Aeonian

by springrain21

Summary

aeonian (adj.)
[ee-oh-nee-uhn]
 eternal;
everlasting.

In the year 1304 A.D., tensions between the Vampires and the Lycans are at an all time high. Min Yoongi is the Captain of the Death Dealers and the most elite of the Vampires' protectors. Over the long years of his life, Yoongi has grown unemotional and apathetic, no longer interested in feeling emotions. When the human nobles come to visit, Yoongi meets Park Jimin, the youngest son of a baron, and his whole life changes. Suddenly Jimin is the
most important thing in his world, and Yoongi will do anything to protect him.

Notes

NOTICE: I do not allow translations of any of my works.

This is set during the Rise of the Lycans era, and I basically copied the vampire fortress from the movie because I loved how it looked, and also the nobles and how they're escorted and why come from the movie too.
Chapter One

Chapter Summary

As if sensing eyes on him, the boy looks up and his gaze meets Yoongi’s from across the chamber.

Something hot explodes in Yoongi’s chest and spreads outward into the rest of his body, seeping into his bones and down into the tips of his fingers. He feels the breath get snatched from his throat when the boy’s dark eyes blink at him curiously.

Chapter Notes

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The muscular black horse gallops across the rocky plain, followed closely by three others. Its hooves pound across the hard, dead grass and its loud, heavy breath billows from its nostrils in puffs of white. Up ahead the gates of the fortress are being raised for their arrival. The horses clatter into the courtyard, their hooves echoing off the high walls of stone.

The lead horse’s rider, Min Yoongi, removes his helmet and takes in a deep breath of the cold night air after so long of breathing through the small nose holes. As soon as the last rider is under the gate and into the courtyard, the gate is immediately lowered behind them.

One of the soldiers stationed at the gate runs up to Yoongi and holds his horse’s reins while he dismounts. His heavily booted feet are barely on the cold stone floor when a sharp voice calls his name.

Yoongi looks up to see Sabien, the head council member, sweeping towards him in his long robes of black and red. Yoongi gives the man a curt nod when he stops before him.

“How was your patrol of the Eastern Woods?” Sabien asks without preamble.

“It went well,” Yoongi replies, tucking his helmet under his arm. “We found a small pack of Lycans hiding inside a cave nearby Baron Kurnova’s estate. I think they were planning on attacking, but we found them first. They seemed pretty weak and were easily dispatched without much of a fight.”

Sabien nods and crosses his arms behind his back. “The human nobles are arriving tomorrow. I expect you to be ready to lead your Death Dealers to escort them back to the fortress.”

Yoongi has to fight the annoyed twisting of his mouth. He knows his duties, he doesn’t need this corpse telling him what to do. “Of course, sir.”

Sabien nods once more before turning on his heel and waltzing away. Yoongi rolls his eyes before turning back to his horse and giving her flank a few pats. She did well today and deserves some extra hay with her feed. Then he sets off towards the main fortress where his living quarters are. It’s been a
long night and the sun will be rising soon, and Yoongi wants nothing more than to remove his heavy armor and climb into his lush, king-sized bed and sleep the day away.

After Lucian’s revolution last year in Romania under the rule of the Elder Viktor himself, tensions have been high in all the covens. Patrols have increased, persecution of captured Lycans has become more brutal. The council of Yoongi’s coven will not risk a repeat of what happened, and he in turn has to do all the work.

Yoongi passes by the council chamber, where the grand stone doors currently stand closed. His metal boots clang rhythmically along the stone floor, and every vampire he passes inclines their heads to the Captain of the Death Dealers. Yoongi ignores them all as he continues deeper into the stone labyrinth that is the fortress, following the torches set into the wall.

Finally, he comes across the weathered statue of a wraith emerging from the wall, and he knows his chambers are just around the corner. Before he can make it though, an annoyingly familiar scent, like the cloying sweetness of honey, reaches his nose, and he tenses.

“Yoongi,” comes a feminine voice, and from behind the statue steps a woman clad in a sweeping dress of the darkest emerald. The neckline of the gown plunges far below her chest, almost down to her navel, and her pale ivory skin gleams in the light of the torches. Her long auburn hair is twisted up into some complicated arrangement, and her dark blue eyes peer at Yoongi from under long lashes. Her blood red mouth twists into a smile when she sees him, something predatory in the lines of her thin lips, and Yoongi can already feel a headache coming on.

“Lady Fiona,” Yoongi says tiredly, adjusting the helmet under his arm and wishing he were anywhere but here.

“How went your patrol?” Fiona asks sweetly, stepping out of the shadow of the statue and closer to Yoongi. The sickening sweetness of her scent clouds Yoongi’s senses, and he has to try not to make a face.

“Fine,” he says curtly.

“My father tells me you valiantly fought off a pack of vicious Lycans today,” Fiona says, slowly beginning to circle around Yoongi as if she were stalking her prey.

Yoongi fights back an eye roll. He highly doubts that Sabien, Fiona’s father, had said that. How she found out about the Lycan pack is beyond Yoongi, but she woman has an uncanny ability for gossip and rumors and probably has a whole network feeding her information inside the fortress.

“Your father thinks too highly of me,” Yoongi replies stiffly, tensing when she gets a little too close.

Fiona makes a satisfied sort of sound, a smug smile painting her lips, still eyeing Yoongi like he’s a five course meal.

“Everyone agrees you’re the best Captain of the Death Dealers we’ve ever had,” she purrs at him, and Yoongi feels his skin crawl. He’s too tired to deal with this right now.

“Flattery will get you nowhere, Fiona,” Yoongi says flatly, and Fiona pauses in her circling, narrowing her eyes at him as her mouth goes tight.

“Why do you refuse to acknowledge that we’d be good together?” She all-but whines, her seductive facade crumbling. “Everyone thinks so. My father has even approved of our union when it happens.”

Yoongi bristles at her use of ‘when’, as if he has no say in the matter. He would rather die than be
joined with someone like Fiona for all of eternity. “Because I have no interest in you in that way,” Yoongi says, trying not to get too worked up. “You know this, and I wish you’d let it go.”

Fiona glares at him and crosses her arms petulantly. “You’ll see. I’ll make you see. You will be mine, Min Yoongi. Mark my words.” Then she turns and stumps down the hallway and out of sight.

Yoongi lets out a world weary sigh and turns the final corner to his chambers. He pushes open his doors and makes sure to lock them behind him. His head now pounds in the way only Fiona and her pining can bring on.

Slowly, as the tiredness hits Yoongi full force, he unsheaths his swords and strips himself of his breastplate and gauntlets. He pulls off his bracers and boots and his belt, from which the scabbards for his sword hangs. He tosses it all haphazardly on the wooden table by the door, except for his helmet, which he places back into its rightful spot on the display for his armor, and his sword, which he wipes down quickly with a cloth to remove the dried blood.

Yoongi pulls on a clean sleeping tunic and loose pair of cotton breeches, eyes already growing heavy. He pads across the rug and pelt covered floor and pulls back the heavy, rich sheets of fur and velvet of his bed. Yoongi pauses when he notices a crystal goblet of blood sitting on his bedside table and smiles softly to himself. Taehyung must have left it for him, knowing he’d be too tired when he got back to put in the effort to feed himself. In fact, if he really concentrates, Yoongi can faintly make out Taehyung’s maple and cinnamon scent lingering in his room.

He quickly downs the blood, long since having any real craving for it, and crawls under his sheets with a wide yawn. Tomorrow is going to be long and tiring, so Yoongi settles in to get as much sleep as possible as the sun rises outside.

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The human nobles are to arrive soon, and Yoongi idly watches around him as the fortress is thrown into a whirlwind of preparation. Yoongi doesn’t understand why the council always makes such a big deal about the nobles visiting. They’re just humans.

He can’t even remember when he was a human, and he has no interest in it. He’s been alive too long to care for the trivial things that his coven obsesses over, blood and humans and entertainment, gossip and carnal interactions. All Yoongi cares about is the slaying and eradicating of all Lycans. It’s his only job and the one thing he’s good at.

Finally, a little after one in the morning, Yoongi sits astride his horse waiting for the signal to go meet the nobles in the woods. For his team, he chose Jungkook, his best and brightest Death Dealer, Vadim, a vampire with an uncanny skill with knives, Xiu Lee, a slight young woman with the fastest bow and arrow draw Yoongi’s ever seen, Marcellus and Quinn, two brothers who work like a well oiled machine, and Dahlia, a senior Death Dealer Yoongi greatly respects.

They all wait just inside the fortress gate for the signal, not speaking, tense as they listen to the night. Finally, miles off from the forest, a flaming arrow soars into the endless night sky.

“There!” Calls Xiu Lee, pointing at the arrow even as it begins to fall from the sky.

“Open the gates!” Yoongi barks out as he slips on his helmet, and immediately the impenetrable
metal grate begins grinding upwards. As soon as there’s enough room, he digs his heels into his horse’s sides. “Hah!”

She takes off at a gallop, and the thundering of hooves behind him tells Yoongi that his men are following close behind. They thud across the rocky plain, dirt and rocks stirring up behind them as they go, Yoongi at the head. The cold air hits his face through the spaces in his helmet and he narrows his eyes in discomfort.

Soon enough they reach the woods and the Death Dealers follow Yoongi as his horse pounds down the dirt road drilled into the ground from centuries of use. Yoongi has all his senses open for the presence of Lycans, one hand clutching the reins and the other settled on the hilt of his sword, just to be safe.

He knows the meeting place where the other Death Dealers are waiting with the nobles is coming up, and Yoongi urges his horse faster, nerves on edge. The ground is eaten up as they weave through the trees, the heavy thudding of half a dozen war horses and the buzzing of crickets the only sound in the night.

Finally, up ahead Yoongi sees lanterns through the trees. The Death Dealers following Yoongi wordlessly form into one line behind him as they approach. Ahead, Yoongi can see Leora, Florian, Fay, and Hoseok, Yoongi’s right hand man, waiting at the head of half a dozen covered wagons.

“Form up!” Yoongi calls out and the riders behind him immediately fan out and spread around the wagons, flanking them on all sides. Yoongi finally pulls his horse to a stop in front of Hoseok, who he can recognize by his minty scent even though his face is obscured by his helmet. “Any problems?”

Hoseok shakes his head and adjusts the grip of his reins in his hands. “None, and I don’t like it. It’s too quiet.”

Yoongi nods and glances around him at the abandoned forest. “Let’s get going, then. Hoseok, I want you, Jungkook and Xiu Lee flanking.” Hoseok nods and turns his horse to canter back to join the others.

Yoongi maneuvers his horse until he’s at the head of the procession with Dahlia and Florian just behind him on either side. Yoongi raises his fist and points it back in the direction of the fortress. “Let’s move out!”

The nobles’ wagons creak into motion, with each one's stagecoach driver, the only humans not hidden from view, peering around at the vampires nervously. If Yoongi listens intently, he can hear the nobles whispering to each other inside their covered wagons.

Its as their whole procession is passing through the forest the way they came, at an achingly slow pace, that Yoongi is hit with a scent unlike anything he’s ever smelled before.

It’s like the scent of delicate spring after a brutal winter. Its sweetness with a touch of intoxicating spice that Yoongi can’t place. Its soft and warm and so mouthwatering that Yoongi accidentally jerks on his reins, bringing his horse to a sharp halt. He stares around him wildly, trying to locate the source of the scent, and finally tracks it to one of the covered wagons.

“Captain?”

Yoongi jumps and turns to see Dahlia watching him in concern, her hand on the hilt of her sword. “What is it? Do you hear something?”
Realizing that the rest of the procession has stopped as well, Yoongi quickly shakes himself and tries to regain his composure. “It’s nothing,” he says, digging his heels into his horse’s sides.

They begin moving again and Yoongi tries to ignore the scent following behind him. It’s muffled, clouded by the cover of the wagon, but it’s still the best thing Yoongi’s ever smelled, and its messing with him. He needs to be focused on the task at hand, not at the ghost of a scent plaguing him.

The going is slow now that they have the nobles, and Yoongi aches to simply urge his horse into a gallop and leave the humans behind. He hates that he has to be in charge of these burdensome creatures.

Finally, after what feels like forever, they break out of the forest and can see the fortress built into the great mountain in the distance ahead.

“Fay and Vadim, ride ahead and alert the council that we’ll be arriving soon,” Yoongi calls back behind him, and a moment later, two figures clad in black armor gallop off ahead of the procession, their cloaks streaming behind them as they go.

That intoxicating scent is almost dissipated now that they’re out of the closeness of the forest and in the open air, and Yoongi breathes a little easier.

Dahlia pulls up close next to him and eyes him through her helmet, irises glowing icy blue. “Is this not too easy?”

Yoongi shakes his head, glancing around him suspiciously. “Don’t jinx it. We’re almost back to the coven and then our duty is finished until we have to escort them back.” Dahlia nods and falls back into step behind Yoongi.

After what feels like hours, they finally arrive as the gates are being raised for them. Yoongi leads the procession through and waits off to the side of the courtyard until the last of the wagons and finally Hoseok, Jungkook, and Xiu Lee clear the gate. It’s lowered with a groaning creak behind them as Yoongi dismounts his horse.

Down from the steps of the fortress come the council members, all nine of them flanked by multiple other aristocratic vampires, all dressed their very best for their guests. Seokjin, a lead council member, and Namjoon, the Keeper of Records, bring up the rear, walking arm-in-arm. Seokjin winks at Yoongi from his place off to the side, and Yoongi rolls his eyes back at him, handing his reins to a stableboy. Fiona, dressed in a gown of blood red that leaves nothing to the imagination, loftily follows after the council members, head held high with pride. She tries to catch Yoongi’s eye but he pointedly looks the other way.

“Any problems?” Sabien, at the head of the group, mutters to Yoongi in passing.

“None,” Yoongi replies. Sabien nods and continues on his way to the ring of wagons, from which humans are beginning to tentatively emerge from.

“Welcome, honored guests!” Sabien cries with open arms, but Yoongi turns around and begins walking away. He has no interest in seeing the nobles, even if that scent lingers in his nose and makes him just the smallest bit curious to see who it belongs to.

His Death Dealers are lined up to the side, and he nods at them as he passes. “Good work, all of you. Relax for a few hours, you’ve earned it.” They all bow their heads at him before beginning to disperse.

Hoseok and Jungkook quickly fall into step beside him as he ascends the steps leading into the
fortress, leaving the nobles behind. “Did you not find that odd?” Hoseok asks in a muttered tone, helmet held under his arm. “No sign of any Lycans. Not one.”

Yoongi, too, pulls off his helmet and pushes back his sweaty black hair, finally able to breath free again. “It was odd, but best not to question it. We made it back with no problems, and for that, I’m grateful.”

“But--” Jungkook begins to complain, when the rapid patter of feet ahead interrupts him. Around the corner explodes Taehyung, the head of Human Relations, with his fluffy brunette hair ruffled and his ceremonial robes thrown half on. His big doe eyes are wide and he is muttering something to himself when he sees the three Death Dealers standing in the hallway, and his eyes light up.

“Oh, hello!” He exclaims with a big boxy grin. He turns to Jungkook and flutters his lashes at him. “Hello, Jungkookie. How did escorting the nobles go?”

Jungkook’s round eyes are huge and his mouth gapes open and closed as he stares at Taehyung. “Uh--I--um, it…good, uh…” he stutters, swallowing thickly. Yoongi holds back a snort and Hoseok is openly snickering.

“It went well,” Yoongi saves Jungkook from embarrassing himself further. “Speaking of the nobles, shouldn’t you be down there greeting them?”

Taehyung’s grin disappears and he groans loudly, smacking himself on the forehead. “I overslept, and now Sabien’s going to have my head on a plate. I have one job. One job,” Taehyung sighs loudly. He quickly shakes himself and waves at them before rushing past and disappearing down the hall they just came from, muttering as he goes.

Yoongi waits until he’s sure Taehyung is out of earshot before raising a brow at Jungkook, who is still gaping at where Taehyung disappeared. “When are you going to man up and mate him?”

Yoongi knows that if Jungkook were human, his entire face would turn flaming red. He sputters at Yoongi, looking for all the world like a young boy and not a deadly killing machine born of the night.

“W-what?” Jungkook gasps, blinking like crazy. “I-I don’t know what you’re talking about!”

Hoseok rolls his eyes and shoves at Jungkook’s shoulder. “Oh, please. You two have been dancing around each other for the past eighty years. Man up and do something about it.”

Jungkook pushes back at Hoseok with too much roughness. “Well, what about you and Xiu Lee?”

Now it’s Hoseok’s turn to look flustered. “What do you mean?”

Jungkook rolls his eyes and sniffs the air in superiority. “Don’t act like you don’t know what I’m talking about.”

Not in the mood to hear his men squabble like children, Yoongi pushes past them and calls out, “I’ll leave you two ladies to fight it out,” behind him as he goes.

Once he’s safely inside his chambers, Yoongi sets down his helmet and unsheaths his weapon. He pulls off his gauntlets and gloves and runs a tired hand over his face, sitting heavily at the table with a sigh.

He’d planned on getting a few hours of sleep before escorting the nobles back, but now he’s suddenly plagued with the memory of that scent from before. He sits debating with himself for a
while until Yoongi finally mutters, “Fuck it,” and stands up to reapply his armor. He’ll just go have a quick peek in the council chamber and then come back to sleep.

Yoongi backtracks the way he came, encountering next to no one in the halls since everyone has gathered to see the nobles. When he reaches the council chamber, Yoongi takes the longer way around so that he’ll come out through a hidden door behind a set of curtains at the back of the chamber, instead of the main doors where everyone will see him.

Yoongi pushes aside the red velvet curtain and steps far enough in the council chamber that he can see but is mostly hidden. He looks out into a huge, circular stone chamber, the ceiling rising high above and disappearing into darkness. Cast iron chandeliers dangle from the ceiling, candelabra as tall as Yoongi line the way down to a ring of carved stone thrones set into the wall. Heavy velvet curtains drape the walls, and rising stone pillars support the structure of the room. Towards the front where the doors are, benches carved into the stone line the walls on either side, and this is where the regular members of the coven sit. Yoongi can see Fiona lounging on a velvet cushion, a goblet of blood in her hand as she giggles with two vampire women beside her. Jungkook stands resolutely by the front doors, still in his armor, while Hoseok sits at the benches next to Xiu Lee. Their shoulders are pressed together, a little too close for just friends.

In each of the nine thrones sits one of the council members. Sabien, as chief council, sits directly in the middle in the most lavish throne. On his left is Seokjin and on his right is Cecelia, then Bortolomej, Idris, Alessandra, Jorin, Sabah, and Astor. Namjoon is seated at a small stone desk in front of Sabien, an empty scroll in front of him and his quill held at the ready.

In the center of the chamber are gathered about two dozen humans. They are gathered together by the grouping of their families, and each of the heads of their house stands with a heavy wooden chest at their feet filled with silver coins that will be used for weapons against the Lycans. Yoongi can tell they are all dressed in their very finest, which is almost laughable in comparison to the get-ups the vampires are wearing.

They all look nervous, glancing around at their curious audience and shifting on their feet. Yoongi steps a little further from behind the curtain, which causes Jin, who is positioned directly in front of it, to look behind him curiously. When he sees Yoongi standing in the shadow of the curtain, he raises his eyebrows in question. Yoongi just shakes his head as a form of response and returns to observing the nobles.

“Lord Havoh, what is this?” Sabien is saying, and one of the finely dressed men jumps a little and steps forward. “Surely this is not all you have brought?”

Lord Havoh gulps and glances down at his chest, which is a little smaller than the others. “Forgive me, my lord. Our silver mine has been overrun by the beasts that you promise to protect us from.”

Yoongi winces at the look of rage that crosses Sabien’s pale, aged face. He’s about to spit something back when Taehyung, who is standing near the nobles but not close enough to spook them, rushes forward, hands raised in surrender and eyes wide.

“I believe what he means, my lord,” Taehyung begins, and all eyes shift to him. “Is that times were tough this quarter, but should we provide assistance, surely Lord Havoh will double the silver next time around for our troubles.”

Sabien falls into a brooding silence, rubbing idly at his chin while he considers Taehyung. Finally, he grunts and gives a small half nod, and Yoongi smiles to himself. Taehyung really is good at his job.
Its then that that scent hits Yoongi again, and he reels back at the force it smacks him with, sweet and spicy and alluring. He steps fully out from behind the curtain, eyes wildly scanning the nobles, looking for the source.

“Baron Park,” Sabien speaks up, commanding silence from the room. “I see you, on the other hand, have done your share.”

Baron Park steps forward around the biggest chest of silver, his chest puffed up in pride. He’s a handsome man with black, greying hair and robes of fine bronze. With him stand four tall boys, all just as attractive and imposing. Its when one of the young men steps aside to grant his father more room that Yoongi sees him.

A boy, smaller and more petite than who Yoongi assumes are his brothers. Unlike the other boys, who all have dark hair and strong features, this one has hair the color of honey and the softest face Yoongi has ever seen. Full cheeks filled with color and plump lips and soft wheat colored hair that sweeps across his forehead in waves. Unlike his brothers, who are dressed in sturdy tunics and cloaks of fur, this boy is wearing a black velvet dress that hangs at an a-line, starting at his knees and ending back around his calves. The underside of the dress, Yoongi can see when it flutters, is made of red velvet. The boy has his hands clasped together in front of him, the sleeves almost completely obscuring them. The exposed part of his legs are bare, and even from here, Yoongi can see how smooth and soft they are. He’s wearing a pair of small black leather ankle boots with cute red socks. That wonderful scent is coming off the blonde boy in waves, and Yoongi is beginning to grow a little dizzy from it.

He is easily the most beautiful person in the entire room, and Yoongi is sure this must be his first time to the fortress, because there’s no way he’d miss someone like this.

“You are too kind, my lord,” Baron Park says, throwing a nasty smirk at Lord Havoh. His booming voice jerks Yoongi out of his stupor, and yet he still can’t take his eyes off the blonde angel.

As if sensing eyes on him, the boy looks up and his gaze meets Yoongi’s from across the chamber.

Something hot explodes in Yoongi’s chest and spreads outward into the rest of his body, seeping into his bones and down into the tips of his fingers. He feels the breath get snatched from his throat when the boy’s dark eyes blink at him curiously.

His heart, which has beat steadily for the last eight hundred years, picks up in pace for the first time Yoongi can remember in ages. It pounds against his chest in an odd stuttering rhythm, and it would be uncomfortable if it weren’t so exhilarating.

Sabien and Baron Park are still talking, but Yoongi and the boy seem to be frozen in time, staring at each other. Tuning in, Yoongi can hear the boy’s heart beating rapidly in his chest, can hear the way he swallows nervously, can hear his breathing hitch. Yoongi knows his eyes are turning electric blue, but he can’t seem to stop them with all the adrenaline coursing through his body. Even from here he can see color filling the boy’s cheeks, and it's the most beautiful thing Yoongi’s ever seen.

The boy is the first to break eye contact. He looks down at the ground and bites his lip, twisting his sleeves in his hands. Yoongi can’t take his eyes off him though, drinking in every feature of his form.

Sabien rises from his throne and opens his arms. “I thank you all for coming tonight and for your cooperation,” he says, and Yoongi blinks in surprise. He and the boy must have locked eyes for longer than Yoongi thought. “You may linger for awhile, but of course, you must be out before dawn.”
Yoongi watches as the nobles gather to leave. One of the blonde boy’s brothers shoves him roughly by the shoulder when he doesn’t immediately move, and he trips and stumbles over his feet with a little gasp.

Yoongi’s fangs slide out and a rage unlike anything he’s felt before overtakes him. His fists curl around the cold stone of the back of Jin’s throne, causing the older vampire to look at him in alarm.

“Are you okay?”

Yoongi knows his eyes are on fire and he has to hold back the hiss vibrating on the back of his tongue. He watches the boy right himself and cast Yoongi a quick glance, cheeks bright pink. Then he turns and quickly follows after his family and the other nobles.

Yoongi watches until all the nobles have filtered slowly out of the council chamber, and only then does he let his muscles relax. His grip on Jin’s throne loosens and his eyes return to their normal black.

“What was that all about?”

Yoongi looks sharply at Jin, who is watching him closely. “Nothing,” he mutters. Then he turns around and sweeps aside the curtain, disappearing behind it before Jin can question him further.

Yoongi stalks down the damp stone hallway, trying to clear his head. What in hell just happened? Who is that boy and how did he manage to pull such a reaction out of Yoongi?

Yoongi’s plan is to head straight back to his chambers and try to get at least an hour of sleep, but halfway up the stairs he catches the boy’s scent again, and before Yoongi knows what he’s doing, he turns around and begins following it.

He finds the nobles gathered around the main entrance to the fortress, talking idly amongst themselves and nervously with a few vampires who are intermingled between them. Yoongi sees Fiona talking to one of the blonde’s brothers, fluttering her lashes up at him and twirling a strand of her auburn hair flirtily.

Yoongi searches the crowd and quickly finds the boy off to the side standing by himself. He’s now wearing a heavy white fur cloak over his dress, clutching it around him as if he were freezing. It drapes over his slim shoulders and dwarves him, and Yoongi feels his heart softening at the sight.

Yoongi doesn’t know what he’s doing, he just knows that he needs to get closer to this boy. He skirts around the main party, slinking like a cat through the shadows until he’s standing right behind the boy. His scent this close is intoxicating, and Yoongi has to take a second to brace himself against it.

“I’ve never seen you here before,” Yoongi murmurs quietly, and the boy jumps and spins around in fright.

He blinks at Yoongi in surprise, recognition registering on his face. This close, he’s even more beautiful than Yoongi imagined.

“Oh,” the boy breathes out, and his voice is so soft and melodic that Yoongi feels himself crumbling. “It’s my, um, first time here. I just came of age.” He’s visibly nervous in Yoongi’s presence, torn between staring at Yoongi’s face and down at the ground. He pulls the pelt tighter around himself and swallows thickly.

That explains why Yoongi’s never seen him before. Looking at him now, Yoongi thinks he can’t be
more than twenty one. The spicy scent of him is so strong this close, and Yoongi can now make out undertones of orange blossoms under the freshness of spring that clings to him.

“I’m Yoongi,” the vampire says quietly, wanting to step closer but not wanting to startle the boy.

He peers at Yoongi uncertainty and nervously licks his plump, full lips, making Yoongi die a little inside. “Jimin,” he replies softly after a moment of consideration.

Jimin. A name as beautiful as the face it belongs to.

“What did you think of the gathering, Jimin?” Yoongi asks, his eyes tracing Jimin’s soft features. The human bites his lip and his gaze flicks behind Yoongi for a second.

“My father says I shouldn’t talk to you,” he says in a mumble, glancing down at the ground.

Yoongi cocks his head and takes the slightest of steps closer. Jimin tenses a little but doesn’t move away. “Why is that?”

Jimin swallows nervously and his eyes flick back up to Yoongi for a second. “He says you’re...not to be trusted.”

Yoongi smiles softly at this. “That’s true for most of my kind,” Yoongi says, and Jimin looks up at him in surprise. “But not all of them.”

Jimin’s pretty lips part a little as he stares at Yoongi, unconsciously adjusting his grip on his white furs.

“Jimin!” Barks a sharp voice, and the two of them turn to see Jimin’s father and brothers stalking towards them. Jimin takes the smallest of steps into Yoongi’s shadow, and for some reason, that makes Yoongi want to rip the world apart to protect him.

He casts his eyes to the ground as his father stops before them, and Yoongi’s fingers twitch with the urge to take Jimin’s hand in his own to comfort him.

Where the hell is all this coming from? Yoongi hasn’t felt feelings this strong in centuries.

Baron Park narrows his eyes between the two of them standing so close together, before jerking his head towards the grand entrance doors. “Come. We’re getting ready to leave.” Behind him, Jimin’s brothers sneer at him.

Jimin’s shoulders droop and he stares down at his feet. “Yes, father.”

Jimin steps around Yoongi before turning back to him and dipping into a little bow, his eyes lingering on Yoongi’s face for a moment. Then he turns and follows his family and the rest of the nobles out of the doors and down the stairs into the courtyard. The realization that Jimin is leaving hits Yoongi and he reels back in shock at the surge of emotions that hit him in the chest.

He just found Jimin and now he’s already leaving? Why does that thought hurt so much?

Trying to gather himself, Yoongi waits until the last of the nobles are outside before he quickly backtracks to his chambers to grab his helmet and weapons. When he makes it back out to the courtyard, his Death Dealers are already out there waiting to the side while the nobles begin to pack themselves back into their wagons. Half a dozen stable boys approach with their horses, and Yoongi grabs the reins of his and swings into the saddle.
“Mount up!” He calls out, to which the Death Dealers immediately obey.

Jumin, who is the last to climb into his family’s wagon, pauses in stepping inside and stares over at Yoongi, face surprised when he recognizes his voice. Yoongi trots by with his helmet under his arm, checking to make sure all the nobles are safely inside their carriages.

“On your word, Captain,” Hoseok calls out, and Yoongi nods at him.

“Captain?” A small voice makes Yoongi look over to see Jumin staring at him.

A small smile pulls at Yoongi’s lips and he winks at Jumin. “Surprised?”

Jumin flushes bright pink and at that moment is roughly pulled into the wagon. The door is slammed shut behind him and Yoongi can hear harsh whispers of reprimand that makes him grit his teeth in anger.

He stares at the closed door where Jumin just disappeared for a moment before shaking himself. He has to focus on the task at hand. The thought of letting Jumin go is making his chest ache, but he has a job to do.

Yoongi slips on his helmet and canters to the front of the procession to begin leading them through the gates as they are raised. The Death Dealers fall into their positions from before, with Dahlia and Florian at Yoongi’s side, Hoseok, Jungkook, and Xiu Lee at the rear, and the rest flanking the wagons on the sides.

They begin the trek across the barren plain towards the forest. The going is a little faster this time, and Yoongi can tell the humans are impatient to return home and be rid of the vampires. He keeps catching whiffs of Jumin’s scent and it’s the most he can do to remain focused on the task at hand.

They reach the treeline sooner than Yoongi would have liked, because it’s much too soon to part from Jumin. As his horse clops along slowly, Yoongi strains his senses for any signs of danger. The night is freezing and Yoongi hopes Jumin is warm enough in his carriage.

Soon enough they reach the spot where they met the other Death Dealers before, and Yoongi knows it’s time to leave. Leora, Fay, and Florian break off from the others and trot ahead to clear the way. Hoseok brings his horse around and stops in front of Yoongi.

“You can handle it from here?” Yoongi asks, though he knows the answer already. Hoseok snorts from beneath his helmet and nods.

“Yes, mother,” he replies, and Yoongi rolls his eyes.

He casts one last glance at the wagon carrying Jumin, and he swears he can see a pair of dark eyes peering at him through a gap in the canvas. Yoongi’s fists tighten around his reins and he forces himself to look away.

“Let’s move out,” he calls to his remaining Death Dealers, and they nudge their horses into place. Trying to ignore the gaping pit in his chest, Yoongi digs his heels into his horse’s sides and sends her into a canter. Hooves thud behind him to let him know that the others are following.

They quickly pass through the forest, now a familiar path, and as soon as they cross the treeline, their horses break into a full gallop. Yoongi lets the thudding of the motion of his horse and the wind in his face try to distract him from the emptiness he’s feeling.

They eat up the rocky ground and soon enough the front gates are nearing. It begins creaking up for
their arrival when an earsplitting howl rips the night. Yoongi yanks hard on the reins, bringing his horse up short and making her whicker in annoyance. She stops so hard that they skid across the dead grass for a moment.

More howls split the night and Yoongi whips around to stare at the forest they’d just come from. Then the very human screams begin, and Yoongi’s heart drops into his stomach.

Jimin.

“Lycans!” Cries Jungkook as the others stop hard as well.

“Shit,” Yoongi mutters. He spins his horse around and unsheaths his sword, holding the reins with his left hand. “Charge!” Yoongi yells, and the Death Dealers take off.

Yoongi doesn’t think he’s ever ridden his horse as hard in his life. All he can think of is Jimin Jimin Jimin. He prays he gets there in time as more howls and screams disturb the night.

They make it across the plain after what feels like a hundred years, and then they are pounding through the forest, following the howls and roars that are growing louder every second.

They burst through a gap in the trees and find a scene of chaos. There are at least a dozen Lycans attacking the wagons, and not enough Death Dealers to defend the humans. Hoseok is viciously fighting for his life against two Lycans, Fay is attempting to fight off a huge beast from Leora, and Florian is lying bloody on the ground next to a headless Lycan.

The wagons are in shambles and there are even more bodies, this time human, lying across the ground as the Lycans rip through them with ease. There is blood everywhere and Yoongi frantically searches for Jimin.

“Kill the dogs!” He yells, fangs sliding out and eyes going blue. The Death Dealers shout and leap into the fray, swinging their weapons and sending blood and guts flying.

Xiu Lee nocks an arrow onto her bow and lets it soar, where it strikes one of the Lycans Hoseok is fighting. It drops dead with a howl of pain and Hoseok quickly sends the other one after it with his axe. Jungkook jumps his horse over a dead noble and swings his great sword at a giant, black-furred beast when it leaps at him. It falls to the ground and is quickly replaced with two others. Marcellus and Quinn leap to Jungkook’s aid, and the three of them fight the monsters back.

A trio of nobles crawl out from their shattered wagon and climb to their feet. They stumble over each other as they start running deeper into the forest, but a Lycan appears out of nowhere and snatches up the woman in its giant fanged mouth and sends her flying with a scream. It stands on its hind legs and lets out a guttural roar that deafens Yoongi, swinging at the other two humans with its huge claws and shredding them to ribbons. Yoongi kicks his horse and charges at the Lycan, swinging at its middle as he passes and cleaving it in two.

One of the wagons has caught fire and there are humans running everywhere. Through the smoke, Yoongi sees one of Jimin’s brothers trying to dig through the wreckage of their wagon, but a Lycan pounces on him and tears his head off with a growl.

“No!” Yoongi shouts, galloping at the werewolf. He takes it by surprise and sends its head flying through the trees. Under the broken boards of the wagon, Yoongi can see Baron Park and another of the brothers lying lifeless underneath.

He hears a loud scream and whips around just in time to see a Lycan attacking Leora. It rips at her neck viciously and her body drops to the forest floor, eyes lifeless and blood spilling from her mouth.
Yoongi roars in rage and is just about to charge at the beast when he hears a terrified whimpering on the breeze.

He turns to see Park Jimin curled up in the shadow of a shattered wagon as a Lycan four times his size closes in, a horrible growl rumbling in its throat and its fangs dripping with blood.

He doesn’t have time to feel relief as he acts. Yoongi doesn’t even think. He leaps his horse over the fallen bodies and brings his sword down hard on the Lycan’s head. It howls in pain and falls back with a heavy thump, raining blood all over Jimin. Jimin is cowering on the ground, his golden hair red with blood and his pretty dress ripped. He has his face buried in his arms and is quivering like a leaf.

Yoongi shoves his sword in his scabbard and brings his horse to a halt beside the human. “Jimin,” he says, voice gentle, and Jimin jumps in fear and looks up at him. His eyes go wide when he recognizes Yoongi. His cheeks are stained with tears and his eyes are swollen and red.

“Y-Yoongi?” He whispers in shock.

Yoongi leans down over his horse and grabs Jimin by the arm. He easily swings the boy up onto the saddle behind him, and Jimin squeaks in surprise at the sudden change in position.

“Hold on to me,” Yoongi says, turning his head to look back at Jimin and redrawing his weapon.

The boy immediately wraps his arms around Yoongi’s waist and burrows himself under the Death Dealer’s black cloak. He hides his face in Yoongi’s neck and squeezes so tight Yoongi can actually feel it through his armor.

The vampire turns back to see that the battle has mostly died down. One final Lycan roars and charges at Dahlia, but Yoongi snatches up the throwing knives attached to his saddle and throws them with a grunt. They make contact with the werewolf’s torso and neck and it goes down with a wail.

A deathly silence falls for a few beats until Yoongi pulls himself together. Jimin’s weight is solid and warm at his back. He’s safe.

“Report?” Yoongi calls out, voice rough.

“Leora, Florian, and Vadim didn’t make it,” Fay says in a small voice, crouching by Leora’s body and gently closing her eyelids.

Yoongi sighs deeply and takes a moment to mourn his soldiers. They were valued warriors and will be greatly missed.

All the Death Dealers are bloodied up in some way. Xiu Lee has it the worst with a deep gash on her neck that is flowing freely. Hoseok is crouched next to her with a cloth pressed to the wound. He has a few cuts on his face but is otherwise unharmed.

“Human survivors?” Yoongi asks, looking around.

“I have one here,” replies a bruised Jungkook, helping a quivering young man out from beneath the debris of a wagon.

“Two here,” says Marcellus as he and Quinn help two ladies onto their horses.

“One more here,” Dahlia announces, helping an older, portly man to his feet.
Yoongi squeezes his eyes closed, suddenly overcome with exhaustion. Including Jimin, only five of
the human nobles survived the attack. He glances up at the sky and can tell dawn it not far off. Jimin
is still shivering violently behind him and Yoongi knows he needs to get him to safety.

“Gather up our fallen and burn the bodies before they turn,” Yoongi commands, and Marcellus and
Quinn rush to obey.

They tether on their dead to their horses, which are miraculously still alive, and then move out,
leaving the burning corpses of both humans and Lycans behind them. Xiu Lee is forced to ride on
the back of Hoseok’s saddle, since she’s still bleeding and can’t maneuver her horse. As the Death
Dealers and their human riders pass Yoongi in a single line, Jimin stirs against his back.

“Is it over?” A small, quivering voice asks, muffled by the way Jimin still has his face buried in
Yoongi’s neck. Yoongi places a gauntlet-clad hand over the arms Jimin has wrapped around his
waist.

“It's over,” he says softly, and Jimin seems to relax a little at his touch.

Now it's a race against time to get back to the fortress before the sun rises. Yoongi kicks his horse
into a trot until he’s at the head of the riders. “Hold on tight,” Yoongi murmurs to Jimin, who wraps
his arms tighter around Yoongi’s middle.

They take off at a gallop, pounding through the woods for what feels like the 100th time today.
They break the treeline and pelt towards the fortress as the Death Dealers’ cloaks flap behind them,
all except for Yoongi’s, since Jimin has it tucked around him like a blanket.

They make it across the plain in what feels like the fastest time yet, and the gates raise for them.
They steer their horses through and clatter loudly into the courtyard where another battalion of Death
Dealers await from the sides. The entire council is gathered around the grand fortress staircase, and
Yoongi groans internally, knowing his night is not even being close to over.

Yoongi taps at Jimin’s arms when a stable boy rushes up, and the human loosens his grip just
enough for Yoongi to slide off his saddle. He immediately turns and places his hands on Jimin’s slim
waist to help him down. The blonde boy steadies himself with his hands on Yoongi’s shoulders as
the vampire effortlessly lifts him off the horse and sets him down. He frowns when he sees that Jimin
is missing a shoe and his small foot is unprotected against the cold stone ground. It's coated up to the
ankle in blood.

The stable boy leads his horse away, and the council moves in tandem towards them. Jimin shrinks
and moves closer to Yoongi, clutching at his arm with small, chubby hands. The action awakens
something inside Yoongi, something instinctual and primal, and he knows in that moment that he
will never let anything harm this boy.

He takes a step forward so that his armored body is mostly hiding Jimin from view as Sabien and the
others stop before Yoongi. The chief council member watches as the Death Dealers not involved in
the battle rush forward to take care of the bodies of their fallen. Eliska, an elderly woman with a
strong maternal instinct, approaches the battered human nobles, a few of her helpers at her side. They
begin handing out blankets and cloaks to the traumatized humans, who accept them with shaky
hands.

When Eliska approaches Jimin with a blanket, he squeaks in fear and shrinks further behind Yoongi.
She pauses and glances at Yoongi in question, who takes the blanket from her instead.

“I’ve got it, thank you, Eliska,” he says quietly. The woman nods and moves away, and Yoongi
turns to wrap the blanket securely around Jimin, tugging it tight around his shoulders and up the sides of his face. Jimin stares at Yoongi in what almost looks like awe the whole time, and Yoongi wonders if he’s in shock.

“What in hell happened?” Sabien demands sharply, looking from Yoongi to Hoseok, who is lifting an injured Xiu Lee from his horse and checking her wound tenderly.

“An ambush,” Yoongi says, and Sabien turns his electric blue eyes to Yoongi sharply.

At that moment, Taehyung bursts through the crowd and stops before a bruised and bloody Jungkook, his eyes wide in horror and his mouth gaping. His hands flutter around Jungkook like he wants to touch him but isn’t sure how. Jungkook stares back at him in obvious longing, swallowing nervously. Finally, Taehyung lays his hand on Jungkook’s cheek and gently caresses it, leaning into his space and saying something too softly for Yoongi to hear. Jungkook’s eyes flutter closed and he leans into Taehyung’s touch, his expression smoothing out into one of pure serenity.

“I want to see you and Hoseok in the council chamber,” Sabien says to Yoongi. He turns to Eliska and motions towards the nobles. “Get our human guests cleaned up and settled into rooms. They’ve had a very trying night.”

As Eliska gathers up the humans, Jimin’s grip on Yoongi tightens and he looks up at him in alarm. “Don’t leave,” he whispers, pressing close and staring at Yoongi with wide eyes.

Yoongi’s heart aches and he would rather die than leave Jimin right now, but he doesn’t have a choice. “It’s okay,” Yoongi says softly, turning so his back is to Sabien and he’s blocking Jimin from view. “You’re safe. I’ll come find you after.”

Jimin looks like he wants to protest but thinks better of it. Yoongi turns to where Taehyung and Jungkook are pressed close, speaking quietly together.

“Taehyung,” Yoongi calls, and the vampire looks up sharply. Yoongi jerks his head to motion him over, and with a last loving look at Jungkook, he makes his way to them.

“This is Jimin,” Yoongi says when Taehyung stops before them, and the younger vampire looks at Jimin curiously. “He’s very nervous and exhausted. I need you to take care of him until I come back, okay?”

Taehyung’s clever eyes must read something in Yoongi’s expression, because he nods after a long moment and turns to Jimin with a brilliant boxy grin. “I’m Taehyung,” he says in his best Human Relations voice. “How about we go get you cleaned up?” He holds out his hand for Jimin, who stares down at it blankly.

He looks back up at Yoongi in question, and the Death Dealer nods reassuringly. “You can trust Taehyung.”

Jimin licks his lips nervously and stares at Yoongi a moment longer before giving a little nod. A small hand sneaks out from the blanket and takes Taehyung’s offered hand, and the size difference of them makes Yoongi’s heart ache. Taehyung leads a stumbling Jimin off where Eliska took the other humans. Jimin keeps looking over his shoulder at Yoongi until they turn a corner and disappear from sight.

Yoongi turns to follow Sabien and the other council members up the stairs and pauses when he sees Fiona standing off to the side, her gaze sharp on where Jimin turned the corner. A sense of foreboding settles in Yoongi’s stomach when he realizes she must have watched their whole
exchange, probably from the moment they rode into the courtyard.

Pushing this thought aside, Yoongi climbs the stairs as the other vampires begin drifting inside as the sun prepares to rise. Hoseok falls into step beside him and they share an exhausted look.

It’s going to be a long morning.

~

It's already high noon by the time Yoongi and Hoseok are released from the debrief with the council. They part ways outside the chamber, Hoseok to go check on Xiu Lee in the infirmary and Yoongi to go see Jimin.

He stops at his chambers first and cleans up. He removes all his armor for what feels like the first time in years and slips on a simple black silk tunic and leather breeches. A big copper basin of water has been placed on his bedside table, and Yoongi quickly washes his face and hands to rid them of any traces of blood. He takes a moment to gulp down the goblet of blood left for him as well so he doesn’t look like a complete corpse going to see Jimin.

He finds Taehyung in the halls, most likely on his way to go see Jungkook. He assures Yoongi that Jimin is doing good and tells him where his room is.

Following Taehyung’s directions, Yoongi finds himself standing outside a carved wooden door not too far from his own chambers. From within, he can make out Jimin’s wonderful scent, and his exhaustion vanishes in an instant.

He hesitates in knocking, wondering if Jimin is already asleep. He doesn’t want to wake him after his traumatic night. But then Yoongi hears someone moving around inside and he assumes Jimin is awake.

Heart suddenly hammering in his chest, Yoongi knocks on the door three times. Inside, Jimin freezes. It's a moment before a tentative, “Who is it?” Is called out.

“It’s Yoongi,” he replies, awkwardly dropping his hand back to his side.

Yoongi hears the little patter of bare feet approaching quickly, and a second later, the door creaks open to reveal Jimin peering out at him from the crack. “You came,” he says quietly, and Yoongi’s heart pangs at the frailty of his voice.

“I said I would,” he replies softly.

Jimin opens the door wide enough for Yoongi to slip in. The chambers are large and cozy, with a soft looking bed and a fire roaring in the fireplace. Yoongi turns to Jimin and takes in his appearance. He must have had a bath, because all traces of blood are gone and his golden hair is soft and fluffy and still a little damp. He’s wearing a white tunic that is at least three sizes too big and falls around his bare knees. His hands are hidden by the sleeves, and he twists them together nervously.

“How are you feeling?” Yoongi asks gently, breathing in deeply when Jimin’s scent washes over him.
“Better,” the human says quietly, glancing up at Yoongi and then quickly dropping his gaze. “Taehyung took good care of me.”

“I'm glad to hear it,” Yoongi replies, noting the heaviness of Jimin's eyelids. “You must be exhausted. You should sleep.”

Jimin nods and at that moment yawns widely, and Yoongi thinks it's the cutest thing he's ever seen. He follows Jimin over to his bed, trying not to let his gaze wander down Jimin's body to his round, plump bottom. Yoongi brushes aside the stuttered thanks when he pulls back the covers for Jimin to get into, smiling at the boy's gratitude. Jimin climbs into the big king-sized bed and blushes when Yoongi pulls the sheets up around him, tucking him in securely.

“Do you need anything?” Yoongi asks, standing up straight and looking down at Jimin. “Food? Are you hungry?”

Jimin shakes his head and worms further into the bed. “I'm okay.”

Yoongi nods and reluctantly gets ready to go. Jimin's hand shooting out and grabbing his wrist stops him though.

“Yoongi,” Jimin begins uncertainty, watching Yoongi intently. “You'll...be here when I wake up, right?”

Yoongi would destroy the world for this boy.

He reaches down and brushes his fingers across Jimin's forehead. His skin is so warm and full of life.

“Of course I will,” he replies, watching as Jimin visibly relaxes. “My chambers are just down the hall too. Take a left and it's the first door after you see the wraith statue.”

He watches Jimin commit this to memory before nodding and reluctantly releasing his hold on Yoongi's wrist.

“Sleep good, Sweetness.”

The nickname slips from Yoongi's lips without his permission, and if he could he'd turn as pink as Jimin is turning right now.

The boy pulls the covers up around his face in an attempt to hide his blush. “G-goodnight--er, morning,” he stutters, voice muffled by the blankets.

Yoongi smiles fondly down at him before turning and walking back across the room. He looks behind him as he opens the door to see Jimin watching him intently from under his blankets. Then Yoongi closes the door behind him and leaves Jimin to sleep.

Fiona is leaning against the wall outside, startling Yoongi when he turns around. “Who's your little pet?” She asks, her eyes sharp and smile vicious.

Yoongi feels rage swirl in his stomach and he clenches his fists to keep from strangling the snake. “No one you need to concern yourself with,” he snaps. He stalks off down the hall without another word, leaving Fiona to her fuming.
Yoongi awakens just as the sun is setting beneath the horizon. He rolls over in his bed with a loud groan, his body aching from the events of the night before. He sits up and runs a tired hand through his hair before climbing out and slowly getting dressed in a chainmail shirt and black leather breeches. He loops his belt around his waist and slides his sword into its scabbard. He pulls on a pair of knee high armored boots and his gauntlets and sets off to find Jimin.

Yoongi makes his way down the hall towards Jimin’s quarters, and when he turns the corner, he freezes.

Fiona has Jimin basically caged against his door, her smile all predator as she leans in close and traces a design on his chest. Jimin is visibly uncomfortable as he presses himself back, answering Fiona’s sly questions quietly and haltingly.

“You’re a real cutie, you know that?” Fiona is murmuring to Jimin, her smile dangerous. Jimin gulps and mutters an awkward thank you.

“Jimin,” Yoongi says sharply, and they both jerk their heads up to look at him.

Jimin’s eyes light up when he sees Yoongi and he tries to squirm further away from Fiona. “Yoongi,” he says in relief as the Death Dealer stalks over.

Yoongi takes Jimin by the arm and pointedly pulls him away from Fiona, stepping in front of him like a shield. Fiona narrows her eyes at the two of them, but turns a blinding smile to Yoongi and flips her hair.

“Good evening, Captain Min,” she says airily. “Your human and I were just having a pleasant conversation.”

Yoongi feels his fangs wanting to slide down but he stops them. “I’m sure you were,” he says darkly, and Fiona smirks at him.

Yoongi places a gentle hand on the small of Jimin’s back and begins leading him away from Fiona quickly, ignoring her smug goodbye and the eyes that burn into his back. They turn a few corners and descend a couple hallways until Yoongi deems it safe again. He brings Jimin to a halt, and the human looks at him curiously. Yoongi glances up and down the hall before he looks back at Jimin.

“I want you to stay away from Fiona,” Yoongi says in a low voice. “She can’t be trusted.”

Jimin’s lips jut out in a pout and he nods, stepping a little closer to Yoongi. “I don’t like her. She made me uncomfortable.”

“If she’s bothering you, either find me, Taehyung, Hoseok, or Jungkook, okay? They’ll help you. Also that council member, Seokjin, and his mate, Namjoon. You can trust them.”

Jimin licks his lips and cocks his head at Yoongi. “I can?”

Yoongi smiles softly at him. “With your life.”

Jimin nods after a moment and runs a hand through his honey-colored hair. At that moment, his stomach growls loudly, and a blinding blush paints his cheeks in embarrassment. Yoongi chuckles and holds out his hand to Jimin.
“Hungry?” He asks, and Jimin smiles shyly and slips his hand into Yoongi’s.

“A little,” he replies in a mumble, not meeting Yoongi’s eyes as his blush intensifies.

“Let’s go see if we can find you something in the kitchens.” Yoongi says, leading Jimin away.

~

In the kitchens they find one of the other human survivors already there eating a bowl of stew at a small table off to the side. There are a few vampires rushing around, and it looks to Yoongi like they’re trying to figure out how to cook for a human.

The noble looks up when she spots Yoongi and Jimin enter and waves them over. “You’re Baron Park’s youngest son, right?” She asks when they stop before her. Jimin’s face darkens a little and he gives a stiff nod. The woman’s mouth twists in pity. “I’m sorry for your loss.”

Jimin doesn’t say anything and just stares at the ground, and Yoongi can tell this is something he doesn’t want to talk about. To change the subject, Yoongi motions to the woman’s bowl. “How’s the stew?”

“Not half bad,” she says, mixing her spoon around. “The cooks of my husband’s estate are much more skilled, though.”

Yoongi holds back his eye roll and flags down one of the vampires in the kitchen to bring Jimin a bowl. He nods and rushes off to obey, and Jimin slides into a chair at the opposite end of the table. Yoongi sits beside him and they share a look when the woman immediately launches into her life story and how important her husband is.

“If he’s so important, why didn’t he come with you last night?” Yoongi finally bites out once Jimin is halfway done with his stew. The scandalized look that crosses the woman’s face makes Jimin muffle a snort of laughter into his food. Yoongi grins at him and ignores the woman heatedly telling them that her husband is sick so he sent her in his stead, a very important role, if they must know.

Finally, she finishes her food and leaves the two of them with a dark mutter about disrespecting your elders, and Yoongi doesn’t have the heart to tell her that he’s probably older than her entire lineage combined.

“She’s so annoying,” Jimin states, idly licking his spoon off with a cute pink tongue. The sight almost gives Yoongi an aneurysm and he has to quickly change the subject or risk popping an unfortunate boner in the middle of the kitchen.

“I am sorry about the loss of your father and brothers,” Yoongi says quietly, and Jimin’s mouth turns down in distaste.

“I’m not,” he mutters, almost too quietly for Yoongi to catch.

“What?” Yoongi blinks at him, wondering if he heard right. “Why not?”

Jimin shrugs half-heartedly and tugs the neck of his red velvet robes up higher. Yoongi recognizes it as Taehyung’s, and he guesses the vampire loaned it to Jimin. Something about the action is off, the way Jimin hunches his shoulders and ducks down into the robes.
“Jimin?” Yoongi asks quietly, eyes landing on the high neckline of the robes. Before he can stop himself, he’s reaching out and tugging the hemline down, causing Jimin to jump and squeak in surprise.

“What are you doing?” The human demands, trying to twist out of Yoongi’s grip. He’s too late though, because Yoongi has pulled down the back of the robes far enough to see Jimin’s shoulders, and what he sees makes his stomach drop.

Layered across his shoulders, in varying degrees of healing, are what can only be whip marks. Some are so old they’re but faded white scars, while the freshest looks like it can’t be more than three days old.

Yoongi’s breath gets caught in his throat, and he gently brushes his thumb along a pale pink scar on his shoulder blade, making Jimin shiver and let out a little whine. “Jimin.” Yoongi breathes, staring at the myriad of scars and feeling a rage unlike any he’s ever felt before take him over. “Who did this?”

Jimin finally succeeds in wrestling his robes away from Yoongi, and he pulls the neckline securely up around his throat. “It’s not a big deal,” he says quietly, making Yoongi’s fists clench at the meekness of his voice.

“Was it your brothers? Your father?” Yoongi demands, voice low and dangerous.

Jimin’s bottom lip quivers and he leans into Yoongi’s space, seeking comfort. Yoongi has to stop himself from wrapping his whole body around Jimin, aware of the curious eyes of the kitchen vampires on them. Instead, he unclenches his fists and takes both of Jimin’s small hands in his own.

“They thought I was weak,” Jimin says in a whisper. “They said I needed to man up and stop acting like a woman because I like dresses and singing and flowers.”

Yoongi’s jaw clenches and he has to take a second to close his eyes and control himself. “I’m going to kill them,” he growls in an undertone.

This elicits a weak giggle from Jimin. “They’re already dead.”

And doesn’t that just make Yoongi’s blood boil. He wants nothing more than to tear the Park men to bloody shreds so they can never hurt his Jimin again. “I hope they’re burning in the lowest pits of hell,” Yoongi hisses, fighting it when his fangs start to lower.

“Without a doubt,” Jimin says, pushing his now empty bowl away.

Yoongi stands and pulls Jimin to his feet. “Come on, let’s get out of here.”

Jimin bows to the kitchen vampires as they’re leaving and they all coo at his cuteness. Yoongi leads him out of the giant stone kitchen with its massive ovens and back up countless flights of stairs until they come out on Eliska’s moon garden.

Jimin gasps when they step outside and into the stone garden of nighttime blooming flowers and herbs. The half moon shines down on them and a large fountain in the middle gives of the sweetest sound of trickling water. From up here they have an unobstructed view of the rocky plain and out into the forest, and to another mountain range beyond.

“It’s beautiful,” Jimin breathes, staring around him in awe. “You can see for miles!”

Yoongi smiles at the look of amazement on Jimin’s face and leads them over to a carved stone bench to sit down. They sit in a comfortable silence for a while until an incredibly unpleasant thought
“Sweetness, you know…” Yoongi tries, not sure how to bring it up. Jimin looks up at him curiously.

“What?”

Yoongi takes a deep breath and looks off at the horizon. “The council is probably going to send you and the other nobles home soon.”

Jimin clutches at Yoongi’s arm desperately. “No!” Yoongi looks at him in alarm, and Jimin shakes his head vehemently. “I can’t go back.”

“But, as the last remaining of your father’s sons, the rule of your father’s estate passes to you,” Yoongi says with a frown.

“No it doesn’t,” Jimin says quickly. “I have one more brother left. He had to stay back because he’s sick with fever, but the title will pass to him.”

Yoongi eyebrows furrow at this new information. “But, you should still return home.”

Again, Jimin shakes his head violently. “If I go back, I’ll have to marry Lord Janek’s oldest son, and he’s even worse than my father and brothers,” Jimin tells him, and Yoongi’s eyes widen. “They probably think I’m dead like the rest of my family. Can’t I just...stay? They don’t even have to know.”

Yoongi hesitates, but Jimin’s wide, pleading eyes makes him crumble. And the thought of possibly having Jimin permanently is too good to pass up. “I’ll talk to Seokjin about letting you stay. He’ll have the most sway with Sabien and the rest of the council.”

A look of pure relief crosses Jimin’s face and he sags against Yoongi. His overwhelming scent of orange blossoms and spice and sweetness almost makes Yoongi drunk, and he has to stop himself from burying his face in Jimin’s neck and scenting deeply. Yoongi hesitates a moment before he gingerly wraps an arm around Jimin’s shoulders. The human sighs contentedly and snuggles closer to Yoongi, who can’t control the wild racing of his heart.

They stay like this for a while until Yoongi notices when Jimin starts shivering slightly. “Come on,” he says, causing a sleepy-eyed Jimin to stir. “Let’s go inside.”

Jimin grumbles in discontent but allows Yoongi to pull him to his feet. They head back into the darkened halls of the fortress, following the flickering sconces in the wall. Yoongi leads Jimin back to his room and regretfully informs Jimin that he has to go on patrol now.

Yoongi smiles at the way Jimin pouts at this. “Do you like to read?” Yoongi asks him, and Jimin nods, eyebrows raising in curiosity. “If you’d like, I can have Taehyung bring you some books from the library. We have some very interesting things you might enjoy.”

Jimin smiles brightly at him, and it’s so pure and breathtaking that Yoongi stops breathing for a second. “I’d like that,” the human says, fluttering his pretty lashes at Yoongi.

Yoongi swallows dryly and nods. “I’ll send him by, then. Have a nice night, Sweetness.”

Jimin blushes that beautiful shade of pink and smiles shyly. “Be careful out there,” Jimin says quietly, and Yoongi’s chest feels warm at his concern.
“I will.” Yoongi replies with a small smile. He makes sure Jimin has locked his door behind him before setting off.

~

Jungkook and Hoseok are already waiting in the courtyard when Yoongi arrives in full armor after finding Taehyung and sending him to the library. He takes the reins of his horse from a foot soldier and swings into the saddle as the gates are slowly raised.

“So,” Jungkook begins casually, walking his horse closer to Yoongi. “You and that human?”

Yoongi freezes in putting on his helmet and bristles at the youngest Death Dealer. “What?!”

Hoseok nudges his horse closer too. “Oh, come on. You’re not exactly subtle about it.”

Yoongi glares at his two subordinates and shoves his helmet on roughly. “Shut the fuck up.”

The two of them begin snickering, but Yoongi takes that moment to kick his horse into motion and gallop through the gate. It takes a moment for Hoseok and Jungkook to snap out of it and follow him.

Yoongi is thankful for the seriousness of the patrol or he knows the other two would be teasing him mercilessly. As it is, they both fall silent and focus on the task at hand, for which Yoongi is grateful.

~

Yoongi is returning to his room after a long night of patrolling when that sickening honey scent reaches his nose. He turns the corner to see Fiona leaning against his door in a sleek black gown. Her eyes light up with mirth when she sees him, and she peels herself away from the door and slinks up to him.

“There you are,” she purrs, and Yoongi’s nose wrinkles in distaste. “I’ve been waiting for you.”

Yoongi rolls his eyes and steps around her. “I’m not interested, Fiona.”

She grabs his arm and pulls him to a stop. “Just one second, Min Yoongi,” Fiona growls at him. “I’m not finished with you.”

Yoongi yanks his arm out of her grasp and scowls at her. “Well, I am finished.”

The next thing Yoongi knows, he finds himself slammed up against the wall and Fiona is pressed flush against him. Then her lips are on his, and Yoongi’s brain short circuits for a second.

He roughly pushes her away with a grunt, and Fiona stumbles back with a gasp. “Get the fuck off of me,” he spits at her, fangs sliding down.

Fiona recovers her composure quickly and narrows her eyes at him. “Is it because of that human? Is that why you refuse me?”
Red fills Yoongi’s vision and his fists clench. “He has nothing to do with this,” he hisses with venom.

“It is,” Fiona breathes, staring at Yoongi in shock. “He has your heart.”

Fiona’s words hit Yoongi right in the chest, but he doesn’t let it show. “Stay the fuck away from me,” he says viciously. “And him.”

Fiona’s eyes narrow and her lip curls in disgust, but she just lets out a loud huff and spins on her heel. Yoongi watches her stalk down the hall until she’s out of sight. He locks his door behind him and rubs at his lips in disgust, trying to rid them of her sickening taste.

Yoongi changes out of his armor and washes his face, debating on whether or not to go see Jimin. He decides against it because it’s almost dawn and the human is probably already sleeping.

Once he’s in bed and has extinguished all the candles, Yoongi curls up under his covers and tries to wipe the memory of Fiona’s kiss from his mind. When he falls asleep, it's to the image of Jimin’s sweet, blushing face smiling at him.

~

When Yoongi goes to Jimin’s room the next evening to escort him to the kitchens, the human swings his door open after just one knock, startling Yoongi.

“Yoongi!” Jimin exclaims, his smile wide and eyes bright. He has a huge, ancient leather-bound book cradled against his chest.

“Evening, Sweetness,” Yoongi says with a smile. “Hungry?” Jimin nods enthusiastically and all-but skips out of his room, book hugged to his chest. “What have you got there?” Yoongi asks, eyeing the tome curiously as they begin walking down the hall.

Jumin grins and holds it out to show it off. “Taehyung brought it for me. It's all about the history of the vampires, and it's so interesting!”

“Oh yeah?” Yoongi raises brow at Taehyung’s choice of reading material.

“Is it true that Alexander Corvinus was the first immortal?” Jimin asks, looking up at Yoongi with wondering eyes.

“It is,” Yoongi says, smiling at Jimin’s enthusiasm.

“And that his sons became the first vampire and Lycan ever?”

“Mmm-hmmm,”

“And that vampires and Lycans are truly immortal? They never get old?”

“All true.”

“How old are you?” Jimin asks, watching Yoongi intently as they turn the corner and pass down another hallway.
Yoongi’s lips twist while he thinks. “Um, about eight hundred and seventy three, give or take a few years.”

Jimin stops in his tracks, eyes going impossibly wide and his mouth popping open. “E-eight hundred…” he gapes at Yoongi. “You’re so old!”

Yoongi throws Jimin a fake affronted look as he begins walking again. “Thanks.”

Jimin’s face turns red when he realizes what he said. “I didn’t mean it like that,” he says quickly, jogging to catch up with Yoongi. “It’s just, you don’t look that old.”

Yoongi waves his hand airily. “The perks of immortality.”

Jimin falls into a thoughtful silence as they arrive at the kitchens. Once he has a plate of freshly roasted pig in front of him, Yoongi continues answering his rapid fire questions, leaning back in his chair and simply enjoying Jimin’s company.

~

“Let me get this straight,” Seokjin cocks his head at Yoongi after hearing his request. “You want to me to convince the council to let Baron Park’s son stay? A human?”

Yoongi rubs uncomfortably at the back of his neck and nods. “I do.”

Jin purses his lips and regards Yoongi in suspicion. “Why? Are you planning on turning him?”

The thought has never actually occurred to Yoongi, and he stares at Jin blankly. “Uh, no,” he says after taking a moment to process. “He just doesn’t want to go back home.”

Jin doesn’t looked moved. He quirks a brow and crosses his arms. “But why do you even care?”

“He’s just…” Yoongi sighs in annoyance and pinches the bridge of his nose, not used to trying to express his feelings. “Important to me.”

Seokjin’s eyebrows raise and he gapes at Yoongi, which makes the younger vampire bristle. Is that thought so crazy? That he could care for someone?

“Quit giving him a hard time,” a deep voice speaks up, and Yoongi and Jin turn to see Namjoon seated at the table of the couple’s private quarters, scribbling intently at a weathered scroll. Namjoon looks up at his mate and gives him an unimpressed look. “Just accept the blessing of Yoongi caring for someone and don’t question it.”

Yoongi is about to bite out a spiteful retort, but Jin lets out a thoughtful hum and turns back to Yoongi. He watches him for a long moment, calculating, until he finally nods. “Alright. I’ll talk to the council.”

Yoongi lets out a breath he didn’t know he was holding. “Thank you,” he says genuinely, and Jin smiles at him.

“Of course.”
Yoongi takes the next few days simply to get to know Jimin, and the more time he spends with the boy, the harder he falls.

Yoongi is sound asleep one early morning when the door to his chambers creaks open. Immediately alert, Yoongi shoots up in bed, expecting to see Fiona come to try to seduce him again.

Instead, he sees a soft, pink face peering at him from the door, blonde hair falling in his eyes and teeth nervously worrying his bottom lip.

It’s Jimin.
Chapter 2

“Sweetness?” Yoongi asks, voice groggy, wondering if he’s imagining things. He can smell Jimin’s nervousness from here and it makes him instantly alert. “Are you okay?”

Jimin is silent for a moment, biting his lip hesitantly. “I had a bad dream,” he finally says quietly, still hanging off the door, uncertain whether to step fully inside or not.

Yoongi melts inside and pats the bed beside him. “Come here.”

Jimin closes the door behind him and hesitantly makes his way across the rug-covered floor. He’s wearing a loose, oversized shirt again, with the sleeves falling past his hands and his soft legs bare. Yoongi pulls back the blankets as Jimin stops next to the bed, and he climbs up and crawls over to Yoongi, looking so adorable and sleepy that the vampire wants to coo.

Jimin lays down next to Yoongi as he pulls the warm blankets up around them, squirming in nearer to Yoongi’s space. The vampire draws him close and strokes a hand through Jimin’s blonde hair while the other arm wraps around his middle.

“What do you want to talk about it?” He asks quietly, and Jimin shakes his head, tucking his face into Yoongi’s neck.

“Just wanna sleep,” he slurs, already halfway there, his small hands coming up to clutch at Yoongi’s sleep shirt.

“Okay, baby boy,” Yoongi says softly, placing a kiss on Jimin’s forehead. “Go to sleep.”

Jimin doesn’t need to be told twice. Within a few moments, his breathing evens out and he relaxes against Yoongi. Not even believing this is happening, Yoongi savors it as long as he can before he, too, falls back into slumber.
When Yoongi wakes up, its to a warm weight lying across his chest. He cracks an eye open and is met with the face of a sleeping angel. Jimin’s face is squished against his chest and his arm is draped loosely across Yoongi’s waist. A soft thigh is hooked up over Yoongi’s hip.

He realizes he was awoken by the slight aborted movements of Jimin rutting against him.

Yoongi’s breath catches in his throat when he feels Jimin’s erection pressing into his hip with each small thrust. A little whimper escapes Jimin’s lips in his sleep, and Yoongi really, truly thinks this is how he’s going to die.

Yoongi’s own cock begins to harden at the feeling of Jimin rubbing against him, and he knows its wrong, so wrong. Jimin is asleep, he doesn’t even know what he’s doing. He can’t consent like this.

“Jimin,” Yoongi says quietly, his hand sliding down Jimin’s thigh, trying to rouse him. Jimin moans softly and erratically jerks his groin into Yoongi’s hip. Yoongi feels his soul leaving his body and he curses his existence. “Sweetness, wake up,” Yoongi tries again, a little louder this time, insistently kneading the flesh of Jimin’s full thigh.

Jemin rouses, his lips puckering into a pout before his eyes crack open. It takes a long moment before Yoongi sees Jimin’s eyes fill with realization. His gaze sweeps down their bodies, where his hips have halted their little movements.

Jemin’s face fills with color and a look of pure mortification crosses his face. “Oh, god,” he whispers, rolling off of Yoongi and scrambling off the bed. “I—I’m so sorry, I--oh, my god, I don’t know what—I’m sorry--”

Yoongi is off the bed and across the room in seconds, spurred by his supernatural speed, and grabs Jimin around the waist before he can make it two steps towards the door. “Jimin, its okay,” Yoongi says, spinning him around so they’re facing each other.

Jemin refuses to meet his eyes, burying his burning face in his small hands. “I’m so sorry,” he moans as even the tips of his ears turn red. “This is so embarrassing.”

“Don’t be embarrassed,” Yoongi begs, trying to tug Jimin’s hands away. “It’s okay. It’s alright.”

Jemin shakes his head and refuses to look up. “I’m so s-stupid,” he hiccups miserably, voice muffled by his hands. “Why would you ever want someone like me?” He then manages to break from Yoongi’s hold and runs towards the door.

Yoongi pounces again and grabs Jimin by the wrist, spinning him around and backing him roughly against the door right before he reaches it. Jimin lets out a squeak of surprise when Yoongi cages him in, crowding in close. He stares at Yoongi with wide, watery eyes when the vampire cups his jaw in his hand. He holds it firmly enough that Jimin can’t turn away, and he can hear the boy’s heart beating a frantic rhythm in his chest. Yoongi’s breath is hitched as he stares at Jimin’s mouth. He runs a thumb over the plush bottom lip, parting it, and leans in close.

“Park Jimin, you’re an idiot,” Yoongi whispers, before sealing their lips together.

Jemin gasps into his mouth, going still. Then he lets out a small moan and melts into Yoongi’s touch. The kiss is searing, intoxicating.
Their lips move and glide together with growing urgency, fitting together so perfectly that it feels like they’ve been doing this for an eternity. Yoongi’s hand twists into Jimin’s hair and he pulls his head back to deepen the kiss. Jimin’s mouth parts on a groan and Yoongi licks inside, desperate, hungry.

Jimin tastes even more incredible than Yoongi ever imagined. Yoongi presses him flush against the door, his other hand pullin Jimin into him by his lower back. Jimin’s hands grab onto the front of Yoongi’s tunic, holding on for dear life as their tongues dance together.

It’s incredible, mind-blowing, and Yoongi can’t get enough. His hand slides down to grab at Jimin’s beautiful ass, and the boy gasps into the kiss and rolls his hips into Yoongi. The vampire can feel his eyes turning electric from behind his eyelids, heart racing a mile a minute and his adrenaline pumping. Yoongi licks across the roof of Jimin’s mouth, sucking on his tongue and then biting gently at his bottom lip before pulling back with a gasp.

Jimin’s skin is flushed and his pupils are blown wide, eyelids heavy. He’s panting, squirming against Yoongi, hair wild from the vampire’s rough handling.

Yoongi doesn’t given Jimin time to say anything before he’s lifting him by the waist and carrying him back to the bed. Jimin yelps and wraps his legs around Yoongi, clutching at his shoulders for stability.

Yoongi presses Jimin down onto the bed and climbs on top of him, their bodies dragging together. He begins kissing and licking at the boy’s neck, feeling the blood pumping wildly under the thin layer of hot skin. If Yoongi were a younger vampire, he’d have a hard time controlling himself this close to Jimin’s blood, but he’s had centuries to learn to control his blood lust. Now, he just savors the taste of Jimin’s sweet skin.

Yoongi sucks a mark behind Jimin’s ear, earning a shaky moan as Jimin’s hands twist in his hair. Jimin’s legs hitch up around Yoongi’s hips as the older grinds into him, cock hard and aching. Yoongi kisses across Jimin’s cheek and claims his lips again, bruising, unforgiving. Jimin presses his chest into Yoongi’s and kisses back for all he’s worth, wet and hot and perfect. Yoongi pulls away with a ‘pop’ and raises himself on his arms over Jimin.

“How,” Yoongi rasps, voice raw. “Could you think I wouldn’t want you?”

Jimin is gasping for breath under him, looking dazed and fucked out even though they’ve hardly done anything yet. He swallows thickly and bites at his swollen bottom lip, face flushing with even more color.

“Y-Yoongi,” Jimin whimpers, rolling his hips, looking for friction. Yoongi bites back the hiss of pleasure it brings when their erections rub together.

Yoongi moves closer and licks a long, slow stripe up Jimin’s neck. “You’re mine, Sweetness,” he breathes hot against Jimin’s racing pulse, making the human shiver violently. “Mine.”

“Yoongi,” Jimin whispers, eyelids fluttering when Yoongi sucks his earlobe into his mouth. “I-I’ve never done… I don’t…”

Jimin trails off but Yoongi knows what he means. He suspected as much. “Okay, baby boy. Okay,” Yoongi murmurs, kissing along Jimin’s jaw before pulling away. “We can go slow.”

Jimin gulps thickly, watching Yoongi as he sits up and straddles the human’s hips. He jumps when Yoongi begins rolling up his oversized tunic, small hands grabbing the material to try to keep his
modesty covered. Yoongi knocks his hands aside and keeps going, so slowly, until Jimin can’t take the anticipation anymore.

Finally, Yoongi rolls the shirt far enough to reveal Jimin’s chest, tucking the fabric under his chin. Under his tunic, Jimin isn’t wearing any undergarments, and his little cock is standing hard and erect in the cool air of Yoongi’s room. He’s flushed down from his neck and onto his chest and even the tops of his thighs are red.

Jemin squirms uncomfortably under Yoongi’s dark gaze, blushing deeply. “Beautiful,” Yoongi murmurs, bending down to kiss along Jimin’s soft little belly.

Jemin’s abdomen flutters with each touch as Yoongi moves up his body, kissing slowly and softly. There’s a faded scar from his back that curves around his ribs, and Yoongi takes his time licking across it, savoring Jimin’s little whimper at his ministrations.

Yoongi sits back up and thumbs over both of Jimin’s cute pink nipples. The boy jerks and gasps aloud, eyes going wide. The black-haired man continues to play with them, rolling them between his fingers and tugging gently until Jimin is a panting, squirming mess under him.

“Y-Yoongi,” Jimin moans, body thrashing as Yoongi shows Jimin’s nipples no mercy, rolling them, flicking them, pulling them.

God, he’s so fucking sensitive Yoongi is going to combust.

Yoongi lowers his head and latches his mouth onto Jimin’s left nipple, making the boy cry out. He continues to roll the right one between his fingers while he licks and laves and sucks at the other. His eyes flick up to watch Jimin’s reaction. The blonde’s eyes are squeezed tight and his face is screwed up in pleasure. His mouth is hanging open as he pants raggedly, and Yoongi can see his eyes welling with tears. Jimin’s hands are gripped tight in Yoongi’s hair, and he presses his chest up into Yoongi’s mouth, searching for more.

“Ahhh,” Jimin moans brokenly, his whole body shaking.

Suddenly, the deep, deafening tone of giant bells clanging comes from somewhere outside.

Jemin jumps in alarm and Yoongi pulls his mouth off his nipple with a slick wet sound, looking at his door sharply.

“W-what’s that?” Jimin stutters, looking like a wrecked mess.

“Lycan attack,” Yoongi replies, voice raw and hoarse. His heart sinks and he looks back down at Jimin. “I have to go.”

Jemin’s face twists in dissatisfaction and he lets out a low whine like a petulant child.

Yoongi is so gone for this boy its not even funny.

“I’m sorry,” Yoongi says with regret, leaning down for one more deep, searing kiss that doesn’t last long enough.

He peels his sweaty body off of Jimin and rolls off the bed, standing on shaky legs. Jimin tugs his shirt back down to hide his nakedness and rolls onto his side to watch Yoongi quickly apply his armor, looking like a flushed and sleepy angel.

Once dressed, Yoongi slides his sword into his scabbard and hooks his long black cloak to the
fasteners on his shoulders. Helmet tucked under his arm, Yoongi crosses over to the bed and bends over to kiss Jimin’s full cheek. The boy grabs him by his gauntlet and sits up, suddenly looking frantic.

“Please come back, Yoongi,” Jimin says with wide, scared eyes, holding him tight.

Yoongi’s entire being melts and he leans in for a soft, chaste kiss that leaves him tingling. “I will, Sweetness, don’t worry.”

“Promise me,” Jimin demands with a pout.

Yoongi brushes his fingers down Jimin’s flushed cheek, his heart swelling with emotion. “I promise.”

Yoongi sweeps into the courtyard amidst the awful clamor of the clanging warning bells. Each echoing bang makes his head throb under his helmet.

“Someone shut those damn things off!” Yoongi yells at a passing foot soldier, who bows and runs off.

Yoongi’s entire battalion of Death Dealers is waiting in the courtyard, about fifty of them, all in full armor and awaiting orders. “Report,” Yoongi demands loudly over the bells as he stalks up to them.

“The Province of Alba Marè was attacked by a huge pack of Lycans late this afternoon,” Hoseok says, stepping forward. “A farmer was able to escape the carnage and rode here for help. He’s in with the council right now.”

Yoongi nods, letting out a sigh of relief when the bells finally stop clanging just then. “Did the farmer say how many Lycans?”

Under his helmet, Hoseok rolls his eyes. “He said hundreds, but you know how dramatic humans are.”

Ignoring the little prickle of irritation Yoongi feels at that remark, he turns to address the silent Death Dealers. Xiu Lee stands next to Jungkook, fully healed and ready for action, absently stroking the white fletching of one of her arrows.

“Not all of you are coming,” Yoongi says to them. “If I take you all, that’ll leave the fortress virtually undefended and open to an ambush from this end.” Yoongi will never make that mistake again. “Dahlia,” Yoongi turns to the ebony-skinned vampire standing on Jungkook’s other side. “You’re in charge while Hoseok and I are gone.”

Dahlia nods, the long braids of her black hair swinging at the movement. “Yes, Captain.”

Yoongi chooses the rest of the Death Dealers coming with him. Amongst them are Marcellus, Quinn, Fay, Xiu Lee, Nairi, a white-haired woman who came from the Nordic coven many years ago, and Sibiu, a young man from the far east.

The horses are brought out and Yoongi calls out, “Mount up!” as the Death Dealers who are
remaining take places up along the gate where the giant crossbows are. Some go back inside the fortress to remain close to the council members, and others take places high up on the parapets to keep watch.

Yoongi climbs onto his horse and the others follow suit. Alba Marè is about a half a night’s ride to the north, so once they get there, the vampires will only have a small window of opportunity to kill the Lycans and then find shelter before the sun rises. They’ll have to hide out the whole day before returning to the fortress, and Yoongi prays that they can find a cave or something of the sort to hunker down in.

Yoongi rides to the front of the line and motions to the gatekeeper. The gate slowly begins grinding upwards, and as soon as there’s enough room, Yoongi stands up in has saddle and looks behind him at the waiting Death Dealers.

“Let’s move out!” He calls, turning back around and kicking his horse into a gallop. She takes off with a huff, and the clattering of the hooves behind Yoongi is like the clashing of thunder across the sky.

As they spread out across the rocky plain like a flock of birds with Yoongi at the point, Hoseok and Jungkook fall into place at either side of his flanks. Even through the slits in his helmet, Yoongi can see Jungkook’s eyes glowing blue, narrowed with a terrifying determination that makes Yoongi glad the young vampire is on his side.

The night is cold but under the layers of armor and clothing and the exertion of riding his horse so hard, Yoongi barely feels it. It's almost refreshing as the cold air streams through the gaps in his helmet and hits his face.

Once the battalion of horses reaches the forest, they veer left instead of entering. Yoongi leads them alongside the trees at a breakneck pace, his horse’s breath puffing into the air. He would be worried for her after these last few days if not for the fact that this is what the vampires’ horses are bred for. War is their single purpose and they’re good at it. They can ride for hours without stopping, can go nights without eating or sleeping, and will charge valiantly into a swarm of Lycans without a single ounce of fear.

Yoongi doesn’t know how long they ride, but soon the forest ends and before them is just rolling plains for miles. The riders in black sweep across the dead grass like a shadow, eating up the ground and sending chunks of dirt up behind them. Their black cloaks flap and whip around behind them, catching the air and coming to life like living entities.

For hours they ride, not growing tired or weary but instead filling with more adrenaline the closer they get to Alba Marè. The moon shines down on them, glinting off their black armor and the metal bits in their horses’ foaming mouths.

Finally, up ahead they can see fires in the darkness. Smoke is filling the air and along the breeze comes the distant screaming of humans. Yoongi stands in his stirrups, twisting around as his horse continues to gallop, his body rocking in time with the motions of the animal, absorbing the movements as if they were one. His lifts his hand and points off twice to the left.

As one, half of the Death Dealers split off and veer left to approach the village from the other direction. The rest stay with Yoongi and charge straight on. The village approaches fast, and the Lycans soon spot them. One lets out a blood chilling howl that alerts all the others. Then they are charging, leaving the ruined village and setting their sights on the vampires.

They reach Yoongi first, as he’s in the lead. The first one leaps at Yoongi on all fours with a roar.
He draws his sword and swings it with a grunt, sending the Lycan’s head flying. Then it’s werewolf after werewolf that they plow through. Arrows fly, swords swing, axes chop. Yells of rage and grunts of exertion mix with horrible howls and vicious snarls.

There’s not a hundred Lycans but there’s certainly a lot, probably around fifty. The battle now has no direction or course. It’s just a bloody battlefield of swarming supernaturals fighting for their lives. Hoseok is knocked from his horse and hits the ground with a grunt, winded and dazed as a Lycan charges at him. Xiu Lee is there instantly, leaping off her horse and dropping into a crouch in front of him. She kneels on the ground, planting one knee in the dirt, and lifts her bow. She takes aim, one eye squinted closed as she tracks the Lycan’s movements. Right as it leaps into the air, she lets loose, and the arrow whizzes through the air and sinks into the Lycan’s skull with a sickening thud. It wails in pain and crashes to the ground, kicking up dirt and rocks, and rolls to a stop inches in front of Xiu Lee. She stands and helps Hoseok to his feet, right as another Lycan charges at them. Hoseok pushes Xiu Lee aside and swings his axe with a yell. It cleaves the Lycan’s head clean off and it goes rolling across the ground.

Jungkook is driving his horse through the beasts, swinging left and right with his huge great sword and sending blood and limbs flying. No Lycan is a match for the youngest Death Dealer, who possesses a strength unlike Yoongi’s ever seen.

A crushing weight knocks into Yoongi from behind and he goes flying off his horse with a grunt, hitting the ground hard. He rolls away just in time as a huge Lycans slams down on the ground he’d been lying on a split second ago, claws gleaming with blood. Yoongi snatches his sword off the ground and jumps to his feet, drawing the blade he keeps sheathed on his back and crouches into a battle stance. The Lycan roars and swings at Yoongi, and he leaps high into the air, coming down behind the confused beast, and shoves both swords through the werewolf’s back. Yoongi rips the blades outward with a yell, and the beast slices clean in half in a rain of blood.

New cries join the chaos of roaring and yelling, and Yoongi flips around to see the other half of the Death Dealers charging onto the scene from behind them, mowing into the confused Lycans like a wall of solid black.

Nairi, her pure white hair gleaming under her helmet, appears out of nowhere on foot, stabbing a Lycan attacking Quinn with her thin, razor sharp blade. Then she disappears again in a blur as she ghosts through the battlefield with the otherworldly speed that only the Nordic vampires seem to possess. Her cloak whips behind her in a fuzzy blur, and giant, furred bodies drop in her wake.

An unrecognizable Death Dealer nearby shouts as one of the giant, black-furred beasts swings down on him with its claws and slices his throat. Yoongi shouts in rage, running at the Lycan and hitting it hard with his whole body, sending it flying. It climbs back to its feet and shakes its head, a little dazed. Then it growls and crouches, ready to jump at Yoongi, but Sibiu rides by on his horse and cuts the Lycan’s arm off before it can as he passes. It wails in pain, and not a split second later, Fay plants a bolt from her crossbow into the beast’s head from across the battlefield, and it goes down hard.

Another Lycan, its jaws dripping with blood, growls and charges at Yoongi. He jumps out of the way, rolling into a summersault and back to his feet, weapons at the ready. The Lycan howls in rage and swings at Yoongi fast, once, twice, and then Yoongi feels pain blooming in his face as his helmet goes flying with one of the Lycan’s swipes. He stumbles and his weapons are knocked from his grasp.

He can feel the blood dripping down his face and into his eye. Yoongi blinks it away in annoyance and reaches into his boot for the knife he keeps there. The werewolf charges once more, thinking
itself triumphant, and swings at Yoongi again. The vampire ducks under its massive arm, darts in close, and stabs the knife under the Lycan’s ribs three times, lightning quick. The stink of the creature overwhelms Yoongi, makes his eyes sting. The Lycan screams in pain and stumbles away, trying to snap at Yoongi with its deadly teeth. Yoongi ducks under its swipe again, sidesteps around and around, sneaking in a stab and a slash at every opportunity until the Lycan roars in pain and outrage and falls to its knees. The Lycan manages to catch Yoongi by the cloak, but with a mighty tug and a loud ripping sound, he breaks free and the cloak tears off in the Lycan’s clawed hand. Yoongi jumps high into the air and lands on its furred, muscled back. He drives his knife in deep to the base of the Lycan’s skull, and it finally collapses with a pathetic yelp. He rolls off its body and neatly lands on his feet.

Suddenly, Yoongi hears the loud clanging of weapons, and spins around to see that some of the Lycans are in their human forms, battling against the Death Dealers with swords and axes. Yoongi grits his teeth, finding his fallen swords on the ground and charging into the fray. Lycans are more dangerous in their human form, when they can handle weapons and are possessed of rational thought instead of their primal instincts. When they can calculate attacks and counteract them.

Marcellus and Fay are fighting back to back, overwhelmed by the four human Lycans who are quite skilled in their attack. Quinn is trying to get to his brother but is pinned down to the ground by a huge werewolf, struggling against its snapping jaws. Nairi appears again in a blur, slamming her slim body against the Lycan pinning Quinn and sending it flying with a yelp, before zooming off again. Freed of his attacker, Quinn yells and leaps to Marcellus and Fay’s aid. Then Jungkook is there too, on foot now. He comes up behind one of the human Lycans attacking Fay and grabs him roughly by his long hair. Jungkook yanks his head back hard and the man yells in pain before its cut off with a gurgle as Jungkook drives his sword clean through his throat.

Hoseok and Xiu Lee move like one; she fires arrow after arrow, falling into a crouch for Hoseok to swing his axe over her head, then stands and fires again. No Lycan can come close to the duo, falling like dominoes before them. Xiu Lee has lost her helmet at some point, and her long, dark hair, twisted into a french braid that is messy and coming loose, whips around as she spins and twirls with her bow.

Sibiu is struggling against two human Lycans, and Yoongi rushes to his aid. He swings at one with his sword, but the man is quick. He jumps back in time and lifts his own blade to Yoongi with a snarl. Their weapons meet with a clang and a burst of sparks, and Yoongi feels the reverberation down his whole arm. The Lycan is good, but Yoongi has had eight hundred years of practice. In three quick moves, Yoongi disarms the Lycan and shoves his sword clean through his middle. The man groans in agony and stumbles a few steps before collapsing to the ground.

Pain rips into Yoongi’s shoulder from behind and he cries out as he’s thrown forward onto the blood stained ground. A Lycan looms over him, it’s dark, beady eyes filled with hate. Yoongi rolls over and jumps to his feet, twisting away just in time to avoid its swinging claws.

Hitting the ground knocked his swords out of his hands again, and now Yoongi is weaponless as the Lycan charges at him. He crouches low and locks his knees, crossing his gauntlet-clad forearms over his face, bracing for the impact.

Then suddenly Jungkook is there, coming up like a shadow behind the Lycan. Yoongi watches between the space of his arms as Jungkook yells and shoves his fist straight through the Lycan’s back. It lets out a horrible scream as Jungkook grunts in exertion and pulls hard. He rips the Lycan’s spine clean out of its back with a disgusting snapping of bones, and it falls limply to the ground.

“Christ, Kook,” Yoongi mutters, slowly lowering his arms and staring at the mutilated body before
him. Jungkook grins at him and then turns and leaps back into the fray, tossing the bloody spine carelessly behind him.

The battle rages on. Yoongi hacks and stabs and slices at anything that isn’t a vampire. He is focused solely on his task, falling into an almost meditative like trance. Nothing else matters but killing the enemy. Blood is spilled and warriors on each side die.

He doesn’t know how long it lasts until finally, finally, there is only one Lycan left, until it, too, is quickly killed. By who, Yoongi doesn’t know. But it’s done and the battle is finally over.

Many of Yoongi’s soldiers lay dead on the blood-ruined earth. Quinn wails in agony over the body of a lifeless Marcellus, the brother he’d been with for four centuries, taken from him in a single night.

Jungkook, though, is alive. He’s alive and so is Hoseok and Xiu Lee. So are Fay, Nairi, and Sibiu. Though all beaten and bloody, they’re alive.

At some point, Yoongi finds his horse lying on the ground, bleeding from deep claw marks on her belly, huffing in pain as she struggles weakly to move. He crouches beside her and gently strokes down her flank, pain filling him at the sight of her. This horse has been with him for ten trusty years. He’d had her since she was a filly and they’d ridden so well together.

Yoongi undoes her bridle and slips the bit out of her foamed up mouth, unbuckling her facial armor and sliding it off to give her a little more comfort in her last moments. She knickers softly in pain and kicks weakly with her hooves.

“Shhh,” Yoongi soothes softly, running his hand down her strong, muscular neck. “Good girl,” he says in a low, gentle voice, and she calms somewhat at the sound of it. “You did so well.”

Her breathing is coming harsh and fast, and Yoongi can tell she’s in terrible pain. With a bone weary sigh, Yoongi searches for a weapon and finds a large, bloody knife lying in the dead grass a few feet away. He grabs it and sits back at her side, drawing her heavy, majestic head gently into his lap.

He strokes the velvet-soft end of her nose for a long moment before pressing the knife to her throat. Yoongi closes his eyes and draws it across in one sharp, smooth movement.

There’s the sound of gushing blood and a small, surprised knicker, and then she finally goes still in his lap. Yoongi opens his eyes and runs his hand down her neck again. His heart hurts at the loss of his companion, but she’s at peace and no longer suffering, and that’s all that matters.

Yoongi settles her head back on the earth and stands up. Hearing the battle has finished, the humans have begun crawling out of their ruined village, coming to see the carnage.

Dawn is almost upon them, and Yoongi needs to get his men to shelter before the sun rises. One of the humans walks shakily up to him, stepping over mutilated Lycans and turning green at the sight of the gruesome battlefield.

“Y-you are from the fortress of Târgu Crișana?” The human nervously asks him, and Yoongi nods. The man takes a deep breath and forces himself to meet Yoongi’s eye. He bows deeply three times before straightening back up. “Thank you for your assistance. You’ve saved our lives. Is there anything we can do for you?”

Behind Yoongi, the surviving vampires are walking through the battlefield, setting the bodies of the dead Lycans on fire for good measure. Yoongi glances back up at the sky and knows time is short.
“We’re in need of a place to hide during the day,” Yoongi says, motioning at the vampires around him. The man purses his lips as he thinks, rubbing his chin absentmindedly. Then he snaps his fingers and his eyes light up.

“About a mile past the ruins there are some underground tunnels that are no longer being used,” the human says, pointing off to the west of the village. “They’re large enough for you all to fit, and we can tend to your dead until you return for them.”

Yoongi is surprised at the man’s consideration and quickly accepts the offer. He gathers the remaining Death Dealers around him and gives the order to move out, sending Hoseok ahead in the lead. A sobbing Quinn has to be pulled off of Marcellus’ body by Fay and Nairi and led roughly away because he’s struggling so hard. The fires from the burning Lycans smell awful, like burning flesh and wet dog, and through the flames, Yoongi can see the bodies returning to their human forms in death.

“Make sure every last body is burned,” Yoongi tells the man as more humans venture out onto the field to begin carrying the bodies of the vampires to shelter from the sun. “And any of your dead that have been bitten need to be burned before they turn.” The human nods and repeats the orders to the others, who rush back to the village to obey. Yoongi leaves the remaining horses in the care of the humans as well as he hustles after the Death Dealers across the field.

The mile walk feels like it takes years, what with many of them being injured and having to go painfully slow, but finally they pass the crumbling stone ruins the human mentioned and find a wide, gaping hole in the side of a hill just as the first rays of the sun begin to shine over the horizon.

“Hurry!” Yoongi calls as they struggle inside in their battle-worn state. Two Death Dealers are lagging behind, one struggling to drag the other, whose leg is torn to shreds, to the hole. Yoongi jogs up and slips the wounded man’s other arm around his shoulders, and together they usher him through the opening and into the darkness of the tunnel.

They all venture deep into the tunnels, which are painfully cold and smell of damp earth. Once they are where the sun’s rays will never reach them, they begin to settle down. There are some old crates and broken boards scattered around the wide tunnel, and some of the vampires use these as seats. Nairi and Fay set Quinn gently on a crate and sit down on either side of him. Hoseok collapses against the hard, earthen side of the tunnel and sinks down heavily, and Xiu Lee joins him a moment later. Jungkook sits down with his back against a crate and gingerly begins undoing his bloody gauntlets.

All at once, the bone-deep fatigue that consumes Yoongi after big battles like this finally hits, and he staggers against the side of the tunnel. His legs give out and he slides slowly to the ground, disturbing the dirt of the wall as he does. His whole body is shaking and he closes his eyes, trying to calm his breathing. His heart is racing a mile a minute and he feels like he can’t breathe.

But then.

But then, images of Jimin pop into his head. Of the little human smiling and covering his blushing face, and Yoongi’s muscles relax of their own accord. His breathing evens out and slows and he sags against the wall, utterly spent.

The exhaustion takes over, and at some point, Yoongi drifts off to sleep. He doesn’t know for how long, but when he awakens with a start, its to see that most of the other Death Dealers are taking the chance to rest as well.

Hoseok’s head is leaning back against the wall, eyes closed and mouth open slightly, and Xiu Lee is
resting her head on his shoulder, sagging against him in her sleep. They’re both covered in Xiu Lee’s ripped black cloak that she must have taken off at some point. Fay and Nairi are lying across the crates, foot to head as they share the small space. Around the tunnel, the other Deather Dealers are sleeping fitfully as well, some tossing and turning, still keyed up after the battle.

Only Jungkook and Quinn are awake. Jungkook is still leaning against the crate as he methodically cleans his giant sword with a piece of cloth. Quinn is sitting next to him, staring at nothing, face blank, and Yoongi genuinely hopes he’s going to be okay.

Yoongi can sense its growing later in the day. The cuts on his face and shoulder ache and throb painfully, and Yoongi can’t heal properly without drinking fresh blood. He doubts any of the villagers would be willing to offer, so he’s just going to have to wait until they get back to the fortress.

He drifts in and out of sleep for a long time, and his dreams are filled with tinkling little giggles and adorable crescent eye smiles.

A hand shaking his shoulder startles Yoongi awake. “Captain,” Jungkook is saying, crouching next to him. “The sun’s about to go down.”

Yoongi blinks his tired eyes a few times and winces at the way his face has stiffened with dried blood. He allows Jungkook to pull him to his feet, and Yoongi looks around the tunnel to see the other Death Dealers rousing as well. Hoseok is tenderly wiping at the blood on Xiu Lee’s face with a piece of cloth, Nairi is helping Fay re-lace her gauntlets, and Sibiu is crouched next to Quinn, seemingly giving him a quiet pep talk.

“Let’s get ready to move out,” Yoongi says, his voice raspy and raw from all the yelling he did during the battle. The Death Dealers re-don their armor and collect their weapons, their movements sluggish and tired.

They retrace their steps down the earthen tunnel and wait by the mouth of the cave for the sun to sink fully behind the horizon. Then they begin the long trek back to Alba Màre, limping along, all weak and exhausted and in need of blood.

When they arrive back at the village after passing through the burnt, dead field full of smoking skeletons, the villagers are waiting for them. Their surviving horses seem to have been fed and watered and are awaiting their riders. A heavy wooden wagon pulled by a sturdy sable clydesdale is standing off to the side, and laid gently in the back atop a bedding of hay are their fallen comrades, cleaned of blood and settles gently side by side. Yoongi is touched at the humans’ consideration and care, and it suddenly a little choked up.

“We’ve fed and rested your horses and prepared your dead,” the human from before steps forward and addresses Yoongi. “We can’t thank you enough for coming to our assistance.”

Yoongi swallows past the lump in his throat and nods to the man. “We appreciate your help as well.”

Then they mount their horses, some of them having to pair up since there’s a shortage. Fay climbs up behind Nairi and wraps her arms around the Nordic vampire’s slim waist. Xiu Lee rides with Hoseok again, and Sibiu climbs up onto the wooden wagon to steer the coach carrying their dead. Quinn joins him and sits down on the wooden bench, staring into the back of the wagon at his lifeless brother, face blank and emotionless.

Yoongi gets Marcellus’ old horse, an older gelding who’s gone a bit lame after the battle. The
humans wave them off as the Death Dealers begin the journey back to the fortress, Yoongi in the lead as usual.

It’s slow going, what with the exhausted, injured soldiers and limping horses and rickety wagon trailing at the back of the procession. Yoongi’s eyelids keep drooping at the soothing motion of his horse clopping along, and he has to continually shake himself awake. He’s bone tired, drained and injured and in need of blood.

Jungkook trots up alongside Yoongi and falls into step with him, expression open and even a little happy. “How are you doing?” The youngest Death Dealers asks him.

Yoongi narrows his eyes at him, nose wrinkling in distaste. Out of everyone, Jungkook seems to be in the best spirits. He has a few cuts across his face, but he’s standing tall in his saddle and his eyes are bright with their usual excitement. Sometimes Yoongi really wonders which realm the kid came from.

“How are you in such a good mood?” Yoongi gripes in annoyance. Jungkook grins at him and shrugs, the moonlight glinting off his dull and dented armor.

“I get to see Tae Tae soon,” is his simple reply, so honest and innocent, and Yoongi’s snarky retort dies on his tongue. He’s glad that Jungkook and Taehyung seem to finally be moving forward in their relationship, and Yoongi doesn’t want to bring him down by being an asshole.

In fact, it reminds him that he’ll get to see Jimin soon, and suddenly, Yoongi’s exhaustion dissipates and he sits straighter in his saddle, a second wind hitting him. He urges his tired horse into a trot, and behind him, the others follow suit after a moment. The clattering of the wagon grows louder as Sibiu flicks the clydesdale’s reins and it breaks into a heavy trot.

Even at their slightly faster pace, the hours still tick by with excruciating slowness. The night falls over them like a blanket, endless, all encompassing. The plodding of hooves and the clanging of heavy armor are the only sounds breaking the silence of the night.

Yoongi feels like he’s about to go insane when the forest finally comes into view ahead, and he knows they’re almost home. The others seem to gain heart from this as well, and soon they’re cantering alongside the forest. Yoongi isn’t sure the wagon can handle it, but surprisingly it manages to squeal loudly along after them, wheels clattering dangerously over the uneven ground.

The whole night has passed during their journey, and once again the sun will be rising soon. Finally, in the distance they can see the familiar stony mountain range, rising high into the brightening sky. Built into the mountain is the fortress; dark, imposing, and ancient, spots of torches blinking like fireflies in the darkness.

Distantly, Yoongi can hear the bells clanging, announcing their arrival. They all canter across the stony plain, their horses going faster without being told, and Yoongi can only assume they’re just as eager to get home as their riders are.

The gates are raising, and Yoongi can see soldiers running across the top of the gate tower, waving torches and yelling. Yoongi is the first one through the gate, and his horse’s hooves clatter across the cobblestone of the courtyard. The others are close behind and it's like a rumble of thunder as they all spill through. The wagon is the last to creak through as Sibiu urges the tired clydesdale the last few paces.

The council members and the other Death Dealers, along with practically every other vampire in the coven, are all gathered in the courtyard waiting for them. Yoongi dismounts his tired horse and hands
him over to a stable boy who rushes up. The council members, led by a harassed looking Sabien, with Seokjin and Namjoon bringing up the rear, close in like vultures around them and Yoongi bites back a sigh of exhausted irritation. He really doesn’t want to have to deal with Sabien and his questions right now.

“Captain,” Sabien says, stopping before Yoongi and sweeping his navy colored robes behind him. “Welcome back.”

Yoongi bows his head to the older vampire. “It’s good to be back.”

Sabien’s sharp, beady eyes survey the bedraggled band of bloody and bruised Death Dealers in the courtyard, and his thin lips tighten. “So few. So few of you have returned.”

Yoongi swallows past the lump in his throat and looks behind him. It’s true. Twenty six Death Dealers had ridden out and only about fourteen have returned. Yoongi turns back to Sabien and shakes his head. “They all died a valiant death.”

“Yoongi!” A familiar voice calls then, and Yoongi turns and suddenly finds himself with an armful of Jimin. He lets out a huff of surprise at the force Jimin throws himself at Yoongi with, stumbling back a step or two at the sudden weight.

Jimin has his arms thrown around Yoongi’s shoulders and his face buried in his neck. “You came back,” Jimin whispers, too quietly for anyone but Yoongi to hear.

Suddenly, Yoongi feels as light and free as a cloud, fatigue vanishing in a flash. Jimin’s wonderful scent and the warmth of his body is so comforting and soothing, and Yoongi just feels so warm and happy and at home.

It can’t be comfortable hugging Yoongi, since he’s basically a wall of cold metal armor, but Jimin doesn’t seem to care. Yoongi wraps his left arm around Jimin’s waist and pulls him closer, holding on for dear life. He keeps his other arm resolutely by his side, because as much as he wants to wrap both arms around Jimin and cradle him close, he can’t show Sabien how much he really cares for the human. The head council member is already watching the two of them with a dark expression that makes Yoongi weary.

Sabien crosses his hands behind his back and his gaze sweeps over the Death Dealers again. “You’re to debrief in the council chamber,” Sabien announces, and Yoongi tries not to let his frustration show. “Lieutenant Jung, you’ll join as well.” Hoseok turns away from Xiu Lee at the mention of his name and crosses the courtyard to stand by Yoongi’s side.

Eliska arrives in the courtyard with Taehyung on her heels, following along like a puppy. Upon spotting Jungkook dismounting his horse, the doe-eyed vampire lets out a loud shriek and flings himself into Jungkook’s arms. Jungkook laughs and hugs Taehyung back for all he’s worth.

“Eliska,” Sabien says, and the aged blonde woman looks at him. “Get our valiant soldiers cleaned and fed and take care of the bodies of our dead.” He motions towards the wagon, where Sibiu and Quinn are climbing down. Eliska nods and busies herself with fussing over the worn out Death Dealers.

Sabien jerks his head for Yoongi and Hoseok to follow him, turning around and sweeping back up the stairs. Seokjin, arm-in-arm with Namjoon, winks at Yoongi before turning and following the other council members.

Yoongi places both his hands on Jimin’s small shoulders and pulls him away from his body. Jimin
looks up at him and Yoongi is alarmed to see tears in his eyes. There’s a trembling smile on his face though, which Yoongi really hopes means they’re tears of happiness.

“Wait for me in my quarters, okay, Sweetness?” Yoongi says quietly, resisting the urge to kiss him silly, since there are so many eyes on them. Jimin nods and Yoongi releases him, watching as the boy turns around and quickly slips through the watching crowd, disappearing completely within the taller bodies standing around.

As Yoongi turns to follow the council members up the stairs, he catches sight of Fiona lurking in the shadows, glowering off in the direction Jimin disappeared to. The look on her face is one of pure hatred, and Yoongi’s stomach drops at the intensity of it and what it could mean.

He doesn’t have time to worry about Fiona’s intentions as he rushes to catch up with the others, trying to push it from his mind and resolving to think about it later.

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When Yoongi drags his tired feet to his chambers two hours later, he’s about ready to collapse. Before he can get far from the council chamber, however, Seokjin catches up to him, his black velvet ceremonial robes flapping as he jogs up. Yoongi stops and waits for him, rubbing tiredly at the back of his neck.

“Good news,” Jin says with a wide grin. “The council agreed to let Jimin stay here.”

Suddenly Yoongi is wide awake. “What?” He gasps, eye going wide. “They did?”

Jin nods and smiles again. “Most of them were against it at first except for Cecelia, but I was able to sway Alessandra, Idris, Bortolomej and Astor by playing up the fact that poor Jimin is all alone now and has nowhere to go, and that if he were to go back to his last remaining brother, he’d be sold into a cruel marriage and be miserable the rest of his life.”

Yoongi almost can’t believe his ears. “And the others? What about Sabien?”

Jin rolls his eyes. “Sabien voted no, of course, as did Sabah and Jorin, but with my vote included, the majority ruled for letting him stay.”

Yoongi lets out a breathless laugh of happiness and claps Jin on the shoulder. “Thank you for this, Seok. You have no idea how much I appreciate it.”

Jin waves off his thanks casually. “I’m just happy you’ve finally found someone,” he says kindly. Then he’s gone, sweeping down the hall in his long robes, probably to go find Namjoon.

Yoongi makes his way to his chambers, feeling light as a feather. When he reaches his door, Jimin’s wonderful scent is seeping out from underneath, and Yoongi’s heart begins pounding.

He steps inside to see a claw-footed, aged, golden bathtub sitting in the middle of the floor atop a layer of towels. Steam is rising from the water that is filled to the brim of the tub, and even from here Yoongi can smell the scented oil in the water, like rose and jasmine.

Jimin is lying on Yoongi’s bed and jumps up when the vampire enters. “I had them bring in a bath for you,” is the first thing he says, hopping to his feet and eyeing Yoongi nervously, as if worried the
vampire will be annoyed with his actions.

Wordlessly, Yoongi opens his arms wide. Jimin smiles happily and runs across the room, throwing himself into Yoongi’s embrace with a gasp. Yoongi wraps him up tight, just like how he wanted to in the courtyard, and buries his nose under Jimin’s ear, inhaling his scent deeply.

“I was so scared you weren’t coming back,” Jimin says softly, grasping desperately at Yoongi’s back, his hands sliding against the slick armor in search of purchase.

Yoongi pulls Jimin impossibly closer and allows himself to relax for what feels like the first time in years. “I’ll never leave you, Sweetness,” Yoongi murmurs into Jimin’s skin, and he hearts the human’s heart skip and stutter in his chest.

They embrace for a while longer until Jimin stirs against him. “D-do you want to take a bath? It would probably feel good and I can, um...wash your hair for you, if you’d like,” Jimin asks shyly, and Yoongi didn’t know it was possible to fall even harder for him until now.

“That sounds incredible,” Yoongi says, a wave of exhaustion hitting him again.

Jimin helps him out of his armor, since Yoongi is sore and stiff and can barely stand. Jimin unlaces his gauntlets and undoes his belt and tugs the pauldrons off his shoulders. Yoongi bends over so Jimin can shimmy his breastplate over his head, then he sits heavily on the bed while Jimin takes off his greaves and the armor protecting his legs and thighs.

Finally, Yoongi is in nothing but the padded white garment he wears underneath his armor. Yoongi stands shakily and pulls it off over his head. Jimin blushes scarlet at Yoongi’s nakedness and pointedly keeps his eyes up as he helps Yoongi to step into the tub.

Yoongi lets out a hiss at the feel of the hot water and slowly sinks down. He releases a loud sigh of pleasure once he’s fully seated and his head drops back against the rim of the tub. Jimin settles on his knees behind Yoongi’s head and gently cards his hand through his matted and dirty hair. His little fingers sneak down Yoongi’s face and ever so gently brush over the claw marks on his cheek, making Yoongi wince slightly.

“Why aren’t you healing?” Jimin asks quietly, sounding concerned.

“Need blood,” Yoongi says, voice heavy as his eyelids droop.

Yoongi can practically feel Jimin’s frown, but the human doesn’t say anything. Instead he grabs a large metal pitcher sitting on the floor next to the tub and tells Yoongi to lean forward. He obeys and closes his eyes when Jimin begins pouring water over his head. Jimin makes sure his hair is good and soaked before grabbing a bar of soap and sudsing up his hands. Then his fingers are in Yoongi’s hair, rubbing and massaging against his scalp, and it feels so fucking good that Yoongi moans aloud. Jimin giggles behind him and continues the motion, and Yoongi’s eyes fall closed.

“Where did you learn to do this?” Yoongi asks, his voice heavy with tiredness.

“I used to do this a lot for my mama when she was sick and couldn’t bathe herself,” Jimin replies, his hands working the soap into Yoongi’s scalp. Jimin had told Yoongi that he used to care for his ailing mother when she was dying, being the only one of his brothers to do so, and unfortunately giving them another reason to hate him, since their mother liked Jimin the best.

“That’s why you were her favorite,” Yoongi says, and Jimin giggles again.

He keeps shampooing for a few more moments until his voice speaks up again. “I...also used to sing
for her. W-would you like me to sing for you, Yoongi?” Jimin asks shyly, and Yoongi can sense the human’s cheeks turning pink even with his back turned.

He reaches up a wet hand and gently grasps Jimin’s soap covered wrist. “I’d love that,” he says softly.

So Jimin sings as he pours water over Yoongi’s head to wash away the soap. His voice is high and soft and so, so sweet that Yoongi aches. He’s singing a lullaby, something that is vaguely familiar but that Yoongi can’t place. There’s a sadness to the melody, a deep longing for something unnameable, and Yoongi’s heart constricts in his chest. He feels tears prickling in the corners of his eyes and quickly tries to blink them away.

Jimin’s lullaby ends on a long high note that he carries out beautifully. Yoongi keeps his eyes closed, trying to regain his composure, when Jimin’s soapy hands brush down his neck, patting uncertainty.

“Yoongi, are you crying?” He asks quietly, trying to peer around at the vampire’s face.

Yoongi gives one nod, not trusting himself to speak. Jimin makes a soft cooing noise and back-hugs Yoongi’s wet body. The thin tunic Jimin is wearing quickly grows damp from Yoongi, but he doesn’t seem to care. He wraps his arms around Yoongi’s broad chest and lays his cheek gently over the red and raised claw marks on Yoongi’s shoulder. Yoongi sighs in contentment and smiles fondly when Jimin plants a kiss on his wet cheek.

“Thank you for coming back,” Jimin whispers into Yoongi’s jaw, and the vampire feels his heart swell to ten times the size it’s ever been. He twists around enough so he can capture Jimin’s lips in a soft, chaste kiss, and the humans sighs into it, leaning closer. “I promised I would,” Yoongi murmurs gently into his mouth. They share a few more sweet kisses before Jimin pulls away and tells Yoongi to turn back around so he can finish washing him.

He uses a soft sponge and soap to clean around the wound on Yoongi’s shoulder, which is healing, but at an incredibly slow rate. He scrubs away the dried, crusted on blood and pours water over the wound, and slowly the bath water turn pink and murky as Jimin cleanses Yoongi’s body of all traces of blood and grime.

Finally, Jimin deems him clean enough, and he helps Yoongi stand from the now tepid water and wraps a soft white towel around him. Yoongi steps out of the tub and allows Jimin to fluff up his wet hair with another towel until it’s tousled and damp. Then Yoongi weakly pulls on the loose cotton breeches and tunic that Jimin hands him. Jimin pulls back the heavy velvet sheets of Yoongi’s bed and he collapses into it with a world-weary sigh.

Jimin remains standing though, biting his lip. “Don’t you need blood?”

Yoongi is already on the verge of sleep, but he blinks his eyes open. “Just call for some. They should get it here pretty fast.”

Jimin continues to worry his lip between his teeth. “You could...drink mine. If you want.”

Suddenly, Yoongi is instantly alert. He shoots up in his bed and stares at Jimin with wide eyes. “Jimin, no,” he says immediately.

“It’s okay, I don’t mind,” Jimin says quickly, his eyes flicking to the bedside table.

“I said no, Jim—” Yoongi’s firm growl is cut off when Jimin darts towards the bedside table and snatches up a letter opener sitting there. Before Yoongi can even react in his drained, sluggish state, Jimin draws the blade across the fleshy part of his right palm with a little gasp. The smell of blood
blossoms in the air and Yoongi goes woozy at the scent of it.

“Jimin,” Yoongi gasps, staring at the blood beginning to leak from the cut. “Why would you do that?”

Jimin climbs up onto the bed, being careful to hold his bleeding hand up, trying not to get any on the sheets. He sits cross-legged next to Yoongi and holds out his hand as if it were a peace offering. “I wanted to do it,” Jimin says, holding his hand close to Yoongi’s face. “Please, Yoongi. Drink.”

And holy fuck does Jimin’s blood smell incredible. It’s been longer than Yoongi can even remember since he’s drunk blood directly from the source and that hasn’t been chilled and stored and poured into a crystal goblet.

And Yoongi is in desperate need of blood. And here is Jimin, freely offering it to him, so eager and willing. Jimin is staring at him with those puppy eyes, pleading with him silently. “Please, Yoongi? For me?”

And Yoongi. Well, Yoongi is too weak for Jimin to ever deny him anything, especially when he’s asking so sweetly. So he shakily takes hold of Jimin’s small wrist and brings his bleeding hand up to his mouth. He presses his lips to the wound and tentatively flicks his tongue out. The explosion of flavor that erupts in his mouth turns his eyes a vibrant, electric blue and he shudders out a gasp.

Yoongi holds Jimin’s wrist more firmly and sucks harder, being careful not to let his fangs slide down, no matter how much they try. As long as he doesn’t prick Jimin with his venomous fangs, the human should be fine.

Blood fills Yoongi’s mouth and it’s the most heavenly thing he’s ever tasted. It tastes like how Jimin smells, but a thousand times more potent. Sweet and sugary with that underlying spice and an undertone of orange. Its rich and warm and thick, and Yoongi knows in that moment that he will forever be addicted to Jimin’s blood.

Jimin is Yoongi’s ambrosia and nectar, and he can’t get enough.

Life fills Yoongi again. Warmth floods through his worn and heavy limbs and seeps into his bones. The fuzziness that he hadn’t even noticed that had been clogging his head like cotton lifts, leaving him alert and aware. Strength courses through his body, making him buzz with adrenaline.

The claw marks on his shoulder and face begin to rapidly heal, sealing up into puckered pink lines until they disappear completely, leaving Yoongi’s porcelain skin flawless and smooth once more.

He’s gasping, breathing heavily as Jimin’s blood intoxicates him, makes him drunk. He wants more but he knows he needs to stop. If he takes much more he’s going to hurt Jimin.

That thought snaps him back to reality. With a loud gasp, Yoongi pulls his mouth away from Jimin’s hand and licks up the blood around his mouth. Jimin’s breathing is heavy and his cheeks are flushed as he stares at Yoongi with wide eyes.

Yoongi wipes his mouth with the back of his hand to smear away any remnants of blood and cradles Jimin’s wounded hand against his chest, right over his racing heart. Its stopped bleeding due to Yoongi’s sucking and it now just a thin red cut.

“Did I hurt you?” Yoongi asks, voice a little hoarse as he carefully scans Jimin’s face for his reaction.

Jimin shakes his head, blonde hair falling into his eyes, and spreads his fingers wide across Yoongi’s
chest. “No,” he says. “I mean, it wasn’t exactly comfortable, but it didn’t hurt.”

Yoongi nods and reels Jimin in by his arm. He cradles the boy to his chest and buries his face in his beautiful honey hair, inhaling his wonderful scent. “I appreciate you doing that,” Yoongi mumbles into Jimin’s hair as the human snuggles in close. “But you don’t need to do it again, okay?”

Jimin nods into his neck and Yoongi feels a soft press of lips under his ear. “I just wanted to make you feel better.”

Yoongi’s heart aches and he hugs Jimin tighter. “Just being in your presence makes me feel better.”

He can feel the curve of Jimin’s pleased smile against his neck and Yoongi smiles himself. He shifts them back and lays down on the bed, tugging Jimin along with him, and reaches down to pull the warm blankets up around them. Jimin starfishes across him and lays his chubby cheek against Yoongi’s collarbones, nuzzling against him with a pleased sigh.

Yoongi strokes rhythmically up and down Jimin’s back, making the human practically purr at the feeling. “The council gave me the next two days to rest and recover,” Yoongi says, his eyes growing heavy as tiredness creeps over him again. “Will you stay with me?”

Jimin rubs his cheek against Yoongi’s skin. “I’m not going anywhere,” he slurs, his voice growing heavy with sleep. Yoongi’s chest fills with warmth and he runs his fingers through Jimin’s wavy hair.

“Sleep good, Sweetness.”

Jimin smacks his lips cutely and curls his tiny fingers into Yoongi’s tunic. “You too, Yoonie.”

Yoongi dies at the nickname, not sure if it was intentional or if Jimin is just too tired to talk properly. Jimin drifts off to sleep and Yoongi follows shortly after.

~

When Yoongi wakes up after the best sleep he’s had in years, Jimin is already awake, his chin propped on Yoongi’s chest as he gazes up at the vampire with such softness in his eyes that Yoongi almost has a heart attack. When Jimin sees he’s awake, he flushes and quickly looks away, the tips of his ears turning red at being caught staring.

“Evening, Sweetness,” Yoongi says groggily, reaching up a hand to stroke it through Jimin’s sleep tousled hair. “What time is it?”

Jimin rolls off of Yoongi and sits up with a yawn, his cute legs cross-legged and actually clad in loose sleep pants for once. “A little past midnight, I think,” Jimin replies, running a hand through his already messy hair and making it adorably worse.

Yoongi sits up as well, back stiff and sleep still claiming his sore muscles. He reaches out to pinch at Jimin’s pink cheek, and the human giggles and slaps his hand away. “What happened while I was gone?” Yoongi asks him. “Did Fiona try to bother you?”

Jimin scowls and nods. “I did what you said though and went and found Taehyung. She followed me but got all mad when she saw me go to him. She still tried to talk to me but Taehyung pretty
much told her get lost in the nicest way possible, and I could tell she wasn’t sure whether to be offended or not.”

Yoongi snorts in amusement. “Yes, Taehyung has a talent for confusing people like that.”

Jimin smiles and fiddles with a corner of the bed sheets. A slightly awkward silence falls for a few moments until Jimin glances shyly up at Yoongi. “Did you know, I didn’t want to come with my family to deliver the silver?” He says quietly. “I wanted to stay home but my father made me. He threatened me with the whip if I didn’t come.”

Yoongi’s fists clench in the sheets and his breath catches in his throat as anger fills him. “I swear to God--” Yoongi begins, but Jimin raises a hand to cut him off.

“Let me finish,” he says, and Yoongi falls silent in surprise. “What I’m trying to say is...I’m really happy they made me come. If I hadn’t...I wouldn’t have met you.”

His last words are almost a whisper and he can’t even look at the vampire, his cheeks rosy in embarrassment. Yoongi swallows thickly, his heart picking up a frantic pace in his chest. He’s overwhelmed with so much softness for this little human boy he doesn’t even know what to do.

Yoongi stands up on his knees and pushes a surprised Jimin down until he’s flat on his back. He presses down on top of him and claims his lips hungrily, eliciting a startled gasp from the boy that Yoongi hungrily swallows.

Jimin’s lips taste like sleep and sugar and spiciness. Their mouths slide together perfectly, warm and heated and wet with tongue. Jimin wraps his hands in Yoongi’s black hair and desperately tries to pull him closer. He gives as good as he gets, battling Yoongi’s tongue for dominance.

They break away with a gasp and Yoongi’s moves to mouth at the side of Jimin’s sculpted jaw. “My baby,” he murmurs into the warm skin, and Jimin lets out a soft whimper at the term of endearment.

Yoongi kisses across his cute chubby cheek and reclaims his lips again, hungry and desperate. The kiss grows hotter, more intense as they lick into each other’s mouths and grope at all available body parts. Yoongi slides his hand down Jimin’s thigh and hitches it over his hip, earning a whine from the boy.

Yoongi begins to lick and suck down Jimin’s neck, his cock starting to grow hard in his pants. He rolls his hips into Jimin’s groin and is smugly satisfied to feel that Jimin is getting hard too. Jimin lets out a little gasp at the friction and bucks his hips up, searching for more.

Yoongi sucks marks into Jimin’s neck that will bloom into beautiful colors in a few hours. Jimin throws his head back against the bed to allow Yoongi better access, his breathing heavy and rapid. Yoongi’s hand slides between their bodies and he begins palming Jimin’s half-hard cock through his breeches. Jimin gasps loudly and jerks in surprise, his hips involuntarily bucking up into the touch.

Yoongi strokes him to full hardness until Jimin is whining and whimpering under him, his back arching off the bed and groin trying to grind into Yoongi’s hand. Abruptly, Yoongi pulls his hand away and moves it back to twist into Jimin’s hair. Jimin lets out a loud whine at the loss and opens his eyes to stare at Yoongi in betrayal, lips pushing into a pout.

Yoongi holds back a laugh at his expression and pecks a quick kiss to the adorable pout. “Sweetness,” Yoongi says gently, though his voice sounds a little rough. Jimin blinks at him curiously. “Have you ever known pleasure? Ever pleasured yourself?”
Jimin’s entire face turns bright red and he looks anywhere but Yoongi. He bites his lip and seems to take a moment to struggle with answering. Finally, he lets out a shaky sigh, still not looking at Yoongi. “U-um...one time I tried, but one of my brothers c-caught me and told my father. H-he dragged me into the middle of the yard of our estate and announced to the whole household what a little...w-whore I was. Then he gave me five lashes and made everyone watch.”

“Shit,” Yoongi hisses, staring down at Jimin in horror. A murderous rage fills him, makes him want to tear someone apart, but he takes a long, deep breath and focuses back on Jimin. He leans down and presses a tender kiss to his blushing cheek. “Do you want me to make you feel good, baby boy?”

Finally, Jimin looks back at him shyly, cheek still blazing red and bottom lip caught between his teeth. He’s breathing quickly, nervously, but he finally gives a small, tentative nod. Yoongi moves in fast, kissing him hard and deep for a moment before pulling away and sitting back up. He pulls Jimin with him until they’re sitting across from each other.

“Do you want to ride my thigh?” Yoongi asks huskily, and Jimin eyebrows furrow in confusion.

“O-okay?”

Yoongi kneels back on his haunches and pats his thigh in invitation. Jimin bites his lip again and turns even redder, looking between Yoongi’s face and his lap, obviously at a loss. Even though he’s raging hard, Yoongi goes all soft at Jimin’s sweet innocence and melts inside. Yoongi motions Jimin forward, and the human crawls hesitantly over to him. Yoongi grabs Jimin by the hips and guides him up until Jimin tentatively straddles his left thigh. Here he pauses, embarrassed and uncertain what to do, so Yoongi kisses him on the nose and begins gently rocking Jimin against his thigh, guiding his movements.

“Like this, Sweetness,” Yoongi murmurs, leaning his face down to Jimin’s neck to inhale his intoxicating scent.

Jimin lets out a little whimper of pleasure that the friction of his cock makes against Yoongi’s leg. His small hands grab onto Yoongi’s shoulders for stability as Yoongi continues to slowly roll Jimin’s hips, letting him get used to the sensation.

Jimin’s bottom lip is trapped between his teeth and his breathing grows more rapid with each of Yoongi’s motions. After awhile, he tentatively begins to move his hips on his own, jerky and a little uncoordinated.

He quickly finds his own rhythm though, and his pants turns into soft little whines and whimpers. He grinds his groin into Yoongi’s thigh, his movements growing bigger and more fluid as he gains confidence and the pleasure takes over. Yoongi releases his hips to let Jimin do his own work and slides his hands around to squeeze Jimin’s firm, round ass cheeks, biting back a groan at the way the flesh squishes under his hands. Jimin’s hands grip at Yoongi’s shoulders with all his strength as the boy lets out a low, breathy moan, his movements growing harder, faster.

“Does that feel good, baby boy?” Yoongi asks, starting to press hot kisses to Jimin’s neck. The human groans and drops his head back to grant Yoongi better access.

“S-so good,” Jimin gasps, his eyes squeezing shut as his breathing grows heavier, more ragged.

He begins rolling his hips in fluid figure eights, and Yoongi thinks in another life, he could’ve been a dancer. The way his body undulates and rolls makes Yoongi feel like he’s about to pass out with pure want.
Jimin’s mouth is hanging open and soft moans, increasing in volume with each thrust, spill from his kiss swollen lips. He’s gasping, choking on the delicious sounds he's making. There are tears beginning to collect in the corner of his eyes and he lets out a high pitched whine at one particularly rough jerk.

Jimin rides Yoongi’s thigh for all he’s worth, getting lost in the pleasure as his beautiful noises grow louder. He grinds hard into Yoongi, and the vampire feels each motion like a surge of electricity to his cock. Jimin throws his head back and moans wantonly, circling his hips hard.

After a while, Jimin falls forward and wraps his arms around Yoongi’s neck, burying his face in the vampire’s shoulder as his movements begin to grow slower, sloppier. He's gasping and whining into Yoongi, and his thighs begin to tremble.

Yoongi can tell he’s losing strength, so he grips Jimin’s ass tight and returns to guiding his thrusts, this time hard and deep and rough, dragging Jimin’s closed erection against Yoongi’s thigh with deliberate force. Jimin keens into Yoongi’s neck and his whole body begins shaking violently.

“A-ah!” Jimin cries deliriously, his hips jerking erratically. “Just like that!”

Three more hard grinds that have Jimin trembling like a leaf, and then Yoongi licks along the shell of Jimin’s ear.

“Cum for me, Sweetness.”

That's all it takes. Jimin stutters out one more jerky thrust and then his body is convulsing. He sucks in a loud, strangled gasp and cries into Yoongi’s shoulder. Yoongi can feel dampness seeping into his pant leg from Jimin’s cum, and he wishes more than anything that he’d removed them both of their clothes. He wants nothing more than to feel Jimin’s first ever orgasm painting his bare skin, marking him with Jimin’s scent. Marking Yoongi as his.

“Ohhh,” Jimin gasps brokenly, his violent shaking slowly calming down. He goes limp in Yoongi's arms and lays there panting for a while.

Yoongi gives him time to calm down and relax before he moves him. He cups Jimin's jaw and tilts his head back to look at him. Jimin's face is flushed, pupils blown wide and lips swollen and abused. He looks so content and sated that Yoongi wants to wrap him up in his arms and never let him go.

Yoongi presses a few soft, tender kisses to Jimin's lips, gently waking him from his stupor. “How was that?” He asks in the same low, calm voice he uses with skittish horses.

Jimin smacks his lips and swallows thickly before letting out a deep sigh of content. “Mmmm,” he hums, smiling drunkenly at Yoongi. “Amazing.”

Yoongi smiles fondly at him and lifts him up and off his thigh. Jimin lets out a little whine of discomfort at the way his breeches stick to the wetness of his groin. Yoongi lays him down on the bed and sits up, beginning to unlace Jimin’s breeches and tug them down.

“What are you doing?” Jimin asks, not offering any assistance as Yoongi struggles with the damp fabric.

“I'm not done with you yet,” Yoongi says matter-of-factly, finally succeeding in wrestling off the ruined breeches. He tosses them to the floor as Jimin’s eyes widen.

“W-what?” He gasps, struggling through his post orgasm haze.
Yoongi brushes his thumb over the head of Jimin’s cute, soft cock, and the boy jerks at the feeling of oversensitivity. “Do you trust me?” Yoongi asks, watching Jimin's face closely.

“More than anyone,” Jimin says without even a second’s hesitation.

Yoongi closes his eyes for a second, letting those words sink in. He feels light, free, full of warmth. Jimin trusts him.

“Take off your tunic and get on your stomach,” Yoongi says, regaining his composure and opening his eyes.

Jimin gulps thickly but obeys, sitting up and tugging his shirt off and then rolling over onto his stomach. Yoongi salivates at the sight of Jimin’s perfect ass presented before him, but he gets distracted by the myriad of scars across Jimin’s shoulders and back. Yoongi sucks in a sharp inhale and reaches out to run a fingertip over the pink, puckered lines. Jimin shivers at his touch but doesn’t say anything while Yoongi trails over each and every scar. He bends down over Jimin and starts kissing along each of the marks, just soft, sweet brushes of his lips against Jimin’s skin.

He doesn’t stop until he’s kissed every single one, and by the time he sits back up, Jimin is panting against the bedsheets, eyes squeezed shut and lips puckered open against the bed.

Yoongi rubs his hands down Jimin's scarred back and up over the round globes of his ass. He squeezes, loving the way the soft flesh turns white and then pink under his touch. Yoongi lowers himself into a more comfortable position and sucks a few marks across Jimin's ass cheeks, making him jerk a little in surprise.

Yoongi parts Jimin's cheeks and leans in close. “Just tell me if you want me to stop,” he breathes lowly before moving all the way in and dragging the flat of his tongue over Jimin's hole.

The boy lets out a loud gasp and tenses up, caught off guard. Yoongi licks again, slowly and steadily, and a violent shudder runs through Jimin's body.

“O-ohhh,” Jimin breathes out, his hands fisting the sheets.

Again and again Yoongi laves lazily at Jimin's hole, savoring the heady and musky taste of him, until Jimin is panting and gasping and squirming.

“Y-Yoongi,” Jimin whines, pressing his ass back on Yoongi's face. “Please…”

Yoongi finally decides to stop teasing him. He sucks harshly at Jimin's hole, once, twice, thrice, punching a moan from Jimin with each one. Then he really goes to work. He swirls his tongue around the tight ring of muscles, sucking, laving, coating him completely in saliva.

Jimin is a moaning mess, his body shaking as he arches his back and pushes his ass higher.

He digs his tongue inside of Jimin, and the human keens, body going rigid. He whines and squirms helplessly under Yoongi, trying to push his ass back as far as he can.

Yoongi shows no mercy as he fucks Jimin with his tongue, and soon enough the human is sobbing into the sheets, tears running down his flushed cheeks as pleasure overwhelms him. He's still overly sensitive from his first orgasm, and his body twitches and convulses under Yoongi's touch.

“Ah!” Jimin wails when Yoongi digs his tongue in particularly deep. “D-don't stop.”

He has no plan to stop. Yoongi continues to thrust his tongue into Jimin, picking up the pace as
Jimin's thighs begin trembling like a leaf. He's crying freely, eyes squeezed shut and mouth gasping. His fists clench around the sheets so hard that his knuckles turn white.

Yoongi hums against Jimin, and the vibration makes the boy scream. His walls begin to clench around Yoongi's tongue as his pleasure mounts.

“S-so close,” Jimin gasps, one eye cracking open to look back at Yoongi, clouded with a delirious haze.

Yoongi is so hard that it hurts, but all he can focus on is Jimin, on making him feel good. Yoongi's had eight hundred years to seek his own pleasure. Right now, he just wants to take care of Jimin.

“Yoo-Yoonie!” Jimin cries when Yoongi spreads his cheeks again, roughly, and shoves his tongue in as deep as it'll go.

Jimin cums again with a wail, his whole body spasming violently on the bed. He sobs loudly and thrashes around, his whole body shaking with such force that it worries Yoongi for a second.

Finally Jimin falls limp, utterly spent, as he gasps against the sheets. His body is glistening in a thin sheen of sweat and his skin is hot and flushed. His eyes are closed and his long lashes are clumped with tears, and he looks so exhausted and satisfied that Yoongi can't help but feel a little proud of his skills.

Yoongi places one last kiss between his scarred, sweaty shoulder blades and rolls off Jimin to lie next to him. In his daze, Jimin rolls over weakly and squirms closer to Yoongi, drawn to him even when he's not in his right mind.

Yoongi wraps an arm around Jimin and lets him rest for a while. Unfortunately, it does nothing for his raging boner. He tries to will it away, but something about Jimin just drives him wild and makes Yoongi feel like a horny youth, and with the smell of Jimin's scent and sweat and cum in the air, Yoongi feels like he's going to go insane with desire.

Finally, Jimin stirs against him and cracks an eye open. He smiles lazily at Yoongi and leans up to kiss the side of his mouth. Yoongi makes a very unmanly coo and cups his face, drawing Jimin into a deeper kiss.

Jimin's thigh brushes against Yoongi's hard cock and the vampire groans into the kiss. Curious why he made that sound, Jimin pulls back and looks down to see Yoongi's erection straining against his pants.

“Oh,” Jimin says softly, his eyebrows raising in surprise. He reaches a hand down and tentatively brushes his fingers over Yoongi's clothed hardness. Yoongi bites his lip at the spark of pleasure the small touch elicits, trying not to make a sound.

“Jimin,” Yoongi croaks in a strained voice, because Jimin's touches are becoming a little more insistent, his face open with curiosity.

Jimin sits up on his knees and fiddles with the lacing of Yoongi's breeches. “Can I, Yoonie?” He asks innocently, looking up at Yoongi for permission.

Yoongi swallows thickly and tries to hold onto his crumbling self control. “Jimin, baby, you don't have to.”

Jimin pouts and starts untwisting the laces. “But I want to.”
Yoongi props himself up on his elbows and watches helplessly as Jimin finally gets the laces undone and begins sliding the breeches down Yoongi’s legs to the knee. He gasps when Yoongi’s cock pops free of the fabric and stands flushed and erect between his legs.

Eyes wide and lips slightly open, Jimin takes Yoongi’s shaft in his small hand and tentatively waves it back and forth a few times. Yoongi grits his teeth at the wonderful feeling of finally being touched after being hard for so long.

“It’s so big,” Jimin breathes in awe, thumbing around Yoongi’s slit, and Yoongi about has an aneurysm when Jimin gathers up the precome on the tip with his thumb and pops it into his mouth.

“Oh, fuck,” Yoongi groans when Jimin’s pink tongue flicks across his thumb, testing Yoongi’s taste on his tongue.

Jimin hums thoughtfully and removes his thumb, straddling Yoongi’s knees and dropping forward onto his elbows so he’s face-to-face with Yoongi’s cock and his ass is high in the air. Jimin takes the base of Yoongi’s cock and presses the flushed head to his parted, swollen lips, and that visual alone is almost enough to almost make Yoongi lose it then and there.

Then Jimin’s tongue flicks out across the slit to lick up the precome that keeps pooling, and Yoongi’s body spasms at the feeling. Jimin looks up at him, cock still pressed against his mouth, and blinks curiously at Yoongi.

“What do I do now?” He asks, and Yoongi needs a second to breathe.

“Whatever you want, baby,” Yoongi croaks, trying to calm himself down.

Jimin hums again and begins pressing little kittenish kisses to the head of Yoongi’s cock, then little licks, and then, before Yoongi can prepare himself, Jimin sinks his mouth down on Yoongi’s shaft almost halfway and Yoongi’s body jolts with electricity.

“Shit!” Yoongi gasps at the feeling of suddenly being engulfed in the hot, wet heat of Jimin’s mouth. It’s like a shock to his entire system and he goes rigid for a long moment as the pleasure seizes him.

Jimin drags his tongue along the thick vein on the underside of Yoongi’s cock and pops off with a ‘smack’, a string of saliva connecting his bottom lip to Yoongi’s swollen head. “How’s that?” Jimin asks, genuinely wanting to know.

Yoongi reaches out a shaky hand and brushes Jimin’s hair away from his sweaty forehead. “So good, baby. Just like that.” Yoongi rasps in a raw voice.

Jimin smiles in satisfaction and sinks back down on Yoongi’s cock in one go, and the vampire chokes on his tongue at the suddenness of it. Jimin begins bobbing up and down, sinking lower and lower until his nose is brushing the hair at the base of Yoongi’s cock.

Yoongi doesn’t know whether to be impressed or shocked. Does Jimin not even have a gag reflex? This can’t possibly be his first time giving a blow job, because he’s too damn good at it.

Jimin bobs faster and faster, punching breathy, low moans out of Yoongi at each movement. He’s hot, so fucking hot. His body is starting to shake and a low heat is building in the pit of his groin. Yoongi’s head drops back with a groan and as much as he wants to watch Jimin sucking him off, he can’t keep his eyes open.
Heat is coiling in the pit of his stomach and each time Jimin sinks down on his shaft, Yoongi moves closer and closer to the edge. He’s gasping, shaking, trying to keep his stuttering hips from jerking up into Jimin’s mouth and choking him.

Jimin’s movements are sloppy and messy, but its good, its so fucking good that Yoongi wants to cry. He opens his eyes again and the visual of Jimin with his plush ass in the air and his plump lips spread wide around Yoongi’s cock as he sucks him down is too much.

“F-fuck, Jimin,” Yoongi pants, his stomach muscles beginning to tighten and his thighs quivering. “If you don’t stop I’m going to c-cum.”

Jimin hums around him and continues to suck, and the vibration topples Yoongi over the edge. “Shit!” He cries as the coil in his groin tightens to a peak and finally snaps.

He fists his hands in the sheets as his body goes rigid and cum begins to spurt from his cock. Yoongi expects Jimin to stop and pull off, but the boy keeps fucking bobbing. His eyes are closed in what almost looks like contentment and he swallows down Yoongi’s load again and again like a champion.

Jimin sucks until there’s nothing left and Yoongi goes utterly limp under him. Only then does he pull off with an obscene wet sound and sits up on Yoongi’s thighs. His lips are red and swollen and wet, and there’s a drop of cum on the corner of his mouth that he licks up with his tongue. Yoongi groans at the sight, his spent cock giving a valiant twitch.

“Was that good?” Jimin asks, and his voice is raw and hoarse and it sounds so fucking beautiful Yoongi doesn’t know what to do.

“So good, baby boy,” Yoongi says, his voice breathless as he struggles to come down from his high. He opens his arms in invitation and Jimin crawls up his body and into his embrace. They lay back down and Yoongi tries to calm the rapid beating of his heart. “That felt so fucking good. You did so amazing.”

Jimin preens at the praise and grins against Yoongi’s neck. “You taste good,” he says innocently, and Yoongi almost goes into cardiac arrest.

“You taste even better,” Yoongi replies after he calms himself down, and Jimin gasps and flushes bright red. He hides his blushing face in Yoongi's neck and giggles shyly.

“I didn’t know you could do that thing...with your t-tongue,” Jimin whispers.

Yoongi smiles tenderly at Jimin's innocence and kisses the top of his blonde head. “There's lots of things you don't know about that I plan on showing you.”

Jimin squeaks and goes redder than ever before. “Yoongi,” he whines in embarrassment, punching weakly at the vampire’s shoulder. Yoongi chuckles and holds him closer, breathing in his scent as they lie together.

After a long while when Yoongi thinks Jimin might have fallen asleep, Jimin stirs against him and blinks up at him sleepily. “I’ve been meaning to ask,” he begins, and Yoongi turns to the side to better face him. “How come the Lycans have been attacking so frequently?”

Yoongi considers the question for a moment. “My guess is that Lucian’s rise to power has thrown the balance off. For the first time in years they’re no longer slaves and I don’t think they know what to do. A shift in power will always cause at least some amount of chaos in the beginning. Plus, Lucian’s rule is still new, and they’re probably trying to test their limits, trying to see just how strong
Lucian is and if he’s someone worth following.”

Jimin hums thoughtfully at Yoongi answer. “I’ve always felt kind of bad for them,” he says, and Yoongi’s eyes widen.

“Why?”

Jimin shrugs and fiddles with Yoongi’s rucked up tunic. “I mean, they’ve spent their entire lives in slavery and servitude, being punished for simply being what they are, something they have no control over.”

Yoongi frowns, never having thought of it like that before. He doesn’t really know how to reply, but he’s saved from it by Jimin nuzzling closer and sighing softly against his neck. “’M tired.”

Yoongi smiles softly and runs his fingers down Jimin’s bare back. “Sleep for a while, Sweetness,” Yoongi whispers, and a moment later, Jimin’s breathing evens out peacefully.

Yoongi lays there for a while as Jimin naps, but eventually he decides to get up to get some food for Jimin for when he wakes up. He gently extracts himself from Jimin’s koala-like grip and stands up, readjusting his breeches and sliding on a pair of leather boots.

He leaves Jimin to his nap and gently clicks the door of his chambers closed behind him. Yoongi begins the long journey down the descending hallways and stair wells and corridors until he finally finds the huge stone kitchen.

Yoongi hails a kitchen vampire and asks for a plate of whatever they’d prepared for the humans that night. She bows and hurries away to gather the food.

A few moments later, Yoongi is handed a bowl of steaming venison stew and sent on his way. Traversing his way back the way he came proves difficult with a big bowl of soup almost overflowing at every step, and Yoongi is forced to go much slower.

He’s passing the library when the sickening sweetness of honey reaches his nose. Yoongi tenses and his grip on the bowl tightens.

Fiona comes slinking out of the grand library doors in a black lace dress and intricate gold ornaments in her auburn hair, obviously having been waiting for him. Yoongi picks up his pace a little, hoping to avoid her completely, but she steps into the hall and directly blocks his path. Her eyes are narrowed at Yoongi and her lips are twisted into a sneer.

“There he is,” she says nastily. “The triumphant and valiant Captain of the Death Dealers returns victorious. Off to see his little human pet now, I presume?”

Yoongi’s fangs lower and a hiss vibrates at the back of his throat. “Get out of my way, Fiona,” he growls darkly.

Fiona’s gaze sweeps over his messily tied breeches and his wrinkled shirt and tousled hair, and her nose wrinkles in disgust. “God, you reek of him,” she spits, and Yoongi reels back at the pure venom in her voice.

“I said,” Yoongi grits out, taking a step closer to her, rage curling in the pit of his stomach. “Get out of my fucking way.”

Fiona’s fists clench hard and she draws herself up, puffing out her chest and meeting Yoongi’s murderous glare straight on. “I’m going to give you one last chance. Forget that human blood bag
and be with me. Together, we could rule this coven. You’ll be my king and we can conquer the world.”

Yoongi honestly can’t believe the audacity of this bitch. He has to resist the urge to throw the burning hot stew in her face and takes a deep breath to calm himself. His lips pull up in a sarcastic smile and he leans closer to Fiona so he can whisper in her ear.

“I would rather fucking burn alive a thousand time over,” he murmurs sweetly before pulling away.

Fiona’s eyes flash blue and the look of pure hatred on her face alarms Yoongi.

“Fine,” she says, and her voice is deadly soft. There’s something ominous about her tone that makes a warning bell ring in Yoongi’s head. She takes a couple of jaunty backwards steps, her hips swaying and her arms opening wide as she goes. “But I did warn you.”

Then she spins on her heel and swaggers away until she turns around a corner up ahead. Yoongi stands in the torch-lit hall for a long moment, blinking at the place she disappeared to. He can’t shake the weird feeling Fiona’s parting words gives him. Yoongi knows a threat when he hears one, but a threat of what, he has no idea.

Finally, Yoongi remembers the soup in his hands and sees its beginning to grow cold. He hastens back to his quarters, balancing the bowl in one hand while he opens the door.

What he sees when he closes the door and turns around makes him stop breathing.

Jimin is awake on the bed, now wearing one of Yoongi’s wrinkled tunics with nothing underneath. He’s on his stomach with a pillow shoved under his hips, and he’s helplessly rutting against it with frustrated little whines.

When he hears the door close, he looks behind his shoulder at Yoongi, cheek squished against the bed and lips puckered open in a pout. He raises his bare ass high and wiggles it invitingly.

“Yoonie,” Jimin whimpers when he sees the vampire staring at the scene in shock. “P-please make me feel good again?”

Well, fuck.

Yoongi drops the bowl and it cracks against the stone floor in his haste to get across the room to satisfy his angel.

~

Jimin grinds his hips down hard, his moans growing higher and louder as he straddles Yoongi and rocks back and forth. Yoongi has three fingers buried deep in Jimin’s ass after having sucked Jimin’s small cock off until he came down Yoongi’s throat with a screaming sob.

How Jimin is still able to orgasm at all is beyond Yoongi, but now that the boy has experienced what it feels like, he’s seemingly addicted. Not that Yoongi’s complaining. He’ll seize any chance to pleasure his baby until he’s a crying mess, babbling Yoongi’s name in delirium.

Yoongi curls his fingers in deep and hits that sweet spot inside Jimin, and the boy fucking keens.
“A-hh!!”

The slick sound of Yoongi’s oil-covered fingers squelching in and out of Jimin’s hole is obscene, and Yoongi can’t get enough. Jimin is a gasping, shaking mess, head thrown back in ecstasy and eyes squeezed shut as he slams down on Yoongi’s long, slender fingers.

Yoongi strokes against Jimin prostate again and again until Jimin is sobbing and tears are running down his ruddy cheeks. “Oh! Y-your fingers,” Jimin gasps loudly, the thighs that are caging Yoongi’s hips beginning to tremble violently. “S-so good-ah!-l-long…want...Y-Yoonie-ahhhhh!”

Yoongi is merciless in his attack of Jimin’s prostate, and with a few more deep strokes, Jimin cums with a wail. His release paints Yoongi’s bare stomach as it spurts ropes of cum onto the vampire’s skin. He collapses against Yoongi’s chest as his orgasm wracks his body.

Yoongi fingers him through his release until Jimin whines in oversensitivity and tries to squirm away.

Yoongi slips his fingers from Jimin loose hole and cradles the boy as he sags against him. “Good?” Yoongi asks, his voice rough as he strokes Jimin's back.

Jimin smiles drunkenly into his neck. “The best yet.”

Yoongi can’t help feeling a little smug that he can so easily satisfy Jimin. Yoongi holds Jimin in his lap as he rests against him, weak legs around Yoongi's waist and his arms looped around his shoulders. Then suddenly Yoongi remembers the good news and excitedly pats Jimin’s butt.

“Guess what?” He asks, and Jimin looks up at him curiously. “The council voted in favor of letting you stay.”

Jimin's eyes widen and he sucks in a loud breath. “I...can stay?” He whispers, looking like he can't believe his ears. “With you?”

Yoongi's heart aches and he wraps Jimin up tight and crushes him in a hug. “Yes, Sweetness. With me.”

Jimin brushes his lips along Yoongi's bare collarbone, barely ghosting along the skin, hugging Yoongi back with all his strength. “Yoonie,” Jimin sighs softly. “Mmmm...love...”

Yoongi feels his whole world crash to a stop. His breath catches in his throat and he goes still, hoping, praying he heard right.

Yoongi cups Jimin's face and tilts it back to see him better. He looks sleepy and sated, cheeks pink and lips swollen and hair messy. Yoongi brushes his blonde bangs away from his forehead shakily.

“What did you say, baby?” Yoongi breathes, not wanting to get his hopes up.

Jimin blinks heavily at him and smiles softly. “Love you. Since that first night.”

Yoongi can't even describe all the emotions that crash into him like a raging tsunami at those words; joy, disbelief, amazement, shock, confusion, bliss, fear, relief.

“Oh, Sweetness,” Yoongi breathes, leaning in and placing featherlight kisses all across Jimin's face. “I love you too. I love you so, so much.” He presses his lips gently to Jimin's cute button nose and his rosy, plump cheeks and between his eyebrows and on his lips, over and over again. “You're my whole world. The best thing that's ever happened to me. My sweet angel.”
Jimin’s eyes begin to water at Yoongi’s tender words, and the vampire shushes him softly and kisses away the tears gathering in his eyes.

“Shhh, shhh. Don’t cry, my love,” Yoongi murmurs, brushing the tip of his nose against Jimin’s.

Jimin giggles weakly, a little wet because of his tears, and closes his eyes in contentment. Yoongi takes the chance to press a soft kiss over each delicate eyelid.

At some point they both end up lying down under the bed sheets as the sun rises outside, curled as close as their limbs will allow, and drift into sleep.

~

Unfortunately, Yoongi’s time off comes to an end and he has to return to duty. He kisses a slumbering Jimin on the cheek after he dons his full, brand new armor and heads out, leaving his angel to his dreams.

Yoongi is joined in the courtyard by Jungkook, Sibiu, and Nairi for patrol. They all greet Yoongi warmly after having not seen him for two nights. Jungkook gives Yoongi a knowing look and a cheeky wink that Yoongi promptly ignores. He’s sure he probably reeks of Jimin's scent, just like Fiona said. Yoongi is given a new horse, a beautiful four year old mare with a fire in her eye that Yoongi immediately likes.

The patrol of the forest goes smoothly. Too smoothly. There's not a single trace of any Lycan, not a claw mark on a tree trunk or a footprint in the dirt or a scent on the air. It's too simple and it makes Yoongi uneasy.

When they return to the fortress, his subordinates bid him goodbye as he heads inside to visit the library. Maybe he can find Jimin a book of fairytales or something that he might like to read.

The library is a huge, circular structure with three levels and shelves upon shelves of old, dusty book as far as the eye can see in any direction. The round, domed ceiling is made entirely of stained glass in colors of blacks and reds. It depicts the three vampire Elders, Viktor, Amelia, and Marcus, battling against a whole army of Lycans single handedly. The glass is dark enough that during the day the sun can’t shine through and burn any vampires should they be caught under it, but during the night the moon filters through and lights up the scene in brilliant silvers and whites, reflecting it on the ancient stone floor beneath like a watery mirror.

Yoongi passes through the empty library, the air around him stale and floating with dust motes. He stops in front of a shelf and pulls a heavy leather book out at random. He’s flipping through the yellowed, old pages when a voice a few aisles away makes him freeze.

“Here you go,” it says, and Yoongi recognizes it immediately as Sabien’s aged and brittle voice.

“How much do I give him?” A different voice asks, one Yoongi doesn't recognize.

“One dropper full. Slip it in his food and he won't even taste a thing. It'll look like he died peacefully in his sleep. Min will be none-the-wiser, and then my daughter will finally have her chance with him,” Sabien chuckles darkly. “And then we'll be rid of the runt. Humans are just as bad as Lycans, in my opinion.”
Cold dread seeps into Yoongi's bones. His heart constricting in his chest, Yoongi slides the book as silently as he can back in its place and slowly begins backing away, not even daring to breath in case Sabien hears him. He edges through the shadows, willing his armor not to make any sounds.

He reaches the doors undetected and slips through them. Once he's in the hall, Yoongi begins to run.

He calls every ounce of his supernatural strength as he races down the halls, barely more than a speeding blur. He thinks he could rival even Nairi and her otherworldly speed in his fear and desperation to get back to Jimin.

Please, dear god in heaven, don't let him be too late.

Up ahead are Yoongi's chambers, and he slams the doors open with enough force to make them rattle in their hinges and slam hard against the walls.

"Jimin!" He shouts as he stumbles into the room.

Jimin, who'd been sitting at Yoongi's vanity trying on different satin scarves in the mirror, shrieks loudly and jumps so high that he topplies off the seat and lands on the floor with a loud thump.

Yoongi is kneeling next to him in a split second. He grabs Jimin by the shoulders and shakes him, wild-eyed and frantic. "Have you eaten anything? Drunken anything?"

"What are you talking about?" Jimin asks, looking at Yoongi in bewilderment.

"Answer me!" Yoongi cries, and Jimin's eyes widen in shock.

"N-no, I haven't," he says, staring at Yoongi in alarm. "I sent for some food a little bit ago but it hasn't come yet. Yoongi, what's going on? You're scaring me."

Yoongi lets out a stuttering sigh of relief that ends on a dry sob. He pulls Jimin into a tight embrace for a moment, trying to calm himself. Jimin is alive. He's safe.

Yoongi then stands and tugs Jimin up with him, crossing the room to dig through his giant wooden wardrobe.

"Sabien wants you dead. He was going to try and poison you," Yoongi says as he rifles through his clothing. He pulls out a pair of thick leather breeches, a long sleeve, white tunic made of warm velvet, and a thick woolen cloak, before turning back to Jimin. "Get dressed. We're leaving."

Jimin gasps and stares at Yoongi in horror, catching the clothing with a small 'oof' when Yoongi tosses them at him. "W-what? Poison me?"

Yoongi finds a large leather bag and begins stuffing it full of clothing and supplies. "I overheard him talking in the library. He gave one of his men a bottle of poison and was going to slip it in your food."

"Oh, my god," Jimin whispers, shakily pulling off his wrinkled shirt and tugging on the one Yoongi gave him. His face is pale and his eyes are full of fear. "What are we going to do?"

"I'm getting you out of here. We'll go somewhere far away where they'll never find us," Yoongi says, opening up the trunk where he keeps all his weapons and beginning to empty it if it's contents.

Just then, the clanging of the warning bells outside makes them both jump. Jimin squeaks in fright and scurries over to Yoongi and grabs his gauntlet-clad arm tightly.
“Are Lycans attacking a village again?” Jimin asks shakily, drawing closer to Yoongi.

Yoongi’s body goes cold as he listens to the ringing ‘one, one, two’ rhythm of the bells. “No, this is something different.”

Then the howling begins outside, and Yoongi’s blood turns to ice.

“Lycans,” Yoongi croaks, throat going dry. “They're attacking the fortress.”

Yoongi and Jimin stare at each other in silent horror. There are footsteps clattering outside and then someone’s poking their head through Yoongi’s still open doors.

“Captain!” Yoongi recognizes it as Sibiu. “We’re being invaded!”

Yoongi rips his gaze away from Jimin's terrified face and nods at the Death Dealer. “I'm coming,” he says, and Sibiu nods and runs off.

Yoongi turns back to Jimin and cups his face, bringing him close for a kiss. “Stay here and locks the doors. Don't open it for anyone but me.”

He moves towards the door but Jimin sobs and clings to him. “Don't go,” the human pleads, tears gathering his eyes.

Yoongi’s heart absolutely shatters, but he has no choice. He kisses Jimin on the nose and whispers, “I'll come back, I promise,” before pulling out of his embrace. He runs out of his room and hears Jimin lock the doors behind him.

Yoongi fights against the flow of panicked vampires as they all flock through the halls. He has to push past the crowd of finely dressed men and women roughly, and he finally breaks free and clatters into the courtyard where his Death Dealers are waiting. Soldiers are flocked along the gatehouse, yelling and firing the huge crossbows into the valley below them.

“What's happening?” Yoongi yells as they part for him.

“A hundred Lycans just came charging out of the forest,” Hoseok shouts over the clanging of the bells and the clamor of the soldiers around them. “They’ll be on us any minute.”

Atop the guard towers, the giant crossbows are being fired down below, the huge, eight foot long silver bolts firing off with a loud whooshing thud. Yoongi hears a pained roar far below as one of the bolts must meet its mark.

Then, he doesn’t have time to think as the Lycans begin swarming over the gate and leaping down into the courtyard.

There’s so many of them, they’re everywhere, and Yoongi is suddenly thrust into a world of enraged roaring, black-furred bodies, bloodied fangs, and the clashing of weapons and screaming of soldiers.

Yoongi hacks and stabs and slashes that at anything that isn’t a vampire. He ducks and rolls and spins and side steps, sending limbs and guts flying everywhere he goes. Yoongi sustains a claw slash to the chest but barely feels it when it rips through his new armor and deep into his skin. He stabs his sword straight through the Lycan’s head with a cry.

Even with all the Death Dealers battling them, there’s too many Lycans. They keep climbing their way up the wall and leaping down into the courtyard. Its inevitable when they break past the line
being held and surge into the fortress with chilling howls.

“They’ve breached the inside!” Xiu Lee screams, firing arrow after arrow into the mass of thick-furred bodies.

Only one single thought crosses Yoongi’s mind;

Jimin.

Blood sprays across Yoongi’s face as he slashes down hard on a Lycan and cleaves its arm clean off. “Break ranks!” Yoongi yells over the hurricane of chaos around him. “Protect the council!”

Then he’s leaving his men behind and running back into the fortress. There’s Lycans everywhere, destroying the halls and attacking the panicked vampires as they try to flee. There’s so much screaming, so much blood. Its painted across the walls, pooling across the stones of the floor.

Yoongi tries to help wherever he can, stabbing and slashing at the Lycans as he races past, bodies dropping in his wake. But he has no time to stop and fully assist. He needs to get to Jimin.

The reserve foot soldiers swarm the halls, shouting and running and raising their weapons. They’re no Death Dealers and are hardly ever called upon for duty, but they’re better than nothing. Yoongi leaves the Lycans to them and races deeper into the fortress. The Lycans haven’t breached this far yet, but Yoongi can hear them coming, and he knows he has to hurry.

He’s sprinting past the council chamber when a shout of his name from inside makes him skid to a stop. Sabien is hurrying up to him, holding his dark robes high over his knees to keep them out of the way, face pale and terrified.

“Captain, get me out of here,” Sabien pants, his brow dotted with sweat.

Yoongi stares at the man for a moment, disbelief and hatred bubbling in his stomach. Behind him, he can hear the Lycans coming. They’ll be here soon. Now, Yoongi realizes, is the perfect chance. He looks around, but there’s no one else nearby, no other council members or Death Dealers or foot soldiers.

No one to see what he’s about to do.

Yoongi looks back at Sabien and steps up close, shoving him back into the chamber with force. Sabien gasps and stumbles on his robes, tripping backwards down the stone steps.

“What the hell are you doing?!” The older vampire demands, his voice outraged but his eyes full of fear as Yoongi continues to stalk towards him, backing him further into the wide circular chamber.

Yoongi keeps pushing him back by the chest, roughly, sending the man staggering each time. “I know you were going to kill Jimin,” Yoongi growls low, letting all his rage and hatred for the vampire before him rise to the surface. “You were going to murder him.”

Sabien stumbles back when Yoongi slams against him again, his face paling of all color and his eyes popping out. “Y-you...how…” he gasps, his breathing growing rapid and shallow. Then his face twists in rage and his lip curls in disgust. “He’s just a human! Why does he even matter?!”

Yoongi punches him as hard as he possibly can. His armored fist connects with Sabien’s jaw and the sound it makes is sickening, a dull thud that echoes through the empty chamber. Sabien cries out in pain and falls to his knees, clutching his face as blood drips out of his mouth.
“H-how dare you?” Sabien rasps thickly, dazed and winded as he stares up at Yoongi in shock. “I’ll have your head on a plate for this!”

The Lycans are getting closer. Yoongi can hear them growling and panting from down the hall, their claws clicking and dragging across the ground as they race towards the scent of the vampires in the chamber.

Yoongi smiles down at Sabien, a horrible, vicious sort of thing, a cruel twisting of his mouth. Yoongi draws the sword sheathed on his back and holds the gilded hilt with both hands. He raises it high above Sabien’s head, the torch light of the chamber flickering off the long silver blade.

Then he brings it down with all his force...

...driving it through Sabien’s trailing black robes and into the cobblestone floor, which shatters and clangs with sparks at the force of it.

Pinning him there.

The Lycans are feet away now, and any second they’ll be bursting into the chamber. Sabien seems to realize this at the same moment that Yoongi begins backing into the shadows. He tries to tug himself free, but his robes are made of the thickest velvet and not easily ripped, and centuries of decadence has made Sabien weak.

“No,” Sabien gasps, now trying desperately to tug the sword out of the ground to free himself. “No, please! Help me!”

Yoongi presses against the darkened wall behind the doors of the chambers, hidden from sight from anyone who should walk in. Sabien is yelling, frantically trying to free himself, eyes wild with panic.

“Just so you know,” Yoongi drawls as the Lycans round the corner. “I’ve always hated you, and your daughter is a fucking plague on humanity.”

Sabien shouts a curse at him right as three huge Lycans burst into the council chamber. They immediately narrow in on Sabien trapped in the middle of the floor, and with horrific howls that mix with Sabien’s blood-curdling scream, they pounce.

Yoongi watches from his hiding spot as the Lycans tear Sabien limb from limb, sending arms and legs flying and blood spraying everywhere. They tear into his stomach and flings his liver into the air, rip out his heart and stomp it under their huge, clawed feet. The vampire’s head goes rolling across the floor until it stops with a thud when it hits the base of Sabien ornate stone throne.

Only once Sabien is a pile of blood and torn flesh on the floor, does Yoongi act. He pulls his main sword from his scabbard and steps from the shadows. He kills them before they even know what’s happening, leaping high into the air and coming down on one’s back, driving his sword into its skull. The other two quickly fall with yelps of startled surprise as Yoongi cleaves them in half and sends their scattered limbs to join Sabien’s.

The last body has barely hit the floor before Yoongi is taking off again, sprinting from the gory council chamber and down the halls leading to his quarters. He passes the wraith emerging from the wall and skids to a stop in front of his doors. Yoongi bangs both armored fists on the door loudly.

“Jimin, it’s me,” Yoongi yells, heart surging into his throat when he hears the growling and panting of more Lycans approaching. “Open the door!”
The lock slides and the door flings open to reveal Jimin, dressed in the clothes Yoongi gave him and a look of terror on his face. The pure and unadulterated relief Yoongi feels at seeing him safe almost makes his knees sag.

“You’re alive,” Jimin gasps, reaching out to cup Yoongi’s face. Yoongi catches his hands instead and tugs him from the room.

“No time,” Yoongi says, already pulling Jimin down the hall. “Have to hurry.”

“Where are we going?” Jimin asks breathlessly as they race down the corridor, hand-in-hand. They can hear the Lycans behind them growing closer, and they pick up their pace in panic.

“The dungeons,” Yoongi replies, his voice rough and hoarse with exertion. “The cells are made of reinforced silver. No Lycan will be able to touch the bars without being burned. You’ll be safe there.”

They continue, sprinting through corridors and hallways, down and down as they descend into the bowels of the fortress. The air grows colder and damper the deeper they go, and Yoongi knows they are deep inside the mountain.

The Lycans follow them the entire way, their snarling echoing through the stone chambers from behind, making the hair on the back of Yoongi’s neck stand up. Finally, they come upon an ancient wooden door, damp and rusted.

“Through there,” Yoongi says, turning around and holding his sword out in case the Lycans round the corner and ambush them.

Jemin pulls the heavy, squeaky door open with a grunt.

On the other side is Fiona.

Her red dress is ripped and she’s clutching a crossbow awkwardly, obviously unsure how to use it. She startles when the door opens, having been running by probably on her way to the dungeons for the same reason they are.

Fiona’s eyes widen when she sees them. She looks from Yoongi, standing with his weapon at the ready, then to Jimin. Her gaze narrows, and Yoongi sees it happening but he’s too slow to stop it.

Fiona lifts the crossbow, aims it at Jimin’s chest, and fires.

The bolt of the crossbow pierces Jimin right through the heart and he begins to fall back with a soft gasp.

Chapter End Notes

did jungkook really pull a selene during blood wars with the spine ripping move?? the audacity
"Take it slow, baby," Yoongi murmurs to him. "The first time is always the most intense."

"No!" Yoongi doesn't even recognize his scream of horror that echoes through the stone corridor.

Yoongi's sword drops from his hand with a loud clang and he moves in what feels like slow motion towards Jimin. He catches the human right before he hits the damp stone ground and cradles him to his chest, sinking to his knees.

"Jimin, oh god," Yoongi gasps, his hand fluttering uselessly around the bolt sticking from his chest. He knows if he pulls it out, Jimin will bleed out immediately.

Blood is already soaking across the tunic, eating up the white velvet and turning everything a deep, vicious red. Jimin is gasping, his breathing harsh and shallow, staring up at Yoongi with wide, surprised eyes. A trail of blood begin to leak from his slack mouth, and Yoongi feels tears welling in his eyes.

No. No, this can't be happening.

"No. No, this can't be happening.

"Jimin," Yoongi croaks, holding his limp body close and brushing his hair away from his face. "Sweetness, please, no. Don't leave me," Yoongi begs brokenly, voice cracking. "Please, baby, please." Tears are pouring down Yoongi’s face now, falling onto Jimin’s cheeks like warm rain drops.

"Y-Yoonie," Jimin gasps, his eyelids beginning to droop and the frantic beating of his heart growing weaker.

"No," Yoongi sobs, pressing Jimin’s pale face into his neck and begins rocking him back and forth. "Baby, please."

Footsteps pound down the hall, but they don’t belong to any Lycan. Hoseok comes careening into the corridor, bruised and beaten and his axe dripping with blood. "Captain!" Hoseok calls, but freezes when he sees the scene before him.

Fiona, who’d been watching with wide, shock-filled eyes, seems to snap out of her trance with Hoseok’s arrival. She drops the crossbow with a loud thud and squeaks, turning to make a break for it.

"Stop her!" Yoongi yells at Hoseok, who moves instantly.

The Death Dealer is across the room in seconds, grabbing Fiona by the arm and yanking her roughly back. She shrieks in outrage and tries to hit him, but her fists bounce against his armor uselessly.
Yoongi turns back to Jimin and sees that his eyes have fallen closed. His breathing is light and labored, and Yoongi can hear his heart beginning to falter. “Sweetness, please, please,” Yoongi whispers desperately, agony seizing him and paralyzing him.

“Bite him,” Hoseok says suddenly, watching the scene before him as he holds tight to a viciously struggling Fiona. “Yoongi, bite him. You might still have time to save him.”

In Yoongi’s frantic, crazed state, the thought hadn’t even occurred to him. He stares at Hoseok with wide eyes as it dawns on him.

Of course.

If his venom is able to enter Jimin’s bloodstream and reach his heart before it stops completely, he might be able to save him.

Looking back down at Jimin, pale and weak and bloody, Yoongi takes a deep, shaky breath and adjusts his hold on the boy. He leans down and tilts Jimin’s head back to reveal the long line of his throat. He brushes his lips over the weakening pulse point in Jimin’s neck, letting his fangs slide down.

He presses his mouth to the cold, clammy skin and sinks his fangs in.

Jimin’s blood fills his mouth, intoxicating him. It tastes as incredible as Yoongi remembers, warm and rich and heavenly.

Yoongi sinks his fangs in deep, wanting to get as much venom in as possible. Jimin doesn’t even stir, having already slipped into unconsciousness and going completely limp, and Yoongi prays to god that he acted in time.

Fiona is still struggling against Hoseok and they can hear the Lycans’ roars echoing down the hall as they close in.

Jimin’s heart gives one last stuttering thud before it finally falls still in his chest. Yoongi sobs brokenly, the sound muffled by where his mouth is pressed against Jimin’s neck.

Pain unlike anything Yoongi’s ever felt before takes over him. Agony, pure and debilitating, crashes into him. He feels his heart shatter beyond repair and his body locks up, seizes, begins shaking so bad he feels he’s going to faint.

Finally, Yoongi forces his mouth away from Jimin’s neck with a broken gasp. He stares down at his love, gone so still and lifeless, and lays him gently down on the damp stone floor with shaking arms. Yoongi wraps his hand around the crossbow bolt in his chest and tugs it out in one smooth motion. Then he slowly stands on trembling legs and turns to where Hoseok’s is still clutching tight to an enraged Fiona, tossing the bloody bolt aside.

“Unhand me, you animal!” She’s shrieking at Hoseok, battering at his breastplate with her fists.

Yoongi moves in a blur. He’s on Fiona in a second, grabbing her by the throat and slamming her back into the wall with such force that the stone cracks and splinters around her body. She cries out loudly, winded and dazed and her eyes going a little unfocused for a second.

“You’re going to pay for that,” Yoongi hisses, leaning his face close to Fiona’s, eyes lit up blue with pure rage. His armored hand constricts around her throat until she’s gasping for breath.

“Y-you bastard,” Fiona chokes out, staring at Yoongi in terror. “M-my father will hear about this.”
Yoongi smiles meanly, his lips still smeared with Jimin’s blood. “Your father is dead, you fucking bitch. His limbs are scattered across the council chamber floor as we speak.”

Fiona’s eyes go wide with disbelief and her mouth gapes open and closed like a fish. Her face is beginning to turn red with the force that Yoongi is choking her with. “L-lies,” she gasps weakly, trying to tug at his arm futilely.

“I watched the Lycans tear him to shreds myself,” Yoongi says, relishing the look of horror that crosses her face. “And now you’re going to join him.”

Then Yoongi begins to squeeze his fist until Fiona’s legs start to kick and spasm under her black dress. He keeps going until the only noise she can make is a gurgling choking sound. A blood vessel pops in her eye and drool begins to dribble from her gaping, gasping mouth.

But then, the Lycans burst into the corridor and charge at them, and Yoongi is forced to drop Fiona as Hoseok shouts and raises his axe. She falls to the floor, coughing and gulping in huge gasping breaths as Yoongi races across the room to grab his fallen sword. He plants himself in front of Jimin’s body, because no way in fucking hell is he going to let these animals desecrate his baby’s body, and raises his sword as the Lycans pounce. There’s four of them, their jaws snapping and flinging bloody saliva everywhere.

Yoongi doesn’t think. He just lets his body take over and hacks and slashes and stabs wherever he can, letting the pain and agony of losing Jimin fuel him. The Lycans stand no chance, falling before his fury with howls of pain. Soon, with Hoseok’s help, they’re just lumps of bloody and mutilated fur on the ground.

Yoongi stands in the middle of the hall of blood, sword clutched deathly tight in his hand and his breathing hard, sharp, labored. He’s staring down at one of the Lycan’s severed heads, not really seeing it through the haze clouding his head.

“Yoongi,” Hoseok says softly, breaking through his stupor, and it takes a moment for Yoongi to get his body to work. He looks up slowly to see Hoseok starting at something over Yoongi’s shoulder. “Look.”

Yoongi follows his gaze and slowly turns around.

Jimin is struggling to sit up, blinking around him in confusion.

And Yoongi’s world world comes crashing to a stop.

He goes still, not trusting his eyes, his breath catching in his throat.

*Could...could it be?*

Jimin stares up at Yoongi with wide eyes and holds out his arms, making grabby hands at him. “Yoonie? What happened?”

And Yoongi fucking *breaks.*

He lets out a dry sob and drops his sword, flinging himself at Jimin, falling to his knees and pulling the boy hard against his chest. Jimin lets out a squeak of surprise but wraps his arms around Yoongi nonetheless.

“Jimin, baby, oh god,” he’s crying now as he presses his face into Jimin’s neck and cradles him close, tears running down his cheeks. “Sweetness, I thought I lost you. *Oh god,* I thought--please,
never leave me...baby, my love…”

Jimin is obviously startled by Yoongi’s reaction, but he still runs his fingers through Yoongi’s matted hair and shushes him gently. “It’s okay,” he murmurs, kissing the top of the vampire’s head. “I’m okay.”

That just makes Yoongi cry harder. Jimin holds him tight as he sobs into his love’s shoulder, his body trembling like a leaf.

Jimin smells slightly different now. His overwhelming sweetness is still there, freshness mixed with orange, but now the underlying spice is stronger, more overpowering. It’s incredible and intoxicating and Yoongi takes deep gasping breaths of it as his tears finally begin to slow.

He pulls back just enough to be able to look Jimin in the face. His eyes are wide with concern, but he looks good. His skin is soft and glowing and his golden hair shines bright. The wound on his chest has sealed up, leaving nothing but a bloody white tunic to show anything even happened in the first place.

Yoongi cups Jimin’s face with trembling hands, drinking him in, still wondering if he’s dreaming. Jimin leans forward until their foreheads are resting together and they’re breathing the same air.

“Am I like you now?” Jimin whispers, his eyes fluttering closed as he melts against Yoongi.

Yoongi bites back another sob and nods lightly, their foreheads rubbing gently at the motion. “Yes, Sweetness. You're a vampire now.”

They stay like this, wrapped up in each other, until someone clears their throat loudly.

“I really hate to break this up,” Hoseok says, sounding awkward. “But Fiona is gone.”

Yoongi looks up sharply to see that the door to the dungeons is standing ajar and Fiona is nowhere to be seen. “Fuck,” he hisses, his hold on Jimin tightening as if the woman will appear from the shadows and try to take him away from Yoongi again.

Yoongi pulls them both shakily to their feet and turns to Hoseok. Jimin clings to him and hides his face in Yoongi’s neck, and he can tell Jimin is scenting him. “What happened with the Lycans? Are they all dead?”

“There were a few left in the courtyard when I came to find you, but Jungkook and the others had them pretty cornered, so I’m guessing there’s nothing left now,” Hoseok says, setting the handle of his axe on the ground and leaning his forearm against the bloody blade. “There’s a few stragglers here and there but we’ve managed to pick them off.”

Yoongi nods, trying to ignore the way Jimin is taking deep, hot inhales against his neck. “How the hell did this happen? There was no sign of any Lycans when I went on patrol. How were they able to ambush us so completely?”

Hoseok scowls darkly. “I have no idea, but I’ll bet my life Lucian has something to do with it. He probably came up with some way for them to mask their scents so we couldn’t detect them.”

Yoongi growls and holds Jimin closer. “He’s too damn smart for his own good.”

Running footsteps echo down the hallway and a moment later Xiu Lee bursts around the corner. “Oh, thank god!” She gasps when she sees Hoseok standing in the blood soaked corridor.
She flings herself into his arms with a loud clatter as their armor clangs together. He catches her with a surprised ‘oof’ and hugs her tight, burying his face in her dark, tangled hair.

Yoongi begins pulling Jimin away down the hall, wanting to let Hoseok and Xiu Lee have their moment. Yoongi holds Jimin’s hand tight and leads him back the way they had come. The fortress is a disaster; the hallways are destroyed, huge chunks of smashed stone from the walls scattering the ground. Hanging tapestries have been ripped and portraits on the wall have been slashed through with huge claw marks. Bodies of both Lycans and vampires are littered everywhere they walk. Blood is sprayed across the walls, is leaking into the floor, is pooling around the corpses and making it hard not to slip.

Yoongi and Jimin pass the chaos on shaky legs. Surviving vampires are trying to make sense of the confusion, wandering around and calling for their loved ones, bloody and traumatized. Yoongi sees Eliska and her helpers trying to regain some sense of control as they move around offering blankets.

Jungkook is sitting on the shattered steps of the grand staircase in the entrance hall. Taehyung sits on the step above him, cradling the Death Dealer’s head in his lap and rhythmically stroking his hair, whispering soft words that Yoongi can’t hear. Jungkook’s eyes are closed as he nuzzles into Taehyung’s touch, and the scene is so intimate that Yoongi feels like he’s interrupting something.

“You’re alive,” a familiar voice speaks up, sounding relieved. Yoongi turns around to see Seokjin and Namjoon walking towards them across the destroyed ground. Jin’s fancy robes are ripped and torn and he’s limping slightly, and Namjoon is pale as a ghost with a bleeding cut on his face.

The two stop before them and Jin opens his mouth to speak, when he freezes and his eyes land on Jimin, who once again has his face buried in Yoongi’s neck. Yoongi watches his nostrils flare before realization dawns on his face.

“You turned him.” It’s not a question. “What happened?”

A hiss vibrates in the back of Yoongi’s throat and he pulls Jimin closer possessively. “That fucking bitch Fiona tried to kill him,” Yoongi growls, and Jin’s eyes widen in shock. Then Yoongi scowls and shakes his head. “Actually, scratch that. She did kill him.”

Namjoon lets out a low whistle and Jin pinches the bridge of his nose. “Damn,” he sighs, looking at Yoongi again. “I’ll have to have a serious talk with Sabien about her.”

Yoongi smiles casually and tries not to twitch when Jimin begins to mouth needily at his neck. Now is not the time to pop a boner. “Good luck with that. He’s currently lying in a pile of his own limbs in the council chamber.”

Jin’s face goes pale and he gasps, and next to him Namjoon blanches. “Yoongi…” Jin breathes, swallowing thickly. “Don’t tell me you…”

Yoongi pulls a mock look of hurt. “Of course not,” he says with conviction. “It was the Lycans.”

Jin narrows his eyes at Yoongi, knowing him well enough to know when he’s lying. “I’m sure,” he finally mutters, and Yoongi smiles sweetly at him. “Idris and Sabah are dead, we don’t know if Astor is going to make it, and now Sabien is dead too? Jesus, this is a nightmare.”

“At least you’re alive,” Yoongi points out, and Jin glowers at him. Namjoon pats Jin on the shoulders comfortably.

“Come, love, we have business to attend to,” Namjoon says soothingly, and Jin sighs and nods.
“Very well,” he says, moving to turn away. He pauses and nods at Jimin, where he’s still rubbing his face against Yoongi’s neck with a content purr. “Get him settled in and fed. We’ll take care of things out here.”

Yoongi nods gratefully at him and watches them walk away, picking their way over broken stone and puddles of blood. Jin squeals loudly when he accidentally steps in one and soaks the ends of his robes in the red liquid. Namjoon sighs in exasperation and tugs him out of it, looking immune to Jin’s shrieks of outrage that echo down the hall as they disappear.

Yoongi has to forcefully tug Jimin away because he won’t stop scenting his neck. Jimin grumbles unhappily but follows Yoongi as he leads them down the destroyed hallways. They pass Fay and Nairi trying to move a huge chunk of stone off a crushed Death Dealer underneath, and they both nod to him when they approach. Yoongi feels relief at seeing them, even though Fay’s red hair is tangled with dried blood and Nairi’s pale skin looks whiter than usual. They’re both beaten and bloody, but they’re alive, and that’s all that matters.

“How many Death Dealers did we lose?” Yoongi asks, stopping before the two women.

Fay’s full lips twist unhappily and she nods down at the crunched Death Dealer. “We lost Sibiu,” she says sadly, and Yoongi does a double take. He couldn’t even tell who it was because his helmet is smashed into his head and his body is mostly covered by the stones.

“Shit,” Yoongi breathes, staring down sadly at his fallen comrade. Sibiu was a good soldier and a kind soul, and he’ll be greatly missed.

“We also lost Ianthe, Taavi, Aeneas, Kaden, and Mahir. We don’t know if Quinn and Io are going to make it yet, and we also lost countless foot soldiers,” Nairi says somberly, the lilt of her Nordic accent making it sound even more tragic.

“They made all the difference, though,” Fay jumps in. “Without the foot soldiers we would’ve been overwhelmed. When all this has settled down, I would like to suggest a ceremony to honor the survivors. I think a few of them might also have the chops to become Death Dealers down the road as well.”

Yoongi nods thoughtfully. “I’ll run it by the council and see what they can do.”

Fay and Nairi bid him goodbye as they go back to trying to tug Sibiu’s body free of the debris. Everywhere they pass, there are shocked and traumatized vampires sitting heavily against the walls, their fancy robes and dresses ripped and bloody. There are foot soldiers wandering the halls, beginning to drag the dead bodies of Lycans away to take them to the courtyard for a mass burning. Even as Yoongi watches, the Lycans, with sickening snaps and pops, begin to return to their human forms in death.

Jimin is plastered against him as they walk, making it slightly difficult to move, and he’s beginning to whine petulantly the longer Yoongi goes without touching him. “Almost there, Sweetness, just hold on,” Yoongi says, steering Jimin past the wraith statue.

Now that the adrenaline is fading, the claw mark on Yoongi’s chest begins to ache painfully. He winces when every step he takes sends pain shooting through his torso. Jimin must be able to sense his discomfort because he makes a soft cooing sound and holds onto Yoongi’s arm tighter.

Finally, they arrive at Yoongi’s quarters, which have somehow remained untouched. He closes the door behind him and turns around, and Jimin is on him immediately, rubbing his face against his neck and inhaling deeply.
“Yoonie, you smell so good,” Jimin whines, his hands scrabbling for purchase against Yoongi’s slick armor. “Like the woods and honeysuckle and...and...spicy musk.”

Yoongi chuckles breathlessly, trying not to get worked up by Jimin basically writhing all over him and panting in need. “G-give me a second, Sweetness,” Yoongi says hoarsely, placing his hands on Jimin’s shoulders and pushing him away a little. “I need to get out of my armor.”

Jimin whines loudly but obeys, walking back and collapsing dramatically onto Yoongi’s bed with a very put-upon sigh. Yoongi has to hold back a laugh at Jimin’s brattiness and begins to remove his armor.

It’s slow going, as every move makes pain bloom in his chest, but finally Yoongi is in nothing but the padded robes he wears under his armor. The chest of the garment is ripped and soaked in blood, and Jimin gasps when he sees it. He leaps off the bed and is at Yoongi’s side in a second. His little hands flutter around the wound uselessly, which is healing, but slowly.

“Yoonie,” Jimin whimpers, and Yoongi is horrified to see tears forming in his eyes. “Does it hurt? What can I do?”

“Oh, Sweetness,” Yoongi coos, cupping Jimin’s face and drawing him in for a kiss. He’s still not completely over the trauma of almost having lost his love, and his body involuntarily begins shaking as Jimin kisses him back deeply.

Jimin pulls away after a few moments with a slick wet sound and frowns at him. Then his eyes light up with an idea and he reaches down and tugs off the last of Yoongi’s clothing, making the black-haired man hiss in pain when the fabric peels stiffly away from the bloody wound. Jimin tosses the ruined garment to the floor and leads a naked Yoongi back to the bed.

Once they’re both kneeling on the wide, king-sized bed, Jimin tips his head back to reveal his neck. “Drink my blood,” he says, and Yoongi’s heart stutters in his chest.

“J-Jimin,” Yoongi swallows thickly. “We talked about this.”

Jimin shuffles closer and bends his neck tantalizingly in front of Yoongi’s face. “That’s when I was a human,” he says reasonably, and Yoongi can feel his resolve crumbling. “But I’m not human anymore, so you won’t hurt me.”

And god, Yoongi’s mouth waters at the thought of tasting Jimin’s blood again. He’s right, Yoongi realizes. Jimin will heal from the bite instantly, so he technically won’t be hurting him for long. Plus, he needs to heal and this will be the fastest way.

Mouth dry and heart pounding in his chest, he grabs a fully clothed Jimin by the hips and draws him into his lap. Jimin goes willingly, wrapping his legs around Yoongi’s bare waist and settling his hands on his broad shoulders. He tips his head back again and shivers when Yoongi leans close and runs his lips over his pulse point, exactly where Yoongi bit him to turn him, now healed over.

Yoongi’s fangs slide down and he licks over the hot skin, making Jimin gasp. Then he sinks his teeth in and receives the shock of his life.

His body immediately seizes with the pleasure that surges through him as Jimin’s blood wells in his mouth, and a hot, prickly heat flows through him, settling deep in his groin and making him almost immediately hard. Jimin moans loudly and writhes against Yoongi’s lap, his mouth falling open in a gasp.

Broken images of Jimin’s blood memories begin flickering in Yoongi’s head;
A small blonde boy running through a garden, squealing with laughter as a woman with equally golden hair chases after him, threatening to attack him with tickles...

...the blonde woman, older and paler now but just as beautiful, lying weakly in a bed, breath labored...

...the blonde child standing amongst taller, dark haired boys, looking down at a freshly covered grave, tears running down his chubby cheeks...

...the boy, a few years older, being pushed and shoved roughly by his brothers, who all laugh meanly at his teary eyed pleas for them to stop...

...the boy, now a young man, being restrained by the arms by his brothers while his father lashes a leather whip down on his back. He screams in pain but his father doesn’t stop...

...the blonde’s face being shoved into the dirt and held there as he’s being whipped for staying out past dark...

...his soon to be husband, a big, brutish man with a cruel smile, leering down at him, his eyes twinkling devilishly as the boy quakes in fear and disgust...

...riding in a carriage with his brothers and father, scared out of his mind...

...standing in a huge stone chamber, being watched like a caged animal as his father presents their chest of silver...

...looking across the room and seeing a beautiful man in the blackest of armor watching him with wide, electric blue eyes...

...feeling his heart begin to race in his chest and his stomach flutter...

...the disappointment of having to leave the handsome man who’d spoken so softly to him...

...riding back in the wagons as his father yells at him, when the beasts attack, their howls ripping the night...

...cowering in the shadow of a broken carriage as the vicious animal bears down upon him...

...then, he’s there, pulling the boy into his saddle and speaking to him gently, and the blonde sees stars in his eyes. He hugs his savior tight and never wants to let go...

...his first kiss, explosive and magical and everything he’s ever imagined...

...the first time he made him feel pleasure. The way it felt like his body couldn't even contain the waves of ecstasy coursing through him and he knew in that moment he would never love another...

Pleasure surges through Yoongi’s body, making him thrum and ache and grip Jimin’s hip bruisingly at the intensity of it. The ripped wound on his chest seals up and strength floods back into his body as he gulps down the drug that is Jimin’s blood.

Yoongi finally pulls away from Jimin's neck with a huge gasp, his brain buzzing with drunkenness and blood dripping down his chin.

Jimin is writhing in his lap, moaning as he grinds down on Yoongi’s rock hard cock with his ass. His eyes are closed and his face is twisted in pleasure, mouth agape. Yoongi watches through blurred vision as his bite marks on Jimin's neck close up almost instantly, leaving nothing but a smear of
Jimin whines and rolls his hips into Yoongi’s groin, his eyes fluttering open, pupils blown with lust. “T-that felt so good,” Jimin gasps, still rubbing his clothed ass against Yoongi erection and making the older vampire almost pass out at the pleasure it brings. “W-why didn’t it feel like that the first time?”

Yoongi groans at Jimin’s movements and squeezes his ass tight. “Blood drinking is different between vampires and humans,” Yoongi rasps heavily, leaning in to lick up the smeared blood on Jimin’s neck, earning a shaky moan. “Plus, I turned you. You’re sired to me so it’ll feel more intense than if it were any other vampire drinking your blood, or if they were to drink mine.”

Jimin’s eyes flash electric blue and he grabs Yoongi’s shoulders tightly, his top lip pulling over his teeth as his new fangs drop down. A hiss vibrates in the back of his throat and his grip tightens so much that Yoongi winces in pain.

“No one else can drink your blood,” Jimin growls, his whole body beginning to shake in rage at the very thought. “Only me. You’re mine. No one else’s.”

Yoongi’s whole being melts into a pile of mush and he hugs Jimin close. “Only yours, angel,” he agrees softly, cradling the back of Jimin’s head where it lays against his chest. “Only yours.”

Jimin nods petulantly and mouths at Yoongi’s bare chest with his soft lips. He can tell Jimin is still keyed up though by the tenseness of his body and the grip he still has on Yoongi’s shoulders.

“Are you thirsty, Sweetness?” Yoongi asks gently, and Jimin whines and stirs against him, grinding down on Yoongi’s hard cock again.

Yoongi guides Jimin’s face to his neck, and the newborn immediately begins licking at the skin of his pulse point, his breathing growing fast and excited.

“Take it slow, baby,” Yoongi murmurs to him. “The first time is always the most intense.”

Jimin drags his hot tongue across Yoongi’s skin one last time before he sinks his fangs in.

There’s a little prickle of pain, but then pleasure explodes in Yoongi’s body, making him seize up and moan loudly. It courses through him, thrums through his bones and muscles and settles deep into his groin. It pulsates, making his rock hard cock positively ache.

Jimin is gasping against him, writhing in Yoongi’s lap, his nails digging into Yoongi's bare back. He's moaning, high and sweet, muffled by his mouth on Yoongi's neck. His breathing is hard and rapid, almost manic, and Yoongi can tell he's growing frantic with bloodlust. Yoongi rubs his hands up and down his back soothingly, trying to calm him.

“Easy,” he soothes, trying to focus through the cloud of pleasure clogging his mind. “Take it slow, Sweetness.”

Yoongi can tell it takes a while for his words to register in Jimin’s blood addled mind but finally his frantic sucking calms down until he’s just lapping at the blood welling from Yoongi’s neck with soft little whimpers.

“Good boy,” Yoongi says softly, running his hands through Jimin’s messy blonde hair. “Just like that.”

Jimin is still grinding his plump ass against Yoongi’s cock, and his restraint is about to snap. Finally,
Jimin slips his mouth of Yoongi’s neck with a wet gasp and looks up at him, pupils blown wide with lust and gaze heavy, mouth smeared red.

“Yoonie,” he slurs, drunk on blood. “W-want you so bad.”

And Yoongi finally loses it.

He lets out a loud hiss and grips the neck of Jimin’s bloody tunic with both hands. With a mighty tug and a loud ripping noise, Yoongi tears the tunic clean off his body. Jimin squeaks in surprise but doesn't have a chance to say anything before Yoongi is tipping him out of his lap and onto his back on the bed. The black-haired man tugs roughly at Jimin’s dirty and bloody breeches and yanks them off aggressively. Jimin lifts his hips to help and Yoongi throws them on the floor.

Then he's pressing down on top of Jimin and desperately claiming his bloody lips. Jimin whines into his mouth and wraps his hands in Yoongi’s black hair, tugging him closer. They kiss hungrily for a while, grinding against each other and moaning, searching for more. Jimin wraps his legs around Yoongi's waist and groans when the older vampire grinds their bare, leaking cocks together forcefully.

Finally, Yoongi pulls away with a slick wet noise and sits up on his knees, breath ragged. He runs his hands down the tops of Jimin's hot thighs, marveling at the wrecked, flushed beauty beneath him.

“What do you want, baby?” Yoongi asks huskily, kneading at the inside of Jimin's thighs. “Do you want my fingers?”

Jimin nods frantically, spreading his legs wider and wiggling his ass enticingly. Yoongi groans at the sight and reaches over to grab a bottle of oil off his bedside table. He pours some on his fingers and slicks them up, corking the bottle and dropping it in the bed beside him.

Jimin is trembling with anticipation by the time Yoongi spreads his cheeks and circles his pointer around the tight ring of muscles, teasing him. He does this until Jimin whines loudly and slaps weakly at Yoongi’s shoulder.

When Yoongi slips the first finger in, Jimin's eyes flutter closed and he lets out a breathy moan. Yoongi gives him a moment before he slowly begins working his finger in and out. He goes like this for awhile until he gradually picks up his pace and his finger is squelching in and out of Jimin quickly.

Soon, Jimin is rolling his hips and begging for more, electric blue eyes opening to gaze at Yoongi in drunken lust. His blood-smeared lips are slack and his breathing is heavy, body tense and shaky.

Yoongi works in a second finger, going slow, but with another impatient whine from Jimin, he begins working them faster.

He scissors his fingers, causing Jimin to groan and pant and writhe, and when he thrusts in deep and drags against his prostate, Jimin jerks violently and cries out.

Yoongi continues to abuse Jimin's prostate until there are tears rolling down his cheeks and he’s thrashing wildly on the bed. “Yoo-Yoonie...b-blood,” Jimin begs deliriously when Yoongi slips in a third finger. “D-drink.”

“You have to elaborate, Sweetness,” Yoongi rasps, bending down to lick up Jimin's salty tears. “Do you want my blood or do you want me to drink from you?”

Jimin pauses, a look of stricken alarm crossing his face at this question. He's not in his right mind at
the moment, and the impossible choice makes him start bawling. “I-I d-don't know!” Jimin wails, tears streaming down his cheeks even as Yoongi keeps fingerling him.

Yoongi coos gently and slips his fingers out with a squelch, making Jimin whine loudly through his tears. He captures Jimin's lips in a soft, sweet kiss that he messily reciprocates after a long moment.

Yoongi pulls back and sits back up, grabbing the bottle of oil again. “Roll over on your belly, baby.”

Jemin gulps, still crying, and obeys, rolling over weakly and presenting his ass to Yoongi. Yoongi's eyes widen when he sees that the scars marring Jimin's back are gone. Yoongi's bite had healed all physical imperfections, and now Jimin's back is a smooth expanse of soft skin. He runs a hand down the velvety smoothness, about to tell Jimin the good news, but the boy whines loudly and rolls his hips, growing impatient and annoyed with his slow pace, and Yoongi decides he'll save it for later.

Yoongi slicks up his aching cock, moaning aloud at the feeling of finally being touched, and lays down across Jimin's sweaty, flawless back. He nudges his cock between Jimin's cheeks and kisses the nape of his neck.

“Are you ready?” Yoongi asks him, wanting to be a hundred percent positive. Jimin nods frantically and tries to push his ass back on Yoongi's cock.

“Y-yes,” Jimin breathes a whine. “Please hurry.”

Yoongi drops his fangs and lifts his fingers to his mouth. He pricks the tip of his thumb on a fang, and blood immediately begins welling from the wound. Then he reaches around and presses his bleeding thumb to Jimin's lips, who lets out a surprised gasp and immediately sucks Yoongi's digit into his mouth with a small moan. He suckles at Yoongi's thumb happily, licking and lapping with contentment.

As Yoongi slowly begins to push his cock into Jimin's tight heat, he bends his head and kisses across Jimin's spine. Then he sinks his fangs into the joint between Jimin's neck and shoulder, and Jimin screams around his thumb.

Blood wells in Yoongi's mouth at the same time his cock sinks fully into Jimin, and pleasure unlike anything he's ever experienced before almost makes him blackout. It surges through him, a hot, prickly heat that makes his whole body sing and shake.

Jemin is keening around his thumb, his whole body trembling and his ass rutting back on Yoongi's cock, trying to get him to move. Jimin's blood is otherworldly, hot and rich and smooth like liquid velvet.

As Yoongi begins to thrust into Jimin slowly, trying to keep a hold on the last sliver of his restraint, Jimin moans and sucks two more of Yoongi's fingers into his mouth. Yoongi grunts in pleasure when Jimin's fangs pierce into these ones as well, bringing more of Yoongi's blood welling to the surface. Jimin suckles needily at his fingers, drool beginning to run down his chin at the way his mouth is stretched wide around Yoongi's long digits.

“H-harder,” Jimin moans messily around his fingers, trying desperately to impale himself back on Yoongi's cock.

With a grunt against Jimin's skin, Yoongi obeys. He begins pounding into Jimin faster, thrusting deep into his wet, tight heat. He works his hips and fucks Jimin into the mattress, making him gasp and choke around his fingers, spreading his legs wider and begging for more.
Blood is running down Jimin's shoulder, dripping onto the bed, and still Yoongi doesn't stop his sucking. He knows Jimin can handle much, much more now that he's not a human anymore. Knows he's craving it by the way he's moaning wantonly underneath him and sucking desperately at Yoongi's fingers.

Finally, Yoongi pulls away from Jimin's shoulder with a loud gasp. Blood is smeared around his mouth and dripping down his chin, making a red mess everywhere. His mind is clouded with a blood haze, making him feel drunk and heavy.

Yoongi slips his fingers gently from Jimin's mouth, who whines loudly in protest and follows them with his drool-covered lips, searching for more. Yoongi sits up on his knees and grabs Jimin by the hips, pulling his ass higher, and sinks his cock back in. The new angle hits Jimin's prostate even better and he wails, shoving his face into the sheets as his body spasms.

"Y-Yoonie," Jimin sobs, turning his face to the side so Yoongi can see him. He's flushed and messy with spit and delirious, and fresh tears are spilling from his glowing blue eyes. "F-feels--" a wet hiccup interrupts him. "So good."

"Yeah, baby," Yoongi groans, the feeling of Jimin's clenching heat around his cock making him dizzy. "You feel so good. So tight around my cock. S-such a good boy for me."

Jimin whines loudly at the praise and ruts back desperately to meet Yoongi's thrusts. His back is arched beautifully and he's so responsive to everything Yoongi is doing.

Abruptly, Yoongi pulls out and sits cross legged on the bed, pulling a limp and shaking Jimin up from his prone position, who protests loudly at the sudden loss of Yoongi's cock inside him.

"Sit on my lap, Sweetness," Yoongi rasps, as he guides a wobbly Jimin onto his lap. "Want to see your face when you cum."

Jimin whimpers at that and clings to Yoongi, wrapping his legs around his waist and holding onto his shoulders tightly.

They both groan loudly when Jimin sinks back down on Yoongi's cock. Yoongi captures Jimin's lips softly as the boy begins to slowly bounce up and down, finding a rhythm.

They share sweet, chaste kisses that are a complete contrast to the filthy things their bodies are doing. Yoongi brings his hands up to cup Jimin's jaws, tilting him back as he begins placing soft kisses across his face.

"My beautiful baby," Yoongi murmurs into Jimin's cheek as the younger rocks down on his cock with desperate little whimpers. "I thought I lost you. I thought...never leave me, my angel, okay? Never."

Jimin shakes his head and clutches tighter to Yoongi, trembling at the very thought. "N-never ever," he gasps, resting his forehead against Yoongi's as they breath hard in the same space. "Love you so much, Yoonie."

Yoongi hugs Jimin tight and fights back the tears welling in his eyes. He kisses the tip of Jimin's nose and thrusts his cock up into Jimin's heat, earning a cry. "I love you too, baby boy. More than anything in the entire world."

Jimin rocks down on him, shifting just enough that Yoongi's cock drags directly against his prostate. Jimin keens shrilly and rolls his hips harder, sinking down as far as possible onto Yoongi's length. That familiar heat begins to build in Yoongi's groin and he knows he's close.
They rock together, sharing sweet kisses, until Jimin's thighs begin to quake and he has to bury his shaky gasps into Yoongi’s neck.

The heat inside him builds and builds and Yoongi grabs Jimin by the hips, holding him still as he thrusts in deep and rubs his cockhead into Jimin's prostate, hard and relentless.

Jimin's whole body seizes up and he screams as his release hits, his head falling back and face twisting with pleasure. Yoongi watches through heavy-lidded eyes the way Jimin's mouth falls open in a moan and his eyes squeeze shut, pushing out more tears. He spurs cum onto his and Yoongi's stomachs, his whole body convulsing violently.

The way his spasming walls are milking Yoongi's cock tips him over the edge. Yoongi dips forward and sinks his fangs into Jimin’s shoulder as his release hits, and Jimin, already in the throes of ecstasy, positively shrieks.

Pleasure, pure and blinding and almost painful, crashes over Yoongi as he begins spilling inside Jimin, pumping his seed deep within him as his blood fills Yoongi's mouth.

"Y-Yoonie!” Jimin wails, his body jerking and writhing wildly in ecstasy.

It's unlike anything Yoongi's ever experienced. There's no words to describe the feeling of being with Jimin so completely. It's breathtaking, magical, makes him feels like his soul is ascending his body.

Finally, after what feels like years, Yoongi’s cock stills inside Jimin and they both sit pressed together, panting for air and covered in sweat. It takes a long, long time for either of them to come down from their high, and when they do, their sweat has cooled and their breathing has calmed and they’re both utterly spent.

Jimin has gone limp against Yoongi, his eyes closed peacefully and his lips softly mouthing at Yoongi’s shoulder. The older vampire strokes his hand up and down Jimin’s flawless back for awhile, until their position finally gets too uncomfortable and he has to move.

Jimin whines when Yoongi gently lifts him out of his lap, his soft cock sliding out and cum immediately starting to leak from Jimin’s used hole. Yoongi lays him down on the bed and climbs unsteadily to his feet as Jimin whimpers in discomfort at the feeling of cold cum dripping down his thighs.

Yoongi grabs a clean towel and wets it in the big bowl of water on his bedside table, before climbing shakily back on the bed. He nudges Jimin’s legs gently apart and begins cleaning him up, wiping away the sticky, drying cum on his legs and belly. Jimin whines in overstimulation when Yoongi cleans around his swollen, puffy hole, trying to squirm away, but Yoongi bends down and presses soft, reassuring kisses to his lips, which calms him down.

“Good boy,” Yoongi murmurs into his mouth before pulling away and using the towel to clean up any leftover smears of blood on Jimin’s neck and shoulders. Then he tosses it on the floor and lays down next to Jimin, pulling him close and drawing the blankets over their cooling bodies.

Jimin cuddles into him with a content sigh, worming into Yoongi’s space and tucking his head into his shoulder. There’s still many hours of night time left, but they’re both too exhausted to stay awake.

Yoongi inhales Jimin’s scent deeply, the new spiciness and the salt of his sweat and the mixing of their cum on his skin. He kisses the top of Jimin’s head, feeling sleep start to creep over him.

“I love you, Sweetness,” Yoongi murmurs into Jimin’s hair.
Jimin squeezes his arms tighter around Yoongi. “I love you more.”

Yoongi would very much like to protest that no, that’s not possible, but Jimin has already fallen asleep. Yoongi smiles to himself, tucks his face into Jimin’s hair, and quickly follows soon after.

The next evening Yoongi is awoken by a loud shriek.

Yoongi shoots up in bed with a gasp and immediately searches for Jimin, his fangs dropping down and his eyes lighting up as fear surges through him that Jimin is in danger.

He finds the newborn vampire sitting at Yoongi’s vanity, twisted around so he’s staring at his bare back in the mirror. Yoongi is at his side in a second, dropping to his knees in front of Jimin and cupping his face, searching for any signs of pain.

“Jimin, baby, what’s wrong?” Yoongi demands, his heart racing.

Jimin stares down at him with watery eyes, a black silk robe slung low across his shoulders and hiding his nakedness. “M-my back,” Jimin finally says, fighting against the hold Yoongi has on his face to once again glance behind him in the mirror.

That’s when Yoongi remembers he never got a chance to tell Jimin how his scars have disappeared. Yoongi blinks at Jimin in alarm, not expecting this reaction. “Are-are you sad? I thought you would’ve been happy they’re gone.”

Jimin’s bottom lip trembles and a tear slips down his face that Yoongi quickly brushes away. “I am happy,” he sniffs, more tears sliding down before he bursts into full on bawling. “T-they were s-so u-gly!”

Primal, protective instincts surge through Yoongi and he pulls Jimin tight against his bare chest, so aggressively that Jimin squeaks. “Nothing, and I mean nothing about you is ugly,” Yoongi growls fiercely, holding Jimin for dear life. “You’re the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen. The most beautiful thing in the entire world, so don’t you dare say that about yourself, Park Jimin.”

Jimin is so shocked that his tears abruptly stop and he goes still in Yoongi’s arms. After a moment, he struggles out of Yoongi’s embrace just enough so he can look up at him. His eyes are red and swollen and still swimming with tears, but he’s staring at Yoongi in awe.

“Do you really mean that?” Jimin asks quietly, as if he can’t even believe Yoongi would say such a thing.

Yoongi brushes his bangs back and kisses Jimin’s forehead. “Every word.”

Yoongi giving him a trembling smile and leans in to rub his nose into Yoongi’s neck, a soft purr rumbling in the back of his throat. They stay like this for a while until Yoongi notices Jimin’s breathing begin to change against his skin, growing a little heavier.

He pulls back and his heart shoots into his throat when he sees a pair of electric blue eyes gazing back at him through heavy lids. Jimin’s lips are parted and his cheeks are flushed, and Yoongi could never mistake that look.
Yoongi runs his hands along the satin covering Jimin’s thighs, excitement thrumming in his body. “You want more already, baby?” Yoongi asks huskily, and Jimin whines softly and wiggles in his seat.

Yoongi stands and wraps his arms around Jimin’s waist, lifting him out of the seat and setting him on the edge of the aged wooden vanity. Yoongi knocks aside bottles and various beauty products he never uses to make room for Jimin’s sizable ass. He nudges aside Jimin’s legs and steps between them, cupping Jimin’s jaw and bringing him in for a searing kiss.

Jimin mews into his mouth and tangles his hands in Yoongi’s messy hair, his black robe slipping lower. They lick into each other’s mouths, hot and desperate, and Yoongi runs his hands slowly down Jimin’s body. He sweeps aside the last bit of robe covering Jimin’s nakedness and squeezes his hot thighs tight, loving the way the flesh squishes under his hands.

Jimin whines at the touch, and Yoongi is suddenly struck with a golden idea. He pulls back from Jimin’s mouth, chuckling breathlessly at the way Jimin follows his lips needily. Yoongi thumbs over Jimin’s nipples, making him gasp and shudder, before sinking to his knees in front of Jimin.

Yoongi takes Jimin’s right knee and hooks it over his shoulder, causing Jimin to have to lean back further on the vanity to keep his balance. Yoongi begins kissing and sucking along the inside of his leg, starting within his knee and working to the middle of his soft inner thigh.

Jimin is shaking and panting, one hand bracing himself on the vanity and the other tangled in Yoongi’s hair as he watches his movements with heavy, electric eyes. Yoongi sucks hard at this spot a couple of times, before dropping his fangs and scraping them against Jimin’s skin, looking up at him and raising his eyebrows in silent question.

Jimin gasps loudly, eyes going wide in realization and his hand tightening in Yoongi’s hair. “O-oh, yes please,” Jimin moans, swallowing thickly. “Please, please, Yoonie. Please.”

And fuck if his sweet, desperate little pleas don’t get Yoongi’s blood positively boiling. With a low growl, Yoongi grips the squishy flesh of Jimin’s legs tightly and sinks his fangs into his inner thigh.

The pleasure that explodes in Yoongi’s body as Jimin’s blood wells in his mouth must be nothing compared to what Jimin feels. The blonde fucking screams and his whole body seizes up, his head falling back and knocking into the mirror. He thrashes violently, until Yoongi is forced to hold him firmly down by the hips to keep him still.

“Oooh!” Jimin keens as Yoongi sucks down his rich, thick blood. “O-oh, my god.”

Yoongi groans against Jimin’s leg, lapping his tongue over the flow of blood and making Jimin tremble and writhe.

He can feel Jimin’s blood memories flickering in his mind, but he pushes them away. Right now, Yoongi just wants the pleasure of drinking Jimin’s blood without thinking about anything else.

Yoongi’s cock is aching between his legs, rock hard and throbbing. Blood is dripping past Yoongi’s lips and sliding down Jimin’s leg, but he doesn’t care. The blood frenzy is starting to take over, making Yoongi drunk and intoxicated and frantic for more. In the history of his entire life, no one else’s blood has ever affected Yoongi like this.

He takes deep drags of Jimin’s heavenly blood, and each hard suck has Jimin moaning brokenly and trying to roll his hips in Yoongi’s tight grip. Jimin’s small cock is standing hard and erect, flushed just like the rest of him, and he untangles his hand from Yoongi’s hair to reach for it.
With a low warning growl, Yoongi grabs his wrist and cages it against the vanity, making Jimin whine in frustration at not being able to touch himself. Yoongi sinks his fangs even further into Jimin's flesh, effectively cutting off his protests with a strangled cry.

“Ahhhh!” Jimin wails, his eyes squeezing shut and face twisting in pleasure. “S-so good.”

Jimin is a quivering, moaning mess, most of his body weight sagging against the mirror. Yoongi finally releases his wrist and Jimin once again weaves his hand into the older vampire’s messy black hair, tugging sharply and making Yoongi moan.

Yoongi drinks from Jimin’s thigh until his mind is swimming and it looks like Jimin might actually cum from that alone. His legs are trembling and his breathing is hard and ragged, eyes squeezed shut and body covered in sweat. With each drag of Yoongi’s mouth he lets out a high, quick moan, his hips bucking up involuntarily, looking for any sort of friction.

Finally, Yoongi forces himself to pull his mouth away from the boy’s full thigh. Jimin’s eyes snap open, blazing blue, and he whines loudly in protest. “N-no! Don’t stop!”

Yoongi shushes him with a deep kiss as he climbs unsteadily to his feet. Jimin moans at the taste of his blood on Yoongi’s mouth and licks at him with his hot tongue. Yoongi bites on his bottom lip before pulling away, gasping for breath. He yanks Jimin’s ass off the vanity and sets him on his feet, turning him around and bending him over the aged wood.

Yoongi slips Jimin’s robe off and tosses it to the floor as he leans over Jimin’s bent back and mouths at his ear. “You want me to fuck you again, angel?”

Jimin whimpers hotly and rolls his hips, rubbing his ass back against Yoongi’s throbbing cock. Yoongi reaches around on the vanity and searches through the scattered bottles until he comes up with another vial of unscented oil. He stands back up and pours some onto his fingers, spreading Jimin’s cheeks and thumbing over his hole, still a little red and swollen from yesterday.

The first finger sinks in easily, since Jimin is still loosened up from last night, and the blonde lets out a stuttering moan and jerks his hips reflexively. Yoongi digs his finger in deep, working it in until he finds Jimin’s prostate again. The newborn vampire cries out and tries to rut back on Yoongi’s digit.

“More,” he gasps, and Yoongi obeys, sliding in a second. He scissors his fingers until Jimin is choking, his gasping breaths fogging up the mirror in front of him. “I’m r-ready,” Jimin moans brokenly, rolling his hips to try to get Yoongi’s fingers deeper. “Want you.”

Yoongi would prefer to work Jimin open a little more, not wanting to hurt him, but judging by the way he’s whining and writhing impatiently, he wouldn’t be too happy about that. So Yoongi slips out his fingers and slicks up his cock with the oil, gritting his teeth at the heat the touch sends through him.

Yoongi grabs Jimin’s hips roughly and nudges the head of his cock between his round cheeks. Jimin is trembling in anticipation, and when Yoongi sinks in in one smooth motion, he cries out and seizes up in pleasure.

Yoongi sets a bruising pace immediately, snapping his hips forward as he fucks into Jimin, the hot, clenching heat of him squeezing Yoongi’s cock tight and making him feel faint.

Jimin braces his arms on the vanity, the force of Yoongi’s thrusts sending him jerking forward with each one. He’s moaning, high and quick, the sounds being punched out of him in time with Yoongi’s thrusts. His eyes fall closed and his face twists in pleasure, eyebrows burrowing and mouth
Yoongi grabs a handful of Jimin’s hair and yanks on it, causing Jimin to gasp and his eyes to snap open. “Look at yourself while I fuck you, baby boy,” Yoongi orders in a low, husky voice. “Look how much of a little slut you are for my cock.”

For a second, Yoongi fears he might have gone too far, what with Jimin’s history with his father calling him names like that, but by the full bodied shudder that runs through Jimin and the absolutely wrecked moan that spills from his lips, Yoongi figures he’s okay.

Jimin stares at himself in the foggy mirror as Yoongi rams into him, his face delirious and cheeks flushed, eyes heavy and glowing blue. Yoongi keeps his hold on Jimin’s hair, and he can tell Jimin enjoys the sting by the way he pulls against it slightly, making it hurt more. There are tears in his eyes as he moans at the reflection of Yoongi fucking him.

“Y-Yoonie,” Jimin whimpers, slamming his ass back in time to meet Yoongi’s thrusts. The vanity is rattling to hard Yoongi distantly fears it might break. “You f-fuck me--oooh!--so good.”

Yoongi growls low in his throat, his eyes flashing blue again, and grabs Jimin by the arms. He pulls him up roughly against his chest, caging his arms behind his back, and continues to ram into him. Yoongi’s other arm wraps around Jimin’s middle and holds him tight as he fucks him.

The new position has Yoongi’s cock hitting Jimin’s prostate just so that he shrieks beautifully and his eyes roll back in his head. He allows himself to be used by Yoongi, so soft and pliant and responsive. The slapping of their skin and Yoongi’s groans and Jimin’s high pitched whining fills the room, music to his ears.

Heat is beginning to pool in Yoongi’s lower belly and he knows he’s getting close. Yoongi pushes Jimin’s torso back down onto the vanity and lifts his left knee up to rest by his head, surprised by Jimin’s flexibility. The new position opens Jimin up so much and allows Yoongi to hit his prostate so perfectly that Jimin fucking loses it.

Jimin screams and his body begins thrashing wildly as he cums violently against the aged wood of the vanity. Yoongi keeps fucking him through it, until Jimin’s walls spasming around his cock throws him over the edge as well. He buries himself in as deep as he can go and goes still, draping himself over Jimin’s back as he spurts his release deep inside Jimin’s clenching heat. Yoongi moans, long and low in his throat at the blinding pleasure that crashes through him and makes his vision go white.

Finally, Yoongi comes back to earth, breath ragged and head light and dizzy. He slowly peels himself off of Jimin’s sweaty back with a groan and carefully pulls out, wincing slightly when his soft cock slides out of Jimin’s warmth. Jimin lets out a tired whine at the feeling before allowing Yoongi to guide his leg back to the ground and pull him gently to his feet. He turns Jimin around and cups his face, looking him over closely.

Jimin smiles drunkenly at him, eyes finally fading back to brown, and puckers his lips for a kiss. Yoongi wants to die at the cuteness and gladly gives his baby what he wants, capturing his lips in a soft, gentle kiss. He pecks Jimin’s mouth over and over, earning an adorable giggle.

“Satisfied?” Yoongi asks when he pulls back slightly, and Jimin flutters his lashes at him.
“For now,” he says innocently, and Yoongi gapes at him.

He shakes his head in awe and brushes his thumbs over Jimin’s flushed, chubby cheeks. “I’ve created a monster.”

Jimin giggles again and weakly punches Yoongi’s shoulder. Yoongi wraps Jimin back up in his silk robe, slapping on some loose clothes as well before calling for a hot bath to be brought into his room to clean Jimin up. Jimin whines at the feeling of dried cum sticking to his skin, but crawls under the covers of the bed to wait somewhat impatiently.

A few vampire maids arrive, lugging a big bronze bathtub into Yoongi’s room. Then they have to make multiple trips to bring in hot buckets of water. They all glance at Jimin curiously but say nothing. Finally, the tub is filled with steaming, rose scented water, and the maids leave.

“Come on, baby,” Yoongi says, motioning Jimin out of the bed.

Jimin sticks his arms out of the covers and grabs for Yoongi. “Carry me,” he demands with a pout.

If it were anyone but Jimin asking such a thing, he’d smack them upside the head. But seeing as Yoongi can’t deny Jimin a single thing, he sighs and obeys. He walks across to the bed and flings the covers back. Jimin has already wiggled out of the black robe, and he grabs at Yoongi greedily.

Yoongi chuckles and slides one arm under his knees and the other under his shoulders. He lifts Jimin easily, who squeals and giggles gleefully.

Yoongi walks him over to the tub and sinks him gently down into the water, causing some to spill over the edge and onto his floor. Jimin sighs loudly as the hot water washes over him, his eyes falling closed as he slides in until the water licks his shoulders. Yoongi kneels on the floor beside him and brushes Jimin’s tangled bangs away from his forehead.

“Feel good?” He asks with a chuckle, and Jimin opens his eyes and nods enthusiastically, smiling sweetly.

“I never felt good like this until I met you,” Jimin admits quietly, and Yoongi's heart just about stops.

Yoongi dips in and kisses him across the cheek. “I'll always make sure you feel good, my angel.”

Jimin giggles happy and turns to kiss Yoongi on the end of his nose. Yoongi grabs a bar of soap and a sponge left behind by the maids and starts cleaning Jimin.

“I guess we should go over the ground rules of being an immortal,” Yoongi begins, unsure how to start.

“Oh, I know all about it,” Jimin replies airily and Yoongi quirks a brow at him.

“How?”

“From the books Tae Tae gave me!”

Yoongi sighs in exasperation. He's going to have to have a talk with Taehyung about his choice of literature. “What did you learn from them?”

Jimin purses his lips in thought as Yoongi scrubs at his shoulders. “That I have to drink blood to survive, that I can never go in the sun again, that I don't turn into a bat,” Jimin grumbles a little at this. “That I can see myself in mirrors,” Jimin's cheeks turn pink at this and Yoongi is assuming he's remembering their little workout a few moments ago.
“What else?” Yoongi prompts as he starts wetting Jimin's tangled blonde hair.

“Um, that I'm a lot stronger and faster now and that I'll need to learn to control it. And that when your drink someone else's blood you can sometimes see their memories.”

Jimin glances sideways at him but doesn't say anything, and Yoongi wonders what he might have seen when he'd drank Yoongi's blood.

“And of course I know all about the Elders and Alexander Cor--” Yoongi interrupts Jimin by dunking water over his head. He really doesn't need a history lesson right now.

“Yah!” Jimin squawks in indignation, glaring at Yoongi angrily. Yoongi can't handle the cuteness and dips in to plant a kiss on his pouty lips. Jimin struggles to remain mad at Yoongi, but with the way the older vampire keeps nuzzling his nose against his wet cheeks and cooing gently, he soon breaks into a little giggles.

“You're such a softie,” Jimin grins as Yoongi pecks at his full cheeks.

“Only for you, my love,” Yoongi replies as he continues his attack on the squishy flesh until Jimin laughs shrilly and has to push him away.

Yoongi finishes helping Jimin wash, cleaning him of all the dried cum and traces of blood from both the battle and their fornication. Yoongi wraps him in a big fluffy towel when he steps out of the water, and Jimin laughs when Yoongi begins to vigorously dry him with it.

While Jimin dresses in one of Yoongi’s silk tunics, Yoongi starts shrugging on his armor. He needs to go out and perform his duties at the Captain of the Death Dealers, as much as he just wants to stay with Jimin. He needs to find Fiona and end this before she comes after Jimin again.

“When I come back I can finally show you around the fortress,” Yoongi tells Jimin as he hooks on his cloak.

Jimin squeals and claps in excitement. The poor boy has basically been stuck in Yoongi’s chambers the whole time he’s been here, since it wasn’t really safe for a human to be out alone in a coven full of vampires without a protector. But now that he’s an immortal, Jimin has nothing to fear from his fellow coven mates.

“I’ll be back soon,” Yoongi says, leaning over the bed where Jimin is sitting and kissing him softly. When he pulls away, Jimin sighs dramatically and falls back onto the bed, a hand covering his forehead daintily.

“I’ll be waiting,” he tells Yoongi, as if it pain him. Yoongi laughs to himself the whole time he walks across the room and opens and closes the door behind him.

~

Yoongi calls for a meeting with his Death Dealers and they all gather in the courtyard under the half moon. The enormous pile of burnt Lycan bodies is still smoking in the middle of the stone courtyard, and the stench makes Yoongi’s eyes water.

Yoongi announces that Lady Fiona is now a fugitive and is hiding somewhere in the fortress, and
she needs to be found to face punishment. When asked what she’s done, Yoongi lies and said that she attempted to kill him. He knows if he told them the truth, that Fiona only tried to kill a human, they wouldn’t care and would protest against her capture, as Fiona is mostly well thought of in the coven.

“But why would she try to kill you?” Nairi asks in her lilting accent. Jungkook jumps in before Yoongi can reply.

“She probably got sick and tired of him rejecting her. A broken heart is a dangerous thing,” the youngest Death Dealer says, and some of the others snicker. Fiona’s pining over Yoongi wasn’t exactly a secret and was a running joke between many of the coven members.

The Death Dealers begin to disperse to search for Fiona, and Yoongi heads down to the dungeons where he last saw her to try to pick up a trail. In the corridor where Jimin died, there’s so much blood drying across the floor that the scent of it is almost overwhelming. He has to close his eyes and focus past it, and after a moment, he’s able to pick up the faint scent of cloying honey.

He follows it through the door leading into the holding cells. It’s cold and dank and musty, with water dripping down the silver bars of the cells. He walks the length of the huge chamber, but her scent has dissipated, and Yoongi growls in frustration. The fortress is endless, built deep into the mountain and down into the ground. It’s bigger than Yoongi knows, and even though he’s lived here for eight hundred years, there’s still untold places he’s never explored.

Yoongi tries for a while longer, retracing his steps over and over, but Fiona’s scent has faded and she could be anywhere. Yoongi decides to check the catacombs, which is, as far as he knows, the deepest the fortress goes.

He backtracks down the bloody corridor and turns the corner until he finds a wide staircase leading down to the lower levels. He takes the steps two at a time, down and down, deep into the bowels of the fortress, until the walls turn wet and slimy and the air is so cold it hurts to breathe. He descends until his legs are aching from exertion and his breath is billowing into the air.

The catacombs are wide, low hallways that echo eerily with Yoongi’s footsteps. The walls and ceilings are made entirely of real skulls, and the torches set into them flicker ominously across the gaping, grinning faces as Yoongi passes. Carved into the walls are wide slots where dead vampires of the coven lie in eternal rest, arms crossed over their ceremonial white robes. Their skin is dead and brittle and their faces are sunken in and tough like leather.

Yoongi tries to walk the entirety of the catacombs, but they’re seemingly endless and they disappear far off into the shadows on all sides. At one point, Yoongi thinks he catches a whiff of Fiona’s scent, but when he spins around and inhales deeply, it’s gone.

Dejected and frustrated, Yoongi turns around and makes his way out. He climbs back up the hundreds of steps until he’s finally back out and into the regular part of the fortress. Yoongi decides to head back to Jimin, checking the armory and library for Fiona as he goes.

Yoongi is stomping down the fall in anger when Xiu Lee turns the corner up ahead of him, her black armor clicking as she walks. Yoongi’s eyes light up and he jogs up to her. “Any luck?” He asks, and Xiu Lee looks at him in surprise.

“Oh, Captain,” she greets, flicking her long braid back over her shoulder. “No, I haven’t seen a sign of her anywhere.”

Yoongi scowls and takes a deep breath before nodding in defeat, then pauses when he catches Xiu
Lee’s scent. Under her jasmine and apple smell is a hint of minty aroma, and Yoongi’s eyes zero in on a bite mark on her neck, and he instinctively knows there’s a mating cut on her palm under her gloves. Yoongi bites back his grin and reminds himself to congratulate Hoseok for finally manning up.

“Keep me updated,” Yoongi says, turning to go, but then his eyes catch on Xiu Lee’s slim, petite figure, his gaze calculating. He eyes her up and down, a sudden idea striking him.

“Uh, Captain?” Xiu Lee asks, looking at him weirdly, and Yoongi realizes he’s basically been leering at her. He schools his features and crosses his arms behind his back.

“Xiu Lee, do you have any dresses you don’t want?”

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“Keep your eyes closed,” Yoongi warns as he lays out Jimin’s gifts on the bed.

Jimin whines, hands covering his eyes as he waits for Yoongi with his back turned. “Hurry up, I want to see what you got me.”

“Quit being a brat,” Yoongi says fondly as he smooths out the last dress. “Okay, you can look.”

Jimin spins around and his gaze land on the four dresses lying across the bed. His eyes widen and he gasps loudly, hands flying up to clap over his mouth. “A-are...are these for me?” He whispers through his hands, staring at Yoongi in shock.

Yoongi grins at his cuteness and nods. “All yours, Sweetness.”

Jimin squeals loudly and flings himself into Yoongi’s arms. “Thank you, thank you, thank you,” Jimin mutters in between attacking Yoongi’s entire face with kisses, arms wrapped tight around his neck.

Yoongi laughs and holds Jimin’s waist, enjoying the feeling of Jimin’s plump lips peppering his face. “Okay, okay,” Yoongi grins when Jimin nuzzles into his neck happily. “Try them on, see how they fit.”

Jimin squeaks and immediately releases Yoongi, hopping up on the bed to examine the dresses in excitement. There are four of them, all different colors and styles, and Jimin doesn’t know where to start.

One is a sheer, greyish-blue gown with jewel designs encrusting the entire thing, etched across the chest and the high neckline and down the see-through long sleeves. The bottom of the gown is hemmed in triangle jewel designs and will be long and sweep the floor elegantly when worn.

The second is a soft, off white, lace and tulle ballgown with a cinched in waist and a dark blue, velvet ribbon wrapped around the waist and up the bust, acting like straps. The little floral designs of the lace are delicate and soft, the bust line a low scoop over the chest.

The third is a dark, emerald-teal velvet dress with off the shoulder, scalloped sleeves. Its form fitting and comes to about mid calf, the material soft and expensive.
The last one is a sleeveless, red satin gown, slinky and straight and regal. The sweetheart neckline is hemmed with thick red ribbon, and it twists at the dip and fans out into a long train of red satin. The entirety of the dress is bedazzled with little black jewels, and it comes with a thick, red satin shawl to be worn around the arms, adding to the elegance.

Jimin’s little hands flutter over the dresses, uncertain which one to pick. Finally, he picks up the second dress, the lace and tulle ball gown, and climbs off the bed. “Turn around,” he commands Yoongi, holding the dress close. “It has to be surprise.”

Yoongi chuckles at his baby’s antics but obeys, turning his back on Jimin while he changes. He hears Jimin’s tunic dropping to the floor and then the rustling of fabric as he puts on the dress.

“Okay,” Jimin says a moment later. “You can look.”

Yoongi turns around and his throat goes dry at the sight of Jimin. The dress fits him perfectly, molding to his slim, petite body like a second skin before fanning out at the hip into an elegant ball gown. The dark blue velvet ribbon wraps around his small waist and up his chest in a crisscross pattern, acting as thin straps around his shoulders. He looks so pretty and dainty and delicate, standing before Yoongi with his hands crossed in front of him primly and his cheeks pink, and Yoongi is suddenly filled with the overpowering urge to wreck him.

Yoongi’s scent must spike in arousal, because suddenly Jimin’s eyes start glowing blue and he lets out a low whine, lips parting as he stares at Yoongi heavily. Yoongi feels a fire flicker to life inside him at the look and before he knows what he’s doing, he crosses over to Jimin and grabs him roughly by the hips, pulling him close.

“Shit, baby, you want more already?” Yoongi asks huskily, bending his head and licking at Jimin’s neck.

Jimin whines again, louder and more desperate, and writhes in Yoongi’s hold. He moves from Jimin’s neck and claims his lips, hungrily and forcefully. Jimin moans and kisses Yoongi back hard, pressing himself flush against his front. Yoongi is already growing hard under all his armor, and he aches to feel Jimin’s skin against his own.

With a harsh suck of Jimin’s bottom lip, Yoongi pulls back. “L-let me get out of my armor, Sweetness,” Yoongi says thickly, voice rough.

Jimin groans in annoyance but steps away, moving over to clear off the other dresses from the bed. He drapes them over the plush velvet armchair by the fireplace before going back to sit down on the bed, crossing his arms and pouting at Yoongi for being kept waiting.

Yoongi doesn’t think he’s ever removed his armor so fast before. It all thuds to the ground with heavy metallic clangs before he rips off the padded garment underneath. He turns back to see Jimin on the bed still in his dress, watching Yoongi with heavy blue eyes. He’s already grabbed the bottle of oil off the bedside table and is fiddling with it while he waits. Yoongi crosses over to him and runs the tip of his finger along the low neckline of his pretty dress. “Let’s take this off, shall we?”

To his surprise, Jimin slaps his hand away. “No. I want to wear it while I ride you,” he declares confidently, though his cheeks turn pink at his lewd words.

Electric heat courses through Yoongi and makes his bare, rock hard cock ache. “Fuck,” he hisses, not sure whether to be shocked or impressed by Jimin’s newfound bravery. If he keeps it up like this, Yoongi is going to fucking lose it.
Yoongi allows Jimin to manhandle and push him onto his back on the bed, head falling onto the pillows with a little huff. Jimin hikes his dress up around the thighs and straddles Yoongi’s hips. He uncorks the bottle of oil and pours some into his hand before gripping Yoongi’s hard length to slick him up. Yoongi groan aloud at the feeling of being touched when he’s so hard and sensitive.

Then Jimin is lifting himself up and positioning Yoongi’s cock at his hole. Before Yoongi can even prepare, Jimin sinks down on him in one smooth motion, punching the breath out of Yoongi’s lungs. Jimin is still loose from having sex a few hours ago, so the glide is easy.

Jimin throws his head back and moans as he sits all the way down on Yoongi’s cock. “Oooh,” Jimin gasps shakily as he wiggles down a little.

Yoongi grips Jimin’s hips, the material of the dress bunching under his hands as he forces himself not to move or thrust up into Jimin. He’s so hot and tight that it almost physically pains Yoongi not to move.

Blessedly, Jimin begins moving after a moment. He starts to rock slowly up and down, his hands braced on Yoongi’s chest for leverage. Yoongi pushes his dress up around his hips so he can see Jimin working himself on his cock. Yoongi groans at the sight of his erection sliding in and out of Jimin’s slick hole as he movements grow a little bigger and faster.

Jimin is moaning brokenly, his eyes falling closed as he alternates working his hips in wide, deep figure eights and then bobbing up and down on Yoongi’s cock. “Y-Yoonie,” Jimin whimpers wantonly, and Yoongi’s fingers dig into his hips as heat surges through him.

“Just like that, baby boy,” Yoongi groans, beginning to thrust up in time with Jimin’s movements. “You ride my cock so good.”

Jimin moans desperately and really begins fucking himself down on Yoongi’s cock. The insides of his thighs slap against Yoongi’s hip every time he slams down, and Yoongi feels each movement like a punch to the gut.

They thrust in time together, their motions growing frantic and wild as they get lost in the pleasure. The slapping of their flesh and the banging of the headboard hitting the wall mixes in with their gasping and panting. Yoongi slips his hands under the dress and squeezes Jimin’s bouncing ass tight, earning a whimper.

Yoongi thrusts up into Jimin’s clenching heat and Jimin cries out when he hits his prostate dead on. “Ahhh!” Jimin keens, sinking all the way down and grinding his hips back and forth deeply.

Yoongi’s cock keeps catching against his prostate and presses so deep inside him that Jimin chokes on a wail and stutters in his movements, face screwed up in pleasure. He can feel every line and curve of Yoongi dragging so hard inside him that he begins to quake and tremble. Yoongi grabs his hips tight and drags him into rough, hard thrusts as heat pools in his belly. Jimin cries out brokenly and falls forward onto Yoongi’s chest as the older vampire begins bucking his hips up and slamming into Jimin hard and fast.

Jimin goes limp on top of him and allows Yoongi to use his pliant body. He rests his cheek against Yoongi’s collarbones as high, fast moans spill from his lips with each of Yoongi’s thrusts.

The coil in Yoongi’s belly begins to tighten and he can feel himself moving closer to the edge. He drives harder into a crying Jimin, who now has tears pooling in his hazy eyes, his hands gripping Jimin’s ass cheeks for dear life. Jimin moans and gasps and pushes his ass weakly back onto Yoongi, his arms wrapped around Yoongi’s shoulders tightly, as if needing to ground himself. The black-
haired man feels warm droplets fall onto his chest as Jimin’s tears leak down his face.

“S-s---” Jimin hiccups wetly, rubbing his face against Yoongi’s skin. “So c-close.”

“Me too, baby,” Yoongi gasps, feeling his toes begin to curl as his pleasure mounts. Jimin begins mouthing wetly at his neck, whimpering softly, and Yoongi tilts his head back to give him better access. “Go ahead, angel, it’s okay,” he says roughly. “Drink from me.”

Jimin gives an aborted little whine and sink his fangs into Yoongi’s neck. They both moan in tandem, loud and long, as the pleasure that only drinking blood can give takes ahold and makes them seize up. Yoongi feels like he’s about to pass out with the intensity of it as electric heat sweeps his body and makes his cock ache painfully.

He rams into Jimin a few more times before the boy spasms on top of him and cries out, the sound muffled against his neck. Yoongi pulls his white dress up and out of the way just as his release hits, because he knows when Jimin is coherent again, he’d be absolutely pissed if he’d ruined his new dress with cum. Jimin cries into Yoongi’s neck, still sucking greedily, as his cum paints their stomachs, and at the feeling of Jimin clenching wildly around his throbbing cock, Yoongi shouts and tumbles after him.

Yoongi feels as if he’s been hit by an avalanche with the force of the orgasm that crashes into him. He grips Jimin’s ass bruisingly tight as he spurts his release inside him, moaning at the feeling of Jimin’s walls milking his cock.

Jimin whines weakly into Yoongi’s neck, his tongue lapping gently at the blood still welling from the bite as they try to come down from their high. Yoongi wraps his arms loosely around Jimin’s waist as he pants raggedly, his body slowly relaxing.

Jimin finally pulls his mouth away from Yoongi’s neck with a satisfied little sigh and nuzzles against him, purring softly. Jimin’s blue eyes finally fade back to brown and fall closed sleepily as Yoongi cuddles him.

They stay like this for awhile until Jimin shifts and winces at the feeling of Yoongi still soft inside him. He pushes himself up on shaky arms and rolls off of Yoongi, pulling up his dress so the cum dripping out of him doesn’t stain it. Yoongi sits up slowly after a moment and reaches across to grab a towel from the bedside table, where he’s decided to keep them. Jimin holds up his dress as Yoongi cleans him up, smiling tenderly at him. Yoongi kisses the inside of Jimin’s calf before sitting back up and tossing the towel to the floor.

Yoongi turns to climb off the bed to grab some clothes when a soft voice makes him stop. “Yoonie...can I be your mate?”

Yoongi freezes. When he turns around, Jimin has his knees drawn to his chest and his arms wrapped around them. His face is uncertain and nervous and his cheeks are pink. Yoongi’s heart begins beating wildly but he forces himself to remain calm.

“Sweetness...baby...” Yoongi croaks, swallowing thickly. “D-do you know what exactly that means? To be mates?”

Jimin nods tentatively. “I’ve read about it. Vampires mate for life and will only have one for their whole lives, unless their mate were to die or something. They can feel each other’s emotions and blood sharing is more intense.”

Yoongi’s mouth goes dry. Jimin is really serious. Of course, he knew this would happen eventually.
Yoongi and Jimin already love each other. The next step is to mate and seal it for eternity, he just didn’t think Jimin would be ready so soon, or that he’d be the one to suggest it. His heart soars and his stomach swirls, and he holds out his arms to Jimin in invitation. Jimin smiles in relief and crawls across the bed into Yoongi’s arms.

“Are you sure about this, Sweetness?” Yoongi asks as he cradles Jimin close. “It’s a huge commitment.”

Jimin nods against his neck, hugging Yoongi tight around the waist. “I want to be with you forever.”

Yoongi feels like he’s floating through the air, light and free and content. “Okay,” Yoongi whispers into Jimin’s hair. “Okay, yes. Absolutely.”

~

Yoongi and Jimin kneel in front of each other on the floor of Yoongi’s chambers, a white fur pelt cushioning their knees, which are touching. They’re both naked, as Yoongi had made Jimin take his pretty dress off so he didn’t get blood on it. A curved, engraved dagger with rubies inlaid into the hilt lies at Yoongi’s side, waiting to be used.

“Are you ready?” Yoongi asks, his eyes sweeping over Jimin’s naked form. His cheeks are flushed with excitement and his eyes are bright.

Jimin nods and smiles at Yoongi sweetly. “I’ve been ready.”

Yoongi’s heart swells and he smiles back, so filled with love for this boy. Yoongi picks up the dagger, cold and heavy in his hand.

“First, I’ll cut your palm, and then you’ll cut mine. Then we’ll press our hands together and drink from each other to seal the bond,” Yoongi says, and Jimin nods in understanding.

Jimin holds out his small right hand, and Yoongi takes it gently in his own. He presses the cold blade to the center of Jimin’s palm, who shivers slightly at the touch. Yoongi looks to Jimin for permission, who smiles again in answer. Yoongi draws the dagger across Jimin’s palm in one smooth motion. Jimin gasps as blood immediately begins welling from the cut.

Yoongi hands him the dagger and holds out his right hand, and Jimin takes it and drags the blade across Yoongi’s palm, a little more shakily than Yoongi had done. A sting of pain flares in his hand before blood begins to drip from the wound on his palm. Jimin sets the dagger down and Yoongi holds his bleeding hand up. Jimin clasps it with his own so that the cuts are pressed together.

Yoongi leans in and places his lips on Jimin’s bare shoulder. Jimin follows suit and presses his mouth against Yoongi’s shoulder. Yoongi feels his eyes glowing blue and his fangs drop down. He kisses Jimin’s skin softly before sinking his fangs in to seal the bond, and he feels Jimin’s fangs pierce his shoulder half a second later.

As Jimin’s blood wells in his mouth, a feeling unlike anything Yoongi’s ever experienced before fills him. It’s not like the other times where it had been only blinding pleasure. No, this is like a warmth settling over Yoongi like a blanket, filling his body and settling deep inside his chest. It makes him feel all fuzzy and content and whole.
Jimin’s blood memories flicker in Yoongi’s mind again, all the ones he’s seen before, and now new ones flashing behind his eyelids. Of Jimin drinking his blood for the first time and the pure ecstasy that wracked his body, making him frantic for more. Of Yoongi making love to Jimin and kissing across his body, making his writhe in pleasure. Of Yoongi kissing him sweetly and whispering sweet nothings in his ear. Of being taken care of and how full of love he is every time he sees Yoongi.

As Yoongi drinks from Jimin, the blonde is lapping at his shoulder steadily. There’s no frantic need to drink down as much of Yoongi’s blood as possible this time. He must be feeling the same sense of warmth and calm and right as Yoongi. Their hands are clasped tightly between their chests, the cut on Yoongi’s palm throbbing slightly at the pressure.

Finally, a sense of completeness settles over Yoongi, and he knows the bond has sealed. He pulls his mouth away from Jimin’s shoulder with a small inhale. Jimin licks at Yoongi’s blood for a moment longer before he too pulls back. His eyes are heavy and glowing blue, but the smile on his face as he gazes at Yoongi is soft and gentle.

Yoongi can actually feel Jimin. He can feel it in his chest, his happiness and contentment and pure love.

“That was amazing,” Jimin murmurs softly. Yoongi coos and leans in to kiss him chastely, their mouths still smeared with blood.

They slowly release hands, and Yoongi looks down at his palm to see that the cut has sealed over into a faded pink scar. Jimin traces his with a finger, a look of surprise on his face. “It’s not healing,” he says, looking at Yoongi in question. He spots where Yoongi’s shoulder is still dripping blood from Jimin’s bite. “And the bite marks, they’re not healing either.”

Yoongi traces his own scar slowly, a small smile pulling at his lips. “Mating marks are the one thing that will never heal. We’ll have them for the rest of our lives,” Yoongi tells him, looking up. He gently brushes his fingers over the bite mark on Jimin’s shoulder. “These will heal, but it’ll take a couple of days. Mating bites affect our systems differently and they don’t heal right away.”

Jimin makes a soft noise of understanding before looking up at Yoongi and smiling so wide his eyes turn into little crescents and his cheeks puff out. It’s the most breathtaking thing Yoongi’s ever seen, and he pulls his mate (his mate!) tight into his arms. Jimin nuzzles into him, purring softly as Yoongi strokes his blonde hair. He can smell how their scents have permanently mixed. Jimin’s sweet spicy orange and Yoongi’s woodsy musk are now indefinitely entwined for eternity.

They stay wrapped up in each other for a while until Yoongi stirs and kisses Jimin’s head. “You want to go exploring?”

Jimin perks up and grins excitedly. “Yes, please!”

~

A few nights later Yoongi finds himself gathered with the entire rest of the coven in the council chamber. They’ve begun to rebuild after the chaos the Lycan attack left behind, and now there are three council spots that need to be filled. Astor survived his wounds, and he’s sitting in his stone throne next to Alessandra and Jorin, so there’s one less position to be filled.

Yoongi sits on the stone benches with Jimin pressed against his left and Taehyung and Jungkook on
his right. His mate is wearing the greyish-blue gown today, one leg crossed over the other as he lounges regally back in the bench. Jimin has taken to coven life surprisingly well and has integrated in perfectly, much to Yoongi’s joy.

“Is there anyone among the council who would like to nominate a candidate to join our ranks?” Seokjin speaks out from his throne beside Sabien’s empty one in the middle, commanding silence from the room. Namjoon is sitting at his little desk in front of the empty throne, transcribing the proceedings as usual.

Cecelia raises her hand. “I would like to nominate Eliska.”

The aged blonde woman in the front line of stone benches looks up in surprise. Seokjin nods thoughtfully and motions to the council. “I agree. Eliska has been a valued member of the coven for many, many years and would be a fine choice to join the council. All in favor say ‘aye’.”

There’s a unanimous chorus of ‘aye’s, and with that, Eliska becomes a council member. She rises shakily to her feet and crosses over to sit down in Idris’s old throne, her long black gown rustling at her movements. Her eyes are shining and her face is surprised and pleased. The gathered coven claps for her happily, as Eliska has always been well loved.

“Next position to be filled,” Seokjin continues after the cheering has calmed down. “Any candidates?”

Bartolomej raises his hand. “May I suggest Namjoon?”

Seokjin looks shocked at this and Namjoon’s head whips up from where he’s been bent over his scroll, mouth falling open. The two mates look at each other, eyes wide, as if checking to make sure they heard right. Jin gulps and looks back at Bartolomej.

“Namjoon?” He asks uncertainly, and the older man nods.

“Namjoon is a good scribe but I think his talents would be better suited to politics,” Bartolomej says, and Alessandra and Astor nod at his words.

“Very well,” Jin says after a moment. “All in favor of Namjoon joining us, say ‘aye’.”

Bartolomej, Eliska, Alessandra and Astor say yes. Cecelia and Jorin say no, but with Jin’s vote of yes, Namjoon is voted in by majority. A shocked Namjoon stands unsteadily from his small scribe’s desk and goes to sit over in Sabah’s old throne, staring at Jin in disbelief. Everyone claps for Namjoon as well, especially Yoongi, Hoseok, Taehyung, and Jungkook. Jimin doesn’t know him well enough yet so he claps politely along.

The last member voted in is Hector, a stately older vampire who has been with the coven for centuries and is known to be diplomatic and fair.

With Sabien dead, the role of head council has to be passed to one of the remaining members now. Jin crosses his leg over the other under his ceremonial robes and steeples his fingers. “I would like to nominate Cecelia for head council.”

Cecelia looks pleased but she shakes her head. “And I would like to nominate you, Seokjin.”

“I second that,” Alessandra says before Jin can even say anything.

“And I,” Bartolomej rumbles in his deep voice.
“Me too,” Namjoon grins at his mate, who is gaping, flustered and surprised. “All in favor of Seokjin as head council, say ‘aye’.”

A chorus of unanimous ‘aye’s fill the chamber and Jin looks like he’s going to faint. He holds the back of his hand dramatically against his forehead as he takes a moment to realize what just happened. He stands on wobbly feet and bows to the rest of the council.

“I--this is such an honor,” Jin says shakily. “I will try my very best to do what’s right for the coven.” Then he goes to sink down in Sabien throne and cheers erupt again, even louder this time.

Jimin curls into Yoongi’s side as the council goes over a few more orders of business after everything’s calmed down. Right before they’re about to rise and dismiss, Seokjin suddenly holds up his hand.

“I almost forgot,” he begins, and the coven quiets down to hear him. “As Namjoon is now a council member, his old position as Keeper of Records needs to be filled. I would like to nominate Taehyung.”

Taehyung flails so hard from where he’d been cuddling Jungkook that he almost falls off the bench. “M-me?” He stutters, staring up at Jin with wide eyes.

“Ah, yes, that’s a good idea,” Jorin nods thoughtfully. “I second that.”

There’s another chorus of agreement, and suddenly a shocked and sputtering Taehyung is voted into Namjoon’s old position. This time Jimin does cheer loud, as he and Taehyung seem to have become friends.

Finally, the proceedings end and Yoongi and a few others stay behind to congratulate their friends as the council chamber slowly empties. The council members shake Taehyung’s hand as they leave, and the puppy-eyed vampire looks like he’s about to pass out.

Finally, just Yoongi, Jimin, Jungkook, Taehyung, Jin and Namjoon remain. Hoseok had left with Xiu Lee, waving at his friends and shouting a congratulations across the chamber, earning an annoyed smack from his mate at his loudness.

Namjoon, like Taehyung, is still in shock. He has a dazed look on his face as he gazes at them, and Yoongi grins. “Congratulations on joining the council, Joon.”

Namjoon smiles gratefully back at him and claps him on the shoulder. “Thanks, Yoongi.”

Next to him, Jimin’s eyes suddenly turn blue and he hisses loudly, jumping in front of Yoongi and crouching in front of him protectively as he hisses at Namjoon. The older vampire reels back in surprise and stares at Jimin with wide eyes.

“Whoa,” Yoongi says quickly, wrapping his arms around Jimin’s waist and pulling him back. “It’s okay, Sweetness, Namjoon’s a friend. Calm down.”

Jimin continues to hiss, top lip curled over his fangs, even as Yoongi holds him back. “Nobody can touch. Mine,” he growls possessively, electric blue glare boring into Namjoon. Yoongi can feel Jimin’s anger and jealousy bubbling in his chest, and it gives him heartburn.

Namjoon raises his hands in surrender and takes a few steps back. “It’s okay, Jimin. I won’t touch him again. Yoongi’s all yours,” he says in a soothing voice.

It takes a few moments, but finally Jimin’s tense body relaxes in Yoongi’s hold and his eyes fade
back to brown. He gives a very put-upon sniff before he turns in Yoogi’s arms and begins aggressively scent marking him, rubbing and nuzzling his face into his mate’s neck.

“Sorry about that,” Yoongi says in embarrassment. Namjoon smiles at him in understanding and waves his hand dismissively.

“Don’t worry about it. New mates are always more possessive in the beginning, and with Jimin still being a newborn it’ll be extra hard for him to control his instincts when it comes to you.”

“Chim Chim didn’t mean it, did he?” Taehyung asks fondly, watching Jimin with a smile. Jimin peeks out from Yoongi’s neck and smiles shyly back at him. Then he presses his face back into Yoongi’s throat and purrs softly as his mate encircles his slim waist.

“Any word on Fiona?” Jin asks, glancing around to make sure no other vampires have lingered.

Yoongi scowls darkly, and Jimin whimpers softly when he feels his rage spike through their bond. “Nothing. Some of the Death Dealers have reported finding her scent trail, but it always runs cold.”

“I could’ve sworn I caught her trail by the east tower a few nights ago, but it was a false alarm,” Jungkook says with a frown. “I don’t know how she’s hiding so well.”

Jimin presses harder against Yoongi and the black-haired man pulls him even closer. “We’ll find her,” he says firmly, running his hand over the material of Jimin’s dress. “And when we do, she’ll pay.”

~

Yoongi is sitting at the table in his room cleaning his sword when Jimin plops down in his lap. “Can you teach me to fight?”

Yoongi has to do a double take, not sure he heard right. “What?”

Jimin wrestles Yoongi’s sword out of his grip and sets it on the table. “Teach me to fight. I want to be able to defend myself if Fiona comes after me again.”

Yoongi stares at him with wide, disbelieving eyes. “Jimin, I don’t think—”

Jimin interrupts him by pushing his lips into an impressive pout and giving Yoongi his best puppy dog eyes. “Please, Yoonie?”

Oh, fuck. Yoongi can feel his resolve crumbling into dust. Jimin grins triumphantly and wraps his arms around Yoongi’s shoulders, knowing he’s won. “Fine,” Yoongi sighs in defeat, his hands settling on Jimin’s hips. “But nothing too crazy, okay? I’ll just show you a few basics.”

Jimin giggles happily and plants a big, wet kiss on Yoongi’s cheek. “Thank you!”

Yoongi glares weakly at Jimin, but when his little mate keep smacking sloppy kisses onto his face in thanks, Yoongi can’t help but melt and pull him closer, nuzzling into his neck. “We can do it tonight after I get back from patrol.”
Yoongi comes back from a long and uneventful patrol to find Jimin ready and waiting in his room. He’s wearing a midriff baring, sleeveless leather top and tight leather breeches that reach mid calf. Yoongi about has a coronary when he sees him.

“W-where’d you get that outfit?” Yoongi croaks, his eyes raking over his mate’s small and cute form. Jimin grins and spins in a circle to give Yoongi the full affect. He almost stops breathing when he sees the way the leather has molded to Jimin’s plump ass like a second skin.

“Tae Tae found it for me. Do you like it?” Jimin asks innocently, eyes twinkling because he can feel Yoongi’s arousal through the bond and smell his scent spiking.

Yoongi takes a deep breath to steady himself. “It looks really nice,” he says, voice a little hoarse. Jimin grins and skips over to him, his ass jiggling and making Yoongi’s throat go dry.

“Can we go now?”

“Let me just get changed real fast,” Yoongi replies, already loosening his bracers.

Jimin helps his get out of his armor, sliding off his greaves and slipping his breastplate over his head. Once he’s removed of his armor, Yoongi puts on a thick, black leather vest and breeches before re-donning his greaves and bracers. Finally he’s ready, and he follows Jimin out of the room, who is bouncing in excitement.

Yoongi leads him through the fortress, nodding acknowledgements to the vampires they pass that greet him. They follow many hallways, which are slowly being cleared of debris from the attack, and descend many stairways until they come out into the huge underground cavern where the Death Dealers train. Under the black rocky ceiling that disappears into darkness above them is a huge, circular arena of damp sand. Wooden dummies and practice targets are scattered here and there in various states of abuse. Flickering torches cast an eerie light over the empty cavern, and the air is cold and slightly wet. Against one wall is where all the practice weapons are kept, and Yoongi leads Jimin over to them.

He slides two wooden swords off their hooks on the wall and hands one to Jimin, before finding the smallest and lightest shield to give his mate. Jimin looks adorable holding the fake weapons in his little leather outfit, Yoongi can’t help but think fondly. He leads the boy out into the middle of the sand and turns to face him.

“Okay, I’m going to start by showing you a few basic stances.” Yoongi begins, falling into a battle position as Jimin tries to copy.

Jimin is absolutely hopeless with weapons. It might also not be helping that Yoongi is holding back so much in fear of hurting his mate. “Yoonie, come on,” Jimin groans in annoyance, holding up his shield. “You’re not going to hurt me, so do it for real.”

Yoongi bites his lip, the thought scaring him. So far he’s only dodged out of the way of Jimin’s
swinging sword, never striking back, always on the defense and never the offense.

Apparently Yoongi hesitates too long. Jimin groans aloud and drops his sword and shield onto the sand with a dull thud. Before Yoongi can react, Jimin is running at him and tackling him to the ground. Yoongi yelps in surprise as the breath is knocked out of him as he slams against the arena floor. Jimin pins his wrists to the damp sand and wiggles his plump ass onto Yoongi’s groin with a mischievous smile.

Yoongi’s eyes darken and he growls low in his throat. Oh, two can play at that game. He easily flips Jimin over and pins him down, who squeals in surprise. He kicks up sand in his struggle to free himself as Yoongi presses on top of him, pinning his arms at his side. Jimin wiggles under Yoongi like a snake, far more suggestive than it needs to be as he subtly rolls his hips into Yoongi’s. Somehow he’s able to struggle loose and roll back on top of Yoongi with a laugh.

They wrestle for a while, kicking up a big dark spot in the sand as they dig deeper into the damper parts. Jimin’s arousal is sharp in Yoongi’s nose, and he begins to moan softly the more Yoongi manhandles him. Yoongi feels a responding heat course through him and as he pins Jimin roughly into the sand, he claims his lips in a hard, deep kiss.

Jimin whines into his mouth and rolls his hips, and Yoongi can feel his satisfaction through their bond that Yoongi’s already growing hard. Yoongi sucks on Jimin’s bottom lip harshly before letting go with a slick sound

“You little brat,” Yoongi breathes into his ear, beginning to grind their erections together through the layers of leather. “Was this your plan all along?”

Jimin shivers and presses his chest up into Yoongi, eyes falling closed as his mate begins to lick at his neck. “N-not originally,” Jimin whispers unsteadily as Yoongi sucks his earlobe into his mouth. “But then you left on patrol and my body missed you.”

Electricity sparks up Yoongi spine at his words. “Shit,” he growls into Jimin’s ear, earning a whimper.

Yoongi looks around to make sure that no one is going to walk in on them before he pulls back just enough to roughly tug Jimin’s tight breeches down around his thighs, releasing his small, hard cock. Yoongi is just planning on jerking Jimin off with his hand, since they’re literally in the middle of the fortress with no time to prep, but when he sees moisture glistening between Jimin’s cheeks, Yoongi’s heart almost stops.

He runs a finger over Jimin’s hole and it comes up wet and oily. “Shit, baby, did you already prep yourself?” Yoongi asks rawly, staring down at a slightly blushing Jimin.

“I opened myself up while you were gone,” Jimin admits shyly, and it’s like a punch to Yoongi’s gut. “I tried to make myself cum, but m-my fingers…” Jimin trails off and wiggles his hips up, seeking any sort of friction. “Please fuck me, Yoonie.”

Yoongi feels a little dizzy. Is Jimin really asking to get fucked in the middle of the training arena, where they could get caught at any moment? And why does that thought excite Yoongi so much?

The scent of Jimin’s arousal, orange sweetness overpowered by so much spiciness, is flooding his senses and making him drunk. “Fuck,” Yoongi breathes. His heart is racing in his chest and he once again looks around nervously. “You really want me to fuck you where anyone can walk in on us, baby boy?” Yoongi asks, looking back down at Jimin.
Jimin moans at his words and arches into Yoongi’s touch. Yoongi swallows thickly and runs his hand down Jimin’s soft, exposed belly, his skin hot and flushed. He rubs his finger around Jimin’s hole before pushing it in, and it sinks in easily from Jimin having already worked himself loose. He’s so hot and wet with oil inside that Yoongi begins salivating. It must have been leaking into Jimin’s pants while they were fighting but Yoongi just didn’t notice.

“You like the thought of that? Of someone walking in and seeing how much of a little slut you are for me?” Yoongi asks gruffly, and the absolutely wrecked moan that passes Jimin’s lips at his words makes Yoongi go a little crazy.

Yoongi slips two more fingers in and hooks Jimin’s hole open. His walls flutter hungrily around his digits and Jimin moans. “Y-Yoonie, please,” Jimin begs in a broken whisper.

Yoongi groans at how wrecked he sounds already. He sits up on his knees to quickly untie his breeches, pushing them down just enough that his flushed, rock hard cock pops out. Then he presses back down on top of Jimin and hikes his thighs around his waist.

“This is going to be fast and dirty, Sweetness.” Yoongi warns him as he positions his cock at Jimin’s entrance. “We can’t get caught.”

Jimin nods quickly and tries to push himself down to get Yoongi inside him. “Yes, yes, please, I want--oh!” He breaks off with a strangled cry as Yoongi slams into him in one smooth motion.

Electric currents course through Yoongi’s body at the pleasure of sinking into Jimin’s tight, wet heat. His walls clench spasmodically around Yoongi’s cock and he moans low, dropping his face into Jimin’s neck as he immediately begins working his hips into a fast pace.

Jimin whines and whimpers as Yoongi drives into him with force, his eyes fluttering closed. His fingernails sink into the leather of Yoongi’s vest as he struggles to bring him closer.

Yoongi fucks into him ruthlessly, chasing the heat that is already beginning to build in his groin. The feeling of Jimin tight around him coupled with the excitement and danger of what they’re doing is going to prove too much for him.

When Jimin’s moans grow too loud and begin echoing around the cavern, Yoongi quickly drops his fangs and pricks three of his fingers to draw blood. Then he roughly shoves them into Jimin’s mouth to quiet him. Jimin’s body convulses and he chokes on a muffled moan around Yoongi’s fingers, immediately beginning to suck hard on them. Jimin’s mouth is stretched wide around his fingers and his eyes are hooded and glowing blue as he begins drooling a little. The visual is almost too much for Yoongi and he feels the coil beginning to tighten.

Jimin licks sloppily over Yoongi’s fingers, suckling them needily. It’s so wet and messy and there’s drool all over his chin, and fuck if it isn’t the hottest thing Yoongi’s ever seen. Yoongi continues to piston his hips into Jimin, chasing after the high that is fast approaching.

What a sight they must make, fucking like animals in the sand, too desperate to even get their clothes all the way off as Yoongi wrecks Jimin right where anyone can walk in on them.

Yoongi shifts his hip just slightly and it causes his cock to drive directly into Jimin’s prostate. His mate jerks violently under him and chokes around his fingers, eyes rolling back in his head. He clenches wildly around Yoongi, his hips bucking up to meet the hard, brutal thrusts, and Yoongi gets ready to topple over the edge.

With a few more hard thrusts, Yoongi and Jimin reach their release at the same time. Yoongi buries
his cock in as deep as it'll go and goes still as his orgasm crashes over him. Pleasure seizes him and makes his vision go white and his toes curl in his boots as he lets out a long, low groan. Jimin convulses under Yoongi and gags around his fingers as his small cock begins spurting out his release against the exposed part of his belly. Yoongi’s cock throbs as it pumps his seed into Jimin’s wildly spasming body, his walls milking him so good he feels like he’s going to pass out.

Finally, after he comes down and is able to move again, Yoongi shudders a gasp and pulls out of Jimin before he’s tempted to collapse on top of him and go to sleep. Jimin whines in complaint at the sudden feeling of being so empty, and Yoongi moans when he sees Jimin’s abused hole clenching around nothing. He pulls his fingers from Jimin’s mouth, and his entire lower face is covered in saliva.

“Fuck,” Yoongi breathes, shakily standing on his knees and tucking himself back in his breeches.

He looks around again to make sure no one has caught them before helping a trembling Jimin to his feet. Jimin allows Yoongi to clean him up as best as he can without any supplies before pulling his tight leather breeches back up and tying them. He wipes up the drool drying on Jimin’s flushed face with the back of his arm.

Jimin is grinning lazily at him, content and sated. His happiness thrums through their bond and Yoongi can’t help it when he dips in for a deep, quick kiss. “Happy?” Yoongi asks when he pulls back. Jimin nods quickly, his golden hair flopping.

“You take such good care of me,” Jimin tells him sweetly, and Yoongi’s heart clenches, feeling so full of love.

Yoongi brushes Jimin’s cheek softly. “Always.”

After that, Yoongi quickly picks up their discarded training weapons and puts them back where they belong before taking Jimin’s hand. “Come on. Let’s get out of here before anyone finds us.”

Yoongi is on his way to Eliska’s moon garden to meet Jimin for a stargazing date when Jungkook finds him. The younger Death Dealer falls into step with Yoongi but doesn’t immediately say anything, so Yoongi finally stops and turns to him. Jungkook is chewing on his bottom lip and Yoongi can tell something is eating at him.

“You okay, Kook?” Yoongi asks his subordinate.

Jungkook looks at him, startled, as if he wasn’t expecting Yoongi to be standing right there. “O-oh! Yes! It’s just, uh, well, it’s not a big deal or anything, but, um…”

Yoongi sighs in exasperation and adjusts the big quilt he’d brought for Jimin in his arms. “Spit it out.”

Jungkook worries his lip for a second longer before he looks shyly back at Yoongi. “When you mated with Jimin...what was it like?”

Yoongi isn’t expecting that question, but he smiles softly and his chest feels all warm when he thinks back to that night. “Incredible.” Yoongi says gently, and he’s sure Jimin can feel the love
radiating from him through their bond right now.

Jungkook scuffs his foot across the ground, looking unsure. “That’s what Hobi said too.”

Yoongi fixes Jungkook with a look. “Are you finally going to ask Taehyung to be your mate?”

Jungkook blushes and looks down. “I-I want to,” he finally mutters. “I just...don’t know if he’ll say yes.”

“He’ll say yes,” Yoongi says immediately, and Jungkook looks up at him with wide eyes.

“How do you know?” He asks stubbornly, and Yoongi sighs again.

“Jungkook, anyone with eyes can see you two are smitten with each other. You’ve been dancing around each other for decades. It’s obvious you two want to be together, so do something about it.”

Jungkook looks shocked at Yoongi’s honest words. He swallows a few times and licks his dry lips before he finally nods. “Y-you’re right. I’m going to do it. I’m going to ask him.”

Yoongi claps Jungkook on the shoulder, feeling like a proud older brother. “Good for you,” he says with a warm smile. “You’ll do great.”

Jungkook seems to take a moment to hype himself up. Then he grins at Yoongi gratefully. “Thank you.”

Yoongi waves his gratitude away. “Go now, before you lose your courage.”

Jungkook nods firmly and turns away to march down the hall, his strides sure with purpose. Yoongi chuckles to himself and continues to Jimin.

Stargazing with Jimin doesn’t include much stargazing. Just a lot of cuddling and soft kisses and tickles that make Jimin squeal with laughter. The night is cold but they don’t even feel it in each other’s presence.

~

Yoongi is with Jimin in the library, lounging on a pair of plush velvet armchairs hidden within the rows of books as Jimin reads to him from an old fairytale. Jimin’s soft, melodic voice is so soothing that Yoongi’s eyes fall closed and he feels himself drifting off.

At that moment, Hoseok comes crashing into the library, his armor clanging loudly. “Fiona!” He gasps, and Yoongi jumps to his feet. “Jungkook spotted her in the armory. He sent me to get you!”

“Shit,” Yoongi mutters. He doesn’t even have him armor or weapons or anything. He turns back to a startled Jimin and pulls him to his feet.”Get back to my room, okay? I’m going to take care of this.”

Jimin nods, his eyes wide with fear, and presses a quick kiss to Yoongi’s lips. Then he’s hurrying out of the library, book still clutched tightly to his chest. Yoongi turns to Hoseok, who is panting from having run so far to find him. “Show me.”

Hoseok leads him at a run out of the library. They have to push aside other vampires roughly as they race down the halls, their yells of complaints echoing behind the two Death Dealers. They pass
Taehyung coming out of the record room, arms filled with scrolls. He jerks back to avoid them when they come flying down the hall, dropping a few scrolls around his feet.

“Yah! Where are you going?” He yells behind them, but receives no answer.

Yoongi follows Hoseok down the long corridors of stone, their footsteps pounding loudly. They pass the armory and pick up Jungkook’s rosemary and firewood scent. Under it, very faint, is the smell of sickeningly sweet honey. They race after it down even more hallways, turning corners and descending staircases. They come exploding out into a section of the fortress that contains some more personal quarters.

Finally, Jungkook’s scent grows overwhelming and Yoongi knows he’s probably in one of the rooms. “Jungkook!” He calls, and a second later there’s a loud clatter and Jungkook slams open the door of the room to their right.

“I lost her,” he growls, eyes glowing blue. “But she’s somewhere around here.”

Yoongi feels rage bubble up in his chest. “She can’t have gotten far. Split up and search for her. Jungkook, take the level below, and Hoseok, you take above. Check every room, even if there’s someone in there.”

They both nod and Jungkook runs off to obey. Hoseok moves to follow but then stops and pulls out a large hunting knife from his belt. “Here,” he says, handing it to the unarmed Captain. Yoongi nods his thanks and takes the knife, watching as Hoseok hurries off.

It’s Yoongi’s day off so all he’s wearing is a dark grey, silk tunic and black breeches. He feels naked without his armor, and the knife gives him some small comfort. He slides it into the leather belt tied around his waist and focuses.

Fiona and Jungkook’s scents have become muddled and confused, and Yoongi has to close his eyes to narrow in on the honey smell. It seems like it’s close, but it’s hard to tell. With a sigh, Yoongi begins searching room by room.

The first three he checks are empty, but the fourth he pushes into contains a dark-haired vampire woman in the middle of getting dressed. He thinks her name is Laela or Leya or something. She shrieks when Yoongi slams the door open. He ignores her and surveys the room, but she seems to be the only one in there. Yoongi looks back to see the woman shouting at him and covering herself with the dress.

“Shut up!” Yoongi growls, and the woman falls silent in shock. “Lady Fiona. Have you seen her?”

The woman blinks at her a few times. “N-no,” she finally says. “But I thought I heard someone moving around Anaya’s room a few minutes ago when I was coming back. Anaya died in the Lycan attack.”

“Which one is Anaya’s room?” Yoongi asks her.

“Turn the corner up ahead and it’s the first door on the right.”

The words are barely out of her mouth before Yoongi is gone, racing down the hall. Outside the door the woman indicated, he stops. From under the crack, Fiona’s honey scent is much stronger. Yoongi slips the knife from his belt and grips it tightly.

He kicks the door open and steps inside, knife raised. The room is a simple one, with a queen-sized bed in one corner and an aged vanity in the other. The fireplace is empty and the room is cold, and
there’s a layer of dust settled over everything. Under the scent of honey, the room smells dank and
cold, and Yoongi can tell no one has been in here for a while.

He walks further into the room, his gaze fixing on the large wooden wardrobe across from him. The
door is opened a crack and Fiona’s scent is stronger coming from it. “Fiona!” He yells, his knife held
at the ready as he stalks towards the wardrobe. “It’s over. Come out now.”

From behind him, there’s a whooshing ‘thump’ sound and agonizing pain pierces Yoongi’s back.

He cries out and falls hard onto the big afghan rug on the floor, his whole body jostling at the
impact. Mind dizzy with pain and confusion, Yoongi reaches back and scrabbles around until he
finds a crossbow bolt sticking out of his lower back. He pulls it out with a groan and rolls stiffly onto
his back, blood leaking into the rug.

Fiona slams the door closed, from where she’d been hiding behind, and stalks towards him, and
Yoongi stares at her in shock.

He’s so used to seeing her perfectly done up and poised. The Fiona before him is a wreck. Her long
auburn hair is knotted and matted and still has a few golden ornaments tangled in it, greasy and
stringy. She’s still wearing the black lace gown from the night of the Lycan attack. It’s ripped and
stiff with dried blood and so dirty it looks brown instead of black. She’s walking with a slight limp
and her skin is deathly pale from lack of blood.

It’s her eyes though, that scare Yoongi. They’re manic, bright with a sick sort of fever as she
approaches him with a fanged, sadistic grin, crossbow swinging from one hand.

Yoongi tries to get up, but finds that he can’t move. His muscles are heavy and lax and won’t move
no matter how much he tries. “W-what did you do to me?” He gasps weakly, his voice and eyes the
only think still functioning.

Fiona stops above him and smiles meanly. “Nightshade tipped arrow,” she says triumphantly.
“You’re completely paralyzed. I was raiding the armory for it, and this,” she holds up the crossbow,
“When your little guard dog found me. I still got what I needed though.”

Yoongi’s blood runs cold. Nightshade poison is kept in a locked cabinet in the armory and is
supposed to last for hours, and in high enough doses, can cause almost instant death.

His knife has been knocked out of his grip and lies about a foot away, and even though Yoongi
knows it won’t work, he still tries to reach for it.

Fiona laughs viciously at his struggle. She pulls out another bolt, tip glistening with liquid, and
slowly begins to arm the crossbow. “You like that little trap I set? Leya was a big help. Lead you
right here.”

Yoongi’s eyes widen and he curses to himself. Of course it was a trap. It was too easy. “Y-you
going to kill me?” Yoongi struggles to get out. Fiona’s face twists in rage and she points the
crossbow at his head.

“You took everything from me!” She screeches, spittle flying from her lips. “My father, my place in
the coven, my reputation! All for your fucking human! If you had just accepted me, none of this
would be happening!” She takes aim at him, lowering her eye to the sight. “And don’t worry, I’ll be
coming after him next.”

“No!” Yoongi yells, struggling with all his might to move. “You leave him alone!”
Fiona laughs cruelly. “This is all because of him. Unlike you, I’m going to make him suffer. He’ll be begging for death by the time I’m done with him.”

Ice floods Yoongi’s veins and terror overtakes him. Not Jimin. No, she can’t hurt him.

Fiona’s finger begins pressing down on the trigger.

Dark realization comes over Yoongi. He’s about to die, and he never got to say goodbye to Jimin. He can’t protect him against what’s to come.

“Goodbye, mighty Captain,” Fiona purrs, and Yoongi closes his eyes.

The door crashes open and there’s a horrible, guttural scream. Yoongi eyes fly open to see Jimin leaping onto Fiona’s back, eyes glowing blue and face twisted in pure rage. Fiona shrieks as the crossbow is knocked out of her hands and bangs onto the floor. Jimin is snarling, a chilling, animalistic sound as he rips out a chunk of Fiona’s hair and his hands close around her neck. She cries out in pain and tries to throw him off.

Jimin slams Fiona to the floor with a horrible crack that leaves her dazed. Then, before she can gather herself, Jimin is on her, his fists slamming into her face with sickening thuds. They’re both screaming, a god awful sound that makes Yoongi sick. Fiona tries to get free, but Jimin has her pinned.

He continues to punch her with as much force he can muster, and blood begins to spray with each of his hits. One of her teeth goes flying and with it she spits blood from her mouth. She’s shrieking, trying to cover her face, to throw Jimin off, but he’s absolutely furious, his crazed snarling bringing goosebumps to Yoongi’s skin.

Fiona is older and stronger than Jimin, but she’s no match for a furious newborn protecting his mate.

Fiona’s face is swelling, bloody and mutilated, and Yoongi can already see her skin turning black and blue under all the red. She’s growing weaker against Jimin’s attack, her legs jerking under him, head knocking side to side with Jimin’s punches. Jimin’s enraged shrieks and the awful thud of his fists on her face are the only sounds filling the room.

Yoongi begins to feel a little fuzzy. His consciousness starts to swim in and out, and he struggles to keep his focus on Jimin.

He watches through blurry vision as Jimin finally stops his attack, panting hard, Fiona’s blood sprayed across his face. He reaches for Fiona’s crossbow and rips the poisoned bolt out of it.

Right before Yoongi’s vision goes black, he sees Jimin stab it deep into the flesh of Fiona’s arm.

~

The feeling of gentle fingers brushing through his hair is what wakes Yoongi. Jimin’s scent is surrounding him, enveloping him and making him feel safe and sleepy. His eyes crack open to see Jimin’s cradling his head in his lap on Yoongi’s bed.

When Jimin sees that he’s awake he gasps and cups Yoongi’s face upside down, leaning in close. “Yoonie? Are you okay? Can you hear me?”
Yoongi raises a heavy hand to brush Jimin’s cheek. “Hello, Sweetness.”

Jimin’s bottom lip trembles and he lets out a sob. He buries his face in Yoongi’s neck as he starts to cry. “I-I thought I was going to lose you!” He wails, and Yoongi feels his warm tears wetting his skin.

Yoongi lifts an arm to cradle Jimin’s head and turns to press a kiss to his hair. “Shhh, it’s okay, angel,” he soothes gently. “It’s okay. I’m here, it’s alright.”

Jimin cries even as he starts rubbing his face against Yoongi’s neck, scenting him desperately. Yoongi lets him take all the time he needs, and eventually Jimin’s tears slow to just wet little sniffles. He pulls back with a kiss under Yoongi’s ear and helps him sit up heavily. Yoongi’s body still feels a little stiff, but he has his full range of motions back, and the wound on his back where Fiona’s bolt pierced him has healed over.

He pulls Jimin into a tight hug, his hand fist in his golden hair and the other arm wrapped around his waist. “You saved my life,” Yoongi murmurs into Jimin’s hair.

Jimin hugs him back hard. “I was scared I wouldn’t get to you in time.”

“How did you know?” Yoongi asks him, inhaling Jimin’s scent deeply.

“I could feel you were in danger,” Jimin replies, burrowing deeper into Yoongi’s arms. “The bond lead me to you.”

“Oh, angel,” Yoongi whispers, kissing the top of his head.

They stay like this for a while until a thought hits Yoongi. “What happened to Fiona? Is she dead?”

Jimin pulls back and smiles darkly. “Not yet,” he says ominously. “You want to see?”

~

After drinking some of Jimin’s blood to regain the last of his strength, Jimin tells Yoongi to don a cloak and pull the hood up. He’s confused, but doesn’t say anything and obeys. The fortress is all but deserted when they sneak out of Yoongi’s room, since the sun will be rising soon.

“Jimin, it’s almost dawn,” Yoongi warns as he follows his mate down the halls.

“Good,” is Jimin’s odd reply, and Yoongi doesn’t know what that’s supposed to mean.

They ghost through the empty corridors and up and down stairwells until finally Jimin leads Yoongi out through the back of the fortress into a small stone courtyard lying in the shadow of the mountain. In the middle of the courtyard is a small structure that looks like a glass greenhouse, except instead of being clear, the glass is semi-opaque, milky white in color.

Standing around the glass house, all wearing cloaks and hiding their faces, are Jungkook, Taehyung, Jin and Namjoon. They seemed to have been waiting for the two of them because Jimin nods at them all as he moves towards them.

“Is everything ready?” He asks, keeping his voice low.
Taehyung nods and holds open the door of the glass house. “We’re just waiting on Hoseok.”

With no idea what’s going on and worried about the brightening sky, Yoongi follows the others inside the glass house. He steps in and freezes at the sight before him.

There’s a tall metal post in the middle of the structure, and shackled to it by the wrists, feet barely brushing the stone floor, is a gagged Fiona. Her eyes are wide and afraid as they file in, face still bruised but mostly healed.

“What the hell?” Yoongi gasps, staring at the others in shock. He glances through the milky glass and sees the sky turning pink. The sun will filter through the semi-opaque glass slowly, eventually filling the glass house completely—but only after many hours. He turns to Jin with wide eyes. “Is this what I think it is? We’re going to slow roast her?”

Fiona’s yell is muffled by the gag of fabric tied around her mouth. Jin nods slowly at him. “We are.”

Yoongi gapes at him. “But didn’t the council want a public trial for her, and then a proper execution if she was found guilty?”

Jin shrugs and glares at Fiona. “And risk her convincing everyone it was you who was lying? Risk her being declared innocent? No, not after what she’s done.”

Yoongi swallows thickly, mouth like cotton. He looks between Jin and Namjoon, shaking his head slightly. “If you two are caught, you’ll lose your places on the council and will probably be banished.”

Namjoon takes Seokjin’s hand and squeezes it. “Then we better not get caught.”

Yoongi’s awe at his friends’ loyalty is interrupted by the sounds of struggling in the courtyard outside. A moment later, Hoseok steps inside the glass house, and Xiu Lee follows after, dragging a gagged and bound Leya, the one who set Yoongi up, with her. The vampire woman is writhing and grunting and fighting to get free, but Xiu Lee has a firm grip on her.

“We found her trying to escape the fortress,” Hoseok says, nodding at Leya. “Little coward told us everything; how she’s been helping Fiona hide and remain hidden and slipping her blood, and how she helped set the trap for Yoongi.”

Yoongi looks from Leya to Hoseok and then to Xiu Lee with wide eyes. “Xiu Lee…”

“I told her everything,” Hoseok says, and Yoongi’s breath hitches.

Xiu Lee roughly jerks a crying and struggling Leya when she tries to break out of the warrior’s hold. The female Death Dealer looks at Yoongi and nods to her mate. “If Hoseok is with you, then so am I,” she says firmly. “Plus, you are still my Captain.”

Yoongi stares at her before slowly smiling gratefully. Then he turns to the others to see they’re all looking at him. Taking a deep breath, Yoongi nods. “Tie her to the post,” Yoongi says, motioning to Leya. The woman’s screams are muffled as Xiu Lee drags her roughly over to where Fiona is and binds her wrists tightly to the bottom.

Namjoon pulls out an odd gilded pocket watch with seven different hands. “Four minutes until sunrise,” he informs them.

“Let’s get back inside,” Yoongi says, pulling his hood back up. “We’ll come back to dispose of the bodies right at sunset before anyone can find them.”
Fiona and Leya scream, the sound muffled, and struggle violently against their bonds. Jimin walks up to Fiona and slaps her hard across the face, making her gasp loudly. “Stupid bitch,” he growls, eyes glowing blue. “I want you to know I’m stealing all of your dresses, and I’m going to wear them much better than you ever could.”

Then he spins on his heel and leaves Fiona to shriek after him. Jimin grabs Yoongi’s hand as he passes and tugs him out after the others. The second they’re out, Jungkook closes the door of the glass house and clicks on the padlock.

The sun is beginning to peek over the mountain, so they all run across the courtyard and hurry back inside the fortress, closing the heavy stone door behind them right as watery white light spills across the cobblestone outside.

Yoongi can’t hear Fiona’s screams but he can practically feel them as she’s slowly cooked alive, and it's a wonderful sensation. All eight of them huddle in the hallway, staring around at each other in shocked disbelief.

“Did we really just do that?” Taehyung breathes, clutching tight to Jungkook. Now that Yoongi has time to notice, he sees matching bite marks on their necks and can smell the way their scents have mingled; rosemary and firewood, and maple and cinnamon. Yoongi smiles to himself proudly. It looks like Jungkook really went through with it.

“We really did,” Namjoon says, a little shakily.

“What do we tell the rest of the coven about Fiona?” Hoseok asks.

“We’ll wait a while until she’s been mostly forgotten, then we’ll say she was spotted escaping the fortress on horseback with her friend, Leya,” Jin replies. “She’ll be dead but they’ll be none the wiser.”

“Shit, this is risky.” Yoongi rubs his temples. “If anyone finds out, we’re all in trouble.” Jimin takes Yoongi’s hand and squeezes it tightly.

“Well, let’s hope that doesn’t happen, yeah?” Jin says. “Let’s all be back here four minutes before sunset, okay? We’ll dispose of the bones over the side of the mountain, but we’ll have to be quick about it.”

All agreeing to the plan, they disperse their separate ways. Once back in their room, Yoongi and Jimin collapse on the bed. Yoongi knows he should be exhausted after everything that’s happened, but he’s too keyed up. His mind is awake and alert and his body is tense and on edge.

Next to him, Yoongi can feel Jimin’s anxiety and nervousness through their bond, bubbling unpleasantly in his chest. Yoongi rolls over and draws Jimin against him, settling his mate’s head into the crook of his neck and shoulder.

“It’ll be okay, Sweetness,” Yoongi says as Jimin nuzzles his face into Yoongi’s skin. “It’s over now. Fiona’s gone and you’re safe.”

Jimin nods against him and kisses Yoongi’s neck. “I’m too pent up to go to sleep,” he says, and his voice is low and husky, his hot breath ghosting across Yoongi’s skin.

Yoongi grips Jimin’s hips hard and rolls on top of him, his blood beginning to boil. “Let’s tire you out then, shall we?”

They fuck for hours in every position possible with short breaks in between orgasms while they take
a breather. Being a vampire comes with increased stamina, and Yoongi takes advantage of it. He makes Jimin cum five times, until he’s just a sobbing, trembling mess on the bed, delirious and drunk on pleasure and Yoongi’s blood.

They fuck until Jimin literally collapses while he’s riding Yoongi, completely and utterly spent. They don’t even have time to pull out and clean up before they both pass out from exhaustion, sated and content, wrapped tight in each other’s embrace.

~

Disposing of the bodies goes smoothly. The group all meet back at the same spot just before the sun sets and the fortress is still asleep. Hoods hiding their faces, they sweep into the small back courtyard the second the sun goes down behind the mountain.

Inside the glasshouse, Fiona and Leya are nothing more than blackened, smoking skeletons. Yoongi can’t help the satisfied smile that pulls at his lips at the sight of Fiona’s corpse.

They work quickly to gather up all the bones and run across the courtyard to toss them over the side of the mountain, where they fall down and down into the tall, jagged rocks far, far below. They clean up any traces that anyone was in the glasshouse at all, and return to the fortress right as the coven is beginning to rise from slumber.

They all congratulate each other quickly and quietly before breaking off so they don’t draw attention to themselves. Jimin marches straight for Fiona’s old quarters and Yoongi has no choice but to follow in fond exasperation.

Jimin raids Fiona’s closet and models all the dresses for Yoongi, spinning around in the mirror and giggling and looking so, so beautiful, and Yoongi is filled with so much love it feels like his chest can’t contain it. Feeling it through their bond, Jimin pauses in his twirling to skip across the room and leap into Yoongi’s embrace, arms wrapping tight around his shoulders.

As Jimin giggles and begins purring softly as Yoongi strokes his hair, he knows that this is the start of their eternity.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to everyone who followed along and supported this story, it's been a journey and I'm so happy you were all with me. And I'd like to give a special thanks to my followers on twitter for giving me ideas and helping me make decisions, and to my one commenter on chapter 2 who gave me the idea for Fiona's death.

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