of mistakes for which you’re accountable - but…

Large palms come to rest on each of your bare arms and the touch makes you flinch, gasping as you bump backwards into the solid body that’s suddenly behind yours. Before you can move away they’re skimming downwards, holding you in place and pulling your hands away from your face so that your captor is able to link your fingers in his and then wrap both arms around you, holding tight.

Namjoon's face nuzzles into the crook of your neck, a contented hum passing his lips.

“No more tears now,” he soothes, pressing kisses into your skin, and each and every one has your stomach turning, your eyes widening with a mixture of alarm and disbelief, “Dry those pretty eyes. Come to bed.”

You stiffen, blood roaring in your ears as your temper flares, desolation morphing into rage within the blink of an eye.

“What is wrong with you?!” you shout, furiously fighting your way out of his arms. Namjoon lets you go with relative ease and as soon as you’re free you’re spinning to face him, backing up several paces to distance yourself as much as possible. “Are you fucking delusional?!” The look on his face tells you he really might just be; Namjoon seems genuinely taken aback to be met with such opposition and ferocity, his forehead creasing into a frown as he holds out his hands towards you, palms up.

“This is what we wanted.” He moves towards you and you automatically step back, your heart instinctively picking up speed in response to his approach. “We can be together now, little one. They won't keep us apart anymore.” Namjoon reaches out to take your hand but you quickly snatch it away, scowling as you shake your head.
“How can you possibly think that that'd be what I want after what you've done?!” you ask incredulously, your voice rising in pitch with every word that leaves your mouth. “You lied to me, Namjoon! Used me in the very worst possible way!”

He still doesn't seem like he gets it, his head gently shaking as he looks down on you from his far greater height, his hands finally falling to his sides. How can someone so intelligent have so little understanding of the things he's done wrong?

You continue, clutching your dress to your chest with both hands, and past the shrill sound of your voice you can hear the sound of rainfall begin to patter against the windows, wind shaking the panes of glass in their frames.

“I thought you'd changed! I thought we were friends!” You bite your lip, your red-rimmed eyes growing moist again as misery swells inside of you, weighing heavy in your heart. “I thought-” You hesitate, feeling stupid for even daring to say it out loud. “- I thought you cared about me.”

“I do,” Namjoon replies instantly, softly, his head tilting to the side, “I love you, little one. I did this for us, so we could.”

“If that were even the slightest bit true, Namjoon, or if you cared even a little about the way I feel,” you interrupt, narrowing your eyes at him, “You would’ve never let any of this happen.” He stares back at you, silent and unblinking, and it only serves to build your frustration to even greater heights. “Whatever you might think you might feel for me; it isn’t love. It’s not even close.”

You don’t intend to allow Namjoon the opportunity to reply. You turn on your heels just as his mouth is opening to speak, storming off in the direction of Jimin’s bedroom only to be pulled back a second later by Namjoon’s hand gripped tight around your bicep, jerking you to a halt. He drags you around to face him, stood so close that you can almost feel his breath on your face as he tilts his chin down, frowning deeply.

Suddenly, Namjoon’s lips are crashing down onto yours with the full weight of his body behind them. He kisses you frantically, desperately, smothering your cries of protest, and whereas once the feel of his tongue pushing at the entrance of your mouth would’ve had you weak at the knees it now summons nothing but feelings of nausea and disgust. You wrench yourself away, impulsively lashing out and striking Namjoon clean across the face with a harsh smack of skin on skin that echoes around the room, the nerve endings on your palm exploding with pain the instant it makes contact.

Streaks of bright, angry red are left behind in the wake of your slap, a stark contrast to Namjoon’s otherwise pale skin, and as your hand hovers in the air between the two of you - your eyes wide with alarm on realising what you’ve just done - the vampire lets out a feral snarl, grabbing a hold of you and drawing you in until your chest is pressed to his regardless of the way you struggle and squirm. “Where exactly is it that you think you have left to go?” he enquires, a menacing undertone to his voice that you haven’t heard in very long time, “Hm?”

For the second time this evening you find yourself completely lacking an answer, falling still as you’re overcome by a fresh bout of shame, and when Namjoon’s fingertips press hard into the flesh of your arms to try and force an answer out of you all you can do is drag in a sharp breath, flinching in his grasp.

He’s right, and you hate him for it; it’s thanks to Namjoon that you no longer have a place here, nor a bed to call your own.
“Do you really think that either of them will ever want you now?” he adds, twisting the knife in deeper with his venomous words. A searing pain shoots straight through your chest, as real as any physical blow, and try as you may to drag yourself away this time Namjoon won’t let you go, glaring down at you from his far greater height.

“This was what you wanted all along, wasn’t it?” you accuse, trembling with a mixture of guilt, anger, sadness - and fear. “To ruin everything so that you could keep me all for yourself, right?”

“What else was I supposed to do?!” Namjoon snaps, words tumbling out of his mouth, “You gave me no other option - no other choice. Did you really think I’d go crawling to him for permission?” A sneer twists his sumptuous lips, his teeth bared as he grips you even tighter, lifting you up to bring your face closer to his so that your toes are barely even touching the floor. “He’d be dead if it weren’t for me, rotting in some coffin along with all every other damned creature in this house. His life is mine, he belongs to me , and whether Jimin permits it or not, so do you. You’re mine. Not Jimin’s, not Yoongi’s. Mine.”

“You’re talking about them like they’re just… things !” you argue back, frightened yet unable to hold your tongue, “Like they’re just tools for you to point at your stupid targets and use as you like!”

Namjoon’s smile grows wider, like you’re finally starting to get it, and the sight of it chills to your very core, an unsettling feeling akin to dread settling in the pit of your stomach.

“They are, little one, and tools can be easily disposed of.”

A silence falls between the two of you yet Namjoon’s sentence hangs in the air, turning over and over again in your head, and as it does you can’t help but notice the slight change in Namjoon’s expression; the lift of one eyebrow, the gleam of expectation in his eyes. It’s like he’s waiting for something, waiting for you to -

You fall deathly still in his grasp, every pigment of colour draining from your face as everything suddenly falls into place.

“It was you…” you whisper, your widened eyes looking frantically back and forth between his own, horrified by the hint of amusement you see lying within them, “That mission… Jimin and Yoongi getting hurt… you made that happen, didn’t you?!”

“Very smart, little one,” he praises, seeming to relish in the way you twist and turn your head in an effort to avoid the way he leans in to nudge the tip of his nose against yours in an affectionate gesture that’s completely out of place, “Honestly I’m surprised you didn’t figure it out any sooner.”

How? How could you have ever anticipated this? Even after Jimin had warned you just how dangerous and unpredictable Namjoon could be you’d assumed he was just exaggerating; telling you those things because he saw Namjoon as a threat and because of the general dislike he’d always seemed to harbour for him. And sure, you’d been witness to his moods - his temper - but you’d never would have thought Namjoon would go so far or attempt anything so drastic just to be able to see whatever little fantasy he has for you come to fruition.

“And you… and you thought what?” you ask, unable to speak any louder than barely a whisper, your heart pounding so hard inside your chest that it feels as though it’s going to break through your ribs, “You thought you could just get rid of them and I’d come crawling to you for comfort?”

“Can you honestly tell me you wouldn’t have?” he counters, and it’s with a deep sense of shame that you realise he’s probably right. That’s exactly what you would’ve done; sought out a friendly
shoulder to cry on and provided the perfect opportunity for Namjoon to take advantage of you being so vulnerable. “Regardless,” he continues, “The point’s moot. This might not have been what I originally planned, but it’s proven just as effective nonetheless.” He speaks of it all so coolly, so clinically, like his admittance to having plotted to have two of his friends killed is nothing. Like none of it means anything to him, so long as Namjoon is getting his way.

“You’re wrong,” you grit out, jaw clenching. You’re not sad anymore; no longer snivelling nor crying, no longer willing to play the victim Namjoon wishes you to be. You’re angry - no, scrap that, you’re furious - venom and malice coating the words which you spit out as your chin tilts up, defiant. “I will never belong to you, Namjoon. Not even if you killed every other person in this house - even if you were the last person on this Earth . You’re sick, twisted, and I’m never going to love you.”

Namjoon’s eyes narrow, his dark eyebrows drawing downward into a murderous glare that should have you terrified yet somehow all it does is seem to spur you on, all the horrid events and revelations of this evening driving you to recklessness. What life have you left to lose, anyway?

Leaning up onto your tiptoes, you refuse to be intimidated by Namjoon’s stare, fists clenched at your side as you hiss,

“I’d rather be dead than be with you.”

The vampire before you smirks, his head tilting to the side, a sliver of his hair flopping in front of his eyes, and as he pulls back his lips to expose the long, pearl whites of his fangs, you finally realise just how foolish you’ve been.

“That, little one,” he says quietly, timbre smooth as silk, “Is something that can be arranged.”

Chapter End Notes

*passes out hugs and tissues and water and snacks*

Are we all ok? Are we doing alright?

This is a good place to remind you all that I don't do unhappy endings, ok? I love angst, but not as much as a happy ending - so just... y'know, hang in there, ok?

PS. I've got to say a massive, massive thank you for the overwhelming response that chapter 65 had. I know it took me a while to get back to all of your comments but there was just SO many of them it almost got a little bit nervewracking knowing where to start! But yeah, thank you /so/ much for your continuing support. I love you guys <3 <3
Chapter 67

Chapter Notes

Once again I've gotta say a big thank you for how generous you guys have been with the amount of love I've been showered in both on here and AO3. Seriously, it means the world to me, and I can only hope you continue to enjoy this fic just as much as it continues <3 <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“That, little one,” Namjoon says, slow and steady, “Is something that can be arranged.”

For just a moment, time seem to come to a standstill. You stand toe to toe, looking into one another’s eyes, and your bodies are so close that it’s as though you’re breathing in each other’s air as you wait to see who’ll dare move first, your pulse thumping deafeningly in your ears. A clipped inhale - a bob of Namjoon’s Adam’s apple in his throat - and it’s you who breaks first.

Adrenaline pounding through your veins, you attempt to rip yourself from his arms. Struggling, twisting and fighting for all you’re worth, it does no good; trying to escape from Namjoon’s grasp is like trying to break through solid stone, hard and unyielding, and the more you struggle the harder he holds on, his fingers digging deep into your arms. He elevates you from the floor to bring you to his eye-level, completely unconcerned at the way you kick out at him as he does so.

“Let me go!” you shriek, refusing to give Namjoon the satisfaction of even looking at him. You clamp your eyes shut and turn your head to the side, hair falling in front of your face. It smells like smoke and sex; like the misspent hours that have just gone by.

“It didn’t have to be this way, little one.” There’s a hint of regret to his tone; a bittersweetness you vehemently wish you could ignore. “Say you’ll be mine, and I’ll give you the world.” Effortlessly, Namjoon wraps an arm around your waist and pins your body against his, the tips of your toes dangling against his shins as you feel him brush back your hair and then cup the angle of your jaw in his palm to turn your face towards him.

There’s no use fighting this anymore. Namjoon is infinitely stronger than you; always has been and always will be. All you can hope for is that he’ll make it quick - make it clean - and dispose of your wasted body long before Jimin and Yoongi return home. You wouldn’t want to cause them any more pain than you already have done… better that he say you ran away in shame than have them know the truth and grieve for you.

“Say the words, and we can be together always. You and I.”

Tears running down each of your cheeks, Namjoon’s eyes are awaiting you; flecks of gold amongst pitch as black as night darting back and forth, his breath held as though he’s praying for you to change your mind. Your chin trembles, drawing Namjoon’s gaze downward, and it confuses you so to see the way he frowns so deeply, concerned, brushing away your tears as he once had so long ago.
Monster one moment, merciful at the next.

“I love you,” he reiterates in the softest of voices, dragging the pad of his thumb across your bottom lip to momentarily halt the way it’s shaking, and when you look back in his eyes you can see that Namjoon means those three words as they pass his lips. In his own twisted up, subverted way, he really does love you. In amongst all the lies, that much is still true.

It’s not enough. Much like the grovelling apologies you’ve spewed forth tonight, all the love in the world can’t make up for the things Namjoon has done. He’s ruined everything good in your life in one fell swoop, tried to erase the people you care for most so there’d be no one left but him to comfort you without any consideration for anyone or anything, save his own wants and needs.

He’ll find no forgiveness here. Not from you.

“No,” you whisper, voice shaking, and when Namjoon blinks you repeat it again, stronger this time, louder. “No.”

“Little on-”

“No!” You shake your head so fiercely that Namjoon has no choice but to let it go, and when you open your eyes once more his expression has turned cold - hard - his eyebrows drawn downwards into a fierce frown.

“Fine,” he snarls, grabbing you by the collar and pulling it tight, “But I won’t spend an eternity watching you wither away in another man’s arms.” He yanks at your collar so hard that it snaps in hand, the delicate beads that had adorned it scattering noisily to the floor around his feet, and your neck aches with the sudden force with which it’d choked you, coughing as air floods back into your lungs. There’s nothing gentle left about the way in which Namjoon grabs a hold of your hair, yanking your head to the side to expose the length of your throat. “And if they kill me for this, then so be it. It’d be a far more merciful hell than this one.”

Some part of you knows that self-preservation should make you want to placate him - drive you to tell Namjoon the things he wishes to hear in order to stay alive - but pandering to his madness is something you’re not willing to do. You've betrayed Jimin and Yoongi enough tonight without layering lies upon more lies. No. At least if you die tonight you'll spend your last few minutes alive as true to them; it’s the least you can do for all the pain you've caused.

“Namjoon,” you whisper as his eyes fix on your jugular as it pulsates under your skin, the flavour of your tears finding its way past your open lips, salty on your tongue. “Please… please don't do this.” He drags his eyes away, up, but the dilation of his pupils and the hunger with which his tongue dampens his bottom lip tells you it's already over; a fight you've no hope of being able to win.

“I'm sorry little one,” he soothes, the hand clutching your hair suddenly tender, blunt nails caressing at your scalp, “But you've left me no other choice.”

You don’t even have the chance to scream before Namjoon’s mouth is upon you. He lunges, fangs bared, and as he plunges them through your flesh, sinking to the very hilt, your whole body goes rigid in his arms. It’s been a long time since being bitten has hurt like this, an instantaneous agony, and as Namjoon begins to suck at the holes he’s bored into your neck, dragging the blood from your veins, the pain is so intense that it takes your breath away. You can’t make a sound save the choking gasps that accompany your ragged inhales, paralysed except for the frantic twisting your fingers in Namjoon’s shirt, your wide eyes staring, unseeing, at the ceiling. It feels as though your blood is
burning as it rages through you, mouthfuls of it pulsing down his throat in time with the frantic beating of your heart.

Namjoon rips himself off of you, gasping for breath, and you can feel his chest heaving up and down with the depth of his inhales, pressed up against him as you are.

“You’ve even sweeter than I imagined, little one,” he says, and though his voice is thick with the viscosity of your blood lining his throat there’s an unmistakable slur to his words as he speaks, as though he’s drunk off of the very taste of you. “So exquisite. Little wonder Jimin wanted you all to himself.” Unable to support the weight of your own head, it rolls lazily to the side as you struggle to bring his face into focus past your drooping eyelids.

Vision blurring, head spinning, you watch Namjoon slowly licks your blood off of his full, parted lips, too weak to even contemplate using this brief reprieve as a chance to escape. You feel vaguely detached - disassociated - too far gone to have the strength with which to be horrified as he proceeds to run his fingertips over your wounds. He collects your blood and then sucks his fingers clean of the dark red liquid dripping from them with a groan of pleasure so deep that it rumbles in his chest.

He says something else, then, but you don’t hear it past the high-pitched ringing in your ears.

This time, when Namjoon bites you again on the opposite side of your throat, a weak cry passes your lips. It hurts so much; he’s drinking too fast, too fervently, and your fingertips are starting to tingle as your peripheral circulation shuts down as your body attempts to reroute blood to more vital organs, fighting to keep you alive.

You’ve done well, really, to live so long amongst vampires and not have things end this way sooner. It won’t be long now, you think.

Suddenly, something grabs you. Large hands grasping and pulling, ripping you away from Namjoon’s clutches, and as you fall into an unidentified pair of arms, a voice calling your name, you fight to open your eyes. You hear a roar of outrage - Namjoon - and look up into a pair of frightened eyes that hide behind thick, blonde bangs as Taehyung sinks to the floor on his knees. He lowers you with him, onto his lap, and holds you tight to his chest, whispering reassurances that you barely hear over the animalistic noises coming from the rapidly moving figures blurring in your peripheral vision.

“Jimin,” you mumble, turning your head to better see in some desperate hope that he might’ve come home, come to save you; love you despite all the things you’ve done. It isn’t Jimin that’s holding your bloodthirsty attacker back, though, and neither is it Yoongi. Your rescuers come in the form of Jin and Jungkook, the latter of whom is shoving Namjoon back with two palms planted firmly on his chest, snarling ferociously.

“She's mine!” Namjoon roars, blood dripping, eyes wild, beyond the point of madness, “Mine!” He’s determined to get back to you - to finish what he started - and with an inhuman strength he grabs Jungkook by the throat and lifts the younger vampire effortlessly from the floor, lips drawn right back to bare his teeth. Gargling, choking, Jungkook claws at the arm that holds him aloft, his body thudding against the polished floor when Namjoon throws him aside, forced to turn his attention elsewhere.

He dodges Jin's first attempts to grab a hold of him, a snarl ripping from his throat as he claws at his elder’s handsome face. Anger isn’t an emotion you’ve ever seen Jin wear before, but as he presses
his fingertips to the gashes that Namjoon's blunt fingernails have just torn into the flesh of his cheek, growling, he looks far deadlier than you ever could've given him credit for.

Namjoon lunges for you in the brief opportunity he’s been given and Taehyung falls backwards in an attempt to distance the two of you from the threat, pulling you with him and tightening his grip on you, adamant in protecting you despite the risk it might pose to his own safety. Terrified, you cling back, your hands fisted in Taehyung’s shirt, but before Namjoon can get any closer he’s suddenly wrenched away.

“Get away from her!” Jin drags him backward, his fist closed around the waistband of Namjoon’s pants, and as the taller vampire whirls round, fist raised, Jungkook is right there again. He grabs his elder’s arm despite the fright you see in his wide eyes, protecting Jin by once again putting himself in the firing line, but Namjoon quickly shakes him off. Before Jin can intervene Namjoon’s takes Jungkook by the shirt and headbutts him, hard, a smile on his face as he once again throws him away.

“Have you lost your mind!!” Jin yells as Namjoon turns back to him, barely side-stepping the punch that’s thrown. Jungkook’s just about manages to stay on his feet as he re-enters the fray, a line of blood dripping from his hairline and his dress shirt torn open, and you weakly call his name as he lands a punch to Namjoon’s side - the first either of them have managed to make connect.

“They’ll be ok, it’ll be ok,” Taehyung murmurs into your hair as Namjoon grunts, wounded, but not down for long. He whirls around and slams his fist into the angle of Jungkook’s jaw, and as the younger staggers from the force of it, grimacing in pain, Jin puts himself between them to keep Namjoon from landing another blow. He uppercuts him in the ribs, knocking the wind out of him, and as Namjoon curls in on himself, clutching his side, Jin uses that opportunity to deliver a powerful right hook straight into the younger vampire’s face. There’s a sickening sound of bone-crunching somewhere amongst Jin’s rageful roar, and as blood spurts from Namjoon’s nose, splattering onto the floor, he hits him again.

Namjoon stumbles, eyes closed and a bloody hand covering his face, and Jungkook seizes the chance he’s given to incapacitate him further. Shouting with effort, he shoves Namjoon so hard that he falls back by several feet and lands face-first onto the staircase, his gangly limbs sprawled across the steps from the way he’d attempted to brace his fall. Jin doesn’t give him chance to pick himself up. In an uncharacteristic display of savagery, he yanks Namjoon onto his back by his shirt and then climbs astride his stomach, his knees resting on the steps either side of them, and then presses a hand around the dark haired vampire’s thorat to keep him pinned down.

“What did you do to her?” he roars, demanding an answer with the digging of his fingers into Namjoon’s windpipe as he gurges a laugh, arms outstretched and palms facing the ceiling, not even bothering to fight back. It’s not as though Jin could actually suffocate him, after all. Jungkook stands at the foot of the stairs, exposed chest heaving with the ragged breaths he’s taking.

“Nothing she didn’t beg me for,” Namjoon spits back. Taehyung stiffens against you when he hears Namjoon’s words, a low growl rumbling in his chest, and when he feels you tugging at the neckline of your ruined dress, pressing it in place, one of his large hands comes to rest on top of your own in a gesture of comfort. Jin, enraged by the smirk that curls Namjoon’s lips, drives his fist into the others face with a thud that comes from the back of Namjoon’s head slamming into the stairs.

“Liar!” a familiar voice yells, cracked with emotion, and your head whips round to look the opposite way, eyes widening in horror when you see both Hoseok and Sam stood near the front door, watching this all unfold. Sam’s got mascara blackened tears streaking down her face and fury in her
eyes as she fights against the grip Hobi has on her, his lips drawn tight with worry. Vampiric strength or not she very nearly seems like she’s too much for him to hold back, both of his arms looped around her waist and his mouth pressed to her ear, likely trying to calm the rage that would likely get her killed in one fell swoop if she broke free.

Sam… what must she be thinking now, having walked in on all this? How could you have dragged her into this, too? Jimin’s broken heart, the blank look in Yoongi’s eyes, Sam’s tears and Jungkook’s wounds. All this hurt… all this pain… all because of you.

“I did… it was my fault, this is all my fault,” you mumble mindlessly at Taehyung as you hear another thud that’s followed by another broken bout of laughter from Namjoon.

“You didn’t ask for this.” He cups your jaw, lifting your tear-stained face to look him in the eyes and leaning his forehead on your when you do. It amazes you that he seems so unaffected by the blood you’re covered in, able to get so close and not even be tempted to steal a taste. Perhaps he is - or perhaps he’s just gotten very good at hiding it, these days. “No matter what happened, this wasn’t what you deserved.”

“Hyung,” you hear Jungkook murmur, and as you look back to the staircase it’s just in time to see Jin’s fist slams down again, blood on his knuckles and his pale pink hair in complete disarray, bangs damp with sweat. Namjoon’s a mess beneath him, rivers of red leaking from his nose and the corner of his mouth and the side of his face bruised and swollen, and as Jin draws his arm back to punch him again Namjoon must finally decide he’s had enough. He holds his arms in front of himself like a shield, palms up, dropping the smirk from his lips.

“Brother,” he pleads thickly, one of his hands to gently enclose Jin’s forearm, reaching out to take his hand. “Enough, hyung, please.”

Jin sneers, snatching his arm away.

“You’re no brother of mine.”

“It’s all a big misunderstanding,” Namjoon continues, pausing to cough around a mouthful of his own blood, “I didn’t mean to take so much. You know what it’s like hyung, when that bloodlust takes hold. When it’s so good that you forget how to stop…”

Incredulous, you listen to the excuses that fall from Namjoon’s treacherous mouth, his lies so easily uttered and so convincingly told that for a second you’re frightened that they might all believe him. When Namjoon actually tries to draw you into it, too, turning his head to fix you in his gaze, your whole body trembles in Taehyung’s arms.

“Ask her.” Namjoon nods towards you, his dark eyes searching yours. “Tell them, little one, tell them I-”

“You don’t get to look at her,” Jin snarls, grabbing a hold of Namjoon’s face and wrenching it back round to look up at him, teeth bared. “I’m not interested in your lies. You’re leaving here. Tonight.” A rare expression appears on Namjoon’s face, then, and as Jin climbs off of his former leader and drags him up by his t-shirt you realise that Namjoon actually looks surprised. Whatever he’d expected from all of this - whatever fallout he’d predicted - this eventuality doesn’t seem to have been one of them.
“Hyung, don’t—” Namjoon stumbles as Jin begins dragging him towards the front door, and when he begins to look as though he’s going to start fighting again Jungkook is quick to grab a hold of his one free arm and pin it behind his back, shoving him along from behind looking far more stern than you’ve ever seen him appear before. “Don’t go making any rash decisions you might later regret,” Namjoon warns, and you’re not sure whether the subtle threat you can hear behind his words is something you’re just imagining or not.

Sam and Hobi quickly step back as the three vampires cross their path, his arm still curled protectively around her from behind, and as Jin throws open the front door and shoves Namjoon out of it into the freezing cold rain, Sam glares daggers at him that are so sharp that they’d surely kill if they were real.

“You can’t do this!” Namjoon rages from where he’d half-fallen into the mud, straightening up and taking another step towards the door that both Jungkook and Jin are now blocking with their frames, blocking the outside from your view. “You’d be nothing if it weren’t for me! I made you what you are, every one of you!”

A clap of thunder makes you jump in Taehyung’s arms, grabbing onto him pressing your face into the crook of his neck, and when it eventually rumbles itself out it’s Jin you can hear speaking, his voice loud and clear over the sound of the rain beating down on the ground outside.

“Stay away from here, Namjoon.” Taehyung presses a kiss to the top of your head and you screw your eyes tighter as the dizziness you’d felt earlier makes a sudden reappearance, wooziness turning your stomach unpleasantly upside-down. “Stay away from her. If I see you here again - if you lay another finger on her - I’ll kill you myself.”

The front door is just as loud as the thunder Jungkook slams it shut, and there’s a thud that follows as he slides a thick wooden bold in place to keep it secure against the barrage of abuse that Namjoon is throwing against it. You can hear him shouting out there, yelling at the top of his lungs and throwing his weight against the door that thankfully refuses to give way, as old and steadfast as the building itself.

There’s a sudden clatter of footsteps towards you and the scent of Sam’s familiar perfume as hands sudden reach out to touch you - your arms, your legs, your hair - drawing you out the safety and comfort of Taehyung’s shoulders to see your best friend kneeling beside you, her chin wobbling from how hard she’s been crying. Hobi is stood behind her, his face even more deathly pale than usual as he runs a hand through his hair, and soon Jungkook is next to him, dabbing at the blood that’s dried amongst his hairline.

“Are you ok?” Sam cries, pushing your hair back from your face as you try your very best to pull your lips into what you hope is a reassuring smile. The room is starting to spin a little again now that the immediate danger seems to have passed, but you’d rather try not to let it show. “Of course you’re not ok, look at you!” Her fingers reach out to touch your throat, fluttering nervously against your skin once, then twice, and when she pulls them away they’re tacky with semi-dried blood.

Another bang against the door has both yours and Jungkook’s eyes darting nervously towards it, and it’s with a rising panic tightening your chest that you force yourself to speak, trying to sit up straighter in Taehyung’s arms.

“Jimin, Yoongi, they’re still out there,” you say, surprised at how fiercely your throat aches, and suddenly Jin is kneeling before you too, his head cocked to the side as he inspects your wounds, face
“Namjoon’ll move on soon enough if he knows what’s good for him,” he answers you darkly, gently reaching out to touch your jaw and turn your head to the side so he can better see the other side of your neck. “They’ll be fine.” Somewhat reluctantly, Sam lets Hoseok pull her up off of her knees to make room for Jin. Her eyes never leave your face, though, not for a second; not to even when Hobi is ushering her into his arms catch the silent tears that are still rolling down her cheeks.

Tenderly, Jin takes a hold of your wrist and presses two fingers to your pulse.

“Did he force himself on you?” he asks so softly that you barely hear it, and it’s with downcast eyes and a flush of shame hidden amongst the blood smeared across your chest that you slowly shake your head. He puts your hand back down in your lap but leaves his own resting on it for a moment, his dark eyes, so full of concern, meeting yours. “The bleeding’s stopped, but you’ve lost a lot. Do you think you can walk?”

“I don’t think so,” you answer honestly. Everything’s still slightly fuzzy if you move your head too fast so you very much doubt you’re in any state to be putting one foot in front of another right now.

“Ok,” Jin sighs, getting up from his knees and briefly passing his hand over his eyes before letting it fall to his side wearily. “Ok, let’s get you back to Jimin’s room. We can talk about all this once you’ve had a chance to-”

“Not Jimin’s room!” you blurt out suddenly, biting your lip when several sets of eyes turn on you in confusion. “He’s… they won’t want me there, trust me,” you add as a way of explanation, as vague and feeble as it is. Thankfully, none of them decides to push the matter any further; something for which you’re infinitely grateful. You’re not sure your heart could take having to re-tell all the events of tonight without it splitting entirely in two.

“Ok,” Jin says again, turning to Hoseok and Sam, instead, “Can she stay with you, then?”

“Of course she can,” Sam answers before Hobi even has the chance to open his mouth. He nods nonetheless, and when Taehyung slowly helps you up to your feet Hobi’s quick to step forward and scoop you up in his arms, carrying you bridal style. You’re forced to shut your eyes again, then, the sudden change in position making the room spin in circles should you try to keep them open, and it’s with your face pressed to the side of Hobi’s neck that you whimper both apologies and thanks to the vampires who’ve saved your life tonight.

They deserve more than this - deserve better than the things you’ve brought upon them - and you promise yourself that once you’re able to you’ll do everything you can to start making this mess up to them should they give you that chance, Yoongi and Jimin included.

“**Noona**,” Jungkook calls after you as Hobi starts to ascend the stairs with you cradled against his chest, Sam following close behind, and it’s with tears falling anew that you peek out from your hiding place to look back at him, thankful that there’s nothing but the sound of the rain to fill the silence between you now. “**Noona**, it’s gonna be alright.”
I promise the angst won't last forever, little ones! *supportive hugs all round* <3 <3
Chapter 68

Chapter Notes

Ooookie dokie *cracks fingers* here we go again ^^

Oh, as a little side note: I'm doing an 'ask my muse' session to celebrate sweeter than sweet turning a year old on the 6th of July on my tumblr (@gimmesumsuga), so by all means if you'd like to get involved and ask one of the characters a question head on over to tumblr and send one in before my inbox closes on the 29th! <3 <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

You wish that it was under more pleasant circumstances than this, that you were able to see Hoseok’s room for the first time.

You’re not sure what you’d expected of his taste in interior design. A room as bright and colourful as Hobi’s effervescent personality, perhaps? A series of gaudy yet oddly endearing outfits lining the walls? Whatever it was, it wasn’t this. His room is far more maturely decorated than you would’ve given him credit for; plaster painted olive green and dark wood floors, a large bookcase rivalling those that line the study stood proudly against one wall.

Suddenly you find yourself wondering if you’ve been misjudging Hoseok for all this time. Perhaps he’s more serious a creature than you ever would’ve thought?

“I’m gonna put you down now, ok?” Hobi says in a gentle voice, drawing you out from your hazy state of distraction and back to the deep brown of his eyes.

“Ok,” you answer just as soft, closing your eyes for the slow descent of your feet to the floor. He keeps his hands on your waist for a second or two as you lightly sway, trying to find your footing while the dark behind your eyelids relentlessly spins.

“Sweetie, sit down.” You feel another hand at your hip and it guides you a few steps forward, steering you to rotate on the spot and then pressing ever so carefully to encourage you to sit, your bottom sinking into a soft surface that must surely be Hobi’s mattress. You keep your eyes closed a second longer, head rested in your palms, and when you finally manage to prise them open you find Sam sitting next to you at the foot of the bed, a hand rubbing rhythmically at your back and a sympathetic look on her face.

“I’m so sorry,” you whisper out, voice hoarse. You feel as though you want to cry but there’s no longer any tears left in the eyes which stare so shamefully at the floor. “There’s so much I haven’t told you… walking in on all that…”

Where do you even start? How do you begin to tell your best friend the truth about this strange reality in which you live? The events that have taken place tonight?

She says your name with a surprising assertiveness to her tone, and when you look up you find her smiling kindly back at you. If there weren’t so much worry in her eyes you’d almost think there was
a playful sparkle in there, too, when she reaches out and gathers up the tatters of your dress to cover
you up. She keeps her hand pressed to your chest as she shuffles over and rests her free arm across
your shoulder, jostling you ever so gently.

“I know, ok?” She… what? “I’ve known since, like, three weeks after we started dating.”

Alarmed, your head swivels from one direction to the other, eyes landing on Hobi where’s he’s sat
on the arm of the sofa that’s pushed against the wall to the right of the bed on which you reside. His
eyes widen almost comically as he realises he’s been thrown to the wolves by his very own
girlfriend, but before you can even begin to open your mouth to chastise him Sam’s cutting in again,
squeezing your shoulder to pull your attention back to her.

“Don’t be mad at him - I figured it out on my own.” Your eyebrows lift marginally, surprised that
Sam would ever jump to such an unlikely conclusion all of her own accord, and when she clocks
your expression she laughs throatily, shaking her head. “Do you really think I’m that dense? I
watched ‘Interview with a Vampire’ during my goth phase same as you did, sweetie. I’m not blind.”

“Why didn’t you say anything?” You really wish she had. It would’ve been nice to have someone to
confide in about all of this long before now, though you suppose it’s just as much your fault as it is
hers that it’s remained unspoken about for so long.

“I figured you’d tell me when you were ready,” she muses, releasing her grip on your dress when
you take over, pressing it to your chest. Her hand falls to your knee instead, giving it a reassuring pat
as her eyes drift to over to Hoseok, a mischievous smirk tilting the corner of her lips. “Plus Brad Pitt
over there was worried about getting his ass kicked if I let slip.”

For the first time in what feels like forever, the weakest of laughs passes your lips. It hurts your
throat but it’s worthwhile for the momentary reprieve from the emotional pain you’re in and with a
feeble smile you flick your eyes in Hobi’s direction.

“We’ll have words once I’ve gotten my strength back up, Hoseok.” Briefly, you close your eyes as
another wave of dizziness overcomes you. “Wait.” You take a breath and then force yourself to sit
up a little bit straighter, eyeing Sam with a frown that’s as much down to concern as it is
disorientation. “He doesn’t feed on you, does he?” For the first time tonight Sam suddenly looks a
little bashful, eyes glancing from your face to Hobi’s and then straight down at the floor, guilty as
charged.

You whine her name, frowning even harder as you extend the vowels.

“Hey, don’t you get all holier than thou with me,” she interrupts, playful indignance colouring her
tone, “At least we have the decency to try and hide it.” God, you dread to think the places Hoseok’s
been biting if it isn’t the glimpses of skin Sam regularly has on show. It’s not as if she’s the most
demurely dressed of individuals at the best of times.

Still, it’s not as though you’re in a position to judge, not with your body in the current condition it’s
in.

As if Sam were thinking the very same thing, you watch her pretty eyes travel over the sorry state of
your throat and shoulders; bruised, broken and bloody. The smile falls from her face and that look of
pity returns, her voice soft as she squeezes your knee and asks you to retell the events that have led
you to this all time low.
Mercifully, both Hobi and Sam let you speak with very little interruption. You feel Sam stiffen beside you several times, and she shudders violently when you reveal the deception by which Namjoon lured you into his arms, but otherwise, she gives very little in the way of a reaction.

Perhaps it’s because she has the good sense to realise that her becoming emotional would only make it more difficult for you to recite it all in the robotic way in which you do, your eyes fixed to the floor and parchment dry, rimmed in red.

You don’t tell them about Namjoon’s plot against Jimin and Yoongi. It’ll come to light eventually, you’re sure, but you’d rather the two of them hear that information before anyone else does - if they’ll even hear you out at all, that is.

Hoseok looks more grave than you’ve ever seen him appear before by the time you’re done. There’s a harrowed look in his eyes as they meet yours, his lips slightly parted as though he wants to say something but can’t find the words.

“I’ve really fucked up, haven’t I?” you say as you bring your story to its end, running a hand through your tangled hair.

“Kind of,” Sam admits and despite everything you find yourself smiling bitterly at your lap, “But this is more Namjoon’s fault than anyone else’s. I’m sure once you explain what happened…” She trails off after having realised how unconvincing the words leaving her mouth sound, shrugging helplessly.

“I’m not sure Jimin’ll even give me the chance.”

“Just give him some time to cool down,” Hoseok advises wisely, speaking for the first time in almost ten minutes, “That’s all you can do for now. And don’t worry about having to leave, ok? No-ones gonna sit back and see you turned out on the streets with Namjoon out there, no matter what happens.”

He rises from the sofa to come and squat in front of you, gently cupping your chin in his hand with an encouraging smile.

“When you first came here we made a promise to keep you safe, remember?” You nod into his palm, smiling weakly back. You remember that alright. Almost straight after having met them the group in all its entirety had assured Jimin that you’d be safe living amongst them - all save Namjoon, anyway. “We might not’ve done a very good job of it so far, but that promise hasn’t changed, alright?”

“Alright,” you agree, comforted by the sincerity you can hear in his words and the warmth that lays in his eyes as he gazes back at you. He gives the angle of your jaw a brush over with the pad of his thumb back and forth before standing.

“It’s almost morning, and you need your rest.” He starts shrugging off his jacket and Sam gets up from the bed as well, heading over to Hoseok’s drawers and pulling out two t-shirts from inside; one for each of you, you presume. “You two can take my bed, I’ll take the sofa. The bathroom’s just through there if you need to clean up.”

“That’s probably a good idea,” you agree, taking the shirt that Sam offers you with a grateful smile and accepting her assistance to rise to your feet, “Can you give me a hand?” She smiles indulgently at you, leaning in to press a soft kiss to your forehead.
“Of course I can, sweetheart.”

You have to hand it to Sam; she’s got a mean poker face. She manages to maintain a perfectly passive expression as she patiently assists you in getting ready for bed, not even a singular judgemental eyebrow raised at the sight of the marks that cover almost every inch of you, and you’re so very grateful for it. As it is, you’re self-conscious enough, stood with your arms wrapped around your torso having the dried blood cleaned off of your neck; who can imagine how you’d feel if she were to gawp or gasp at the state you’re in as well?

You try your best not to catch glimpse of yourself in Hoseok’s bathroom mirror. You know you won’t be able to stand what you see if you do. It’s bad enough looking down and seeing the evidence that Namjoon left behind - the bite marks and bruises, the carpet burn and tear stains - without having it staring back at you, too.

It takes a long time for you to fall asleep that morning, no matter how desperately tired you are. Hobi’s bed is more than comfortable, and Sam’s sleeping form next to yours offers some solace, too, yet it feels as though you’re staring at the ceiling for hours, ears pricking at every single sound outside that might indicate Jimin and Yoongi’s return.

Jin said they’d be safe - he said Namjoon would be long gone before they come home - but what if he’s not? What if he’s lying in wait for them there? What if he’s already plotting his revenge? Would they be able to fight him off, if he were? Would they even know to, should he appear from out of the dark and spin them some tale of woe?

It’s these thoughts that plague you as you try in your damndest to fall asleep, one after another and another and another, and in the end it’s only from sheer exhaustion rather than any sense of peacefulness that you finally drift off to the sound of Hobi’s slow and steady breathing.

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“She’s pale.”

You remain deathly still as the lightest of touches graces your cheek; the feel of knuckles passing over the sickly pallor of your skin. The sensation rouses you from sleep gently enough that you don’t think to startle, simply lay there, eyes closed and feigning slumber as your consciousness stirs, senses quickly working in tandem to identify whose weight it is you can feel sat on the edge of the bed.

His voice, his touch, the familiar smell of his cologne; it all adds up to Jimin.

He’s here. He’s home. He’s safe.

“Hyung didn’t transfuse her?”

No one answers but you presume he must be speaking to either Hoseok or Sam, one of which must’ve shaken their heads.

You don’t dare open your eyes. If you do - if Jimin knows you’re awake - then surely he’ll want to leave. He won’t want to keep touching you as he is now, with his hand placed on the curve of your hip, nor want to let the weight of his gaze linger on your face.

No, if things go wrong once the three of you do try to talk things out - or should Jimin decide not to
Another man speaks in low, dulcet tones from across the room, and even though he’s uttering words in a language that you don’t understand, Yoongi’s voice is easy to identify. For just a moment, as you lie there listening to their whispered voices go back and forth, all the worries that are gnawing at your insides seem to disappear.

They’re safe. They’re both safe, and that’s all you could’ve ever really hoped for. Whatever else happens, at least they’ll have each other.

“I can’t believe he’d do this,” Yoongi mutters quietly, and the tender back and forth motion of Jimin’s hand falls still as he bites back in a harsh whisper,

“I can.”

“She told us what happened, Jimin-ssi.” It’s Hoseok that’s awake then, and from the sound of his voice you guess that he’s lingering somewhere behind you, sat on the other side of the bed perhaps, or on his sofa. Jimin huffs a bitter laugh and you mourn the loss of his touch as he takes his hand off of your side. “I don’t know what she said, or what you saw, but I don’t think-”

“I saw plenty,” Jimin interrupts his friend, the volume of his voice rising slightly before Yoongi jumps in, hushing him.

“She needs to rest.” A silence falls again, then, and after a second or two you feel Jimin’s touch once more - a hesitant hand placed on your uppermost arm, the only sliver of bare skin to not be covered by the blankets.

“I just don’t think it’s as black and white as you think it might be,” Hobi cautiously persists, and at that moment you find yourself wishing that you could fling your arms around him, so grateful are you to him for fighting your corner. You hear Jimin sigh and the bed shift, and after a second or two more he stands, shoes clicking on the hardwood floor as he steps away.

“Maybe.” Another silence and another sigh, and your heart immediately begins to ache with the loss of having him near, barely able to resist the urge to give yourself away and beg for him to come back - to stay at your side. “Don’t wake her; let her sleep as long as she needs. She can come and speak to us when she’s ready.”

***

‘When you’re ready’ - that’s the message Hobi had relayed to you when you’d awoken again the next evening, but how are you ever supposed to feel ready for a conversation like this? There’s so much weighing on it, so much at stake; the life you’ve made here, the relationships you’ve forged. It feels as though everything’s hanging in the balance - just waiting to fall down - and you’re so nervous as you wash and dress yourself that it takes you far longer than it should do, having to pause every ten minutes or so and loiter by the toilet just in case your stomach really does decide to turn itself inside-out. You wish you weren’t so nauseous. It’s all you need, really, on top of how awful you already feel.

Physically, you’re a mess. Your hands lightly tremble and you’re aching right down to your bones, intermittently dizzy and every muscle sore - so weak that a strong breeze might knock you down. It’d taken a long time for you to fall back to sleep after Jimin and Yoongi had left, and you know
that the lack of sleep probably isn’t doing you any favours, either.

Still, you turn down Sam’s offer of helping you dress into the clothes that she lends you. It seems as though she’s smuggled a good portion of her wardrobe in Hobi’s room at some point or another; enough that you start to get the distinct impression that she spends a lot more time at the house than you’d originally thought, hidden away with Hoseok in the little love nest they’ve made.

You can’t find it in your heart to be mad at them. You’d have probably have done the same if you were in their shoes.

“Are you sure you don’t want some?” Sam checks, offering you a bite of toast for what must be the fourth time in the space of ten minutes. Peering at your reflection in the mirror, you shake your head. If you try to eat now you’re sure you really will throw up.

“I’m good,” you answer distractedly, running your fingertips over the marks Namjoon’s bite left behind. Sam had offered to try and cover them with some of her make up, too, but you can’t see the point. No amount of concealer is going to be enough to cover the plummy purple bruises that cover your neck, especially when everyone already knows that they’re there.

You wish you had one of your collars to wear…

Turning away from your reflection, you take a deep breath.

“Probably best for me to just get this over and done with, right?” you sigh, directing your question at both Sam and Hoseok. She’s sat between his legs at the head of the bed, her back leant on his chest, jaw working around the mouthful she just took.

“Probably,” Hobi agrees, head tilting as he offers you a sympathetic smile and Sam nods along. You know they’re right. The longer you sit here thinking about it - worrying about the right words to say - the more anxious you’re likely to get, and that’s not likely to do anyone any favours. No, better that you go and face it all head on. Rip the band-aid off. Take the plunge.

“Ok. Wish me luck.” You smile weakly at the two of them and Sam gives you an enthusiastic thumbs up with her one free hand, chewing even faster so she’s able to speak.

“I’ve gotta go home but I want you to call me and let me know how it goes, ok?” You notice Hobi’s arm tighten around Sam’s waist when she says she has to leave and it inwardly makes you smile. You nod obligingly before making the short walk to the door, pausing when you get there as Sam calls your name. “They love you so much, sweetie,” she tells you with an encouraging smile, and this time it’s Hobi’s turn to nod along sagely, “Don’t forget that.”

The trip to Jimin’s room takes far longer than it should.

Granted, your physical condition has noticeably slowed you down. You have to take the stairs far more sedately than normal, clinging onto the railing as you go just in case your legs decide to give way, and by the time you get the bottom you’re a little shaky. Your eyes drift towards the front door as you pause to catch your breath; the heavy wooden bolt is still in place. Jimin would’ve had to call one of the others to let him and Yoongi in when they got home, and you feel your guts twist unpleasantly when you think of how confused they must’ve been to come back to all this - to the news that you’d been attacked.

Did Jimin regret leaving on hearing that, you wonder? You can’t blame him for walking out when
he did - not even a little bit - but part of you still wonders how things would’ve played out if he’d stayed.

You’re just a few steps away from Jimin’s bedroom door when you hear a loud, beseeching meow, and when you turn to look you see Nova stood outside the glass doors which lead to the garden outside, her wide, green eyes fixed on you, and when she meows again you open them up to let her in. She winds herself around your ankles in thanks and you bend low to stroke her despite the inevitability of the head rush that you know will follow, hoping that the slow drag of your fingers through her fur will help calm the nervous fluttering of your heart.

It helps a little but not enough, and when she picks herself up of the hardwood floor and saunters off in the direction of Jimin’s room it's like she’s trying to beckon you there, too, turning back to give you a look that’s far too knowing for your average feline. You swear Nova knows all too well what’s going on in this house, sometimes.

As you approach the door, a lump in your throat the size of your heart, you can hear the two boys inside talking to one another. Unfortunately it’s all in Korean so you're none the wiser about what’s being said, but you can tell just from the tone of Jimin’s voice that he sounds frustrated, and hearing the abrupt way in which he’s speaking makes you all the more afraid to speak inside. What if he won’t even hear you out? What if all he wants to see you for is to give you your things and then demand that you leave?

Nova meows again, louder this time, and then abandons you to walk on ahead, entering the room. She pushes her body against the door so heavily that it swings open far enough to reveal you, unprepared and wide-eyed, and two heads turn to face you where you’re stood lingering in the doorway having forgotten how to breathe. Not for the first time you find yourself wondering whose side she’s really on.

“Hi,” you greet meekly, meeting each of their gazes in turn. You remain in the doorway, unwilling to cross the threshold until you’ve been invited to do so. It’s out of respect rather than fear that you stay put; you’d rather not do anything to jeopardise this conversation before it’s even had a chance to get started.

“Hello,” Jimin replies just as quietly, his eyes travelling the length of your body up and down. You’re relieved not to see the disdain that’d been so present in them the last time in which you spoke, but you’d hardly class them as warm or inviting, either. Yoongi says nothing but you do notice his fingers tighten the grip which he’d already had on the leg of younger boy’s pants, subtly drawing the two of them closer together.

They’re both wearing the same clothes as they were the night before, although each of them looks slightly more dishevelled than the last time that you saw them; neither are wearing the jackets that they had been and Yoongi’s shirt looks crumpled, Jimin’s hair at odd angles from all the times he’s probably run his fingers through it. They must not have slept at all, and the guilt that washes over you on realising that makes the back of your throat burn.

“Can I come in?” Jimin nods, and you step inside, pushing the door closed behind you. When you turn back the two of them are still stood huddled together and they’re eyeing you somewhat warily as if they’re harbouring just as much trepidation about this conversation as you. Lamely, you shrug. “I’m not sure where to start.”

“Was that the first time?” Jimin asks suddenly, and though the question is abrupt - sharp - you’re glad he’s asked it. At least it gives you a place to begin.
“It was, I promise,” you answer eagerly, hands held tightly together in front of you, eyes wide. You need them to believe you; you need them to see that you never meant all this damage that’s been done. “And I never - I never meant to betray your trust. I didn’t think I was.”

Jimin scoffs, lifting his eyes to the ceiling before they fall back to you, his expression turning hard, and this time when he speaks the volume of his voice has risen slightly.

“You’re not that stupid. We had rules, and you knew perfectly well how I felt about you and Namjoon.” Jimin points a finger at you, taking a step forward, and you notice Yoongi’s eyes dart back and forth. “You could’ve had anyone else - anyone but him - and I could’ve forgiven you. I have forgiven you.”

“I know, I know you have,” you nod, head bobbing up and down, “But I thought things had gotten better with you two, I really did. He tricked me, Jimin. He lied to me and I was an idiot to believe him, I know, but I did.”

“Tricked you?” Yoongi finally speaks, eyebrows furrowed low, “Tricked you how?” Turning your attention to him, you tug nervously on the long sleeves of the sweater you’re wearing. He’s so difficult to read; unlike Jimin, whose face responds to every single word you say, expression ever-changing, Yoongi’s remains stoic, closed off.

“He told he’d me gotten your permission,” you explain, glancing back at Jimin, “You guys had been talking in the club and I thought… I thought maybe you’d changed your mind about him.” Jimin barks a short laugh, head tipping back for a second before returning to you, bitterness in his eyes and a smirk in place of a smile.

“And you just lept at the chance, didn’t you?” he sneers, “So desperate to jump on his dick that you couldn’t spare even a single second to just check and make sure?!”

“I know,” you grovel, stepping towards them with your hands clasped together at the base of your throat, “I know, I know I should’ve done, and I’m so-”

“And even if he had gotten my permission, what about Yoongi?” Jimin continues, berating you without even having to pause for breath, fury in his eyes. “Did you even stop to think about him?” Again you note Yoongi’s eyes bat back and forth, his delicate lips parting slightly as he watches this all play out with one arm wrapped around himself now he can no longer hold onto the younger boy as he was. “You saw how he was last night, you knew how much he needed you, and you just left him in here on his own. What if something had happened?!”

Oh god, you’d never even thought about that. What if it had? You know Yoongi had told you he wanted some time alone, but what if that’d been the wrong thing to give him? What if he’d dissolved into another panic attack again? What if he’d ended up hurting himself again?

Your mouth flails uselessly for a moment, lost for words in the face of Jimin’s wrath.

“I was fine,” Yoongi murmurs, looking at the floor, his quiet words breaking the silence, “I told her I was fine.” Jimin turns back to him sharply.

“That’s not the point!”

“You’re right,” you agree quickly, your throat tightening with emotion. This feels as though it’s starting to take a downward spiral, escalating too fast, and when Jimin rounds on the spot to face you
again his jaw is clenched tight, not a hint of forgiveness in sight. “You’re right, ok? I’ve messed up so bad, Jimin. Oppa –” Yoongi’s eyes clench shut for a moment when he hears you call him that, his lips pressing together, “- I know I’ve fucked up. Really, really fucked up, and I’m so… so sorry.”

You didn’t want to cry, doing this. That was never the intention. You don’t want to be absolved through pity, and yet here you are.

Tears spilling down your cheeks, you stagger forward towards Jimin and let yourself fall at his feet as he did once before to you, clutching onto the front of his pants with both hands, head bowed.

“Please, Jimin, I never meant to hurt you,” you choke out, eyes closed and head bent low, “I-I never wanted to hurt either of you, ever.” He says nothing as your shoulders heave with the strength of your cries and at that moment desperation takes its hold, clutching at his legs and shuffling forwards to press yourself to the front of his calves.

Nothing. He says absolutely nothing, and as the gap between you ever widens, your mind frantically scrambles for something - anything -

“P-please, daddy, please.” Let him take control, let him have what he needs. Let him know that you're his.

You hide your face in his thighs, biting your bottom lip so hard you taste copper on your tongue.

“You’re not crying yourself, I see.”

“Please, p-please. Punish me, if you want. I’ll take it, w-whatever you need. I-I broke the rules an-and-”

Tilting your face up, you see his face through bleary eyes and Jimin’s hands hovering unsurely at his sides, and you realise it’s going to take more. Whatever it takes, you’ll endure anything to earn their forgiveness.

You turn yourself on your knees to present yourself on all fours, making a grab for the waistband of your sweats.

“Jimin-” Yoongi’s voice rumbles, but you interrupt.

“Punish me. I d-deserve it. Call me names, feed on me! Whatever you want,” you repeat, out of your mind, “Fuck me, choke me, I d-don’t care just-just please, don’t leave me!”

“Stop,” Jimin utters softly, and it’s enough to make your frantic rambling cease, a strong hand around your wrist preventing you from lowering your pants as you’d intended. You feel his presence behind you, joining you on his knees. “That’s enough, kitten,” he soothes, and on hearing the term of endearment you start to sob all the more, sinking to your elbows and pressing your face to the floor, head held in your hands to catch your tears. “That’s enough.”

Your limp body goes willingly when you’re pulled into his arms, falling into Jimin’s chest and grabbing onto him for dear life, and when you feel Jimin place a kiss to the top of your head, hushing you under his breath as he, too, joins you and Jimin on the floor. Kneeling besides the younger vampire, he takes you from
Jimin’s arms and holds you in his own, wrapping you up so tight that you can barely breathe. His cheeks are wet when he kisses your cheek, his voice cracking when he says your name.

“I don’t want to lose you. Either of y-you.” Reaching out blindly, you grab for Jimin’s hand and pull it to your chest when you find it, between you and Yoongi, and he nuzzles his face in your hair as Yoongi continues to kiss at the corner of your mouth, his tears mixing with your own.

“You’re not going to, kitten,” Jimin assures you, his arm finding its way around your waist, too. You can tell he’s near tears from how tight his voice sounds, how clenched his jaw is pressed against you. What a mess the three of you must look, a mass of tangled limbs that are all holding on too tight. “I’m sorry we weren’t here to protect you… we should’ve been here. If I’d have just heard you out - if I’d have stayed - he never would’ve-”

“It was my fault, Jimin, please, don’t say you’re sorry.”

“If something had happened to you-” Yoongi begins, cupping the angle of your jaw and using it to turn your tear-stained face upward to face him. You cut him off, smiling despite the rawness of your throat and the soreness of your eyes,

“I’m alright,” you tell him, and when you place a timid kiss to his lips somehow Yoongi finds the strength to smile too, rubbing his thumb back and forth along your sodden cheek, “I’m alright now I’m here with you.”

Chapter End Notes

Phew, that was intense!

So, things are on the way up again. Things are by no means going to be magically fixed after this, by the way - there still needs to be some more talking about the boys still need to find out about Namjoon’s plot, but at least it’s getting there, right? ^^
Hey lovlies! I hope you like this latest update - it's a really, really dialogue heavy chapter, but I feel as though all of these conversations have been coming for quite a long while, now, and needed to be said. It's also a longer chapter than normal, too, so on that note - enjoy!

Love you <3 <3

It takes a little while for you to collect yourself sufficiently enough to be able to be able to carry on the conversation the three of you so pressingly need, but luckily both Jimin and Yoongi are nothing if not patient with you. Leant back against Jimin’s chest, he runs his fingers through your hair and presses gentle kisses along your shoulder as they wait for your tears to cease. Yoongi sits at his side, their shoulders touching, and you’re not ignorant to the way his palm is rubbing soothingly up and down the swell of Jimin’s thigh in a gesture of silent reassurance.

Nova wanders her way over to join you as your sniffles start to die out, approaching cautiously with her large, feline eyes fixed firmly on you. She winds herself around your legs when she gets to you, emitting a low, comforting purr as she does so, and when Yoongi makes a soft kissing noise a moment later she clambers her way onto his lap, nudging her head against the vampire’s chin before curling up in a neat ball of black fuzz, content. The fingers of his free hand instantly begin to card through her fur, and on witnessing it you can’t help but weakly smile.

For someone who had so vehemently expressed his displeasure at the idea of sharing a room with her when you’d first started sleeping together as a trio, they sure do get along. Nova never used to sleep on the bed until Yoongi arrived but now she’s almost always in there with the three of you, her slender body stretched out at the end of the bed, directly underneath the eldest vampire’s feet.

“Hyung ,” Jimin calls softly, and it’s been so long since anyone spoke that it almost makes you jump, “Fetch some tissues?” Yoongi starts to move and Nova’s head jerks upward, glaring accusingly up at him.

“I’m alright,” you say, giving a slight shake of your head, “I’m ok.” Instead of tissues you use the sleeves of Sam’s top to dry your eyes, thankful that you’d gone without the make-up she’d offered to you earlier. Snot might well come out in the wash but mascara might’ve been a whole different story.
Another silence settles then, following that. There’s no tension left in the air but the atmosphere remains heavy - full of the things that yet remain unsaid and the consequential emotions that remain from those that have - and you know it won’t get better unless you keep on talking, keep on pushing through, no matter how hard it might be.

“There’s something else I need to tell you,” you begin nervously, tugging at your dampened sleeve. Jimin’s firm body suddenly solidifies even further behind you as you announce that, tensing himself as though he’s bracing for another blow, but Yoongi’s expression remains slightly softer, his hand shifting from Jimin’s thighs onto yours.

“Go on,” he encourages, just the slightest flicker of trepidation in his eyes.

How exactly do you put this? There’s really no way of breaking the news gently that someone they’d considered a brother - a leader - had attempted to have them killed. You’ll just have to say it, plain and simple, as it is. Steeling yourself, you begin to speak, drawing your knees towards your chest and wrapping your arms around them.

“Namjoon confessed to something before he attacked me. I mean, I guessed, but he-”

“Why did he attack you?” Yoongi interrupts, his burrows furrowed as though he simply can’t understand what would motivate Namjoon to do such a thing. You’re not surprised that he’s asked; between the two of them, Yoongi definitely seems to be having the harder time getting his head around it, and it’s not as though anyone had seen it coming. How could they have when Jimin had discovered you the way he had, so consumed by passion that you hadn’t even known he was there?

God, just the thought of it makes your stomach turn, the nausea that follows forcing you to swallow and pause before you’re able to continue.

“After you and Jimin had left he… I realised how he’d manipulated everything - planned all of it so he could try and have me all to himself.” You swivel slightly between Jimin’s legs, enough to be able to turn your head to the side and see his face. He’s wearing a deep frown, looking far off at the opposite wall rather than directly at you, and you can only hope that he’s not torturing himself by reliving it all in his head. “Jimin,” you prompt softly, leaning to briefly press your shoulder to his chest. His eyes flick back to you, his Adam’s apple bobbing as he swallows, “I’m sorry I didn't listen to you when you warned me… I really didn’t think Namjoon would… I-I never thought he’d ever…”

“Hey.” Jimin’s hand cups your cheek, and it isn’t until you feel his touch that you realise your eyes had fallen closed, breath quickening in fear as you’re taken back to that moment you’d been held so
You pause, trying to collect yourself enough to carry on regardless of how tight your chest feels, anxiety making your hands lightly tremble.

“Realised what, gongjunim?”

You take a deep breath, your eyes drifting from Yoongi’s face to Jimin’s and back again.

“The mission that went wrong… the night you almost died,” you say quietly, curiosity and confusion both equally as obvious in Yoongi’s slowly widening eyes, “It was Namjoon’s fault.” You feel Jimin tense again next to you, his hand falling completely still where it rests on your lower back. “He arranged it, the whole thing.”

“What?” Yoongi’s slender lips, pretty and pink, have parted slightly in shock - the tip of his tongue barely visible as it prods nervously at the corner of his mouth.

“I don’t know how, but it was him. He admitted it, right before he attacked me.” Yoongi blinks, his head twisting slightly as though he means to shake it but can’t quite follow the gesture through.

“No,” he denies, “No… he wouldn’t do that. Namjoon had his issues but he wouldn’t have…”

“I’m sorry, oppa. I didn’t want to believe it either but-” Vaguely, you’re aware of how Jimin’s whole body has started to tremble as you speak. “-Namjoon must’ve tipped them off or something, told them the best way to hurt-”

It was like he wanted to… to own me. Possess me. Whatever it cost. And when I rejected him he just… he lost it,” you explain, remembering the look in Namjoon’s eyes when you’d told him you didn’t want him, that you could never be his; the hurt, the confusion. “He kept saying how neither of you would ever want to be with me again - that he’d lied to get me to sleep with him because it was the only the option left…. and the way he was talking I realised…”
“Fuck!” Jimin rises to his feet so suddenly, so abruptly, that the fright has Nova practically leaping out of Yoongi’s lap. You can’t say you blame her; your bottom jumped from the floor nearly just as far at his outburst, your heart pounding like a jackhammer. “That sick, twisted fuck!” She runs for cover, disappearing under the bed with her tail twice the usual size, and as Jimin strides over to his closet and promptly slams his fist into it - splintering the wood - you have to fight the urge to do the same.

You’d anticipated this kind of reaction - especially from Jimin - but whilst it might have been expected, it still doesn’t make it any easier to watch, your whole body flinching when punches the same spot again, cracking it even further. He rests his forehead against the broken wood for just a moment, clenched fists shaking, and as he heaves ragged breaths you and Yoongi glance at each other, equally as concerned.

“Jimin,” Yoongi begins, and on hearing the elder vampire’s voice Jimin straightens up and turns on the spot to look back at both of you, the muscles of his jaw held taut.

“If I ever see that bastard again, hyung,” Jimin growls lowly, anger barely contained, “I’m gonna rip him limb from limb.” Yoongi looks at a loss for what to say, his mouth open as he manages to hold Jimin’s eye contact for just a second before he then has to look away, his gaze falling back to the floor.

The younger vampire may be full of rage but his elder just appears blank. Lost; like his whole worldview has been irrevocably altered in just one moment. Out of all of these seven men you’ve come to know and love over the past few months, it’s always seemed as though it’s Yoongi and Namjoon who struggle most with the realities of who and what they are; the loneliness, depression and isolation. Watching Yoongi now, you have the horrible feeling that he might already be questioning whether or not he may one day share the same warped way of thinking that has led you all to this fate.

“Actually, you know what,” Jimin declares, dragging your attention back his way just in time to see him wrench open his ruined closet door and drag out a jacket from its depths. He starts to pull it on, a murderous gleam turning the dark brown of his eyes ugly and cold. “I’m gonna out there right now and track him down. He’ll pay for this, I’ll make sure of it.” He makes towards the door, stalking his way across the room, and when he crosses the space in which you and Yoongi are sat the black-haired vampire suddenly reaches up and grabs a hold of Jimin’s wrist, forcing him to come to a standstill.

“Stop,” Yoongi snaps out, lifting his head to meet Jimin’s glare, “Going out there and getting yourself killed isn’t going to do anyone any good. That’s probably exactly what Namjoon wants.” Jimin snatches his wrist from Yoongi’s grasp and exhales hard, carding his fingers through his hair. He knows Yoongi’s right, that’s why he’s so frustrated, so restless, weight shifting from one foot to the other. “This isn’t what she needs. We’ve wasted enough time and energy and tears on him for one day, without giving him any more.”
As Yoongi’s words start to sink in Jimin’s gaze drifts over to where you’re sat on the floor, knees hugged tight to your chest, and as he takes you in his expression slowly softens, another sigh finally leaving his lips as he visibly deflates, working the tightness out of his jaw.

You can’t help but be relieved that Yoongi has put that topic to bed, for now, at least. It’ll be need to be gotten to the bottom of - more investigating done - but at this moment in time you can’t bare thinking or speaking about him for even a single minute more.

“You’re right,” he admits and Yoongi gives a short, satisfied nod as Jimin extends his hand to you and carefully aids you in standing to your feet. Your head swims a little at the sudden change in your blood pressure but you could care less about feeling dizzy as Jimin folds you in his arms, your head leant on his shoulder to breathe in the comforting familiarity of his scent. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be,” you whisper back before placing a soft, hesitant kiss to the column of his neck. It seems to relax him, releasing some of the tension of the embrace with which he holds you close as you feel Yoongi come to stand behind you, a hand on each side of your waist.

“How are you feeling?” He asks the question into your hair, breath cold against your scalp. It might seem like a silly question but you know Yoongi isn’t intentionally trying to be obtuse; he’s always been nothing but sincere in his concern for you, no matter what the situation.

“A bit dizzy, a bit light-headed… but mostly just tired,” you answer honestly, letting yourself sag into Jimin’s hold that little bit more now that you finally feel secure enough to relax, sure that the worst must be over.

“I meant more… emotionally, rather than physically,” Yoongi explains, and when you lift your head from Jimin’s shoulder to look quizzically back at him over your own he elaborates further, “Princess,” he sighs, pushing back some hair that’s fallen in front of your face and tucking it behind your ear, “What Namjoon did to you… to be used that way, to be deceived like that… that’s bound to leave some scars.”

“I never really…” You trail off, glancing back at Jimin to see him watching your facial expression closely, concerned. “I was more concerned about you two to really… I mean…”

It’s true; you’d been so focused on how what had happened would affect Jimin, Yoongi and your relationship with them both that you’d barely spared a thought for how all of this might’ve mentally impacted on you. Perhaps it’s too soon to know - or perhaps being so worried about them had
helped prevent you from focusing on any real, lasting trauma to yourself - but right now you feel… ok.

What happened with Namjoon was horrible, certainly, but part of you can’t get over the thought that maybe you’d brought a lot of this onto yourself. You were at fault for all of this, too, not just Namjoon.

“I’m ok,” you tell them both, forcing a smile when they both continue their searching looks, “Really. I just want us to be ok.” They don’t need to know about the guilt you continue to feel; you deserve it, after all.

“We’ll get there,” Jimin assures you, tightening his arms around you as a brief, sweet smile crosses his face. It feels like the first you’ve seen in days, and as soon as register it everything suddenly feels as though the weight of all the worries that’d been laid across your shoulders is a million times lighter, a genuine smile gracing your features too.

“So… what happens now?”

“Personally, I could do with a wash,” Yoongi replies flatly, removing his hands from your waist, “I feel like I’ve been in these clothes for days.”

“Good idea, hyung.” Jimin looks to you as he loosens his hold, placing a singular finger under your chin to tilt your head up, watching your expression closely. “Would that be ok? Will you let me look after you?”

“Of course,” you answer instantly, feeling a little confused about why Jimin would be asking you so seriously in the first place. When have you ever not wanted to be on the receiving end of his love and care?

Gingerly, he scoops you off of your feet and carries you into the bathroom with Yoongi following closely behind. He leans over the tub to turn on the water as Jimin places you back down, making sure that you’re steady with a hand on each of your shoulders before his eyes then glance downward at the top you’re wearing, chewing at the corner of his full bottom lip.

Why does he look so nervous?
You can understand why your own heart is starting to gallop with so much anxiety; if Jimin takes off your clothes they’ll both see the full extent of the marks that Namjoon had left on you, and though you know that it shouldn’t, there’s a little nasty voice at the back of your mind that worries that all of the good work done so far will suddenly be undone when the physical evidence of your betrayal is laid out so starkly before them.

Jimin very slowly takes the hem of your top in his hands, his attention focused solely on you.

“Is this ok?” he asks as he lifts it ever so slightly, just high enough that a sliver of your abdomen is exposed, “We don’t have to,” he assures as your facial expression changes to one of confusion and then surprise once you realise why he’s acting so hesitantly. Jimin wants your absolute consent before doing anything at all, and knowing that he’s going out of his way to make sure that you know you’re being treated with the utmost respect and care after everything Namjoon had done has you so moved, so overwhelmed, that you very nearly start tearing up on the spot.

“Jimin.” You place your on his cheek, smiling when he turns his face to press a kiss to your palm. “I know you and Yoongi would never do anything to hurt me; I trust you.” Having walked over to the two of you, Yoongi appears at Jimin’s side and promptly entwines his fingers with yours when you offer him your free hand, the sound of running water competing to be heard over that of your words. “I don’t want things to change between us.”

“Alright,” Jimin confirms before stripping you of your top, forcing you to momentarily relinquish Yoongi’s hands, and as he places it on the nearby countertop you hook your thumbs into your pants and underwear to and remove them, doing the work for him. Yoongi helps you to step out of them, reclaiming your hand to help you keep your balance as you try your very best not to feel self-conscious at being so laid bare in the state that you are.

Your lovers are doing their very best to help you feel at ease, from what you can tell. Usually in these kind of situations they’d both be letting their eyes run up and down your naked body completely unchecked, eyeing you hungrily, but it almost feels as they’re making a conscious effort not to look at you that way right now, and for that you’re grateful. It makes you feel less a little less ashamed of the bruises and grazes that cover your skin; marks that you wish more than anything were never given the chance to exist.

“Before, when I asked what’s going to happen,” you start as Jimin heads over to the tub, dipping his fingers into the water to test the temperature, “I meant with us.” Jimin tilts his face to the side to look at you that way right now, and for that you’re grateful. It makes you feel less a little less ashamed of the bruises and grazes that cover your skin; marks that you wish more than anything were never given the chance to exist.

“Let’s take care of you, first, princess, then we can talk more.” You nod your acquiescence, saying nothing more as they each help you climb over the side and into the water.
The last hour or so had been so heavy that Yoongi had probably been right to instigate a pause in the conversation at that point. The silence in which the three of you had bathed had given you precious time to collect your thoughts and better appreciate the innocent physical contact between you; Jimin washing your hair as you in turn had washed his, Yoongi taking great care to wash both you and Jimin with sweet-scented suds till you’re both smelling just as fragrant. He’d almost fallen asleep leant back against Jimin’s chest as the younger vampire had held him so tenderly between his legs, running his fingers through the sopping wet strands of Yoongi’s hair as you’d bathed him, relishing in the opportunity to touch and caress those you’ve come to so deeply love as much as you pleased.

At no point had any of it taken a more sexual turn; no look or kiss ever lingering too long. It’ll be a little while, you think, before any of you are ready for anything more, and that’s more than ok as far as you’re concerned. You’d rather wait until the time is right and ensure that all three of you feel safe enough and secure enough before delving into that side of your relationship again. It’s all too raw right now - the wounds too fresh.

This love, this tenderness you share; this is more than enough.

It isn’t until you’re all drying off in Jimin’s room that one of you finally speaks again, and when you do your sore throat makes your voice sound a little hoarse, breaking slightly.

“You don’t have to wear those anymore,” Jimin explains when he sees your worried look. He offers you a small, reassuring smile, and you try your best to return it as you slip on your underwear, t-shirt and jeans in turn. You’re confused, though; why wouldn’t he want you to? You’ve always liked your collars - liked what they represent.

As if he’s able to hear your internal monologue, Jimin looks back to you as he’s pulling up his own underwear.
“I…” Jimin pauses, frowning for a moment and then starting again, “Since the moment I met you, I’ve been treating you like a prize,” he says, coming close enough to reach out and take your hands, linking your fingers together. “Like a possession, and I… I don’t want to do that anymore. I don’t want to be like Namjoon; think of you like you’re just something for me to own.”

“Don’t be silly,” you chastise gently, unable to believe that he would even dream of comparing himself to Namjoon in that way, “You’re nothing like him - nothing at all.” Jimin just shrugs his shoulders, smiling half-heartedly as though he doesn’t really believe you.

“She's right, Jimin,” Yoongi weighs in, approaching you both, shaking his wet bangs out of his eyes and blinking rapidly at the water droplets that hit his face, “I wouldn't be here if you were.”

“I guess,” he agrees non-committedly. Jimin’s going to take a little more convincing, it seems, but you get the feeling it may be time rather than reassuring words from either of you that’ll eventually do the trick. Slipping your hands from his, you go searching through your drawers until you find the very first collar that Jimin had ever presented to you; a band of simple black silk that’s gone unworn for quite some time.

“Please?” Holding it to your throat, you turn on the spot and wait, heart fluttering nervously, to see if he’ll oblige. A few seconds pass, and just as you’re starting to doubt that he will - starting to move the slip of material away from you neck - you feel the lightest brushing of fingertips against your skin. Jimin secures the collar in place without a word as you smile to yourself, immediately reassured by its presence around your throat. It’s love. It’s belonging. It's safety.

“Thank you,” you utter softly as you turn back to him, and though there might be a little uncertainty in Jimin’s eyes as they drift over your collar where it lies amongst last night's darkening bruises, he still manages a fleeting smile. Yoongi gives a subtle nod of his head, too, his slender arms crossed across his naked torso.

His eyes never leaving yours, Jimin takes a step towards you to close the space between your bodies. His hands reach out to close around each of your wrists, and then, for the first time since all of this began, he presses his lips to yours. The kiss you share is slow and sweet and tender, and when you lift a palm to Jimin's cheek it makes you smile against his mouth to feel him lean into it, humming his enjoyment of it deep down low in his throat.

“Princess,” you hear Yoongi's voice say, closer to you now, and Jimin willingly guides you into the other vampire's arms, waiting till the last possible moment to disconnect your lips, only for Yoongi’s to take his place immediately thereafter. His kiss is just as loving as Jimin's had been, and by the time you pull away you're a little bit breathless, smiling stupidly as you nuzzle your face against the top of Yoongi's chest.
“Just us from now on, right?” you ask against him, looping your arms around his waist, Jimin stood close enough that you can feel coolness of his breath on the back of your neck as he pushes your hair aside to scatter kisses there. You expect their confirmatory replies to be fairly swift, yet after a beat or two they’re still yet to come, prompting you to lift your head in curiosity, meeting Yoongi’s gaze. He’s regarding you thoughtfully, expression as unfathomable as ever, and it ends up being Jimin who speaks first.

“You said you didn’t want things to change, right?” You twist your neck to be able to see Jimin, the furrowing of your forehead giving away your confusion.

“Well, yes, but I thought-”

“It was never sharing that I had a problem with, kitten,” Jimin explains, “I like watching you enjoy yourself, and I like seeing you satisfied… even more when I’m a part of it.” He smiles at the light blush that colours your otherwise pale face, reaching out to brush his thumb along your cheekbone. “But it’s not just us, anymore, is it?”

At Jimin’s prompting, you turn back to face Yoongi, already chewing your lip in fear of what he might say. You know he was never particularly comfortable with the arrangement that you and Jimin had had when he’d first gotten involved with you, but that was a long time ago now, and you’ve never really spoken about it since. You’ve always figured that on some level he must’ve known about your dalliances with the others, but you’ve always tried to ensure they were never spoken about around him - he had asked you not to rub it in his face, after all.

“You’re your own person,” Yoongi finally says after a further moment of silence, “And you’re entitled to make your own decisions.” Flexing your fingertips into the miniscule amount of fat that covers his hips, you gently encourage him to elaborate further.

“I don’t want you to be unhappy, oppa. I need to know how you feel about all this, too; you’re just as big a part, your feelings are just as important to me.” Despite any difficulty or awkwardness Yoongi may be experiencing in trying to gather his thoughts enough to properly articulate them, your words still drag a smile out of him, pink gums flashing as his lips stretch wide. “I… I-I’m sorry if it didn’t really seem like it before.” He pushes your hair back from your face, a smaller, softer smile linger as he exhales a short, breathy chuckle.

“This is never how I expected to fall in love, or how I thought any relationship I’d have would ever be.” You nod understandingly; this scenario is something you’d never anticipated either. “But I’m happy. More happy than I’ve ever been. And this - what we have - it works pretty well, for the most part.”
“I’ll admit, at first, I didn’t like the idea of sharing you at all; even that was the only reason we were able to be with each other. But…” Loosely, Yoongi shrugs, his fingers flexing into the material of your shirt. “I love my brothers, and I want them to be happy. Knowing how much they care for you, and knowing how you make me feel… It wouldn’t feel right, keeping that same happiness away from them.”

It always catches you slightly off guard to hear Yoongi say so much in just one sitting; he’s usually so succinct, so to the point, even when talking about his feelings. Not only that, but you really hadn’t expected him to have made peace with it all. You’d been convinced that from this point forward you having any other partners outside of the two of them would be strictly off limits, but it appears as though that won’t be the case.

Not that you have any burning desire to do so; even the idea of sleeping with Jimin and Yoongi again seems daunting enough right now.

“But if this is going to work, long-term, then we need to be honest with one another. We need to talk more about what we want, what we need - what worries or frightens us - even if we're anxious what the other might say,” Yoongi continues, looking meaningfully between you and Jimin.

You often forget that Yoongi is the second eldest of the group, what with his slight frame and youthful features, but he sounds so experienced as he speaks, so wise, that at this moment you can easily believe that he possesses every one of his forty plus years.

You nod agreeably, able to feel the motion of Jimin stood behind you doing the same.

“Maybe if you'd have told us about Namjoon - been honest about how you felt about him - we could've prevented this mess, or at least have protected you better.” Shamefully, you drop your eyes to the floor, but one of Yoongi’s long, graceful fingers curls under your chin to pick it up again, smiling kindly when you reluctant hold his gaze. “I’m not saying this to make you feel worse, princess, please believe me.”

“I know,” you reply quietly, forcing back the guilt that his words had flared up inside of you, “And you’re right… about all of it.”

“Of course I am,” he smirks, a cocky curl to the corner of his lip as you hear Jimin scoff a laugh behind you. Gently, you feel him pull at your hips, rotating you Yoongi’s arms to face him directly.
“How’s all this sound to you, kitten?” he asks, nothing but affection the eyes that gaze down at you, “No more permission, no more rules… just honesty.”

Frankly, it sounds more than you could ever hope for - far more than you deserve - but all you is smile and nod your head as you reply,

“That sounds pretty perfect to me.”

“Good,” Jimin smiles, leaning in for just one more kiss, so slow and so deep that it leaves you feeling both giddy and thankful for having Yoongi stood behind you still, holding you steady, when the younger vampire finally steps away. “Are you tired, kitten? I could really do with a nap, and I’m guessing hyung feels the same,” he says as he returns to his closet, pulling out a pair of sweats to wear over his boxer shorts.

“I could nap,” you reply, and even if you couldn’t you’d more than happily agree to climbing back into bed with the two of them anyway. It didn’t feel right, last night, sleeping without their embrace. Jimin takes your hand on his way back over to the bed, taking you with him, and Yoongi lets you go without resistance, silent until the moment that Jimin pulls back the sheets for you both to climb in.

“Jimin,” he says suddenly, a new urgency to his voice that has you both pausing at the edge of the bed, heads turning to look back at him, “In the whole… spirit of honesty, thing… I… I have something else I need to say.”

Puzzled, Jimin moves away from the bed and walks back over towards Yoongi where he’s hovering at the end of the bed, concern written across his features.

“What is it, hyung ?” Lowering yourself onto the soft bed covers, you can’t help but wonder the same thing. Yoongi’s rubbing at the back of his neck nervously, avoiding Jimin’s eyes until the silver-haired vampire is stood directly in front of him and taking his hand, lifting it to press a kiss against his knuckles.

“I’m not… I mean-” Yoongi stops mid sentence, grimacing in annoyance as he closes his eyes in what looks like an effort to calm his nerves. “- I don’t know exactly what I mean to you in all of this but I need to tell you. I… for so many years, I-”

You don’t get a chance to hear the next words Yoongi had intended to come out of his mouth,
though you can easily hazard a guess as to what they might’ve been. He’s too busy trying to keep his balance to speak, the ferocious way in which Jimin surges forward to fix his mouth onto his taking him completely by surprise. It’s an eager, passionate kiss that they share, and part way through Yoongi’s hands reach up to cradle Jimin’s face in his palms, tongues visible as the it deepens, losing themselves in each other, bodies pressed close.

Jimin rests his forehead on Yoongi’s when they part, watching and waiting for Yoongi to finally open his eyes and look back at him, breathless and licking his lips.

“I love you too, hyung.”

For the second time since you’ve come to know Yoongi, he looks utterly blindsided by the idea that someone could ever possibly love him in return.

“Why?” he asks softly, thumbs brushing over the soft, full globes of Jimin’s cheeks, “Why did you never say anything sooner? I’ve wanted you for so long - I never… never imagined you ever felt the same way.”

“Hyung, I wasn’t ready…” Jimin smiles sadly, carefully withdrawing Yoongi’s hands from his face to hold them again, hovering between them, “Look at the mess I made when she first came into our lives, all because I was scared.” He glances over to you and you smile encouragingly, hoping that he can read just from your expression alone that you’re more than happy for them to share this moment on their own. “I wouldn’t have been able to forgive myself if I’d have done something like that to you… It was easier to stay as we were than risk hurting you.”

You swear you see the slightest hint of a bashful smile tugging at Yoongi’s lips as he glances at the floor, Jimin tugging on his hands to pull them around his waist and into an embrace.

“I just… I wish we hadn’t lost so much time.” Yoongi’s voice is so quiet that you can only just hear it, but as he looks back up at Jimin the love in his eyes is all too plain to see.

“I know,” Jimin smiles, eyes pressing into half moons as his full cheeks swell, “Me too, but now we have all the time in the world.”

Watching them together, it feels as though your heart is swelling to twice its normal size inside your chest. The love you have for them both is so that it threatens to spill over into tears, your throat burning as you blink to hold it back, so full of happiness that you can’t stop smiling - happy for them, happy for you, happy for the three of you, together - and when Jimin and Yoongi come to join you in bed they can’t stop smiling either.
It feels like the most natural thing in the world to fall into the position in which the three of you usually lie together; Jimin on his back, you on your side with your head on his chest, Yoongi spooning you from behind, Jimin’s arm underneath the both of you to pull you in tight.

This is what you want, always, and as you lay there with Yoongi’s fingers tickling delicately along your side, you come to the realisation that there’s only one way you can ever really make that happen.

Yoongi and Jimin may have forever to look forward to, but where does that leave you?

“Yoongi?” you call softly, “Jimin?”

“Yes, kitten?” Jimin answers groggily, having already fallen half asleep.

“I want you both to promise me something.” You feel Yoongi’s lips press against the back of your neck in a soft kiss, eyelashes tickling your skin.

“What is it?” he asks.

“Promise me… that one day you’ll turn me.”

Chapter End Notes

Those of you on tumblr might have already seen that I’m doing a celebratory ‘ask my muse’ session for Sweeter than Sweet to celebrate its year anniversary on the 6th of July (I’m seriously... just... gobsmacked that this series has been going so long - it doesn’t feel that long ago that the idea first came to me), but anyway.

I’ve already taken in all the asks in preparation for it, and once they're all answered I was thinking of compiling them all and posting them as a chapter on here so that those of you on tumblr don't get to miss out on having that little bit more of an insight into the characters minds. I hope you all like the idea of that, and that you'll look forward to reading it ^^

<3 <3
Before anyone gets too excited - this isn't a new chapter!

To celebrate STS turning one year old, I held an 'Ask My Muse' session on Tumblr! The characters responses to all the questions that were asked can be found below in a series of interview-type scenarios that I constructed.

So yeah, whilst it may not be a new chapter, I hope it might possibly give you a little bit more of an in-depth look at some of the characters thoughts and feelings about each other :)

Enjoy <3 <3

PS. I've inserted myself as the interviewer, and I know that's very self-indulgent, but... y'know... sue me! lol

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Hoseok and Sam

“So, who wants to go first?” I ask with a smile, tapping the question cards against my thigh to straighten the stack.

Sam - impeccably dressed as always - happily raises her hand, flashing a winning smile. She seems as though she’s dressed up for the occasion; ebony hair curled in gentle waves and make up pristine. In fact, now that I look more closely, it almost seems as though she and Hoseok have purposefully coordinated their outfits, the colour of her floaty blouse complementing the shade of his hair almost perfectly.

“I'll go!” she exclaims, jostling hers and Hoseok’s conjoined hands in her lap, glancing at him, “This is so exciting!” I laugh, unable to resist scrunching my nose at the two of them when Hoseok smiles indulgently back at her, squeezing her hand in his.

“Just to warn you, some of these get a little… personal. Are you sure you’re ok doing this together?”

“Of course,” Sam answers breezily, “No secrets here, right Hobi-bear?” I press my lips together at the slightly strained smile that tugs at Hoseok’s lips to keep from laughing again. The poor guy. He’s starting to look vaguely panicked, now; as though he’s suddenly realising that agreeing to this might’ve been a very bad idea.

“Ok then.” I clear my throat, shuffling through the cards to find an easy one to ease us into things. “Sam, have you adapted to a nocturnal lifestyle yet?”

“To be honest, my sleep schedule has always been all over the place,” she answers quickly, no thought required to her answer, “My shifts at the hospital change all the time, so I’m used to switching between days and nights as I need to.”
“I try and make sure she gets enough sleep,” Hoseok adds as soon as she’s finished, glancing her way. “Sometimes she’ll finish a day and then try and stay awake to see me, too, but I worry when she does that.”

“Funny,” Sam grins salaciously, the tip of her tongue caught between her teeth, “You didn’t seem so concerned about me getting my beauty sleep last night.” Visibly flustered, Hoseok’s eyes dart between Sam’s face and mine, his bottom shifting uncomfortably on his seat.

“I- uh- I mean… you’re already so beautiful anyway, pumpkin, I-”

“Next question, please,” Sam prompts, eyes twinkling with amusement as she turns her attention back my way, Hoseok floundering with embarrassment beside her.

“Ok, uhm, how about one for you this time, Hobi?” He sits up in a little straighter, forcing a smile onto his face despite his recent faux pas.

“Sure. Shoot,” he agrees with an obliging nod. I take the first from the pile, neglecting to scan it over before reading the question aloud.

“Hobi, would you have killed ___ on the night you first met if Jimin hadn’t pulled you away and stopped you from biting her?” Hoseok’s eyes widen in alarm as soon as the question passes my lips, the smile he’d worked so hard on disappearing as quickly as it’d come.

“I’m sorry, would you have done what?!?” Sam shrieks before Hoseok has a chance to even defend himself, a disbelieving look on her face, and I can’t help but feel a little sorry for him. I really should’ve screened these questions more thoroughly… maybe even insisted that they were interviewed separately…

“Nothing!” Hoseok blurts out quickly, trying to reclaim the hand that Sam had snatched away from him on hearing this newest revelation. He turns to me, doing his utmost to adopt an innocent, sincere expression. “No! No, I wouldn’t have done that. I was only playing around… I-” He glances at Sam nervously. “I would’ve had a taste, at most, that’s all.”

Sceptically, she eyes him, uncrossing her legs and them crossing them over the other way, folding her arms across her chest. Hoseok looks bereft at her change in body language, picking a piece of fluff off of his pants before murmuring, “I was already full, anyway,” under his breath.

“It was a long time ago,” I say, unable to help myself from leaping to Hoseok’s defence in the awkward silence that follows. Sam looks to me, and after a second or two her scowl starts to soften, hands falling back into her lap as she softly sighs.

“I suppose,” she admits, the corner of her lip twitching at the sight of the hang-dog expression Hoseok’s wearing next to her. Knowing he’s already on his way to being forgiven he sneaks a hand onto her thigh, beaming brightly when she does nothing to push it away.

“So what was it that gave Hobi away in the end? How did he react to you figuring out he was a vampire?” Sam can’t help but chuckle at the question, rolling her eyes.

“It really wasn’t that difficult to figure out,” she says, “I thought he might be a bit of a player at first, y’know? ‘Cus of the way he only ever wanted to come over at night? But then I started noticing other little things; the permanently cool skin, the pale complexion - the fact that even after weeks of dating I’d never seen him eat a damn thing. When I confronted him, he was so determined to deny it that he chowed down a family-size bags of skittles just to try and prove a point.” A quick look at Hoseok shows him smiling down at the floor in embarrassment, biting his bottom lip as he recalls the
“That makes for some interesting vomit, I tell you,” Sam continues, laughing as Hoseok grimaces next to her, “But yeah, eventually he just came clean - I didn’t give him much choice.” She pauses before gently nudging her elbow into his ribs. “It’s a shame you don’t sparkle, though. That was a letdown,” she adds, and now I’m laughing too, amused by the way his grimace becomes even more exaggerated as he exhales a scoff, nose wrinkled.

“That Cullen’s a disgrace, don’t let the pretty face fool you.”

“Sure thing, sweetie,” Sam placates with a pat of Hoseok’s hand, smiling fondly back at him.

“Speaking of ___,” I continue, looking down at the various cards in my hands that mention her name, “The readers are very curious about your feelings towards her, Hobi.”

“Oh?” he responds with interest, and luckily when I sneak a peek at Sam she doesn’t look phased about this proposed line of questioning. I wouldn’t have wanted to get him in even more trouble.

“They were wondering whether you’d ever had any interest in her - before meeting Sam, of course.”

Hoseok’s face turns thoughtful for a second or two, silence filling his bedroom as he formulates an appropriate answer.

“Not back then, no. ___’s really cute, don’t get me wrong, but she was kinda shy when we first met. Not really my type,” he answers honestly and beside him Sam is nodding along in agreement.

“What about now? Don’t you ever get the urge to find out what all the fuss is about?” At this, Hoseok’s lips curl into a roguish smile. He leans back further into the sofa, lifting one ankle to rest on his knee.

“I won’t lie and say I’ve not thought about it. ___’s gotten a lot more confident since she’s been living with us, and that’s sexy.” Again, Sam nods, seemingly unbothered at hearing him speak that way about one of her closest friends. “But I’m not sure Jimin would be so open to anything like that after what’s just happened with Namjoon. It’s a shame, but I wouldn’t go jeopardizing any relationships over it; theirs or mine.”

He looks to Sam, flipping his hand where it lays on her thigh so that she can link her fingers through his, giving her a reassuring squeeze and a similarly warm smile.

“What about if you were able to? Sam, would you ever be open to the idea of threesome with ___ and Hobi?”

Sam smiles, lips stretching wide like a cheshire cat.

“We’ve talked about it, haven’t we?” she asks, and Hoseok nods. Tucking a errant strand of hair behind her ear, she continues, “It’s not something I’d be averse to. I’ve dabbled with women before, and like Hobi said, ___’s really come into her own lately. Even I’m wondering what all the fuss is about!” Sam exhales a breathy laugh before her expression turns oddly serious, chewing at the corner of her mouth. “I don’t know, I’m not sure she’d be into it? We’ve known each other a long time, but if there was a risk it was gonna make things weird then I’d have to pass.”

“You don’t ask, you don’t get, I guess,” I muse, and Sam’s smile reappears, green eyes twinkling.

“Never say never, right?”
“Ok, last question for you, Sam; are there any plans for you to move into the manor in the near future?” It’s Sam’s turn to look flustered now, her cheeks turning a pale shade of pink as her eyes dart back and forth between mine and Hobi’s face. Apparently, they’re comfortable enough with each other to talk about threesomes, but not about any long-term commitments.

“Uh…” she hesitates, one hand clasped around the charm of her necklace and fiddling with it, nervous, “Don’t you have any more… y’know… sex questions or something?”

“I’m afraid not,” I laugh, doubly as amused by the way Hoseok seems to be looking anywhere but at my face, gaze shifting from the ceiling to the bed and then landing on the floor in an effort to avoid the question. “Shall we just leave that as a ‘to be decided?’”

“Yeah,” Sam agrees quickly, “Yeah, that’s probably a good idea.” Realising the danger has passed, Hoseok’s attention to the conversation makes a miraculous return, and when he sees the slightly anxious look on Sam’s face he’s quick to press a reassuring kiss against her cheek, letting it linger until a soft, sweet smile graces her features, eyes closing momentarily as he leans his forehead on hers.

It seems a shame to interrupt such a tender moment, but there’s just one more card left…

“This next one isn’t really a question but I thought you might like to hear it anyway?” Straightening up, his eyebrows lift in curiosity. “Hobi,” I begin, speaking as though I was the author of the statement written in front of me, “‘Sam’s cool and all, but what about me? I will love you forever.’”

Tittering, Sam pats her palm directly to Hoseok’s chest.

“There’s my baby, breaking hearts left, right and centre!” she grins and Hoseok smiles too, shrugging his shoulders.

“Well, you heard Sam; a threesome’s not off the cards,” he says, smile rapidly becoming a smirk, a mischievous flicker in his eyes, ”Maybe you should pass on our numbers?”

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Taehyung and Jungkook

“You guys ready to get started?” I ask with a pleasant smile, sat on the computer chair that Jungkook had oh-so-kindly fetched me to sit on from his room next door. The two vampires sit side by side on the end of Taehyung’s bed facing me, each wearing a pair of round, circular glasses and almost identically white shirts.

The expressions they’re wearing, though, are anything but similar. Whereas Taehyung looks excited - wiggling restlessly in his seat - Jungkook is quiet, calm, and somewhat reserved, his hands folded neatly in his lap as he chews intermittently at his bottom lip.

“Definitely!” Taehyung enthuses, drawing his legs up and wrapping his arms around his shins, eagerly leaning forward while Jungkook gives a short nod beside him.
“Ok!” I take a deep breath, taking a brief glimpse at the six questions cards in my hands. I’m a little nervous about this session, to be honest; all of the questions bar one are very personal - very sexual - and whereas Taehyung seems pretty open to discussion, I’m not sure Jungkook will feel the same. I don’t want to scare him off…

“Taehyung, has Nova let you pet her yet?” I immediately regret asking the question when Taehyung’s bright expression falters, the corners of his lips turning downward and his brow furrowing behind his blonde bangs.

“Once,” he answers miserably, heaving a great sigh, “And that was only ‘cus I snuck up on her when she was asleep—”

“And wearing Namjoon’s coat,” Jungkook adds, lips twitching into a smirk.

“-And wearing Namjoon’s coat,” Taehyung repeats, apparently unembarrassed that he had to resort to such lengths in order to even get close, “I don’t know what I’ve done wrong, but every time I try to get close she just runs away.” His bottom lip juts out into a pout, shrugging his shoulders helplessly.

“I’m sure she’ll warm up to you eventually, Tae.” I gave him my most sympathetic smile but he doesn’t seem convinced, merely shrugging once more, so I swiftly move on. “Why don’t you tell us more about your relationship with ___? The readers are curious whether you actually have feelings for her, or whether you have more of a ‘friends with benefits’ situation?”

“We like each other, sure,” he answers casually, sufficiently distracted by my question to let the pout drop, “But not in a romantic way.” His eyebrows wiggle, glasses shifting up and down as they do, a silly smile appearing on his face. “I love her, but not… love love, y’know? I think she’d say the same.”

“Fair enough,” I smile, nodding once and then turning to face Jungkook, chair swivelling underneath me. “Jungkook, what was the first thing that went through your head when you saw ___…” I hesitate slightly, glancing up from the card and to Jungkook’s endearingly attentive expression. I clear my throat, avoiding his eyes as I continue, “When you first saw her… touching herself on Jimin’s bed?”

Taehyung’s mouth falls open, his head swinging round to direct his shocked expression straight at Jungkook who appears as though he’d rather be anywhere else in the world other than here, faced with this question.

“You saw her do what?! When?!” Taehyung asks, grabbing a hold of Jungkook’s sleeve and shaking him a little until Jungkook pulls it back with a scowl, shifting uncomfortably where he’s sat.

“It was ages ago, hyung,” he murmurs, and I realise now the error I’ve made in not interviewing Jungkook on his own. Up until this point no one had known about his experiences with Jimin and ____, and now I’ve inadvertently let the cat out of the bag. Whoops…

“I… I knew I shouldn’t watch her… so my first thought was that I should just turn around and go.” Jungkook wrings his hands in his lap, eyes flickering up to meet my gaze and then darting away again, licking his lips, “But then she made this… sound and the-the smell was just…” He trails off, glancing at Taehyung and seeming to cringe when he sees the way the other boy is staring at him. “I didn’t stay long, I promise… I was there for a minute if that.”

I nod understandingly, placing that question card behind the others and opening my mouth to start the next before Jungkook speaks again.
“I—I’m not a pervert,” he tells me quietly, a worried look on his face and I can’t help but smile.

“I know you’re not,” I assure him, and at this he smiles meekly back, straightening his posture.

“I dunno, sounds kinda pervy to me.” Jungkook shoots a glare at Taehyung, his eyes narrowing at the elder boy through the lenses when he does nothing but laugh, patting Jungkook’s thigh affectionately.

Looking at the next question, I sigh.

“These aren’t gonna get any better, I should warn you now.” His Adam’s apple bobs as he swallows, but still the youngest vampire nods, determined to continue.

“It’s ok, carry on.”

“Jungkook, how… big… are you?” I ask, barely daring to look up and see the looks that must be on their faces.

“That one’s not so bad!” Taehyung exclaims, only to look up and see Jungkook nodding in agreement and then shaking his head to swing his hair out of his eyes.

“I’m 178cm tall and last time I checked, about 67kg. I’ve been working out more lately,” he explains with a hint of pride, having completely missed what the question was really asking. Not that I mind; it’s nice to be saved the embarrassment.

“Taehyung, back to you,” I begin, though he’s so busy groping Jungkook’s bicep I start to wonder whether or not he’s really listening, “Have you ever considered a threesome with Jimin and ___?”

That certainly grabs his attention. His head snaps round to face me again, grinning cheekily.

“Of course! I’d love a playdate with the both of them!” He seems really enthusiastic about the idea, though after a second he appears more thoughtful, chewing the inside of his cheek, “Although I’m not sure I’d want Yoongi there, too… too many people and it starts getting… complicated.”

“It sounds as though you’re saying that from experience,” I observe, and Taehyung’s grin grows even wider - even more flirtatious.

“Maybe I am.”

Well… ok then.

Feeling a little flustered, I clear my throat and shift my gaze to Jungkook, flashing him a nervous smile. Taehyung’s continuing stare has me so affected that I don’t think to properly look at the last card, reading from it without thought in order to move the conversation quickly along.

“Jungkook, I bet if you were to have sex with ___, just the sound of you moaning and begging would be heard from the other rooms.” As soon as I realise what I’ve said my cheeks feel as though they’re burning hotter than a thousand suns and my lips part, trying to keep myself from hyperventilating as I peep upward from the question card.

Jungkook looks completely taken aback, his eyes wide behind his glasses and sat bolt upright, so shocked that he’s no longer even fidgeting.

“Uh…” he begins, and at this point, even Taehyung isn’t making fun anymore, “Uh…that… that doesn’t really sound like a question, noona… I’m n-not sure how to-”
“No, nonono, no! Please, no, it’s not! Don’t feel like you have to answer that!” I exclaim, shoving the cards back into my handbag as my face continues to blaze, flushed from head to toe, “I should’ve taken that out… that was… yeah, nothing, don’t worry about it.”

Slowly, Jungkook nods, his tongue very gently reaching out to wet his bottom lip, and suddenly I can’t help but think about what an appealing idea that would be…

“That’s it, that’s all of them, we’re all done, all good to go,” I ramble, smiling shakily, “Thank you for your time!” Jungkook and Taehyung stand from the bed, returning my thanks, and then start to head out of the room to make their way back downstairs, Taehyung disappearing down the hallway first.

“Jungkook,” I blurt out just as he’s about to cross the threshold, and I don’t know where the words appear from that suddenly tumble out of my mouth but they come nonetheless, “You know, if you ever needed some more practice, I- uh-”

For the first time during our session, Jungkook’s face breaks out into a wide, roguish grin as he turns back to me, eyes looking me up and down.

“Thanks, noona. That’s good to know.”

Seokjin

I knock gently at Jin’s door, adjusting the strap of the bag where it lays heavy across my shoulder, and almost as soon as my clenched fist withdraws from the wood I can hear the sound of someone moving around inside. He answers my call promptly, pulling open the door with a wide and welcoming smile.

“Stephanie! Hello, come in!” Jin steps back from the door to allow me to enter and then closes it again as I hover, unsure of where to sit. “Make yourself comfortable,” he encourages, walking past me and sitting at the desk that stands against the wall at the far side of the room, the laptop on top of it sat firmly closed. Save his lap the only other place for me to rest my behind is the bed, so with a grateful smile I perch on the end of it, bag sinking down into the downy soft duvet.

“Thanks for agreeing to this,” I say as I rummage around to find his question cards, colour coded pink so I know they belong to him.

“Happy to do it.” He sounds casual, relaxed, and when I finally emerge from the depth of my handbag with questions in hand his posture looks the same, reclining in his chair, legs neatly crossed. “I doubt it’ll take long.”

“You’d be surprised!” I smile, shuffling through them, “You actually got more questions than both Taehyung and Jungkook combined.”

“I did?” Jin blurs out before rapidly collecting himself, his widened eyes returning to their original shape as he smiles an easy smile, leaning backward into his seat once more, “I mean, of course I
would, that’s obvious.” I fight the urge to fondly roll my eyes; for all the confidence he seems to
exude Jin certainly looked surprised a couple seconds ago.

“I’ll just get started then, ok?”

“No time like the present.”

“How are you?” I ask simply, and after a second, after realising I’m not saying anything more or
adding to my enquiry, Jin just blinks.

“That’s the question?” he clarifies and smiling, I nod.

“It’s as good a question as any, isn’t it?” Tilting his head to the side, he answers my smile.

“I suppose,” he agrees, taking a breath before he continues, somewhat seriously, “I’m well, thank
you - can’t really complain. How about you?”

“I’m pretty good, too,” I chuckle, placing that card to the back of the pile. I doubt he’s going to give
anymore than that, but I can see why it was asked after the way he’s been behaving lately; more
serious and withdrawn. “I’m guessing you’re pretty satisfied with how life is right now, then? With
your role within the dynamics in the house?”

Jin looks thoughtful for a moment, both hands holding onto the knee of the leg that’s crossed over
the other, barefoot bobbing in mid-air.

“I’m not really sure what the dynamics are right now, to be honest, or where I fit. We’ve never been
without Namjoon before; he was the one that always gave us direction and leadership. Set the rules
and boundaries.” His frown deepens slightly. “I suppose someone else will need to take over now
that he’s gone.”

“Do you think the others might expect you to assume seniority?” I ask, and at that Jin smiles a little,
shaking his head.

“I can see why you might think that - seeing as I’m technically the eldest - but no. I don’t think I’d
enjoy taking on that much responsibility, or handle it well,” he explains, shrugging his broad
shoulders, “I’m happy enough taking care of my brothers with the little, day to day things.”

“You seem to enjoy assuming that ‘big brother’ role and taking care of the others, and ___.” Jin
nods, corners of his lips tipping into a small, humble smile, “Have you ever thought about working
as an ER doctor at the hospital? You could do the night shifts, maybe? It’d certainly give you easy
access to blood, and the opportunity to help people.”

“We already have an arrangement in place to maintain our supplies; I wouldn’t want to take more
than we already do,” he says, swivelling slightly on his chair. Suddenly, I hear a scurrying sound
coming from the cage I’d noticed sitting in the corner when I’d arrived - home to Eomuk and Odeng
I presume - and for a second his attention wavers, returning when the rustling noise dies down. “Plus
I never finished my medical degree. I wouldn’t have the qualifications to practice as a physician.”

“Couldn’t you go back and study some more? It’d be a shame not to.”

“Namjoon was never keen, but maybe now…” He trails off, shrugging again, “Who knows, maybe
one day!” A bright smile that doesn’t quite strike me as genuine appears on his face, though whether
it be sincere or not it’s undeniably disarming.

“You spend a lot of time in the kitchen, though, right? What’s your favourite thing to cook?”
“I used to cook a lot with my mother, so a lot of my favourites are Korean dishes that she taught me,” Jin explains, the width of his smile reducing but somehow turning warmer as he looks down at his lap, and if I had to guess I’d say he’s taking taking a moment to enjoy the memory of her, his eyes briefly closing. “Mul naengmyun, noodles in a chilled beef broth, or sundubu jjigae - that’s a stew with tofu, seafood… egg.”

“Sounds delicious,” I smile and Jin looks up, his expression slightly bittersweet.

“They are; I just wish I was still able to have more than a tiny taste without the gastrointestinal upset that follows afterward!”

“I guess that must really suck.”

“It does, but I guess it’s not so bad. Blood is pretty delicious too, once you get the taste for it.” He laughs merrily at the grimace that passes over my face at the idea of it and I shake my head briskly, shuddering.

“I’ll take your word on that one.” I discard the cards of the questions that I’ve already asked, well aware that I’m starting to approach the more personal and private ones, now. I’m not sure how Jin will respond to some of these; whether he’ll take them lightheartedly or get embarrassed. I hope it’s the former. “After how protective you were over ___ when she was attacked by Namjoon, the readers are eager to know what your feelings are towards her. Is it anything more than friendship?”

Jin starts to look mildly uncomfortable while I ask the question, but I can’t tell whether it’s from the memory of the incident itself or whether it’s something else entirely that has him biting on the inside of his cheek before he answers.

“___’s family. I would’ve acted the way I did for anyone I care about, if they were in the same situation,” he says, and it sounds as though he’s being earnest. Continuing, he adds, “I care very deeply for ___. I consider her a very good friend.”

“What about your general dating history? I know you have a girlfriend at the moment—” Jin blinks in rather quick succession. “—But who was your first love? Have you ever been in love?”

Jin looks away for a minute or so as he considers his answer, sighing heavily before he gives it.

“I’ve definitely been in love - a few times, in fact,” he admits, “But it never lasts. It can’t, not with who and what I am. My first love was a girl I was at medical school with.” Jin smiles fondly recalling her, his expression turning soft; relaxed. “No one expected me to date her - my friends at the time all thought she was too plain and uninteresting for me - but she had a beautiful heart, and mind.”

“She sounds as though she must’ve been nice. When did it end?”

“When I died,” Jin says flatly, smile dropping off of his face, “It always ends, eventually.” A silence falls between us as he stares somewhat blankly back at me for a second or two, and I find myself having to look away, biting my lip as I try and search my mind for some comforting words to say. Before I can, though, he speaks. “Carry on, please,” he encourages, and I take that as my cue to move on from this particular line of questioning.

Looking at the questions in my hand, it almost doesn’t seem right to ask these sorts of things now… not when what I last asked seems to have bothered him so much, his foot still bobbing up and down, though far more rapidly than it was before, knee jiggling too.

“You don’t have to answer these if you don’t want to…” I begin cautiously, but Jin just nods his
consent, flashing a brief smile. “How do you cope with the physical side of maintaining a long-distance relationship? I can only assume it must be fairly hard not actually… y’know… getting to really see or touch the person you’re with.”

“I won’t lie, it’s difficult,” he says candidly, uncrossing his legs for a moment and leaning forward, forearms resting on his thighs, hands held together between his knees, “I have needs and desires as much as any other individual in this house… but there are ways of satisfying those without having to have the other person physically present.”

“So… online stuff?” I ask, feeling my face start to redden. I’m not sure why I asked that; it’s fairly obvious what him and his girlfriend must get up to behind closed doors with help of webcams and what not…

“Mostly,” he grins, seeming to enjoy the blush that’s slowly taking over me, his head tilting to the side, “Let’s just say I’ve had a long time to learn the best ways to keep myself happy.”

“Well that’s… good.” I swallow, glancing down at my cards. Oh god, this really isn’t getting any better any time soon. Pushing on, I ask, “What are you… y’know… into?” Jin laughs, long and loud, leaning back into his chair, and the force of his amusement makes his chest bounce beneath his blue shirt.

“Wouldn’t you like to know?!” he teases through laughter, clearly opting out of this opportunity to divulge his deepest, darkest kinks to the world. I can’t say I blame him, but still…

“What about if I went through your laptop, would I find out then?” Continuing to laugh, Jin makes a point of turning round in his chair and sliding his laptop even further back along the surface of his desk, far out of my reach.

“Maybe, but you’ll have to pry it from my cold, dead hands first.” I giggle, amused at the stern way in which Jin crosses his arms across his chest even though there’s still a bright, beaming smile stretching out his full, rose coloured lips. I’m glad I carried on with the interview now; asking questions like this seems to have cheered him up a little.

“Ok, ok, just one question left; have you ever heard Jimin and ___ having sex?” Chuckling once more, Jin shakes his head, sounding fairly relieved as he answers a definite ‘no’.

“Thankfully, we’re at opposite ends of the house. I wish I could say the same for those two next door, though,” he finishes with a mutter, jutting his head towards the wall on which the headboard of his bed rests. “I had to go marching round there the other week because I woke up to a piece of plaster falling from my ceiling, they were going at it so hard.”

Muffling my laughter with the back of my hand, Jin rolls his eyes, smiling a smile that can only be described as that of a long-suffering parent when confronted with their child’s wayward behaviour.

“Animals, the lot of them.”
“Are you sure you’re going to be okay in there?” Jin asks as I climb out of the car, leaning back through the open door in order to reply.

The eldest vampire had offered to give me a lift to the twenty-four-hour café in which Namjoon had agreed to meet me, following the end of our interview, and to be honest I’d leapt at the chance. It’s reassuring to know he’ll be sat right outside; I’ve no idea what state of mind the ex-leader will be in since his exile from the house, so I’d rather have a quick get-away available as a just-in-case rather than go in blind.

“I picked a public place on purpose; I’m sure it’ll be fine,” I answer, and even I’m not oblivious to the fact that it sounds as though I’m trying to convince myself just as much as I am him.

“Ok,” he answers unsurely, fingers gripped tight around the steering wheel, “Well, I’ll be right out here if you need me.”

“Thanks, Jin.” I flash him a parting smile before straightening up and shutting the car door with a firm ‘thunk’, turning on the spot with my handbag clutched nervously to the side. I’d be lying if I said I’m not a little anxious about this, but I reassure myself by remembering that trepidation is probably an appropriate response considering who I’m about to meet.

I busy myself with ordering a coffee before I even set about trying to find Namjoon amongst the café’s tables, hoping that clutching a warm beverage between my hands might provide some comfort when sat face to face with him. It’s funny, but I can almost pinpoint the exact moment when Namjoon catches me in his sights. I may not be looking at his way, but the way all the hairs on the back of my neck suddenly stand on end for no reason at all is enough for me to know, without a doubt, that there’s no turning back now.

Sure enough, when I turn from the counter with a caramel latte - extra hot - in hand, his eyes are the first I meet. He’s dressed all in black - a long black coat, black polo neck and pants - and when he raises one singular hand to wave me over to the corner booth in which he sits I find myself momentarily rooted to the spot for just a few, brief seconds of panic.

I can do this. I know I can do this.

“Namjoon,” I greet with a slight nod of my head as I reach the side of his the table, keeping my eyes firmly fixed on the seat in which I intend to sit rather than on him, “Thank you for meeting me.”

“The pleasure’s mine,” he replies, and I can hear the sly smile in his voice without even having to look up, “Please, sit.” Nodding again, I slide into the booth, making myself as comfortable as I possibly can when I feel anything but. “Did you find your way he-”

“I thought we’d just get right to it,” I interrupt, not wanting to drag this out for any longer than absolutely necessary, or risk letting it slip that Jin is so nearby, and when I finally do look upward and meet Namjoon’s gaze I find him smirking back at me, seemingly amused by my slightly terse tone.

“As you like.” I take out his cards, feeling glad that for once I’ve pre-planned the order in which they’ll be read.

“Namjoon, which of the six others were you closest with after you all turned, and why?” Taking a sip of my drink, I’m relieved to see my hands aren’t shaking as I lift the cup from the table, though I’ve no doubt he can hear the nervous racing of my heart.
“Yoongi-hyung,” he answers after a beat or two of thought, leaning back in his seat, “He was the only one who ever really seemed to share my disdain for these creatures that we are.”

“If being a vampire is really so loathsome, why did you convince them all to turn with you? Why didn’t you just leave them be?” Infuriatingly enough, all Namjoon does is shrug.

“Misery loves company.” Clearly, I’m not getting any more out of him on that topic than that. He extends an arm across the back of the booth, breathing deep as his head tilts to the side, smiling again at the annoyance that must be so plainly written across my face.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” I blurt out before I lose my nerve, and Namjoon lets out a short bark of a laugh, banging his palm against the faux leather seat just once, just hard enough to make me jump.

“Is that your question, or someone else’s?” he asks, eyes narrowing slightly.

“Someone else’s,” I murmur back, and suddenly I’m rather glad it is. Under the weight of his gaze I nervously shift, picking at the lid of my coffee as I wait for the answer that he seems in no hurry to provide.

“I don’t think you have the time nor the inclination for me to do that question justice. It might’ve been simpler to ask ‘what isn’t wrong with me’, ” he finally answers, and part of me is pleased to hear that at least Namjoon - however twisted he might be - seems well aware of his multitude of flaws. When he neglects to say anything further I take the hint, switching the order of the cards that are clutched tight between my clammy hands.

“Well… whatever is or isn’t, it seems as though not everyone’s against you,” I muse, eyes shifting over the two cards I lay out across the table in front of me, both of which contain a similar message.

“There’s someone who’s asked for a kiss - someone professing their love and asking for you to marry them instead of pining for ___…”

“Some of you humans really don’t have any kind of self-preservation instinct, do you?” he asks with a roll of his eyes and a tired sigh, as if all of this was so very boring. I suppose for someone of his IQ it very likely is. “Call me cruel, but I have absolutely no desire to spend my time in the company of those who seem to have some ridiculous, romantic notion about my kind and what we are or what we do.”

“Fair enough.” I take a deep sip from my coffee, wincing when I almost burn my tongue in my haste to moisten the inside of my mouth. It’s suddenly gone dry at the prospect of asking this next question, but bracing myself, I forge ahead.

“One of the readers would like to know whether you usually like your sex so rough, and was wondering whether you killing that red-head was just for show, or something you genuinely enjoy doing?” Namjoon smirks, biting his lip as he observes the light blush that’s coloured my cheeks, and god, this would be so much easier if he wasn’t so devilishly handsome. What has happened to all the movies of my childhood, where the villains were so easy to spot by their long, hooked noses, or dull, greasy hair?

“The rougher the better,” he answers in a timbre that’s very close to a growl, “The more intense the better; the messier, the bloodier. I would’ve ended that miserable girls life whether ___ had been watching or not, and yes, I would’ve still very much enjoyed it.”

I can’t think of anything to say to that. Subconsciously, I find myself leaning backwards into my seat in order to put some distance between myself and Namjoon, who now has his elbows on the table,
hands clasped tightly in front of him. He may still be smirking but now I look closer, past all the menace behind his smile, Namjoon actually appears to look rather tired - worn, almost - as though he hasn’t had a good night’s sleep in days.

I decide to move on, unwilling to linger any more on that particular event or the dangerous glint it’s added to the darkness of his eyes.

“How do you feel about what you did to ___, now you’ve had the chance to calm down?” Namjoon sighs heavily, breaking eye contact with me for the first time to look down at the table as his shoulders rise and fall.

“What happened back at the house was... regrettable. I never... I never intended to take it so far,” he admits, his voice softer than before, eyebrows drawn down into a frown as he begins to play with the silver ring that rests on his index finger, turning it round and round the digit, “I wish she had listened to me - I wish she’d been able to see that everything I did, I did for us - but she refused to see reason. She left me with no other choice.”

It’s useless arguing with Namjoon, I know that. Maybe given time he’ll be able to see the error of his ways, but not now. Not yet.

“I know you say you love her,” I begin, feeling slightly more at ease now that he seems less intent on looking at me. He’s listening, I can tell that, but it almost looks as though his mind is elsewhere, cogs twisting and turning on other matters inside his head, “So hypothetically, if ___ were to come back to you… what would your next plans be? Would you leave her human? And what would you do about the others?”

“I would do exactly as I’ve always promised her; treat her as my queen, keep her close at my side.”

His answer seems to come easily, as if he’s spent a lot of time already thinking about what would happen if the scenario I’ve given him ever came true. “We’d leave this place, just us two, so none of the others could find us.” Namjoon pauses, looking me directly in the eyes with a serious expression, his full lips set in a firm line.

“Contrary to what you might think, I don’t relish the thought of killing my brothers. I would rather avoid them entirely, and have ___ join me in undeath only when she asks it of me. It would be a waste to turn someone with blood so sweet until absolutely necessary.”

“You almost made it sound as though you’d hold back on making ___ a vampire for her benefit, at first, but I get the feeling it’s for your own gain, more than anything.” I accuse, quickly regretting speaking so boldly when his eyes narrow at me from across the table, jaw clenching.

“You’d understand if you’d ever have had a taste of her.”

Let’s just get this over and done with...

“If you could go back and change one thing… what would it be?”

For a long time, Namjoon just sits and stares at me - for so long, in fact, that I start to think he isn’t going to answer at all - but when he does, he says something entirely different from what I’m expecting.

“I’d go back right to the beginning when my sister first became ill,” he says quietly, looking away, “I wouldn’t waste so much time looking for a cure that never existed… I’d just try to spend as much time as I could with her in those last days - like I should’ve done to begin with.”

Again, I’m a loss for what to say. I’d expected him to say something sinister; go back and kill Jimin
himself or formulate some other plot for ensuring ___ had ended up with him but… no. All I can do is sit in the uncomfortable silence that grows between us, feeling my coffee slowly cool beneath my fingers.

After a couple of minutes or so, Namjoon remains so lost in thought that I realise I’ll have to draw this to a close. I’m glad I’d left that question until last, because even if it hadn’t have been I doubt I’d get anything more from him now.

“Thank you for answering so honestly,” I say as I place the question cards back in my bag and rise from my seat, Namjoon’s attention suddenly snapping back to me when he registers my movement. He nods, still vaguely distracted, and just as I’m about to leave he suddenly reaches out and grabs a hold of the jacket I’m wearing.

The sudden physical contact makes me panic, very nearly throwing my coffee in his face before I realise that there’s no aggression in the way in which he’s holding onto me, or in the look that’s in his eyes. He looks desperate if anything, and it leaves me feeling more conflicted than the whole time in which I’ve been sat opposite him.

“If you see her… will you tell her…” Namjoon hesitates, gripping my jacket all the tighter for a moment, “Will you tell her… that I’m sorry?”

Jimin, Yoongi & Reader

“I hope you guys are comfortable; this might take a little while,” I warn the three individuals sat on the sofa opposite me with a bright smile, a thick wedge of cards balancing on the end of my knee.

They certainly look comfortable. Jimin’s sat on the centre cushion with ___ on his left and Yoongi on his right, close enough to touch. ____’s legs are hooked over Jimin’s, dangling between them and Yoongi’s hand resting on one of her thighs, and when Jimin lays an arm across his shoulder Yoongi leans into the embrace, a shy smile on his face.

“That’s ok, we’ve been looking forward to doing this.” ____ takes a sip from the glass of juice she’s holding and Jimin smiles when he glances down and sees her feet swing back and forth in appreciation of the flavour. “Go ahead,” she encourages with a smack of her lips.

“Ok.” I take the first few cards off of the pile, already knowing the statements they contain. “I know these are questions, but I thought it was best to get these out of the way first.” One of Yoongi’s eyebrows rises in curiosity, especially when I lean forward and hand the cards directly to Jimin.

“You’ve got quite the fan base,” I grin as he begins to read, a cocky smirk already beginning to curl the corner of his lips.

“Jimin, I love you,” he reads aloud, ____’s head leant on his shoulder to get a better look at the cards he’s flipping through, “If you ever feel the need to add another human to the house, I’d be more than willing - I’ll behave, I promise.” Yoongi rolls his eyes as Jimin’s smile continues to grow. “Jimin, if you need another human, I’m 100% down to be your other ‘kitten’.”
“Hey!” ____ exclaims, her lips forming an exaggerated pout as Jimin chuckles, shaking his head as he places the cards back down on the table.

“Don’t be jealous,” he tells her, his spare hand taking hold of her chin and moving her head from side to side as if to shake the pout away, “You know you’re the only human I’ll ever need.” The subtle shifting of Yoongi’s body next to his at Jimin’s statement doesn’t go unnoticed, and it’s with a fond tut and a roll of his eyes that Jimin turns to Yoongi next. “Are you wanting some reassurance too, hyung?”

“No,” Yoongi states stubbornly, though I’d be surprised if anyone in the room believes him, “I just don’t like them all drooling over you.” It’s ____ that laughs this time, affectionately patting Yoongi’s hand where it remains rested on her thigh.

“So possessive,” she teases and at that Yoongi just narrows his eyes, lips twitching with the effort it’s taking him not to smile.

“You can tell your readers I’m very flattered,” Jimin says, attention back to me, “But as you can see, I’m very much taken.”

“Fair enough,” I grin, collecting the rest of the cards from the table in order to make a proper start. “We may as well start at the right beginning, I suppose, so this question is to you, Jimin, first.” He nods, his pleasant features neutral and relaxed. “What did you think when you saw ____ for the first time - what was it that drew you to her?”

Jimin opens his mouth to reply but ____ leaps in first, very nearly wriggling with excitement.

“Oh, I like this!” she enthuses, a ridiculously wide smile lighting up her face, and both Jimin and Yoongi regard her fondly before he actually manages to begin giving his answer.

“I noticed her almost as soon as she walked in,” he confesses, and in the corner of my eye, I swear I can see ____ swooning, “But she was as oblivious to me as she was everything else that night. Most women at those kinds of places are usually out to impress, on the lookout for anyone whose attention they might’ve caught, but not _____. She had no idea how many eyes were on her.” Beside him, ____ is listening with rapt attention, her facial expressions giving away how surprised she is to hear that that was the case.

“I wanted her immediately. She was different from the others; innocent… untainted. It appealed to the monster in me, I suppose.” A light pink blush appears on ____’s cheeks as she glances down at her lap and bites her bottom lip, and when he glances over at her Jimin smiles, leaning over to place a soft kiss on the top of her head.

“And what do you love about her now?”

“She never holds anything back; emotionally, I mean. She feels everything with all her heart and isn’t afraid of showing it - whether that be for better or for worse.” She smiles shyly, peeking up from under her lashes and blushing even harder when Jimin fleetingly passes his lips over hers.

There’s no way I’m going to make it through this interview without developing at least one cavity, I’m sure.

“What about if she gained weight? Would you love her just as much then?” Jimin’s brows furrow heavily - in fact, all three sets of eyebrows do.

“Why wouldn’t I?” he questions back, looking vaguely insulted at having even been asked the question, “Do I come off as that shallow?” I shrug loosely, discarding the question.
“I don’t think so… I think they were just curious.”

“Of course I’d still love her,” Jimin answers firmly and ___ leans her head on his shoulder, a contented look on her face. It might’ve been an unexpected question, but she seems pleased with his response.

Moving on, I turn my attention to Yoongi.

“What about you, Yoongi? What did you think when you first saw her?”

“I remember thinking how pale and nervous she looked sitting there at the kitchen table, chewing her lip,” he answers after a moment’s thought, and I can’t help but notice the way the hopeful look that’d been on ____’s face slips, apparently hurt that he wasn’t so immediately taken with her as Jimin was. Yoongi notices too and squeezes her thigh in reassurance. “But she looked cute in Jimin’s clothes.” She brightens a little at that and Yoongi flashes her a quick smile before looking back to me.

“When was it you both realised you were in love with her?” Jimin and Yoongi exchange a look and then the younger vampire goes first.

“I’m not sure when, exactly; one day I just realised that I couldn’t be without her anymore. It was frightening.” He catches the look ___ is giving him and corrects himself quickly, “Wonderful, but frightening.”

“It was similar for me - within the first month or so after she moved in I knew I’d developed feelings for her.” Yoongi clears his throat, obviously not entirely comfortable with speaking about such things in front of a stranger. For sake of the interview, though, he carries on, “She’s such an open, giving person; it’s hard not to feel affection for her.” ___ is blushing again now but trying to hide it behind the glass she sips from, her eyes shifting from vampire to vampire and back again.

“Are you happy with sharing her?” Yoongi nods decisively, unphased.

“It took me awhile to get my head around, but as long as we’re all consenting and honest then yes, I’m happy with sharing her affections with Jimin and the rest of my brothers,” he answers, and I can’t detect a single note of hesitation or uncertainty in his voice. ___’s hand finds his and he turns over his hand where it rests on her thigh so they can link their fingers together, exchanging smiles.

“What about you and Jimin; do you have romantic feelings for each other as well?” I ask, and Yoongi quickly looks to Jimin for him to take the lead, swallowing.

“We do,” Jimin reports happily, all easy smiles. He looks far more relaxed about it than Yoongi does; the elder vampire’s eyes keep darting nervously my way as if he’s expecting some kind of judgement for the way Jimin’s fingers are trailing gently up and down the length of his throat. “Hyung is just a little more shy about saying it than I am,” he teases and Yoongi pulls a face, disgruntled.

“It seems as though you’ve had these feelings for Jimin a long time, though, Yoongi,” I note, smiling sympathetically at the way the older vampire nervously chews his bottom lip. I don’t want to make him uncomfortable, but there were several people who’d all been curious about his and Jimin’s history - too many not to ask. “Do you remember when those feelings first started?” From the way he shifts in his seat, avoiding Jimin’s curious gaze, I figure he needs a moment more to collect his thoughts. “The readers think you two a very cute together, by the way, and honestly, I can see what they mean.”

“They are, aren’t they?” ___ chimes in, smiling affectionately at the both of them before scrunching up her nose at me. I scrunch right back, grinning just as wide.
“I always liked Jimin, always cared about him,” Yoongi begins quietly, the fingers of his free hand tapping against his bottom lip as he speaks, “Like ___, he’s hard not to grow to love. He… he took care of us all, right from the start - even though he was one of the youngest - and even if it was purely platonic…” He trails off, only continuing when Jimin gives an affectionate nudge of his head against Yoongi’s. “I don’t know. It was hard, trying to cope with losing my humanity and being confused about my sexuality at the same time.”

“I can imagine,” I sympathise, and Yoongi flashes a small, grateful smile.

“Shall we move on?” Jimin prompts, and it warms my heart to see him display that care for others Yoongi just mentioned. Jimin is obviously well aware of how uncomfortable Yoongi is with this topic and eager to avoid it continuing - a request that I’m more than happy to oblige.

“If it were possible, would the three of you consider getting married, or having children?”

“I mean, legally, it’s not as though we could,” ___ answers, placing her now empty glass down on the table, “And I wouldn’t want to marry one of them and not the other.”

“I feel as though we’re all fairly committed without having a piece of paper to prove it,” Jimin adds, and Yoongi nods beside him.

“And I’m not sure about Jimin, but I’m sure I’d make a horrible father,” Yoongi smirks, shrugging when ___ tuts at his self-deprecation.

“I don’t think that’s true,” she tells him firmly, frowning with her conviction, “I think you’d both be amazing dads.”

“It’s not as though we’re ever going to find out though, is it?” Jimin interjects, and for a second I swear I can hear a note of bitterness to in his voice. ___ must hear it too; she gives him a slightly questioning look, one that he just shakes his head in response to, and then she kisses him on the cheek, twice in quick succession.

I move on quickly, eager to stop the mood from dropping any further.

“Yoongi, if you could take a trip to anywhere in the world, where would you go?”

“There are lots of places I’d like to visit… but anywhere warm and quiet would do. Somewhere secluded - just the three of us for a while,” he replies, smiling a little at the thought of it.

“We should do that,” ___ agrees eagerly, probably already planning a multitude of holiday destinations in her head.

“Do you like the rain? One of the readers was saying how sitting in it helps to calm them down when they’re feeling anxious, and wondered if it was the same for you.”

“I don’t mind it; I like the sound of it hitting the windows when it’s coming down really hard, though, rather than being stuck out in it.”

“That sounds fair,” I smile, changing cards and skim-reading the next question while I take a sip of the drink they’d offered me before the interview had started. My throats getting dry with all this talking, and we’re not even near to the end yet.

“Jimin, what went through your mind when you saw ___ for the second time at Plush, and Hobi was about to take a bite?” Jimin chuckles at the memory of it, shaking his head.
“That feels like such a long time ago, now. I don’t remember thinking anything; I was so enraged by the thought of it that I acted purely on instinct to protect what was mine.” ___ snuggles into him and once again he plants a kiss onto her head, smiling into her hair.

“When you slept with Namjoon’s sister, was it because you had feelings for her, or simply for sex?” For the first time, Jimin looks vaguely uncomfortable, straightening up from where he’d had his cheek lent on ___ to look directly at me.

“I never had any romantic feelings for her, but I cared about her a lot. She approached me with the proposition; she was scared, looking for comfort and I… I wanted to help.” He swallows, licking his lips. “I don’t regret doing it. She was my friend, and she needed me.”

“And what did the two of you think, when you found out that Namjoon had attacked ___?” They all look a little awkward, now, exchanging guilty glances and worried looks. So much for not letting the mood drop - a real good job I’m making of that.

“I was frightened,” Yoongi admits after a few seconds has passed, stepping in for Jimin who looks as though he’s struggling, biting down on his bottom lip, “When we first got back the house all we could smell was the blood. For a little while we weren’t sure she was even still alive… we just-”

“Guilty,” Jimin interrupts, “I felt guilty, and angry. So angry. At Namjoon, at ___ - at myself for leaving her in that state with him. I should’ve known he…” He trails off, looking away with a shake of his head.

“It’s alright,” I hear ___ whisper softly as her hands reach up to take a gentle hold of his face, twisting it round so that he’s looking down into her eyes, “I’m alright.”

“It’s not something I ever want us to have to go through again,” Jimin states, and I nod, taking that as his closing statement.

“Wouldn’t it make sense, then, to consider turning ___ into a vampire, too? You wouldn’t have to worry about her ever growing old, and there wouldn’t be so much of a risk of her ever being attacked again if Namjoon is still out there-”

“Thank you!” ___ momentarily interrupts, and I get the feeling that this is a point she’s already tried to make before now.

“Is it something you’ve talked about, or something you’d be willing to do?” Jimin gives her a look and ___ settles down, pouting childishly for just a moment.

“It’s something we’re discussing, but it’s not a decision that should be taken lightly, or rushed into,” Jimin answers diplomatically.

“Eternity is a long time,” Yoongi adds, and Jimin nods in agreement with him.

“Plus, it’s not something any of us have done before, and it’s a delicate process; siring a vampire. Take too much and they’ll die - take too little, and drinking our blood would be fatal.”

“I… I didn’t realise that,” ___ admits, and suddenly she’s looking a little paler, a little less keen on the idea than she did a second ago.

“You can see why we’re so hesitant,” Jimin says, directing his statement to me, and understandingly, I nod. That’s definitely not something you’d want to get wrong.

Pausing, I take a look through the cards left in my hand just to make sure there’s nothing I’m leaving
out before we head into the more... interesting questions that’ve found their way into my pile. There’s certainly a lot of them; I’m not sure how I’m going to make it through this without dying of embarrassment.

“Ok… so… all these questions are… a lot more sexual than the rest,” I say, wanting to explain before we dive right in, “Is that ok?”

“I’m surprised there haven’t been more of them already, to be honest,” Jimin laughs, and ___ giggles along as well, “No need to be embarrassed.”

Oh, I think he’ll find there is.

I clear my throat, shifting in my seat.

“Jimin, what’s something you haven’t tried with ___ yet that you’re dying to try out?”

“Hmm,” he muses, a devilish smirk already twisting his lips as he looks to her, “We haven’t tried any sort of sensory deprivation yet; bondage or blindfolds. That could be fun.”

“That could be fun,” she echoes quietly back at him, eyes wide, and Jimin’s grin widens, all tongue and teeth.

“So you’d be open to the idea of handcuffs, then?” Jimin turns his attention back to me, nodding yes. “What about if you were the one tied down, so that ___ was able to take control?” He chuckles at the question, as if the very idea of it were slightly ridiculous.

“That sounds more like something Yoongi might enjoy,” he teases, eyeing the other vampire who’s looking everywhere else but at him, “I know it’s something I’d like to watch.”

“It seems as though you have quite a few kinks, Jimin,” I say, trying to discuss this as easily and openly as I would anything else, “But what would you say your biggest kink is?”

“My biggest?” Jimin thinks for a second, his eyes shifting between his two lovers sat either side of him. “What gets me off most is watching their pleasure - whether it’s with me or whether it’s with each other. There’s nothing I enjoy more than that.”

“What’s it like, dominating two people at once?”

“Exhilarating,” he smiles, pupils dilating slightly as he looks back at me, “For exactly the reason I just mentioned.”

Gosh, this is intense…

“Yoongi, what’s your favourite part of having a threesome with ___ and Jimin?” Unlike Jimin, Yoongi doesn’t seem nearly so comfortable in answering the question I’ve asked. He powers through, though, like he has done all evening.

“Like Jimin said… it’s nice watching the two of them together but…” He glances at Jimin and ___, both of which are watching him closely, “As much as I hate to admit it, I like the loss of control I feel when Jimin takes charge. I spend so much time in my own head, worrying about so much, that being able to not think for a while is…. Well, it’s my favourite part.” ___ squeezes Yoongi’s hand in hers, and he flashes her a brief, bashful smile.

“And what does double penetration feel like, ___?” I ask, trying not to choke as I ask the question. ___ has no such luck, spluttering on the mouthful of drink she was just in the process of swallowing.
“Uh…” she starts, cheeks flushing deep red, “It… uh… good. It’s a lot, but it’s good.”

“Have you ever considered having all the boys in one night?” Poor ___, she’d tried to take another sip after answering the last question, but she immediately splutters again, eyes swinging round to look at both Yoongi and Jimin in turn, wiping her chin.

“I mean… I like sex but… no, no, not all of them. I’m sure I’d be able to keep up,” she answers with a nervous laugh, and I didn’t think it’d be possible but she looks as though she’s becoming even redder than before.

I take sympathy, switching my attention back to Jimin. He’s grinning in amusement, clearly revelling in the embarrassment that’s making ___ squirm slightly against him.

“Jimin, have you ever thought of sharing ___ with another woman?”

“It’d be something I’d be willing to explore, if she were interested, but she’s never expressed a desire to do so yet.”

“What’s the sexiest thing she’s ever done, and how much did it turn you on?”

“Oh god,” I hear ___ mutter, and when I look at her I find she’s holding her head in her hands, peeking through her fingers at Jimin and Yoongi. The eldest vampire is grinning at her misfortune now, too, and I can’t help but join in.

Chuckling, Jimin runs a hand through her hair.

“I woke up one morning to her sat on Yoongi’s face, sprawled across his pillow, and her mouth already wrapped around my cock,” Jimin recalls, completely unashamed of giving me such a graphic description, “Needless to say, we didn’t make it out of bed for quite some time, on that occasion.”

I wish I was less aware of the way my own heart rate has sped up a little, or ignorant that both Jimin and Yoongi will be able to tell.

“Yes.. I uh… I can see why.” Shuffling nervously, I switch cards. “___, have you ever imagined sleeping with Jin? How dirty do you think he’d be?” Her eyes widen almost comically, mouth gaping open ever so slightly.

“He has a girlfriend, so I never-never really thought about him that way,” she stammers out, and I get the feeling she’s not being entirely truthful, “I don’t think he really sees me that way.”

“Fair enough,” I shrug, letting it slide rather than point out how absolutely maroon her cheeks are now. “Jimin, how do you feel about having sex with ___ while she’s on her period?”

At this, both him and Yoongi start to laugh, Jimin’s chest still bouncing up and down as he answers,

“I’m a vampire. I like sex. I like blood. What do you think?” Really, there’s little more than that that he needs to say; it’s sort of obvious that that must be something they engage in, if the lusty look in Yoongi’s eyes is anything to go by as he gazes across Jimin’s lap at her.

Placing that card down, I’m both relieved and anxious to see that there’s only one left. I know what’s written on the card; I know the graphic wording that’s been used, and no matter how long I look at it I can’t force myself to say the words.

“Jimin, I think it might be easier if I just give this to you to read,” I say, passing it over, knowing I must be blushing just as hard as ___ is.
His eyebrows rise as he reads it over and then glances back over the top of the card back at me. Much to my surprise - and mortification - he decides to read it out loud.

“Jimin, would you ever fuck Yoongi?” It’s Yoongi’s turn for his eyes to widen now, his head snapping round sharply to stare at his younger lover as he continues to read. “You can’t tell me he’s not cute and a total sub to you. Just imagine; Yoongi underneath you, you fucking him however you want to while your good little girl watches and touches herself. What do you think?”

He places the card down on the table, the room so silent that you can actually hear Yoongi audibly swallow and the sound of ___’s skirt against the fabric of the sofa as she shifts in her seat. Jimin smirks, looking straight back at Yoongi before leaning close to purr in his ear, just loud enough to hear.

“Sounds good to me, baby boy.”

Conclusion

“Can I - uh - can I talk to you for just a sec?” Already almost halfway out of the door, ____ turns back, her eyebrows raised with curiosity.

“Sure?” she answers unsurely, glancing back at Jimin and Yoongi where they hover at the other side of the door, waiting. I’d rather not say what I need to in front of them, and as if sensing this, she dismisses them, smiling as though butter wouldn’t melt. “You guys go ahead, I’ll catch you up in a minute.” They hesitate for just a moment, looking back at me past her frame, but when she shoos them with her hand they finally seem to take the hint, leaving the two of us alone with a final parting goodbye.

“I won’t keep you long,” I say, slipping the now redundant pile of question cards back into my handbag, and when I look up I see ____ regarding me inquisitively.

“What’s up?” She shifts her weight from foot to foot, folding her arms. She still looks a little pale following Namjoon’s attack - her face a little drawn - and for a second I wonder whether I should say anything at all. I don’t want to do her any harm by bringing him up unnecessarily, but…

“I saw Namjoon earlier,” I confess, surprised when she remains perfectly calm, knowingly nodding her head.

“Jimin said you were going to be interviewing him too.” She pauses, the tapping of her fingers against her arm the only thing to convey whatever disquiet or unease she must feel at the mention of his name. “How did it go?”

“More smoothly than I thought, actually.”

“That’s good.” She nods again, and though she’s looking at me I get the sense she’s vaguely distracted, her gaze slightly glazed over.
“He-”

“Did he say where he was staying?” I shake my head, no.

“It must not be too far, though. We met in town - one of the cafes in the centre.” I almost start wishing I hadn’t said that once I see the way she’s begun to chew at the inside of her cheek, eyebrows furrowing slightly.

“How… how was he? How did he seem?” she asks, cheeks flushing as though she feels guilty for even asking.

“Aside from as twisted as he always has been?” I question back, and that flush of hers darkens. I shrug, sighing. “He looked tired. Other than that, your guess is as good as mine. We didn’t really exchange much chitchat.” She smiles weakly, perching her bottom on the arm of the sofa, and as she does her eyes glance down at the floor - at the rug at her feet - and the way her body tenses is unmistakable.

A few seconds pass before she’s able to drag herself out of whatever memory she’s caught in, unfolding her arms and forcing her muscles to relax with an echo of my earlier sigh.

“Probably for the best. Was that all you wanted to tell me?”

For a second I consider leaving it at that, but there’s no point in backing out now. I’ve already done the damage by mentioning him in the first place.

“He… he said that he was sorry.” Her lips part slightly, inhale coming sharp. “And he wanted me to tell you that.”

For a little while, she says nothing. She stares - lost in thought, seconds ticking by - until eventually, her shocked expression begins to morph into something angrier; more scornful.

“Does he really think I’d be so easily won over?” she finally asks, a bitter undertone to her words, “Does he really think that’s enough?” Helplessly, I shrug. Namjoon didn’t tell me his motivations, just asked me to deliver his message, and I’ve done that now.

“I’m sorry,” I apologise meekly, standing from my armchair and hoisting my bag up onto my shoulder. Once again, she sighs.

“It’s not your fault.” I approach her, reaching out a hand to gently touch her arm as I pass.

“It’s not yours either, you know,” I tell her the kindest smile I can muster, pretending not to see the way her eyes have begun to shine with moisture. “Good luck, ____.”

She places her hand on top of mine for a moment, putting on a brave face.

“Thanks, Steph.”

Chapter End Notes

Yes that's right I hit on fictional Jungkook - big whoop, wanna fight about it? :P

Anyway, I hope you guys liked that and it answered some of the questions you may
have had!

<3 <3
Chapter 70

Chapter Notes

Hello all! Another very talky chapter, I'm afraid, but I hope you enjoy it nonetheless! As always, thank you so much for reading ^_^ I can't believe we've almost hit 100,000 views! ♡♡

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Unfortunately, the discussion regarding your fragile mortality doesn’t proceed as well as you’d hoped.

Jimin at least hears you out; accepts and acknowledges that you becoming a vampire seems somewhat of an inevitability given the circumstances in which you find yourselves. He even goes so far as to agree that turning you would leave you far less vulnerable to whatever threat or revenge Namjoon may have in store.

And yet - despite this hearing all of this - Yoongi seems anything but keen.

As soon as the request passes your lips he’s shaking his head, and though he may not say anything the grim expression on his face tells you all you need to know. When you press for his opinion, he eventually accuses you of not understanding the gravity of your request; what it would really mean for you to join them in becoming a member of the undead. Forever is a long time, he says, and even as stubborn as you are, you know that he’s not wrong.

How can you understand fully, though, without walking in their shoes? You try to make him see it your way but your points of view are miles apart; Yoongi had spent so long anticipating an eternity of loneliness and unrequited love that he simply can’t envisage immortality meaning something so very different to you - even when his own reality has so recently undergone such a drastic change. For you, giving up your humanity would mean anything but the isolation he fears for you.

Jimin turns out to be the voice of reason, in the end. When the conversation turns stagnant and can go no further it’s he who draws it to a close, arguing that there’s no real rush to decide anything in the here and now. You’re still young - young enough to not look out of place at either of their sides - and it’s unclear as to whether Namjoon will pose any real threat now that he’s gone.

He promises that you’ll revisit the issue once the moment is right, and begrudgingly, you and Yoongi agree.

Given how heated your discussion had become, it takes a surprisingly small amount of time for you to fall asleep in their embrace once the three of you settle down. Perhaps it’s all the emotional upheaval of the past 48 hours that ensures your nap is so deep and dreamless, or makes you so difficult to rouse when Yoongi attempts to do so just a couple of hours later.

Then again, it might well be just the blood loss rendering you so groggy. That’d be a far more likely explanation as to why your vision swims when you roll over on your side to face him, blindly reaching for the hand that had so gently shaken you awake.

“Yoongi,” you groan, blinking slow as you lift your face from the pillow, cheek rested on the palm
of your hand. You swear your head never usually feels as heavy as it does now - full of ten tonnes worth of cotton wool.

The expression the vampire leaning over you wears is an unusually serious one, and this, along with your sudden realisation that Jimin is nowhere to be found, has you feeling instantaneously more alert. A fear grips your chest as you sit up far faster than is probably advisable, squeezing your chest tight.

“What’s wrong?”

He can’t have left, can he? Surely Yoongi wouldn’t have let him go on some fool’s errand to try and enact vengeance on Namjoon all alone?

Registering the panic in your tone, Yoongi’s stoic face softens. Dressed head to toe in black, he sits on the edge of the bed and reaches out to touch your face, reassuring you with a flash of a smile.

“Nothing’s wrong.” he soothes, and it’s amazing what a calming effect just those two little words has on your heart rate. “Jimin’s gathering the others to tell them about Namjoon - we thought you’d ought to be there.”

“Right.” You blink, body and mind taking a moment to fall into sync. “Right - yeah - ok. Just give me a second to get dressed.” Perhaps realising you’re still a little out of it Yoongi assists you in rising from the bed, both of your hands held tenderly in his to keep you steady.

He stays with you while you swiftly dress - throwing on any old thing you can find - and then quietly walks beside you down to the entrance hall, heels of his shoes clicking along the floor along the way. Yoongi seems distracted; still troubled by all the revelations that this evening has brought. You can’t say you blame him. The atmosphere in the house feels far heavier than it normally does, far more subdued, but you suppose that’s to be expected, too. It’s not just you, Jimin and Yoongi that will still be feeling the after effects of everything that happened last night.

You make a note to drop Sam a text message once all this is over and done. She’s probably worrying herself silly over you, no doubt.

“They’re upstairs,” Yoongi explains as his foot meets the first step of the staircase, gentle hand placed upon the rail. He pauses, head turning to look back at where you’ve come to a standstill at the base of the stairs. “Jimin’s been trying to get into Namjoon’s computer for the past half hour.” You nod, dragging your eyes off of the spot on the steps where Namjoon had been so ungainly sprawled across them just hours before, blood pouring from his nose.

Noticing the way colour has further began to drain from your face at the memory, Yoongi disembarks the stairs and comes to your side, taking your hand.

“You don’t look good,” he observes, head tilting, “You should go back to bed.” Quickly, you shake yours and force a smile onto your lips.

“I’m fine,” you tell him, adding, “Honestly,” when he frowns back at you, ever the cynic.

Still, however much he might doubt you Yoongi pushes no further. He keeps your hand in his, though, as the two of you ascend the stairs, pausing once you reach the top for you to catch your breath, your pulse racing with the effort it takes for your heart to keep up with your body’s demands. As the two of you climb the smaller, winding staircase that will lead you to Namjoon’s room there’s a sense of trepidation growing inside you; a dread that has your pace slowing the closer you get to the top.

You’ve never set foot up here since the day you saw Namjoon kill that girl in amongst their throes of
passion, and your stomach drops violently when you realise just how close you might’ve come to meeting that very same end. It’s only the sounds of voices up ahead and Yoongi’s fingers laced between yours that give you the strength and courage to keep placing one foot in front of the other; comforted by the familiarity of their murmured, dulcet tones.

When you finally arrive at the entranceway to Namjoon’s room you see that all of boys are already gathered there, dotted around the room perched on various pieces of furniture, waiting for your arrival with anxious looks upon their faces. Taehyung is the first to spot you as you cross the threshold, and there’s a hint of relief in the tone of his voice as he says your name aloud, a smile momentarily erasing the worry that’d been making him so deeply frown.

He abandons his spot next to Jungkook on the edge of Namjoon’s bed to rise and greet you, pulling you into a full bodied hug before you’ve barely even had the chance to blink an eye. He squeezes you fiercely, and it’s all you can do to chuckle and pat his back in return, hoping he’ll relinquish you before you run out of air.

“How are you? Are you ok?” he asks as he pulls away, boyish features laden with concern, and of course, you nod.

“Been better, Tae, but I’ll be fine,” you assure him, smiling encouragingly. He nods, satisfied, but the palm of his hand remains planted solidly in the small of your back as the two of you walk forward to where Jimin is sat, his eyes fixed on a screen that’s attached to Namjoon’s desktop computer, fingers clacking away on the keyboard keys. You lean against the edge of the mahogany desk as Taehyung sits beside you, hoisting himself up onto the flat surface as you try very hard not to pay attention to the front cover of ‘Brave New World’ staring up at you from the opposite side of the desk - the same book that Namjoon had loaned to you what now feels like so very long ago.

Jungkook catches your eye from his seat on the bed and flashes you a small, gentle smile as he leans forward, elbows rested on his knees and hands clasped together in front of him. The feel of Jimin’s hand encroaching on your leg pulls your attention back to the computer screen, and as they other boys begin to murmur back and forth you quietly ask,

“Have you managed to find anything?” Jimin nods, his gaze fixed firmly in front of him, pouty lips pressed together in concentration as he reads, brows drawn down. If it weren’t for the gentle, absent-minded motion of his hand rubbing back and forth along your thigh you’d almost worry he was mad at you; so stern is his expression.

“Find what?” Taehyung jumps in, leaning across you to try and get a better view of the screen, the long earring dangling from his left ear swinging so close to your face that you have to flinch out of the way.

“What’s going on, Jimin?” Jin chimes in from across the room. He’s stood, arms folded, with his back against Namjoon’s dresser, and for once he looks just as serious as everyone else in the room.

Sighing, Jimin turns away from the computer and swivels around to face six expectant pairs of eye. Yoongi comes to rest on the opposite side of the desk - your bodies framing Jimin on either side of the chair in which he sits - and breathe deep.

“Namjoon betrayed us,” Yoongi states simply, and there’s not a single face around the room that manages to remain unaffected.

“Is this about last night?” Hoseok asks, stepping forward as his eyes glance to you and then return to Yoongi, “We were all there - we all saw.” Yoongi opens his mouth to reply, but Jimin intercepts him.
"It’s more than that,” he says bluntly, looking up from where he’d been staring at the hands he’d had folded in his lap, “He’d struck a deal with the rivals of one of the organisations we usually work for, and in return for Namjoon’s guarantee that we’d no longer meddle in their affairs, they’d agreed to use the information he’d provided to make sure Yoongi and I never made it home.”

“What information?” It breaks your heart to see the hurt and confusion in Jungkook’s usually sweet eyes as he asks that, wringing his hands together.

“Everything they’d need to know for how to best put us down,” Jimin replies, and at that Hoseok strides forward and begins to scroll through the long back and forth of emails Jimin had pulled up onto the screen, his jaw clenched tight.

“Why would he do that?” Taehyung asks, folding his arms around his torso as though to hold himself tight. “Did he tell them what we are?” You notice the way his eyes dart to the screen and you find yourself reaching out to comfort him on instinct, placing a hand on his thigh and squeezing. He’s obviously remembering what’d happened the last time their true natures had been discovered and already looks visibly upset at the thought of it, his soft eyes turning glassy with unshed tears.

“Because he was jealous,” Yoongi says gruffly, folding his arms, “Selfish.”

“But no, he didn’t tell them exactly what they were up against - not in quite so many words,” Jimin continues, and as this new revelation sinks in there’s a moment or two of silence in which all that can be heard is Hoseok clicking at the mouse, swearing under his breath. You lean forward off of the desk and cross over to take the space that Taehyung was previously sat in, feeling a little dizzy after attempting to stand for too long.

You wish you could ignore the smell of Namjoon’s cologne that wafts up into the air from the duvet on which you sit, or the way Jungkook’s eyes momentarily linger on the vicious marks left upon your neck.

“So what night when-”

“Exactly. That was his plan that almost got us both killed,” Jimin confirms in answer to Hoseok’s opening question, and the elder vampire swears again as he straightens up, running a hand through his hair. “But as far as I can make out… I don’t think they should pose a threat. There was very little correspondence between them and Namjoon after they’d failed.”

“That’s good, right?” Jungkook pipes up, and although Jimin nods his head you can’t help but note the hint of uncertainty that linger in his eyes, nor the way he won’t quite meet anyone’s gaze.

"I presume so. We’ll need to be more careful from now on, though, and we need to need to have a serious look into who it is he’s had us working for all this time. Namjoon’s been hiding things.”

“Like what?” you ask, and when Jimin looks back at you he shifts in his seat, something that looks an awful lot like guilt entering his expression.

“Like the fact he’s been hiring us out as protection for men wanted for human trafficking, amongst other things.”

“What?” Jin asks sharply, folded arms falling to his side. He looks appalled - they all do, in fact - and Jimin can only nod wearily as he turns back to the screen. He stares at it, scrolling mindlessly with the mouse wheel up and down.

“I haven’t been able to go through it all yet. There’s too many files over too many years, but we need to go through and weed out all the shady connections he’s made.” Jimin runs a hand through
his hair roughly, sighing once more. “I don’t know about you guys, but there’s no way I’m working for someone like that. I’d rather we starve.”

“That won’t happen. Since you and Yoongi have been getting your blood elsewhere and -” Jin’s eyes pass briefly over Hoseok, but when the graceful vampire awkwardly rubs the back of his neck the eldest of the group thinks better than to mention the fact that he also alternate blood supply these days. It probably wouldn’t go down well if everyone else finding out that Sam knows about them, too. In fact, you’re surprised that even Jin’s aware of it. “We’re in excess, right now.”

“Good,” Jimin nods, “That’s good.”

The room falls quiet, and beside you Jungkook is picking at the frayed edges of his jeans where they’re ripped at the knee, obviously troubled.

“I can’t believe he’d do this,” you hear him mumble, jaw clenching as he blinks in quick succession as though he’s trying to hold back tears. Overcome with sympathy, you shuffle closer to him and wrap both arms around his nearest bicep, pressing your face to his shoulder and squeezing tight.

“I know,” you soothe, feeling him breathe hard and deep against you in an exaggerated sigh. You look up when you feel his large palm come to rest on the crown of your head, his thumb rubbing gently back and forth, and when your eyes meet Jungkook smiles hesitantly back at you, grateful for the affection you’ve given so freely. It’s hard not to feel guilty about the yellowing bruise that’s still visible on his jaw, but at least you can take some comfort in knowing his marks will fade a hell of a lot faster than yours.

“- No, no thanks - not me.” You drag yourself away from the warmth Jungkook’s gaze to look over at Jin, stood at the foot of the bed decisively shaking his head to whatever it was the others have just been discussing.

“Someone needs to do it,” Yoongi persists, eyes narrowed, “Someone needs to take charge.”

“Why not you, then?” Jin replies just as quick, irritation colouring his tone, “I don’t hear you volunteering.” Yoongi huffs quietly, posture tense, but when Jimin’s hand finds its way onto the dark-haired vampire’s thigh you notice Yoongi’s shoulders begin to sag, glancing down to Jimin with a shy, secret smile. “You’re-”

“I’ll do it.” Hobi’s sudden declaration catches everyone off guard, and as six heads snap round to face him he suddenly looks uncertain, hands stuffed deep in his pockets. “If you want. Like you said -” He glances at Yoongi, shrugging his shoulders, “- Someone's got to take over… even with Joon gone, we still need to work. We still need to eat.”

“As long as you're sure,” Jimin nods, and Hoseok shrugs again, flashing an uneasy smile.

“I think you’ll make a good leader,” Tae chips in sweetly, and on hearing such encouraging words Hobi’s smile suddenly grows, shining brighter, the floor creaking as he rocks forward onto the balls of his feet with a little bounce of pleasure.

“Me too,” you add further, and you really mean it. Although Hoseok may often portray himself as a somewhat simple creature - full of frivolity and not much else - you know underneath it all is a man who thinks long and hard about the things he says and the choices he makes. He's just very good at making it look as though he doesn't; preferring to play the joker to keep everyone else's spirits high.

You trust him, though; implicitly. There's a difference between illegal and immoral, and you know
him well enough to know that Hoseok will be able to tell the difference when it comes to the kind of jobs that come their way from now on.

“And if it's money that you're worried about, I still want to look at taking that bar job,” you continue, ignoring the curl of a smirk that appears on Yoongi’s lips at the mere suggestion that they might be in any way strapped for cash.

“You don't need to worry about that,” Jimin dismisses but again you speak up, unwilling to let the matter lie.

“But I want to. I'm so dependant on all of you - cooped up in this house all the time - it'll do me good to have something that's all my own.” Jimin leans back in his chair, eyes narrowing as his brows furrow in thought, index finger pressed to his lips.

“But we like taking care of you,” Taehyung says, not bothering to hide the hurt on his face, “Don't you like it here?”

“Of course I do!” you quickly reply, hoping to assuage any doubts that they may have. You see Jungkook frowning beside you, looking just as confused as Taehyung does, and you grab his hand to pull it into your lap, clasping it between your own. “I love it here! It'd just be nice to get out once in a while… feel like I'm contributing a little.”

It's almost amusing, the way everyone seems to defer to Jimin for the deciding vote, unsure faces turning his way. He regards you for a moment longer, tapping that finger against his bottom lip thoughtfully, but just when you think he's about to pass judgement he abruptly swivels to face Hoseok, away from you.

“What do you think, hyung?” Hobi looks a little taken aback at first - having Jimin look to him for leadership - but he soon recovers, squaring his shoulders and glancing at you. You smile as prettily as you possible can back at him, very nearly batting your eyelashes in hopes that he'll take your side.

“I don't see the harm in it, so long as we take precautions.” Good ol’ Hobi - always coming through. You'll have to tell Sam to give him an extra special treat the next time she stays the night.

Before you have time to celebrate too hard, though, he fixes you with a stern look, one eyebrow raised.

“But if there's even the slightest hint of trouble, or any sign of Namjoon-”

“I know, I understand,” you say agreeably, nodding your head. Honestly, you're just pleased that he's given it the go ahead at all to go arguing the terms and conditions.

“That's settled then,” Jin concludes, and yet, despite the finality of his statement, the atmosphere still feels just as heavy as it did when you arrived - even after all that's just been said. It’d be unrealistic, you suppose, to expect it to just bounce back to the way it had been before. It'll take a while for all that's happened to sink in and for everyone to get used to this new found status quo.

Jimin calls Hoseok over to his side to start showing him all that he's found while the rest of the vampires present begin to disperse; Yoongi announcing that he's going back to bed as Taehyung challenges Jin to a game of pool. You, however, remain firmly sat on Namjoon’s bed, preoccupied with wonderings of how best you might be able to put this right.

You could all do with something to help take your mind off of everything's that happened - a distraction to lighten the mood and give you something else to focus on - and as it happens, you're certain you know just the thing.
“Jungkook,” you call after him, rising from the bed far faster than you should to rush after him and grabbing a hold of his hand as soon as he's within reach to keep him from preceding any further down the hallway without you.

“What's wrong?” he asks, looking mildly alarmed by the excited expression that greets him when he turns back to face you, squeezing your hand. Blinking away the dizziness that's blurring the edges of your vision, you smile.

“Think you can keep a secret?”

Chapter End Notes

For those of you who've been craving some fluff, please rest assured that this is about to get very, very fluffy lol ♡♡
Chapter 71

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay on this chapter guys! I'd gotten caught up writing a one-shot for tumblr and it ended up being 20K long and took me a whooole lot longer than I was anticipating *sigh*

To make up for it, though, I'll be writing the next chapter of STS immediately after this one rather than anything else, so it shouldn't take any longer than 2 weeks for chapter 72 to appear :)

I hope you enjoy this one - there's an awful lot of fluff coming up to make up for all the heavy angst we've had to endure, and whilst it might well be a bit cheesy... well... I don't care ^^ lol <3 <3

Despite whatever reservations the group may have harboured about your wishes to seek out employment when you’d initially voiced them, not one of them had then attempted to interfere with your plans after Hoseok had given his blessings, and for that, you’re truly grateful. Sure, Jimin had still layered on the warnings to stay alert and stay safe pretty thick - and continues to do so now - but for the most part he’d been nothing but supportive and had seemed sincere in his congratulations when you’d come home with nothing but good news and a bounce in your step following your interview at the bar; a contributing member of society once more.

‘Interview’ was probably too formal a word for what it was, actually. What your hiring had actually consisted of was a nervous car ride into town with Taehyung playing chauffeur and what then can only have been a fifteen-minute chat with the manager, Jack, as he’d juggled his attention between you and the patrons. He’d shuffled up and down the bar to fetch their orders in an impressive display of multitasking, pouring drinks and talking back and forth with you over his shoulder, his smile just as kind as you’d always noted it to be during your many visits over the past few years.

As luck would have it, Jack’s staffing situation had actually become even more dire since you’d first seen the ‘help wanted’ sign in the window during your visit with Yoongi a few weeks back. One of his most loyal employees had been taken ill unexpectedly - right in the middle of the holiday season - and didn’t look like likely to return any time soon, so when you’d told him how eager you were to work all the night shifts he had to offer Jack had regarded you like you might just be a dream come true. No inquiries about whether you’d had any prior experience, just a question of how soon you could start, and within the week you’re already three shifts in and enjoying your new found vocation.

And sure, you might be a little slow at mixing cocktails or pouring pints, and maybe you might’ve accidentally given away a couple of drinks for free when you’d gotten so flustered about having kept someone waiting that you’d forgotten to charge, but honestly, Jack just seems glad of the help. He doesn’t even inquire as to why you insist on wearing a scarf around your neck throughout the entirety of your shifts, or why you have to pause to occasionally catch your breath when you get a little dizzy; face turning pale.

It’s at moments such as these that Yoongi will suddenly appear at the bar and ask if you’re alright, emerging from whichever spot he’ll have been loitering in, keeping an eye on your safety throughout
the night. It’s at his insistence that he does so, though he’s promised it won’t be forever; just until you’ve been there a while and they’re confident you’ll be safe. Secretly, you have a theory that he rather likes coming along with you and losing himself in the anonymity of the crowd, and more than once you’re sure you’ve seen him eyeing up the piano from across the room, fingers twitching as if he’s longing to play again. You hope that eventually he’ll work up the courage to do so, and when he does you’ll be sure to have a celebratory shot waiting for him at the bar.

At home, life has returned more or less back to normal. Everyone had been on high alert for the first couple of days following Namjoon’s exile but now, with each passing day that he fails to return, the vampire’s around you are beginning to relax again and slowly let down their guards. Hobi is noticeably more absent since taking on the responsibilities of leadership - busy with trying to unpick the mess that Namjoon had left behind - but then so are you now that you’re working, and whilst you’re enjoying the change of scenery and sense of freedom that comes with leaving the manor you can’t deny that you miss the companionship that you’d become so accustomed to keeping over these last few months.

You’re fairly certain that you’re being missed at home, too, from what you can gather by the way the vampires have been acting whenever you return. It’s not so obvious with Yoongi, although you suppose that’s because he’s been able to see you even whilst you’re at work, if only from afar. Jimin has no such luck, however, and it shows. He’s a little bit clingier than he’s ever been before - needier than you’ve ever known - and quite frankly, you’ve found it adorable. Perhaps part of it is some lingering insecurity after everything that’s happened between the three of you lately, but if snuggling up to your side and pouting when you don’t show him enough love and affection the moment you walk in through the front door is his way of making himself feel better you’re not about to go arguing with it.

It’s certainly an improvement on the angry, jealous Jimin you’ve seen in times gone by, and only further reminds you of just how much he’s grown in the time you’ve spent together. And not just him, either, but Yoongi too. Ever since his confession to Jimin, he’s seemed more comfortable in his own skin than ever before; his mood a little lighter and his smiles a little brighter. He’ll even exchange the odd kiss with Jimin in front of the rest of the boys these days - though he’s sure to make a show of exaggeratedly grimacing over it. Out of the house, he seems to be coping better, too, impressing you with the way he’s endured the fullness of the bar in order to keep you safe with nary a panic attack in sight.

He’ll still tense up occasionally if someone dare approach him to ask for a light, or if an interested woman should happen to offer to buy him a drink (now that was amusing sight to witness), but given how anxious he used to be that seems like a vast improvement from the way he would've reacted before.

And true, the three of you haven’t yet indulged in any intimate moments since everything that fateful night, but you’re in no rush. Frankly, you’ve had other things on your mind.

Things like scouring the web to source the tree nursery from which you’d purchased the 18ft Norway Spruce Jungkook is currently trying to quietly cram through the manor’s front doors, huffing and puffing away.

“I really-” He has to pause as he attempts to heave the second half of the tree through the entranceway, and as he does so both Jungkook and the hinges end up groaning along. “-I really don’t think this is gonna fit.”

“That’s what she said,” you blurt out as if on reflex, and as you realise what you just said your expression morphs into one of pure, unadulterated horror. It’s at that moment that you realise just
how much living with these boys has rubbed off on you - for better or worse - and Jungkook, for all his griping about the manual labour you’ve dragged him into, guffaws loudly at your outburst. “Anyway, there’s no such thing as can’t.” Marching forward to meet him in the doorway, you try your best to help him squeeze the tree inside, stuffing it past the doorframe branch by branch.

“I never said ‘can’t,’” he argues through gritted teeth, groaning with effort as he surges forward again. “I just don't see why we couldn't have gotten a smaller one.”

“You know what they say-” Jungkook rocks back and forth, wiggling from side to side in amongst the pine needles in an attempt to wriggle it through. “-Go big or go home, right?”

“That's what she said,” Jungkook echoes, laughing when you roll your eyes at the shit-eating grin he sends your way.

He wiggles the tree again, branches rustling, but all it seems to be doing is getting it further wedged in place. Exasperated, you take your hands off of the tree and onto your hips, palms slightly sticky with sap.

“This isn't working,” you sigh, “I think you're just gonna have to-”

As if reading your mind, Jungkook abandons the more delicate approach you'd been trying in favour of brute strength, and with a determined look on his face he abruptly bursts through the door in one sudden forward motion, dragging the tree with him. It's only because you quickly leap backwards that you don't end up with a faceful of needles, and whilst his method was louder than you would've liked, it's certainly been effective. In fact, you're pleased to see that the majority of the tree has made it through intact despite Jungkook's rough handling; a few stray needles scattered around the doorstep and entranceway but nothing more.

“One down,” he says, wearing a pride smile as he carries the tree across the hall without even breaking a sweat despite it being almost four times his size.

“Two to go,” you confirm grimly, eyeing the significantly smaller doorway that leads into the living room and then the dining hall beyond; your final destination.

Having learnt lessons from your struggle to get past the front door, this time around you stand well back and let Jungkook just get on with it, pursing your lips as he rams a very expensive tree through two sets of doors with little concern for how many needles he's shedding along the way. Not that it can be helped, you suppose - not unless someone develops a teleportation device in the very near future - but you so desperately want this to be a surprise for the rest of the group that every single noise has you flinching in fear of waking someone up. It's a small mercy, really, that this is such a big house and that the boys have a tendency to sleep like… well, like the dead, funnily enough. Yoongi, especially.

Under your instruction, Jungkook lugs the Christmas Tree over to the centre of the room and carefully places it down to stand in pride of place. It's so tall that the uppermost branches are only a few feet short of brushing the hall’s ceiling, and once you and Jungkook have pushed back the pool and ping-pong tables that’d flanked it on either side it looks even more of an impressive sight, as grand in width as it is in height. You’re not even sure how you managed to make it fit, actually, as statuesque as it is, and as you stand back and survey the sight with a hand on either hip you muse that perhaps Jungkook might've been right; maybe a smaller tree wouldn’t have been such a bad idea.

Still, too late now.
“Right,” you state, decisively clapping your hands and Jungkook - who’d been busy staring up at the tree with his mouth hanging slightly open - jumps adorably on the spot at the sound, startled eyes landing on you. “Let’s get the decorations in from the car.” He nods obligingly, following after you back out into the entrance hall, pine needles under foot. “Don’t think you’re getting out of helping me clean all these up, either.”

“Fetch the tree, Cinderelly, sweep the floor, Cinderelly,” he complains in a high-pitched voice as he walks beside you, grinning impishly when you fondly roll your eyes and shove your elbow into his ribs. He’s such a little shit sometimes; always keen to help but just as ready to complain. Honestly, you’d have thought he’d have grown out of it by now. Perhaps becoming a vampire stunts emotional growth as well as physical? Either that or Jungkook’s just always been this way - not that you’d ever think to change him.

It doesn’t take long for you the two of you to fetch the boxes from the trunk of the car and bring them into the dining room to sit at the foot of the tree, ready for whenever the others decide to wake up. Each one holds a whole host of Christmas decorations - sparkling tinsel, twinkling lights and delicate glass baubles for the tree - and if you’re honest with yourself you know you’ve probably overdone it a little. There are more bits and bobs contained in these cardboard boxes than you could ever help to use, but when Jungkook had told you that this would’ve been the first time they celebrated Christmas in over twenty years you just couldn’t resist splashing out to try and make this a Christmas they’ll always remember.

If you’re going to do something, do it right - that’s what your father had taught you - so what better excuse than that to indulge your inner child by making sure your tree is the biggest, brightest and prettiest that any of them will have ever seen.

“Ok, so that’s the egg nog ready in the fridge and the mulled wine sorted,” you say aloud as you re-enter the dining room from your brief visit to the kitchen, “Now all we need is to-”

“Whooaa!”

The sudden exclamation from your right makes you freeze on the spot, and as your head turns to find the source of the sound your mouth continues to hang open mid-speech, completely forgetting what it was you were about to say. Taehyung is stood in the open doorway to the living room, his eyes open almost as wide as yours are as he gazes up at the tree with an expression nothing short of absolute wonderment, and despite how crestfallen you feel that the surprise you’ve worked so hard on has been ruined, you can’t help but appreciate how adorable he looks.

He looks just like a child who’s run down the stairs on Christmas morning to discover Santa’s been; vibrating with excitement and clutching a pillow to his stomach, still wearing the cute pyjamas he’s just slept in and his hair a crumpled mess.

Jungkook is quick to stand up from whatever box he was messing in when he hears Taehyung’s voice, eyes darting between you and his hyung with a sheepish smile on his face, hands neatly folded together as they dangle in front of him, perfectly contrite.

“Jungkookie...” Tae begins, taking a tentative step forward as if he can’t quite believe all he’s seeing is real, “Jagi... did you do this?” he asks, glancing at you and then looking straight back to the tree as he makes his slow approach. He comes to a standstill right in front of it as you do too, his head tipped back at almost a 90-degree angle so as to look right to the top, mouth hanging open wide.

“It was supposed to be a surprise for when you all woke up,” you confess, yet somehow you really don’t seem to care about that anymore. Seeing how happy Taehyung looks has your heart so full of glee that it feels almost fit to burst, and now you’ve seen his reaction you’re all the more excited to
witness the rest. “Merry Christmas Eve, Tae!”

He ‘oomphs!’ when you suddenly throw your arms around him, catching him off guard by trapping him a strong embrace. You lean your head against his chest, and though Taehyung may be initially startled he soon responds to your affections, dropping his pillow and wrapping his arms around you to squeeze you back, kissing the top of your head before you pull away with a grin on your face.

His answering smile is just as broad, just as beaming, and when you slip out of his arms he reaches out and takes your hands instead, waving them around.

“We haven’t had a Christmas in forever!” he exclaims, “This is so exciting!” Taehyung’s exuberance is infectious and as he twirls you on the spot, straight into Jungkook’s waiting arms, you dissolve into a fit of giggles, the room spinning behind your eyelids. “Are these all for the tree? Are there lights?” He bends down and starts to rummage through the boxes as Jungkook rests his arm around your waist to hold you steady, smiling fondly at his hyung’s squatted form.

Suddenly, Taehyung’s face snaps back around to look up at the two of you over his shoulder, eyes wide and excited.

“Do we have presents?!” he whispers, and when you slowly nod your head Tae is suddenly back on his feet and rushing forward, grabbing both yours and Jungkook’s shirts. “What is it?!” Can I have it now?!” Jungkook pushes Taehyung off of the two of you, feigning a frown, but you just laugh and shake your head as he begins to pout.

“Not yet! Not until everyone’s up, and it’s not even really Christmas till tomorrow!”

“Then why are we waiting?” he grins, too full of beans to be able to play the sulking child for very long, “You go fetch your loverboys.” He directs that to you, raising his eyebrows so high they almost disappear under the headband he’s wearing. “And you,” he adds, turning to Jungkook, “Traitor.” The younger vampire scoffs with amusement, affectionately squeezing your waist as you lean your weight against him, enjoying the smell of his cologne. “You fetch Hoseokie-hyung, and I’ll get Jin.”

“Isn’t it still a bit early?” Jungkook asks, glancing at his watch. He’s right; it’s only 6 o’clock. Yoongi will kill you if you try to get him up now. Taehyung is having none of it, though. He’s already picked up his pillow and halfway out the door by the time Jungkook’s arm has fallen back down by his side, turning back around and declaring that ‘there’s no time like the present!’ before scampering off again. His footsteps are so heavy that even from the dining room you can hear him thudding up the stairs, so loud that you start to wonder whether you’ll need to wake Jimin and Yoongi at all - perhaps Taehyung will just do it for you.

Unfortunately, when you get back to Jimin’s bedroom you find them both just as sound asleep as you’d originally left them a couple of hours ago. Jimin had all too easily accepted you having a shift at the bar as an excuse for climbing out of bed early - the fact that he was still half asleep when you’d told him working to your advantage = and by the time you were showered and dressed and ready to leave he was already fast asleep again in exactly the same position he is now; spooning Yoongi from behind, his arm wrapped tightly around the slighter vampire’s waist, nose buried in his hair.

“Jimin,” you call softly, climbing onto behind the two of them on your hands and knees, “Yoongi, wake up.” The younger vampire murmurs nonsensically when you place your hand on his uppermost thigh but doesn’t wake. Instead, he shifts that leg even higher up from where it’d originally rested above the covers to hitch it entirely over Yoongi’s sleeping form, pulling him even closer. It seems a shame to wake them, really, but your own impatience to see their reactions to all that you’ve planned has you too eager to delay any longer, shaking at Jimin more firmly this time around. “C’mon sleepyheads, rise and shine.”
Surprisingly enough, it’s Yoongi that stirs first. His heavy eyelids peel back as he twists his head to the side to squint up at you, licking at his lips to moisten them, and when his brain seems to register you leaning over the two of them he rolls over in Jimin’s arms to lie on his back, reaching for you with his one free arm.

“Morning,” he croaks, his hand coming to rest on the side of your face as you lean right over the younger vampire to kiss him in greeting, and by the time you pull away, Jimin is finally starting to rouse. Keeping his eyes screwed tight, he pouts and grumbles as he clings harder onto the _hyung_ who’s trying his best to stretch within the others chokehold, and it’s only when Yoongi gives a loud ‘yah!’ of exasperation and begins to shove at his chest that Jimin finally releases him, laughing playfully.

He rolls onto his back too, starfishing out his limbs and flinging back the covers so carelessly that they hit Yoongi in the face and make him huff again, glaring as he pushes them back and blows his bangs out of his eyes. There’s a ridiculous smile tugging at Jimin’s lips and it makes you smile in return that to see him in such a good mood already; his eyes creased into crescent moons once they finally ping open to look up at you, silver hair a rumpled mess against the pillow.

“Kitten,” he beckons, grabby hands and all, “C’mere.” Although it’s tempting to do just that you just about manage to resist, backing off of the bed and standing with a regretful smile, glancing down when you feel Nova brush against your legs.

“Can’t.” Jimin frowns, arms dropping dramatically back down onto the bed. “Got way too much to do today to go wasting it in bed with you two layabouts.”

“Layabout?” Yoongi scoffs, rising up onto his elbows. “You can get sued for slander, you know,” he informs you with a smirk, distracted a moment later when Nova jumps up onto the bed and decides to stand directly on his stomach, bashing the underside of his head against his chin.

“I’ll risk it.” You round the bed to grab each of them a t-shirt from out of Jimin’s drawers and then throw them over in turn, purposefully aiming for their faces. “C’mon, up and at ‘em,” you press and, surprisingly enough, both vampires do indeed listen, climbing out of bed and dressing with varying levels of complaint as you continue to hurry them along.

“I didn’t even get to brush my teeth,” Yoongi grumbles as he shuffles along beside you and Jimin as you lead them both towards the entrance hall, your arms linked through each of theirs on either side. “I hope whatever you’re planning on doesn’t involve kissing me.” You don’t even acknowledge that with a reply; you know as well as he does that a bit of morning breath has never stopped any of you before.

When you get to the entrance hall you’re only mildly surprised to find the rest of the house stood at the foot of the stairs, waiting for you to arrive. Hobi looks half asleep, yawning heavily and swaying slightly on the spot as Taehyung shouts his greeting, bouncing on the spot, and poor Jin seems to have fared even worse than that. Tae mustn’t have even given him time to get a shirt on and as you approach the group he bashfully wraps his arms around himself in a fruitless attempt to cover some skin.

It takes an awful lot of effort not to allow yourself to blush when he catches you eyeing the breadth of his chest, pleasantly surprised by the amount of musculature he’s evidently been hiding.

“What took you so long?” Tae exclaims as you make your way over, not even waiting for you to reach him before he’s heading towards the living room door and beckoning the rest of the group to follow.
“Sorry Tae,” you grin, his enthusiasm infectious, and as you increase your pace, dragging both Jimin and Yoongi along with you, you hear Jungkook chuckle somewhere behind.

“What the hell’s going on?” Jimin whines, straining to look over his shoulder back at the Jin and Hoseok, “Hyung, do you kn-ouch!” he exclaims, coming to a sudden stop and lifting his foot from the ground to peer at its sole, frowning hard. Sticking out of is one long, pointed pine needle, and as Jimin extracts it and holds it up to look at it closer, Yoongi lets out a groan, snatching it out of the younger vampire’s hand.

“You didn’t,” he says, directing his accusation towards you as you grin angelically back. “Tell me you didn’t.” You extract your arms from theirs with a giggle and dash on ahead after Tae, pulling Jungkook along with you for good measure so that by the time the rest of the group shuffles their way into the dining hall the three of you are already stood at the base of the tree, a santa hat perched slanted atop your head.

“She did,” Yoongi concludes matter-of-factly as the four remaining vampires come to a standstill, gazing up at the Christmas tree that’s dominating the dining hall and scenting it with pine. You wish you could take a picture of their faces. Each expression is truly priceless; from Hoseok's wide-eyed wonderment to Yoongi's folded arms and mildly amused arch of one eyebrow.

“Surprise!” you exclaim, stretching your arms wide. For a second or two no one says anything, and you hope that it's simply surprise that's rendered them speechless rather than any misgivings about what you've done. You plough ahead before there's a chance for those thoughts to fester, smiling broadly. “Happy Christmas Eve!”

Taking Jimin by the hand and tugging him toward the tree, you gush, “Look! I got tinsel and baubles and a star and everything!” You pick up a box and shove it under Jimin's nose proudly, and when he peels back the cardboard flaps to take a peek inside a small, hesitant smile appears on his face.

“I hadn't even realised that that was tomorrow,” he admits, pulling out a ruby red bauble and turning it over in his hand, his distorted reflection staring back at him from its shining surface.

“I thought we could all decorate the tree together; celebrate like a real family.” You smile coyly, glancing to the side as the rest of the vampires come closer, Hobi squatting down to start sifting through one of the other boxes with a joyful smile on his face. “And I know you can't eat a Christmas dinner but I got some eggnog instead - and some wine!”

“Look at these, hyung! They're so cute!” Hobi declares as he lifts a set of small glass polar bears from yet another box and passes them into Jin's waiting, outstretched hands.

“I didn't have the money to get everything myself but I promise I'll pay you back as soon as I get paid,” you tell Jimin, placing the box back onto the floor and stepping forward so you're almost chest to chest, curling your fingers around the bottom hem of his t-shirt. He's still staring at the bauble, apparently lost in thought, and his lack of enthusiasm is starting to make you a little nervous.

“I really should,” Jimin agrees absentmindedly, and you can't even tell whether or not he's joking. Nervously, you take his hand.

“You're not mad, are you?” Jimin frowns at your question, finally dragging his attention away from
his reflection and looking into your eyes.

“Mad?” His expression softens, his hand tightening around yours. “No,” he laughs airily, “Just feeling a bit overwhelmed, I think. Nostalgic. The last Christmas we had was back in the hospital, right before Geongmin…” Jimin trails off, and at the mention of Namjoon’s sister’s name, it seems as though everyone else around you pauses, too, looking up from the boxes they’d been busily exploring. The wide smile that’s been ever-present on Taehyung’s face falters slightly.

“I hadn’t thought about that,” he admits, shoulders sagging and letting his arms drop, antlers still in hand. Yoongi snatches them back with a grunt and plonks them on his head determinedly, as if hoping the gesture will help to cheer the younger boy up, and for the most part it seems to work, the corner of Tae’s lips twitching with mirth when Yoongi wiggles his head from side to side to make the bells jingle, completely straight-faced.

“She loved this time of year.” Jin stands from where he’d been squatting down next to Jungkook, flicking his head to shake his hair from out of his eyes.

Does that mean Namjoon likes the holidays, too, you wonder? You can’t imagine him enjoying any such festivities now but maybe might’ve done before; before she died, before they change - before he’d forgotten how to enjoy anything at all.

It’s frustrating that even without meaning for him to, the absent vampire will still pop into your head at any given moment.

“She’d want us to enjoy ourselves - make some new memories,” Jin continues, breaking you out of your thoughts. Hobi nods in agreement, as does Taehyung - and just like that his smile is back.

“You’re right,” Jimin agrees, and as the rest of the vampire’s turn back to the tree Jimin releases one of your hands to place his palm gently on your cheek instead, his cold thumb brushing along the edge of your cheekbone. “Thank you for doing this for us, kitten,” he smiles, his perfect row of front teeth appearing when he witnesses your blush, “You never fail to surprise me.”

“Just… trying my best to make amends,” you admit, placing your hand on top of his and turning your face into it to press a kiss against his palm.

“We’ll get there.” He leans in to rest his forehead against yours, both of your eyes closing in perfect synchronicity. “And this is a perfect start.” Briefly, Jimin’s plump lips connect with yours, sweet and slow and soft, until the sound of Jungkook’s voice draws you part.

“So, are we getting festive up in here, or what?”

“Jin,” you grin, peeping back at him over Jimin’s shoulder, “Let’s go get the eggnog.” Jin nods agreeably and as your eyes once more drift up and down the naked expanse of his chest your cheeks begin to warm, blushing as you add, “And maybe fetch you a shirt, while we’re at it.”

Chapter End Notes

As always, thank you so much to anyone who leaves feedback. I appreciate it so, so much <3 <3
Chapter 72

Chapter Notes

Ohhh goodness me, so much fluff coming your way! I hope the quick update this time around has made up for the longer wait that you guys had last time around ^^ Enjoy <3 <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

With six eager pairs of hands to help you along, it takes barely any time at all before you’re able to stand back and admire the tree in all its mismatched glory. Dressed in reds and greens and golds from tip to toe, it may not look at home within the centrefold of any good-housekeeping magazine, yet you love it all the same. It’s perfect in its asymmetry, sublime in the way the tinsel hangs so haphazardly from one branch to another, its baubles dangling precariously from each and every branch.

You’d thought you’d never use all the decorations that you’d brought home but the boys had almost seemed like they were determined to prove you wrong. Spurred on by the copious amounts of festive alcohol they’d consumed, they’d hung row after row of twinkling fairy lights off of every surface they could find, spilling over into the living room to dangle sequined stars off of the edge of the mantlepiece. You’d all ooh-ed and ahh-ed in delight as Jungkook had plugged them into the nearest plug socket and they’d illuminated the room with a soft, golden glow that’d seemed to permeate right through your chest and into your heart to fill it with a similarly comforting warmth.

Generously, they’d reserved the most prestigious job - placing the star at the top of the tree - for you. Being sat on Tae’s shoulders had been a rather nail-biting experience; clinging onto him for dear life with one hand whilst the other was outstretched toward the tree, ornament clutched tight between your fingers. Jungkook had had to tip the tree towards you at the risk of all your prior hard work falling off just so you were able to reach, and you were sure in amongst all the rigmarole you’d heard him mutter something that sounded distinctly like ‘told you we should’ve gotten a smaller one’ just loud enough for you to hear.

Still, all the extra effort has paid off. As Taehyung lowers you to the floor with the slightest of wobbles you coo at the sight of all of your efforts finally come together, a wide smile stretched across your face.

“It’s beautiful guys,” you gush, bouncing on the souls of your feet and casting a glance at Jimin as he comes to stand next to you, resting his arm across your shoulder. “You did such a good job.” Hobi beams with pride from where he’s stood at the opposite side of the tree, one hand stuck in his pocket and the other holding a large mug of eggnog that he keeps intermittently knocking back.

It’s a good job vampire’s seem to have a far higher tolerance for alcohol than humans; from the many stories Yoongi’s told you it sounds as though Hoseok was a bit of a light weight before he was turned. Sam would probably be able to drink him under the table if that were still true now.

“Does this mean we get our presents now?!” Taehyung asks with wide and hopeful eyes, but before you can answer, Jin asks,

“Gifts?” His gaze darts to other members of the group before landing on you again, his dark
eyebrows slightly raised, “You bought us gifts?”

“Just little ones.” You shrug your shoulders as if it’s not a big deal, cheeks filling with colour at the gentle kiss Jimin places atop of your head. “But there was something else I wanted to do before we get around to that - it’s still not midnight yet.” In the corner of your eye, you spy Yoongi prodding Tae in the ribs at the impatient moan of protest he emits when you say that, and have to fight the urge to laugh at the way the younger vampire rubs exaggeratedly at his side once Yoongi removes his elbow with an amused smirk, reindeer antlers still fixed firmly in place.

“What did you have in mind?” Jimin asks and after pausing for a moment to let the anticipation build, you confess the next part of your plan.

Luckily, your suggestion is met with unanimous enthusiasm. The group disperses to quickly go and change with eager steps and excited smiles, and before you know it you’re heading into the centre of town as part of a two-car convoy, sandwiched between Jimin and Yoongi in the backseat and sweating from the sheer amount of layers they’d insisted you wear.

Your destination is the recently erected ice-skating rink that’s appeared just a five-minute walk away from your workplace as part of the season’s festivities, and the closer you get to it the more you can feel Jimin start to fidget excitedly next to you.

He’d been almost as thrilled at the prospect as Tae was when you’d announced your plans, and it was with a fond smile and a familiar tightness in your chest that you’d watched on as Yoongi had kissed the younger vampire so sweetly on the way back to your room; as enamoured with the sight of Jimin looking so happy and carefree as you had been. Even now - sat quietly in the back of the car as Jin drives up ahead - you can feel the love the two of the men harbour for one another as it washes over you between them in a series of glances and soft smiles.

“I love you,” you sigh happily to neither of them in particular yet both of them at once, leaning your head to lay against Yoongi’s shoulder, your opposite hand cocooned within Jimin’s.

“We love you too, kitten,” Jimin replies dutifully, squeezing his fist around yours.

“Even in that ridiculous Santa hat of yours,” Yoongi teases, and when you turn your head to look up at him - bottom lip pouted - there’s a playful smirk waiting to greet you.

“You’re one to talk,” you jibe back, glancing up at the antlers that he’s still yet to remove, “Rudolph.” Honestly, anyone might think he actually likes wearing them.

“Mock all you want.” Yoongi scrunches up his nose at you; a childlike quality to his mannerisms. “You know I make these look good.” You roll your eyes at him before letting them close, and as you reposition yourself against his chest you exhale a contented sigh, snuggling close.

It won’t take long to get to the ice rink but you’d still rather grab the opportunity to take some rest while you can; you were up early, after all, and you’re still not quite back up to full health. The plentiful amount of eggnog you’d consumed whilst decorating the tree seems to be making you a little woozy too, especially when Jin changes lane or takes a corner, so you figure it’s best to try and clear that up before taking to the ice, if at all possible.

You doze for the rest of the journey, intermittently woken by the quiet snippets of conversation Jimin and Yoongi exchange across you along the way; though it isn’t until Jin announces that you’ve arrived that you fully awake. Dreamily rubbing your eyes, you’ve yet to have even properly sat up
by the time Jimin had already hopped out of the car and is offering you both a helping hand and a considerate smile.

“Ready for some fun?” he grins, and eagerly, you nod.

Unsurprisingly, every single one of the vampires in your company proves to be just as graceful and agile upon the ice as you’d expected them to be. Even Hoseok, who’d been eyeing its shining, slippery surface with dread when you’d first arrived, manages to glide across it with such enviable ease that it puts you to shame. You shimmy along the sides, holding on for dear life and gasping in panic each and every time you wobble as the rest of them whizz on by, unable to do much more than watch on as the boys compete to see who can go the fastest or who can perform the most impressive trick.

Of course, it’s Jungkook who wins on both accounts - though Jimin gives him a run for his money in terms of speed. It’s lucky that there aren’t many other people skating at this time of night or else you can easily imagine someone getting caught in the crossfire of all their games. At the very least, someone would surely end up getting sprayed with a flurry of ice flakes every time one of them skids to an impressive stop.

“You’re gonna break your neck in a second, Jeon Jungkook!” you shout across the rink as he launches himself into another jump, spinning in midair and then landing flawlessly onto the ice with a roguish smirk thrown your way.

“Don’t worry noona!” he calls back as he skates backwards, hips wiggling from side to side as he weaves. “I’ll be careful!” You cast him a sceptical look but somehow still end up smiling when he laughs, turning away and dashing off again towards Jin and Hoseok who have momentarily paused against the other side of the rink and are deep in conversation. No doubt they’ll get a face full of ice in a moment, too.

“I blame the parents.” You almost lose your balance at the sound of Yoongi’s voice behind you, arms flailing wildly, and it’s only thanks to his hands quickly reaching out to grasp your waist that you don’t fall head over heels. “Sorry,” he grins sheepishly once you’re stable and he’s turned you around in his arms, holding you steady.

“No harm done,” you smile back, attempting to act as though your heart isn’t beating ten to the dozen in your chest. You lean in to steal a quick, chaste kiss, and for once the tip of your nose matches his for temperature, each as ice cold. “Are you having a good time?” Yoongi shrugs casually and is just about to reply when the both of you are distracted by two high-pitched shrieks that come from the other side of the rink belonging to none other than the aforementioned Jin and Hoseok. Seems as though you were right about Jungkook’s mischievous intentions if the way he’s now bent over double with laughter has anything to do with it. Chuckling, Yoongi turns back to you.

“Not as much fun as Jungkook, clearly,” he admits, glancing down at his feet, “But yes, I’m having fun.” You nod, satisfied, and busy yourself straightening out the lapels of Yoongi’s coat. “This was a good idea; we all needed a pick-me-up.” The sound of Jimin’s laughter draws Yoongi’s attention, his hands tightening around your waist as he turns his head to observe the vampire he loves. “Especially Jimin.”

Guilt manifests itself as a sharp pain right in the centre of your chest and though it hurts you know that that won’t have been Yoongi’s intention. He’s just being honest, rather than malicious, and his straightforward nature is one of the things you admire most about him.

“Has he been ok?” you ask quietly, tugging on his coat to pull Yoongi’s gaze back your way. “I mean, I know he tells me he’s fine but… has he said any different to you?”
“Princess,” Yoongi sighs, withdrawing his hands from your waist to cup your cheeks instead, looking down into your eyes, “Jimin’s never been very good at hiding his emotions; you’d know if he was lying.” Slowly, you nod your head in the grasp of Yoongi’s cold palms, biting your lip and smiling coyly when he adds, “And before you ask; yes, I’m alright too.”

“That’s good.” You exhale a relieved breath as he releases your face and lets his hands drop back down by his sides only for you to steal one back a second later, linking your fingers with his.

“Where are your gloves?” he asks, frowning as he lifts your conjoined hands to inspect them, no doubt having noticed how icicle cold they’ve become having been exposed to the frigid night air.

“In my pocket,” you confess with all the contriteness of a chastised school child, “I couldn’t get a good grab on the side with-”

“Put them back on,” Yoongi demands, reaching inside your pockets to pull them out and hand them to you himself. “You’re going to get frostbite.” You do as you’re told but not without a smirk and a roguish twinkle in your eyes as you mutter a ‘yes sir’ under your breath.

“Getting a little cheeky these days, aren’t we kitten?” Once again you jump on the spot at the unexpected sound of Jimin’s voice, and once again you’re held steady by the application of strong hands upon your waist. He presses a gentle kiss to the only slip of skin that isn’t covered up with layers of fabric - the sensitive little spot right behind your ear - and it makes you shudder with delight on feeling it, your eyes closing for just a second. “I think it’s been a little too long since you were reminded who’s boss,” he whispers directly into your ear, cold breath tickling the passageways.

Judging by the way your entire being clenches at the sultry tone of his words, it really has been far, far too long. It’s the first time Jimin has said anything remotely suggestive towards you since the night of Sam’s birthday and it hits you hard; stealing your breath away.

“Maybe it has,” you answer in a whisper, your blush deepening as you notice the amusement with which Yoongi’s regarding the two of you too. There’s a hint of something darker lurking in his gaze, too, and it only serves to heat your insides all the more. “Maybe you should-”

“Are you guys just gonna stand there all day?! Taehyung calls over gleefully as he skates towards the three of you, trademark grin stretched across his face, “Or are you actually gonna come have some fun, jagi?” He offers you his hand, oblivious to what he just interrupted, and after a moment’s deliberation you reach and out take it, laughing as he abruptly pulls you to him and swaddles you in his arms.

You’re almost pleased when you look back and see Jimin with his arms folded and one eyebrow raised, an amused smirk gracing his lips at your willful behaviour.

“This isn’t over, kitten,” he teases as you skate away hand in hand with Taehyung, giggling and shrieking every time you almost fall. Luckily, Tae is solid as a rock and easily helps you maintain your balance as you make lap after lap, breath misting in the air as the exercise warms your lungs.

“Ready to let go?” Tae asks once you’re no longer wobbling so often, starting to unlink his fingers from yours but you grab on tight, quickly shaking your head.

“Not yet!” The blonde-haired vampire grins, looping his arm around your waist as you come to a stop in order to pull you even closer than you were when you were just holding hands.

“Admit it,” he smoulders playfully, eyes narrowing, “This is just an excuse to keep me all to yourself for a little bit longer, isn’t it?” Laughing, you press a kiss to his cheek.
“You got me,” you admit, exhaling a wistful sigh that you exaggerate, tilting your head to the side, “I just can’t resist you, Tae.” Your tummy does a topsy-turvy flip when Taehyung bites his bottom lip suggestively in response, squeezing at your hip before leaning in and whispering deep and low,

“In that case, I’m definitely looking forward to my gift.” You swallow, heart hammering in your chest at the salaciousness in his tone, but when Taehyung pulls away there’s a smile on his face so pure and innocent in appearance that you almost start to doubt your own ears. Until he winks at you, that is, and then you burst out laughing, forever caught off guard by just how incorrigible the blonde can be.

“You are just the worst kind of flirt, Kim Taehyung,” you scold between giggles. He merely grins, taking your hand again and pushing off from the side to propel you both into motion as he answers back.

“But you’re still blushing, aren’t you?”

Damn it, he’s right.

“Don’t go getting cocky,” you warn as you attempt to pull your scarf higher over your mouth to hide the pinkness to your cheeks, gliding your way across the ice, “That’s from the cold, not you.”

“I see,” he nods, saying nothing more but not really needing to given the way his smile continues to broaden.

Yours and Taehyung’s steps fall into a pleasant rhythm as you continue to skate in companionable silence - left, right, left, right, left, right - and now that staying upright seems like less of an impossible task your mind is free to wander; to better take in all the sights and smells around you. You’ve always enjoyed this time of year. Despite your hometown not being the largest or most affluent, the local businesses always seem to put in a lot of effort when it comes to decorating their storefronts. Their festively themed window displays never fail to bring a smile to your face, and you almost feel cozy despite the cold around you whenever you stand in the glow of the golden lights that hang from every rooftop; each subtle twinkle as they move in the breeze reflected tenfold in the baubles the hang from the Christmas tree that stands in the centre of the square. It may not be as impressive as the one you have back home, if you do say so yourself, but the happy childhood memories you have of decorating it alongside all your middle-school classmates so long ago make it feel just as special to behold; a tradition that the local school children have continued to perform year after year.

“I was only playing hyung!” you hear Jungkook cry out from behind you, and it’s only thanks to a sharp and sudden tug on your hand from Taehyung that you narrowly avoid getting ploughed into by the maknae as he races by, a pissed off looking Jin hot on his tail. Tae catches you in his arms to save you from falling, shouting at the younger vampire to be more careful as he rights you on your feet and then smiles apologetically, adjusting your scarf.

“My hero,” you joke, one hand placed over your chest to calm furious beating of your heart as you try to blink away the momentary dizziness that’s come over you. Jungkook calls a ‘sorry’ over his shoulder but you’re not sure he really means it; not when he’s currently preoccupied with trying to dodge the iceball that Jin has clenched in fist as he clenches after him, cursing his name.

You’re not sure exactly what it is that Jungkook’s done to deserve such a punishment, but you’d say it was a fairly safe bet that it has something to do with the fact that the back of Jin’s pants suddenly looks a whole lot wetter than it did a few minutes ago, icy patterns evident across both of his buttocks.
“Seems like everyone’s having a good time, huh?” you smile, turning back to Taehyung. He’s busily watching the drama unfold with a similar smile on his face, eyes twinkling with mirth when they meet yours and he nods his head.

“I never really got to go too often before I got sick, or after that either, really,” he explains, leaning back against the side and gently tugging you with him. A pleasant smell invades your senses, distracting you from Taehyung as he continues to speak.

It’s the same smell you’d kept picking up on every time you’d passed this side of the rink but had never had chance to identify it as you’d made your way around - concentrating as hard as you were on trying not to fall over - but now you’ve got the time to look properly you realise that there’s a late night snack van parked alongside the opposite of the road from which the delicious fragrance is wafting. It surprises you that they’re still open even at this time of night on a Christmas Eve, but you suppose it makes good business sense to try and catch the drunken revelry makers as they exit the bars on their way home to bed; lure them over with the same smell of freshly roasted nuts that’s currently making your mouth water.

“Namjoon-hyung would love this.” Your head snaps back around to face Taehyung at the vampire’s casual mention of his ex-leader’s name, your focus laser sharp. He doesn’t seem to notice your wide-eyed look at first, completely oblivious to the way you’re holding your breath as he continues to watch the other’s exploits with a relaxed smile. “He was the one who taught Jungkookie to skate, you know, and he-”

Taehyung turns to look at you and then abruptly stops speaking at all once, the smile quickly falling from his face.

“Sorry, jagi,” he apologises, visibly cringing as he reaches out and takes your hand, “Sorry. I… I didn’t think.” You force a smile, noting the sudden disappearance of your appetite and the nausea that’s taken its place.

“It’s alright,” you assure him, squeezing his hand, “I like hearing your stories, Tae.”

And it’s true - you do enjoy them - but you just wish that you didn’t feel so guilty every single time you hear Namjoon’s name. It’s not just because of what you did that makes you feel that way, either, but more so the effect it’s had on the whole family - the rift it’s created between them.

For all Namjoon’s aloofness and hostility, he was still their leader. He took care of the group for so many years - guarding their secrets long before you’d even been born - and they, in turn, respected and cared about him regardless of all his flaws. You don’t doubt that some of them probably still do now, and you can’t say you blame them. Even you feel conflicted; hating Namjoon for all that he’s done and yet pitying him all the same. He’d already endured so much loss in his long life when you’d entered into it, and now he’s lost even more.

A nasty little voice at the back of your head starts to whisper wonderings about whether or not they’d have all been better off without ever having met you - a voice you try your very best to ignore.

“Oh, ow, ow ow ow!” Jungkook cries from across the other side of the rink, and when you look over only the top of his head is visible thanks to the headlock Jin has him trapped in; his hair dripping wet as the ice that’s been rubbed into it instantly begins to melt. “Hyung, I said I was sorry!” Glad of the distraction from your pessimistic thoughts, you chuckle and turn back to Tae, tilting your head towards the rest of the group.

“C’mon,” you say, linking your gloved fingers with his. “We’d better get everyone home before Jungkook manages to get himself into even more trouble.”
Another car ride and change of clothes later and you’re down on your knees and rooting through one of Jimin’s chest of drawers, retrieving the various gifts you’d stashed away over the past month or so from underneath piles of tidily folded clothes. Some little things you’d managed to buy yourself but others - like the two little boxes you tuck away in your pocket, separate from the rest - had to be purchased on your credit card simply because you were unwilling to risk Jimin actually checking his bank account, for once, and inadvertently spoiling the surprise.

You place each gift into a small ‘santa red’ sack you’d bought especially for the occasion, smiling happily to yourself until you come to a present you’d forgotten all about but recognise just the same. Neatly wrapped in red matt paper and tied with a satin black bow, the happiness that’d been bubbling away in your stomach abruptly goes flat as you turn it over in your hands and then begin to open it impulsively, pulling at the wrapping.

The cover of Bram Stoker’s ‘Dracula’ stares up at you from your lap once it's undone, and it’s with tears filling your eyes that you let out a sad, strained laugh, throat tight as you squeeze the book in your hands, fingernails digging into the cover. You’d bought this for Namjoon ages ago as a little nod to the joke the two of you had shared not long after you’d first moved in, sure that he’d at least enjoy the irony of it, but now all it serves as is a reminder of how badly everything’s gone wrong - how messed up your relationship with Namjoon has become.

Why did he have to do those awful things? Why did he have to go and ruin everything?!

Angrily, you throw the book back into the drawer and slam it closed, rubbing your eyes roughly with the backs of your hands to stop the tears as you rise to stand, knees wobbling under your weight. It takes a moment for you to feel calm enough to pick up the bag of gifts and leave Jimin’s room to go and rejoin the others where they’re waiting for you in the living room, hoping that they won’t notice the slight redness to your eyes that that little outburst has left in its wake, and as you make your way down the corridor you try to reassure yourself that you shouldn’t feel bad for still struggling with these tears now and then. It’s not as though very much time has passed, and you’re sure plenty of others would be in a far worse state than you are, all things considered.

It’ll get better with time; the longer he’s gone. It has to.

Taehyung greets you with a loud, gleeful cheer as you push open the living door. The whole group are sat on the floor in front of the fireplace, some cross-legged and others with their backs against the surrounding sofas, the light of the fire giving their pale skin a warm, healthy glow as they all turn to look at you, barely contained excitement written all over their faces.

“Ok,” you say, “Who wants to go first?” Immediately five pairs of hands shoot straight up into the air. Next to you, you hear Yoongi chuckle throatily at the spectacle the others are making of themselves, shaking his head as he stokes the fire, poking and prodding at the logs.

“I should get mine first, seeing as I’m the eldest,” Jin states matter-of-factly, flashing you a winning smile as he turns to you with his hands already extended outwards, ready and waiting to receive.
“But I helped get everything ready,” Jungkook counters in the whiniest tone you’ve ever heard, his eyes widening at the injustice of it all, and like a sucker you totally fall for his ‘baby-boy’ tactics, already in the process of pulling his gift out of the bag by the time he speaks again, rounding those eyes on you. “So I should get mine first for being such a good boy for noona, shouldn’t I?”

God damn it, how the hell is a girl supposed to resist him when he goes acting all cute like that? Little shit.

“Sorry Jin,” you apologise, smiling sheepishly at the eldest vampire as he crosses his arms across his broad chest, glaring across at Jungkook as he scrambles forward to snatch the two parcels right out of your hands. He’s not careful about the way he opens them, snowflake printed wrapping paper quickly pulled apart to reveal the new charcoal drawing set and then sketchbook you’d bought for him.

“Thanks noona!” he exclaims, already in the process opening up the set to inspect the many pencils lined up neatly within, “These are great!”

“You’re welcome,” you smile, pleased by his reaction, and you’re just about to ask who’s going next when Jin beats you to it, exclaiming,

“My turn!” whilst elbowing Hobi in the side for trying to do the same.

And so it continues, gift after gift. Jin’s so eager to taste the honey-infused whiskey that you’d bought him that he cracks it open right then and there and takes a swig, coughing his approval, and Hobi is just as pleased with the gaudy rainbow-coloured suspenders he receives. Personally, you think they’re hideous, but Sam had assured you that Hoseok would love them and that they’d match nicely with the fanny pack she’s been intending to purchase for him herself.

The noise-cancelling headphones you’d purchased for Yoongi go down well. They’d been an easy purchase after listening to him complain so vehemently about Jin having commandeered his to ‘preserve his sanity’ on the night’s that Sam stays over. Jimin loves his sweater, too, immediately pulling it on over the t-shirt he’s wearing and beaming down at the white and navy stripes that cover his torso before thanking you with a kiss that lingers just a second too long and makes the others groan to witness.

“Just you left then, Tae,” you say, pulling the last remaining present from the sack; a box wrapped in shiny purple paper. “I’m surprised you managed to wait so long given how impatient you’ve been all night.”

“Just saving the best for last,” he grins, taking it gently from your hands. He opens the wrapping almost reverently, carefully removing each piece of tape and peeling back the paper until only the box remains, and you have to purse your lips to keep from laughing at the way his mouth falls open once he finally lifts up the lid and takes a look inside.

“What you get, hyung?” Jungkook asks when the blonde-haired vampire is slow to react, nudging his shoulder into his to try and get a peek. Tae quickly slams the lid back on to hide the box’s contents, eyes wide as he looks across the circle to you, thoroughly confused.

Unfortunately, Taehyung having been caught so off guard seems to have rendered him unable to effectively fight off Jungkook when he tries to take the box for himself, snatching it from his grasp and taking a look inside despite how furiously Taehyung kicks at him.

He slams on the lid back on just as quickly as Tae had done, mouth similarly gaping.
“Noona!” he exclaims, scandalised, and you can only laugh as he quickly shoves the box back into Taehyung’s lap and then stares at his hands as though he needs to go and give them a good wash, scarred for life.

“What is it?!” Jin persists, reaching out as if he also means to take the box until Taehyung quickly wraps his arms around it, guarding what’s inside.

“It’s ok Tae,” you say, smiling encouragingly at him, “You can show them.” He hesitates, looking back and forth between you and Jin until you nod again, egging him on. He swallows, placing the box down in front of him and then slowly removing the lid before a captive audience. He reaches inside, pauses, and then takes a deep breath before revealing his gifts; a collar grasped in one hand and a leash in the other.

“Oh my,” Hoseok gasps, breaking the silence that had befallen the group, back straight and blinking rapidly with one hand pressed to his chest.

“Well that’s…” Jin trails off, for once at a total loss for words, and when you feel Yoongi start to vibrate with silent laughter next to you, you can’t keep up the act any longer, bursting into a fit of giggles as well.

“It’s not for that!” you laugh, rolling your eyes at Hobi. Taehyung’s thick eyebrows rise curiously as you take the collar from his hand and then twirl it around your finger with a knowing smile. “After Christmas is over, we’re gonna go to the shelter together and find a cute little doggie that this’ll fit.”

You’re not sure how it’s even possible, but somehow Tae’s eyes grow even wider.

“Really?!” he exclaims in disbelief, tipping forward onto all fours with leash still in hand, “You mean it?! A real puppy?!”

“That’s right,” you confirm, and before you’ve even had the chance to take your next breath you suddenly find yourself flat out on your back with Taehyung sprawled on top of you chanting thank you after thank you, his arms wrapped around your waist so tight that your laughter turns into a series of throaty gurgles, lungs completely emptied of air.

“You’re not gonna end up with anything at all if you carry on choking her to death,” Yoongi comments dryly as Jimin pulls Taehyung off of you by the back of his shirt, shooting the blonde vampire a stern look as he returns to his spot on the rug, expression turning sheepish as you gasp and splutter for breath.

“You’re not gonna end up with anything at all if you carry on choking her to death,” Yoongi comments dryly as Jimin pulls Taehyung off of you by the back of his shirt, shooting the blonde vampire a stern look as he returns to his spot on the rug, expression turning sheepish as you gasp and splutter for breath.

“Sorry,” he apologises meekly, “I just can’t believe we’re really gonna get one.”

Unbeknown to Tae, you’d actually gone back and forth on the decision of whether to get him a dog or not quite a few times over the past few weeks. Like they say; A dog is for life, not just for Christmas. Once you’d sat and thought a little harder about it, though, you’d soon realised that you couldn’t think of anyone better suited to offer a pup a loving home than Taehyung. Not only does he have one of the sweetest, kindest souls you’ve ever known, but his immortal status would almost certainly guarantee lifelong ownership for whichever lucky canine he decides to call his own, and now you’ve seen how happy the news has made him - how absolutely ecstatic he is - you’re certain you’ve made the right choice.

“What about Nova?” Yoongi suddenly asks, silencing the excited chatter in the room. Surprised that he’d show such concern for a creature he (apparently) only tolerates, you turn to him with an amused smirk, eyebrow rising at the vague embarrassment that enters his expression under your scrutiny.

“She might not appreciate a dog suddenly roaming about the place.”
“I’m sure she’ll manage,” you assure him, placing a hand on his knee as he picks at the rug beneath him, “It’s a big house. They’ll be able to avoid each other if they want to, and I’m sure Nova will give them a bop and put them in place if need be.” Flashing you a coy smile, Yoongi nods, apparently satisfied with your answer.

“So,” Hoseok announces once the topic is settled, slapping his hands against his knees, “Now that that’s all over and done with, who wants some more eggnog?” Jungkook’s hand shoots straight up into the air along with Taehyung’s as Jin bobs his head in agreement, and beside you, Jimin starts to get up, uncrossing his legs and springing to his feet.

“I’ll give you a hand, hyung,” he offers, about to step away when you suddenly grab his hand to stop him in his tracks, looking down at you over his shoulder. “What’s wrong, kitten?”

“It’s just…” you start, glancing at the others around the room and hoping they won’t hear what you say next for fear that they might get jealous and start to pout, “I got an extra couple things just for you and Yoongi.”

“Oh?” Yoongi asks with interest, ears pricking up at the mention of his name.

“Yeah. Do you… do you think we can elsewhere for just a minute?” Jimin smiles kindly, his full cheeks rising so high that his eyes very nearly disappear as you regard him from below. You take the hand he offers you and rise to your feet with Jimin’s assistance, Yoongi following close behind, and it’s only when the three of you have stood that the others finally notice that something else is going on.

“You not staying for another drink?” Jin asks, but before you can open your mouth to make some excuse Yoongi is already speaking for you, his palm planted firmly in the small of your back.

“She’s got another present she wants to give us in private,” he smirks, spurring on exactly the reaction you’d expected from the other vampires if they heard it put in such a manner, wiggling their eyebrows and making lewd suggestions as you quickly leave the room, red-faced and flipping them a middle finger.

Chuckling, Jimin takes your hand and leads you into one of the less frequently used reception rooms next door, and as Yoongi gently closes the door behind him the silver-haired vampire takes a seat on the chesterfield sofa that occupies the centre of the opulently decorated room. He crosses one leg over the there and pats the space behind him in invitation and obediently you sit, noting the various drawing paraphernalia that’s littering the side table nearby. This must be one of the places Jungkook likes to sit and draw, and you can understand why. With its rich, maroon painted plaster, dark wood floors and sumptuous furnishings, it gives off a cosy, almost nest-like feel.

“So what else do you have in store for us that’s so special that the others aren’t allowed to see?” Jimin asks curiously as Yoongi comes to sit on the arm of the sofa next to him. You can tell from the mischievous gleam in his eyes that Jimin half expects it to be something of a sexual nature as well, and you hope he won’t be disappointed that it’s nothing of the sort.

Pulling out the boxes you’d hidden in your pockets, you suddenly feel a little embarrassed.

“They’re just sentimental little things,” you explain, handing the flatter, wider box to Jimin and the smaller, stockier box to Yoongi. They regard them with interest, each vampire fingerling the navy blue leather that you considered too attractive to want to wrap. “I thought the others might make fun or something… I don’t know.” Blushing, you tug at the sleeves of your sweater and give them a nod, encouraging them to open them up despite how anxious you suddenly feel. “Go ahead.”
Jimin goes first, gently opening the box, and you feel your heart start to flutter as you watch his eyebrows rise in surprise. He places the box on his lap and then very carefully removes its contents, lifting the necklace that’s contained inside so that it dangles delicately in front of him; a long, silver chain from which hangs a small bloodstone pendant.

“This is beautiful,” he softly utters as he lets the pendant fall into the palm of his hand to get a better look at it, and on seeing the way he smiles you instantly feel a modicum of relief wash over you.

As Jimin continues to inspect his gift, Yoongi opens up his own, wasting no time in removing the ring that’s nestled inside; a thick silver band on which a generous slab of polished bloodstone sits. You wait with bated breath for his expression to give something away or say anything at all, but it appears as though Yoongi is a little lost for words, turning it over and over in his hands to examine it from every angle, mouth slightly agape.

“They match mine,” you tell them, pulling back your sweater sleeve the reveal the bracelet you’d slipped on before joining them in the living room; a silver band decorated with a singular bloodstone gem to complete the set. “They’re all engraved, too.” You take their gifts back for a moment, turning each over to show them the little symbols you’d hidden in subtle places. “This one means love,” you tell Jimin, showing him the glyph that’s engraved into the metal that holds the pendant and then handing it back. “This one's union.” You place Yoongi’s ring back into the palm of his hand with a smile, noting the heavy bob of his adam’s apple in his throat. “And mine means immortality. Forever.”

The sound of Jin’s enthusiastic laughter coming from next door breaks the silence that has fallen between the three of you as both Yoongi and Jimin continue to stare at their gifts, and when neither of them say anything you end up letting out a nervous little giggle of your own, fingers fiddling nervously with your bracelet.

“Well… what do you think? Do you like them?” you ask them when you can stand it no longer, and at that, both vampires suddenly look up at you in almost perfect unison, your breath hitching when you notice the glassiness that shines back at you from Jimin’s eyes.

Carefully, Yoongi slots his ring back into the box and places it on the side table, doing the same with Jimin once he also hands his over.

“They’re perfect,” Jimin tells you, abruptly reaching out and taking your face in his hands, his eyes darting back and forth between each of your own, “You’re perfect,” he continues, voice thick with the emotion that’s threatening to spill over. “You really do love us, don’t you?”

“Of course,” you answer, your own voice coming out strained from the mixture of disbelief that Jimin even feels the need to ask such a thing and the tears that you’re also fighting to hold back at seeing him look so open; so vulnerable. With a smile on his lips, Jimin leans in to press them against yours, and his kiss is so heartfelt - so soft and yet so passionate all at once - that you feel your chest start to ache, stomach flipping when you feel Yoongi come to sit behind you and then shivering when he pushes your hair off of your neck. Nuzzling nose against the length of your neck, helavishes your skin with worshipful kisses, arms wrapping around your waist to pull you against him even as Jimin continues to caress your cheeks that are damp with the few happy tears you’ve shed.

“Forever,” Yoongi murmurs against your throat, his hand slipping under your sweater to press to the flesh of your stomach, “Ours, always.”

“Always,” you gasp back when Jimin abandons the sweetness of your mouth in favour of dipping his head to join Yoongi on the opposite side of your throat, nipping at your skin as his hands find purchase on your thighs, squeezing hard.
So long. It’s been so long since they touched you this way that your head is already spinning, desire coursing through you so thick and fast that it’s making you dizzy, eyes closed and lips parted to accommodate your rapid, ragged inhales.

“Kitten,” Jimin prompts as they both pull back before you lose yourself entirely, Yoongi’s breath heavy on the back of your neck and Jimin’s eyes dark with lust. He tilts his head to the side, palming your cheek once more as he softly asks, “How about we give you your present now?”

Chapter End Notes

It feels so, so long since I last wrote Yoonmin smut *sob* I can't wait to write the next chapter! <3 <3
Chapter 73

Chapter Notes

I hope this extra long smutty chapter makes up for the long wait you've had, lovelies!
For some reason, my word counts just seem to be running away with me lately *sigh*

Thank you as always for all your continuing feedback! All your comments really hope to help keep me motivated to come back to this fic chapter after chapter, even after all this time. I really appreciate you <3 <3

A present? For you?

You’re not naive; you know that there can only be one thing to which Jimin’s referring to - only one gift that he could possibly mean.

Are you ready for such intimacy for the two of them again, after everything that happened? Will it feel the same as it did before? As you look back into Jimin’s loving eyes, chewing apprehensively on your bottom lip, it's these anxieties that plagued your mind, and as if sensing your hesitation, Yoongi’s lips press to the space behind your ear to kiss you softly.

“It’s your choice, princess,” he assures you, patient despite the arousal-induced roughness you can hear lacing his tone. “We can wait for you, as long as you need.” Your gaze rises from where it’d been rested on your lap to meet Jimin’s, reassured by the tender smile he wears.

His thumb caresses back and forth along the curve of your cheek as they wait for your reply - Yoongi’s lips lowering to your shoulder to skim subsequent kisses over the soft wool of your sweater - and with each and every act of physical affection with which they lavish you, you become all the more certain of your own mind; your own wants and desires.

“No,” you utter quietly, and for a second you see Jimin’s eyebrows furrow with concern, his hand stilling against your cheek. You turn your head, pressing a kiss to his palm before looking back with a timid smile. “I don’t want to wait anymore. I want you.” Turning your head the opposite way, you glance over your shoulder to Yoongi, smile broadening as he seizes the opportunity to graze a kiss to the corner of your lips. “I want both of you.”

“The feeling’s mutual, kitten,” Jimin tells you, mouth hovering over your other cheek, close enough for you to feel his breath but not the press of his lips; the tip of his nose nudging against your cheekbone. “We’ve missed you so much.”

“I’ve missed you too.” Your voice comes out as a whisper, your eyes flopping closed as you instinctively turn towards Jimin’s mouth, seeking him out, and the younger vampire is too enamoured with you to want to tease. His lips press to yours as Yoongi’s find your neck, and the tentative kiss with which you begin doesn’t take long to deepen; so needful that it has insides clenching with want.

“Let’s take this off,” Jimin murmurs against your mouth as you feel his hands start to tug at the hem of your shirt under which Yoongi’s touch still lingers his, palm pressed firmly to your stomach.

With great difficulty, you resist the next kiss Jimin tries to silence you with, mindful of the rest of the
vampires that remain next door, just metres away.

“What about the others?”

“What about them?” Yoongi grumbles against your throat, nipping at your flesh just hard enough to make a jolt of pleasure shoot straight down your spine, hardening your nipples underneath your sweater. Jimin smirks, undeterred by your concerns.

“If you’re worried about them hearing, then I guess you’d better learn to stay quiet, hm?” he muses, mischief in his eyes before they disappear from your view as he removes your sweater and then discards it on the nearby armchair.

“Do you think you can do that for us, princess?” Yoongi questions, voice pitched low. You’re unable to do anything but hum a reply into the kiss Jimin’s captured you in but this seems enough to satisfy the elder vampire. As you and Jimin explore one another, Yoongi busies himself with unclasping your bra with his long and nimble fingers, and as he slips each strap down your arms, fingertips trailing along your skin, goosebumps rise in their wake.

“Turn around, kitten,” Jimin instructs on having broken your kiss, his lips all the fuller from having been pressed so insistently against yours. Obediently, you swivel around in your seat to face forward and lean back into the sofa cushions, fighting the urge to blush as each vampire’s gaze falls to your naked torso, devouring the sight of you with their eyes.

Yoongi is the first to cease staring; the desire to kiss you too strong for him to want to waste time fixating on your breasts. His kiss is just as passionate as Jimin’s had been, just as eager, and when Jimin’s mouth settles over your nipple - the weight of your breasts held in each of his palms - Yoongi is quick to take advantage of the parting of your lips, swallowing the gasp you release with a roll of his tongue against yours.

Your sensitive nipples are quick to harden under Jimin’s rapt attention. They ache with every swipe of his wicked tongue, pleasure thrumming through you as they’re tweaked and sucked and pulled by blunt-edged teeth and cold fingertips, and as Yoongi’s mouth muffles more of your needful moans you can feel Jimin begin to smile against your skin, relishing the sounds you’re making.

“Ah!” you gasp, back arching as Jimin switches from one nipple to the next and nips at it with all the more fervour than the last. Yoongi laughs airily at your outburst, a smirk curling his lips before he silences you with yet another kiss, and as Jimin works to soothe the sting of pain he’s left behind by sucking softly at the tender bud, your body slowly relaxes once more.

Sinking back into the sofa cushions, you wind your fingers encouragingly into Jimin’s hair, tightening your grip just enough to make him groan. You feel Jimin shift closer to you on the sofa, his thigh meeting yours, and rather than his hand moving onto your leg or waist as you’d expected it to, the hitching of Yoongi’s breath tells you otherwise. The dark-haired vampire’s breathing becomes progressively more laboured as the next few seconds pass by; his kisses halting more and more often until he’s forced to abandon them all together, resting his forehead on yours as he bites his lip in response to whatever sweet torture it is that Jimin’s inflicting upon him.

Peeping downward, you’re greeted by the sight of Jimin’s tongue laving languidly around your nipple, coating your areola with his saliva, and after one full circle he sucks it harshly back into his mouth, his cheeks dimpling with the force with which he draws it in. As you gasp so does Yoongi, his shuddering exhale blowing pleasantly cool air across your brow, and now that you’re no longer preoccupied with the elder vampire’s mouth, you’re able to watch the way Jimin’s hand is rubbing back and forth along Yoongi’s crotch; groping, palming, squeezing at the erection that’s contained within.
“Shit,” Yoongi curses quietly, his hips lifting instinctively into Jimin’s touch, and acting without thought, you place your own hand into Jimin’s lap to pleasure him in the very same way. Yet to be touched, Jimin’s only semi-hard underneath the fly of his jeans, but within seconds of your palm pressing against him, his composure begins slipping too. Detaching his mouth from your breast, he upturns his face to gaze into your eyes; his own heavy-lidded and darkened with desire.

“God, daddy’s missed you,” he sighs again, eyelids flopping closed for just as second as you rub his swollen length up and down through the thick denim of his jeans.

You wish you were oblivious to the fading yellow bruises that still remain scattered across your breasts - reminders of Namjoon that he left behind - but it appears it’s only you who they seem to bother. They certainly don’t stop Jimin from mouthing his way over your flesh, nor discourage him from sucking his own pink and purple marks in their place.

“J-Jimin,” you gasp when you the sharpness of his fangs graze across your breast, your heart rate escalating in a mix of fear and arousal.

“It’s alright,” he soothes, pressing a kiss to where his lips lie, “I’ll only take a little, kitten… only if you’ll let me.” You tremble, your hand stilling in his lap, and on feeling the way you shudder Yoongi is as quick as ever to reassure.

“We would-” He has to pause for a second to lick his lips, collecting himself in spite of Jimin’s touch long enough to open his eyes and fix you in his gaze. “-We would never hurt you that way…”

“I know,” you reply, and yet you can’t help the way your voice quivers.

However much you long for Jimin to bite you, the memory of Namjoon’s attack is still so fresh in your mind that it makes you hesitate; fearful despite all the pleasurable times that have come before. Perhaps this is what you need to get past it. New memories to replace the ones of him. New marks to cover the old.

“Ok.” Your voice is soft - weak - but Jimin hears you all the same. “Ok.” As Yoongi grazes kisses against your cheek you let your eyes fall closed, waiting with bated breath for that first bite; that pinch of pain that always accompanies his fangs piercing through your skin.

“Breathe,” Yoongi reminds you softly, and as you slowly exhale, that’s when it comes. Two pinpricks into the fullness of your breast - nothing more - and then it’s done. Jimin doesn’t even feed on the wounds he’s made, just lets the blood collect until it starts to drip in dark red ribbons that he then begins to lick unhurriedly from your skin; savouring every drop. He glances upward as he swipes his blood-red tongue across the shallow puncture marks in your skin, checking you’re ok, and when you nod in reassurance his eyes close once more, groaning as he gently sucks to draw more blood, coating his lips with it.

It feels nothing like you’d feared it would; nothing like Namjoon’s savage, gluttonous feeding. The caress of Jimin’s tongue is sensual - the sight of him suckling at your flesh nothing but erotic - and the fleeting pain is more than worth it for how intensely you know he’s enjoying it; his cock twitching underneath your palm as he bites again, just to the left of the first.

“God,” you sigh, letting your head tilt back against the sofa cushions as it starts to swim, flooded with endorphins.

“Feeling good, gongjunim?” Yoongi purrs against your ear, nose nuzzling into your hair as he starts to palm the opposite breast from which Jimin is feeding.
“So good,” you hush in reply, and Yoongi chuckles on witnessing the way you press your legs together to ease the ache that’s building there.

“Delicious as always.” You feel Jimin’s tongue lap across your breast once more, pressing a kiss before he pulls away. “Yoongi, baby,” he summons, “Come have a taste.”

Did you hear him correctly? Did Jimin really just say those words?

This is the first time Jimin's ever invited Yoongi to bite you in this context; usually he prefers the more submissive vampire to feed directly from his mouth, or lick the wounds that he's made - never inflict them himself. It seems as though Jimin means it, though, given the way his hand wraps around the back of Yoongi's neck and guides him downward towards your unmarked breast, smirking as Yoongi's eyes close, his lips meeting your flesh.

“That's it,” Jimin encourages, “Good boy.”

Your breath hitches as Yoongi sinks his fangs into you; his bite sharper than Jimin's but just as pleasurable. The two times he's ever fed before have only ever been out of necessity, but this is different. Yoongi takes his time, gently drawing the blood from your veins, and an audible swallow precedes a husky growl that reverberates in his throat as he continues to feed. You’re transfixed with watching him gorge himself on you - your lips parted as short, panting breaths pass them - and it’s only when you feel Jimin’s hand come to rest over yours that you’re able to drag your gaze away from the sight of him.

Your attention is drawn to Jimin’s lap and the slow drag of your palm across his crotch that he’s encouraging, guiding your hand back and forth as he licks the remnants of your blood from his lips. You’d been so distracted by their feeding that you’d completely forgotten about what your hands were doing before, but now you’ve been reminded you’re quick to take the hint. You press down firmly against the hard bulge inside Jimin’s jeans and smile as his expression falters, his plush lips narrowing as he presses them together, and though you turn your head with the intention to kiss him you find you have to stop before you even get there, overcome with dizziness.

“Yoongi,” Jimin grunts, removing his hand from where it’s been laid on top of yours and fisting it into his elder’s hair, “Hyung, that’s enough.” A second more passes - another mouthful swallowed - but on hearing Jimin’s voice call his name for the second time, Yoongi rips himself away from you, gasping for breath as he falls back into the sofa beside you with his pupils blown wide and blood shining on his teeth.

As soon he stops feeding the muzzy feeling that’d been clouding your mind begins to clear, and as Yoongi takes a second to regain his self-control - your pulse rate drops to a steady bound rather than a frantic gallop - you finally manage to press your lips to Jimin’s, unconcerned by the coppery taste that lingers.

“Sorry, princess.” Yoongi cups your cheek to turn your gaze his way once you and Jimin part, rubbing and groping the younger vampire through his clothes. Yoongi’s eyebrows furrow with worry as he looks you quickly up and down. “I didn’t mean to-”

“I’m alright,” you quickly assure him, leaning in to steal a kiss from Yoongi, too; one he seems reluctant to let end. “Did I taste good? ” you ask, pressing your teeth into your bottom lip salaciously when Yoongi’s gaze darkens, flicking down to glance at the blood that’s still smeared across your breasts and then back up to your face.

“You know you did,” he growls, the corner of his mouth curling into a dangerous smirk, “You always have.” You feel Jimin shift behind you and hear the sound of fabric rustling, and you take
that as your cue to remove your hand from his lap and place it directly into Yoongi’s instead. You glide your palm over his length from bottom to top and then slide it further upwards - aiming for the buckle of his belt - and Yoongi’s eyes eagerly follow your every movement.

Before you can lay hand to the expensive leather, however, Jimin intervenes.

“Look at you, kitten,” he hums, his hands coming to rest on each side of your waist to effortlessly drag you back to sit between his parted legs, and as your back meets his muscular chest you realise that he’s now topless, smooth skin cool pressed against your own. “Yoongi’s left you in such a mess, hasn’t he?”

Looking down at your chest, you realise that Jimin's right. There are smears of blood across both your breasts and maroon coloured hickeys to match, and as you inspect the marks they've left behind with an oddly fond smile, Jimin wipes his index and pointer finger across your chest.

Your blood coating his fingertips, he offers them to Yoongi.

“You should clean up after yourself once you've eaten,” Jimin scolds facetiously, and you watch with fascination as Yoongi leans forward from where he's sat on the couch to draw nearer to Jimin's fingers, mouth parting the moment the younger vampire presses their pads to Yoongi's bottom lip. All too willingly, Yoongi lets Jimin slip his fingers inside his mouth - one and then the other - licking your blood off of his digits and then sucking greedily at them, eyes closing.

It's an erotic sight; Jimin pushing his fingers back and forth past Yoongi's lips as though it's another piece of his anatomy entirely, and you can tell Jimin's enjoying watching how eagerly Yoongi takes him in just as much as you are. He's rock hard against your back, his chest rising and falling heavily behind you, and when Yoongi finally pulls himself off of Jimin's fingers with a wet slurp, Jimin groans, carding those spit-slick fingers through Yoongi’s ebony locks.

The older vampire leans into Jimin’s gentle touch, eyes closing as he licks his lips, but when a firm grab is taken hold of his hair Yoongi's body stiffens and he inhales sharply, his brows furrowing with discomfort.

“You’re not finished,” he’s reminded, and roughly, Jimin tugs Yoongi’s face towards your chest. Confronted with the scent of your blood once more, he’s all too willing to obey, eagerly lapping his way across your breasts as Jimin’s caresses turn gentle again. “He’s such a good boy, isn’t he?” Jimin purrs into your ear as you closely watch Yoongi’s efforts, breath quickening when the tip of his tongue flicks across your nipple. “I’ll bet you’d like to feel that tongue somewhere else as well, wouldn’t you?”

“Yes. Please,” you breathe out, hips jerking upwards when Jimin suddenly slips his hand from your waist to between your legs, cupping you through your pants.

“Are you wet for him, kitten?” Jimin questions quietly, rubbing so firmly that there’s no way he won’t be able to feel the answer to his question; your underwear sliding against your folds with every movement of his hand.

“Both-” Your breath hitches as Yoongi places a soft kiss to your nipple, lips pouted. “B-both of you.” They’re so sensitive after being played with for so long that even Yoongi’s gentlest of attention has you squirming restlessly, abdominals clenching.

“Is that right?” Jimin questions, and you can hear the taunting smile in his voice. “Yoongi, baby,
why don’t you have a feel?” The silver-haired vampire makes no effort to remove his own hand, pressing the heel of it against your mound even as Yoongi’s stretches open the waistband of your sweats and slips inside, your tender nipple encased within the wet of his mouth.

Your body trembles as Yoongi’s long fingers wander lower, toying with the band of your panties before slipping inside those, too, and it’s only then that Jimin takes his hand away to allow Yoongi better access. He cups your neglected breast and rolls the reddened, engorged nub between his fingertips ceaselessly, unconcerned with the way it makes you whimper and whine nor the desperate gasp you release the very instant you feel Yoongi’s featherlight touch between your legs. The elder vampire lets out a low hum of longing as his fingertips quickly become coated with your arousal.

Thick, slick and warm, it practically drips onto his palm as he slips two fingers between your labia and grazes over the entrance to your core; driven to perform the action again when he feels the way it clenches in response to even the most fleeting touch. His fingers sliding back and forth creates a series of sounds so obscene that you immediately start to blush, turning your face in an attempt to hide despite knowing how many times they’ve heard it before.

“Listen to that,” Jimin sighs wistfully, tugging at your nipple till you have to sink your teeth into your bottom lip to keep from crying out. “Such a slutty little pussy, just begging to be used.”

Yoongi’s fingertips slide upwards and zone in on your clit, tapping on it smartly - sharp and quick - before pressing down and rubbing firmly, digits circling.

"F-fuck," you stutter breathlessly, blushing harder when you hear Jimin chuckle at how desperately you're trying to hold back.

If it were just the three of you, alone in Jimin's room, you'd already be begging for Yoongi to give you more - to please never stop - but right now you know all too well that any such cries for mercy would be all too easily heard by the vampire's next door. As it is, their sensitive hearing is probably already picking up far more than it should, and that knowledge just serves to make your body all the more responsive to every glide over Yoongi’s fingertips across your clit; your own worst enemy.

"What's wrong, kitten?" Jimin asks at the strained whimper that escapes you as your hips rise from the sofa, trying to encourage Yoongi’s touch to the place you're craving him most and despairing when he stubbornly refuses to oblige, returning to your clit with a breathy chuckle of his own. His lips are grazing your neck, now, tongue tracing the line of your jugular as Jimin's fingers dig deep into his hair, dragging them through the roots. "Not like you to be so quiet."

"The others... they'll..." You have to stop to pant, pressing your eyes shut so that you're able to concentrate on maintaining some sort of semblance of control rather than fixating on the sight of Yoongi's hand moving underneath the material of your pants.

"Not like you to be so concerned with being heard, either," Jimin taunts, and you can feel his smirk against your skin as he presses a kiss to your cheek. "I thought you liked everyone knowing what a greedy cock-whore you are?"

Oh god - oh god - how are you ever supposed to endure this?

Their hands are bad enough; abusing your nipples and assaulting your clit, but the filth that's rolling from Jimin's silver-tongue is more than you're able to take. It has you burning with both shame and desire in equal measure and twisting in his grasp, torn between begging them to stop and begging them for more; just something, anything.

"What do you think they'd say, kitten?" His teeth graze the lobe of your ear as Yoongi's do the same along your collarbone, rubbing more insistently at the apex of your thighs now he can feel your
body beginning to tremble, aching for release. "Do you think they'd be embarrassed - leave the room?"

You attempt to clench your legs shut - the pressure of Yoongi's touch so intense that it feels almost as though it burns - but Jimin is quick to force them open again, grabbing you behind the knees and spreading you wide.

"D-don't, please, fu-fuck!" you plead through clenched teeth, and yet despite the way you're begging you think you'd cry if either of them were to actually listen to you and abandon this torturous game.

"Or do you think they'd want to stay and listen to all your dirty moans?" Jimin hisses into your ear, his fingertips digging into the underside of your thighs as he pulls them so far back that your pelvis tilts forward, slouching down his chest and presenting yourself even more lewdly to their eyes. "Would you like that, kitten? You want them to hear your pussy getting wrecked? Gonna let them know how much you love taking our cocks?"

"Yes, Jim- yes, god!" you shout, so close now that you no longer care enough about any false sense of modesty to even want to hold yourself back, grabbing at the back of Yoongi's head and Jimin's forearm as your orgasm suddenly takes hold and rips its way through you.

Your woefully empty walls contract around nothing, and as your whole body quakes - sobs of pleasure falling from your lips - you feel Yoongi press two fingers to your entrance just to feel it clench and spasm without pushing either digit inside.

"There's a good girl," Jimin coos as he releases your thighs and places them gently back down on the sofa and Yoongi removes his fingers, sitting up straight to inspect the glossy fluid that you've leaked all over their gorgeous length. He's about to take them into his mouth when suddenly Jimin reaches out and catches him by the wrist, halting Yoongi with his lips already parted. "Nuh-uh. Share."

Reluctantly, the elder vampire allows Jimin to pull his hand towards him instead, biting his lip when his fingers are licked clean with a soft and airy groan.

You watch the exchange with no more input than the sound of your laboured breathing; boneless in Jimin's arms as you recuperate from the strength of the orgasm they just inflicted upon you and somehow still craving more, aching for the intimacy that comes with feeling them inside.

Jimin looks down at you as Yoongi's fingers slip out from between his soft lips and the dark-haired vampire falls back to rest against the other arm of the sofa, slender legs spread wide so that the bulge in his pants is obscenely obvious even at a glance. Jimin flashes you a soft smile as he caresses your cheek; a moment of calm before he suddenly slides his hand further down and hooks his thumb into your open mouth, pressing the pad of it down hard against your tongue.

"I've missed this mouth," he confesses, tilting his head to the side as you instinctively wrap your lips around it and begin to suck. It's infuriating how little his expression gives away as you do it, but when you gently bite down and his breath catches in his throat, satisfaction ripples through you.

"Princess," Yoongi suddenly speaks, his voice gravelly from disuse, and when you release Jimin's thumb to tilt your chin towards your chest and look down at him, the sheer lust in his gaze very nearly takes your breath away, "Show daddy how much you've missed him." Your eyes widen slightly, not used to Yoongi being so direct in his instruction when it comes to moments such as these between the three of you, but he just smirks at your reaction. Slowly, as if intentionally wanting to draw your gaze, he runs one hand up the muscle of his thigh and onto his crotch to begin palming himself through his pants, unashamed.

Biting your lip, you lean forward away from Jimin's chest with the intention of reaching out to him.
"Yoongi..."

"Wanna see you on your knees," he continues darkly, eyes narrowing, "Watch you gag on Jimin's cock before we fuck you." The mere suggestion of it has your insides clenching with want, and as you turn your head to look back at Jimin, your lips parted, the younger smirks, pushing his hair back from his forehead.

"You heard him."

Knees wobbling, you rise to your feet and then sink down onto your knees as Jimin repositions himself, back against the sofa and legs spread wide. He regards you coolly - a hand placed calmly on either thigh - as you reach out with trembling fingers to undo his belt and then his fly, and all the while you can feel Yoongi's gaze burning against the side of your face; can hear his amused exhale at the way your clumsy hands struggle to perform even the simplest of tasks.

Jimin places one hand on top of yours, stilling them and breaking out of character for a moment to smile earnestly at you when you look up, questioningly.

"No need to rush, kitten," he soothes you, passing his thumb over the back and your hand.

"But I want you," you whisper back quietly, your voice quaking just as much as your hands, and Jimin's smile grows more indulgent, warm affection momentarily taking the place of heated lust within his eyes.

"I know you do," he assures, and as if to reiterate his point, he gently shifts your hand lower and presses it to the bulge in his jeans as his spare hand effortlessly flicks open both the button and his fly for you, "But we've got all night, and I intend to take my time." The promise underlying his words has goosebumps of excitement rising all along your skin as he releases your hand once more and leans back, hips shifting as he gets comfortable and places his hands back on each thigh.

One of his eyebrows raised in expectation as he watches and waits for the moment you rise up off of your heels and take a hold of each side of his fly and pull it open wider, licking your lips as you slip your hand into the slit at the front of his boxers and seek out the warmth of his erection within. It takes you less than a second to find it and wrap your hand around its base, stroking the length of it as you pull it out of its confines to stand proud and erect at the centre of Jimin's crotch; thick, vascular, and weeping for your attention.

His silken cock held tightly in your fist, you lean forward and take your first reverent lick, and as the tip of your tongue collects a drop of Jimin's pre-cum it twitches in your hand, both Jimin and Yoongi releasing similar sounding sighs at the sight of you. You savour the heady flavour of him on your tongue before leaning in again and tracing the ridge of his swollen head, pulling away when Jimin's hips flex upward, craving the heat of your mouth.

"Don't tease me, kitten," he warns, and before you can help yourself you're glancing up at him and cocking an eyebrow, smiling mischievously and wagging your tongue inside your mouth from side to side slowly for him to see.

"I thought you said we had all night?" You see the warning flash in Jimin's eyes a split second before you feel the savage tug on your hair as his fist clenches in it, pulling tight.

"Think you need to give her smart mouth something better to do," Yoongi comments to make Jimin smirk smugly, dragging your face towards his crotch as he declares,

"I think you're right." Out of the corner of your eye, you catch a glimpse of Yoongi sat off to the
side, his lips parted and one hand stuffed down the front of his pants as he watches Jimin manhandling you. "Open, whore," he barks, and you do as you're told.

Firmly, he uses his purchase on your hair to guide your open mouth towards his waiting cock, and with a low groan of satisfaction, pushes you onto it. Inch by inch he presses on the back of your head, his grip tightening on your hair with every bit more you take, until your face is pressed flush to the material of his boxers and your shoulders are heaving as you gag around him, throat contracting rhythmically against the intrusion.

"Fuck," he curses with a languid circle of his hips, pushing even deeper as his grip grows lax and he pets, rather than pushes, against your hair, "Always so good at taking daddy's cock, aren't you? Such a perfect, wet mouth." You whimper around his length, grabbing at his thighs, tears springing from the corners of your eyes, and when Jimin finally gives a light tug at your hair as a signal that you're allowed to move, you rapidly pull back. You cough and gasp as your lungs fill with air, your throat burning, but when Jimin brushes his thumb across your bottom lip to wipe it clean of your saliva as he hungrily licks his own, you suddenly find yourself craving more.

You lean over him again, quickly encasing the head of his cock with the wet heat of your mouth and exploring every inch of it with the tip of your tongue as your hand finds its base and makes a fist. Stroking him up and down, you dart your tongue back and forth along the ridge of his frenulum before dipping it gently into the eye of his cock, squeezing more firmly when you hear him groan and another bead of pre-cum oozes out onto the flat of your tongue, both salty and sweet.

"God, look at you," you hear Jimin huskily admire from above you, his fingers twisted loosely in your hair, "So hungry for it." You open your eyes and look up at him, doe-eyed, as your cheeks hollow with the suction you apply, and as your gazes meet you see Jimin’s pupils suddenly dilate, a groan rising up from his throat. "Beautiful, kitten."

Flushing with his praise, you vigorously continue your task; taking more and more into your mouth with every bob of your head until the head of his cock is threatening your gag reflex once again, but you don’t care. All you care about is the sounds that you can hear falling from the vampire’s lips above you - the needful groans and breathy words of praise - and somewhere off to your left-hand side fabric rustling with the fervour with which Yoongi must be pleasuring himself to the sight of you.

"Jimin," Yoongi gasps, though whether it’s a call or a plea you have no idea without looking up from the younger vampire’s lap.

"What is it, baby?" You feel Jimin’s hand shift across the sofa towards Yoongi as your tongue laves against the thick vein that runs the underside of his cock, the tremble of his thighs on either side of you revealing how greatly affected he is. "Looks so good that you want a taste now too, hmm?"

"Yes," Yoongi agrees breathily, and you feel, rather than see, the deep inhale that Jimin takes in response. This is uncharted territory for the both of them - something entirely new - but as always Jimin takes it in his stride; confidence unshaken.

"Then you already know what to do," Jimin tells him softly, and a second after that you feel Yoongi begin to move. He slips off the sofa to come to join you on his knees, Jimin’s legs widening even further to accommodate the both of you between them, and when you take a pause and cease the workings of your mouth - eyes opening - you see Yoongi watching you with great interest, pupils blown wide and tongue slipping out between his parted lips to wet them, hungrily.

Stroking Jimin loosely in your hand as you turn your attention to Yoongi, you utter his name before
giving in to the sudden and desperate urge that overwhelms you, lunging towards him and crashing your lips together in a desperate kiss that he keenly returns. His tongue delves into your mouth as if searching for the taste of Jimin inside, and when you slip your hand up inside his shirt and dig your nails into his skin he groans into the kiss, trembling as he reaches up to cup your face.

“Yoongi,” Jimin calls, breaking the two of you apart, “Take that off.” Yoongi is quick to oblige, removing his hand from you to begin hastily unbuttoning the black shirt he’s wearing. He slips it off his shoulders as soon as soon as he’s able to, revealing his long and limber torso and his nipples that sit flushed and erect on each side of his chest. “So pretty, baby,” he admires, his gaze trailing up and down the length of Yoongi’s exposed flesh as his own flick down to the floor self-consciously.

Unable to resist the call of Yoongi’s flawlessly smooth skin, you lean in to press a series of soft, lingering kisses that span from one side of his collarbone to the other, smiling to yourself when you hear the shuddering sigh that passes his lips.

“Kitten.” You lift your head, turning back to Jimin whose cock is still as turgid as ever within your grasp; its red, plummy head slick with the pre-cum you smear around it. “Show your oppa how it’s done.” It’s only then, as you look back and forth from Jimin to Yoongi and back again - catching the nervous glint in the elder’s eyes - that you realise that this must be the first time Yoongi’s ever embarked on anything like this; with Jimin or anyone else at all.

How fitting it is for you to guide him in this when Yoongi was the one who taught you the very same.

Sliding your hand up Jimin’s cock from base to tip, you squeeze out another pearl of pre-cum and keep your grip in place, tight around the head.

“How a little taste,” you encourage Yoongi softly, fighting the urge to smirk as you remember him having told you the very same thing so long ago.

Tentatively, Yoongi shuffles forward on his knees and leans further forward into Jimin’s lap, and you watch with bated breath as their gazes momentarily lock, the elder vampire’s mouth falling open as his attention drops to the object of his desires that’s looming in front of him, ripe and ready for the taking. With his delicate little tongue, Yoongi gives a kittenish lick to the tip of Jimin’s cock, swiping up the evidence of Jimin’s arousal, his eyes flopping closed, and as soon as it hits his taste buds it’s as though Yoongi becomes a man possessed. Needing no further encouragement from you, he grabs at Jimin’s thighs suddenly and rushes to take in as much of Jimin’s length as he can whilst your hand is still wrapped around it, his slender lips pulling tight and knocking against your fist as he begins to suck and slurp.

“F-fuck,” Jimin stutters, caught uncharacteristically off-guard by how eagerly Yoongi is drawing him in, his dark eyebrows furrowed in concentration as his cheeks hollow to better please the younger vampire now grasping at his hair, hips bucking off the sofa. “Fuck, Yoongi, baby. fuck!”

Not wishing to be left out, you quickly join Yoongi, nestling your face in Jimin’s crotch and wrapping your mouth around the base of his cock as your companion works the top. A symphony of vulgar sounds invade your senses; wet, sloppy licks, heavy breathing and muttered curses, and when Jimin’s other hand twists into your hair, too, your wanton groans mingle amongst them.

You lick your way up and around Jimin’s shaft with your eyes closed, moaning again when your tongue inevitably tangles with Yoongi’s. Together you leave no part of it unwetted, lips pressing to each vein and inch of silken skin until you meet at its head and sloppily kiss around it, tongues alternating between wrestling with one another’s and lapping at his cock, your hand fisted around its base.
“God,” Jimin groans, and if you were to open up your eyes now you’d be able to see the absolute adoration in his fucked-out expression as he gazes down at you and Yoongi both hard at work worshipping his cock like some ungodly pagan idol. “So good for daddy, so good, fuck,” he huffs, head lolling back against the sofa.

Spurred on my Jimin’s sinful moans, Yoongi begins to mouth further downward as you remain up top, wriggling the flat of your tongue against him as you rhythmically suck - just the way you know he likes it. When a strangled moan leaves Jimin’s throat, you can no longer resist taking a peek to see what Yoongi’s doing down below, and the sight that greets you when you open your eyes has all a whole new wave of desire washing over you, heating your blood till you can hear it roaring in your ears.

The elder vampire has his face nestled so close to Jimin's anatomy that his nose tucked between the crease of Jimin's thigh and his pubic mound - hand fisting hot flesh where it’s wrapped around the centre of his cock - and you watch, fascinated, as he presses gentle, open-mouthed kisses to Jimin’s testicles. It's an area you've never dared venture before, but on hearing Jimin's enthusiastic reaction to Yoongi tenderly mouthing and sucking at the soft, sensitive flesh, you suddenly find yourself wishing you'd taken the plunge and tried it for yourself a long time ago.

“Jesus, hyung ,” Jimin groans, deep and guttural, and when you see his fist clenching in Yoongi's hair you suddenly realise how distracted you've become; how slackly you're performing on your end.

You redouble your efforts, swallowing Jimin down as far as you can go till your lips are encroaching on Yoongi's hand and humming with pleasure at the way you're able to feel Jimin's cock begin to throb and twitch against your tongue.

He's getting close; you can feel it in the pull of your hair and the shaking of his thighs. You can hear it, too, as Jimin's once gruff exclamations of pleasure start to rise in pitch; higher and breathier. More desperate.

You love that you're able to do this. There's nothing more satisfying than when you and Yoongi are able to make Jimin forget himself; forget the dominant role he finds such solace in and just truly let go. For him to allow himself to be vulnerable and needy for once - to hear him softly gasp his way into an orgasm that you're always more than willing to give.

“Kitten, fuck, I-” Jimin’s voice is urgent - strained - and when you look up at him with your mouth stuffed full, you see his head thrown back against the sofa, his plush lips open wide as his abdominal muscles twitch and contract again and again, his blunt nails digging into your scalp. “I’m gonna cum,” he warns you, head tipping forward and hair dangling down into his eyes as he tries to focus on you, driven near out of his mind, “Fuck, a-ah! I’m gonna cum!”

Usually, you’d more than happy to swallow down every drop of Jimin’s impending orgasm and go on to ask for more, but tonight is different. Tonight you have Yoongi to consider as well, so rather than wrap your lips around him tighter than ever, you wait till the very last second - when Jimin’s cock is beginning to pulse and he’s biting down on his bottom lip as he forcefully thrusts up into your mouth and pushing against the back of your throat - to suddenly pull back.

His fucked-out expression flashes with confusion, mouth opening as though he’s about to say something, but it’s too late; Jimin’s powerless to stop the impending pleasure that overcomes him, completely at the mercy of his own body’s baser instincts. You tug on Yoongi’s shoulder just in time pull him back too, and you watch with a smile as Jimin is left to cum all over himself completely untouched, hips bucking up off the sofa as the first powerful surge spurts from him and lands on his stomach, his voice breaking with the force of it as he cries out to the ceiling.
Each additional pulse of cum that follows thereafter slowly dwindles in intensity till it’s oozing from the head of his cock in thick, viscous pearls that seep down its sides, and when you glance over at Yoongi you see him eyeing the growing mess within Jimin’s lap like a man about to embark on his very last meal, his Adam’s apple bobbing as he swallows hard, biting his bottom lip.

“You should clean up after yourself, oppa,” you speak up, echoing Jimin’s earlier words whilst he struggles to catch his breath, and when Yoongi’s eyes round on you your grins widens mischievously, tutting against your teeth. “Isn’t that right, daddy?” Looking back at Jimin, you see him quickly nod his head, his one hand busy running pushing back his bangs from shining forehead as his chest heaves with the weight of his breaths.

“That’s right,” he confirms breathily, his gaze fixed on Yoongi. “Get to work, baby boy.”

Placing his hands on each of Jimin’s thighs, Yoongi keenly follows the younger vampire’s instructions, and as soon as he leans close enough Jimin is threading his fingers back into Yoongi’s hair to gently guide him back towards his slowly softening cock. He winces with oversensitivity as the point of Yoongi’s pink little tongue makes contact, but the longer he licks the more Jimin relaxes, slouching back into the cushions and tilting his head to the side to better watch his elder suckling at his length. He cleans up every single drop before moving onto the mess the two of you have made on Jimin’s stomach, his tongue laving across the silver-haired vampire’s rock hard abdominals and leaving them shining with saliva.

Yoongi groans, and as the sound rumbles out of him you notice the way his hands have started to grab even harder at Jimin’s thighs, bunching the material of his jeans within his fists. It’s good to know that you’re not the only one that’s feeling so affected by the scene that’s just played out before you; as you shift on your aching knees you’re all too aware of how saturated your underwear has become, clinging slickly to your core.

“Jimin,” you whimper softly, only now realising just how badly you’re wanting now your attention has shifted away from Jimin and back to yourself, pressing your thighs together as you tug at the leg of his pants. His gaze lifts lazily from where he’d been watching Yoongi kiss his way across his stomach, and when he sees the expression on your face some of that earlier fire in his eyes seems to rekindle, the corner of his mouth lifting into a smirk when he sees how badly you’re struggling - how badly flushed your skin has become.

“Yoongi,” he calls, carding his hand through the other vampire’s dark locks and smiling down at him when Yoongi looks up, open-mouthed, swollen-lipped and wide-eyed. Jimin cradles his chin is his palm, head tilting. “How about we put that tongue of yours to better use, hm?” His gaze flicks to yours and Yoongi catches it, turning his head to look over his shoulder back at you, too. “Get her ready for us, baby,” he encourages, but Yoongi already seems to be way ahead of him.

Taking a sudden hold of your wrist, he tugs you towards him. He smirks when you gasp as your chests collide, grazing a quick kiss against your lips and then grabbing the back of your neck to push you face first into Jimin’s thigh, your hot, panting breaths seeping into the denim pressed to your cheek. Yoongi’s unnaturally quick to move and manhandle you to exactly where he wants you thanks to his supernatural strength and speed, positioning himself behind you and pushing your thighs open in the blink of an eye before grabbing at the waistband of your sweats and yanking them down to pool around your knees, underwear and all.

“Fuck you’re wet,” he grunts, his large hands cupping a buttock in each palm and spreading them wide to get a better view of the gloss that’s sliding down the inside of your legs, so gratuitous that it borders on indecent. “Ass up, princess. Let me get a good look at you.”

Your whole body trembles from head to toe when you feel one of Yoongi’s long fingers graze along
the parting of your labia, a pathetic mewl escaping you, and when you fail to follow instruction Jimin is quick to correct you. He grabs a fistful of your hair and yanks back so that your back instinctively arches, pushing your ass further up into the air as Yoongi had requested, smirking down at you when you pleadingly look up and meet his eyes, your mouth hanging open in a soundless cry.

“That's better,” Jimin grins, his every pore oozing that easy, seductive charm he wears so well.

“Da-addy,” you whimper as Yoongi's touch ghosts over your entrance once again, just enough to make your inner walls spasm, clenching around thin air. “Please. Please, god.” Laying your face down in his lap, you clench your eyes shut and sink your teeth into your bottom lip, pelvis undulating in mid-air with how badly it aches to have something inside. You paw harder at Jimin's jeans, digging your nails into his thighs, and at the broken way you cry out when Yoongi's delicate, pouted lips press a kiss directly between your legs, the two vampires finally seem to show mercy.

“It's alright, kitten.” Slipping his fingers through your hair, Jimin comforts you. “Yoongi's gonna take good care of you,” he hushes, and mercifully, he does.

With a reverent and gentle touch, Yoongi parts your folds with the tips of two fingers, running them up and down your swollen anatomy before beginning their slow and steady press inside. You can hear how wet you are as he pushes in, your insides squelching around the intrusion even as you greedily welcome him and push back against every inch he gives you, moaning in pure, unadulterated relief.

Not wishing to make you wait any longer, Yoongi takes no pause once he's knuckle deep within you. He slides his sickened digits back and forth with a pace that steadily increases, so wet that no single motion that he makes is met with any resistance, and when he begins to crook his fingers downward in search for your g-spot you're as quick as ever to respond, keening, head thrown back when he finds it.

“Yoongi, oh god!” you cry, your consideration for anyone who might be able to overhear long since gone.

“That feel good?” he questions from behind you, pressing down with more force, “You like that? You like it when I fuck you with my fingers?”

“Yes! Fuck!” You're too far gone to want to retain some semblance of modesty. That's long since disappeared, too; more than happy to say or do anything that either of your lovers ask of you.

“What about my tongue?” Yoongi presses, just as out of breath as you are, “You like it when I fuck you with that, too, don’t you?”

“Please. P-please, Yoongi, please.” You're rambling now, so focused on the pleasure that's building in your core that you barely register the weight of Jimin's eyes on your face or the way he's running his thumb across your bottom lip, licking at his own.

You're so close when Yoongi pulls his fingers from you that you're powerless to keep yourself from releasing a sob, tears leaking from your eyes at how cruel and unjust it feels. Your sorrow is short-lived, however, because in the next breath Yoongi's tongue is wriggling in deep in an attempt to touch the places where the pads of his fingers just were and you're crying out louder than ever as he starts to rub at your clit too, determined to drive you over the edge once again.

Jimin’s waiting for you with a smile when he takes hold of your chin and lifts your face from where you’ve been smothering your cries in his lap, and as Yoongi continues to work you over with his nimble tongue the younger vampire seems to relish in watching every single pained expression that
crosses your face; every furrow of your brow, every bite of your lip.

“It’s-ah! Jim—it’s too much, I-” Your own keening wails cut you short, and even though you’re becoming so sensitive that the pleasure you’re being subjected to is nearing on excruciating, your body seems to have a mind of its own, rocking to press back against Yoongi’s face with every circle of his fingertips.

“Too much?” Jimin queries, your face held tightly in his hands. He chuckles pityingly, cocking his head to the side. “I don’t think so, kitten. He’s not even nearly through with you yet.”

As if waiting for Jimin’s cue, Yoonattentiontions suddenly switches focus. His arousal slickened fingertips abandon your clit in favour of sliding upward between your buttocks where they press bluntly at your other hole, rubbing and coaxing the tight ring of muscle until it slowly starts to give. With a steady pressure and his tongue still buried deep with your pussy, he slips one inside and then the other, humming at the way your body bucks and twists at the fleeting burn. Yoongi is both gentle yet persistent, quickly working you open until he’s two knuckles wide and deep and you’re no longer whimpering but moaning for more; closer to the edge than ever before.

It’s not long before the shaking that’d originated in your aching knees starts to spread - creeping upward till even your hands that are clutching at Jimin’s jeans are trembling - and after having fallen apart in Jimin’s hands so many times before, he’s quick to recognise the signs of your impending high, urging you on.

“You gonna cum for us?” he asks, holding your face in both hands now rather than one, cupping your cheeks to force your head up so that he’s able to see. “Yoongi’s gonna fuck you so good, kitten. You want that, right? His pretty cock filling you up?” You think that you nod but you can’t be sure, far too focused on the pressure deep inside of you that’s primed and ready to explode at any given moment. “Cum for daddy, kitten. Wanna see you dripping from Yoongi’s chin, wanna-”

You don’t hear the rest of Jimin’s sentence. The volume of your cries drown it out, and by the time it’s over and done and you’ve come back to the ground he’s speaking no longer, simply running his fingers through your hair and hushing you softly, leaning forward to press a kiss to the top of your head.

“Love you,” Yoongi murmurs thickly into the crook of your neck, one slender arm slung across your back and rubbing gently at your side.

“Do you think you can stand?” You open your eyes in response to Jimin’s question and nod your head before you’re even really sure of whether you can or not given how jelly-like your legs feel. Luckily, Yoongi stands before you do and helps you to your feet, surprising you when he pulls you flush to his body and wraps both arms tight around you in a passionate embrace, one hand on your waist and the other fist tight in your hair. He kisses you like his very life depends on it; rough and deep and with the taste of both your orgasm and Jimin’s lingering on his tongue.

Poor Yoongi; he’s pleased the both of you so selflessly and received so little in return. Eager to return the favour, you’re quick to strip him of his underwear and pants, hooking your thumbs into the waistband and shoving them down so that he’s able to step out of them whilst you do the same to
your own. Hot and hard he presses himself to you, groaning throatily as he gives into the urge to rub
his neglected cock against your stomach, his hips tilting forward as yours push right back.

“Gongjunim,” Yoongi gasps as you slip your hand between you and your fingertips make contact
with the base of his length, cupping him in your palm, “God, please.”

“Ah-ah,” Jimin interjects sharply, “Not yet.” Yoongi actually trembles as you’re forced to withdraw
your touch, smiling apologetically as you break your kiss to turn your head and look at Jimin who
remains sat before the two of you. He’s naked now, too; muscular legs spread wide and his semi-
hard cock lay against his stomach as he raises a hand and calls you with a curl of his finger and a
crooked smile. “Bring that sweet little pussy here, kitten,” he beckons, “If Yoongi’s gonna get to
fuck you first, he’s gonna fuck you the way I tell him to.”

You’re quick to do as he says and climb astride his lap - spurred on by the knowledge that you’ll
soon receive what you’ve been longing for all this time - and once Jimin has had his fill of kissing
you he looks past your shoulder and summons Yoongi, too, licking your saliva from his lips.

“Don’t worry, baby,” Jimin smiles to what you presume must be the elder boy’s sceptical expression.
“There’s plenty of room for the both of you.” Abruptly, Jimin pulls you further forward on his lap so
you’re very nearly cheek to cheek, and after a second more you feel Yoongi join you on the silver-
haired vampire’s lap, his hands settling on your waist and his erection heavy against your back.
When they share a kiss you’re forced to lay your head on Jimin’s shoulder, closing your eyes and
enjoying the wet sounds of their tongues rolling into each other’s mouths until Jimin decides once
more that they’re done, leaning back into the sofa cushions to eye the two of you. With his hair
dangling in front of his eyes and his lips swollen with blood he looks like sin incarnate, and at the
way Yoongi’s cock twitches behind you you guess he must agree; just as at Jimin’s mercy as you
are.

“Aren’t I lucky?” Jimin sighs as he pushes his hair back from his forehead, “To have not one, but
two little sluts who’re always so eager to please me?” You hear Yoongi groan wantonly behind you,
his hips shifting again to rub against your back, his fingers digging into your sides. “Hmm, very
lucky,” he muses in answer to his own question, his dark eyes flicking up and down to survey both
you and Yoongi as he leaves one hand behind his head. Reclining back, he looks almost
infuriatingly unbothered compared to the wound up messes he’s reduced you and Yoongi to; both
breathing heavy, both leaking arousal onto each other and onto Jimin.

“Seeing as you’ve both been so good…” He calls you again with that infernal finger, prompting you
to lean forward in his lap till you’re rested on his chest and your pelvis is tilted in a way that Yoongi
has a full view of your dripping entrance. “Go on, baby.”

The words have barely even passed Jimin’s lips before you feel Yoongi taking himself in hand and
guiding his blood-thickened length between your folds, so desperate to finally get inside that you can
feel him shaking even as he starts to press forward, stretching you open.

“Shit,” he grits out as your warm walls clench in greeting, moaning in pleasure against Jimin’s chest
as you hold onto his shoulder for support, tipping further and further forward with every inch that
Yoongi gets deeper. The elder vampire’s face presses to your shoulder blade, his hands on your
hips. “You’re so tight princess… fuck… I’m gonna cum so fast.”

“That’s ok, ‘s’ok,” you gasp out, knowing all too well just how deprived he’s been. Yoongi lets out
another groan as his pelvis meets your buttocks and then slowly starts to thrust in and out of you, just
an inch or two at a time, trying to hold back for as long as he possibly can.

“You’ve been such a good boy, hyung. Made us feel so good,” Jimin soothes, and as he speaks
you feel his free hand that’d been rested on your thigh shift, reaching elsewhere as his other hand does the same. “Let us make you feel good now, too.” Yoongi lets out a strangled cry as he’s suddenly slammed into your core, tugged with the force of Jimin’s hands grasping each of his buttocks, and as Jimin does it again you let out a similar cry, unable to help but push back again and again.

“Jimin, oh, god, god, god,” Yoongi rambles, and suddenly he’s crying out again and his whole body is tensing behind you, sounds of pleasure rippling from his lungs.

“Oh baby,” Jimin coos, and now every time you’re forced forward into Jimin you can feel how hard he is again too, rock solid against your lower abdomen, “I thought your ass was tight, kitten… turns out Yoongi is even tighter.” Again, Yoongi cries out, calling Jimin’s name, and you’ve never heard him make sounds like this, never heard him sound so broken but in the very best of ways, and as you glance to the side and see the tendons in Jimin’s arm bending and flexing, you suddenly realise what it is that Jimin’s doing to make Yoongi so utterly lose his mind.

“Fu-uh-uck!” Yoongi shouts, shoving his face into the crook of your neck and grabbing at you so hard that you can almost feel the bruises forming already. He’s powerless to stop the relentless motion of his hips positioning back and forth into you, moving all of his own accord now, and every drag of his cock against your walls has you keening with pleasure, craving more and more.

“That’s it. Show me how hard you’re gonna squeeze my cock, baby. Show me how well you’re gonna take it,” Jimin encourages gruffly, and that’s all it takes to push Yoongi over the edge. His body goes rigid behind you as he cums, filling your insides with sticky heat that’s so great in amount that it instantly starts to seep out from around his length as he moves; little tiny thrusts as he rides out the rest of his high.

You don’t blame Yoongi for cumming so quickly - not when you know what Jimin had just been doing to help him along - yet you can’t help but whimper at the ache of need deep inside that he vampire leaves behind when he slips out of you.

“You ok?” he whispers, nuzzling at your cheek as he catches his breath - wrecked - and you can hear from the undercurrent in his voice that he feels needlessly guilty about not making you finish first even though it’s through no fault of his own.

You needn’t worry, though; not for long. Soon enough Jimin is pulling at your hips to rise you from his lap just enough to nestle his cock between your folds in Yoongi’s place, unbothered by the way his elder’s cum seeps out to coat his length and drip down onto his testicles as your entrance is parted.

“Don’t worry, hyung,” he assures as Yoongi slips off of his lap and practically collapses at Jimin’s side, his forehead and chest dripping with sweat. “I’ll take care of her,” he promises, and he does.

With no other words of warning, Jimin drags you down onto his cock, slamming his hips up into you. The other vampire’s release provides the perfect lubricant for him to plunge into you with abandon, his girth stretching you open even further than Yoongi’s had, and as Jimin claims you with every savage thrust of his pelvis he groans and moans, sealing your lips together with a kiss.

“You love my cock, don’t you kitten? Daddy’s big cock,” he grunts when you throw your head back, using what little strength you have left in your body to rock yourself up and down in time with his thrusts; harder, faster, deeper. “Tell me. Tell daddy how much you love it.”

“I-I,” you hiccup, grabbing at his shoulders. It’s difficult to get out the words, your throat tight and voice jumping with the force of his thrusts, “I love i-it, daddy. Luh-ove you.”
“That’s right, kitten,” he growls back, leaning forward and snatching one of your nipples between his teeth, sucking it on it harshly before releasing it with a wet pop and tossing his head to the side to throw his hair out of his eyes. Every push of his cock inside you is grazing your walls perfectly, edging you closer and closer, and when he reaches between your legs to start thumbing your clit you cry out in relief, certain that your orgasm is near. “And I love you, so much. So damn much.”

“Jimin, I… I’m so close, fuck,” you gasp, “Oh god, please don’t stop, please.” You’re not sure you could take it if you were left high and dry again, so desperate to cum no one would ever guess that this will be your third of the night; greedy as ever.

You’re relieved when Jimin wraps his arms so tightly around you that you can no longer move; so exhausted that you’re more than happy for him to take over. With one arm coiled around your waist and clutching onto the back of your shoulder - the other around your hip - he fucks up into you, his movements so heavy and erratic that the feet of the sofa are scuff noisily against the wooden floor despite the weight of three people on top of it.

You cum with your forehead pressed to Jimin’s, your hands in his hair and a wail of pleasure that’s swallowed down his throat when he kisses you - all clashing teeth and tongues - and it’s the feel of your insides squeezing around him like a vice that have Jimin following you mere seconds afterwards, pouring himself into you. Even when the aftershocks of your orgasm have your tired muscles twitching and you’re collapsing to his chest he keeps on moving; a subtle rocking of Jimin’s hips as he enjoys the feel of you filled to the brim with their cum and the fluttering of your insides.

“Thank you,” you whisper against the side of his neck, your head rested on his shoulder. Absentmindedly, you run your fingers through Jimin’s sweat-dampened hair, far too tired to even contemplate the thought of moving despite wanting nothing more than to collapse into bed and sleep the rest of the night of the way having been so wonderfully sated.

You’ve no idea how much time has passed before someone finally speaks again, Yoongi’s husky voice rousing you just enough to murmur and turn your head.

“Let’s get her to bed.” You can barely open your eyes as Jimin lifts you from his lap and the two vampire’s carefully dress you; only vaguely aware of Jimin’s new sweater being slipped over your head and having to lift your hips for them to slip back on your panties, so heavy-limbed that it’s almost as though you can’t use them at all. “She’s had a long day.”

You feel yourself being lifted from the sofa and into someone’s arms; the smell of their cologne as you sleepily loop your arms around their neck identifying that somebody as Yoongi, bare-chested and refreshingly cool pressed against you.

“That wasn’t too soon, was it?” you hear Jimin question as you’re carried from the room, teetering on the edge of sleep. “You don’t think she’ll… that she might-”

“No,” Yoongi murmurs, pressing his lips to the top of your head and speaking into your hair as he cradles you closer, “No, I think it was just what we all needed.”

“I hope you-oh!” As you register the sudden surprise that enters Jimin’s tone, your insatiable sense of curiosity grants you just enough energy to prise your eyes open. You gaze falls on Jimin first, noting the way his expression morphs so effortlessly from mild shock to something entirely more mischievous as his lips spread into a wide and playful grin. “You’re not in bed yet, hyung?”

“I… no. Not yet.”

Is that… Jin’s voice? Twisting your head where it’s leant against Yoongi’s chest, you’re taken
aback to see the eldest vampire stood in the doorway of the living room, his eyes wide and a nervous edge to the way he shifts his weight from foot to foot. He looks far more dishevelled than usual; his hair in disarray, shirt slightly crumpled, and when you look down you notice that his belt is dangling open, too. How odd.

“I was just heading up…” Why won’t he look at you? Is something wrong? Why does he keep-

Oh.

Your cheeks feel as though they’ve been doused in alcohol and suddenly set alight when your addled brain finally manages to put two and two together. Jin must’ve still been next door whilst all of that was going on, which means he must’ve heard everything. Oh god.

“We won’t keep you then, hyung,” Jimin says pleasantly, amusement colouring his tone, and when you look back from him and over to Jin again just in time to catch his gaze roving unchecked from your bare ankles all the way up your similarly exposed thighs, you realise your presumptions must indeed be true. He really did hear it all. “Goodnight.”

“What?” Jin blurts, his gaze snapping away from you guiltily, and you’re sure you feel Yoongi’s chest rumble with laughter against you at just how mortified Jin looks to have been caught staring. “Oh. Yes… um… goodnight Jimin. Yoongi.” His eyes meet yours for the briefest of seconds; the unnamed emotion swirling in their depths deepening your blush as he utters your name.

You’ve seen that look before, but never from Jin. Not until now.

The three of you watch him go, a cunning smile on Jimin’s lips as he calls after him,

“Sweet dreams, hyung!”
Chapter 74

Chapter Notes

Another chapter for you, lovlies!

I know there's been a big wait again, but I have some good news for you. I've decided that after the next one-shot I write, I'm going to be spending some time to focus solely on Sweeter than Sweet. That means that the next chapter might take 2-4 weeks again, but after that I should be updating much more regularly.

I'm not sure how long I'm going to just be writing STS and nothing else as I don't yet know how it's going to impact on my writing/make me feel. Ideally, I'd like to focus on STS until it's finally finished, but I know that's still quite a way off and I don't know if I'm going to be able to maintain that pace on just one story for such a long period of time without it going stale - but we'll see how we go!

Anyway, I hope you enjoy this chapter and thank you to all who've stuck with me for so long. I appreciate your support and feedback on this more than you'll ever know <3 <3

“Tannie…” Voice low in warning, you cock an eyebrow at the puppy who’s plonked his bottom down right at your feet, gazing upward. His attention isn’t on you, however; it’s focused on Nova who’s blissfully unaware of the small canine’s gaze fixed upon her, sleeping happily curled up in your lap. “I wouldn’t, if I were you.”

He cocks head to the side as his beady little eyes meet yours, like he’s trying his hardest to understand but inevitably fails to heed your warning, choosing instead to rear up onto his back legs and press his front paws to your knees in order to sniff curiously at the feline in your lap, nose twitching.

Yeontan has only been a part of the family for a few days but already he and Nova have established a bit of a love/hate relationship. Being the sweet young pup he is all Yeontan wants to do is play, and whilst Nova has displayed more patience with him than you’d initially anticipated she might, the shelter cat will only put up with so many bats of her tail before she’ll turn, hiss, and offer a few swipes of her own.

Not that Yeontan takes it to heart. Five minutes later and he’ll be coming back for more, his tail wagging just as hard.

“Tan!” Tae calls, his usually deep pitch rising by an octave as he leans forward from the opposite sofa and beckons the pup towards him, “Tannie, come!” To give him credit, Yeontan does indeed turn his head at the call of his name, tongue hanging out as he looks back at his owner, but the lure of Nova proves far too strong for him to resist. Unwisely, he extends one paw and taps it against the curl of Nova’s spine as if trying to get her attention and then immediately seems to regret doing so, shrinking back and cowering when all of her fur stands on end and she sharply lifts her head, spitting out her wrath.

“Nova, don’t be mean.” She doesn’t respond favourably to your light scalding, turning to face you wearing a similarly dirty look as you imagine Yeontan would’ve just received for daring disturb her
beauty sleep. Unwilling to risk being accosted any further, she stands, stretches, and then jumps gracefully off of your lap, leaping straight over Yeontan’s fuzzy little head. She runs from the room as soon as her paws meet the floor, far quicker than the little dog is able to give chase, and as her tail disappears through the gap in the door you hear her meow reproachfully, abandoning you all in favour of better company or peaceful solitude.

“See, Tannie,” Taehyung sighs as the little dog trots back over and allows himself to be picked up and placed into the vampire’s lap, tail wagging. “You’ve gone and upset her again now. Nova’s never gonna want to be your friend if you keep on bugging her all the time.”

“You’re one to talk,” Jungkook snorts from his spot at the other end of the sofa without looking up from the sketchpad he’s slouching over, his eyebrows furrowed in concentration. Tae pays the younger vampire’s little jibe absolutely no mind, too fixated on scratching Yeontan behind the ears to really care what anyone else may have to say. He hasn’t stopped smiling ever since the two of you brought the sweet pup home, and watching the two of them now - Yeontan rolling over onto his back in search of a belly rub - your heart feels so full it’s fit to burst.

Taehyung had known the moment he’d seen Yeontan that he was the one he’d be taking home. You’d been lucky to find such a young puppy at a shelter - the two of you having agreed even before starting your search that you’d rather give an unwanted dog a home than go straight to a breeder - and thankfully, Yeontan had seemed to take to Tae just as quickly as the vampire had to him in return, standing on his hind legs and yapping to grab your attention; his disposition far happier than the severe slant of his eyebrow markings would lead you to believe.

It was love at first sight, and Taehyung has been doting shamelessly on him ever since.

Unsurprisingly, the rest of the family have also been just as eager to welcome him into the fold (save Nova, of course). Hoseok had spent a good half an hour playing rope tuggy with Tan on the first day of his arrival, and by now Jungkook must surely have a whole short film worth of footage of their antics recorded on his phone. Jin’s even gone so far as to start researching homemade dog food recipes, studying up on the specific nutritional requirements of Yeontan’s Pomeranian breed.

You’ve been thankful, actually, that he’s had something else to think about - something else to focus on and use as a conversation starter. You’d had the feeling he’d been avoiding you, at first, after the three of you had bumped into him following your tryst on Christmas day. Every time you’d crossed paths thereafter he’d seemed to find some excuse to rapidly take his leave - something burning on the stove, some leaky tap he suddenly had to fix - but now, thanks to Yeontan’s arrival, he seems to have been granted the will to power through whatever awkwardness remains.

That's not to say you haven't caught him staring at you, mind you. You'd need more than two hands to count the amount of times you've turned your head and your eyes have locked for just a split second. He'll rip them away and try to cover his indiscretion by making some sort of poorly timed joke at the expense of one of the others, screeching with laughter and avoiding your gaze, but the both of you still know. You know he'd heard what the three of you were up to and you know he wilfully stayed in hopes of hearing more. When you've drifted off into daydream lately it's been to images of Jin doing things to himself that you never would've dared think about before, but now that you've started it's almost as though you can't bring yourself to stop, morbidly curious about what the eldest vampire might be like to know so intimately.

You've already experienced the various kinks and quirks of almost every member of the house (all but Hoseok, of course, although Sam has told you so much that sometimes you think you may as well have), and yet Jin’s sexual habits have remained a complete mystery to you. Is he assertive? Submissive? Does he have some kind of crazy fetish he's hiding behind that charming, debonair
“Oh gross, man! Hyung, he’s peeing again!” Jungkook’s horrified exclamation shifts your attention rapidly back to the here and now, and with pink-tinged cheeks your eyes roam the room till they land on where Yeontan is squatting over the rug to relieve himself without a care, too young to have yet learnt to cock his leg.

“Ah, Tan-ah!” Taehyung rushes off the sofa with arms outstretched and plucks his puppy from floor mid-stream, running from the room with him held at arm's length to take him outside in order to finish his business. He charges past Hoseok as he goes, who watches on with thinly veiled bemusement at the sight of Yeontan flying through the air like some kind of canine superhero held aloft in Taehyung's hands, smiling and shaking his head.

“Ready to go?” he asks you, perching his pert bottom on the arm of the sofa, and now you look closer you notice the car keys he's got clutched in one hand, dangling at his side. Begrudgingly, you glance at the clock on the mantelpiece and realise that is, indeed, time for you to go to work.

“I suppose.” Sighing, you shuffle out of the dent you've made in the sofa, knowing that you've still plenty of time to get there. Hoseok is surprisingly punctual by nature, and whenever it's him that's accompanying you to work you usually find that you've always got a good fifteen minutes or so to spare. “As much as I'd love to stay and witness the entire repertoire of Tannie's bodily fluids.” You smile at the way Jungkook shudders at the thought.

“You should really get something on that, Kook. Jin'll kill you if that sets,” Hoseok warns, nodding towards the smell yellow stain in the middle of the rug.

“He's not my dog,” Jungkook mumbles down at his sketchpad, charcoal pencil scratching across the page, and Hoseok shares a look with you, rolling his eyes.

Jungkook’s sure changed his tune since last night when he was demanding that you all had equal ownership of your new companion and therefore he was just as entitled to hog Yeontan’s affections all night long as Taehyung.

“Yeah, but you're the one who'll have sat there and watched it dry.”

Jungkook looks up, gaze flicking between yours and Hoseok’s expectant faces before he finally sighs, world-weary, and heaves himself off the sofa with a sullen, “Fine.” He disappears through the adjoining door towards the kitchen as you rise to your feet and brush your lap free of Yeontan’s fur, clearly too disgruntled to want to wish you goodbye.

“Kids, huh?” you comment as you and Hoseok start to head out, smiling fondly at him as he holds up the living room door for you, nodding his head in agreement with your sentiment.

“I blame the parents.” His smile grows at your questioning look, twirling the car keys around his forefinger. “And by that, I mean Jin and Yoongi, obviously.” You giggle as you pull on the coat you’d left hanging by the front door and wrap your scarf tightly around your neck, anticipating the frosty chill that you know will be awaiting you as soon as you step outside.

“T’m not even gonna ask who’s who.”

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“So are you and Sam doing anything for New Years?” Hoseok spares you a glance as he concentrates on parallel parking the car along the curb that sits opposite the bar, his bottom lip
between his teeth.

“Mm,” he affirms, turning to look out of the rear window, “She’s booked us into some fancy restaurant, I think.”

“She knows you don’t eat, right?” He swings the car into place with enviable ease, turning to you with a grin as he applies the handbrake.

“Yeah, but they’re doing fireworks at midnight and she’s really excited, so…” Hoseok trails off with a shrug, his smile turning adorably coy as you ‘aww’ and scrunch your nose at how obviously smitten he is with your best friend. You’re so glad you gave the two of them your blessing; you’re not sure you could imagine one without the other these days. “What about you and Yoonmin? Anything planned?”

You frown, pushing the car door shut behind you with a thud.

“Youoonmin?” Hoseok grins roguishly at you as you round the front of the car to his side, slipping his hands into his pockets, and as you start to cross the road together the meaning of the word suddenly clicks into place. “Oh jesus, please don’t let Yoongi hear you call them that,” you chuckle, shaking your head as Hoseok delights in your reaction, laughing along.

You can’t imagine what he’d think of it if he did. He might well grumble in front of the others, but part of you wonders whether Yoongi would actually be secretly pleased by the little nickname. It’d wouldn’t surprise you, given how you know almost better than anyone just how soft and marshmallowy Yoongi is on the inside.

“But no, no plans,” you say, dodging a puddle and hopping up onto the opposite curb. The bar sounds busy even from the outside but at least with plenty of bodies it’ll be warm, and when you push open the heavy front door you have to raise your voice in order to be heard over the din that greets you. “Jack’s asked me to work. The new guy’s good but he’s not quite up to speed yet.”

Hoseok’s arm finds its way around your shoulder as he affectionately jostles you at his side, beaming bright.

“Listen to you, already sounding like a real professional.” Blushing, you elbow him lightly in the side but the vampire refuses to be moved, squeezing you all the tighter as the two of you wind your way through the many patrons that fill the bar. The aforementioned ‘new guy’ comes into sight as you do, and when he spots you across the crowd he pauses between the glasses he’s collecting to offer you a friendly smile and a wave, his too-long bangs flopping down into his eyes. You wave back just as Hoseok places a gentle kiss to your temple and then gives you one final squeeze before releasing you, ready to get started with the long night ahead.

“You sticking around?” As of yet, none of your friends and lovers have wanted to leave your side whilst you’re working, preferring to keep an eye on you especially during the busy holiday season.

“Oh course,” he smiles sweetly, making himself comfortable on a bar stool as you step behind the counter, shrugging off your coat. “I’ll be right here, beautiful.”

***

The first few hours of your shift pass by fairly uneventfully aside from the usual nightly drama. You have to save Alex at one point from some lout who starts popping off about his drink order being wrong, stepping in and calming everyone down by offering him a free shot of his choosing on top of whatever he’d originally ordered. Alex is grateful and Jack is impressed, and the next time he passes
you behind the bar it’s with an approving tap to your back and an enthusiastic ‘well done’ that has you beaming with pride and then blushing when Hoseok, too, raises his glass.

He’s been keeping himself busy for the most part, playing on his phone and supping on the fruity cocktails that you slip him every so often. Not that he gets them for free, mind you; you respect Jack far too much to go stealing alcohol from behind the bar right under his nose.

You don’t notice the eyes that are following you as you walk briskly back and forth along the length of the bar the whole night long nor do you feel the weight of them as they linger, blissful in your ignorance. You do hear Hoseok call your name as you’re pouring a pint, though, and when you glance up to see him standing from his stool and pointing at his phone as he’s lifting it towards his ear, mouthing at you that he’ll by the right back and smiling when you nod.

Perhaps it’s Sam that’s on the phone, or maybe Jimin or one of his other brothers. It might even be someone else entirely, but either way Hoseok’s absence doesn’t concern you. You’ve been trying to convince them that such strict supervision is unnecessary - overkill in such a well-lit and well-populated area in which you’re certain that you’d be safe - so you’re not at all anxious as you return your attention to the task at hand save for your concern with trying not to spill all over your already sticky fingers.

As you hand over the drink and take payment you grant the elderly gentleman a winning smile, certain that he’ll remember you when he digs into his pockets for the tip jar later. He’s a regular that you recognise well, and you find it strangely satisfying that you’re starting to become familiar with the customer's faces; almost all of them friendly. The rare recurring ones that aren’t are the unfortunate few unlucky enough to receive watered down drinks from Jack’s own ‘special selection’. They guzzle it down like they’re receiving preferential treatment when really they’re getting anything but, and lord, you have no shame in admitting that that’s quite often the highlight of your day.

“Ok, what can I get you?” you ask as you shut the cash register and plaster an obliging smile on your face and look up, willing to serve.

“That depends,” the man who’s towering over you from the other side of the bar muses, “On what it is that you’re offering.”

Your stomach lurches and then drops as your hands instinctively reach out for something to hold onto, grabbing onto the edge of the counter on which Namjoon then leans, sliding into the seat that Hoseok just vacated not five minutes ago.

“Hello little one,” he greets pleasantly in the absence of your reply, tilting his head to the side slightly and smiling, each cheek dimpling deep. There’s an air of leisureliness about him that is at complete odds with how rigid your entire frame has become; his easy smile juxtaposed with the mild horror you can feel distorting your features.

It’s jarring that Namjoon looks almost exactly the same as the last time you saw him save for the absence of your blood smeared around his mouth. There’s that same hungriness to his eyes and the same golden hue to his irises; that same warmth that you’d become all too familiar with in the months gone by.

“What are you doing here?” Your voice is breathy - weak - and you know it’s only Namjoon’s supernaturally enhanced hearing that means that ‘ll be able to hear you of the noise of the bar; over the conversations of the mortals around you who are totally unaware of the very real threat that Namjoon could pose if he were to lose his cool.
“I wanted to see you,” he tells you softly, smile slipping from his face as his eyebrows furrow into a frown. “I’ve needed to speak to you... but tonight’s the first time I’ve had the chance.”

Has he…. Has he been watching you all this time? Lurking in the shadows, just waiting for an opportunity to get you alone? The thought of it makes all the goosebumps on the back of your neck begin to rise and the hairs on each of your arms stand on end, prickling at your skin.

You glance nervously at the front door that leads out onto the street and then in the other direction to your colleagues further down the bar, moistening your lips. Namjoon wouldn’t try anything with all these witnesses, right? He wouldn’t risk exposing himself like that...

“You shouldn’t be here,” you hiss, turning back to him and trying to muster your courage as best as you can. “Hobi will be back in a minute and he-”

“And he’ll what?” Namjoon interrupts, rolling his eyes. “You know as well as I do neither of us is going to do anything in front of all these people.”

It’s funny, but hearing him say that… it almost puts your mind at ease. You’re still not comfortable by any means but at the very least you’re able to dislodge your fingernails from out of the wooden countertop and allow yourself to take a proper breath in what feels like far too long.

“I haven’t come to start a fight,” he assures you, sighing when your expression remains cold. Namjoon runs a hand through his hair, looking down at the bar for just a moment as he seems to collect his thoughts, and when he looks up and faces you again you suddenly realise just how tired he looks. Whilst living at the manor, Namjoon never looked anything other than the picture of health; pristine, porcelain skin, bright eyes and always impeccably dressed, but now it seems as though his change in circumstance is showing. His complexion is no longer smooth like powdered soft snow but almost a little sallow, and there’s a darkness under his eyes that you’re sure was never there before. His clothes, too, are showing signs of wear and tear. They’re the same ones he was wearing the night he’d been forced to leave and they’re looking a little grimy around the sleeves and the collar - crumpled as though he’s slept in them.

Is he eating, you wonder? Does he have a place to stay or somewhere warm to rest his head? You know you shouldn’t concern yourself with thoughts such as these - not after what he did to you - but it’s not in your nature to be so callous and uncaring even to someone who’s hurt you so badly.

“Then what do you want?” you ask, once again looking to the door. If it is Sam then she’ll most likely be keeping Hoseok busy; you know all too well how much she likes to talk.

“The same thing I’ve always wanted,” he answers unflinchingly, his eyes never leaving your face.

Is it vanity that makes you presume that he means you when he says that?

You’re just about to open your mouth to speak again when Namjoon suddenly reaches out across the bar and places his hand on top of your own, squeezing it tight. It’s just as cold as the last time you felt it wrapped around your throat, and the memory has your panicked heart thundering away inside your chest as Namjoon uses his grasp to pull you closer, leaning across from his side of the bar to speak to you in hushed, secret tones.

You’re so shocked by the abruptness of his actions and his sudden closeness that at first you don’t even think to pull back, caught in his gaze like a rabbit in headlights.

“You need to leave the manor,” he tells you urgently, his face mere inches from your own. “You need to leave and come with me so I can-”
“Is this guy bothering you?” a voice from your right suddenly interrupts and when swiftly turn your head you see Alex stood at your side with his arms folded, his attention fixed on Namjoon. He’s not the biggest of guys - probably only marginally taller than Hoseok and not much larger in build, either - but he’s doing his best to make himself look intimidating, puffing up his chest. The sight of him almost makes you laugh, so ridiculous is it for him to think he would ever stand a chance against a creature like Namjoon - not that he would ever have a clue.

“N-no,” you answer as soon as your brain manages to click back into gear, snatching your hand back as all the sights and sounds and smells of the bar come rushing back to you now you’re free of the little bubble Namjoon had momentarily caught you in. “He’s just leaving.”

When you look back at Namjoon you’re shocked to find him staring not at you, but at Alex. The two of them are staring each other down, Namjoon’s jaw clenched tight as his nostrils flare slightly, and you have to give Alex credit for not backing down. You’re not sure there are many men that would do the same if they were stood in his shoes.

Eventually - after looking his competitor up and down one final time - Namjoon submits and shifts his gaze, a wry smile tugging at his lips as he holds up his hands as if to surrender, standing from the bar stool to his full, intimidating height. You give Alex a nod, reassuring him that you can take it from here, and you’re just starting to think he’s going to leave without a fight when Namjoon suddenly leans across the bar as soon as Alex’s back is turned, cupping your face in his large hands.

So close that you can feel his breath on his face, his deep voice utters a warning,

“You’re not as safe as you think you are.”

Your eyes automatically close as he presses a kiss to your forehead, soft and fleeting, and by the time you open them he’s already gone, the exchange so fleeting that no one else seems to have paid it any mind even though it’s left you shaking and struggling to catch your breath, clutching desperately at the bar.

Was that a threat? A warning? If he meant to let you know that he’s not intending to give up on making you his so easily then why did he refer to the manor specifically? Surely if he was the threat you’d be in more danger out of the manor than inside it…

Namjoon’s words have your head in a spin trying to figure out their meaning, and even if you were to figure them out can you even afford to trust a word he tells you? Does he even know what he’s saying? He hardly seemed completely sound of mind the last time you saw each other… so what’s to say that’s changed now?

“Hey, you alright?”

Hoseok’s face pops into your field of vision, bent right forward across the bar to look up at you with concern, eyebrows furrowed, and you snap out of whatever trance had you staring blankly at your feet, your lips automatically feigning a smile as you look back at him, blinking rapidly.

You know you should tell him what just happened - should tell him all about Namjoon and the threat that he made - but that little niggle doubt in your head has you hesitating, mind whirring before your mouth opens to speak. There’s already worry written all over Hoseok’s face, and you know the moment you mention Namjoon it’s only going to get worse because then Hoseok will go home and tell the others - others meaning Jimin, too.

He’s only just getting over all this. If Namjoon comes up again now, so soon after it’s all happened, it’s only going to make him mad all over again. He’ll be gunning for blood once more and it’ll be up
to you and Yoongi to calm him down and… and you’re not even sure it was a threat. Nothing really happened… is it worth saying anything over nothing when all it’s going to do is upset everyone? You remember what Hoseok said when he agreed to you taking this job; any sign of trouble and it’ll be back to the safety and monotony of unemployment. You don’t want that. You don’t want to lose this little bit of something that’s just yours. It may not be big and it may not be important but you’re just getting good at this…

Your mind made up, you promise yourself that if anything should ever happen again - any slightest sign of Namjoon reappearing - you’ll tell them straight away.

“Yeah,” you lie sweetly, ignoring the warning that comes from the frantic pounding of your heart, “I’m fine.”
Chapter 75

Chapter Notes

Hello all! Sorry for the delay! Writing the second part of 'See you' (my Taehyung x reader idol!verse fic) took a whoooolle lot longer than I was anticipating. November was a horrifically bad month for me productivity wise.

However, the good news is that the next chapter is here! Also, for the foreseeable future I'm going to be focusing on Sweeter than Sweet exclusively, with the hopeful intention of being able to do so until it's finally finished. So hopefully that's going to mean more regular updates for you all again ^^

Enjoy xxx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As questionable as your choice not to tell the others about your run-in with Namjoon may be, you’re relieved that so far nothing bad seems to have come of it. You’ve worked two shifts since that night he crossed your path, and whilst you’ll admit that leaving the manor has you feeling more than little on edge, it’s an anxiety that’s becoming easier to handle with every subsequent night that passes that you see neither hide nor hair of him.

You’re thankful, now, that you hadn’t insisted on the others no longer accompanying you to work; dependent on their presence to help calm your nerves every time you’ve looked up and caught a glimpse of someone just a little too tall, dark and handsome. You’ll look over to wherever they are - catch their eye, smile and wave - and almost immediately start to feel better, whichever member of the household it may be.

There isn’t a single one of them you wouldn’t trust with your life - a single one you doubt that would die to protect you.

Tonight, it’s Jungkook who’s playing your ward. It’d surprised you when he’d volunteered himself as usually the youngest vampire prefers to stay home engaging in his numerous hobbies rather than ‘play babysitter all night’, as he’d once so eloquently put it. You’d had a suspicion his enthusiasm might be in part thanks to tonight being New Years Eve; a suspicion that had been more or less proved right by the enthusiastic ‘party party yeah!’ he’d exclaimed when the rest of the group had given their blessings.

Yoongi had rolled his eyes at that; more than happy to put himself forward to accompany Jimin on the assignment Hoseok had given him for this evening rather than face the heaving holiday crowds and the overpriced booze they will.

It’s taken some time, but Hoseok has finally managed to get to the bottom of the mess that Namjoon had left behind and sever ties with the less reputable affiliates he’d made, deleting all trace of their records with no remorse.

He’s managed to develop new relationships during that time too, and whilst the work may still be off the books it’s at least sounds a little more above board. From what Hoseok has described it sounds as though they’re well on their way to being considered as an unofficial arm of their government; an
effective and deadly team that law enforcement can call upon when the stakes are too high, no questions asked.

It seems to sit a lot better with the group, and they’ve had no qualms in telling Hoseok just how much they appreciate his transparent style of leadership.

“Jesus christ, I’m dead on my feet!” Your head turns when you hear Alex call to you over the ruckus of the bar, his elbow brushing yours as you pull simultaneous pints as quickly and cleanly as you possibly can.

“Seriously?” you laugh, delaying your teasing in order to hand over the drink to the waiting patron, take payment and then move on to the next - busy busy busy. “It’s not even midnight yet! Where’s your stamina?!” Alex is too preoccupied listening to the next order that’s being shouted at him from across the bar to counter your jibe with his own snarky reply but you still manage to catch the way his lips twitch in acknowledgement of the banter that the two of you often share.

You’re glad that you, he and Jack all seem to get on. It’d certainly make the slower shifts far more unbearable if you didn’t - though it’d be nice if you were able to have a little more female company from time to time.

In the corner of your eye you catch a glimpse of Jungkook sat down the opposite end of the bar, smiling to yourself at the way you can see his mouth moving as he stares down at his phone, singing along to whatever the sound system is currently blasting out. Considering he wanted to ‘party’ he’s not exactly spreading his wings like a true social butterfly would, but at least it seems like he’s having a good time even if it is all in his own little world.

As if he can hear your thoughts Jungkook suddenly looks up and meets your gaze from across the room, a straw between his puckered lips and his cheeks hollowed from the force with which he’s sucking on it. His doe eyes widen when he sees you looking, straw dropping from his mouth when as his lips stretch into a smile. He gives you a sweet wave that you warmly return, laughing at his coy expression when you decide to blow him a kiss just for good measure.

Jungkook’s always in a slightly more playful, amenable mood when he’s been lubricated with a couple of drinks, you find - but then you’re sure that could be said of most people, not only him.

“You’ve got a lot of guy friends, don’t you?” You figure Alex must’ve noticed your little exchange with Jungkook to be asking such a question when you finally get a second to pause a few minutes later on, resting against the back wall beside you with his arms folded.

“You noticed that, huh?” you reply, not bothering with beating around the bush when what he’s said is quite so obviously true. He chuckles like he hadn’t expected your reply to be quite so candid, pushing his bangs back from his eyes.

“You’ve got a lot of guy friends, don’t you?” You figure Alex must’ve noticed your little exchange with Jungkook to be asking such a question when you finally get a second to pause a few minutes later on, resting against the back wall beside you with his arms folded.

“You noticed that, huh?” you reply, not bothering with beating around the bush when what he’s said is quite so obviously true. He chuckles like he hadn’t expected your reply to be quite so candid, pushing his bangs back from his eyes.

“Kinda.” He lapses into silence for a moment, and in the time it takes for you to serve a fruity cocktail to the red-headed girl who approaches the bar-waving her empty glass around - Alex seems to have mustered up enough courage to ask his next question when you return. “So… which one’s actually your boyfriend? Me and Jack have a bit of a bet going and I could do with the extra cash.”

“A bet?” you laugh, one eyebrow raised as you turn your head to face him and fold your arms to mirror his.

“Yeah,” he admits, shameless. “I’d had my money on the quiet, skinny guy but then you showed up with that silver-haired pretty boy and blew the stakes wide open.” You press your lips in an effort not to laugh at his startlingly accurate descriptions of Jimin and Yoongi, nodding because you don’t
really trust yourself to speak just yet. “But then there was that guy that came in the other night–” You tense a little as he makes reference to Namjoon. “–An ex, maybe?”

Alex sighs forlornly, his gaze landing on Jungkook who is once again otherwise occupied with whatever game it is that his thumbs are busily playing.

“And then there’s him,” he says, gesturing towards the oblivious vampire. “I don’t even have the slightest idea about him.”

“Jungkook?” You follow his gaze, a fond feeling filling your chest with warmth as you look towards him. “He’s more like… a pesky little brother.”

A pesky little brother that you slept with not all that long ago, mind you - but Alex doesn’t need to know about that. You kind of wish you hadn’t even said it that way at all, actually. Ew.

“So… which one is it then?” You just grin, shaking your head as you return to the grind, the queue at the bar having quickly reformed. “Oh c’mon!” Alex whines, trailing along after you as you start to shovel ice into a tumbler, chuckling.

“It’s… complicated,” you state as you brush past him, making a grab for the nearby bottle of Gin.

“Which is code for you’re fucking both of them, right?” You pause mid-pour, mouth falling open at the bluntless of his question and then bursting into laughter when his face splits into a gleeful smile, clapping his hands together. “I knew it! I knew it!”

God, you hope none of the customers heard him saying that. You’ll never live it down.

“Don’t try to bring me down to your level of perversion, Alex,” you mock in an attempt to dismiss his theory, but deep down you know there’s really no point in denying it. It’s not as though the three of you ever try to really hide it anymore when you’re out in public - even if it’s not all three of you at the same time.

“Hey, I’m just glad that at least one of us is getting some,” he says, patting you firmly on the back. “They all seem pretty protective of you. Must be nice.”

“It is,” you smile, your insides warmed by it being so obvious even to outside observes how close you all are. Alex returns your smile, his hand lingering between your shoulder blades for just a second longer before letting it fall when he catches the slightly stern look Jack is giving him from where he’s manning the other end of the bar.

You barely notice the passage of time as one hour rolls into the next thanks to how busy you’re kept. In fact, you don’t even realise that midnight is approaching until you hear someone shout a five minute warning above the din that fills the rest of the room. The announcement distracts almost everyone save a couple of last minute stragglers rushing to buy a drink with which to toast in the new year, and after they’ve been served you’re finally allowed a few precious minutes to stand back and catch your breath.

It’s a shame that Jimin and Yoongi aren’t here with you, but you try not to lament their absence too much. You couldn’t have let down Jack on one of the busiest nights of the year, after all, and when Jimin had heard you were working he’d figured he may as well keep himself busy rather than sit around all evening missing you instead.

At least you have Jungkook here with you. As the room erupts into an obnoxiously loud countdown
of the last 60 seconds of the year, your eyes search for him; a smile tugging at your lips the moment you find him. He’s exactly where you saw him last except this time rather than being absorbed in playing on his phone he’s already looking straight at you, wearing an expression you can only describe as somewhat bashful. Coy.

Has he had the same idea as you, you wonder? Regardless of their bet, surely Alex and Jack wouldn’t think much of a New Years kiss shared between two friends?

Eager to reach him before the countdown reaches zero, you step out from behind the bar and head towards Jungkook, nudging those who won’t move out of the way fast enough with a pointed elbow to the ribs. The count has just reached five by the time you emerge from the other side of the crowd and your eyes meet again. Jungkook grins and calls your name, waving you over to come slot between the space he’s made for you between his legs where he remains perched eagerly on the edge of his stool.

And you would happily take your place there - of course you would - if it weren’t for one of the girls you’d served probably one too many cocktails to throughout the night throwing herself into it instead. Her flailing arms loop around Jungkook’s neck as she presses her chest against his, and you watch with horror as she uses her grip to drag him closer, wide-eyed, and smoosh her lips against his just in time for the countdown to reach zero.

Poor Jungkook. He doesn’t seem to know quite what to make of this unexpected development. He doesn’t return her kiss but neither does he push her away; his appearance remarkably similar to that of a rabbit caught in headlights. It doesn’t seem to deter her that his eyes startled eyes never quite close or that his jaw seems to lock shut, nor does she seem to realise that in all the time in which she’s kissing him his hands never once settle on her waist. They’re held out comically by his sides, fingers splayed, and even once she pulls away and giggles - tapping him on the nose - his shoulders remain uncomfortably bunched somewhere up by his ears, his eyes as wide as ever as she disappears back into the crowd.

You’re torn; caught somewhere between wanting to laugh but also fighting the urge to hunt that girl down and give her a piece of your mind. After all, if it had been the other way around and it’d been Jungkook stealing a kiss you can bet people would’ve had something to say about it.

Perhaps there’s a little bit of jealousy adding to that spark of irritation as well, but that feeling is so ridiculous you quickly dismiss it before it has even the slightest hope of taking root and festering.

“You ok?” you ask on having finally crossed the remaining space between you, leaning back against the bar rather than taking her place. Very gently, you press on Jungkook’s shoulders to return them to their normal position, one hand slipping down to squeeze reassuringly at his bicep before removing yourself entirely.

He looks handsome tonight. It’s not often Jungkook wears bright colours but the yellow shirt he’s wearing tucked in to the narrow waistband of his jeans really accentuates his frame, drawing your eyes momentarily down to his waist.

His head ticks to the side for the most fleeting of moments as he collects himself, meeting your gaze with a rather embarrassed smile.

“I… uh… think so?” he replies, though it sounds more like a question than a statement. “Didn’t even see her coming.”

“Clearly,” you chuckle, shaking your head. You’d be willing to bet that girl had been looking at him for hours just waiting for the chance to bat her eyes and then had finally grown tired of his absolute
obliviousness. “Just too darn cute for your own good, aren’t you gguk?” You reach out to ruffle his
hair, laughing at the face he pulls in response to your teasing and how urgently he seeks right to lay
smooth the strands you’d shaken out of place.

“Something like that.” Placing his hand in the small of your back, Jungkook is just about to speak
again when you take a glance of your surroundings and notice that the queue at the bar is already
three people deep following the impromptu downing of drinks when the clock had struck twelve.

“Oop, gotta go,” you say quickly, slipping away from Jungkook’s grasp with a regretful smile and
having to hold in a coo at the sulking pout your departure places on his face. You blow a kiss as you
back away from him, reversing behind the bar. “I’ll be back before you know it!”

As the night winds down so do many of the bar’s patrons, the majority of them either too drunk or
too tired to make it all the way to closing time in the wee hours of the morn’. Even those that remain
don’t ask for much, content to sit in the relative quiet nursing the last of their drinks in a peaceful
stupor before stumbling out into the street once Jack announces that it’s closing time, shutting the
doors firmly behind them with a weary - but contented - sigh.

You’ll have made good profits tonight, and that’s enough to put Jack in a good enough mood to send
you and Alex home without having to worry about all the usual clear-up. At 6am it’s still dark out at
this time of year so Jungkook needn’t worry about the morning sunrise irritating his skin on top of
the fatigue he’s already fighting, the two of you yawning more than talking throughout the ride
home, content enough in each other’s silent company.

“Thank you for coming with me tonight.” You turn back to watch Jungkook push the heavy front
doors of the manor closed and lock them with yet another yawn that threatens to make your eyes
water. “Hope-” Jungkook manages to catch the yawn that interrupts your speech, his mouth opening
up so wide you’re sure he could almost swallow you whole should he really try. “Hope you
weren’t too bored.”

There’s a smile tugging at one corner of Jungkook’s lips by the time his mouth actually closes, an
amused sparkle to his eyes.

“Nah. Turned out pretty eventful, I’d say,” he says as he folds his arms across his chest, yellow
fabric pulling tight.

“You manage to get that girl’s number, in the end?” You had noticed him disappear for a little
while a bit later on in the night and you’d absentmindedly wondered if that was where he might be
- not grinding your teeth over the thought of it at all.

“Nah,” he dismisses again, shrugging his shoulders.

“Why not?” He glances away. “She seemed pretty keen. Pretty pretty, too.”

“Just wasn’t really interested.” You cock your head to the side when Jungkook finally looks back at
you, seeking more information, and for a moment he just stares back at you before finally unfolding
his arms and shrugging his shoulders again. “I dunno. I’m pretty happy with the way things are
right now.” You feel yourself begin to smile, your tummy performing a happy little somersault
amongst your insides.

“And I know I’m… old.” Jungkook says it with such distaste that you have to bite your lip to try
not to laugh. Jungkook may be old in age by number but there’s nothing else about him that would
ever make you think as such. “But I still don’t think I’m ready for like… dating… and stuff.”

You hate that he looks so embarrassed; there’s really nothing for him to be embarrassed about. Jungkook may have lived a long time but compared to a lot of people - correction, vampires - he’s still got an awful lot of living left to do. He’s still pretty inexperienced with romance; both physically and emotionally.

“Well that’s ok,” you reassure, stepping forward to take the hands that he’d let drop, slipping your fingers in-between his and squeezing tight. “It’s not like you haven’t got plenty of time.”

“I know.” He picks his gaze up from off the floor and catches you in it, smiling shyly as he squeezes back. “You still have a lot to teach me, right noona?” he asks softly, and damn it if your heart doesn’t feel like it almost leaps up right into your throat, a blush instantly colouring your cheeks.

“I suppose so,” you answer just as shyly, and the smirk that twists the corners of his lips as you do has you blushing all the harder when you see it.

Little shit knows exactly how to play you; the very best ways in which to make you weak for him.

He takes a step forward, the leather toes of his boots brushing against your suede ones; so close that you can feel his cool breath on your face as he dips his head.

“Can I have that New Years kiss now?” he asks, his chocolate brown eyes beseeching as he looks at you from under his dark eyelashes, so pretty that it hurts. Struck mute, you nod, but that’s all the encouragement Jungkook needs.

One hand slips from yours and finds it way into your hair as Jungkook moulds his mouth to yours, your eyes falling closed. It feels like forever since the two of you last shared any intimacy to speak of, and the excitement of his has your stomach clenching right from the very first brush of his lips; tightening all the more when his tongue enters your mouth, kissing you deep.

His lips are just as soft as you remember - flavoured like the strawberry chapstick you’re always having to remind him to apply - and as always, Jungkook’s enthusiasm by far makes up for any inexperience that might hope to hinder him. He’s a fast learner, in all things.

“Was that ok?” he whispers against your lips as you take the chance to catch your breath, his forehead leant on yours.

“Mm,” you hum in agreement, subconsciously licking your lips and relishing in the taste of him that lingers there, “More than ok.” When you open your eyes you’re surprised to find a cocky gleam in Jungkook’s own as they look back at you. You don’t begrudge him for it; he earned the right to look so pleased with himself, after all. “Happy New Year, Jungkook.”

“Happy New Year,” he wishes you right back, and with one more peck to your lips, he relinquishes you from his arms, drawing up to his full height. “I’m gonna head to bed.”

“Yeah…. I better had too,” you smile, giving Jungkook a little wave as he starts to make towards the stairs and then turns back at the last moment, cocking his head towards them.

“Unless you wanna….” He leaves the question hanging without having really asked it but you already know exactly what he means, your smile growing ever wider as you shake your head and try not to laugh at the fleeting disappointment that crosses Jungkook’s face.

“No tonight,” you let down gently, It’s a tempting offer, no doubt - especially considering how eagerly your body had responded to just that one kiss alone - but Jimin and Yoongi might already be
home, and you wouldn’t want to keep them waiting for you any longer than necessary. Especially for that. “But soon, baby. I promise.”

Suitably mollified, Jungkook gives you a soft, parting smile before turning his back and climbing the rest of the stairs, returning to his room alone.

You stifle a yawn as you head down the corridor towards Jimin’s room, stripping out of your coat and scarf along the way. Your lovers don’t seem to have gotten home yet but you don’t think very much of it. It’s not the first time they’ve been back late, after all, and you know they’ll be taking good care of each other regardless of whatever it may be that’s causing the delay.

It’s tempting to head straight to bed after you’ve stripped out of your beer stained shirt and gotten into your pyjamas but the sensible part of you knows you should get something to eat before settling under the covers. You don’t really get chance to eat much during your shift and the longer you think about it now, the more appealing the thought of some warm, buttery toast becomes; your mouth practically watering in anticipation as you shuffle back down the hallway towards the kitchen.

The manor had been so quiet when you’d first gotten home that the sound of banging you hear coming from the other side of the kitchen door catches you by surprise; quickening your heart rate until you hear the mutterings of a familiar voice within as well. Pushing open the door, your suspicions as to who it be are confirmed when it’s Jin’s handsome profile that comes into view.

The sight of him doesn’t comfort you in the way you’d expected it would, though. Instead, your nervousness is replaced with worry as you take in the way he’s sat - slumped over the table with his head in one hand and a bottle in the other, so consumed by whatever’s on his mind that he doesn’t even notice your arrival. It’s not even a beer bottle that he’s holding - it’s a whole bottle of wine - and by the looks of the tabletop around him, it doesn’t look as though it’s his first.

“Jin,” you say quietly, letting the door fall shut behind you as you slowly make your way over to where he’s sat, worry creasing your brows.

He looks up sharply, and when his head swings round to face you you’re stopped dead in your tracks by what you find.

Jin’s normally bright eyes are red-rimmed and swollen - his cheeks streaked with tears - and as he stammers out your name and rushes to wipe his face clean with the sleeves of his shirt, it hurts your heart to hear it break.

“Jin,” you repeat as you sink down into the chair that’s next to his, taking one of his hands between both your own and holding it in your lap to rub soothingly circles into his wrist. “Please, won’t you tell me what’s wrong?”

Chapter End Notes

As always, thank you so much for your feedback, love and support. It means so much <3 <3
Chapter Notes

Hello all! I hope those of you who've been celebrating the holiday these past couple of days have had a nice time, and whose who haven't are also happy and well! ♡♡

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“It's nothing, sweetheart,” he lies, “Really. I'm fine.”

One sceptical eyebrow raised, your gaze wanders over the scene laid out before you: Jin's blotchy face, tense shoulders and the bottle of wine he'd hastily put aside on realising you were there. The table top is littered with the evidence of Jin’s bender, and quickly realise it’s not just wine that he’s been drinking but far harder liquors, too. Even the bottle of honeyed whiskey you'd bought him Christmas has been drained, merely the dregs of it left.

You're surprised he's still able to sit upright and see you clearly, quite frankly, though you know it’s only thanks to his enhanced tolerance for such things that means he’s able to do so.

You stay silent for a little while, hoping that given enough chance Jin will just come out with whatever’s bothering him all. Open up all on his own.

Judging by how resolutely mute he remains, though, you get the feeling that this hope might be in vain.

“Jin,” you coax gently, squeezing his hand to prompt him into looking up from the floor. “You know... it's ok for you to not be ok sometimes. I know you like to keep everyone's spirits up, but it’s not like everyone’s gonna fall apart if you take an off day every so often.” From the way he's looking back at you - his watery gaze flicking back and forth between yours - you can tell he's mulling your words over. You’d bet he probably knows you're right, too, but for now he keeps his silence, a light frown gracing his features.

Jin's phone begins to flash where it lies upon the table, unnoticed prior to now. Distracted by its incessant orange blink, you glance at it, and when he notices your sudden lapse in concentration so then does Jin. His frown deepens as he scans the notification that’s popped up on the screen, but before you can lean over to sneak a peek he hurriedly turns it over and pushes it away; out of reach and out of sight.

Finally, you have an inkling about what might be wrong.

“Is this about Soo-Mi?” you ask very gently, rubbing your thumb across his knuckles. The way Jin's head shoots up at the mention of her name tells you all you need to know, way before he's even opened his mouth to reply.

“You... know about her?” he asks hesitantly, and when you slowly nod your head all Jin does is sigh in reply, his wide shoulders sagging.

Certain that he won't try to skirt around the issue now that he knows that you know, you give Jin time to collect himself before speaking again, sitting patiently at his side.
“She ended things with me,” Jin confesses, the words muttered quietly as he stares down at the table rather than you. His voice sounds fragile, on the verge of breaking with every word.

“Oh Jin...” It's as you'd thought, then. You'd wondered when you'd seen him so often scowling at his phone - deep in troubled thought - whether they might be having problems.

“Not sure why it came as a surprise.” A bitter little chuckle accompanies his statement, a shake of his head. “Usually I would’ve ended things before now... before she could get too attached, but...” Jin pauses, a sad smile on his face when he finally turns his gaze back to you. “She reminded me of my old girlfriend. The one I had back when I was still in medical school. I knew she was getting tired of waiting - fed up with the excuses about why we couldn't meet - but I just... I didn't want to be the one to let her go.”

Unsure of what to say, you settle for giving Jin the most sympathetic smile you can muster as you squeeze encouragingly at his hand. Although Jin may talk a lot he's not usually one to speak so candidly about his personal life, and you know it's probably only thanks to all the alcohol he's consumed that his tongue is so loose now that he's finally started to share.

“She accused me of catfishing her. Can you believe it?” he laughs incredulously. “She's seen my face... we've talked on camera hundreds of times!”

“She was probably just trying to make sense of everything,” you theorise lamely, shrugging your shoulders.

You can kind of understand why she might've started to leap to conclusions. From what Jimin had told you before, Jin and Soo-Mi have been talking for almost 2 years. That's a long time by anyone’s standards. Hell, you'd probably have gotten frustrated and irrational with someone trying to dodge meeting in person after that length of time, too.

“Well... whatever it was that she thought... she’d had enough.” Jin pulls his hand from your grip and picks up the bottle of wine he'd been nursing before your arrival, downing the rest of it as if he's trying to wash the very memory of that painful conversation away. “She said if I ever wanted to see her again,” he says, placing the now empty bottle back down, “It would have to be face to face, or not at all.”

“.... I'm really sorry, Jin,” you say gently, reaching across the space between you to place your hand on his thigh, just above the knee.

You can only hope that your physical attempts to comfort him are more successful than your woefully inadequate words. Jin seems to appreciate your efforts, at least, placing his hand on top of yours and squeezing it tight.

“You know what's worse?” he murmurs, not waiting for you to reply before he continues. “I can't even find it in me to be mad at her. We had more time together than I deserved.”

“Hey,” you scold lightly in response, scooting right to the edge of your seat so that your knees knock into his and prompt him into looking up at you again, his eyes glistening with moisture. “Don't be so hard on yourself, Jinnie. She gave you all that time because she cared about you.”

Jin blinks three times in quick succession, fiddling with your fingers where they remain on his leg as you try your best to smile back at him, praying that he's not about to start crying once more. Honestly, he's so beautiful that it's almost too painful to watch.
“Do you want a drink?” he asks after a pause, bypassing whatever emotions your words had given rise to rather than address them. Before you’ve even given him an affirmative answer Jin is on his feet, rising so abruptly that chair screeches across the floor as he pushes it back. He strides over to the kitchen cupboards, retrieving two tumblers from overhead.

“Sure.” It seems like you’re getting one anyway so sure, why not. He fills both glasses with ice from the freezer and then returns to the table with them. There’s a smile on his lips that doesn’t meet his eyes as he pours out a generous helping of whiskey into both and then sits, sliding one glass towards you.

“No cola?” you query, eyeing the amber liquid within. You’re not good with spirits at the best of times, even less so when there’s no mixer involved.

“This whiskey’s too good for anything but ice.” Jin lifts his glass, crossing one leg over the other as he tips it towards you. “Geonbae,” he declares, his smile growing as you clink the edge of your tumbler into his, wetting your lips.

“Geonbae,” you repeat, not bothering to mask the concern that has your eyebrows furrowing as you watch Jin eagerly throw his drink back before you then do the same, bracing yourself for the burn.

Fortunately it never quite comes; smooth rather than sharp.

“Good, right?” Jin asks as he pours out another glass for himself and you wave away his offer to refill yours. Tasty it may be but it’s still very strong, and you know if you try to keep up with Jin you’ll end up so drunk that you’ll be sliding under the table in no time at all.

He sips at it this time rather than downing it in one fell swoop, one of his elbows rested on the table and his chin rested on his palm, ice clinking prettily against the glass. He looks so handsome like this, with his pale pink bangs draping lazily over one dark, heavy-lidded eye and his blood red lips wetted with whiskey. You only wish he didn’t look so sad - so forlorn.

Is it really so impossible for him to find someone to love? And not just find, but keep, too? If you and Jimin can do it - If Sam and Hobi can do it - then why not him? Doesn’t Jin deserve just as much happiness as the rest of you?

“Jin…” He blinks, cocking his head to the side to show you have his full attention. “Haven’t you ever even considered meeting her?” Placing his glass down slowly, Jin sighs.

“Of course I have,” he answers tiredly. “I could meet her, sure, but if I met her then eventually... I’d have to tell her. Tell her why I can’t eat and why I’m all up night. Tell her why my hands are always so god damned cold.” You watch as Jin clenches and unclenches his fists with frustration, his jaw taut. “I’d have to tell her what I am, and then she’d only want to leave anyway.”

“I think you’re underestimating how much we’re sometimes willing to accept for the ones we love.” It hurts you to see how glassy Jin’s eyes have become again; all the hurt they hold. “Look at me, or Sam. Even knowing the truth, we still chose to pursue the relationships we’re in now. What’s to say Soo-Mi wouldn’t feel the same, too, given the chance?”

Jin regards you for a moment, silent, and then reaches for his glass. He swirls the liquid inside, watching it circle.

“Maybe,” he answers, swallowing down a mouthful. A single tear drop trickle from the corner of Jin’s eye and you watch, chest aching. as he lets it roll down his cheek unchallenged until finally it
drips off the angle of his jaw, wetting the table where it lands. “Or maybe this is it… maybe it’s too late.”

Another tear falls, but this one is roughly wiped away with the sleeve of his shirt. You can no longer stand to sit here next to him feeling so helpless, ignorant of which words might be the right ones to help ease his pain.

You stand from one seat only to take another, balancing yourself on his thigh as you hurry to wipe away his tears.

“Please don’t cry.” Jin’s eyes lock onto yours as you brush the moisture from under them with your thumbs, his adam’s apple bobbing heavy in his throat as he swallows. “Please don’t.”

Perhaps you should’ve known that Jin would be quick to pull himself together at even the slightest indication that his pain might be causing you distress. The laughter he releases as he lowers your hand from his face is strained yet the smile that lingers after it looks genuine enough; soft as he reaches up to push your hair back from your face.

“It’s a little odd - having someone look after me for a change,” he murmurs, his arm settling around your waist to keep you steady in his lap, hand resting gently on your hip.

“Everything’s gonna be ok.” Jin is more than willing to be ushered into your arms when you wrap them around his shoulders and pull him close. You guide his head onto your shoulder with a gentle hand, and that’s where it remains as you run your fingers through his silken hair and lean your cheek upon it.

“This feels nice.” Your eyes open at the sound of Jin’s voice, blinking sleepily. They’d fallen closed from the soothing caress of his hand where rests cradling your hip, so comfortable in his embrace.

“It does,” you reply honestly, tightening your hold around his shoulders as he does the same around your hips, drawing you further in.

You and Jin have shared fleeting embraces before but this feels very different from the rest. Jin so rarely lets himself ever be seen as vulnerable around the rest of the group that it means a great deal that he’s chosen to lower his guard with you, even if it’s only thanks to him having had one too many drinks.

You hear him sigh quietly; feel the brush of his nose against your skin and the roaming of his hand along the length of your side.

They’re all relatively innocent gestures until the his lips are suddenly grazing your throat, cool as a freshly turned pillow. It has your fingers falling still where they’re entwined in amongst his hair, your chest rising as you sharply inhale.

“S-sorry,” Jin apologises when he feels you stiffen, picking his head up off your shoulder for you to better see his sheepish look. He pulls his hands off of your hips to leave them hanging limply by his sides. “You should… you should get some sleep.” You notice his gaze flicker downwards to the base of your throat, and when he wets his lips and his fingers twitch it’s then that you begin to understand.

Guiltily, he confesses, “I’m not sure I trust myself around you right now.”

You swallow thickly at Jin’s quiet uttering, automatically pressing your fingers to your neck to feel your pulse pounding away beneath their tips. With his inhibitions lowered as they presently are, you
should have given thought to how difficult he might find it to have you sat so close. Jin is always so well controlled - so gentlemanly - that sometimes it’s all too easy to forget his true nature; the thirst that he has to endure.

“I trust you,” you assure him, placing your hand on his chest and smiling when he places one of his own on top to hold it there. Tipsy or not, you know Jin would never do anything to hurt you. Out of all the vampires that you live with, he’s the only one who’s never really let his hunger show.

It confuses you when Jin’s reply comes in the form of a wry laugh of your name and a shake of his head.

“Forgive me,” he smiles, squeezing at your hand, “But sweetheart, it’s not a desire for your blood that has me so restless.”

“It’s not?” Jin shakes his head again.

“No,” he answers, voice low.

Now that he says it you feel like a fool for not noticing the signs sooner - for mistaking them for something other than what they really are. Jin’s dark pupils are dilated, his gaze hungry as it passes over your skin.

“Oh,” you say dumbly as you feel your chest tighten, your sudden nervousness causing you start to fiddling with the short strands at the back of Jin’s hair, carding your fingers through.

“Having you so near…” Jin’s arm encircles you again as he speaks, “I’d forgotten how soft a woman could be.” You heart starts to beat a little faster as you feel his hand come to boldly lay upon your thigh, kneading flesh through the cotton of your bottoms. “How warm.”

It isn’t until you feel Jin’s breath against your cheek that you realise how much closer the two of you have unconsciously become; so close that he barely has to move an inch to brush the tip of his nose to the bridge of yours.

“So you’d better go,” he advises, “Otherwise I might not be able to help myself for much longer.”

Why is it the idea of that so appealing? Of Jin, who’s usually so considerate and in control, simply giving in?

“Would… would that really be so bad?” Your own breathlessness surprises you when you speak.

“Maybe.” Thickened by lust, the timbre of Jin's voice is foreign yet undeniably alluring, goosebumps rising all across your skin as his forehead comes to rest on yours. “Maybe not.” Both of your palms are pressed to either side of his face now, your lips barely a hair's breadth away. "Would you be able to forgive me, if I used you like that? Selfishly, for my own comfort?” he questions seriously, staring back deep into your eyes as your own gaze lingers solely on his lips. “Would Jimin? Would Yoongi?”

He tilts his head into your palm, eyes closing for just a moment at the feel of your thumb passing over the fullness of his bottom lip so that his dark eyelashes sit pretty upon his cheeks.

No permission, just honesty... that's what your lovers had said. Would they begrudge you for wanting to soothe their eldest friend in such a way, if this is the method of his of his choosing? The only member of the house Jimin ever expressed any ill-feeling towards was Namjoon... never Jin. They would want him to be happy, wouldn't they?
"I think... I think they would want you to feel better," you answer once you're certain - certain that neither Jimin nor Yoongi will hold what is about to happen against you should you chose to travel down this road.

"And you?" Jin asks softly, but you know he already knows your answer. His large hand is already sliding up your thigh in anticipation of it, just waiting for the green light.

"So do I," you murmur back, eyes already falling closed, and the subsequent noise of surprise you make is muffled by Jin's mouth when it descends upon your own the very moment you give the go ahead.

His lips are softer than you ever imagined they could be, so voluptuous that they easily envelope your own, and god, you struggle to recall if you've ever known a kiss to be as sensual as this. There's no haste in the way that Jin kisses you - no desperation considering how long it must've been since the last time he held a woman in his arms. It seems as though he means to savour every single moment, dragging out each and every one. By the time you feel the first subtle sweep of his tongue across your lips it feels like an age since the kiss first began.

His hand roams further as you grant his request for a more intimate taste of you. They skim from your thigh to your hip and then under the hem of your tank top with nary a hint of hesitation, his fingertips trailing along your side as yours delve further into his hair.

You'd never expected Jin to be this confident. As mild-mannered as he is you'd always pictured him to be a rather timid, soft lover, but the firmness with which he handles you is by no means an unpleasant surprise - nor is the depth or hunger of his kiss.

Wine and whiskey is all you can taste as his tongue rolls into your mouth. That, and an intoxicating flavour all of his own. His palm presses flat to your back to hold your chest against him, his cold hand a blessing for your feverish skin.

"Jin..." you gasp as he nips at your bottom lip with his teeth, tugging once and then again - harder - when the digging of your fingers into his scalp tells him that you like it.

"Address me properly, sweetheart," he murmurs between each soft and supple kiss. Compliance comes easily from you, his name dragged from your lips in the form of a groan when his strong hand moves from your back to encompass the entirety of your breast.

"Seokjin." It’s shameful, how wantonly you moan it. His palm fondles your breast underneath your clothes, squeezing and kneading you like the putty you are perched so precariously on his lap.

"Better," he praises as he turns his lavish attention to your throat, his plushy lips leaving no inch of it uncovered as you tilt your head to the side to expose the length of your neck to him even further, relishing in each little prickle of pleasure his kisses send trickling down your spine.

Jin chuckles darkly.

"Jimin’s trained you so well, hasn’t he?" he says, amusement colouring his tone. Hazily, you wonder what he means until the slow lick of his tongue tracing the length of your jugular from bottom to top makes it clear.

Perhaps you really have become the blood-whore Namjoon accused you of being when you first arrived here? The thought of it doesn’t bother you as much as you suppose it should.

"If only," he laments with a sigh, pulling away from your throat as though the temptation to feed is simply too strong should he continue to linger there too long. His hand doesn’t leave your breast,
though, even as he begins to kiss you once more. He seems determined to rub your nipple raw with the slow circling of his thumb pressed across it, and you would happily let him.

As your kisses become sloppier and increase in urgency, your hands come to rest upon Jin’s shoulders. You’ve admired them for so long so you make the most of this opportunity to explore their impressive breadth, running your hands across them and very nearly swooning at the musculature that lies beneath.

“God, you make me so hard,” Jin confesses into your kiss, his breaths growing more ragged with each kiss you exchange.

Hearing him say those words affects you more than you care to admit. Perhaps it’s because it’s not until very recently that you imagined ever hearing Jin say such things that they’ve gotten you as wet as you are, almost uncomfortable with how slick your bottoms have become.

His hand falls away from your breast and he breaks your kiss, urgently reaching down between you to palm at himself through his pants, still holding you firmly on his lap. Heart pounding and wide-eyed, you watch with bated breath as Jin frees himself from his confines a moment later, his hand near shaking as he draws down the zipper.

You know it’s not nerves that are making him jitter. There’s been nothing about Jin’s behaviour so far that would make you believe that he’s anything other than self-assured and certain in his want for this to happen. No, it’s his own eagerness and haste that has him trembling with anticipation, and you love how desirable that makes you feel.

He pulls his cock free and begins pumping the length of it the very moment it’s within his grasp, unashamed.

What is it, exactly, about the Kims of this household that makes them so well blessed? Truly, Jin’s cock is just as pretty as he is; shaped and curved in such a way that it has your pelvic muscles clenching with excitement just to see it.

“Let me,” you offer huskily, and when you reach down into his lap Jin seems happy to let you take over, uncurling his fingers so you can replace them with yours and carry on where he left off with barely a pause in between.

He’s thick - so god damned thick you can barely fit all of him in your palm, but you make do nonetheless, determined to make up for how deprived Jin’s been for so very, very long. You mimic the way you’d seen him stroke himself just a moment before; fast and firm and paying special attention to its swollen, leaking head. It’s a smooth glide thanks to how excited he is and every tug at his length has his breath shuddering as he exhales, his forehead rested on yours.

“Fuck, you’re good at that,” Jin praises, spurring you on with the way he grasps at your hip, squeezing tight.

You peck your lips against his, thumbing his slit.

“I'm better at other things,” you whisper salaciously, a smile tugging at your lips when he groans as you begin to twist your wrist on every upstroke, running your free hand through his candy floss coloured hair.

“Yeah?” His lips remain parted as his eyes open, full of lust and curiosity. “Why don't you show me, sweetheart?” You grin playfully and lean in to steal another kiss, sucking at his bottom slit as you begin to pull away. You slip from his lap down onto your knees, his cock still firmly within your
“Gonna give me everything I need, aren’t you?” he asks breathlessly, chest heaving at the sight of you knelt so dutifully between his spread knees, licking your lips in anticipation of drawing him in between. “Everything I want.”

“Yes Seokjin,” you answer obediently, looking up at him past your eyelashes.

He likes this, you can tell. The way he reaches out to stroke at your hair almost as if he's petting you in reward for your subservience gives him away, as does the husky ‘good girl’ that passes his lips.

Seems like Jin might have a little bit of a dominant streak too - though it may not be as hard and sometimes ruthless as Jimin’s.

“Oh yes,” he groans as you rise up onto your knees and lean in, tracing the fattened vein that runs the length of Jin's cock with soft, lingering kisses. It twitches, his fingers tightening in your hair as you reach the tip. “Yes… ye-fu-” You open your mouth, ease the silky smooth head past your lips, “-uck! Fuck, yes.”

God, the weight of it feels so good inside your mouth. Smooth, soft and yet hard as steel, you tease him with your tongue, lapping to and fro across his frenulum before finally sinking lower. With every inch you take into your mouth the harder Jin fingernails dig into his thigh, and once you’ve taken in all you can and paused, opening up your eyes, you see his head has rolled back with pleasure.

What a sight to see. Jin's neck is thick and vascular - just like his cock - and if your mouth weren't already occupied you’d want more than anything to climb your way up his body and defile every perfect inch of it with bloodiest shades of maroon.

You draw back, sucking lightly, and as his plushy lips part to release a deliciously needful moan you feel your insides clench with desire. You should've known Jin would be vocal - should've anticipate how enthusiastically he'd respond to the warm, wet of your mouth.

“Good girl,” he praises again, stroking your cheek with his thumb as it hollows. “Such a good girl. So good.”

You hum in appreciation of his words, feeling yourself grow all the more wet with each compliment he bestows on you. You crave them, and they drive you to suck harder and push deeper till you're having to fight the urge to gag around him.

“Look so fucking gorgeous with my cock in your mouth.” You feel his fingernails scrape against your scalp as his digits bury even deeper in your hair. “And you love it, don't you? Fuck, suck me all day. Make me feel so fucking good.”

You press your thighs together and feel the skin glide as your hips unconsciously rock as you work him over with your mouth, wrapping your hand tightly around the base of his cock. You pump what flesh you can’t swallow down as though you're trying to milk him into spilling onto your tongue, faster now, and Jin's getting close - he's telling you so in a strained and desperate tone of voice.

“Gonna cum sweetheart,” he gasps, grasping your hair right at the front and using it to guide your head up and down at exactly the pace he wants; just as he likes it. “Yeah, gonna swallow it all, aren't you? Everything fucking drop.”

“Mmm,” you moan around his girth in confirmation, jaw aching as you dig fingertips into the meat of his thigh.
You wish you could be watching Jin's face as his cum spills from him; thick ribbons of pearly white that hit the back of your throat and the roof of your mouth to drip down onto your tongue. The sight of a man so obscenely handsome as Jin must surely be a thing to behold whilst amidst the throes of such pleasure, but he gives you no opportunity with which to take such a look. He keeps a firm hand on the back of your head to hold in the place till he's done, gasping your name and slumping back into his chair when he finally releases you, well and truly spent.

“Fuck,” he huffs, running a hand through his hair. He summons a smile as you sit back on your heels and lick your swollen lips clean, throbbing within.

“Feel better?” you ask, your voice slightly hoarse. Your need seems to have rendered you unable to resist the urge to touch him even still, groping restlessly at his thighs.

Jin’s smile had grown at your question, and the hand with which he'd been wiping at his brow reaches out, gently brushing the corner of your mouth with his thumb.

“Much,” he confirms, his head tilting to the side as he surveys you. You know he must be able to see how badly you're wanting him - you can tell by the glint of amusement in his eyes. “But don't worry... I'm not done with you yet, sweetheart.”

Chapter End Notes

Now, I know I said I wasn't going to split smut chapters anymore but... Well it was just getting really long! It needed to be done!

I'll be moving straight onto the next chapter, though, so hopefully you won't be waiting too long♡♡
“Stand up, sweetheart. Come here.” Gently, Jin coaxes you onto your feet, steadying you with a strong hand on each hip and palms flat to bare skin.

Even having been so recently sated, his gaze has lost none of its lustful heat. You feel it scorching across your body as it roams, lingering on your flushed chest and pebbled nipples; growing ever hotter as his wandering touch exposes more midriff to his greedy eyes. You shiver - ticklish - as his fingertips brush across your ribs, and Jin smiles as he returns to that same spot and you shudder once again, endeared by your reaction.

With his hands on your waist, he draws you closer so his face is level with your sternum; so close you can feel each exhaled breath as he leans in to lay kiss after kiss upon your stomach. Palms glide higher under your tank top, large enough to cradle each side of your rib-cage. His thumbs drag across your stiff nipples, and very slow circle that passes over them has your innards clenching with excitement - your lip bitten to withhold all the gasps that threaten to part them.

You watch, insides quivering, as Jin’s pillow soft lips pass over every inch of your stomach in a series of slow, lingering kisses. With his eyes closed he looks so serene; so handsome that it steals your breath away when he opens them and gazes up into yours.

In an almost trance-like state, you take off your top and let it fall carelessly to the floor so that Jin can take immediate advantage of your newly exposed skin. His kisses turn into wet flicks and licks of his tongue along your breastbone, all the way up till his face is nestled in your cleavage. He turns his head to the side to kiss the swell of your breast with a hum that sounds almost wistful; longing..

Threading your fingers gently through his hair, Jin is easily persuaded to turn his mouth’s attention towards your nipple. A soft sigh escapes as you as he encases it with his lips, teasing your areola with the tip of his tongue whilst his thumb works the other, your back arching to press your breasts further into his eager hands.

The pleasure may feel exquisite but it’s almost more than you can bear. Your body is more than ready and willing to receive him after having already brought Jin to a climax; each touch incensing you further, panting so hard that you’re light-headed with desire.

“Jin,” you utter quietly, pushing his hair back to better see his face. His strong jaw moves with every motion of his tongue as he sucks and licks and laps at you, a light crease of concentration etched into his brow as he works. “Seokjin,” you say again when he doesn't respond, “Please.”

His eyes open as he lets your spit-slick nipple fall from his mouth, the corners of it cocked into a smirk.

“I'm trying to savour you, sweetheart,” he tells you, placing another soft kiss to the space just above your navel. “Patience.” Eyes closing once more, Jin's mouth begins to work lower as his hands do the same, skimming over your lower back and buttocks while his lips trace the waistband of your
bottoms, infuriatingly slow.

You're about to start pleading again when Jin suddenly gropes your behind with both hands, squeezing. He pushes his face right between your legs and inhales, the sound of it nothing short of obscene.

“Jin!” you gasp as heat floods into your cheeks, scandalised by his unexpectedly brazen behaviour. Despite you pushing at his head and squeezing your thighs together to try to discourage him all this does is make Jin laugh and nuzzle further into you, and when he finally does withdraw it's not without knocking the tip of his nose right into your clit to weaken your knees, first.

He rests his cheek against your stomach and smiles sweetly up at you, watching the way you squirm from the confusing mixture of embarrassment and arousal that's coursing through you.

“You still don't get just how intoxicating your scent is, do you?” Jin asks, and despite the teasing glimmer in his eyes, his words sound sincere. “I've wanted to gorge myself between these thighs more times than I can count.” You gasp as Jin's hands slip further down from your buttocks to the backs of your thighs, his fingertips mere inches away from brushing your core.

Your cheeks redden further, knowing Jin must be able to feel how sopping wet you are through the barrier of your thin clothes.

“Especially when you're menstruating,” he continues, eyes closing as if experiencing some sort of tortured bliss at the mere thought of it. “God. You've no fucking clue.”

When you… w-when...

Your body that had been practically buzzing with excitement suddenly falls still, your stomach dropping unpleasantly.

You're not sure why it comes as such a shock, really, to have Jin mention it. When you'd first moved into the mansion Jimin had warned you that it would likely be best to avoid the other vampires within the house at certain points of your cycle and to begin with. You’d presumed this was purely for your safety - too much blood flowing freely was bound to be a temptation, after all. As time had gone on, though, and you’d experienced your first period in Jimin’s presence and witnessed just how insatiable he’d become - in more ways than one - you began to understand that it might've been for an entirely different purpose he'd advised you to hide away.

True, it’d taken you a while to get over your own squeamishness about that particular method of feeding. You couldn't think of much else more disgusting, quite frankly, but later on, after having seen how Yoongi was similarly enthusiastic about it, you’d been able to let go, happy that you were able to provide your lovers such nourishment.

You’d gotten the feeling the vampires had made an effort to avoid you during those times, too, but you'd always presumed it was Jimin who'd warned them away rather than them having a direct awareness of it. To find out that Jin has been able to smell it every single month is… a little mortifying to say the least.

“Y-you can…?” Jin's smile broadens, his palms rubbing soothingly down the backs of your legs and slipping beneath the hem of your bottoms on their way back up.

“I consider myself a bit of a connoisseur, sweetheart,” he teases, “There aren't walls thick enough that'd keep the scent of you away.” You bite your lip, legs quaking as his fingertips feather across the space where your thighs end and the curve of your buttocks begins. It's only when you neglect to
say anything more that Jin seems to realise how awkward about it you feel. “Please, don’t be embarrassed,” he encourages, pausing to place a gentle kiss to your abdomen. “Maybe Jungkook or some of the others might shy away from it, but the more mature of us - the more experienced - know better.”

“You've tried it, then?” To be honest, you'd always presumed that Jin's experience of real physical intimacy with women had come to an abrupt and complete end the very moment he'd been turned. Apparently, you'd thought wrong.

Jin huffs a wry laugh, his smile no longer quite meeting his eyes the way it had before.

“Namjoon and I shared many experiences just after we were first turned… and well, let's just say I've been one to turn down a free meal.” You feel your eyes widen almost comically at the mention of Namjoon's name, but thankfully Jin is too busy kissing your stomach to notice that his words have given you pause.

When he says ‘shared’, does that mean…? Before tonight you never in your wildest dreams would’ve thought that Jin and Namjoon would harbour similar sexual appetites. In your mind, the two of them couldn't be more like chalk and cheese, but it sounds as though the eldest vampire likes to be a little more savage between the sheets than you’d originally expected….

“Let's get a proper look at you, sweetheart,” you hear Jin mumble as he hooks his thumbs into the waistband of your bottoms, distracting you from your thoughts. He slowly inches them down, and you try not to blush once they pass over the thickest part of your thighs and then fall to the floor, taking a thick, glossy strand of your arousal with them.

He parts your labia with his thumbs and smiles at the sight of your engorged clit, his touch all too fleeting.

“Perfect,” he decides, and quicker than you can blink Jin suddenly stands and lifts you, gasping, off of your feet, placing you right back down on the cold surface of the dining table. Lying you down, he grins wolfishly at the way you shudder and takes a moment to stand at the edge of the table, unbuttoning his shirt as he surveys you laid out beneath him.

“Funny isn't it,” Jin begins once his shirt hangs open to expose the subtle musculature of his chest, “That you're the only meal this table will have ever seen.” You can't seem to muster a reply, too focused on remembering to breathe as Jin nonchalantly reaches into your glass tumbler and retrieves a remaining cube of ice. Grasped between his thumb and forefinger, he shows it to you before popping it into his mouth.

“W-what are you-?” you begin as he leans over you, your sentence cut short by the freezing cold kiss he presses between your cleavage and the strangled sound that bursts forth from your lungs. Jin’s hands are rested on each of your thighs as his mouth wanders, the ice held between his puckered lips to drag it directly across your skin as you try to keep your body from flinching underneath him, instinct causing you to try and wriggle away from the unfamiliar sensation.

“Shit!” The exclamation escapes you before you can hold it back as Jin diverts from the trail of icy water he’s smeared between your breasts and turns his attention to your nipples.. “Holy s-shit, that’s cold…” When his eyes open they’re full of devilish delight, watching the way your eyebrows furrow and you bite your lip as he slowly rubs the ice slowly back and forth over the painfully hardened peak.

Under his loving assault, your sensitive flesh flushes from pink to red - numb with cold and yet somehow tingling and throbbing all at once - and god, you love the way it feels. Your fingers flex,
fingernails pressing into the surface of the table for purchase as Jin reaches for another piece of ice and begins to rub that one into your other nipple to make you gasp and bow all over again.

Slowly, each cube begins to melt, and your body shudders as tiny droplets of icy water dribble down the sides of your breasts. Jin swallows the remains of what's left in his mouth but his kiss remains just as cold even without the ice caught between his teeth, goosebumps rising along your skin as he abandons your breasts in favour of trailing his lips down your stomach.

“One more, I think.” Tapping your chin forward, you see Jin pluck another ice cube from his glass. He glances at you, smiling, as he pops it in his mouth and then leans over you and deposits it directly into the dip of your belly-button, chuckling when your whole body jolts underneath him. “You're so responsive, sweetheart,” he admires as you pant and shiver, willing the ice to melt as fast as possible as you stare down at it. With the way Jin has you burning up, surely it shouldn't take long? “I like it.”

His kiss travels lower as his hands caress your thighs, and you find yourself holding your breath in anticipation as Jin drops into a deep squat and pushes gently at your knees, spreading you open. You feel the softness of Jin’s mouth press kisses into the inside of your thighs, from one side to the other as they climb ever higher and closer to your core.

“Keep it up, ok?” you hear him say, and you can feel each word right between your legs, close enough to feel his breath. “Let me know if I’m not meeting your expectations.” he adds. The smile you can hear in his voice helps to make you relax, unwinding the tightness in your shoulders as you smile up at the ceiling, biting your lip to withhold a giggle.

Trust him to try and make you laugh at a time like this.

Jin’s lips are so breathtakingly cold that the first touch them makes your whole body jump on contact, falling still only once he’s taken hold of your hips to hold you in place to better trace every inch of your anatomy with his tongue. You wish he'd done it sooner; by moving so sharply you'd managed to make the small amount of melted water in your navel spill over, and now you're driven to distraction by the feel of it dribbling slowly down your side, tickling as it goes.

“Oh, Jesus,” you groan as he steals your attention back with a firm swipe against your clitoris, top to bottom and then side to side, wriggling figures of eight into tight little nub as his head tilts from side to side, his nose pressed close to your pubic mound. With every flick the most gorgeous jolts of pleasure ascend your spine, fogging your brain till you’re completely lost to anything else than the sensations between your legs.

His hair is soft when you reach down and thread your fingers through it - the finest of silks - and when you gently tug on it in encouragement, willing him to delve deeper, Jin is quick to oblige. He hums in acknowledgement of your wishes, briefly opening his eyes to look up into yours as his licks turn into open mouth kisses that descend until his pouted lips are pressed directly to your entrance. Diligently, he begins to feast. Jin lets no drop of your arousal go to waste, adding to it with the saliva that he licks into your pussy, the tip of his tongue dipping inside you as his nose rubs against your clit.

“Seokjin.” He gives no sign that he’s heard your wanton moan save the tightening of his grip around your hips, far too absorbed in enjoying the task at hand to want to waste even a single second. “Jin,” you mewl, twisting in his hold as he returns to your clit and sucks it sharply between his lips. You’re too far gone to care about the water spilling from your navel every time you shift on the table’s surface, unconcerned with the fresh wave of goosebumps it summons across your skin. “Your fingers, p-please…”
You’ve done this enough times now to know that you struggle to find with clitoral stimulation alone; aching for that feeling of fullness inside. All you want is for him to slip the digits that are now sliding from your hip and down your thigh inside of you, and your hips flex up from the table as though chasing after them as he unhurriedly draws them upward again, tickling.

You’re about reaching the limits of this ‘patience’ that Jin mentioned…

“Please,” you beseech again, reaching out to take a hold of his wrist and drag his touch closer to where you so desperately need it only to have your hand slapped away, groaning in frustration when he removes himself from you. It’s his cocked eyebrow that you see first as he emerges from between your legs and stands to full height - his smirking mouth shortly after, slick with your essence.

He tuts loudly as he leans over you, one hand on the table and the other pinning your wrist by your side.

“Are you always this impatient?” he questions, cocking his head as he looks down at you. His bangs fall in front of his eyes, the rest of his hair slightly dishevelled from how often you’ve run your fingers through it. You bite your lip and glance away, cheeks red from his teasing chastisement.

“Well?” he persists, squeezing at your wrist, “Are you?”

“M-maybe,” you admit, willfully understating the size of your sexual appetite. Ever since Jimin introduced to life’s more carnal delights you’ve hardly been able to get your fill; insatiable since the moment you met. Would you be like this with any other lover, you wonder, or is it his influence and the company you keep that made you this way?

“Clearly you’ve been spoiled.” Jin lets go of your wrist, his smile growing at the needful groan you release at the sliding of his palm along the inside of your thigh and your whine of discontent when he steals it away. “Where’s the fun in always getting what you want right away?” Again he brushes his fingertips against you; a brief passing of his index finger against your swollen clitoris. “I think you’ll find the rewards far more satisfying when you’ve really had to work for them, sweetheart.”

Desperately trying to ignore the fierce ache deep down within your abdomen, you sit up and lean back on your elbows, face flushed and bottom lip bitten as you ask,

“What do you want me to do?” Frankly, you’re willing to do anything if it means Jin will actually touch you rather than torment you with the slow circles he’s drawing in the wetness smeared across the tops of your thighs.

Jin smiles, pleased, and then leans in to press a chaste kiss to your lips.

“Tell me exactly what you want... and just how much you want it,” he breathes into your ear, soft and seductive, “And maybe I’ll give it to you.”

“I… I want you,” you begin, stating the obvious as Jin begins to smatter your skin in lingering kisses, your cheeks blazing with heat underneath the press of his lips. “Want you to fuck me, so bad.” Another kiss to the slant of your jaw, your head tipping back.

Considering how imagining Jin in any kind of sexual context had made you blush so hotly, you can barely believe how carelessly you’ve begun to speak. With every centimetre his fingertips creep closer to your core the more shameless you become, barely even registering the garbled, filthy words that are falling from your mouth.

“Need your cock, Seokjin, please.” You make a grab for the front of his shirt where it remains hanging open, tugging on it for emphasis. “I’ll… I’ll do anything you want.”
“You said it was it my fingers you wanted a second ago. Which is it?” he presses in that same teasing tone as before, sliding them slowly from top to bottom of your labia and then back up again. “Make up your mind.”

“Anything!” you very nearly shout as he pinches at your clit, the sting of it so strong that it has you slumping from your elbows onto your back, skin slapping against the table. “Anything,” you repeat, softer, a lump forming in your throat as frustration threatens to overwhelm you completely - so tightly wound that your legs are beginning to tremble from wanting alone.

Closing your eyes in an attempt to calm yourself, you turn your head to the side to find Jin’s hand waiting for you there. He tenderly cradles your cheek in your palm as he kisses the other, the feel of his chest pressed to yours heavy and yet comforting in its coolness; a soothing balm against your fevered skin.

“You’re a good girl, aren’t you?” he praises, nuzzling you affectionately. “Wanna be nice and tight for me, is that it?”

Weakly, you nod, your breath hitching when you feel Jin reach between bodies and hear the rustling of fabric as he pushes his bottoms further down. Soon enough, his blunt girth is pressing between your legs, hot and impatient, and you let your legs flop open wider as he begins to tease the weeping head back and forth amongst your wetness, lubricating himself.

You know it’ll be a stretch without Jin having eased you open first - you’ve felt how thick he is first hand, after all - but by this point, you’re well past caring. You’ll happily accommodate anything he’s willing to give so long as it finally means you’ll be granted some relief.

“God, you’ve got such a sweet little cunt,” he grunts before seizing your mouth with his, releasing your face to grab at your hips and pull you right to the edge of the table so he can better angle himself to enter you.

“Seokjin, please,” you plead as he pushes barely an inch inside, waiting until the stretch has you tense and gasping before pulling back again. You’re sure he’s tormenting himself just as much as he is you; you can feel how taut his shoulders are as you slip your hands inside his shirt to grab at them, wrapping your legs around his waist.

Jin silences you with kisses, consuming the moans you make as he shallowly dips the tip in and out of you again and again and again till it there’s no longer any pain. You’re so ready by the time he’s done that if he rocked his hips even just the slightest bit harder you know he’d slip straight inside and as he stills once more, so tantalisingly close, you’re praying he’ll do just that.

“Tell me you want me again,” Jin mumbles against your lips. You’re caught off guard by the hint of vulnerability that you detect, but given all he’s been through today it should really come as no surprise that he’s craving reassurance that he’s still needed - still loved even if it’s not quite in the same way.

You kiss him, sweetly, and lift your forehead to press it to his.

“I want you, Seokjin. I want this, want you.” You feel Jin nod and see the furrow in his brow right before he kisses you again, forcing your eyes closed. His hips tilt and your rise up to meet him, guiding him effortlessly into place, and with his lips moulded to yours, Jin starts to slowly push inside.

It’s such a snug fit that the feeling of his cock breaching you has the of you both panting for air before he’s even fully seated inside. Jin doesn’t hesitate or falter, though, not stopping until his
pelvis is sat flush with yours and a simple squeeze of your inner muscles has him gasping and
digging his fingertips into the flesh of your thigh, his eyes screwed shut tight.

“Shibal, I’d forgotten how good this feels,” Jin groans as he starts to move, smooth pushes and pulls
that are neither too fast nor too slow. “So warm.” Jin cups your breast in his palm, kneading it firmly
as he moves within you until a particular firm thrust has your whole body shifting, the table groaning
beneath you with the force of it. Wetness squelches around his cock as he does it again, grinning as
you gazp and grab at his shoulders. “So fucking wet.”

“Oh g-god, Jin,” you moan, clenching your thighs tighter around his waist, willing him not to stop.
You’ve been waiting so long for this that you know it won’t take long for you to cum. You can feel
it building even now; the subtle curve of Jin’s cock perfectly shaped to press against your g-spot with
each and every thrust.

“You’re squeezing so tight, sweetheart.” Jin leans closer, closing the gap between your bodies so
each rock of his hips has your breasts bouncing and his solid chest crashing into yours, His mouth is
on your neck, his breaths short and shallow against your skin. “No wonder the others can’t get
enough of you.”

You whine mindlessly, so deliciously close that your toes are already starting to curl.

“H-harder, please,” you pant breathlessly, digging your fingers into his hair and pushing him further
into the crook of your neck. You feel the lightest graze of his fangs against your throat and your
whole pelvis clenches in response, your body well trained to anticipate the euphoria that being fed
upon brings. “Seokjin, I… God, I’m so close, please.”

“That’s right,” he smirks, lifting his head, “You like it a little rougher, don’t you?” With his next
thrust, Jin’s hips come smashing savagely into yours, barely giving you any time to even catch your
breath before he’s pulling back and then slamming in again, lifting his chest off of yours and
grabbing hold of your hips, towering over you.

Try as he might, there’s something about the position you’re in that doesn’t allow Jin to take you as
fast as he would like. Perhaps the table’s too low or it’s just not sturdy enough, but it feels like mere
seconds before he’s groaning with frustration and pulling out of you. He grabs your hand, ignoring
your questioning look.

“Stand up,” he demands, pulling you to your feet and clutching you to him, weakening your knees
when he slips one hand between your legs and immediately slides two fingers inside. You can hear
every curl of his fingers as every knuckle becomes coated with your wetness, and as he kisses the
breath out of you it’s all you can do to clutch onto his shirt to stay upright.

“We should’ve done this sooner,” Jin tells you through gritted teeth, his free hand digging tightly into
your waist, his cock weeping against your hip while you fall to pieces around his fingers. “I don’t
think I could ever get sick of such a pretty cunt as yours.”

Almost as though he can sense how close you are to the precipice, Jin withdraws his digits from you
and your eyes open, your whole body trembling with the injustice of it. You can barely keep
yourself upright but Jin seems unconcerned, busy yanking off his shirt and tossing it to the ground to
reveal his naked physique in all its glory.

“Bend over,” he instructs, dragging to towards the counter and then releasing your arm only to push
at your back, forcing you to bend from the waist and lift your rear into the air, clutching the edge.
“You wanted it harder, right, sweetheart?” He bends right over you, his sticky chest flush to your
back. “Better hold on tight.”
He suddenly straightens, the sound of his deep inhale the only warning that you get before Jin impales you on the length of his cock. He drags you back by the hips as he thrusts forward just as hard, the bones of his pelvis slamming into the flesh of your buttocks. Relentless, Jin has you wailing as he takes you just as roughly as he promised, driving into you again and again. Each snap is so savage that you’re certain you’ll have bruises once he’s through but it’s not as though you care.

You’re finally getting what you wanted - about to cum so hard you’re not sure you’ll even be able to remember your name once he’s through.

“Such a good girl,” Jin praises, out of breath with exertion, “Made for taking our cocks, weren’t you? Such a good little plaything for her masters.”

“Yes, yes,” you sob in reply, your cheek pressed to the counter as Jin’s fingers find their way into your hair and he tugs at the roots, “God, yes!”

“Show me how hard you can cum, sweetheart.” He tightens his grip, pushing your cheek harder into the countertop, “Show me.” And you do - spectacularly.

The pleasure that rips through you is so intense that you have to press your face to the hard surface to muffle the cries that burst forth from your lungs, and your hands shake as you desperately cling to the counter because Jin doesn’t let up. All the while you keen and curse he continues to drive into you, fucking you through your orgasm and out to the other side.

“Jin, please ,” you gasp, but now it’s mercy for which you beg. It’s too much when he reaches between your legs and starts to rub at your clit, so overwhelming that you’re having to bite your bottom lip to keep from crying out. “I c-ca-can’t.”

At your protest Jin steps back, a growl rumbling from his chest as he grabs at your limbs from behind. Like a ragdoll he manhandles you, pulling you up straight and spinning you round to face him and then surging forward to slam his lips into yours. With his fingertips digging into your upper arms he walks you back until you hit something hard and cold; pleasant against your heated skin. It’s only when he’s picked you up and resumed such a vigorous pace that you hear the jars inside rattling with every thrust that you even realise it’s the refrigerator he’s fucking you against.

“Are you sure… you want me to stop?” Jin’s voice is wrecked from where he speaks down into the crook of your neck, his arms wrapped as tightly around your waist as yours are around his hips, your buttocks in his palms. “Your cunt says otherwise.” He lifts his head and smashes his lips into yours, all teeth and tongues as his thrusts drive deep, biting out his words. “I can feel you squeezing around my cock again already.”

“F-fuck,” you choke into his kiss, your fingernails raking lines of red across into the shoulder blades to which you cling. You’re so drunk on oxytocin that you can barely string two words together - so high on lingering endorphins that your body feels as though it should sing - and you don’t ever want this feeling to stop.

“Been so good to me tonight,” he huffs, visibly beginning to tire from the ruthlessness of his efforts in spite of the supernatural stamina he’s blessed with. “Do you think you can cum with me, sweetheart? Show me -” Jin has to pause mid-sentence to catch his breath, his eyes pressing closed at the feel of your walls closing in around him, pushing towards his release. “ - show me how much you love my cock.”

“K-keep going and… and I will,” you promise, just as breathless.

Your hand are in Jin’s hair when he suddenly changes pace. His thrusts slow and each time he pulls
back it’s barely even halfway, yet somehow it feels even better than before. Now, instead of filthy, frantic rutting, it’s a deep, dirty grind that has his pubic bone grinding against your clit like a pestle and mortar with every circle of his hips, the head of his cock brushing your sweetest spot over and over again.

“S-seokjin … I’m… I’m gonna cum,” you warn, digging your fingers into his scalp. He groans in acknowledgement, his breath heavy in your ear.

“Where… w-where do you want it?”

“Inside,” you answer without thought, your head falling back as the tide of pleasure begins to rise. “Cum inside me, Jin. Oh god, I wanna feel you cum!”

“Fuck!” Jin shouts, grabbing your ass so hard that it hurts.

It’s the slowest and deepest thrusts of all that finally push you both over the edge; each one dragged out as though he’s trying to savour this last few precious seconds before it ends. He’s surprisingly quiet as he cums considering how vocal he’s been so far but you can still feel how greatly he’s affected. His cock pulses and twitches long after he’s spilt every drop and it’s started to drip down the inside of your thighs - his whole body trembling and his breaths similarly shuddering.

“Jin.” You utter his name ever so softly after a minute or so has passed where neither of you has moved nor said a word. He has his forehead rested to yours, his eyelashes fluttering against his cheeks at the feel of you gently carding your fingers through his hair. “Are you okay?”

Part of you is worried that now the heat of the moment has passed Jin’s mood might suddenly crash - that he might suddenly be overcome with guilt or regret everything that’s just happened. Thankfully, when he opens his eyes and meets your gaze his smile may be small and somewhat lopsided, but at least it looks genuine.

“I’m good.” He begins the somewhat messy task of separating the two of you, adding, “Promise,’ when he sees the way you’re searching his expression to see if anything looks amiss.

Jin’s nothing but attentive as he settles your feet back on the floor and waits until you’re steady before leaving your side to collect the clothes that are strewn about the place. He grins sheepishly as he comes back and sees you reaching for the roll of paper towels by the sink, thighs clenched together to avoid dripping onto the floor.

“Sorry,” he apologises as you wipe yourself clean with a grimace, wrinkling your nose at the scratchiness of the paper against your extra-sensitive parts. “Maybe we should’ve picked a more practical location.” Jin grins as you laugh, pulling on the clothes that he hands to you.

“I’m not sure there was enough forward planning involved for that….”

“Maybe you’re right,” he laughs along, pulling up his pants and then shrugging on his shirt. He doesn’t bother doing it up, though, just leaves it hanging open as he steps towards you with his hands outstretched. Cupping your cheeks, Jin dips his head to kiss you.

“Thank you.” His voice is tight with emotion as he says it, not yet pulling away. “I think I needed that.”

“You’re welcome,” you answer easily, slipping your hands under his shirt to press your palms to the flat of his back, gently caressing. You’re relieved to feel how relaxed his muscles are beneath your hands - how slow and steady his breathing is.
“I wasn’t too rough?” You smile as Jin straightens up, his expression mildly embarrassed.


“You caught that, huh?”

“Oh yes,” you giggle, leaning back against the edge of the counter and folding your arms. “Most definitely.”

“It’s not like ‘daddy’ is much better, is it?” he teases, and as he finally starts to button up his shirt you snort out a laugh, smiling broadly. He has a point, you suppose.

Jin begins to clear up while you remain basking in the afterglow a little longer, propped up against the counter as you wait for some strength to return to your jellified legs. He hums as he collects all the bottles and glasses from the table and deposits them into the sink to wash another time, and you’re glad he seems as though he’s in a better mood now than the state in which you found him, even if it may only be temporary.

“I still think you should talk to Soo-Mi, you know,” you say after a little while, coming to stand at his side. Jin frowns at the remnants of the wine he’s pouring down the drain, and at the sight of his furrowed brow you place a soothing hand in the small of his back, kneading through his shirt. “Obviously it’s your call, but I think it’d be a shame to just let things go after all this time.”

“Maybe…” He shrugs noncommittally, sighing as he places the bottle down on the side to dry. Turning around, he very gently passes his thumb across your cheek, smiling as you lean into it. “Come on,” he says, “We should get you to bed. I’ve kept you up long enough.”

“Are you coming with, then?” you chuckle when Jin offers you his hand, slipping your fingers between his without hesitation.

“I wasn’t planning on it, but I could hardly call myself a gentleman if I didn’t at least walk you to your door, could I?” Well, you can hardly argue with that.

It doesn’t take long for you to arrive at Jimin’s door. However, Jin turns to you and takes your left hand as well, his expression earnest.

“Thank you again, for tonight,” he says, squeezing your hands good and tight. “I really enjoyed it and… I hope you did too.”

“Of course I did,” you smile, squeezing back. Could there really be any doubt?

“Of course you did,” he grins, his normal bravado swiftly re-emerging now he’s been suitably reassured. “Goodnight then, sweetheart.”

“Goodnight Jinnie.” You kiss him goodnight on your tiptoes and after one final squeeze of his hands, you disentangle your fingers from his and head into Jimin’s room, grinning at the kiss he blows your way just the door presses shut.

You’re almost pleased to find that Jimin and Yoongi aren’t home yet, your bed empty save where Nova is curled up in a ball on Yoongi’s pillow. It’s not that you’re not looking forward to seeing them, more that you know that if they were there waiting to beckon you under the duvet you wouldn’t have the willpower to resist joining them despite the shower you so desperately need.

You head to the bathroom without delay, stripping out of the clothes you’ve only just recently put back on along the way. The water’s blissfully warm and it feels amazing against the soreness Jin left
behind. You're so absorbed enjoying the heat of it seeping into your limbs, in fact, that you don't even realise you're no longer alone in the bathroom until the cubicle door opens and you feel hands upon your hips - lips brushing the back of your neck.

“I thought you'd already be in bed.” The familiar sound of Yoongi’s low, gravelly voice relaxes you instantly and you lean back against his chest, releasing a contented hum when his lithe arms wrap around your waist. “Jimin shouldn't be long. He's just speaking to Hoseok.”

“Hmm, good,” you sigh, luxuriating in the slow, soothing kisses he's trailing along the length of your neck. “I missed you.”

“I know.” You smile at Yoongi's self-assuredness, placing your hands on top of his to stop them from drifting up to fondle your breasts as you know he'd been intending. Your nipples are still far too sensitive for that thanks to all Jin's pinching and tweaking. “I missed you too,” he admits with a chuckle when you nudge him in the ribs with your elbow. “So… why are you up so late?”

Suddenly you’re beset by a rush of nerves, mouth hanging open as you search for the courage it takes to reply. You know that you need to tell Jimin and Yoongi about what's just happened with Jin, and you know that you all agreed to be honest with one another and that permission was no longer required but… what if the reality of it turns out to be more than they're able to bear? What if Jimin changes his mind?

“Jin and Soo-Mi broke up,” you begin, fiddling with fingers nervously where they rest upon your stomach, “And he was… a little bit of a mess when I got home. Found him in the kitchen busy drinking his own body weight in booze.”

“Drowning his sorrows, hm? Always a good plan,” Yoongi muses dryly, and when you turn around in his arms, wet chest to wet chest, you see the slightest of smiles tugging at his lips. “So, I'm guessing you helped him feel better, hm?” There’s something about the way one of Yoongi’s eyebrows rises and the slightly playful tone to his voice that has you blushing and glancing at your feet. Before you can say anything more or start to ramble your excuses, Yoongi graces you with a gentle kiss, soothing your anxieties. “I could smell him on your clothes, princess.”

“Ah.” You hesitate as the dark haired vampire releases you and reaches for the shampoo, lathering up his hair. “You're not mad, are you?”

“Mad? No.” He prises one eye open to peek at you, foamy suds dripping down his forehead. “If it helped then I'm glad, as long as he treated you right. It's been a long time since hyung got laid...”

“He did,” you confirm, pressing your body to his to sneak back under the water regardless of the risk of getting wayward shampoo splashes in your eyes.

“Good,” Yoongi replies once all the remaining shampoo is gone and he's passed his hands over his face, wiping the water out of his eyes. Leaning past him, you take the shampoo for yourself, squirting a generous amount into your palm.

“You think…” You glance at Yoongi who's listening attentively, his gaze straying only momentarily when your arms extend above your head and your chest bounces with the motion. “Do you think Jimin will mind...?”

“He shouldn't,” Yoongi answers quickly, “And if he does then just leave him to me.”

You have to admit, it's more than a little reassuring to know that Yoongi's got your back should Jimin decide to become jealous despite everything you agreed. Although Jimin may take the lead in
the bedroom, you know that he respects the elder vampire greatly as his *hyung*. Calm and collected, you've seen how Yoongi’s cool temper helps douse Jimin's natural fire, though in this case you really hope it won’t be necessary.

“How, let me,” Yoongi beckons, hands on your waist to turn you around so that your back is facing him and he's able to take over washing your hair, his long fingers like heaven as they massage at your scalp.

“Thank you,” you say softly, biting back a moan as he rubs firmly at your temples. You don’t just mean for the head rub, and you hope Yoongi realises that.

“Anytime princess.” The two of you fall silent for a while after that, and as Yoongi replaces the shampoo in your hair with conditioner, combing it through, it takes every bit of willpower you possess not to fall asleep while you're leant against him.

“Son of a bitch!” he suddenly exclaims causing you to very nearly jump out of your skin, head swinging round to look over your shoulder with wide and startled eyes. “I bet that bastard drank all my Barolo, didn't he!?”

Chapter End Notes

Somehow, Jin ended up a lot rougher than I had originally anticipated! lol I hope you liked it :) let me know what you thought xxx
Chapter 78

Chapter Notes

A slight POV change in this one, guys. Seems so weird writing exclusively in third person after all this long time! I hope you enjoy it - tis only a short one <3 <3

Namjoon had never intended to stay this long when he’d stepped foot into her dimly-lit studio apartment during the early hours of the morn’.

A lettings agent might describe the place as cosy but cramped would be by far the more fitting adjective. A tired looking kitchenette, a slightly off balance dresser and a barely-double bed fill what little space there is, and whilst it may be sparsely furnished Namjoon’s thankful that it’s clean. True, it’s a long way from the opulent surroundings he’s become so accustomed to, but as they say, ‘beggars can’t be choosers’.

It’d been the shade of her hair and the sway of her hips that had first drawn him to her, nothing much deeper than that. Easy on the eyes, she’d seemed equally easy prey as tipsy as she was on leaving the club in which he’d first spotted her; her looks so similar to yours as she’d danced beneath the flashing lights that he’d sworn she must’ve been your twin.

Of course, you have your differences. She’s far feistier than you. She laughs louder and longer and had had no qualms in stumbling home with a stranger on her arm, lacking your coy smiles and blush, petal pink.

“Oh fuck, Namjoon!” Her voice was rougher than yours, too, he discovered. Husky from her nicotine habit, he’d hated how harsh it sounded when she’d moaned his name; a problem easily solved by a hand wrapped around her throat. It was all too easy to pretend she was you once silenced - even easier when bent over on all fours, his jutting hipbones slamming bruises into her behind.

The strands of her hair had looked identical to yours twisted around his fingers but there’d been none of your gasps and keens when he’d grabbed in fist and tugged; none of your soft sighs or desperate moans. It’d been a simple enough task for him to conjure them into his mind, though, and your doppelganger had been all too happy to let him drag her around into any position he saw fit - to use her body to live out all the fantasies he’d been saving up for you until both were utterly spent.

He’d considered killing her, then, and tells himself he likely would’ve done had it not been for a stroke of serendipity; a lucky coincidence that benefited them both. Her apartment sits almost opposite the bar in which you work, it turns out; her large window providing the perfect perch from which to watch its patrons come and go, blissfully ignorant of any watchful eyes that may linger on their backs.

Namjoon had fallen asleep after their tryst that night with the knowledge that his preoccupation with the woman curled at his side had cost him his chance to see you, but it wouldn’t happen again. In the nights that followed, he promised himself he’d be sure to take advantage of the fortunate circumstance with which he’d been blessed.

She’d woken up late the next morning, flustered and hungover, and had been too concerned with
getting to work on time to waste any she had to spare on asking Namjoon to leave. Tugging on her coat, she’d hastily told him to make himself at home or see himself out whenever he was ready. What was hers was his it seemed, at least for the time being.

Really she was far too kind - too trusting of the stranger she’d welcomed not only into her bed but also her home. Her naivety reminded him of you, and yet he couldn’t seem to hold that against her. There were much worse things that a person could be, Namjoon supposed.

Perhaps it was an ounce of pity, too, that had meant he was allowed to stay. Maybe she was more observant than she at first seemed. Maybe she’d noticed the shabbiness of his clothes as they’d been shed, or maybe he’d too obviously enjoyed the feel of clean, soft blankets against his skin. It’d been weeks since he’d slept in a proper bed; falling asleep almost as soon as his head had met the pillow.

He’d dozed most of the day away after she’d left, rising only briefly in order to wash and dry his clothes in her machine. There was no real reason to be awake until evening fell, after all, and a quick scan of her apartment had revealed little more than a few dog-eared issues of Cosmo in the way of entertainment, none of which he had any desire to read.

When the time had come for your shift to start Namjoon had made sure he was stationed at the window, watching impatiently for your arrival with a clenched jaw and restlessly bobbing knees, his gaze flicking down the street this way and that. With each minute that passed by the more agitated he would become, rising from his seat to pace along the threadbare carpet only to pause when your insufferable colleague came into sight, entering the bar as Namjoon watched on with clenched fists.

Several minutes passed by before a roar of frustration interrupted the grinding of his teeth, hit suddenly by the awareness of an obvious oversight he’d made. You don’t work on Sundays - you never have. You wouldn’t be at the bar that night, either, and the realisation made him very nearly tear out his hair in a fit of frightful anger.

He’s no fool; Namjoon is well aware of how obsessive his behaviour towards you has become. It wouldn’t be like this if only you’d paid his warning heed and left the manor - if you’d just let him keep you safe. He wouldn’t have to watch you so closely if you were right here by his side.

Of course, the logical part of him that remains understands that after all that’s happened between you that safety is probably the last thing you’d associate with his name. But that was a mistake; a stupid, terrible mistake he’d made when driven near mad with jealousy and blinded by blood lust. He hadn’t wanted to hurt you… not really. He’d just wanted to make you see.

Back to the present, and Namjoon is only just calming down by the time he hears the door to the apartment open and her voice calling out tentatively just after. It’s evident by her wide-eyed look when she sees him sat at the foot of her bed that she’d doubted he’d still be here but she doesn’t seem dismayed by the fact; just the opposite, actually. Her face splits into a wide smile and she teases him about not being able to keep away as she places a bag of groceries down on the counter, crossing the small space to come sit on his lap as soon as he beckons her with a curl of his finger.

She may not be you but the weight of someone warm within his arms is pleasant nonetheless. She’s an outlet through which he can vent all his frustrations, one he intends to make good use of, and within minutes of her stepping through the front door Namjoon has her naked and wanting beneath him, begging for him in ways he only wishes you would. He’s rougher than is necessary when he takes her, he thinks, but that only seems to make her crave him all the more; clawing at his back and burying her face in the crook of his neck, lavishing kisses upon his skin.

She doesn’t hear him grunt your name under his breath as he cums and fills her carelessly with his
seed, too preoccupied with her own pleasure to realise that his mind is elsewhere, with someone else. Perhaps she wouldn’t care even if she did.

He wishes that his mind were able to always stay so blissfully distracted, but as soon as he rolls off of her body and onto his back it soon begins to race along to the tune of their laboured breaths. Realistically, Namjoon knows he can only remain a lodger in her apartment for so long. It'll start looking odd if he tries to linger any longer than just one more night, regardless of how hospitable she may be. Perhaps he should just remove the problem entirely. If he were to do that then he could stay as long as he likes; watch your comings and goings as much as he pleases.

Namjoon turns his head to the side and watches her for a moment, eyeing his host’s profile. Her ample chest is heaving up and down as she catches her breath following tonight’s exertions, her eyes closed and a sated smile stretching out her lips. He’s worn her out so well that he can hear the blood thumping through her veins with every bounding pulse - a sinful siren call - and the sight of her jugular throbbing beneath her skin has a famished Namjoon very nearly groaning aloud with hunger. It’s been too long since he last fed. Cast out of his home, he’s had to resort to snatching mere mouthfuls from those who least likely to remember or be believed; drunks and bums and other such undesirables. Each one has left a bad taste in his mouth, enough to stave off hunger but never truly satisfy. Part of him wonders if any blood other than yours ever will, now he’s learnt what heaven tastes like.

Unable to resist the call, Namjoon slots himself against her side and buries his head into the crook of her neck, one arm around her waist to pull her naked form flush with his. The fragrance of her perfume lingers on her skin; a somewhat spicier scent than yours but by no means unpleasant. He nuzzles into her and she laughs, unalarmed, and why should she be? She has no idea of his nefarious nature, nor how close to danger she really lies.

“You know,” she smiles, planting a kiss to the top of his head, “I hadn't really expected someone like you to be so cuddly.” Namjoon chuckles wryly in response to that and places a kiss of his own to her slender neck, tightening his grip around her waist.

“Someone like me?” he queries curiously.

“Yeah, you know; tall, dark-” Namjoon tilts his head up to meet her eyes, surprised by the warmth that greets him there. “- Devastatingly handsome.” He laughs again at the sight of her cheesy grin, tucking his head back into the gentle slope of her neck. It reminds him of something you would say; a sweet, stupid joke that’d make you blush as soon as it falls from your lips, eyes twinkling.

“I’m full of surprises,” he murmurs lowly, the timbre of his voice making her squirm a little in his arms, her thighs pressing together. If only she knew what dark secret to which he’s referring - the same secret that has him kissing his way down her jugular, lips pressed to her pulse and fangs achingly with desire.

She hums contentedly, arching her body into his and tilting her head to the side in encouragement of his affections.

“Joon…” she sighs softly and he feels her fingers running through his hair, too-long nails dragging at the roots. Her pulse begins to race with excitement and the sound of it thudding through her veins is what proves to be Namjoon’s final undoing, able to resist no longer.
His draws his lips back to bare his pointed teeth, digging his fingers into her flesh as he plunges; embedding them into her neck.

Her reaction is both uninhibited and instantaneous; her soft limbs turning rigid as agony hits like lightning and her shrieks of terror fill the apartment, bouncing off the walls. Molten copper gliding across his tongue and slipping down his throat - warm, rich and thick - Namjoon tries his best to shut them out, keeps his eyes tightly closed as he rhythmically draws his nourishment from her veins.

It’s hard, though, when he feels her tugging at his hair and then shoving against his chest, kicking her legs in a fruitless attempt to get away. All the while she’s screaming, crying, and he’s not had anyone fight him like this since he fed on you. He barely even realises the fervour with which he’d begun to feast is already waning, frowning distractedly as he sucks at her wounds and pins her to the bed with his far larger frame.

“No, stop, please!” she cries, and it feels all too familiar; all too visceral, all too raw. “Please, d-don’t!” she begs through tears, “Namjoon!”

It was a mistake to purposefully seek out someone so like you, he sees that now. As her naked body writhes in agony beneath him it’s your cries of pain rather than hers that Namjoon hears; it’s your tear-streaked face he sees behind his eyelids. Unbidden, the memory makes it feels as though his ribcage is constricting around his lungs - a sucker punch right into his sternum - and the nectar that was at first so exquisite now tastes bitter as it passes over his tongue.

He doesn’t want to remember what he did to you; doesn’t want to have to live it all over again. He never intended to hurt someone he cares about so deeply or lay yet another relationship to ruin, and yet that’s all he ever seems capable of doing, isn’t it? It’s a struggle to remember a single person that he’s loved whom he hasn’t let down; you, his parents, his brothers. Each one pains him to recall, but none so much as the first shameful failure from which all of this started; his inability to save his precious sister from a fate she’d done so little to deserve.

It should have been him. He should’ve been the one to die - to wither away in a hospital bed so she could live on and become a far greater person that he could ever hope to be. What would she make of the despicable creature he’s become? The answer is painfully obvious, really. She’d hate him, maybe even more than Namjoon hates himself, and deep down he knows he’d deserve it. There’s nothing separating him now from the monster that’d preyed on his vulnerability, used his desperation to lure him and then so cruelly inflicted him with this curse.

He’s no better than that. His betrayal of his brothers and his attacking you finally proved it once and for all. Truly, he’s little more than a monster.

The remorse that consumes him is so potent it makes him feel as though he’s drowning in the blood he’s stolen from her. He chokes on the next mouthful, the sound of your pitiful cries still ringing in his ears as he lurches away. So hard does he cough and splutter that crimson droplets splatter across her sheets like some macabre piece of art, and as he struggles to catch his breath he can hear her sobbing and scrambling to get away - a thud as she feels to the floor in her haste to flee from the demon in her bed.

“I’m sorry,” Namjoon chokes out, “God I’m so sorry.”

He doesn’t even realise the sob that follows is his own until he puts his head in his hands and tears wet his palms. His chest heaves with the weight of them, the passageways of his throat becoming raw with all the rambling apologies that follow and the heavy sobs that rip through it.

“J-just… p-please,” he hears her say in a weak and trembling voice. Namjoon looks up - her blood
drying on his lips - and is horrified by the sight that greets him; his victim cowering naked in the very
furthest corner of the room. The hand that’s pressed to her neck is stained sticky red, tears flowing
unrestrained from eyes that are wild and scared and staring. “P-please don’t hurt m-me.” She flinches
when regret hits him so hard that he has to place a hand on the bed to steady himself. “I w-won’t tell
anyone. P-please, just-just l-leave.”

Namjoon nods his head because it’s all he can seem to bring himself to do, tearing his eyes from her
and rising from the bed as if on autopilot. He scrubs the blood from around his mouth with the back
of his hand as he searches for his clothes and pulls them on, each whimper and sniffle that he hears
threatening to start his own tears anew.

He’s never felt like this before; never felt such remorse for doing what comes so naturally to his kind
save for the one occasion that he fed from you. And that’s the problem, it seems. Ever since that
time, no longer can he feed without your face appearing in his mind. He can’t enjoy it the way that
he once did, too preoccupied with the memory of the shame and the sadness that overwhelmed him
following the expulsion from his home.

“I’m sorry,” Namjoon repeats once more, his palms extended toward her as if trying to soothe a
wounded animal, placating. “I give you my word - you won’t ever see me again,” he promises,
fleeing out into the night so that he need not look again at the terrified expression that she wears upon
the face that looks so much like yours.

Stepping out onto the pavement, Namjoon stares blankly at the bar sat on the opposite side of the
street. His thoughts are bleak; longing for the day he might no longer have to feel this way - no
longer loathe himself to the very core. He knows he’s deserving of the hate he’s received - there are
numerous ways in which he’s earned it - but he’s just so... tired of it after all these years. So very,
very tired of it all.

The one singular thing that keeps him going is the desire that consumes him; to see you, to watch out
for you; to make sure you never come to the same harm again that he put you through.

Maybe, Namjoon hopes - Maybe one day he might be able to make all of this up to you.
Hello all! Forgive me if this chapter seems almost like a little bit of filler - I figured we needed a little bit of calm after all the recent. uh.. intensity lol

After this chapter, I'll be focusing my attention writing a one-shot for my friend's birthday so forgive me if the next one takes a little while to appear. Trust me, it's going to be worth the wait *grin* <3 <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You really should learn to eat your fill before climbing into bed with your lovers. Maybe then you wouldn’t be so often awakened by the sound of your growling stomach; a symptom of having been so focused on providing their nourishment that you’ve once again forgotten the importance of sustaining yourself. They’re always lecturing you for doing so, and you’re sure that if you happen to wake them now whilst you’re sneaking out of bed they’ll give you the same speech all over again.

It’s not that you don’t want to eat. Who wouldn’t, after all, what with Jin’s culinary to look forward to? It’s just that it’s all too easy to become distracted when you have two handsome vampires luring you into their clutches night after night; all seductive smiles and bedroom eyes. Sometimes it’s hard enough to remember how to breathe, nevermind anything else!

Anyway, they hadn’t seemed to mind your preoccupation so much whilst they were busy gorging themselves on you last night. They didn’t take too much, really - just enough to leave you slightly light-headed as you rise from the mattress, blinking hard as you find your balance - but their marks are plain to see; four neat puncture wounds, two on either side of your throat. Even after all this time you wear them like a badge of honour, proud to be able to provide everything that they should ever need.

You roll your eyes as Nova makes herself comfortable in the space you’ve left behind, curling up between Jimin and Yoongi with a contented flick of her tail. At least she’ll keep it warm whilst you’re gone, you suppose.

Having quickly pulled on some sweats, you make your way out into the hall and pull the door gently shut behind you, relieved that they don’t appear to have stirred. They were both out working last night so you’d rather let them sleep late if you can even though you’ve not been quite so fortunate.

The corridor is quiet as you pad along in thick socks, arms folded around your torso. You’ve had enough of winter now; longing for warmer days regardless of whether they may be nocturnal ones. Perhaps when you’re a vampire you won’t even have to worry about feeling the cold anymore. Jimin and Yoongi certainly don’t seem to.

Once you enter the kitchen you find it just as cold and quiet as the corridor, devoid of any signs of life. There’s no evidence left of your escapade with Jin just two days prior; the empty bottles that had littered the sides long since taken out to the trash. Jin had scrubbed the room from top to bottom the following day, apparently, and you reckon it’s probably a good job he did, smiling as your gaze falls on the refrigerator he’d had you pressed so firmly against. There are no dents left in the chrome - thank goodness - but there are plenty of goodies inside for you to reheat. Jin always keeps the
fridge well stocked for your benefit; just another little thing that you love him for.

It doesn’t take you long to find something that tickles your fancy, scooping out the contents into a dish and then placing it into the microwave, patting your stomach longingly as it begins to rotate inside and a low hum fills the silence that surrounds you. You lean on the counter idly as it goes round and round, wishing Nova had stretched out her fuzzy limbs to come along and keep you company.

It may be ridiculous given that the manor has been your home for so long now, but whenever you’re on your own you can’t help but feel a little on edge. Every sound seems somehow louder and more sinister without there being someone next to you to hear it too - every creak and thud adding further to the general feeling unease that plagues you even whilst knowing Jimin and Yoongi are only right down the hall. It’s stupid, you know, but it tightens your gut nonetheless.

Is this a by-product of your latest encounter with Namjoon? Probably not. You remember sometimes feeling this way when you used to live alone in your own apartment; getting jumpy for absolutely no reason at all in the absence of company. It’s a little sad, actually, now that you think about it - especially with how often that used to be the case.

“Hello, hello!” Hoseok’s cheerful voice makes you jump so violently your feet very nearly leave the floor as he comes blustering into the kitchen. He barely spares you a glance as he crosses the room, fiddling with the knot of the tie that’s looped around his neck as he goes. “Smells good,” he comments as the microwave beeps and makes you jump again, your nails very nearly embedding into the countertop as you try to steady yourself and calm the furious beating of your heart.

“W-what are you doing up?” you ask, watching on in confusion as Hoseok’s head disappears inside the cupboard he’s just pulled open. His head twists side to side as he checks every nook and cranny, tutting loudly in displeasure as he reemerges.

“I’m after some dutch courage,” he explains as he goes to the cupboard next door and repeats the process all over again only to come up once more empty-handed. “Seen any?”

“Pretty sure Jin drank it all the other night.” You remove your breakfast-slash-dinner from the microwave, stirring until all of the rice is thoroughly coated in sauce.

“So I heard,” Hoseok comments, and you’d think it was a perfectly innocent response if it weren’t for the teasing lilt to his tone and the crook of his eyebrow once you look up and meet his gaze, pausing with the spoon halfway towards your mouth.

You know by now it’s impossible to keep secrets in this house. Taehyung and Jungkook are probably well aware of it too, knowing your luck, so you can only hope that the youngest vampire won’t take it too personally that you ended up sleeping with his elder less than an hour after you turned him down.

Rather than take the bait, you chose to rise above it, widening your eyes innocently as you take your first bite and begin to chew. His grin widens, pearly white teeth on display.

“You’re a bit dressed up for a Monday night,” you observe around your mouthful, leaning back against the counter as Hoseok continues his search, sighing every time he comes up empty. “What’s the occasion?”

“Sam’s parents invited us to dinner tonight.”

Ah. Suddenly Hoseok’s quest for alcohol makes perfect sense.
As soon as you’ve finished your mouthful you’re whistling through your teeth, suitably impressed.

“Getting kinda serious, huh?” He turns back to you with a smile that looks like it contains an awful lot of jaw clenching, stifling a laugh at the thinly veiled terror you can see in his eyes. “You’ll be fine, Hobi,” you assure him nonchalantly, waving your empty fork around, “Her parents are like the nicest people in the world. They’ll love you.”

“Fingers crossed,” he says, literally holding up both hands and crossing his fingers for extra luck before returning his attention to his tie, pulling the knot undone to begin retying it all over again, eyebrows furrowed.

“How’re you avoiding the whole eating thing, anyway?” Hoseok glances up, tongue poking at the corner of his mouth in concentration.

“Sam made up some rare metabolic disorder or something,” he murmurs distractedly. “I’ll just say I’ve eaten before we got there.”

“Perks of dating a nurse, hm?”

“Don’t forget the uniform,” Hoseok replies without missing a beat, looking up at you from under his wiggling eyebrows. He earns himself another eye roll as you make further headway with your meal, already nearing full.

A natural lull in the conversation falls when you fail to dignify his statement with a response, chewing slowly as you absentmindedly watch Hoseok continue in his quest to achieve the perfect knot. It takes him two or three more tries but he gets there, in the end.

Smoothing it out to lay flat against his shirt, his expression turns suddenly serious.

“You seemed a little jumpy earlier,” he observes, “Everything ok?” You stop mid-chew, resting your fork against the edge of your bowl.

Had you really been that obvious? You’d thought he’d been far too preoccupied in his search for liquor to notice the way you’d jumped out of your skin at his arrival.

“I’m just a scaredy-cat,” you dismiss, smiling as you shrug and look down at your half-eaten meal. “That’s all.” The next time you look up Hoseok is still regarding you searchingly, his head tilted slightly to the side.

“You sure?” he persists, his eyes narrowing just a margin.

Hesitating, the pace at which you chew slows. Should you tell him about what happened the other night? Perhaps you should. Perhaps if you share your anxieties with someone it might help lessen them, and even if you do confess to Hoseok that doesn’t mean he has to go telling anyone else about it, right? Not if everything’s ok…

You finish your mouthful and turn to the sink, giving yourself time to prepare a reply as you swill your bowl with water and then gently place it down, fork clinking against the side.

“Namjoon came to the bar.” You turn around just in time to see Hoseok’s eyes widen at your statement.

“When?” he questions immediately, taking a step forward towards you.

“The last time you were with me.” The delayed guilt for not having told him before hits you
instantly when you see how confused and hurt Hoseok’s expression suddenly becomes, his mouth opening soundlessly and his eyebrows furrowing deep.

“Why didn’t you tell me...?” You fold your arms across your chest as you glance away, his accusatory tone making you feel a little defensive even though deep down you know you have no right to be.

“Because he didn’t really do anything,” you explain, “And I just... didn’t want anyone to worry.” Hoseok visibly deflates when you say that, his features softening as he sighs your name and crosses the space between you, wrapping his arms around your shoulders and pulling you into a tight embrace.

“It’s our job to worry,” he tells you gently after having placed a kiss against your temple, his lips skimming your forehead as he speaks. You unfold your arms and place them around Hoseok’s hips instead, squeezing him back. His cologne smells nice; light and fruity. “Did he speak to you?”

“He tried to,” your murmur back into his shoulder, enjoying the affectionate touch of his hand cradling the back of your head, long fingers trailing through your hair. “But Alex saw him bothering me and made him leave.”

“Good.” Hoseok pulls back enough to look at you but leaves his hands on your shoulders, studying your face as he asks, “What did he say?”

“He said I need to leave the manor and stay with him.” You worry your lip with your teeth. “That I’m not safe.” The pretty vampire before you frowns hard, his grip on your shoulders tightening. “A threat?”

“I don’t think so,” you say, shaking your head. “It didn’t really feel that way, at least. I’m not sure.”

“Hm.” Hoseok falls silent for a moment, and though he’s looking at your face it doesn’t seem like he’s really seeing you; the cogs in his mind turning. “Have you seen him again since?”

“No,” you answer quickly. Hoseok’s mouth opens, but before he has the chance to say anything you jump in, tugging lightly on his suit jacket. “Please don’t go telling the others. They’ll only go worrying over nothing-”

“-Ok but... just please don’t. If he turns up again then sure, ok but... for now, can we please just keep this between us Hobi?” you plead, giving your best puppy dog impression. “And I don’t want to quit, either.” He regards you sceptically and takes his hands off of your shoulders, running one of them through his hair instead as he takes a step back, sighing again.

“I’m not sure that’s such a good idea,” he worries with a shake of his head. “It might be best for you to just-”

“I promise I’ll tell you straight away if it ever happens again. And I’ll leave, no arguments.” You watch the uncertainty play on Hoseok’s face as he takes in your hopeful expression and your hands clasped in front of your chest like a prayer. “Please, Hobi. I promise I will.”

Another beat passes, but when Hoseok’s eyes dropped to the floor and a smile starts to tug at the corners of his lips you know you’ve already won, an answering grin appearing on your face, too.

“You do realise Jimin will kill me if anything happens to you, don’t you?”
“I know,” you nod, “But nothing’s going to happen - not with you guys watching out for me.” Hoseok smiles sweetly, taking the hand that you offer out to him and pulling you close again, his slender arm settling around your waist as he brushes a kiss against the corner of your mouth that makes your heart flutter wildly.

“It had better not.” You place two kisses of your own to his cheek - one quick and one that lingers - and you feel Hoseok sigh quietly against you before once more releasing his hold, smiling as he steps away and unlinks your fingers.

“Good luck tonight,” you tell him, and all of a sudden it’s like Hoseok remembers that there’s somewhere he’s supposed to be, pushing back his sleeve to check the time on his expensive-looking wristwatch and grimacing at what he sees.

“Shit, I’m supposed to be at Sam’s in ten.” He gives you an apologetic grin as he straightens out his sleeves, brushing down the length of each arm.

“Give her a kiss for me.”

“I will,” he promises on the way to the door, pausing when he reaches it to turn back. “Keep out of trouble, ok?” he adds in a more serious tone, pointing a finger at you.

“Only if you do,” you joke and at that Hoseok chuckles, throwing you a roguish wink.

“Don’t I always?”

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Jimin is far more awake than when you left him on your return, though you can’t quite say the same for Yoongi. The elder vampire seems to be fighting to remain asleep as he snuggles face first into the younger’s bare chest emitting a low grumbling noise of protest that is far more adorable than he would probably care to realise. Jimin gets it, though; adoration in his eyes as he curls his arm around Yoongi’s shoulders and pulls him even closer.

“Morning kitten,” he greets on your way back to bed, his usually soft voice still hoarse from sleep. “Where’ve you been wondering off to so early?”

“Breakfast.” You shed your sweats at the edge of the bed and then pull back the covers, eager to slip into the space that Jimin’s made for you on his other side, his arm extended out in welcome. He kisses the top of your head as you settle in, exhaling a contented sigh. Glancing down you see that Yoongi seems to have fallen back to sleep for now, his cheek rested on Jimin’s stomach and mouth hanging just ever so slightly ajar. “Ran into Hobi.”

“Bit early for him,” Jimin comments and you ‘hmm’ in reply, closing your eyes. His body is warmer than usual thanks to having been snuggled up in bed for so long and it makes his natural scent all the more intoxicating, luring you in to press your face into the curve of his neck, snuggling in as close as you possibly can.

“He’s meeting the in-laws tonight.” You hear Jimin chuckle breathily.

“Poor guy.”

“Nah,” you yawn, “They’re good people. He’ll be fine.” Your lover makes a non-committal noise as he noses through your hair, his fingertips trailing up and down Yoong’s back as far as he can reach.
The two of you fall silent for a little while, joining Yoongi in that space somewhere between wakefulness and sleep as you relish in the closeness you share. You really don’t expect the question that Jimin suddenly asks you a few minutes later, half wondering if you’d dreamt it.

“Kitten?” he prompts. “Do you miss them?”

You open your eyes, staring absently at the top of Yoongi’s head as you mull over Jimin’s question in search of a response.

Do you miss your parents? That’s not exactly the simplest of questions to answer.

“Sometimes… but no more now than I ever did before living with you,” you say slowly. “We weren’t close... I’d moved out as soon as I could and after that we never spoke much, so I guess it doesn’t make much difference whether I’m living here or there.” You feel one of Jimin’s hands stroke over the back of your hair, comforting.

“Do they live far?” Jimin asks quietly and in the crook of his neck, you shake your head.

“Only over the other side of town.”

“I’d like to see, y’know.” he says after a moment, “Where you grew up.” You shuffle back a little, tilting your head up to look into the dark brown of Jimin’s eyes.

“Yeah?” They crease at the corners as he smiles.

“Yeah. Where you studied…. Where you had your first kiss, first date. All the important stuff.” You laugh lightly and then lean in to brush a swift kiss against Jimin’s lips, your heart swelling with affection.

“I guess I could show you around my old neighbourhood if you really wanted?”

“As long as we don’t have to meet the in-laws as well,” Yoongi suddenly butts in from further south, his voice gravelly from only just having woken up. Looking down, you see the elder vampire prying his body off of Jimin’s with what looks like a great amount of effort, groaning all the way. He rolls onto his side, propping himself up on one bent elbow whilst the other hand busies itself pushing unruly black hair off of his forehead.

“I think they’d have a big enough heart attack if I turned up with one boyfriend, never mind two,” you laugh. Your joke earns you Yoongi’s first smile of the day, the pink of his gums showing as he chuckles. Honestly, it’s not fair how he manages to look so endearing even whilst sleep-disheveled.

“Morning.”

“Morning,” he croaks back. The two of you leaning across Jimin’s chest to press lips before he and Jimin greet each other in a similar fashion. They exchange a kiss and then Yoongi returns to reclining comfortably at the younger vampire’s side, his hand splayed out across Jimin’s abdominals, stroking absentmindedly.

“Do you have work?” Jimin asks. You shake your head. “Then we can go tonight if you like.”

“N-now?” You blink owlishly; caught off guard. You’d expected at least a little time to prepare yourself, yet know that you think about it perhaps it’d be better to get it done with sooner rather than later. At least this way you won’t have time to work yourself up over the prospect of running into any unwanted faces.

“No time like the present,” Yoongi muses as he gets up; a little rich coming from someone who was
still fast asleep just a minute ago.

“No,” you reluctantly agree as you follow suit, climbing out of bed after Jimin. “I guess not.”

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“You know, one of these days you should really learn to drive,” Jimin comments from where he’s sat in the driver’s seat, his one hand on the gear stick and the other on the wheel - his eyes fixed firmly on the road.

The three of you had made idle chit chat as you’d travelled through the fields surrounding the manor, passing through the bustling city centre and back out again into the suburbs which surround you now, and you’re glad for the distraction their conversation has provided as you draw closer to the places of your childhood.

“Can it just wait until after I’m a vampire?” you ask, all too aware of the slight whine you can hear in your tone. Sat on his lap in the passenger seat, you feel Yoongi’s chest rumble as he chuckles at your back, tightening his arms around your form in place of the seat belt you should be wearing (he’d insisted he’d be able to keep you far safer in the event of a crash than any man-made safety device, and you were far too taken with the idea of sitting on his knee to argue the point). “It should be easy then, right? With all the lightning-fast reflexes and what-not?”

“Yeah, but that’s cheating,” Jimin laughs, glancing sideways at you.

“It’s not cheating,” Yoongi disagrees in your defence, “It’d be just be making the most of a natural advantage.”

“You would say that, hyung ,” the silver-haired vampire scoffs.

“I’m not sure I appreciate what you’re implying, Jimin,” his counterpart rebuffs, and though you know he’s doing his best to sound put out you can still hear the smile that’s in Yoongi’s voice as he speaks. “And anyway, it’d only be the same as Taehyungie. If that kid hadn’t have been turned then he never would’ve passed at all.” Jimin laughs once more, his eyes almost entirely closed with the force of his amusement. To be honest, you’re not sure how he’s even able to see the road at all when he’s smiling so hard.

“Alright, fair point,” Jimin admits, and for the few minutes after that follow you think that the matter has been settled until he speaks again, forever persistent. “I still you ought to give it a try now, though. I mean, who knows how long it’s gonna be before-”

You’re not really paying attention anymore. The gaze of your eyes has been stolen through the window, passing from right to left over and over again as you take in the scenery that passes you by. It’s familiar and yet somehow different all at the same time; every tree lining either side of the road just as tall; every garden fenced and gated just as they were when you left. The paint has started to peel on some, though, and some are an entirely different colour to what you remember them being.

You’re nearing your school now. You know because the route that Jimin’s driving is the one that you used to walk to and from Sam’s house after class whenever going back to your own was too unappealing.

“It’s just round here, to the right,” you announce, interrupting whatever playful to and fro had been going on between the two of them. Nodding his head, Jimin re-focuses his attention and heeds your every direction through the twists and turns in the road that follow until a familiar bricked building comes into view on the horizon. Slowing down to a crawl, Jimin pulls up along the curb just in front
of the school gates - locked up tight for the night.

“Here it is,” you announce as Jimin lowers the passenger window so you can all get a better look, Yoongi flinching behind you as droplets of rain start to land on the matte black interior of the car. The school of your memory is a little different to the one that lays within the surrounding iron fence that semi-blocks your view; the building greyer and somehow smaller than it ever was before. Perhaps it’s the drab weather that’s making it seem so but you could’ve sworn the lawns were more colourful back in your childhood, dulled now by the passage of time.

“Your high school?” Jimin asks curiously, leaning so far forward over the steering wheel to gaze through the windshield that his bottom lifts from the seat.

“Yeah. My elementary is just around the corner from here.”

“Looks smaller than mine,” Yoongi observes, his fingers playing absentmindedly with the hem of the sweater you’re wearing.

“Probably is,” you admit, “It’s one of the smallest around here. Mum thought it’d help keep me out of trouble.” And it did, you suppose - though you can’t say the same for Sam. She probably would’ve gotten into mischief wherever her parents had sent her.

“Were you a good student?” Jimin asks as he plops back into his seat, his lips curved into an attractive smile as he twists to see you better.

“I was decidedly average,” you say with a shrug, “Not the best but certainly not the worst.” Much to your mother’s dismay. She’d probably thought that restricting your social life would help improve your grades but it’d had no such effect - you’d always been more of a jack of all trades rather than somehow who excelled at any particular subject. “What about you two?”

“Jimin was class president and valedictorian,” Yoongi informs you with a smirk before the younger vampire has even had the chance to speak. “For nine years.” Godsmacked, your head turns rapidly from Yoongi and back to Jimin who’s sat reclining in his seat and looking a little smug, truth be told.

“Seriously?”

“Seriously,” he confirms with a short nod of his head. You’d expected Jimin to be fairly popular in high school because… well… with looks like his, how could he not be? The news that he had both the beauty and the brains, however, takes you by surprise.

“I never had you pegged as the academic type.” Jimin looks mildly offended, high voice climbing in pitch as he dramatically exclaims,

“Hey! I read!”

“Yeah, I hear comic books have gotten real educational these days,” Yoongi teases in that deadpan way of his, the narrowing of Jimin’s eyes only causing his smirk to grow in response. Afraid that Jimin might lean over and wallop Yoongi if he decides to carry on, you quickly deflect away from the subject at hand.

“How about you?” Yoongi scoffs at your question, glancing briefly out of the window at the sound of a dog barking somewhere further down the street before choosing to answer.

“I was what you might refer to as a ‘selective learner.’”
“Meaning…?”

“Meaning I turned up to the lessons I was interested in and skipped the others,” he chuckles, a fond look in his eyes as he continues to recall. “There was a really nice spot right at the back of the library I used to go catch up on my sleep, right by the anatomy and physiology section.”

“You know I actually heard about you?” Jimin says suddenly, disturbing Yoongi’s brief period of reminiscing. At your confused look, he goes on to explain. “We went to separate schools but this guy’s reputation preceded him all over.”

“It did?” Yoongi asks, his expression genuinely surprised on hearing this information.

“Yeah,” Jimin laughs, passing his hand through his hair to shift it out of his eyes. “The girls were all mad for the whole quiet, brooding thing you’d got going on. Everyone figured you must be the son of a big CEO or something to get away with ditching so often.”

It’s not very often that you hear Yoongi full on belly-laugh but that’s exactly what happens when Jimin says that, his fangs on full display where they protrude from his pink gums.

“I think it was more a case of my teachers knowing a lost cause when they saw one,” he says as his laughter begins to subside and you tut, tapping him lightly on the chest for daring to speak so poorly of himself. “It’s true,” Yoongi persists. He takes a hold of your wrist and lifts your palm to his lips, kissing it. “I was diagnosed early - long before I had any symptoms. They probably just didn’t want to give me a hard time for what little time I had.”

“Maybe.” You suppose it would make sense, however depressing a theory it may be. Why force a student to study things they don’t care about when you know they’ll never get a chance to apply any of that knowledge in the future anyway?

The mood seems to dip a little then, all three of your falling silent with nothing but the radio singing quietly to itself to fill the void. It’s not uncomfortable - you’re too close for that - but there’s a weight to the air that makes your heart feel heavy. It doesn’t make sense to mourn their deaths now that they’ve been given all the time in the world to spare, yet you still can’t help but feel bad for all the pain they had to live through.

“So your parent’s house is near here?”

“Yeah, just five or ten minutes drive,” you answer quickly, eager for the distraction that Jimin’s question provides regardless of however uncomfortable the topic of your parents might be.

“Wanna go take a look?” he asks, his tone gentle enough that even though his question makes you hesitate you don’t feel pressured to answer right away, reassured by the slow curling of Yoongi’s arms around your waist and the feel of his chin settling atop your shoulder.

Honestly, you’re torn. Whilst it has been a long time and you wouldn’t mind finding out how they’re doing - albeit from afar - the thought of them inadvertently spotting you has your stomach twisting unpleasantly with nerves and swirling with indecision.

“I guess… if you want to,” you say eventually and at that Jimin nods, turning on the engine and the windshield wipers before pulling away from the curb.

You remember the way home easily even with how thick and fast the rain has begun to fall, limiting your vision to only six of seven metres ahead. It doesn’t take long for you to arrive on your street, and with a tight throat and quiet voice you ask Jimin to pull over in front of the house that sits next door to your parents’ rather than right in front so as to make your loitering less obvious.
Your old home - unlike your school - looks exactly as you remember it. The hedges are just as tall and the lawn as neatly trimmed, and just as expected at nine on a weekday evening, the only light still turned on is the one that belongs to your parent’s bedroom on the second floor. They always did like to retire to bed early; your mum to read and your dad to snooze the evening away.

“It’s exactly what I expected,” Yoongi comments from behind you and when you turn your head to fix him with a questioning look he smiles. “It’s so… quaint. All it’s missing is the white picket fence.”

“We were hardly the brady bunch.”

“Still,” Jimin chimes in, “It looks nice.”

“It was, most of the time.” Certainly when you were younger, anyway. Back when you were less likely to rock the boat or argue back. “We-”

The sudden appearance of your father in the bedroom window halts whatever it was you were planning on saying - wiping the words completely from your mind. With the curtains open and the lights on, he’s easily seen from where you’re sat in the darkness outside; dressed from head to toe in plaid pyjamas you still recognise from years gone by, surely fraying at the edges by now. He looks as though his hair has greyed a little more at the sides since your last saw him, too, the circles under his eyes just a little bit darker.

“Your dad?” Yoongi asks cautiously, the gentle up and down motion of his hand along your arm soothing and kind.

“Uh-huh… y-yeah.” You struggle to answer - sniffling as you reply - and it’s as you force out a response that you realise the tears you’ve been holding back ever since you pulled up outside now falling, trickling unwantedly from each of your eyes. You’re not even sure why you’re crying, just that you can’t seem to make the tears stop.

“Hey,” Jimin hushes, leaning across the centre console of the car and taking your hands in one of his, cupping your cheek in his other. “It’s alright, it’s ok.”

“I know,” you choke out, but when the curtains to your parent's bedroom close and your dad disappears from sight you only cry harder. “I d-don’t even know why I’m so-oh up-upset.”

“That’s alright, you don’t need a reason,” Yoongi murmurs softly as he places a kiss amongst your hair. Together, your lovers comfort you as you cry, wiping your tears with calm and loving words till you’re able to stem the tide and snuffle away your runny nose, half-crying and half-laughing with embarrassment over your unexpectedly emotional outburst.

“I guess… I guess it just hit me that I might never see them again,” you explain, wiping your tear-stains away with sleeves of your sweater, “And I know it’s not like we’ve ever been close but they’re still family and once I… once I’m like you… then it’ll be like I’ve not got any family at all.” Saying it out loud makes you very nearly start crying again and you press your lips together to keep it from happening, looking down at your lap.

“Gongjunim ,” Yoongi says, his voice kind yet firm all at once as the tip of his finger presses to the underneath of your chin. He lifts your face and tilts it so you’re forced to look at him, his dark eyes soft and full of love as he regards you. “You know that’s not true. Me and Jimin-” You glance at the younger vampire whose hand is rested on your knee, head nodding along. “Everyone one of us. We’re all your family now.”
“You are?” You hear Jimin laugh quietly beside you and when he leans over to softly kiss your cheek your eyes fall closed, your insides filling with warmth.

“Of course,” Jimin assures you, and when you open your eyes and look back at him you see nothing but sincerity shining back at you - not from just Jimin, but from Yoongi too.

Pulling you back into the centre of his lap, Yoongi nuzzles his face against the back of your neck, breath cold as he mumbles,

“C’mon… Let’s get you home.”

Chapter End Notes

As always, thanks to all of you; the loyal readers and the new ones, those who are silent and those who leave comments. I really appreciate all your support :D
Perhaps it’s just paranoia that has you assuming the groan that wakes you must be one of pain.

Deep and throaty it draws you from slumber, your heart rate spiking and your eyes springing open as instinct demands. Frantically they search the room - corner to corner, ceiling to floor - but when a second moan lures your gaze to the vampire lay at your side you quickly realise that the sounds you’d heard weren’t those of pain. By the look on Yoongi’s face, you’d guess it was just the opposite.

His eyes are pressed tightly closed, a slight frown between his brows as his head tips back into the pillow, and whilst all those features might still lead you to believe he’s in discomfort, it’s the open gaping of Yoongi’s mouth that tells you otherwise. From it fall breathy, stilted gasps; the pink of his tongue peeking out to moisten dry, parted lips.

Half-asleep, your sluggish mind is a little slow in making sense of it all. It takes longer than it should for you to note Jimin’s absence from the space where he usually sleeps to your right, only putting two and two together once you register the large lump under the covers that rests halfway down Yoongi’s shuddering supine form, right over where his crotch should be.

It doesn’t take a genius to figure out what might be going on underneath - not if the guttural moan that Yoongi’s biting back is anything to go by - and when the duvet is suddenly pulled back all your suspicions are proven to be true.

The sight of Jimin’s plush lips wrapped tight around Yoongi’s cock very nearly knocks the breath out of you; beset by arousal so potent that your core instantly begins to ache. He’s diligent in his task; slow but painstakingly thorough. Jimin takes the elder vampire deep within his mouth, moaning when he reaches his limit and then draws back, sucking so hard his cheekbones appear sharp enough to cut glass. Over and over again Jimin does this as you lay there frozen, unable to look away from the erotic scene before you. He looks more incubus than vampire; a silver-haired embodiment of sex and of sin.

As if he can feel the weight of your stare, Jimin’s eyes suddenly open. His dark gaze falls on you immediately, and though his mouth may be full you can still see his smirk in the way his eyes seem to glimmer. It makes you burn all the hotter, forced to bite down on your bottom lip to keep back a groan as Jimin sticks out his wicked tongue and laves it slowly from side to side across Yoongi’s sensitive tip.

Unfortunately, he isn’t quite so successful at holding back his sudden, gasping moan as you had been.

“Careful, baby,” Jimin warns, drawing back for just a moment, and though he's addressing his elder his gaze remains fixed on you. He places a soft kiss to the inside of Yoongi’s thigh that has the elder vampire's cock bobbing up off of his stomach. “We wouldn't want to wake her, would we?” The smile he casts as you is devilish, revelling in this game he's decided you'll play.

“N-no,” comes Yoongi’s breathy reply, gasping softly as Jimin takes him in hand. Jimin speaks with the tip pressed to his fleshy lips, torturing the other.
“Want me all to yourself, hyung?” Jimin squeezes Yoongi's cock firmly, milking out pearl of pre-cum that he relishes in lapping up with the flat of his tongue. Shakily, Yoongi confesses a yes.

Some small, petty part of you wonders if you should be bothered by his admittance - whether you should feel jealous that Yoongi (as Jimin so aptly put it) wants him ‘all to himself’. Perhaps if your relationship with the both of them was less loving then you might be, but that certainly isn't the case. Their love for each other doesn't make their love for you any less significant. If anything you're glad for them to have this moment; god knows it's been a long time coming.

Content to simply watch, you carefully roll onto your side to get a better view, smiling shyly under Jimin’s stare. You're not ignorant of how wet you've become, nor the way it smears between the tops of your thighs as you move, slick and warm. Your nipples are sensitive too; already hard long before you reach under the covers to stimulate them, rolling and pinching them through the fabric of your clothes. Jimin licks his lips hungrily as you push back the duvet just enough for him to watch you work, sinking his mouth back down onto Yoongi's cock as you firmly squeeze your breast, head tipping back.

You can only imagine how good Yoongi must feel as Jimin works him over with his hand and his tongue. They work in tandem, Jimin's eyes finally falling closed again as he concentrates his efforts, sucking and slurping at Yoongi's cock, the saliva leaking from the corners of his mouth only better lubricating the glide of his hand.

Your hand is similarly soiled, fingertips wet as you tease yourself with featherlight touches between your legs. The t-shirt of Jimin's that you wore to bed has ridden up around your middle but your core remains hidden beneath the duvet, one leg bent for better access and every brush of your digits has you keening with pleasure, yearning for more.

“J-Jimin!” Yoongi suddenly gasps as the younger vampire picks up speed, the wriggling of his tongue evident against the inside of his hollowed cheeks. Up until now Jimin has had you focused entirely on him but when Yoongi cries out again - so irresistibly desperate and needful - your dark-haired lover recaptures your attention.

He looks beyond wrecked; eyes closed, head turned to face you and both hands grasping the pillow tight. Though his mouth may be open no sounds are coming out save each ragged, laboured breath he takes, and when Jimin hums around his cock Yoongi's hips lift off the mattress, pushing deeper down his lover's throat.

“S-shit,” he gasps, picking his head up off the pillow. His eyes open but all Yoongi sees is Jimin, gaze fixed forward as he reaches down and takes hold of the back of Jimin's head; long, slender fingers knitting through silver hair. You watch Yoongi tongue at the corner of his mouth as he pants, pushing down to encourage Jimin's bobbing, sucking slow and deep with his lips pulled taut.

Jimin's eyes open, his gaze unwavering as he looks up at Yoongi past thick, dark eyelashes, and the sight of him sends lust flowing hot and thick through your veins. It pools between your legs and makes your clit throb and swell beneath your fingertips, but for Yoongi the effect is even more potent.

His head is thrown back into the pillow, the veins in his neck bulging his body arches with pleasure, curses falling from his lips.

“Jimin… you-” He struggles to speak, fighting a losing battle against the sensations that have rendered him so tongue-tied. “Just- oh god.” Yoongi's fingers flex in Jimin's hair, uncertain whether they're urging him on or begging him to stop.
Yoongi's biting down on his bottom lip as his abdominals visibly tense, surely nearing his end when Jimin abruptly calls off his assault. He releases Yoongi from his mouth with an obscene ‘pop’, allowing his lover a brief reprieve to catch his breath as Jimin comes to lay at Yoongi's side.

His dark eyes briefly meet yours as he leans over in to press his smirking lips to Yoongi's in a kiss that's eagerly received. Yoongi clings to Jimin as his weeping cock is subjected to such endless pleasure; Jimin's palm wrapped tight and moving in slow, purposeful strokes that have Yoongi groaning deep into the younger vampire's open, hungry mouth.

“More,” Yoongi groans between their sloppy kisses, his lips wet with Jimin's saliva. You're glad to the slick sounds their mouths make - it covers that of your fingers as you push them inside yourself, unable to resist the temptation any longer.

“More?” Jimin smiles against the weak slant of Yoongi's jaw, nipping at it playfully. “More what?”

Yoongi struggles to reply, his breath catching as Jimin lips travel lower. They latch on to Yoongi’s tender throat, sucking at his flesh with all the ferocity he would to feed.

“Your fingers…” Yoongi pleads, “Please, Jim- ah!” A flick of the younger vampire’s wrist is all it takes to render Yoongi speechless again, a deep frown creasing his brow as his head tosses to the side away from you, hiding pained his expression.

“You want them inside you, baby?” Jimin taunts, glancing over at you with a salacious grin that you delight in making falter when his gaze is drawn to the motion of your hand beneath the blankets. He licks his lips, his jaw tensing as he drags his attention back to the task at hand.

Letting go of Yoongi’s stiff and swollen cock, Jimin presses two fingertips to Yoongi’s lips to gently ease them open.

“Suck,” he commands, and Yoongi is as eager as ever to comply. He lifts his head up off the pillow and draws Jimin’s index and middle finger inside his mouth right down to the deepest knuckle, not in the slightest bit ashamed of the wanton way he moans around them. “That’s it,” Jimin encourages, crooking his fingers to press down on Yoongi’s tongue and force his mouth open. “Nice and wet.” You have to fight back a moan when Yoongi opens his eyes to stare back into Jimin’s; the very epitome of submission.

“Good boy,” Jimin whispers as he withdraws his digits. Yoongi’s head is forced back into the pillow when Jimin kisses him long and slow and hard and slips his hand further down between his lover’s legs. “Is this what you want? Right here?” Yoongi merely whimpers in reply, his back arching, and god how you wish you could see exactly what was going on - see exactly for how long Jimin teases at Yoongi’s rim before pushing one finger inside.

Luckily for you, Yoongi’s sudden outcry makes it obvious when he does.

“A-ahh!” he exclaims, grabbing at Jimin’s shoulderblade as his face contorts with a distinctive mix of pleasure and pain. His muscles are so tense that he’s almost trembling, but you know from first-hand experience that Yoongi is in good hands. Jimin can be gentle with his persistence, when necessary.

Your own fingers match Jimin's pace as he slowly coaxes the elder vampire open, swallowing up the sounds that Yoongi’s making in a series of seemingly endless kisses. There’s little sense of urgency as they savour one another, and as seconds turn into minutes all the tension in Yoongi’s body gradually melts away.
Envy has you licking your lips with want; craving your lovers’ touch so badly that you struggle to hold yourself back from reaching out in search of their love and affection. You do it, though - for them - and focus instead on pleasing yourself in their stead, closing your eyes and imagining Jimin’s fingers in place of yours. It’s woefully inadequate but you’re so aroused that even whilst deprived of the visual, the sound of their love-making alone is enough to push you closer to the edge.

From what you can hear, Yoongi must also be getting close. He’s keening and gasping with every thrust of Jimin’s fingers and by the time you open your eyes and turn your head to the side even the bed frame has begun to creak. Yoongi’s rolled over, hooked his leg over Jimin’s hip, and every time Jimin drives his fingers deep Yoongi ruts forward in reply, his cries increasingly more desperate with every brush of his cock against Jimin’s stomach.

“Jimin!” His voice trembles with Jimin’s mouth on his neck, fisting his hands into silver hair as two fingers turn into three. “I… oh god!” He’s near rambling, almost incoherent with pleasure, but the words he says next come so unexpected that there’s no way you could ever mistake them. “Fuck me, Jimin,” he begs, “Please - just - god - fuck me.”

Despite Yoongi’s groans of protest, the motion of Jimin’s fingers comes to an abrupt and complete stop - and so do yours. Pulling them free, he looks up from where he’d been planting kisses into the crook of Yoongi’s neck, his eyes wide with surprise.

“... Are you sure, hyung?” he asks softly, so stunned that his dominant persona is completely forgotten for the time being. His gaze flickers back and forth across Yoongi’s face, searching for any sign of hesitance but finding only lust-blown pupils and a shy, beguiling smile that’s wiped away when Yoongi wraps both his arms around Jimin’s neck and pulls him down into a kiss. It’s surprisingly tender - vulnerable - and once again you’re struck by just how wrong you were to ever suspect that Yoongi might be someone distant or cold.

“Not really,” Yoongi admits once their lips part. Both their eyes remain closed, and as Yoongi speaks Jimin circles the tip of his nose slowly against Yoongi’s in a gesture that is almost painfully sweet. “But I want this. I want you.”

Jimin kisses Yoongi again and cradles the elder vampire’s cheek in his palm as he whispers back a short and simple, “Ok.”

It’s only once Jimin starts to strip himself of his clothes that you come back to reality - so caught up in watching everything unfold that you’d almost forgotten yourself entirely. Having already been topless, it doesn’t take long for Jimin to yank off his sweat pants and once he’s naked he’s quick to slot his body between Yoongi’s spread legs and dive in for another kiss; hotter, deeper and hungrier than before. His pelvis is already rocking into Yoongi’s, and it’s only now once Jimin, too, is receiving some stimulation, that you realise how far gone he is. His cock is leaking all over Yoongi’s stomach - so hard he looks thick to burst - and he moans unreservedly into the kiss that they share as Yoongi pushes back up against him, his fingers in Jimin’s hair.

Keen to make yourself useful in some way, you’re quick to roll over and retrieve the lube from where it’s stashed in the drawer of the bedside table. You’re less concerned about being quiet now, convinced that Yoongi must know by this point that there’s no way you could still be asleep, especially given how loud things are getting now that they’re on the brink of being intimate for the very first time. As you turn back, Jimin releases a deep groan that has you blushing from head to toe once you realise its cause.

Yoongi has his hand wrapped around both his and Jimin’s cock, stroking them both in tandem as
Jimin rolls his hips forward and his head tips back with ecstasy.

“Baby…” he groans, bangs falling into his eyes as his head tips forward again and Yoongi steals another kiss, the pace of his strokes increasing. “Yoongi, baby, you’re gonna make me cum if you don’t stop and-” He bites down on Yoongi’s lip and tugs, making the dark-haired vampire gasp and arch. “- and fuck - I wanna cum inside you.”

You begin to touch yourself again at Jimin's declaration; more fervently this time around. You’re propped up against the headboard, legs flopped wide open so that if either of them were to glance to the side they’d easily see you sat there, dripping all over your fingers and rubbing at your clit.

“Oh please,” Yoongi moans, the thought of it so overwhelming that it has his expression crumpling into an exquisite frown. He lets go at Jimin’s request, though - raising his arm above his head so that it lays beside him on the pillow, fist clenched.

It never ceases to amaze you how differently Yoongi will act when he’s one on one with Jimin compared to the way he behaves when he’s with you. Whilst he’s never been as dominant as Jimin, the pliant, soft and vocal vampire spread open on the mattress isn’t one that you’re familiar with. He’s romantic with you, yes - tender, most definitely - but he’s still very much in control. With Jimin, the exact opposite is true. Yoongi’s left himself open and vulnerable; submitted to everything exactly as he agreed he would.

Perhaps that’s why you can see his body trembling slightly beneath Jimin’s, or why he’s worried at his lips between kisses till they’re a bright, cherry red.

“Do you want to turn over?” Jimin asks, sitting back onto his heels for just a moment and running his hands up and down Yoongi’s thighs in a way that’s more soothing than erotic. “Or-”

“No,” Yoongi replies quickly, shaking his head where it remains on the pillow. His voice wavers as he speaks, obviously nervous. “No… I-” He glances away from just a moment, taking a breath. “-I want to be able to see you.” Kindly, Jimin smiles, his head cocking to the side as he looks down on Yoongi’s who’s practically squirming with embarrassment.

“Ok.” He picks up the lube from where you’d left it beside them and for just a moment your eyes meet. Jimin takes in your fucked out expression and the way you’re biting your lip, and somehow you just know that he’s silently asking if you’re ok - that you’re not feeling too neglected. You nod swiftly then let your head rest back against the wall, smiling back in reply to the fond smile he gives you, nothing but love in his eyes.

“Ok baby,” he repeats again, turning his attention back to Yoongi and squeezing at his thigh. He pops open the lid of the lube and squirts a generous amount onto his fingers before tossing it back onto the bed, leaning forward and bracing all his weight on one forearm as their lips connect again. His hand disappears between their bodies but you can still tell the moment he begins to smear the cold gel around Yoongi’s rim by the way the elder vampire’s body suddenly tenses, buttocks clenching atop the mattress.

“So tight,” Jimin praises against the other’s lips. “Gonna feel so good around my cock, baby.” There’s more movement between them as Jimin coats himself with lube, and you bite your lip in anticipation as Yoongi bends his legs and lifts his feet from the bed, hooking them over Jimin’s hips.

His breath hitches and his eyes press shut, his fingertips pitting Jimin’s biceps with how tight he’s gripping on as the blunt tip of Jimin’s cock brushes against his entrance.
“Breathe for me.” Jimin's voice is so very soft - surprising given how tight his jaw is clenched - and on his command, Yoongi releases the breath he’d been holding. Jimin takes that as his cue to continue and for once he’s uncharacteristically cautious in his movements, his eyes trained carefully on Yoongi’s face as he begins to push inside.

“Fuck,” Yoongi grits out, his discomfort plain to see as his body struggles to accommodate the girth that Jimin is blessed with, and on noticing his pain the younger vampire is quick to try and soothe it. He halts the forward motion of his hips and banishes any space left between their bodies, joining their lips, and it makes your chest ache to see the way Jimin's hands seek out Yoongi's on either side of the pillow.

He links their fingers together as they kiss, squeezing.

“K-keep going.” Yoongi’s voice is shaking but it’s not lacking in conviction, his gaze steady as he looks up into Jimin’s eyes. Jimin says nothing but he does as Yoongi asks, no longer faltering at the way Yoongi’s sharp inhale hisses from the burn and the stretch.

You watch every inch with bated breath, empathising all too well with the feelings Yoongi’s experiencing; the overwhelming fullness, the intimacy, the closeness. By the time Jimin’s pelvis sits flush with Yoongi’s you’re panting almost as hard as they are, enraptured by just how perfect they look together with Yoongi’s small, delicate limbs wrapped around Jimin’s sturdier frame.

They stay like that for what feels like forever; lost in a kiss and each other. Every so often Jimin’s hips will circle or shift - not thrusting but simply unable to keep still with Yoongi’s tight heat wrapped around him - and the elder vampire will release the sweetest little whimpers into Jimin’s mouth. You feel every one of them right between your legs and soon enough you’re starting to make sounds of your own, groaning softly as you gently pleasure yourself to their image.

“Can I?” Jimin asks and Yoongi nods into their next kiss.

Slowly - ever so slowly - Jimin starts to move, and with every stroke he pulls back just a little more before pushing back inside, easing his lover into it. Yoongi’s breath hitches each time but it’s clear that he’s starting to enjoy himself, and soon enough he’s bringing his knees back closer to his chest to encourage Jimin to go deeper, squeezing his Jimin’s fingers where they remain locked between his own.

“F-faster,” Yoongi groans out as soon as he’s able. The frown lines of pain etched into his forehead have completely disappeared, wiped away by the pleasure that has his mouth hanging slack, lips parted.

“Sure?” Jimin checks, lifting his head from where it’d been nestled in the crook of Yoongi’s neck. Eyes closed in bliss, he replies without hesitation.

“Yes.” Jimin’s next stroke is a little firmer - the grind of his hips a little more insistent where he pauses with his cock buried deep inside - and the sound that Yoongi makes in response is almost a choke. “Fuck, yes, I’m sure,” he says, and that’s all that it takes to make Jimin finally succumb to his baser urges.

With a growl of desire, he gives Yoongi what they’ve both wanted for so very long. He straightens his arms to suspend himself above Yoongi, biceps bulging, and whilst that means that they can no longer kiss Jimin is now able to control the exact amount of weight he puts behind his thrusts - an advantage he puts to good use. Whilst Yoongi writhes beneath him he gradually ups the pace, his jaw clenched tight with the effort it takes for him to keep hitting one particular spot that has Yoongi quickly unravelling, crying out without an ounce of self-restraint.
It’s not as though you’d say Yoongi was a particularly quiet lover before but not once have you ever heard him make sounds like this. His voice is almost unrecognisable as he mews and gasps and keens - more submissive than you could have ever imagined him to be - and this just spurs Jimin on, his strokes becoming so brutal that you can near feel them yourself.

“Look at me,” he demands of Yoongi, his teeth and fangs bared as he fucks his lover into the mattress, and Yoongi tries to obey, he really does. You witness the way he tries to pry his eyes open just to have them snap shut again the next time the seat of Jimin’s lap slaps against his ass, but the pleasure is too great. As his head tilts back into the pillow, calling out Jimin’s name, his eyelids shut tight. “*Look at me,*” Jimin snarls, and when Yoongi won’t comply he unlinks their hands and takes hold of the older vampire’s ass instead, rising up onto his knees and pulling Yoongi with him, his back arching off the mattress, feet dangling limply in mid-air.

You jump and gasp as Jimin strikes his palm against Yoongi’s buttock sharply and then digs his fingertips into the handprint he’s left behind. Trembling, Yoongi finally meets Jimin’s gaze, and as you watch the dangerous smirk that curls Jimin’s lips you increase the pace which with you fuck yourself with your fingers, panting with arousal.

“This is what you wanted, isn’t it baby?” Jimin asks as he uses his grip on Yoongi’s buttocks to drag him down onto his cock with every upward thrust of his hips. “Wanted to watch me while I fuck you. Watch how good I make it look.” Yoongi says nothing but now he’s looking at Jimin like he can’t seem to stop, and when his tongue sweeps out to wet his lips it does something to Jimin - makes him let his head fall back and shut his eyes, relishing in how sweet it feels to finally fuck his prettiest hyung.

“So good,” Yoongi chokes out before biting down harshly into his own bottom lip, his abdominals tensing as he reaches back to grab fistfuls of his own hair - *So f-fuck-ah!* - but they don’t stay there for long. With every thrust Yoongi’s needy cock has been bouncing, slapping back against his stomach until he finally reaches down and grasps it in his palm, stroking along in time to Jimin’s frantic rhythm before it’s brutally shoved away and pinned above his head.

“No.” Jimin’s voice is little more than a growl as he lets his torso sink down and manipulates Yoongi’s lithe body exactly as he wants; his knees hooked over Jimin’s shoulders, the globes of his buttocks sat centrally in Jimin’s lap as he continues to drive his cock deeper and deeper inside. “If you’re gonna cum,” he grits out, slamming Yoongi’s hand back against the pillow once again to emphasise his point, “It’ll be on my cock or not at all.” Jimin’s incensed, his expression so feral it’s like he wants to tear the other vampire apart, and faster and faster he goes as he pushes both of them closer to the edge, together.

You’re nearing there yourself, slumped back into the pillow with your fingers covered in your own juices; one hand in your pussy and the other rubbing tight circles into your clit. Your chest is heaving, cheeks flushed, thighs shaking from how badly you want to cum. You won’t, though. Not yet. Not without them.

“Wish you could see, baby,” Jimin huffs out, breathless now, voice tight. “Fuck, you should see how perfect your pretty little ass looks stuffed full of my cock.”

“G-god, Jim-”

“Did you think it’d feel this good, hyung, when you were fucking yourself thinking of me? Huh?” Jimin’s mouth is running away with him, spewing filth despite knowing Yoongi is long past the point of being able to reply, and the more he talks the closer you’re getting, your walls tightening around your fingers like a vice.
“Gonna-ah-I-” Yoongi’s so wrecked it almost sounds as though he’s begging, shouting out when Jimin suddenly leans in and sinks his teeth into his neck, breaking through the skin. He’s there for barely a second - certainly not long enough to feed - but despite this Jimin doesn’t hold back from doing it a second time, driving his fangs into Yoongi’s shoulder. You feel your skin tingle with the phantom sensation of it, moaning with longing as Jimin rears up with a gasping inhale, sweat dappled across his brow. “Fuck, Jimin.” Yoongi’s body is shaking, his head falling to the side so you’re able to see a perfect ring of teeth marks marking his neck, his lack of pulse causing it to barely bleed at all.

“You gonna cum for me, baby?” Jimin grunts, turning his head to place a fleeting kiss to the inside of Yoongi’s thigh. “Gonna cum all over yourself like a good little slut for daddy, aren’t you?”

“Shit!” Yoongi shouts, his voice ripping through his throat, and then he’s cumming just as hard and as fast as Jimin said. His cock twitches and bobs with every single spurt, thick white cum landing all over his torso; the base of his neck first and then his chest, his abs, and finally oozing out in weak pulses where his cock lays spent against his stomach, throbbing with the aftershocks.

Jimin isn’t far behind and despite how blindsided you were to hear Jimin refer to himself as ‘daddy’ with someone other than you, so are you.

“Oh shit, baby,” Jimin groans wantonly, greedily eyeing the soiled canvas of Yoongi’s skin, and despite how sensitive he must be Yoongi seems in no hurry to discourage frantic rutting, still pushing back with every thrust.

“Cum on me,” he suddenly announces, “Jimin, cum on me,” and Jimin is too far gone to care about whether he’s giving it too easily to the others demands. He pulls back, Yoongi’s legs falling from his shoulders and flopping open wide so that Jimin is able to kneel between them, frantically stroking himself to completion as he mutters curses under his breath.

When Yoongi starts to rub his own cum into his slowly softening cock - fondling himself and moaning as he does it, heavy-lidded - it proves to be both yours and Jimin’s undoings. You don’t see Jimin cum because you can’t keep your eyes open with the strength of the orgasm that takes hold of you, shaking you to your core, but you certainly hear it.

His cry mingles with your own as it hits, his breathing just as ragged and racing as yours as it subsides, and when you open your eyes - vision blurry around the edges as you turn your head to the side - you see that Jimin’s made his own contribution to the artwork across Yoongi’s chest. Ropes of his cum decorate the elder vampire’s skin and Yoongi looks nothing but blissful as slowly runs his fingers through it, smearing it all over.

Perhaps you should’ve picked up on Yoongi’s appreciation for it sooner; he’s always seemed particularly fascinated with watching his release dribble out of you whenever both he and Jimin have had their way - with fingering you into another orgasm whilst it’s still warm inside.

You’re so transfixed with watching the motion of Yoongi’s gorgeous hands gliding across his body that you almost don’t hear Jimin the first time he calls your name, jumping at the second. You meet Jimin’s gaze with wide eyes, heart racing once you realise that Yoongi, too, is now looking your way.

“Good morning, kitten,” he smiles, sitting back on his heels and nodding his head in Yoongi’s direction. “Care to help us clean up?”

Feeling a little numb, you dumbly nod your head before clambering up to kneel at Yoongi’s side, your thighs quivering. A glance at Jimin has him raising an eyebrow at you in expectation, smirking,
whereas Yoongi is all sleepy expression and soft eyes. He smiles warmly at you, raising a cum-covered finger to your lips and groaning happily when you take it into your mouth and suck, the noise reverberating deep in his chest. The flavour of your lovers on your tongue has you seeking out more as soon as his finger is withdrawn, obediently leaning over and lowering your face to Yoongi’s stomach the lap up the mess they’ve left behind. You relish the feeling of their eyes on you, throbbing dully between your legs.

With the flat of your tongue tracing Yoongi’s ribs, you feel a hand encroach on the back of your thigh. It glides upwards, tickling as it goes, and when fingertips part your folds and begin to explore, Jimin hums in appreciation of what he finds.

“Seems like you’ve made a mess all of your own,” he teases, withdrawing his fingers for just moment - no doubt to inspect them. “You enjoyed watching us, kitten?”

“Mmhmm,” you hum as you lick across Yoongi’s chest and up his sternum, preening when you feel a hand that must belong to Yoongi come to rest on the back of your head to play with your hair.

“Dirty girl.” Jimin swats his palm against your ass but there’s no strength behind it; a playful slap, nothing more. You’re nearing the end of your task when he slips his fingers between your legs again and this time he presses the both of them straight inside, crooking them downwards to press hard against your swollen g-spot. Gasping, the strength of it very nearly has you falling forward into the crook of Yoongi’s neck, face first into the bite marks that Jimin left behind.

“Ah,” Jimin croons as he begins to pleasure you in earnest and Yoongi, using the grip that he has on your hair to gently coax your mouth towards his. He kisses you through all your groans and gasps, licking the lingering flavour of cum right off of your tongue. “But you’ve been so patient, haven’t you? So good.”

Your knees threaten to give out when a sharp pinch to your nipple has pleasure jolting down your spine and squeezing Jimin’s fingers tight, having to reach out to support yourself with one hand braced against the mattress to avoid collapsing as Yoongi begins to fondle and knead your breast.

“And I’ve worked up quite the appetite, kitten,” Jimin informs you, his smile evident in the tone of his voice. “Haven’t you, hyung?” Yoongi’s lips slip away from yours, glossy with saliva as he looks up at you from beneath his lashes and mutters,

“Definitely.”

Jimin slides his fingers from your core and the loss leaves you aching despite all the pleasure that’s come before, whining softly as he strokes his hand down the length of your spine.

“Roll over for us,” he instructs and instantly you comply, turning around and sinking back into your previous spot amongst the pillows to lie flat. Goose pimples rise across your naked skin as you look from one vampire to another as they move, swallowing thickly at the predatory look in their eyes, and before you know it they’re both upon you; Jimin between your legs and Yoongi pressed to the length of your side. The former shoves at your thighs and holds them apart as his lips and teeth and tongue find your centre whilst Yoongi busies himself with littering your skin with hungry kisses; your neck, your breast, your stomach.

Yoongi works his way down as Jimin feasts from you, his wicked tongue licking into your core with such relish that it has your legs jerking on either side of his head and your toes curling into the mattress with ecstasy. Soon, Yoongi joins him there, and it’s almost more than you can bare as Jimin forces your legs even further back and Yoongi begins to lick at your clit with the tip of his tongue in quick, tight circles.
“Delicious as always,” Jimin hums against your folds, his breath cold enough that it has you shivering at it brushes past the wetness of your core. “But daddy’s still hungry, kitten.” His kisses drift from your centre and Yoongi fingers take the place of Jimin’s tongue as the younger vampire seeks out the juiciest, thickest part of your inner thigh. He squeezes it roughly, calling your blood to the surface, and you know what’s coming before you even feel the points of his fangs prick your flesh.

Your pulse pounds in your ears as your blood begins to rush, heart rate accelerating with excitement just in time for the first bite, and as he slices into your tender skin you release a loud and wanton moan at the sudden and all-consuming bliss that washes over you. Jimin’s soft mouth latches onto the wound, gluttonous in the fervour with which he feeds, and the sensation of him sucking and Yoongi’s pumping in and out of your core is just too much - too intense.

“Ah!” you gasp, reaching out to grasp at Jimin’s hair as Yoongi wriggles his tongue against your clit and then purposefully catches it with his teeth, chuckling lowly as your hips buck up and you sharply inhale.

“You smell so good, princess,” Yoongi tells you as he lifts his head, licking his lips as he fixes you in his gaze. You can hear Jimin humming with pleasure as he leisurely laps at the bite marks he’s made as your wounds continue to ooze, and your eyes follow Yoongi’s as he watches the other vampire, his pupils dilating at the sight of Jimin’s tongue smearing blood all over the inside of your thigh. Yoongi swallows hungrily as he commits the image to memory - so distracted by it that his fingers momentarily fall still.

“Bite me, Yoongi,” you encourage breathily, knowing that that’s what he desires most, and the sound of your voice brings him back to the present, swallowing heavy as he looks back to you and registers the want in your eyes. You crave it: the euphoria that follows the pain. “Please,” you whimper when he hesitates, wriggling your hips with his fingers still inside, and Yoongi needs no further encouragement than that, striking quick and hard.

His fangs gouge into the flesh of your hip with a deep growl of satisfaction, brutal in his both his bite and the roughness which he fucks you with his fingers, hard and fast and with flawless precision, and the rapture that follows is both swift and merciless. Pleasure clouds your mind, your head beginning to spin as Yoongi drinks from you slow and deep, groaning between his audible swallows, and just when you think you can’t take anymore Jimin bites again without warning into your opposite thigh.

You’re so out of it you don’t even think to inform them of your impending orgasm - not sure they’d even hear you with how preoccupied they are. You let it wash over you instead, closing your eyes and biting your lip as the wave pleasure begins to crest.

“That’s it, kitten,” Jimin coos from below, his voice thick with your viscous blood still coating his tongue. “Let go. Cum for us.” He crawls up from between your legs to lay beside your quaking body and you feel his hand come to rest on your cheek, tilting your head to face him as you whimper and gasp your way towards release. Jimin’s mouth meet yours and your senses are invaded with the taste of your blood on his tongue, and when Yoongi comes to join you - a third pair of lips to tangle with your two - that’s all it takes to finally push you over the edge.

The next curl of Yoongi’s fingers inside your core has you cumming so hard that it steals the breath for your lungs. Unable to speak a word until it starts to subside, you’re left shaking and keening, clinging onto Jimin’s shoulders as Yoongi cradles you from behind and kisses the back of your neck, whispering sweet words into your skin.

“I’ll be right back,” Jimin murmurs against your forehead after an indeterminate amount of time has
passed and with a parting kiss he disentangles himself from your arms and rises from the bed, casting you a fleeting smile before he heads to the bathroom. A gentle tug on your hip has you rolling over but you keep your eyes closed as you nestle against Yoongi’s chest with contented sigh, smiling to yourself as he kisses your hair.

“Are you sure that’s the best place to put your head?” he teases, reminding you of what it was you’ve so quickly forgotten was just splattered all over his chest, and when you suddenly jerk back with disgust wrinkling your nose he’s quick to laugh, his eyes pressed shut with mirth.

“Gross,” you grimace, and this just makes him laugh harder, purposefully pulling your body flush with his as you try to wriggle and squirm away.

“You didn’t seem to mind so much a minute ago.” Jimin’s smiling as he walks back over to the bed with a wet cloth in hand having watched your exchange with affection. He sits on Yoongi’s side of the bed and the elder vampire doesn’t need instruction to obediently roll over onto his back and supply Jimin open access to his chest, smiling softly as Jimin begins to gently wipe him down. “Are you both ok?” he asks, “That was pretty intense, even by our standards..”

“I’m fine,” you answer swiftly, grateful for the tender way Jimin cleans your wounds and for the warm water that soothes the sting they’ve left behind. You’re a little woozy but it’s nothing you’re not already familiar with - nothing you can’t handle.

Jimin nods in satisfaction but is quick to turn his attention back to Yoongi, a light frown creasing his brow.

“Are you, hyung ?”

“Well…” Yoongi begins slowly, shaking his head to get rid of the strands of hair that have fallen into his eyes, and both you and Jimin hold your breath at how serious Yoongi looks in that moment - so uncertain. “I’m not sure my ass is ever gonna feel the same again, but I’m good.” He looks up and meets Jimin’s gaze with a shit-eating grin, snickering when Jimin lets out a yell and smacks him squarely in the chest with the now thoroughly soiled cloth in a series of wet slaps. His laughter is cut short, though, when you pinch at his waist in revenge for making you worry; yelping and slapping your hand away with the most adorable of pouts puckering his lips.

“You’re a dick,” Jimin scowls with a similarly impressive pout that only softens when Yoongi sits up, snatching the cloth away and throwing it aside before taking Jimin’s face in both hands, cradling his cheeks as he kisses the pout away.

“I’m a lovable dick,” Yoongi grins once he finally lets go, back to his normal self now the power-dynamic has shifted once again. He sinks back into the pillows, placing his arm around your shoulder to draw you into his embrace, your arm rested across his waist as you lean your cheek on his chest.

“You love my dick,” Jimin snorts as he, too, lets himself be manhandled into cuddling against Yoongi’s left side, flinching when you sharply swat your hand against his bicep for daring to come out with a retort so lame.

“It’s a good job I love you two,” you snort, rolling your eyes fondly. You smile as they land on Jimin grinning back from across Yoongi’s chest, and when you tilt your head and look up at Yoongi you find him gazing back at you with just as much love and adoration as is swelling in your chest, tightening your throat.

“Me too,” Jimin adds softly, planting a kiss to the elder vampire’s chest.
“Likewise,” Yoongi echoes, and after that you all fall silent for a little while, too content basking in the afterglow to want to ruin it with needless chatter. The manor is calm and peaceful - not a sound to be heard outside of the little bubble containing you three - and whilst their skin may be cold it’s comforting nonetheless.

You’d give anything to be able to lay there forever, tangled up amongst the sheets in their arms, happily dozing, but inevitably all good things must come to an end. Eventually - and with many huffs and groans of protest - you make a start of hauling yourself out of bed.

“Where you going?” Jimin asks, his voice slow and laden with sleep as he lifts his head and squints at you past heavy lids as you rise to your feet.

“I’ve gotta work tonight.” You head over to the closet that you share to retrieve clean clothes and underwear for the night ahead, glancing over your shoulder at Jimin as you explain further. “Alex called in sick last night so I said I’d head in early.” Yoongi yawns loudly behind you but when you turn back to face them Jimin’s sat up a little beside him, leaning on one elbow as he watches you walk naked about his bedroom with a fond look on his face.

“Such a good girl,” he teases gently, “So hard working.” Once again you roll your eyes as you cross the room, clothes hanging over one arm as you lean down and brush a swift kiss across Jimin’s lips.

“One of us has to be,” you chide playfully in return, straightening.

“I resent that,” Yoongi grumbles whilst his eyes remain tightly closed and Jimin snickers as he sinks back down into the pillows and slots his arm under Yoongi to coax him onto his side and into Jimin’s embrace. He snuggles contentedly into the crook of Jimin’s neck, exhaling a sigh.

You’re not sure how you ever got to be so lucky - how you were blessed with not just one soulmate but two all of your own - and as you head into the bathroom to shower there’s a spring in your step and a song in your heart; dizzy not just from blood loss but from love.

It doesn’t take long for you to get ready but even that short time proves too much for your lovers. By the time you re-enter Jimin’s bedroom they’re both fast asleep again and it’s with an overwhelming sense of affection that you return to the bed and kiss the both of them goodbye, whispering ‘I love you’s’ before leaving them behind, softly closing the door behind you so as not to wake them.

Hopefully, Taehyung will already be waiting for you in the entrance hall, ready to drive you there. You’d asked Jungkook originally, but when he’d found out just how early you’d expected him to wake up he’d quickly changed his mind and shifted the responsibility to his hyung instead. And true, Taehyung is almost as difficult to wake as Jungkook at the best of times, but he’s also far too kind to ever want to say no (especially to you, Yoongi will often tease).

It’s probably a good job Jungkook isn’t the one giving you a ride, now that you think about it. If he’d have been awake then he’d have surely heard everything that’s just gone on in Jimin’s bedroom and you dread to think how traumatised the boy might’ve looked if that were the case. Honestly, you’re surprised he hasn’t already switched rooms. There’s plenty to go around, after all.

Unfortunately, once you come to heart the of the house you see that Taehyung hasn’t yet arrived. He must not be far off, though, because Yeontan is already up and about. He’s eager to rush over and greet you as soon as you step into the hall, abandoning his attempts to lure down Nova to play from where she sits atop the bannister out of reach - pointed ears twitching - in favour of accosting you instead. He jumps up your legs, tail frantically wagging.

“Hey Tannie,” you greet, stooping down to run your fingers through his copious amounts of thick,
soft fur. “Is your daddy up yet? Hm?” Yeontan doesn’t answer, of course; just stares up at you with his mouth open and his little pink tongue hanging out in an expression that looks remarkably like a smile. You go to pick him up, then, but he suddenly runs away towards the front door where he begins to pace back and forth, staring up at it with fierce intent.

You follow him over there, vaguely aware of a light thud behind you where Nova has jumped down from the bannister, trailing after you.

“You need the toilet, Tannie?” you ask, recognising his agitated gait. Not wanting to risk an accident, you unbolt the front door and open it up for him, not expecting Yeontan to run out at the speed with which he does. He darts off down the gravel driveway, yapping with the glee of being free, and you wouldn’t mind if it weren’t for him then disappearing somewhere off to the left behind the manor’s garages.

“Yeontan!” Quickly, you follow after him, anxious that he not stray off too far. Taehyung would never forgive you if anything happened to him on your watch and besides, he’s making an absolute racket with all his yipping and barking. He’ll wake up everyone if he’s not careful. “Tannie!” you call again, heading a little further down the drive. “C’mon boy! You want some treaties, huh? You want some snacks?”

And just like that he magically appears, trotting back toward you as if butter wouldn’t melt in his mouth, and you can’t help but smile to yourself as he comes willingly into your arms. You scoop him up and place a fond kiss to the top of his head before giving him a light scolding for running off so far and so quickly. Fuzzy little shit almost gave you a fright.

It catches you totally off guard when the sound of a hiss and a spit suddenly slices through the air. You sharply look up, completely bewildered by the sight of Nova stood in the doorway staring back at you with her back arched and fur stood on end, and as you take another step forward and she releases a low groan of warning you feel all the hairs on the back of your neck rise in turn, fear crawling across your skin.

“Nova?” you call, “What’s-” Yeontan begins struggling wildly in your arms - whimpering and twisting - and despite your best efforts to hold on he quickly slips from your grip, landing on the gravel in a rattling of stones and then running straight back towards the house where Nova remains, frozen still. You hasten to follow, almost tripping over yourself in your haste to get back inside. “What on earth's got-”

Your words are cut short by a strong hand placed across your mouth - your eyes blinded just the same - and without a chance to scream or shout for help your feet are swiftly lifted from the floor, limbs held tight as you’re carried away into the fading evening light.

Chapter End Notes

*sits back and waits for chaos to ensue*

Hope y'all enjoyed this chapter :D hehe <3 <3
“Think you could do that a little louder, Jeon?” Yoongi comments dryly, and from where he sits across the living room Jungkook sharply looks up. The younger vampire doesn’t respond save a narrowing of his eyes as he meets Yoongi’s gaze - sucking even harder at the straw pursed between his lips - and as it comes towards its end the blood pack’s contents start to slurp and gurgle all the more obnoxiously; the most gruesome and macabre of milkshakes.

Jimin giggles as Yoongi tuts at Jungkook’s defiance. He plants a consoling kiss against his lover’s cheek, too - a sweet gesture that Yoongi can’t help but let soften his grumpy expression - and a reluctant smile tugs at his lips as he leans back into Jimin’s welcoming embrace. Truth be told, he hadn’t been paying much attention to what’s on the TV anyway, regardless of Jungkook’s interruptions.

“Don’t know how you can stand those things.” Hoseok tilts his head back in order to look up at Jungkook from where he’s sat cross-legged on the floor beneath, a grimace wrinkling his delicate nose. “Don’t know how I did for so long, really.” The frown on Jungkook’s brow deepens and when he releases the straw from between his lips the insides of them are stained a deep, dark red; and so are his teeth.

“It’s not like I’ve got much of a choice about it,” he says sullenly, tossing the now empty pack onto the coffee table and then folding his arms across his chest. He throws a pointed look at Yoongi and Jimin where they’re canoodling on the sofa opposite, thoroughly unbothered about the sourness of Jungkook’s tone. “Not all of us are as lucky as you.”

Pausing his almost feline nuzzling into the crook of Yoongi’s neck, Jimin looks up with a smirk. His head falls back against the sofa and tilts to the side as he cards his fingers through his hair, parting the strands.

“Jealous, are we?” he teases, his smile growing at the rolling of Jungkook’s eyes. “Hyung wasn’t generous enough the first time? Is that it?” Like magic, Jungkook’s surly attitude instantly disappears at Jimin’s hinting at the intimate encounter the three of you shared, embarrassment taking its place. He glances down at the floor and sheepishly rubs at his arm, purposefully avoiding Hoseok’s inquisitive gaze.

“Wait,” Hoseok exclaims, sitting up straight as he suddenly realises what it is that Jimin’s implying, “Wait, so that wasn’t some randomer that popped your cherry?! Are you-”

“Hyung, shut up!” Jungkook interrupts before Hoseok has a chance to finish his sentence, his words cut short by the pillow that comes walloping into the back of his head. “No-one’s supposed to know!” Undeterred, Hoseok scoffs and throws the pillow back just as hard.

“Oh yeah, cus it’s such a big secret that I’m the only one not getting a taste.” He ‘oomphs’ as another pillow hits him straight in the face, and though Jungkook may be laughing its Yoongi who’s responsible this time.
"Can you not talk about her like that?" he huffs, scowling at the two of them from across the room, and luckily both vampires have good enough graces to look shame-faced at the elder vampire’s scolding. “May I remind you, Hoseok, that you already have a girlfriend.” Hoseok sniffs awkwardly, looking away. “And you, Jungkook - you were lucky to even get a first time. Don’t push it.” The youngest’s mouth opens and words begin to tumble out of it, his tongue working well before his brain has had a chance to engage.

“But noona said that we-”

“Jungkook,” Jimin warns in a tone low enough to stop him in his tracks. He purses his lips, sitting back against the sofa cushion he’d leant forward from. “Don’t get us wrong, it’s not as though we mind. She’s a big girl, she can do as she likes.”

“But there’s no need to go telling the whole house about the in’s and out’s of it.” Hoseok very nearly gets another pillow in the face when he sniggers at Yoongi’s choice of words; laughter that’s quickly smothered.

“It wasn’t me that brought it up…” Jungkook mutters, not so subtly jabbing his foot into the side of Hoseok’s ribs and Hoseok yelps in displeasure, shuffling away to avoid any further assault.

“I was only kidding,” he mumbles just as quietly, but Jimin’s not so sure about that. He knows he’s not the only one so weak when it comes to her, and nor is Yoongi.

For better or for worse, she’s become the centre of all of their worlds.

“Where are they all, anyway?” Yoongi says a moment later, breaking the silence that had settled between them and tilting his head to the side on Jimin’s chest to peer up at him past furrowed brows. “I thought Tae was supposed to be picking her up an hour ago?”

As if on cue, Taehyung comes strolling into the living room at the very moment his name is mentioned, buds in his ears and his nose in a book. Singing under his breath to the music rattling around inside his skull, he pays very little mind to the four curious sets of eyes that watch him cross the room with Yeontan at his heels, still completely oblivious even by the time he slumps down into the sofa, sighing contentedly.

“Tae,” Jimin calls, and whilst Yeontan’s head turns from where he’s sat at Taehyung’s feet - ears pricking with interest - his owner remains unresponsive. “Tae-ah!” he calls again, louder this time, and it’s only then that Taehyung seems to realise he’s amongst company at all. So surprised is he that he drops the comic book he’s holding, jumping a little on the spot, and he blinks rapidly behind the lenses of his spectacles as he peers around the room at all eyes fixed on him.

He pulls out his earbuds, smiling like a square-mouthed cherub.

“S’up?” He picks up his comic and straightens out the pages that’d crumpled as it’d fallen before placing it down again on his thigh to keep his place, and on seeing how nonchalant Taehyung is acting Jimin becomes more and more certain that the younger vampire has completely forgotten what it was he’d promised to do. It wouldn’t be the first time; as sweet and well-meaning as Taehyung is, he can be a little bit of a scatter-brain sometimes.

“You feel like you might be missing anything, Tae?” Jimin asks, gently pushing on Yoongi’s shoulder to encourage the elder vampire to sit up so that he can do the same, brushing back his hair. Taehyung peers around the spot in which he’s sat in bewilderment, glancing at Jungkook who merely shrugs his shoulders in return.
“Should I?”

“Nothing that you can think of that you might’ve forgotten?” Again Taehyung looks blank, his mouth hanging slightly open.

“Uh…” he hesitates, clearly having gotten the gist that something’s not quite right but still not able to put his finger on what it might be. His gaze darts to Yoongi’s fingers tapping irritably on the arm of the sofa and Taehyung shuffles nervously in his seat, unnerved. “Did I… forget to put the toilet seat down or something?”

If he weren’t so annoyed Jimin might actually laugh at that. He can’t remember the last time he actually had to use a toilet. Probably wouldn’t be able to aim now even if he tried.

“Please tell me you’re just playing dumb and you already picked her up hours ago?” Yoongi sighs, and at this Taehyung’s brow furrows in earnest. He wets his lips.

“I don’t-” He pauses, momentarily distracted by Yeontan standing up on his back legs to ask for attention, pawing at Taehyung lap before getting gently pushed back down again. “I thought one of you guys would go get her?”

“Why the hell would you think that?” Jimin sits forward in his seat, and suddenly even Jungkook and Hoseok are starting to look concerned, Hoseok’s easy smile slipping off of his face.

“W-well,” Taehyung stammers, “I figured, y’know, seeing as you dropped her off-”

“Well, Taehyung stammers, “I figured, y’know, seeing as you dropped her off-”

“We didn’t drop her off,” Yoongi cuts in, and now Taehyung’s eyes are beginning to widen as he speaks, words tumbling out of his mouth at a far faster and higher pitch than usual as he hurries to explain himself.

“But she wasn’t there when I came down! I… I woke up late, so when she wasn’t waiting for me I thought maybe, m-maybe she was still in bed or you’d taken her instead.”

“You didn’t think to check?” Hoseok asks, back ramrod straight where he remains sat at the base of the sofa, frowning deeply up at Taehyung.

“Jesus christ, Taehyung!” Jimin springs to his feet as he yells, the motion so abrupt that Taehyung actually shrinks back into his seat. “What the fuck were you thinking?!” As Jimin begins to pace the rug back and forth and berate the younger vampire Yoongi’s already pulling out his phone and frantically dialling your number from his most frequent contacts. He slams it down into the arm of the sofa when it goes straight to answerphone, loud enough that it stops Jimin’s ranting mid-sentence.

“It’s not even ringing,” Yoongi announces flatly. The room goes so quiet that you can hear his phone creaking in his iron grip as its squeezed until Jimin starts yelling again, his fingers fisted in his hair.

Fuck!” he shouts, and between his hands, his mind is racing a mile a minute beneath his skull, desperately searching for some possibility that maybe this might not be as bad as it seems. Maybe Jin took you to work or maybe you were asked to stay late? Maybe you took a taxi home instead? That’d be just like you, not wanting to cause a fuss or be a bother.
But no, even if you’d caught a taxi you should’ve still have gotten home by now.

“Hyung, what’s wrong?” Jungkook asks quietly, the only one in the room who’s noticed how deathly still and silent Hoseok has become; how even his normally pale face seems to have drained even further of colour. Jimin doesn’t hear Jungkook’s question or notice how Hoseok thickly swallows before opening his mouth to answer - too busy rounding on Jin who’s just come rushing into the room wearing an apron and rolled up sleeves, drawn by all the shouting.

“Hyung.” Jimin’s voice is breathy, his expression desperate as he rushes towards Jin and grabs a hold of his shirt in both hands, bunching it in his fists. “Hyung, please tell me you’ve seen her. You’ve spoken to her.” Jin looks at an absolute loss as he peers down at the shorter vampire in confusion, his eyebrows lifting so high that they almost disappear underneath his bangs.

“What are you…” He trails off as Jimin releases him and staggers back, one hand pressed to his chest as he stares at the floor in nothing in particular - anger giving way to panic. Jin glances at the other tense figures dotted around the room in search of answers, his eyes finally landing on Hoseok.

“What’s going on?” Guilty, the normally chipper vampire lifts his gaze from his lap and meets Jin's gaze, glancing at Jimin when he, too, turns, all attention focused on Hoseok.

He sighs, shaking his head slightly as he draws one leg up and rests elbow on his knee, fingers running through his hair.

“I should’ve said something…” he murmurs to himself. Yoongi and Jimin exchange a worried glance and as if compelled, Jimin takes a step closer to Hoseok, eyes narrowing.

“Should’ve said what, hyung?” Jimin encourages. There's a thinly veiled hint of suspicion to his voice - one that doesn't go unnoticed. It makes Hoseok sound that little bit more nervous when he next speaks, anxiety evident in the way he's pinching at the skin of his throat between thumb and forefinger.

“Something happened the other night. She didn't want me to tell you… she wasn't even going to tell me ‘til I pushed.”

“What do you mean something?” Yoongi asks, his tone mirroring Jimin's now as he perches on the edge of the sofa. Hoseok swallows hard, bracing himself for the reaction he knows is inevitable to the words he next utters.

“Namjoon was at the bar the other night.” There's a beat of silence during which not one of them dares breathe.

“What?” Jimin's voice is quiet. Dangerous.

“She said he spoke to her, that was all,” Hoseok hastens to explain, “She made it sound like he was just trying to scare her; said she wasn't safe living here.”

“How did he even manage to get that close?” Yoongi questions, “Why wasn't someone there?” His eyes scan across all the vampires in the room; Jin stood stoically, arms folded across his chest and Taehyung biting his lip, his fingers running mindlessly through Yeontan’s fur; Jungkook gnawing on his thumbnail and Jimin, wide-eyed and motionless in the centre of the living room, one hand embedded deep in the silver of his hair.

Hoseok hesitates before he speaks, and when he does, it’s quietly.

“I… I only left her for a second,” he confesses, flinching when Jimin erupts anew, rage spewing from him in the form of blood-curdling roar. It takes less than a second for the younger vampire to
be upon him; no time at all for Hoseok to be lifted from his seat on the floor by the scruff of his t-shirt and held aloft.

“You left?” Jimin growls accusingly. His teeth are bared and clenched tight as he ignores the sudden outcries of the other vampires around him. Each of them have leapt to their feet, shouting for him to stop - to put Hoseok down - and Jin is quick to come to Jimin’s side and grab onto the arm that’s holding the other vampire up.

“Only for a sec-”

“Jimin.”

“You should’ve told me!”

“- swear it wasn’t long!” Jimin gnashes his teeth in anger, another growl ripping from his throat, and as Hoseok lets out a strangled whimper of pain Jin finally loses his patience, his own temper flaring.

“Jimin!” he shouts at the top of his voice, startling the rest of the room. “Put him down, now.” Jimin’s attention wavers to his hyung’s face and Jin makes an effort to soften his expression, patting the younger’s arm sympathetically. “Let him go. We should be out looking for her, not fighting each other.”

Slowly, the fury in Jimin’s narrowed eyes seems to wane, his shoulders sagging.

“You’re right…. fuck.” There are tears collecting now, not just in Jimin’s eyes but in Hoseok’s as well. His expression shows none of the relief he feels for having his feet firmly planted back on the floor - just the guilt that he feels for not having warned his brothers earlier.

Could all of this have been prevented, if he had?

“I’m sorry.” Jimin’s voice is full of regret as he suddenly launches himself at the other, pulling Hoseok into a full body hug so tight that it catches him completely off guard. He stumbles, patting Jimin’s back as he mimics the younger’s apology. Jimin smiles weakly. “You don’t have to be sorry,” he says as he pulls back, “Just… please, help me find her hyung.”

“Of course,” Hoseok nods determinedly, wiping his eyes, and that’s the signal that has all the others suddenly springing into action. As one, they pour out into the entrance hall, only briefly parting ways to quickly change and grab supplies before joining together once more.

“Yoongi, Jimin. You go to the bar, see if it’s still open and when they last saw her. Ask around,” Hoseok instructs as they crunch down the driveway towards the cars, each step more urgent than the last. “Jungkook and I will head to Sam’s. She’s not answering so maybe-”

“What the fuck?” Yoongi’s sudden interruption brings them all to a standstill, and Jimin is just turning his head to look his lover’s way when he suddenly hears the roar of a car’s engine. The sound becomes far louder far more quickly than it should - betraying the vehicles rapid speed - and it’s only thanks to their innate agility that the group manages to jump back and out of the way of the silver coupe that comes skidding to a halt directly across their path, spraying gravel in all directions.

Tentatively, Jimin utters your name, stepping forward. Deep down he knows it’s unlikely you’ll be inside - hidden somewhere behind tinted windows - yet he can’t keep himself from hoping… wishing… maybe, just maybe, it might be you.

It feels like a punch to the stomach when the very last person he would ever want to see emerges in your place; a blow that makes his insides burn and broil. The group collectively tenses at the sight of
Namjoon climbing out of the car and straightening to his full height, and though his cheeks may look
drawn and his hair dull, his stature is just as imposing as ever.

“They’ve taken her, haven’t they?!” Namjoon asks, his eyes scanning across the vampire’s stood
before him, urgency in his voice. It’s been a long time since they’ve seen him look so panicked - his
distress evident in the way he rakes his hands through his hair. They gawp as Jimin grits his teeth,
his growl unheard over the car doors slam. “Fuck!”

“Who’s-” Taehyung doesn’t even get time to finish his sentence, cut short when Yoongi suddenly
rushes forward, grabbing the far taller vampire by the neck. His growl is more akin to a roar as he
drags Namjoon forward and then slams him down onto the bonnet of the car, pinning him there, and
if Jimin weren’t so impressed he might feel jealous that his lover has beaten him to the punch.

“Where is she?!’ Yoongi demands, leaning forward and using his weight to further press Namjoon
into the metal, car creaking in protest. He expects the younger vampire to fight against him - to
struggle - but Namjoon does no such thing, just laughs sardonically as he turns his face to the side in
order to speak.

“Feels good, doesn’t it? All that fresh blood pumping through your veins?”

Yoongi sneers, his long fingers digging into Namjoon’s sallow-tinted flesh as he tightens his grip.

“You look like shit.” Namjoon laughs again at Yoongi’s insult, stopping only when Yoongi lifts him
back up just to slam him down again twice as hard. Namjoon groans, grimacing.

“Missed you too, hyung…”

“Shut up,” Jimin snaps sharply. His jaw is clenched as he approaches the car, trying hard to control
his temper and resist the urge to snatch Namjoon’s from Yoongi’s grasp and beat the sickly looking
vampire to a pulp. “Where is she?” he asks again, repeating Yoongi’s earlier question, and though
his voice may be quiet as he leans forward and rests his forearms on the bonnet of the car, his tone
has lost none of its edge - none of its threat. “What’ve you done with her?”

“You really-” Namjoon is struggling to talk from the force with which he’s being held down, and it’s
only a pointed look from Jimin that has Yoongi relaxing his grip just enough to better allow
Namjoon to speak. If Yoongi’s scowl is anything to go by, he’d rather be doing exactly the opposite.
"You really think I’d be here if I was the one that’d taken her?” He scoffs, shifting his shoulders in
discomfort. "Please, give me a little credit."

"He has a point." Hoseok's murmur earns him a sharp look from Jin, stood at his side, but even Jimin
can't deny that there’d be very little sense in Namjoon to coming back for no other reason than to
gloat.

"Say you're telling the truth." Jimin tilts his head to the side, arms narrowing as he folds his arms
across his chest. "Say I believe you. If you don't have her, then who does?"

"You know, this would probably go a hell of a lot easier if you’d let me up,” Namjoon grumbles,
aiming his words at Yoongi who just frowns even harder in response.

" Hyung." Jimin's gentle prompting draws Yoongi's gaze and when their eyes meet Jimin gives a
subtle nod in approval of Namjoon's request for release - for the moment, at least. Reluctantly,
Yoongi unwinds his fingers from around the taller vampire's neck and steps back a pace, lingering
close enough to be able to quickly take hold again if need be. He eyes Namjoon scathingly as he
straightens and rubs at the marks that Yoongi's left around his throat, stretching out his neck from
"Well?" Jimin demands impatiently.

"None of this would've happened if she'd have just listened to me." Namjoon sticks a hand in his pocket, the other flattening the back of his hair. "Stubborn girl. I told her she wouldn't be safe here... not with you."

"And she would with you?" Jungkook suddenly barks, Taehyung's arm across his chest the only thing holding him back from rushing forward. Namjoon gives him a simpering smile, unconcerned.

"Namjoon," Jimin growls, all honorifics long forgotten, "Tell us what you know, or I swear to God I'll break your neck myself." For several seconds all Namjoon does is stare at Jimin, as if daring him to try something, but Jimin refuses to waver regardless of how intimidating the taller man may appear. He won't. Not this time, not when it comes to you.

Eventually, Namjoon sighs.

"I suppose you remember the little group that you and Yoongi ran into?" Out of the corner of his eye, Jimin notices Yoongi touch the spot on his side where the worst of his wounds lay, swallowing.

"I remember," Jimin confirms, his own arms restless with the want to reach out and draw his lover to his side seeking comfort. Those aren't memories that he relishes, to say the least; the unwanted mental image of Yoongi broken and bloody making his stomach turn as it flashes across his mind.

"After that... unfortunate incident-" One of the vampires stood behind them growls lowly, though Jimin isn't sure who. "-They started... hanging around. Sending threatening emails demanding cash in exchange for not exposing us - what we are." Namjoon frowns at his feet, wetting his lips. "I played along for a little while but they kept wanting more and more. More money, more often.” Smiling wryly, he looks to Jimin. “It was only a matter of time before they decided to do something drastic to get what they want, especially with their threats going unheard after I left.”

“So you’re saying they took her to get to us? So we’d pay them off?” Jin asks and Namjoon tilts his head to look past Jimin to his elder, lips twisting into a smirk.

“How do we know this isn’t all bullshit?” Yoongi asks abruptly. “Men have done worse for less, I’m sure.”

“Why would I lie? What could I possibly have to gain from coming here when it’s perfectly clear how much you all despise me?” Yoongi looks him up and down unsurely, glancing at the others when Namjoon turns back around to face Jimin. “Look,” he snaps in frustration, and with every word he speaks he bangs his clenched fist into the palm of his other hand, emphasising each syllable. “If I thought I could take them all on myself then I would’ve gone and done just that, but I can’t. Like it or not, you need me.”

“Like hell we do. There’s no way I’m letting you get within fifty feet of her ever again,” Jimin bites back, baring his teeth menacingly as he steps forward so that they’re almost chest to chest, toe to toe. “We don’t want your help.” Namjoon scowls, opening his mouth about to argue back when Hoseok suddenly speaks up.

“As much as I hate to admit it... he’s right.” Hoseok smiles weakly, shrugging his shoulders as Jimin sharply turns and fixes him in a glare, confused. “We deleted everything when Namjoon left.” he explains, “We’ve no way of contacting them or finding out where they are. He’s the only one that
knows anything."

“And ‘he’s’ not saying anything unless ‘he’ gets to come along.” Namjoon smirks at Jimin’s infuriated sigh, knowing that there’s no way that they can argue otherwise. They need him, plain and simple.

“Why do you even want to be there, anyway?” Yoongi asks. “You know we won’t let you take her, so why do you care? Why put yourself at risk?” For just a moment silence falls between them, and in that time - as Namjoon stares back at Yoongi and considers his question - all of the bravado and condescension he’s wearing seems to melt away.

Quietly - sincerely - he replies.

“Believe it or not, I care about her. She doesn’t deserve to suffer for the mistakes I’ve made… not when I’ve already hurt her so much.” He turns back to Jimin and the earnestness shining in his eyes takes the younger vampire completely by surprise, widening his own

The man stood before him looks smaller, somehow; the desperate note to his voice making him seem all the more frail, and as much as he may have come to hate Namjoon, it still pains Jimin to see him this way. They loved each other once, brother to brother. Seeing him now - his cheeks gaunt and his expensive clothes crumpled - Jimin wonders how they ever let things go so far and so wrong.

“Please,” Namjoon beseeches, even quieter than before, “Whether or not I should, I love her.” Jimin tries not to wince at the way those words seem to wrap themselves around his heart and squeeze it tight, a deep ache within his chest. “Please don’t make me sit here and do nothing, Jimin. I wouldn’t be able to stand it.”

It’s too big, this decision; not one that Jimin can make without letting his personal feelings cloud his judgement - the anger, the betrayal, the jealousy. No, it’s far too big for him, and looking to Yoongi provides no more clues as to how they should proceed. He looks just as conflicted as Jimin feels, stood with his eyes fixed on the ground as he tugs nervously at his ear, and the rest of the group looks no wiser.

“Hyung,” Jimin says eventually, turning to face Hoseok. “You’re in charge now, hyung. You decide.” Hoseok swallows thickly as his eyes dart between the two vampires; Jimin’s pained expression and Namjoon’s bowed head. He wishes he could make the decision that Jimin wants to hear - that they’ll find some other way, some way that doesn’t involve Namjoon.

“I don’t think we have much of a choice.” He shrugs his shoulders regretfully, sighing. “I wish we did but… the more time we waste the less likely she…” Hoseok trails off, frowning as though he’s in pain. He needn’t finish his sentence anyway. They all know what he’s getting at, and none of them like it.

“Looks like you’re getting your way, then.” Jimin tries to push down the unpleasant feeling that twists his gut at the little flicker of hope he sees in Namjoon’s face as he straightens from his bow. “Jin-hyung, get him something to eat. He won’t be any good to anyone like this.” Jin nods, hanging back as the other file back in towards the house to give Namjoon a chance to prepare himself. He smiles stiffly as their old leader joins his side, and as they, too, enter the house, Jin leans closer and grabs a hold of Namjoon’s forearm, stopping him in his tracks.

“Remember what I said, Namjoon,” he murmurs, soft yet stern. “Hurt her again, and I’ll kill you myself.”
In an undisclosed location some miles away from the home you’ve come to love, your consciousness begins to return.

It’s cold where you are; fingers numb where your wrists are bound behind your back on the chair in which you’ve been sat. The lights are bright, too. It’s painful to open your eyes after they’ve been closed so long, blinking rapidly in the flourescant spotlight you’re bathed in, and you groan quietly at the way your body aches as you shift, no doubt sporting fresh bruises after having been so unceremoniously thrown into the back of whichever vehicle it was they had you rolling around in on the journey here.

Here. Where is here, exactly?

As your vision becomes clearer - your pupils contracting quickly to adjust to the bright lights - you begin to look around. It appears as though you’re in some sort of warehouse, mostly empty save for stack upon stack of wooden crates that line the walls with no sign as to what might be contained inside. Nothing to give you a clue about where you are or how best you might try to escape, nothing-

A sudden sound from your left side has you turning your head rapidly, holding a breath that quickly becomes a gasp when your gaze falls on a face that you would never expect to see.

“Sam?!”
Hellooooo all! Those of you who follow me on tumblr will already know that this chapter took a little bit longer due to a little hiatus I took around the time of my wedding - and for those who knew and for those who didn't, I do apologise for the delay in releasing this one. Life has been... eventful lately, to say the least! hehe

“Sam?!” you shriek, immediately regretting your choice in both volume and pitch when your voice echoes loudly in the wide open space in which you’re held. It bounces back at you off of dirty white walls over and over and over, and you cringe with each and every echo. Given the predicament in which you've found yourself the last thing you want to do right now is draw any unwanted attention. Not until you’ve had a chance to speak to the girl sat bound to the chair beside yours, anyway.

Sam laughs through her nose; a breathy chuckle as she tosses her head back to throw her hair off of her face.

“Was wondering how long it was going to take you to wake up.” She twists her neck to face you, smiling wryly despite the way you gasp at the sight of her - at the angry red mark that stretches all the way across her left cheek.

“Jesus Christ,” you exclaim in hushed tones, “Are you ok?!” And blase as ever, Sam just shrugs her shoulders.

“Ah, I’m fine,” she says, completely dismissive of the finger marks that are lining her face. “You know I’m not exactly the type to come quietly.”

“I can imagine,” you say earnestly. Despite the seriousness of the situation, somehow the image of Sam kicking and screaming and flailing her fists still has a smile tugging at your lips, and you’d bet good money on her having given a good slap or two prior to the one she received in kind. You only wish you could’ve seen it, or that it’d proven enough to save her from being sat her next to you.

You glance around your surroundings again as Sam sighs, relieved that your earlier exclamation seems to have gone unheard.

“Who the fuck are these guys?”

“Hell if I know.” Sam shrugs again as she shifts on her seat, her wrists wriggling in their binds. They must be sore by now; your arms are beginning to ache already, bent as unnaturally as they are. “All I know is I was leaving yours and then suddenly I’m getting thrown in the back of some van, dragged in here, sat down, and told to stay put.” She laughs humourlessly, glancing down at her lap. “As if I could really go anywhere else.”

“And they haven’t said anything? Asked you anything?”

“Not a thing.” Your brows furrow in confusion, at a complete and utter loss as to why someone
would go to the bother of kidnapping someone to not even make any demands. Will it be the same for you, you wonder? Or are they just biding their time?

“But why would they-” As if on cue, your words are interrupted by the metallic screech of a door opening somewhere over the other side of the room, somewhere out of sight. Heart pounding with a fresh surge of adrenaline you fall silent, and next to you, Sam does the same, quickly facing forward.

After all the surprises that you’ve faced today, you’d think you might be immune to any more than might follow. That’s not the case, though. Not when rounding the corner of a pallet of crates appears a face you recognise well - someone that if asked, you probably would’ve referred to as a friend.

“You’re awake,” Alex observes, his steps a casual saunter as he makes his way across the room with two other men in tow, all three dressed in black. “Good. I was worried that bump on the head might’ve been something more serious,” he says, though he looks anything but.

Truthfully, you don’t even remember hitting your head at all. You suppose it must’ve happened during your unexpected relocation; a reasonable explanation for the dull ache that’s been throbbing at the back of your skull ever since you opened your eyes.

He squats down in front of you, his head tilting to the side as he watches you watching him, amusement twisting his mouth.

“What’s going on?” you utter quietly, your brain struggling to come to terms with the fact your former colleague seems to have suddenly turned villain. Or so you assume.

“I guess this must all be pretty confusing, hm?”

It’s strange, really, knowing this man in front of you whilst yet not really knowing him at all. Alex’s voice is different. It’s lower. More assertive. His hair, too, has changed; the long flowing strands you’d so often seen him tucking back pulled up into a tight bun that makes the face that had once been so friendly look sharp and severe.

Alex continues to smile in the same sinister fashion, and as he reaches out to smartly tap the curl of his bent index finger to the underside of your chin, lifting your gaze, a sensation like cold water trickling down your spine makes you shudder.

“Poor little lamb,” he coos without a hint of the tenderness those words should carry. “So naive. So totally unaware of the world that lies outside your twisted little love nest.” You stare back at him blankly, gaze flicking back and forth between his crystal grey eyes in search of answers. Vaguely, you’re aware of Sam next to you telling someone to get the fuck off and the sound of her chair creaking as she thrashes with indignance.

“What do you want?” You’re pleased that you manage to keep your voice from shaking despite the anxiety that has your pressed palms sweating behind your back. Alex, however, seems disappointed by your lack of visible distress so far, sighing in what sounds like an awful lot like disappointment as he releases your chin and steps back, straightening to full height.

“To put it plainly,” he begins as he tucks one hand into his pants pocket, “I’ve got a bone to pick with your boyfriends.” With Jimin and Yoongi? Your family? What possible problem could he have with them? As far as you’re aware he’s never had anything more to do with them than brief small talk at the bar - and Yoongi isn’t exactly the chattiest of guys.

“And what’s that got to do with us?” Sam asks brusquely. You envy the way she doesn’t even
flinch when Alex’s head turns sharply to fix her with a glare, clearing his throat before answering.

“Didn’t seem smart to go starting a fight on someone else’s home turf.” He turns his gaze back to you - nonchalant, casual - and the two men at his back exchange a look, smirking in a way that makes your gut roil with nerves. “What better way to lure them out than with their most prized possession, right?”

Alex smiles as realisation washes over you like an ice-cold tidal wave, dragging you under its surface and making it hard to catch your breath - to even breathe at all. You’re nothing more than bait; a worm wriggling at the end of a hook. That’s what’s going on here. He’s stolen you and brought you here to gain the advantage - to catch them panicked and off guard.

“But why? And why’d you go dragging Sam into this?” you ask, unable to withhold the questions that are whirring round and round your brain.

“Her?” Alex scoffs with laughter as he glances at her, dismissive. “A case of mistaken identity, I’m afraid. An unfortunate mistake.” One of his lackeys shifts uncomfortably at the dirty look that’s thrown his way, averting his gaze as Sam bristles with indignation next to you. Anyone would think she’s taken insult at not being deemed worthy enough to steal.

“Then can’t you just let her go?” you plead, unconcerned with however your desperate you must look as you lean forward in your chair, pain shooting down each of your arms as they’re stretched even further. Alex is quick to rebuff you, shaking his head as he scratches at the stubble across his jaw, an expensive looking watch revealed as his sleeve pulls back.

“Don’t think so, not now. Two birds, one stone. Extra motivation and all that.” He shrugs his shoulders. “Plus she’s really made a nuisance of herself while she’s been here. Thanks to her, several of my guys barely have their balls intact.”

You hear Sam snicker and a glance to your left reveals just how pleased she looks with herself, smiling so hard she risks re-opening the split at the corner of her mouth.

“As for why?” Alex begins, “That goes back a little ways.”

“Ugh, here comes the monologue...” Sam grumbles, her words going either unheard or ignoring as he continues to speak over the top of her.

“See, when we were hired to take out your two pretty boys we were vastly underprepared. And yeah, ok, we managed to get some good shots in - do our fair share of damage - but it was nothing compared to what they did to us.” Alex fixes you in his gaze, eyes narrowing as he takes a step forward and leans in. “Do you have any idea how hard it is to recruit people in our line of work? Guys who’ve actually got a brain cell to go along with all the muscles?”

Unnerved by his close proximity, you lean back slightly into the wooden slats of the chair, swallowing thickly.

“And then when that Namjoon guy left, holy fuck, it got even worse!” he exclaims, making you jump when he suddenly slaps his knees and stands up straight, throwing his hands in the air. A quick look to your left shows Sam to be just as full of trepidation as you are, her throat bobbing as she wets her lips. “Your guys start working with the feds and now I can’t get shit done. They’re bad for business, and it’s about time someone put them down.”

Movement captures your focus, and out of the corner of your eye, you note one of the men turning away from the group for a second or two as Alex continues to speak. The slender man raises a
phone to his ear, murmuring too quietly for you to have a hope of hearing what’s being said.

"Besides, this is a public service we’re providing.” You quickly look away as the man finishes his phone call and turns back to the group, moving in close to Alex’s side. “I doubt the locals would be too happy if they knew their nice little town was infested with vampires,” he spits the word like a slur, grimacing in distaste, and it’s only when his subordinate leans in to speak directly into his ear that Alex pauses his tirade, listening in intently.

Bad guys momentarily distracted, you glance at Sam, sure that your expression must be an almost perfect reflection of hers. Tense. Frightened. She mouths at you ‘what do we do?’ and you hate that all you can do is shrug in reply, as at a loss for what to do next as she is.

All you can hope is that if and when you surrogate family come and rescue you, they’ll realise this for the trap that it is and be adequately prepared. Surely you and Sam should be safe until then - if you’re the bait it makes no sense to harm you, right? At least… not in any significant way.

“Speak of the devil.” You jump in your seat as Alex suddenly claps his hands together, and when your head snaps back round to face him the smile you find waiting for you is one that’s entirely unsettling; wide as the jaws of a shark and with just as many teeth. Too busy enjoying the rapid darting of your eyes and nervous wetting of your lips, he doesn’t take his eyes off of you as he orders his men to ‘bring him in’ - a sentiment relayed via another short phone call by the man who originally passed on the message.

It takes a conscious effort to try and slow your breathing in the seconds that follow; soon light-headed from your panic-stricken panting. You desperately try to look past your captors towards the back of the room, unsure of who it is you’re even hoping to see. Is it Jimin? Is it Yoongi? Either way, the fact that Alex’s men seem to have already captured them can’t be a positive thing regardless of your longing to see a friendly face.

God, please let them be ok. Please let them be alright.

You hear heavy doors opening and slamming shut in a great jarring clash of metal, the room falling silent save the echoing footsteps that follow thereafter. Alongside each clean footfall, there’s an accompanying shuffle as though someone is dragging their feet - or rather, being dragged along - and the sense of unease in your stomach continues to grow with each pace that they draw nearer, ever closer to rounding the corner where you’ll finally be able to see.

Half pushed and half pulled into your line of sight, you softly utter his name as Namjoon comes into view. Flanked on either side, there’s a barrel of a gun pressed solidly into his ribs as he staggers forward in their grasp, growling deep when the shorter, unarmed man shoves into him from behind.

“Namjoon!” There’s no warmth in Alex’s greeting, no friendliness to be found in the smirk that twists his mouth as Namjoon is pushed to his knees in front of you all, thudding into the concrete. “Nice of you to join us.” The vampire totally ignores your presence, his focus solely on Alex as he lifts his head and fixes the man towering over him in an unforgiving stare.

“The pleasure’s all mine.” Namjoon’s reply is delivered through tightly gritted teeth, and his jaw clenches as his captor decides to nestle his gun right at the base of his neck, directly against his spine. “Obviously.” Alex chuckles, his head tilting to the side.

“I’m little surprised to see you,” he admits, and honestly Alex couldn’t have hit the nail better on the head if he’d have tried.

‘Surprise’ is a little bit of an understatement for how you’re feeling. Of all the vampires that could’ve
appeared through that door, Namjoon was the last you’d have expected, and now he’s here in front of you, you can’t quite distinguish whether or not you’re glad about it. In the time in which you’ve known him, Namjoon’s been the root of your fears more often than the remedy. In fact, if anyone had asked you prior to him being knelt at your feet, you might’ve ventured a guess that he’d been involved in this plot too; one of Alex’s co-conspirators. It feels a little disconcerting, then, when you realise that instead of fright, it’s a sense of relief his appearance brings. Perhaps if he knows where you are then the others might, too.

Better the devil you know, right?

“I thought you were smarter than this,” Alex smirks, “Showing up here on your own. No backup, no plan.” He reaches out and takes hold of Namjoon’s sharp jawline, delight shining in his eyes as he inspects the vampire’s shabby appearance. “Looking like shit.”

You’re surprised Namjoon manages to restrain himself from biting Alex’s hand clean off with the way he’s glaring up at him, chest heaving with rage. It’s not even as though he’s restrained, and though you know Alex and his men will have no doubt armed themselves with silver in preparation for this, it still strikes you just how sure of himself the young man must be to risk manhandling Namjoon the way he is.

The vampire isn’t exactly putting up a fight, after all, so you can’t blame Alex being a tad over-confident. From the look of his clothes and the way he tripped and stumbled in, the untrained observer could be forgiven for thinking that Namjoon looks sickly - weak - but you know him better than to be so easily fooled.

Though his outward appearance may look worn, there’s a stark difference in Namjoon’s complexion now compared to the last time you saw him. Some of the colour has returned to his face, no longer so sunken or sallow, and where once before his eyes were flat and lifeless now they seem to shine with a fire that has your pulse thundering with anticipation of what he might do next. Like the master of deception he is, Namjoon is lulling them into a false sense of security. You’re sure of it.

A low, warning growl rumbles from his chest as he yanks his chin free of Alex’s grip, visibly seething as the human laughs and shakes his head in response, completely unphased.

“I guess even vampires aren’t immune when it comes to love’s foolishness, hm?” he goads, glancing at you with a fiendish grin, and for the first time since he entered the room, Namjoon’s gaze follows, meeting yours. It’s only for the most fleeting of moments but even that brief eye contact has you feeling as though you need to catch your breath, so full of complicated emotion that your lungs feel as though they’re full to the brim with it.

You can't deny the hate you feel for the awful things he's done, still frightened by his visage however grateful you might be to see it. He must’ve continued watching you after your encounter at the bar to know that you were in trouble, a thought that certainly doesn’t sit well with you at all, but... he’s still here. He came for you - put himself at risk - and you suppose that must count for something, regardless of whatever twisted reasoning might be behind it.

Alex approaches you; his slow, purposeful steps providing the distraction required to recapture Namjoon's attention and pull it away from you. Sharp, golden eyes narrow as he watches the young man close in on you, Namjoon's sharp jaw clenching.

"To have so many of them wrapped around your little finger," Alex muses softly, reaching out to you. Long fingers trace your cheek, your jaw, unfamiliar in their warmth, and you can hear a growl rumbling in Namjoon's chest so quiet it almost sounds like a cat's purr.
Without warning, Alex's thumb pushes past your lips and presses down against your tongue, roughly wrenching your jaw open despite your nonsensical squawks of protest and the thrashing of your head.

"This mouth must really be something special, huh?"

"Don't touch her!" Sam yells from beside you, her struggles rattling her chair as a scuffle simultaneously breaks out; Namjoon quickly forced back down to his knees by the hands of four men as he'd attempted to lunge, snarling and gnashing his teeth.

"Fuck you," Namjoon spits out as Alex laughs, amused by the display. He doesn't let up on the pressure against your tongue, tears of panic welling in your eyes as you struggle not to drool. "I should've killed you when I had the chance."

"You're right," Alex agrees. He pushes his thumb far enough back into your mouth to stimulate your gag reflex before swiftly removing it, smiling to himself as you wretch, tears spilling over and onto your cheeks. "You should've."

And it's then that you realise that the loathsome look on Namjoon's face is one you've seen before, back when the two of them had clashed before at the bar. Suddenly it's like everything clicks into place; Namjoon's animosity towards your coworker right from the offset and his warning that you weren't safe. He'd known who Alex was from the start. He'd seen this coming, weeks ago.

"You ok?" Sam whispers and you nod your bowed head, not wanting her to worry. There's a bad taste in your mouth and an ache in your throat, cheeks wet with the moisture that still clings to your eyelashes.

"What should we do with him?" You raise your head sharply, all your attention focused on the man who just spoke - the man whose gun remains pressed between Namjoon's shoulder blades.

"Put him down," Alex replies off-handedly, his back turned as though he's bored of you all. "It's not as though anyone will give a shit," he adds, and for the first time since you found yourself in this place anger courses through you. Like red hot fire it scorches through your veins, heart beating so hard you can feel it thudding in your temples. How dare he so casually throw away a life like that? How dare he presume that there's no one left that would mourn him?

Your mouth opens, about to protest, but before you can speak Namjoon beats you to it. In the quiet of the room, he murmurs under his breath just loud enough to grab Alex's attention. He turns back, head tilted.

"Excuse me?" Alex enquires, stepping closer again. "You have some final words, is that it? Pearls of wisdom? Some last declaration of everlasting love?" Namjoon lifts his face from where he'd been busy glaring angrily at the floor, and as he looks up his change of expression has you frowning in confusion, bewildered by the smile that curls his lips.

"Just one thing," he replies. The silky softness of his voice seems loud in such a wide and empty room and in the pause that follows you unconsciously hold your breath, waiting to hear him speak again.

"Well?" Alex prompts, impatient, and Namjoon's smile grows when faced with such frustration, a devilish glimmer in his eyes as they land on you and his lips part, commanding you.

"Get down."
Namjoon's yell is the trigger that sets off the explosion of sound that follows thereafter. Surrounded by angry shouts and ear-splitting bangs, your body seems to act purely on reflex, obeying Namjoon by ducking your head and screwing your eyes tight shut. Sam screams in fear next to you and it takes biting down on your lip so hard it splits to keep you from doing the same, your whole body trembling from the sudden adrenaline hit.

Metal doors slam and there's more banging, more shouting, and the chaos around you is ten times more frightening when you can't see what's going on so you open your eyes and then immediately wish you hadn't when you're greeted by the sight of one of Alex's men meeting his maker right before you; a demise made swift and brutal by the throwing knife that finds its mark in the side of his throat. You can't help the sound that tumbles out of you when he falls to his knees at your feet, eyes rolling back - a pathetic whimper of fright that no one else will be able to hear.

Another boom lifts your gaze from that macabre sight and now more bodies are pouring into the room, drawn by all the noise, and amongst them Jin and Jungkook and Jimin and oh god Jimin’s here and he -

A roar of rage and a flash of motion in front of you, bodies blurring together as one and it's not until they stop rolling across the filthy ground that you realise it's Alex and Namjoon - a flash of silver and teeth bared.

"HOSEOK!" Sam's yell turns your head just in time for you to see his boots hit the floor amongst the sound of gunfire, Yoongi landing next to him a mere second later with a grace unbefitting of the brutality surrounding them. There's a long knife clutched in each of his hands; weapons he's just about to use when Hoseok beats him to the punch and launches himself at the man who'd dared to approach them, neck broken and long dead before he's even hit the floor. Yours and Yoongi's eyes meet for just a second, long enough for yours to begin filling with tears. Relief and terror and love and all of it is just too much for you to even attempt to hold it back, the ache in your throat intensifying for every second longer that you look.

Hands on your hands jerk you back to reality, jumping in your seat one minute and then struggling the next, feet kicking out wildly until you realise the fingers brushing yours are cold, not warm, and a familiar voice whispers hurriedly into your ear.

"Noona, noona, it's ok," he promises and an unattractive sob escapes you when you feel Jungkook's lips brush fleetingly against your temple as he swiftly breaks you free of your bonds, snapping the thick rope like sewing thread. Next to you, Sam is being pulled to her feet, her newly freed hands clutching the thick harness straps running down either side of Hoseok’s chest.

“C’mon, let's get you-” Alarm registers on Sam’s face as she turns to look at you, and just as Jungkook is wrapping one arm around your waist to lift you to your feet the two of you are suddenly knocked off balance, another body barrelling into Jungkook’s side. He goes sprawling backwards as you go the opposite way, your hands reaching out to brace your fall, palms grazing on the cold concrete. They take the brunt but you’re not quite able to save yourself in time to keep your head from smacking against the floor, and your vision spots and sparkles as you groan with the pain that explodes between your temples.

The room rages around you as you blink back the haze. You fight to remain conscious, forcing your head up only to be overcome with a wave of horrified nausea at the first thing you see; Namjoon just a few feet away, blood smeared around his mouth and dripping from his fingers. Alex is trapped beneath him, defeated, and your stomach roils at the sight of the rivulets of crimson pulsing from his torn open throat. It pools underneath him, staining his clothes and running into eyes that are still open wide and staring - unseeing.
Amongst the chaos Namjoon bends to drink, his eyes meeting yours as his mouth nears the source. The look of terror on your face has him pausing - hesitating in a way he never would’ve done before - but before you either one of you can say a word another loud and unfamiliar sound makes both your heads turn.

From across the other side of the room flames roar, the streams so vicious that you even you can feel their deadly heat from where you lay, sprawled across the floor. Both men and vampires are forced to dodge the flamethrower’s wide range as they continue to fight, and as the flames come closer and Namjoon springs to his feet, you soon follow - though you’re not nearly so graceful in motion. Your head swims as you stagger to your feet, head blindly turning this way and that in search of a friendly face to run towards but finding it hard to pick anyone out amongst the seemingly endless stream of Alex’s men that pour into the room.

They’re well prepared. Whether they carry a gun or a knife, each and every one is armed with silver and the knowledge of what it is they’re fighting - of their strengths and their weaknesses. Useful information, but you can tell that it scares them. You can see it in their eyes. Their attacks are frantic and uncoordinated having been caught off guard and without a leader to direct them, but that doesn’t make them any less lethal.

“Jimin!” Yoongi’s voice cuts through the noise and you spin on the spot to find him, eyes landing on him first and then quickly following his line of sight over to Jimin where he’s trapped on the far side of the room, surrounded by three of Alex’s men.

He’s fighting hard, his expression fierce, but it’s obvious he’s beginning to struggle as the two of them come at him with their long silver knives, blood already oozing from a defensive slash wound to his forearm. More worrying still is the third - a man with bright blonde hair stood back from the rest with a gun held out in front of him, the barrel swinging to and fro as he tries and fails to take aim whilst Jimin is still moving so fast.

Outnumbered, though, it won't take long until Jimin’s overwhelmed; pinned down and held in place to deliver a final, fatal blow. It’s a thought that has your stomach in knots, the same desperate look on your face as he Yoongi's wearing as his efforts to reach Jimin are thwarted by another of Alex's men. He's forced to stop - to fight - screaming out his frustration as his blade swings.

Helpless, your eyes sweep the room. None of the others seem to have noticed that Jimin’s in trouble, too preoccupied with defending themselves - or in Taehyung's case, revelling in the assault. Seeing him now, throwing himself onto the back of the man wielding the flamethrower and ripping his throat out with nothing but his teeth, you're perfectly able to imagine the menace Taehyung had confessed he once was.

A punch to his solar plexus catches Jimin off guard and knocks him off balance, crying out as his attacker takes advantage of his falter and slashes open his shoulder, the other aiming for his side. Injured, Jimin isn't quick enough to recover. They grab a hold of him as he staggers backward, clutching his ribs, and your stomach drops as they force him to expose his chest to the gun trained on him, arms pinned behind his back and a knife pressed to his throat.

As if sensing that these are his final moments, Jimin’s eyes find yours amongst the chaos. Helplessness isn't an expression you're used to seeing on Jimin’s face but he wears it well now, eyebrows furrowed and eyes pressing closed as he cries out in pain at the blow he receives to his already injured side.

It's not a conscious thought that has you suddenly rushing forward into the fray - no grand decision to suddenly be brave. It's nothing but instinct and adrenaline that drives you toward danger, only vaguely aware of Jimin shouting for you to stop as your fist closes around the barrel of the gun.
You're unsuccessful at yanking it from his grasp but you're an effective distraction at the very least, yelling a war cry as you try to wrestle it out of his hands, any fear for your own safety long since gone.

You can smell his breath as the man screams at you; stale cigarette smoke that has yellowed the teeth he bares. His large fingers pry yours from the metal roughly, bending them till you’re forced to let go, and he laughs as he lashes out and strikes you with it, the butt of the gun slamming into your jaw. Pain ricochets through bone and takes your breath away, barely conscious enough to register just how much of a mistake you've made until you feel cold metal wedged against your ribs and your body goes rigid, an unfamiliar hand gripping your waist tight.

"Stupid bitch," he grunts as Jimin shouts your name. He's frantically trying to wrestle free of his captors in spite of the knife threatening to slice into his flesh. You close your eyes, unable to stand the sight of utter panic written on his face. You don't want your last look of him to be one so miserable as this.

The barrel of the gun jabs sharply between your ribs and makes you whimper; makes your legs feel so weak that they'd give out if it weren't for your pride.

If you're going to die, it sure as hell won't be on your knees.

If you're going to die… you wish you could tell them you love them one last time.

Bracing yourself, you clench your teeth and press your eyes shut even tighter as the gunman says something you refuse to give him the honour of hearing. You wish he’d just get on with it. You wish he’d –

Suddenly, you’re being grabbed - dragged - and when your eyes reflexively snap open it’s Jin’s face you see, the bridge of his nose purpled with bruises. He barely looks at you, though, too quick to toss you to the side and then launch himself at Alex’s men to spare you anything other than the most fleeting of touches to your cheek; a tender gesture in the midst of such violence.

It’s Yoongi’s arms that catch you - Yoongi’s arms that hold you back as you twist and turn, completely disorientated. You don’t even realise it’s him until he forcibly takes hold of your face and insists look at him, eye to eye, and it’s only then you realise how hard you’re breathing; how sopping wet your cheeks are.

“Jimin,” you choke out, barely able to speak for the fear that grips you, “Jimin, he-”

“He’s ok,” he coos, his thumbs dirty as they stroke back and forth along your cheeks, smearing black across your skin. “You’re ok. We’ve got you.” Yoongi tries to pull you into an embrace but you resist, unable to believe the words he keeps repeating without seeing it for yourself. With a thundering heart, you turn in the circle of his arms this and that and soon see that what he’s been trying to tell you is, in fact, true - it really does seem as though the tides are turning in your favour.

There are only small pockets of fighting left - loyal stragglers that haven’t yet fled that Namjoon and Taehyung are quickly taking care of with ruthless efficiency. There’s blood smeared around both their mouths and looking around you see that they aren’t the only ones that have taken advantage of this opportunity for a fresh meal. Jin’s busily draining what’s left of the man that had threatened your life and you watch with wonder as his bruises begin to fade before your eyes.

And Jimin…

Jimin’s safe. Although bleeding, he’s still conscious, and the room has quietened enough now that
amongst the sounds of gluttonous feeding and Taehyung’s whoops of joy you can hear him groan as
Jungkook helps him to his feet. Jimin looks to you, and though his hair’s stained with blood and his
body looks near broken as he limps his way forward, you’re still able to summon a smile.

You’ve never felt relief like this before - never experienced such a swing between high and low in
such short space of time. It has you dizzy. Euphoric.

“He needs to feed,” you tell Yoongi, so giddy that you’re almost giggling as you say the words.
You slip out of his arms before he can protest, utterly blind to any danger that may remain as you
rush forward, not noticing until too late the searching hand of one Jimin’s earlier attackers.

Clinging to consciousness, he reaches beyond the pool of blood in which he lays. His fingers close
around his comrades gun and he lifts it, selects you as his target and takes aim.

If someone asked, you couldn’t say where exactly the bullet hit you. You couldn’t say you saw it
coming, either, nor give an opinion on which was worse; bracing for death or having it take you by
surprise.

The pain of it takes your breath away, gasping your inhale as you stagger back from the force of it.
You can’t seem to inflate your lungs, your whole chest burning as you feel yourself falling, but even
as you tip backwards Jimin’s face is the only thing that you can see. He catches you in his arms to
cushion your fall and your hands - scrambling, shaking - clutch onto his shoulders as your mouth
flails uselessly, silently pleading for help in gasping, gulping breaths.

You can’t breathe. You can’t breathe.

Your focus changes, wild eyes fixing on Yoongi and reaching for him - reaching but he can’t seem
to see past the blood that’s dripping from his hands as he lifts them from your side, too shellshocked
to speak let alone cry the way Jimin is doing. Knelt at your side he has the side of his face pressed to
your chest, his ear left above your heart as his shoulders shake and heave. As if somehow if he can
just focus on your heart he can somehow keep it beating.

Your fingers twitch with the want to run them through his hair but you can’t seem to feel them
anymore. You’re heavy and weightless all at once, your vision fuzzy and fading around the edges,
and somewhere in the distance, you can hear sorrowful sobs. Jungkook, you think. He’s calling for
his noona and hearing it almost makes you smile in spite of everything - in spite of the ache inside
your chest.

Jimin looks up - his face wet with tears and eyes red-rimmed - and it strikes you then how familiar
his expression is. It’s exactly as he looked as he knelt over Yoongi before, in a situation almost
identical to this, and you want more than anything to reach out to him and tell him that he’ll be ok.
To run your fingertips along the face you so adore just one last time.

Yoongi will look after him. Give Jimin all the love you haven’t had the time to give.

They’ll look after each other, you know that for sure.

You feel your smile falter. It’s harder to open your eyes, now, and you feel Jimin shake you, hear
him call out your name. His tears are dripping on your face and his mouth is on yours and you can
feel them shaking but he’s slipping away.

He’s slipping further and further away from you and try as you might, you can’t summon the will to
stay.

Are you leaving, or is he? You’re not sure any more.
A voice calls out into the darkness as it lures you in, but it’s not your name that you hear - nor is it Jimin’s or Yoongi’s; Jungkook’s or Jin’s. One word. Loud and clear as it’s repeated again and again.

The knell of a bell.

‘Hyung! Hyung! Hyung!’

Chapter End Notes

Istg I feel the need to like... brace myself every time I post a chapter lately.

I... uh... hope you enjoyed that one.

*tugs on military-style helmet and runs, hiding in the trenches*

(love oo)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!