Jungkook is suppose to be a strong and powerful alpha by tradition, though he’s always had this thought at the back of his mind of wanting to be like an omega - weak, sensitive, submissive.
Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

♡ Before reading, I want to add a note stating that there’s a ton of dramatic twists in this fic that circle around complicated emotional love and family drama.

♡ The setting and atmosphere does eventually change throughout the fic, but the main idea is still present.
There’s not one easy way to describe it, but it would be as if a modern school au met an 18th century goth au, for example.

<3 <3 happy reading

The sun rays vibrate through the window, peering across the sleeping boys bare skin. It’s a hot day, just as it’s been all summer, though today was unreasonably scorching hot, without a cloud in site. The heat of the sun shining on his skin doesn’t take long before it eventually wakes him up.

“It’s so hot!” He whines and groans as he sluggishly gets up out of the bed, throwing his silk covers off of his body, making his way to shut the curtains. Frustrated, he’s searching around his messy room for his pants, tripping over random stuff he’s hoarded.

“Where the hell-?” He places one hand behind his neck, scratching in utter confusion because he can’t find his favorite pair of jeans. Anger begins to build up inside the pit of his stomach as he glances at the time on the clock and he knows he’s late. Late for school.

“Not again.” He hangs his head and he plummets to the floor, sitting on a pile of dirty clothes, distressed because he can’t afford to get another tardy, or even worse, fail some of his classes from lack of attendance.

“What a shit day!” He moans to himself, grieving. Before he can think about anything else, he begins to smell a scent quite familiar to his senses. Meat stew.

For breakfast?

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In the kitchen, he sees a pot over the stove with liquids boiling inside. Licking his lips, he edges closer so he can have a closer look. As he bends his head over the pot, he gets a mix of different seasonings that waft into his nostrils. He lets out a satisfied sound, fantasizing about how it will taste when it’s done.

“What are you doing home?” A voice asks suspiciously, yet with a slight disapproval to it.
Jungkook snaps his head back quickly, mumbling the words ‘shit’ under his breath. “O-oh, Hoseok... I didn’t notice you were home... ?” He gulps, fidgeting with his hands as a nervous habit.

Wait, why is he scared for? It’s only Hoseok. Yeah, only Hoseok...

“Please don’t tell mom.” Jungkook pleads.

Hoseok snarls his nose for a second before rolling his eyes, crossing his arms and beginning to circle around Jungkook like a shark waiting to attack is prey.

“What’s in it for me?” Hoseok bargains with a slight smirk to his lips.

“I’ll do your laundry for a whole month.”

“Nope.”

“I’ll do your laundry plus I’ll... I’ll...-“

His words get cut off whenever Hoseok moves closer to Jungkook, gracing his fingers along Jungkook’s chin while staring into his eyes. Jungkook flinches when Hoseok gets that close to him.

“How about you give me a kiss whenever I want?” He bluntly suggests.

Jungkook freezes in Hoseok’s hold and his eyes get big in total shock. He didn’t know Hoseok liked him that way. A soft tint of pink paints his cheeks from such embarrassment.

“Why would I kiss you?”

“Then I guess you wouldn’t mind me telling mom about you not going to school today.”

“It was an accident. I woke up late. Being serious.”

“That’s what you always say. Just admit you want to be home to spend more time around me.”

Jungkook shoves Hoseok away. “Ew! I’ve never even had thoughts like that about you and never want to think of you in that way.” Jungkook’s face is practically flushed.

“Then why’s your face so red? You like me teasing you. Teasing you about how much you secretly like me and how you like to stay home just to see me more.”

“Not true! I don’t know where you even got those silly ideas from. You’re the one who probably likes me! Who even says this kind of stuff to their roommate? Hoseok, I’ve known you my whole life and you’ve never said anything to me, you’re just a friend to me. Stop being weird.”

Hoseok pouts. “Fine.” He looks away, almost offended. “I was just joking anyways, gosh, you take everything so seriously.

Jungkook rolls his eyes. “You’re annoying, you know?”

“And you aren’t?”

They both laugh.

“So you’re still not telling mom, right?”

“Oh I’m telling Seokjin for sure.”
"Hoseok!"

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Welp. He ended up going to school after all that day. He needed to get away from all that alpha musk as it is, because it’s slowly drilling a hole inside his brain, fogging up his thoughts. It’s like his sensitive side is hidden whenever he’s around all that alpha scent for too long. It has an impact on him. By nature he’s suppose to be okay with that, but for some reason he wishes he could be more sensitive, more compassionate, and more emotional sometimes. He seriously needs more omega and beta friends.

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As class ends that day, he feels tired and stagnant, as if he was there the entire day, but he wasn’t. His tummy growls at the thought of the stew that he never got to eat yet. As he’s walking forward, down a small pathway just outside of the school, he bumps into someone without knowing until he looks up to see who it is.

“Taehyung?”

“Jungkookie!!” He shouts, suddenly bouncing up and down, nearly tackling Jungkook.

Jungkook yelps in surprise when they fall onto the grass, Taehyung landing on top of Jungkook.

Jungkook blushes and stares up at Taehyung, hands fondled into Taehyung’s shirt.

“Jungkookie, I was worried about you. I didn’t see you all day.” Taehyung pouts.

“S-sorry Tae, I woke up late again. It’s been one of those days this morning.” He continues to blush because Taehyung has yet to get off of him.

Before Taehyung can respond, they both sense an alpha coming their way, and not just any alpha, Yoongi, Taehyung’s Yoongi.

Taehyung quickly gets off of Jungkook, looking disheveled.

Yoongi gives Jungkook an awkward glare as his eyes wonder over to Taehyung. He clears his throat before speaking. “Come on Tae, lets go home.”

Taehyung pouts and mouths a ‘sorry kookie, bye’ as he walks off with Yoongi.

Jungkook lays tense in the grass, still able to feel the ghost of Taehyung on top of him, if that’s even possible. His limbs in awkward directions, his chest quickly rising and falling as his heart pounds. He could had died just then. An omega was just on top of him, who’s an alpha, and then that omegas alpha caught his omega on him. Good thing he knows Yoongi or he’d be fried meat. He doesn’t even wanna think about it really.

Jungkook isn’t really as strong as other alphas. He has a very soft and sensitive side to him and he
feels most complete whenever he can be himself. He’d never let anyone know how much he cries at night, almost every night. How much he’s so into his feelings that he just can’t breathe sometimes. He’s just a nice guy, plain and simple, and at the end of the day, he hides behind this facade of pretending to be someone he’s not - around the alphas he lives with and around everyone he knows at school. Sometimes he feels like he’s an omega with how he wants to feel and act. But that’s just a mental thought, because physically, he needs to act tough and strong in order to not disgrace the family name or even worse, to get made fun of and beat up by everyone in the universe. He feels different, but he likes to feel different. Will he ever let anyone know about how he truly feels? Probably never, but that doesn’t stop him from being who he wants to be in his private time.

He actually wishes some nights he was an omega. Wishes he could be a soft and emotional guy around whoever he wants. Wishes he could have someone stronger than him to hold him tight every night and accept him for who he really wants to be. Whether it’s another alpha or an omega that’s stronger than him, he just wants someone just as sensitive as he is. But, that is highly unlikely and to even think of it being a possibility is something to laugh over. Because, for instance, even if he did find an omega, the omega would want him to be stronger, and if he were with an alpha, he’d definitely be disgraced because it’s not a normal practice and it’s against traditional values. He thinks a beta might work but it would still be looked down upon to be more emotional and weak than a beta because alphas are meant to be powerful figures. He’d still get made fun of. So regardless, Jungkook feels like he’ll have to live a lie forever.

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He’s on the couch, asleep, cuddled up to Hoseok. He doesn’t know how long he’s been sleeping but it’s well deserved rest since he’s been stressing out about a ton of different things lately.

Just as Jungkook’s deep into a dream, he feels a hand shaking him gently and it wakes him up. He wipes the crust from his eyes to find a bowl of stew in front of him.

“Eat up.” Seokjin says.

Jungkook looks around him and notices Hoseok isn’t beside him on the couch anymore then looks back at Seokjin.

“You’ve been asleep for a really long time. Are you ok Kookie?” He asks as he places the back of his hand to Jungkook’s forehead to feel his temperature then lets out a relieved sigh when he doesn’t sense a fever.

“I’m ok.” He says as his eyes look towards the floor.

Seokjin frowns. “Maybe you should go lay in your bed so you’re more comfortable.”

Jungkook’s nods.

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After he eats, he’s laying in his bed. The clock says 1:57 am. His head falls straight into his pillow as
he begins to feel the tears fill his eyes, but he tries to withstand from crying by gritting his teeth together instead.

His tummy aches, not because he ate too much stew, but because of all of these crazy thoughts he’s had lately. They are consuming him, trying to control him until he finally breaks down.

He rolls over onto his side, peering out the window, observing how the moonlight shimmers.

If only he could live in a fairy tale. If only he could just wish upon a star so he could change a few things about the present, or perhaps wish for the boy of his dreams, alpha, omega, beta, or not, as long as it’s the boy he’s been yearning for. Someone who’ll accept him for who he really is on the inside.

If only things were that simple and fairy tales existed.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

This chapter is fairly long compared to the first chapter. My treat to you <3
Also, Jimin is introduced in this chapter!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Everything feels so hot. No, not from the sun rays. This morning it’s a different feeling. Jungkook unconsciously glides his hand from his chest down to his hip bone, fingers lightly caressing the exposed skin. His eyes shut tight as he feels a sweet sensation going straight to his dick. Salty beads of precum trickle down the sides of his erection. It’s probably from the wet dream he had last night.

He can’t hold back any longer so he firmly grabs his length, jerking at a steady pace, making sure his thumb grazes against the vein, exactly how he likes it. Just as he’s about to already reach his peak, he gets on his knees. Continuing to stroke himself, he wastes no time placing a finger at his entrance, teasing himself a little before his hole is completely enclosed by two fingers. He begins to grind his hips into his fist roughly while also fucking against his fingers. He whimpers out, eyebrows furrowed as pure pleasure ripples through his entire body. He quickly inserts a third finger as he reaches his climax, grinding back almost violently onto them. Panting hard with sweat rolling off his temples, he continues to pump himself to finish off the remaining waves from his climax.

He falls limp onto the bed, face first. He never stops panting. Heart beat pounding at a staggering pace, face flushed with sex written all over it, and his breath hitching.

A musky, thick and lustful scent now taints the room, coating every inch, and possibly made its way already to other parts of the house. Jungkook’s face darkens more at the embarrassment of the others finding out, although it’s technically a natural thing to do so they are bound to understand. But even so, he’s never actually gotten ‘caught’ so it would be a little embarrassing at first to be confronted by the others in the house. They would definitely tease him about it and ask for details, especially Hoseok, because god does Hoseok like to pry.

The minute he opens his bedroom door is the minute they’ll know what he’s done, Jungkook figures.

He lays in bed still, dreading to get up. Dreading for another stressful day. He sighs, finally sitting up, running a sweaty palm throughout his already greasy hair before making his way to the shower.

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When he gets in the shower, only a few minutes pass before he’s got another erection.

“What the hell.” He groans and bites his bottom lip.
He lets the water run down his back, trying to stay calm because this can’t be happening. He just gotten rid of this problem only a few moments ago and now it’s suddenly back?

He tries to ignore it as he continues his shower, frowning at himself.

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Once he’s out of the shower, he decides to put on loose clothes today. Some baggy shorts and a baggy t-shirt, long enough to hide his hard-on. He groans again and looks at the clock. He can’t afford to miss school again so there’s no time to solve this problem once again. He has no choice but to leave and go to school with a boner.

Could this day get any more embarrassing?

Right as he walks out of his room, he eyes down the hall way making sure no ones in the living room or kitchen, then when the coast is clear, he practically sprints down the hallway, but while also tip-toeing? He grabs his backpack off the hook, skipping breakfast because he really can’t be caught under such conditions. His heart is pounding once he finally makes it out of the front door, back leaning up against the door as he’s blessing the heavens for allowing him to leave the house without getting caught.

He’s now walking down the sidewalk on his way to school, which isn’t very far from his house. He’s still trying to catch his breath and his mind is focused on how he’s going to explain the smell if they ask about it once he gets back home, and also about what he’s going to do about his whole boner situation he has going on currently. He doesn’t know why he’s so damn horny. He huffs.

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“Hey Kookie!” Jungkook hears Taehyung coming from behind him once he’s finally made it to school, sitting on a bench, and was trying to calm himself down.

Please don’t let Yoongi be with him. Please don’t let Yoongi be with him. Please don’t let Yoongi be with him. Please don’t let Yoongi be with him.

Jungkook silently curses to himself. He’s kind of scared of Yoongi in all honesty. It’s like he hates Jungkook being around Taehyung. Which he can understand but literally they are only friends and Jungkook could never see them being more than that. After all, Jungkook has known Taehyung longer than Yoongi has.

When Jungkook looks up from his face that’s buried in his hands, it looks like waves of both frustration and anger bouncing off of his body. Taehyung definitely notices and decides to keep his distance.

“Um, Kookie?” Taehyung cocks his head to the side, in worry and confusion.

And just as he thought, that one alpha he didn’t want to see is with Taehyung. He sulks once more, fisting his hands through his hair.
“Looks like someone got out of the wrong side of bed this morning.” Yoongi taunts.

Jungkook wants to cry. He wants to cry but not in front of these people. He just wants to go home and curl up in bed.

“Yoongi, be nice... he’s my friend.” Taehyung always has a way to his words that bring life back into his system. He cares. He truly cares. Jungkook would be shit without him always bringing out the positivity in life and always being by his side through thick and thin. Damn does he want to cry even more, but to cry from so much love Taehyung offers him. He’s so lucky to have a best friend like him. Too lucky that’s for sure. Taehyung understands his pain, he can see it in his body language and he always defends Jungkook no matter what, even in front of his alpha, the one staring into Jungkook’s soul, waiting to burn him alive if only they weren’t at school right now.

Jungkook gulps. Taehyung pets Jungkook’s back as he sits closer to him on the bench. “Jungkookie, tell me what’s wrong.” He stares into Jungkook’s eyes with both uneasiness and protectiveness.

Taehyung’s face is so close to his and it’s making him uncomfortable because said alpha is attacking him with such strong glares and emitting some cloudy alpha scent that has Jungkook dazed in his own thoughts rather than replying to Taehyung.

Taehyung leans closer. “Kookie, are you listening to me?” Jungkook senses him frown then his eyes wonder back over to his. Shit, why is Taehyung so close to him and why is it making his heart falter almost?

Yoongi doesn’t look impressed at all. He has one hand on his hip and keeps making a ‘tsk’ noise everytime Taehyung seems more concerned for Jungkook. Yoongi’s patience is wearing thin and it’s obvious he’s trying to hold back from prying Taehyung off of him and beating him until he’s black and blue and in the hospital.

And, oh god, why is Taehyung’s hand resting on his thigh. Like, if it were any other day it would be ok but why today out of all days?

Taehyung thumbs over Jungkook’s thigh lightly while still showing much concern for his poor little Kookie.

Jungkook shuts his eyes tight, trying not to get even harder than he currently is from even the smallest contact from another person. And he feels like shit too because he’s getting hard from his best friend... but not on purpose.

Yoongi can definitely sense Jungkook’s lusty alpha musk, well, he has to by now.

Jungkook lightly pushes Taehyung away. “I’ll be o-ok Tae.” His cheeks tint like a spring rose.

Taehyung frowns. “Jungkook you smell weird.”

Before anyone can say anything else, Yoongi is pulling away Taehyung from Jungkook with a disgusted look on his face. “Taehyung don’t get near him anymore today unless I say it’s ok, understood?”

Taehyung frowns as he nods and is swiftly pulled away by his alpha once again. Taehyung hates how this always happens.

And once again, Jungkook was lucky he didn’t die.

He never thought he’d say this but thank god for school, because if they weren’t in a school setting
right now, he’d be dead meat.

Throughout the school day, Jungkook’s problem still hadn’t been fixed and he kept praying that it’d magically go away. He tried to zone out in one of his classes and meditate to see if being relaxed would help get rid of his situation. After many attempts at trying to ease his erection, he decides to excuse himself from science class to go to the restroom.

He hurries into the restroom, not believing what he’s about to do at school. He makes sure no one’s in the restroom before finding a stall and pulling down his pants to whip out his thick, throbbing length. It feels like a relief to finally be able to touch himself and to fix his problem. He just couldn’t wait until he got home because his erection was getting painful the more he waited around for each long, boring class to be over with.

He moans hard into the air, not caring if anyone hears him because it’s not like anyone’s in the restroom anyways. Although, he’s sure it might echo out into the hallways, but everyone’s in class right now so he doesn’t think much of it.

He continues to pump himself at just the right speed, sending vibrations throughout his body and feeling nothing but sweet sweet pleasure elope him. His moans become breathy and more loud. His erection becoming of a dark red as he’s nearing the end of his orgasm. He can feel it just about to ripple throughout his entire being as he’s on edge.

He tilts his head back while feverishly humping his length into his fist like his life depends on it, groans spilling from his lips. Just as he’s about to reach his climax, he hears the restroom door swing open and a boy shuffling his books and binders around until he’s setting them onto the sink. Jungkook stops pumping himself immediately, edging himself and freezes. His other hand quickly covers his mouth and he whimpers into his palm from the loss of contact.

He doesn’t know what to do. Should he continue jerking himself and finish? Or should he wait until the boy who just came in here leaves? Hopefully the boy just came in here for a minute and will eventually leave.

“Oh no, I’ve lost it!” He hears the boy say, distressed.

Confused, Jungkook shrugs and patiently waits for the boy to leave. At least that’s what he hopes for.

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It’s been over eight minutes and the boy still hadn’t left. He knows because he can hear the other breathing loudly as if he’s stressed out and panicking and it’s making Jungkook feel a little uneasy. He’s surprised the other can’t smell his alpha musk from masturbating but he guesses the other is too occupied with whatever he’s worried about to fully notice.

Just as he leans up against the stall wall, he begins to hear footsteps getting closer to where he’s at. His eyes grow large and shivers crawl down his spine. But fortunately, the footsteps pass by, leaving Jungkook in a state of relief... at least until he hears the neighboring stalls quickly opening and slamming shut.

Holy shit, does this guy have problems or what? What the hell is going on? What’s he even looking
for?

Jungkook whimpers into his palm as each stall door opens and closes. The sound slowly inching closer to his own stall.

Oh fuck. He thinks maybe if he crawls out from under the stall and tip toes out the door that he won’t get caught. Who even is this guy anyways? This guy is literally panicking.

Shit. This is it. The moment of embarrassment. To his luck, it’s probably some school bully who’ll snitch on him and then the whole school will know what he did in the restroom. People will never let him live it down. He gulps and frantically tries to shove his bulging erection in his shorts. But then he has a better idea. He whips it out once again then squats down on the toilet in attempt to pretend he was just taking a shit. He leans over placing his elbows on either knee in attempt to hide his obvious erection. He thinks he won’t get asked too many questions if he’s caught this way.

Waiting impatiently while squeezing his eyes shut tight, his stall door finally opens and all he hears is a frightened gasp followed by the stall door slamming shut.

“I’m so sorry! I-I had no clue anyone else was in here!”

Jungkook opens his eyes in relief that the boy didn’t notice his hard-on, but the guy was more so embarrassed about walking in on him.

“I-it’s ok.” Jungkook shyly assures with a gulp, wishing this moment didn’t even happen. Wishing he would had just continued to suffer with his painful erection throughout the entire day after all and took care of it once he was home.

Also, Jungkook just realized that he’s an idiot because the stall door obviously has a lock on it which he could had used. Even more reasons for him to feel and look like an idiot right now. He’s so embarrassed that he can feel his cheeks about to explode.

After a few seconds, he manages to pull up his shorts and open up the restroom stall with the little courage he has, because the rest of his pride has been washed away by embarrassment and humiliation. Jungkook only hopes this boy doesn’t realize the real reason as to why he was in a restroom stall during class.

When Jungkook makes his way out of the stall, he sees the boy by the sink facing the mirror. Once he gets closer, he notices that the boy is crying. Jungkook freezes because for some reason he kind of feels like it’s mostly his fault as to why the boy is crying. He frowns.

“I’m sorry...” Jungkook admits.

“What for?” The boy sulks, tears streaming down his face one by one.

Jungkook stares down. “I don’t know... that you opened up the door on me. I’m sure you’re just as embarrassed as I am.”

The boy shakes his head from side to side. “It’s not really that. But that definitely added onto my shitty day. I-I swear I didn’t mean to-“

“I know you didn’t.”

There’s awkward silence for a few moments.

The boy turns around, facing Jungkook.
“I’m Jimin.”

Jungkook shyly stands there. A bit flustered while trying not to look at him directly. “I’m Jungkook.”

“I’m a new student.”

“Yeah? I was actually going to ask because I’ve never seen you around school before.” Jungkook awkwardly laughs but Jimin stays silent.

Jungkook gulps, thinking he’s acting like a moron right in front of Jimin. This is the worst first impression ever.

Suddenly, Jimin covers his nose, eyes almost turning a dark shade. “W-what’s that smell?”

Oh no. He noticed. It’s time for Jungkook to get the hell out of there before Jimin asks anymore questions. Jungkook knows he should had left several minutes ago because his worst nightmare is happening now. Now he’s trapped and forced to answer with something or else he’ll look even more like a moron than he already has.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Jungkook never looks at Jimin. Not even once.

Jimin starts to walk closer to him. Jungkook’s heart never stops pounding. The blood rushing throughout his veins, boiling with each step Jimin takes. It’s almost all too much. And he can’t even smell Jimin too well because his own scent is overpowering at this point.

“Jungkook...” He says quietly whenever he’s right in front of Jungkook’s face.

He doesn’t dare want to open his eyes. He knows Jimin is right in front of him. He’s such a coward.

Whenever he finally finds the courage to open his eyes, he sees a shorter male right in front of him who’s peering back into his eyes.

“J-Jimin...” Jungkook utters out, weakly. Tears beginning to swell up in his eyes. Why is he about to cry for?

Jungkook is just so embarrassed at how this whole day has turned out and now he’s stuck in this new situation with Jimin right in front of him, who probably already knows he has a boner and he probably assumes it’s because he likes Jimin or something. Which that isn’t true, not at all.

And now he feels like Jimin is being a bully by trying to get close to him. He just doesn’t understand what’s happening and what he’s supposed to do. He just wants to go home and hide in his room for eternity.

“What’s wrong?” Jimin finally asks while cupping the side of Jungkook’s face, staring concerned.

“I’m just embarrassed...”

“But why? Who cares that I saw you on the toilet Jungkook. It’s not like I’m going to tell anyone.”

He doesn’t know why but he unconsciously leans his face into Jimin’s hand that’s cupping him, almost wanting to die like this. “Tell me why you were crying then? When you first came into the restroom you were panicking about something.”

“Oh. I lost something important. It doesn’t really matter.” Jimin’s eyes lose contact with Jungkook’s for a minute until they are planted on him once again.
Jungkook bites his bottom lip while staring at Jimin. Jeez he’s so perfect. His blonde hair, his thick thighs, his plump lips. Wait, why is he thinking such thoughts, especially considering the situation Jungkook still has in his shorts.

“So you’re an alpha.”

“Yeah.”

“I’m an omega.”

“I had no clue.”

“Is that a bad thing?”

“No. I just really couldn’t tell for sure.”

“Do you want to kiss me?”

As if Jungkook’s cheeks weren’t already burning, Jimin’s question made it ten times worse. He shifts, a little nervous.

“So you do?” Jimin asks once again.

Jimin is being mean. Why is he doing this right now?

“I-I don’t know.” Jungkook blinks, trying not to bite his own lip, which would imply that he most certainly does want to.

“I want you to be my first kiss.” Jimin admits.

Jungkook doesn’t know what to do or how to react at this point. And before he knows it, Jimin grabs a hold of his hips, pulling him in closer, almost pressing their bodies against one another. Jungkook’s dick throbs at the feeling of being so close to someone. He’s never been so close to someone like this in such an intimate way.

“Is this ok?” Jimin asks to make sure.

Jungkook doesn’t reply but only stares at Jimin.

“You’re pretty quiet and shy for an alpha, you know?”

Jungkook’s nods his head because he does know and he prays that Jimin doesn’t make fun of him for it.

“It’s cute.” Jimin smiles while edging his face closer to Jungkook’s.

Jungkook swallows in nervousness. He so wants to kiss Jimin. So bad. He just can’t admit that and he won’t.

He sees Jimin close his eyes and so he figures he should do the same. Jimin presses his body against Jungkook at this point, able to feel how hard Jungkook is.

Jungkook moans hard at the foreign contact until his moans are replaced by Jimin’s mouth. At first it’s a sweet kiss, but then, it takes only a few seconds until they are practically gliding their tongues down the others throat. The kiss is sloppy, wet and hot with much passion, each mimicking the others actions. They are like wild animals getting introduced for the first time to something new and
Jungkook’s pants hard in between kisses. The friction of Jimin’s leg pressed against him has him on edge.

And just like that, Jungkook cums in his shorts, moaning out so loud as he finishes his high against Jimin’s leg as they continue to kiss deeply.

Wow. He thinks to himself. He came just by kissing Jimin and having him pressed against him. He feels even more embarrassed at how needy and ridiculous that seems. It’s like he’s a kid.

Jimin pulls away, face resembling Jungkook’s - flushed and sweaty.

“W-we better get to class?” Jungkook suggests.

“Wait.”

“Yeah?”

“I like you.” Jimin admits.

Jungkook doesn’t know what to say. With all that’s happened, his mind is a blur and he can’t believe anything really. He swallows loud.

Jimin smiles a little before pulling Jungkook into a firm hug.

Jungkook accepts his embrace as he lays his head against Jimin’s neck, inhaling in his rich, lilac scent, which calms his nerves more than it should have.

Unpredictably, Jungkook digs his nose into the bare skin of Jimin’s neck, clinging onto him.

Jimin feels the sudden strength of Jungkook’s hold and starts to feel a little uncomfortable at first but then adjusts.

“Jungkook are you in here? I’ve been looking-?” Taehyung cuts off his own words whenever he swings the restroom door open to find Jimin and Jungkook intertwined with each other and the immediate smell of musk hits him dead in the face, almost causing him to fall over.

Whenever Jungkook sees Taehyung enter the restroom, he quickly shoves Jimin out of his hold.

Taehyung tries to ignore what he just saw. “Um, school is over. I was looking for you...You left science class so suddenly.”

“Yeah, I kind of got caught up in something.” Jungkook answers nervously while scratching the back of his neck.

Taehyung eyes Jimin suspiciously. Jimin looks away.

“Do you want me to walk you home?” Taehyung stares at Jungkook a little concerned.

“Yeah.”

Chapter End Notes
Everything’s just now getting started !!

Hope you enjoyed this chapter <3

Stay tuned until next time.

Please leave me kudos if you’ve enjoyed so far & leave some comments about your thoughts also :)
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

This chapter gets kind of emotional during some parts. Poor kookie *cry face*

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“So you’re telling me you almost accidentally mated a stranger that you just met in the restroom?”

“Scented, Taehyung. There’s a difference. And it’s not that big of a deal.” He shrugs as they’re walking home from school.

“Not that big of a deal? Jungkook, listen to yourself! You don’t even know him or know how serious scenting and mating really is. It would be different if you knew him for at least a couple of months.”

Jungkook stops and so does Taehyung. “I thought you’d be the only person who’d actually understand what I’m going through. But I guess I was wrong.”

Taehyung stops in his tracks also and sighs. “I do understand but you need to understand what I’m trying to say too rather than push what I say aside and believe in your own ways. You’re not even trying to see the message in what I’m trying to say.”

Jungkook feels the tears form in his eyes. No. This can’t be. Not right in front of Taehyung. Will he think he’s a baby?

Jungkook squats on the ground, covering his face as he bawls his eyes out. He finally lets everything that’s built up inside of him out. He’s a train wreck.

Taehyung’s never really seen Jungkook cry, so whenever he finally sees this boy break down in front of him like this, he knows there’s something much deeper that’s bothering him.

Taehyung squats down beside him, rubbing a hand gently up and down his back in attempt to ease his pain. He frowns at Jungkook’s sudden outburst of tears.

“Kookie... listen.”

Jungkook never looks up at Taehyung, but continues to sulk.

“I don’t really know what’s happening but you can always talk to me. I’ll never judge you. But, just know that I want the best for you and I’m sorry if I seem mean with some of the advice I give. I don’t mean to hurt you.”

It’s silent for a few more moments.

Jungkook finally looks up at Taehyung, face tear stained and flushed red. “I’m scared Taehyung. I don’t know what’s wrong with me.”
“What do you mean, Kookie?”

“I-I just don’t feel normal living like this... the way I am.”

“I don’t understand.” Taehyung’s seems concerned as he’s helping Jungkook stand up with him, looking him in the eyes.

“I’m scared to tell you.” Jungkook’s starts to tear up once again.

“You don’t need to be scared. I’m the only one around here right now so it’s ok to tell me. No one else will know. And you do know you can trust me.” Taehyung wipes away the fresh tears from Jungkook’s face.

Jungkook feels a weight on his back. He feels everything weighing on him all at once. But he knows it’s best to tell Taehyung. It’s for the best.

“Taehyung... I-I really... really d-don’t know how t-to say this.” He looks to the ground, nervous.

“It doesn’t have to be perfectly said. Just speak your mind.” He places his hands on Jungkook’s shoulders, trying to comfort him.

“Taehyung, I don’t feel like I’m an alpha.”
He never looks at him. He can’t. He doesn’t want to know his reaction. He’s never told anyone that and he’s felt that for such a long time. He’s had that pent-up inside him for forever it seems like.

“So, what do you feel like you are then?” Taehyung seems a little confused but still carries an open mind to the conversation for the sake of not wanting to hurt Jungkook’s feelings.

“I-I mean that I wish I was an omega.”

“But you smell like an alpha. You don’t like that?”

“I just... No. I don’t like smelling like one. I wish I could be an omega. I would feel more confident about myself and just more like myself in general. I’m so ashamed just to even tell you something like this.” Jungkook finally meets Taehyung’s eyes.

Taehyung looks a little shocked, yet proud of Jungkook for finding the courage to say something like that to him. He quickly pulls Jungkook into a hug. “Don’t even think I’ll judge you for something like that. I can’t believe you never told me.” He squeezes him tighter in the hug while tangling his hand through Jungkook’s hair. Taehyung tears up. Tears up because he can’t believe Jungkook’s been in pain all this time and has trusted no one to tell until now. He can’t believe he’s been so caught up in his own alpha, Yoongi, that he hadn’t gotten to spend much time with Jungkook lately. It’s mostly Yoongi’s fault for consuming most of his time but it’s also his own fault as well. He feels like shit for it.

They pull out of the hug and stare at each other. “So what do we do now?” Taehyung asks while brushing a few strands of hair out of Jungkook’s face.

Jungkook shrugs. “I don’t think there’s anything we can do. It’s not like I can tell my roommates this. They’d take it completely opposite from how you responded. That’s what I’m scared of.”

“But Jungkook, you need to tell them at some point. You can’t keep living a lie.”

“Even if I wanted to tell them, there’s still nothing I can do. I’m stuck an alpha, Taehyung, for the rest of my life. So it’s pointless to even tell them.”
Taehyung frowns. “I actually heard rumors about something they could do at the doctors where they give you omega hormones and then you can become more like who you really want to be. I don’t know how true that is but it’s something I came across lately.”

“I don’t even think that exists.” Jungkook frowns also.

Taehyung shrugs. “It’s worth a try. You never know unless you go see.”

“I’m scared Taehyung.”

“I know.” He holds him close as he walks Jungkook home, then he goes to his own home afterwards.

———

Whenever the evening arrives, the sky turned charcoal as the winds whistled loudly. The rain beat against the glass window of his room and thunder strikes nearby. He jumps from the noises made by the storm and feels a little scared so he decides to go into the other room where everyone else is.

Hoseok is in the kitchen preparing dinner, and Seokjin is on the couch trying to take a nap.

Jungkook rests his head against his arm while sitting at the island in the kitchen.

“What has you in here?” Hoseok questions.

Jungkook shrugs. He’d never tell him it’s because he’s scared of the storm so he tries to change the subject. “What’re you cooking?”

“Some soup I found in Seokjin’s recipe book.” He shrugs.

“You’ve made a lot of liquidy type of stuff lately.” He chuckles, teasing Hoseok.

“Shush. At least you even get to eat a meal.”

That’s true. Jungkook stares down into his lap. That’s so true. And if he were to tell them his big secret then he’d definitely get kicked out of the house, not knowing when his next meal would be.

“What has you down?” Hoseok seemed to have noticed Jungkook’s slumped over posture while seeming dazed about something important.

“It’s nothing.”

Hoseok tries to change the subject in hopes it’ll change the mood. “Talked to any omegas at school lately?”

It’s like he assumes Jungkook cares about being with an omega or not, because in all honesty he has no preference. But that’s something he also can’t say out loud or he’d get beat.

“Kind of.”

“And? What happened?” Hoseok leans over the island, his hands resting under his chin as he stares at Jungkook as if he’s waiting for him to reveal some juicy story.
“I don’t know. The only omega I really talk to is Taehyung these days.”

“Yeah but Taehyung is taken.”

“I didn’t mean it like that.”

“And is there anyone else you have an eye on?”

Jungkook shrugs. “I don’t really like anyone.”

“That’s a lie. I can sense it in the way your scent changed whenever I mentioned an omega.” Hoseok squints his eyes. “Are you hiding something?”


“Ok, ok, I was just messing with you, sorry. But now you have me wondering because you’re so defensive over this topic all of a sudden.”

“I’m not.”

———

In the middle of the night, Jungkook wakes up to another boner to his surprise. He grunts. He’s tired of this always happening to him.

He sleepishly takes his length and pumps himself at a normal pace, feeling every amount of satisfaction coursing throughout his body after a few moments. After awhile, it seems like all he can manage to think about is that blonde haired boy in the restroom, Jimin, and how he made him feel whenever they kissed and also the way Jimin was pressed against his dick. His length hardens even more at the thought. The thought alone sends him into another galaxy. A galaxy full of sexy Jimin’s.

His mind starts to wonder about other things he’d love to do with Jimin. He imagines having his lips around Jimin’s length, absorbing up all the moans he’d release from that pretty mouth. Just touching Jimin would bring him so much pleasure. And how he’d love Jimin to fuck his tiny hole if he ever got the chance. Have Jimin smack his ass and do what he pleases to Jungkook. He’s seriously going to cum just picturing it.

He bites down hard on his bottom lip as he continues to fantasize about that omega he met. Jimin is so hot and sexy. Probably the hottest person he’s ever met in his life. And he can’t believe he’s jerking off just thinking about him. Thinking about his pretty little face and how he wants those thick lips all over his body. His toes curl as he reaches his climax, thumbing over the tip after his quick orgasm.

He can’t believe what’s gotten into him lately. This whole week has been such an emotional roller coaster. Hopefully tomorrow will start off in a better direction than how today did and hopefully he won’t run into Jimin again. As silly as that sounds, he actually dreads seeing Jimin just as much as he desires to have Jimin glued to his side, nuzzled into his neck, sharing warmth and love. He embarrassed himself so much today that he can’t imagine running into that blonde haired boy again. His world would absolutely crash and he’d probably break down. He can’t even believe he had a chance to kiss him and get so close to him. It’s like everything that happened in the restroom flew over his head. But at the same time, he just wants to have Jimin all over him again like how they first
met. He craves his scent, he craves his touches, he craves everything that boy has to offer and he doesn’t even really know him yet.

Yet.

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The morning came far too quick for his liking. He wishes he could lay around for another three hours or so but he knows he can’t do that. He shuts his alarm clock off, throws his covers off of him, and goes into his bathroom to get ready for the day.

As he looks into the mirror, he glares at all the new acne that’s scattered all over his forehead. Possibly from all this stress lately? He cleanses his skin, combs his hair, brushes his teeth, then gets dressed for the day. He picks out some ripped up skinny jeans that make his ass look bigger, paired up with a loose tank top that has a cool design on it.

He rushes down the stairs, throwing his backpack over his shoulder, then grabs some toast with jelly on it plus an orange juice. He finds himself yelling an ‘off to school, see you later’ towards Seokjin on his way out the front door. Seokjin really doesn’t have time to respond as Jungkook’s already scurried out the door.

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“You seem quite happier than normal today.” Taehyung implies as they are sitting in their first period class, waiting for it to begin.

Jungkook shrugs.

“Does it have to do with that one guy I saw you with in the restroom yesterday?” Taehyung’s eyebrows do a wave as he teases Jungkook.

“Taehyung!” Jungkook shouts in a whispered tone. He leans in closer to him. “Keep your voice down. I don’t really want him to see me and I don’t want anyone knowing about what happened.”

“You never even told me about what completely happened between you two. How was I suppose to know it was secretive and that I should keep my voice down?”

Jungkook’s head falls into his palm. “Just make sure to stay quiet, please.”

“I will. Don’t worry.” They both share a smile.

“But at least tell me why you don’t wanna see him today.”

“I’m just embarrassed, ok?” Jungkook’s cheeks are already reddening as he becomes flustered. His heart beginning to beat fast as he imagines how embarrassing it would be to see him today after what happened in the restroom yesterday. Maybe it was an accident that they kissed? Maybe Jimin was just playing around, trying to be mean? Maybe their shared kiss wasn’t suppose to mean anything at all? And in all honesty, there’s no way anyone like Jimin could ever possibly like him.
“Hello? Earth to Jungkook!” Taehyung is waving his hands in front of Jungkook’s face, trying to get his attention.

Jungkook jumps as Taehyung’s hands motion from side to side in his face as he’s returning back into reality and out of his train of thought.

“You’re thinking too hard about this, Kookie. Just relax. It’ll all be okay. And if something happens, you know you can come to me and we can talk about it. Anyways, we have a lot to catch up on with each other as it is.”

There he goes again. Taehyung’s always bringing out the positivity from any situation. And he deeply loves and appreciates him for that. What would he do without a Taehyung in his life?

———

The bell rings for school to end. Jungkook has yet to spot that blonde haired boy and he wishes to keep it this way. His heart hasn’t stopped hammering in his chest and he’s shaking like a wet dog, with sweat trailing from his neck down to his back and chills cover his skin from head to toe. How could he even possibly manage to see Jimin in under such conditions? God, he’s a wreck. What is this boy doing to him?

“Hey. It’s Jungkook, right?” He hears a voice coming up from behind him, which startles him. He doesn’t even have to turn around to know who it is. He knows who that voice belongs to - a voice he could never forget.

Jungkook sees Jimin jog up beside him and openly wrap an arm around him. “Jungkook, I didn’t even see you all day, I guess we must have different classes and a different lunch time.” He frowns. Jungkook wants to die. How is he just casually acting normal with knowing all that happened yesterday? Jungkook feels even more flustered and he can tell that this is just proof that Jimin didn’t even mean anything serious by what went on in the restroom yesterday. He wants to cry. He feels used. Feels mislead. Maybe he’s seeming like a little kid right now but to him, kissing Jimin was a big deal and especially the fact that he came in his pants by feeling Jimin pressed against him. He’s never felt that way with anyone ever and Jimin’s just acting like nothing ever happened. This is another reason why he didn’t want to see Jimin today. He didn’t want to have to be confronted with the fact that everything they did was just all fun and games to Jimin.

“Jungkook, why aren’t you talking? Is everything ok?” He makes Jungkook stop walking and he observes his face, eyeing down Jungkook like he’s under a personal inspection which makes Jungkook feel even more shy and insecure than he already is.

“I don’t know.” He gulps. God, this can’t be happening right now. The tears are starting to form and he can’t stop. But he has to stop.

He sucks the tears back up. He couldn’t cry right now. Not at school. And definitely not in front of Jimin. Where’s Taehyung when he needs him?

Jimin frowns as he places his hand over Jungkook’s cheek, thumbing over his skin softly. “Jungkook I know there’s something bothering you, but I won’t pry it from you. I know we just met but I promise you can tell me anything.” Jimin assures.
Jungkook looks down and there’s a moment of silence that fills the air.

“What would you say if I asked to come over to your house today? You’re not busy are you?” Jimin asks while lifting up Jungkook’s chin that’s drooping downwards.

“N-no. I’m not busy.” Jungkook flushes bright red, now staring at Jimin. Why did he just technically invite him over?

“Then great.” Jimin smiles so big, Jungkook thinks his heart is going to fail and that his brain is going to explode. Jimin locks arms with him as he guides them down the street, walking towards Jungkook’s house.

Jungkook can’t believe what’s happening. Jimin is coming to his house? This is reality right? He’s not dreaming right? Though, in the back of his mind, he thinks this might not be such a good idea after all, considering Jimin is only around him for fun and games.

At least that’s what he figures Jimin’s intentions are.

Chapter End Notes

I am soooo excited to write about what’s gonna happen in the next chapter. It may or may not be what you expect it to be like.
You’ll have to wait and see ;)

Until next time <3
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

He can feel it in the pit of his stomach. No, not the spicy concoction that’s still digesting from lunch time that Taheyung forced him to try, but a feeling of agony and fear, with some bubbliness that’s in the mix. Luckily, Seokjin didn’t ask too many questions once they walked into his house. He probably just assumes Jimin is Jungkook’s new good friend that he recently met, which that is true, somewhat. He doesn’t really know what to label their type of association they have between one other. He guesses their connection is simply defined as strangers, because friendship is something more deeper and they aren’t at that level yet. It’s complicated really.

Jungkook’s waiting restless on his bed. Doesn’t even know what position he should sit in - whether he should cross his legs, lean back against the bed, or if he should spread out his legs. Each different position has him imagining what type of message it may send Jimin once he walks out of the bathroom and sees him. Jimin will probably assume he’s trying to offer him sex if his legs were open and relaxed. But on the other hand, he might think Jungkook is weird for laying on his back against the bed while he waits for the other. Jungkook can’t help but overanalyze everything and he doesn’t know why he’s like this around Jimin. He regrets even signing up to bring Jimin to his home. Also he still can’t get over the fact that Jimin’s actually using the bathroom that’s in his bedroom. Why did Hoseok have to be hogging up the main bathroom? Jungkook massages his fingers between the bridge of his nose, highkey stressed and lowkey panicking.

There it is again, that lilac smell, that one familiar scent. Jungkook’s eyes nearly dilate as he’s shoving his face into the pillow. This can’t be happening. No, no, no!

“Um, Jungkook?”

He was too busy worrying about other things when he didn’t even realize that Jimin was out of the bathroom by now. Jungkook can’t lift up his head from the pillow. God, not right now. He can’t even look Jimin in the eyes.

“Is something wrong? You’ve been acting weird today, or is this how you always are?”

Ouch, that hurt. But he’s right, this is how he always is. And he guesses he shouldn’t be too offended by the others words considering they truly only met yesterday under such embarrassing circumstances. Jimin doesn’t know him at all. He has a right to assume things about Jungkook. Has a right to think that Jungkook might just so happen to be a crazy person after all. He doesn’t sense any fear emitting from the omega, but that doesn’t completely erase the possibility that he could still be a little scared or at least feel awkward around Jungkook.

That scent. It won’t go away. It’s like a mist that’s fogging up his brain cells, slowly making him act dumb in front of the omega.

Then it happens, Jungkook slowly rises his face from the pillow, cheeks puffy and rosy, lip almost quivering. Then he looks into the omegas eyes and sees how Jimin’s glisten with a sense of worry for the alpha in front of him. Jimin faintly whispers out, “please tell me what’s wrong.” Desperate to know more about the alpha he just met. Desperate to know more about what Jungkook is feeling, and why he barley looks at him or won’t answer him back right away. Does the alpha hate him? Did he go too far by inviting himself over to the older boys house? He knows he’s upset Jungkook. He has that gut feeling it has something to do with yesterday’s incident. Did Jungkook hate what they
did that much? Did he force himself onto the alpha? There’s so many questions that haven’t been answered yet that are raising up red flags.

“Jimin... I-... your scent...”

Jimin never peels his eyes away from the alpha. “You hate it? Is that what’s had you so bothered?” The one thing that upsets omegas more than anything is having their mate or someone that they like hating their scent. It’s actually an offense and it scares the omega, causing them to want to run away and find someone else who’ll love their scent, if that, because they’ll always have in the back of their minds that maybe no one ultimately wants them after all because of one dumb alphas ugly statement saying they dislike the omegas scent.

“No!” Jungkook shoots an awfully loud response towards Jimin which makes him squeak. “I-I mean... I like it, maybe.”

“Maybe?” Jimin blinks a few times before making a pouty face.

“I do like it, I think, I’m not sure yet.” He gulps. Jungkook’s lying to himself and he knows he is. Why can’t he just speak up for once like a man and say it? To tell Jimin that he fucking loves that scent. Last night, after Jimin’s face had been buried into his neck at school, he masturbated just thinking about his lilac scent, even wanted to rub his hand against his neck to collect as much of the scent as he could and use that hand to pump himself with, but he didn’t because he didn’t want to seem like a creep or pervert.

Jimin smiles at his response but it’s a devilish one. Considering Jungkook’s back is rested against the headboard of the bed and Jimin’s sitting on the edge of the bed, only inches away, it’s obvious Jimin has some weird plan up his sleeve with that smile plastered on his face. “Jungkook.” Jimin teases his name, but with a sweet yet mischievous tone to it, making Jungkook want to whimper deep in his throat and he actually might have but he’s too far gone to even notice at this point. What is he up to? Jungkook bites down so hard on his bottom lip with a feeling of anticipation and nervousness pent up inside of him.

Jimin begins to crawl up towards Jungkook seductively, like a predator hunting it’s prey, until he reaches his face, both are peering back at each other, Jimin hovering over the alpha. Jungkook swallows with big doe eyes staring up at Jimin. He notices how Jimin’s lips look so glossy right now and how he wishes Jimin would kiss him already. He whines on accident, feeling a hard-on start to form. Jimin is so close to him, Jimin’s scent is so heavy, it’s like something he can’t quite explain, and it lingers stronger the longer Jimin stays hovered over him.

“You like this Jungkookie? When I’m this close to you?”

Jungkook doesn’t know what’s gotten into him but it’s as if Jimin is placing him into a trance and he’s drifting on a cloud. It feels like Jimin’s mind fucking him right now and the scent from Jimin only grows thicker, tainting the air, as if Jimin knows exactly what he’s doing to him.

Jungkook finally responds by nodding his head up and down, biting down on his bottom lip even harder, nearly drawing blood at this point. Jimin notices.

“Aw, Jungkookie, what’s the matter? Cat got your tongue?” Jimin teases.

Ok, now he’s just fucking with him. He wants to moan so bad. So bad it almost hurts. Jimin’s so good at this - making Jungkook feel so owned. And that damn omegas scent is so overpowering, but he just can’t get enough of it at the same time. He imagines this is how it would feel like to be drugged. Because Jimin’s scent is a drug. And he’s becoming addicted, and it’s eating him alive and
they’ve only known each other for two freaking days.

Jimin glares down at him once more, smirking at his work, before he’s literally nuzzling and rubbing his face up against Jungkook’s, while releasing soft moans, only because he knows it’ll rile up the alpha.

“You like this, huh baby?”

And with that, Jungkook freezes underneath Jimin as he continues to do what he pleases with the alpha. Jimin’s lilac scent is being rubbed all over Jungkook. He’s scenting him. Making sure in the end that Jungkook learns to love his scent instead of ‘maybe liking it,’ as Jungkook put into words earlier, which is what caused this sudden change of setting.

Jungkook doesn’t know what to say or what to do. He’s never even been this close to anyone other than Jimin himself, let alone an omega at that. And Jungkook’s starting to think omegas are weird. Like they have weird kinks or something. Maybe he should ask Taehyung more about that later or would that be too weird to even ask something so personal? But with Jimin, it’s like he doesn’t know what personal space means. It’s clear as day that he’s got this flirty, kinky side to him. Or are all omegas like that? Again, he’ll have to ask Taehyung... maybe. And in the back of his mind, he wonders if Jimin is like with with just any alpha, or if it’s just with him. Wait, why is he so possessive all of a sudden? He shakes his head to loosen his train of thoughts, bumping noses with Jimin on accident. Jungkook swallows loud as their noses are connected, only centimeters away from lips gracing the others, centimeters away from shoving his tongue down that pretty mouth.

Jimin’s panting in Jungkook’s face as if he just went for a twenty minute jog. Sweat droplets fall from Jimin’s chin as he seems dazed, drunk almost. Almost as if he’s in heat or about to be. Jungkook’s eyes widen at the thought. Could it be that Jimin is about to be in heat? Is this why he’s acting like this? Then what about yesterday, does he even remember what they did? Does he even know what he’s doing right now?

Before any of Jungkook’s questions could be answered, he feels the zipper of his jeans being tugged on. When he looks down, he sees Jimin’s teeth biting down on his zipper. Jungkook gasps then covers his mouth, in shock at Jimin’s actions, physically unable to stop him even if he wanted to because he feels a jolt of hot electricity circuit throughout his body, can even picture those hot lips of his around his length and it’s too too good to even want to attempt to pry Jimin off of him. It’s what’s he’s thought about since yesterday. All he’s craved is to do naughty stuff with this omega.

Jimin begins to rub his face against Jungkook’s crotch and the friction feels so so so so good. Jimin purrs as he continues to scent him, loving how Jungkook can’t get enough of him and everything he does. He attempts to pull down Jungkook’s pants a little but leaves his boxers on, just to tease Jungkook even more than he has already. He begins making kitten licks at Jungkook crotch, his jeans becoming tinted not only from Jimin’s saliva but also from Jungkook’s precum.

Jimin hums. “I want to eat you.”

Jungkook blinks, unsure of what Jimin means by that.

“I wanna eat all your cum. You want that, huh Jungkookie? You’d fucking love that wouldn’t you.”

Jungkook whimpers as his erection throbs right underneath Jimin’s lips from hearing such dirty words coming from the omega. Jungkook didn’t know Jimin was this dirty. What has he gotten himself into?

“You gotta be a good boy for me Jungkookie.”
Jungkook immediately nods his head up and down, so desperate to get his first handjob or blowjob, whichever the hell Jimin plans to do, it’ll still be his first.

Wait, Jimin said that their kiss the other day was his first kiss ever, so does that mean Jimin’s never given a blowjob or anything like that? Or was he lying just to make Jungkook feel better since he knew he’s never been kissed? This omega has him suspicious. Maybe he is after all only wanting fun and games because look at the situation they are in now, Jimin has Jungkook practically begging for him. There’s no way Jimin has no experience. He has to been playing around. He feels the tears wanting to swell up. Could he have been this stupid to fall for his tricks? He doesn’t want his first attempt at foreplay to be like this and with someone like Jimin. Jimin is mean. Mean to mislead him.

Jimin completely stops what he’s doing as he looks up to find Jungkook looking distressed like he wants to cry. “J-Jungkook?” Jimin seems concerned.

And then it happens, all at once, Jungkook bursts into tears, kicking Jimin away, accidentally kneeing the omega in the chin, causing him to fly backwards in pain. Jungkook has a growl to his cries. He hurts so bad and wishes everything could all stop. It’s all Jimin’s fault. He wishes he never met Jimin. Wishes he never even let him touch him in such intimate ways. He feels violated almost.

There’s an intruding knock at the door and both the alpha and omega suddenly remain quiet. Next thing they know, the door is being ripped down by none other than Hoseok. He looks furious, like he could murder someone. He’s wheezing from being out of breath, and the veins in his muscles are protruding, teeth baring and ready to attack. He smells an omega, but not just any omega.

Hoseok’s eyes dart directly at Jimin, racing towards him to pick him up on his two feet, slamming him against the wall. “You better not have fucking laid a finger on my alpha!”

His alpha?

Jimin squirms in Hoseok’s hold before spitting in Hoseok’s face. “Kiss my ass.” Jimin continues trying to break free but Hoseok’s hold isn’t budging any time soon, but he won’t submit.

Hoseok throws Jimin aside and once he turns around to see if Jungkook’s hurt, he sees Jungkook laying on the bed, pants unzipped and pulled down to the floor with his boxers still on, wet. Hoseok snarls even more, but not at Jungkook, the gesture is made towards the omega.

“H-Hoseok-…” Jungkook weakly yearns for him to stop.

Hoseok glances back at the omega, sickened and disgusted, eyeing him up and down. “Leave. my. fucking. house. and. never. ever. return. or. lay. even. a. single. finger. on. him. again. Got it?” He leans closer into Jimin’s face as he speaks to make himself more clear. Hoseok’s tone, whenever he’s this serious, is immensely threatening and intimidating to anyone, especially to omegas.

“That I didn’t even do anything wrong.” The omega dares to challenge the alpha right in front of his face.

Hoseok just laughs. “I know who your family is and I know damn good and well who you are. Listen clearly whenever I say this again… You’ll never see Jungkook again or ever step foot near him. Now leave my god damn house before things get real ugly.”

“J-Jimin. Listen to him.” There’s plead in his eyes as he’s staring at Jimin, trying to convince him to leave before he makes the wrong choice again about speaking up. Because Jungkook knows Hoseok won’t stop until things go his way.

With that, Jimin obediently leaves.
Hoseok scoffs before glaring back at Jungkook.

“I’m tired of smelling that asshole on you. Go take a shower.” Hoseok commands before leaving his room, following Jimin, making sure he leaves their house.

Moments after he hears them walk down the stairs, Jungkook just sulks, trembling and feverishly, he falls to the bathroom floor, grasping onto his stomach, wanting to scream. He’s so confused. Confused and hurt.

Chapter End Notes

I was squealing when writing this., but then the ending of this chapter happened. lol ;D :’( 
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

So this chapter is like insane.
I spent the whole day pouring my heart into this one. Hope you enjoy...

(Side note: You may not care but I changed the title of this fic because I didn’t like the original title lol... anyways, enjoy)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Yeah? Well what else was I suppose to do?”

“I don’t know. Ok? And stop yelling at me. I’m not the one you should be mad at.”

Hoseok growls as he crosses his arms, unable to obey the other alpha but he finally complies, rolling his eyes before saying, “fine, but my main concern right now is to protect Jungkook. To keep him safe.”

“I agree. And we won’t get anywhere if you continue to whine and bitch in my left ear.” Seokjin snarls his nose, showing his teeth, while finishing up cooking dinner. It’s some pasta with vegetables. He takes out a tomato to slice up while Hoseok continues his rant.

“I’m not whining! I’m just concerned, and right now, this is all we can do for him... Unless you have any better ideas?” Hoseok has one hand on his hip, staring at Seokjin with superior, challenging to see if he has any other bright ideas.

Seokjin whips around with a knife in his hand from slicing tomatoes, giving Hoseok a hard angry stare before taking a deep breathe to calm himself. As he sets down the knife, Hoseok eyes his actions, cautiosly. Seokjin sighs while looking away, unable to bring any other ideas to the table. “I can’t believe this is happening.”

“Me either.” Hoseok grunts. “Can still smell that bastard in the air. Makes me sick.”

Seokjin looks sad as he spins around to go back to cooking dinner. “You should probably go check on him to see if he’s ok.”

———

“Jungkook?” Hoseok softly speaks as he’s knocking on the door, feeling horrible for what happened earlier. He twiddles his thumbs, patiently waiting for a response or for Jungkook to open the door.
He waits only a few moments before turning the knob and opening his door. “Jungkook?” He looks around his bedroom to find a vacant room, with no Jungkook. He searches Jungkook’s bathroom, looks in every corner of his room, but there’s no Jungkook. “S-Seokjin!!!!” Hoseok yells at the top of his lungs, panic in his voice.

Seokjin almost drops the boiling pot of water he was carrying to the sink so he could drain the noodles he was cooking, almost tripping to scurry up the stairs and into Jungkook’s room to find Hoseok trying to pull his hair out and panting heavy as can be. Seokjin catches onto what he’s so pained about and he too begins to freak out, falling to his knees, agony circling them.

Hoseok breaks down into tears, crouching down beside Seokjin. “W-where is h-he?” Tears planting onto Seokjin’s shoulder, he’s never really seen this alpha cry. “I bet that fucker took him!” Hoseok’s emotions turn from upset to angry within seconds. He’s standing up, kicking the wall and screaming into nothing, cursing so loud, the neighbors have probably already heard by now. Seokjin makes his way to Hoseok, grabs his shoulders to shake him out of it.

“Look! Hoseok, calm down.”

“No! Don’t touch me!” He roughly shoves Seokjin back into the floor. “Just don’t fucking touch me.” He once again goes back to sobbing, placing his hands over his face in embarrassment for showing such emotions.

“We had him safe! He was just here but now he’s gone. He’s fucking gone Seokjin. Where do you reckon he’s gone off to?”

“I-I don’t know.” Seokjin is shaking, trying to contain his feelings but Hoseok’s fit isn’t helping him one bit.

“I hate that fucking family. I hate them so much Seokjin! And their son was just here assaulting Jungkook with his dirty, pervy hands... I will kill him.” Hoseok’s teeth poke out from his slightly parted lips, with a furious, determined light in his eyes.

———

After running through the forest for god knows how long, the dew from the trees land onto their clothes, leaving wet spots in random areas. The tall grass pricks against their skin, causing an itchy rash to form. They’re gasping for air as they stop in their tracks, making sure to hide their scents along the way so that no one who comes looking for them will be able to track them down easily.

He doesn’t know why he decided to run away with that omega in the first place but it’s what felt right during the moment. He sits down in the moist dirt, ants crawl onto his ankles as he takes a rest from all that running. The omega shortly sits beside him, making sure not to get too close, nervous of being kicked again. The wound on his chin still remains present from where Jungkook had kicked him.

“Kookie.” Jimin barely pants out, still exhausted, he leans back against the tree, closing his eyes.

Jungkook doesn’t look at him. Doesn’t want to. Doesn’t dare to. And as more moments pass by, so does daylight. The sun slowly sets with each second they remain under the tree in silence. Birds and crickets chirping, the wind picking up speed, the air becoming more chilly, the clouds becoming grayer as the sunset is nearing.
“I’m sorry.”

Jimin opens his eyes suddenly at Jungkook’s random apology. Laying his hands in his lap, he glares over at him. “Don’t be.”

“Why am I even here?”

“Because I didn’t want you near them.”

“Near who?”

“Hoseok and Seokjin.”

“You don’t even know them.” Jungkook finally looks at Jimin, a little defensive.

Jimin doesn’t reply but instead stands up. “Come on, we have to go before it gets dark.”

“Go where?”

“To my house. You can’t just stay out here all night, Jungkook. Vampires will find you.”

“Vampires? Why would there be vampires here?”

Jimin swallows. “J-Just trust me and come with me.”

He’s not really sure if he should trust Jimin. He doesn’t even know why he ran away with him at all. But now he’s stuck in this icky situation and he guesses he doesn’t have a choice at this point. But he’s still upset and feels mislead, tricked, used. But for some unknown reason, he ran away with this omega. Ran away and doesn’t even know why he did. He doesn’t understand anything or who’s side to be on. Hoseok looked so serious earlier. He was genuinely angry at Jimin. But what did Jimin ever do to Hoseok? He just started school there so it’s not like they even know each other. He just can’t seem to fit all the puzzle pieces together.

“You coming?” A voice from a distance questions. It’s the omega.

“Yeah.”

———

“I-I really need to talk to you...” he finds the courage to say, as him and Jimin walk deeper through the forest.

“Ok. Let’s talk then.” Jimin eyes Jungkook out of the corner of his eyes, moving a little closer to him.

“It’s about... it’s about what happened earlier and also about something else too.”

“I guess now’s the time to tell you, since no one else is going to tell you” Jimin swallows, too nervous to speak until he lets the words flow out. He has Jungkook’s attention, but seemingly hesitant to listen, as if he really doesn’t want to know what the truth is.

“Jungkook, sometimes people just don’t get along and that’s how it is between my family and your
family. The history between my family and yours goes way back and from what I’ve been told, there’s been many wars and fights amongst each other. My ancestors were fighters and believers in claiming what was theirs. For instance, I remember being told that my ancestors owned all the land around here, and your ancestors were trying to settle here. My ancestors didn’t like that idea and they forced your people to leave and banned them. That’s why we live so far away from each other now, because there’s still conflict between each family due to our ancestors rivalry and pride. That’s why I’ve been homeschooled my whole life. I just recently transferred to your public school because my older brother made me. And also because I’m suppose to be a spy to get more information... about your family. I-I didn’t want to but I was forced or I’d be beaten. They even told me to find you and to make sure to get close to you... but Jungkook I swear on my life, I promise this isn’t the reason why I wanted to become friends with you. We met on accident Kookie, in the restroom, remember?”

Jungkook stands there, shocked. Shocked that no ones ever told him about his family’s history and shocked about why Jimin kept this from him. But he’s mostly mad at Hoseok and Seokjin for never telling him about this. He now understands why Hoseok was so angry earlier. He guesses he would be too. Now he feels even more used. What’s there to believe anymore? And now he’s hanging out with the enemy. He knows he shouldn’t think this way since it’s something that happened in the past between both wolf packs, but within the alpha/beta/omega world, it’s completely different. Their family history sets their lives basically. And being caught with Jimin on his family’s land would get him sent to prison or even a death sentence.

(When he says prison, he means something similiar to a dungeon. ((This is where the story takes a turn, so don’t judge me)) The dungeons reside in the basements of the enemies house. Kind of a weird place to keep prisoners but that’s how things worked.) and vice versa, if Jimin were caught with Jungkook on Jungkook’s land (as he currently was earlier), then bad things happen as a consequence. That’s why Hoseok got so angry. He hates Jimin’s family and how they’ve treated his pack in the past and how they are still treated the same way to this day. Alpha’s, beta’s, and omega’s are all suppose to work together in harmony, not fight for land, not ban others off their property whenever they have no other place to go, but that’s just how things ended up.

Jungkook doesn’t know how to feel, everything was just poured onto him all at once and it has his mind in appall and he’s beginning to feel nauseous, his blood pulsating, surging deep under his skin, mouth becoming dry. “But.. W-What about... - So you basically just... - You tricked me? I knew you’re intensions with me were evil. I knew it couldn’t be true to find someone so nice and perfect like you!” Jungkook could barley find the right words. He doesn’t even know where to start and he can’t believe he just told Jimin he was perfect. He’s usually the shy type, but today, with knowing what he just found out, he can’t contain his emotions. He doesn’t even know what he’s saying, he feels stressed to the limit.

“If you listened properly, I said I genuinely like you! We accidentally met anyways, it’s not like I fucking stalked you to the restroom that one day. And yeah, I was suppose to eventually meet you anyways to spy on you but it’s not even like that now. I forgot about that whole spying shit my brother wanted me to do once I actually started to see your personality.”

“Bullshit!” Jungkook starts banging his fists against Jimin’s chest. Can’t even believe what’s coming out of the omegas mouth at this point. He knows he’s a stinking liar. He’s messing with his head and he knows it.

“You tried to seduce me because you wanted information from me. I’m not dumb! Ok? I see what’s going on now. And what information did your brother even want from me anyways? It’s not like I even knew anything about all this family history shit in the first place. I had to find out from you, not even my own pack.”
Jimin falls to the ground from being hit so much with a look of fear in his eyes. “H-He wanted -..”

Jungkook cuts him off. “I can’t even believe that I wanted to be like your kind. An omega, I mean. All they ever do is - is... they are just dumb! Weak! Manipulative! I’d rather die than be someone like you, someone that’s a moron who has no purpose in life but to follow the orders of every living and breathing alpha. I’m glad I’m an alpha because to be in your shoes would be the worst thing ever.”

Jungkook really doesn’t know what he’s talking about. His alpha side is controlling his emotions. He’s hurt. He’s scared. This is what alphas do when they are scared, they hurt they people around them without even knowing it.

“You wanted to be an omega?”

Jungkook kicks Jimin’s leg. “Shut up! I don’t anymore! After seeing what it really means to be one, I don’t! And make fun of me all you want for wanting to be one but I don’t care what you think of me anymore.”

“I wouldn’t make fun of you...”

“I said shut up!” Jungkook’s eyes are red, threatening, and this isn’t like him.

Jimin submits, lowering his head to the ground, about to cry. This is a Jungkook he doesn’t know. But he’d never second guess why he’s acting like this though, because he knows what he told him probably hurts and he knows Jungkook’s alpha side would eventually have to be revealed to him sooner or later. Jimin can’t always act as the one in charge, especially considering he’s an omega. At one point, Jimin knew he’d see this side to Jungkook and he’d have to back down.

“What the fuck am I gonna do. What the fuck do I do.” Jungkook is mumbling to himself as he paces back and forth, then circles around a tree, trying to concentrate but he can’t with that omega scent wafting his way. Which makes him bare his teeth because he remembers that specific omega has pissed him off.

Caught off guard, they hear something rustling in the trees not far from where they are. Jimin stays still on the ground.

“Get on top of me.” Jimin demands with definite fear to his voice.

“No. What the fuck? Why would I ev-“

“Scent me.” Jimin commands again. But his stern words aren’t working on the alpha.

Seconds later, Jimin pulls Jungkook on top of him, Jungkook squirms but finally complies once he hears the rustling becoming closer to them, almost as a threat. “What is that?” Jungkook whispers into Jimin’s face, trying to get off of Jimin but the omega whines and pushes his nails into the alphas back. Jungkook winces.

“Scent me now Jungkook.”

“No.”

“Then I’ll die.”

“Good. I hate you anyways.” Jungkook grunts.

“Scent me now you dummy.” Jimin pulls on the baby hairs of Jungkook’s neck as they begin to
wrestle in the grass, rolling around, pinning one on top of the other, leaving a few scratches, until there’s feet right beside where they lay in the dirt.

“V-Vampires.” Jimin whispers before squeaking quietly in alarm at the new figures in front of them.

“Well well well, look what we have here.” One vampire chuckles.

Shaking with joy, drooling, another vampire says, “that one.” He points to Jimin, unable to contain himself.”

“Quiet you fool!” The first vampire commands.

“But master, I’m starving. Can’t we just ea-“

“I said quiet.”

Jimin and Jungkook turn to look at each other. Jimin swallows thick. “Please.” He whispers as quiet as a mouse for only Jungkook to hear, plead in his words, and fear evident in his scent. But the attempt at being quiet didn’t run past the vampires ears. They hear everything.

“Stand up, pip squeak.” The vampire orders.

“Who are you?” Jungkook dares to ask as he helps Jimin stand up with him.

The vampires chuckle. “What a daring one we found.” He smirks. “I’m Baekhyun and this is my friend, Xiumin.” He circles around the two, smirk never leaving his face. He smells the air when he’s right beside the omega. “Don’t you smell rather lovely.” Baekhyun teases the wolves.

“Back off.” Jungkook orders.

“Oh and why should I? Me and my friend here aren’t trying to cause you any trouble but we are quite starving I must say. We heard some fools chit-chatting out here all alone and decided to see for ourselves what all the commotion is about.”

“Go find someone else. We were just on our way somewhere and don’t need your nose in our business or your presence here.”

“But child, this forest is my forest. You’re on my property and I have a right to do whatever I want.”

Jungkook gulps then looks at Jimin. He gives Jimin a ‘what the fuck’ face.

“I t-told you Kookie, vampires roam out here.”

“Yeah, but you didn’t say this was their property.”

“This is the only way to my house.”

Jungkook’s eyes narrow. ‘Hmm. Or maybe you wanted us to go through this forest Jimin, so you can have me locked away or killed! For all I know, you could be teamed up with these blood sucking freaks.”

“Jungkook!” Jimin sounds offended.

Baekhyun and Xiumin stand there in awe at their little quarrel, fascinated in the best way.

“He wants us to separate, Jungkook, so that it’s easier to attack us! Don’t you see? Right now I’m
not the enemy. Listen to me Kookie. You have to trust me.” Jimin begs.

The vampires giggle but try to hide their mouths behind their long sleeves.

“Go ahead and take him.” Jungkook announces to the vampires.

They both smirk at how foolish the alpha must be. Jimin squirms, clinging onto Jungkook’s back for some protection, screaming “No!! Please!!” Jungkook pushes him off of his back, causing the omega to fall onto the ground. Blood rushing throughout his body.

“You make this too easy.” Baekhyun states.

“I’ll take the thigh, you take the neck.” Xiumin suggests.

Before the vampires have time to do anything, Jungkook knocks them both out with a tree branch he found laying on the ground. Knocks them out so hard that they’ll have plenty of time to get away before the vampires wake back up.

“Get on my back.”

Jimin, still shaking on the ground, struggles to stand up before jumping onto Jungkook’s back. He runs, runs as far as he can until he needs to stop and take a breath.

“Kookie!” Jimin has tears streaming down his face. “I thought y-you were going to let me d-die.” He hiccups, clinging onto the alphas back.

“No. I wouldn’t let you die. I had to distract them in order for us to get away. So I pretended like I was allowing them to feed off of you. When no one was looking, I picked up the branch and knocked them out. I planned it all out Jimin. I wasn’t going to let you die.”

Jimin snuggles into the back of Jungkook’s neck, smelling his alpha scent to help calm him down.

“T-thank you.”

Jungkook grunts, letting the omega slide off his back carefully. “Don’t get used to my niceness. I’m still suspicious of you.”

“I don’t get why you don’t trust me Kookie, I haven’t even done anything wrong. And I’m upset you can’t trust me, yeah, I understand you can’t fully trust me, but back there with what just happened, you should had scented me and trusted that I knew what I was doing.”

“I didn’t want to scent you. I don’t want to claim someone like you.”

“Why are you so mean?” The omega begins to tear up.

“Let’s just be done with this conversation already, ok?”

Jimin stares down at the ground, tears still forming.

“You’re such a jerk. I thought you were sweet and shy, it was nice for once, especially you being alpha. But you’re acting dirty, just like every typical alpha I’ve ever known.”

“And you think I even want to be this way? I hate myself and I hate who I am, but you can’t say I’m acting like a typical alpha whenever you act like a typical omega.”
Jimin doesn’t reply.

Moments pass and the omega finds himself finally looking at Jungkook, breaking the silence. “Earlier, why did you say you thought about being an omega? You even said it yourself that omegas are manipulative, weak, and basically the worst thing to be born as.”

“I really don’t want to talk about this with you. You’re the enemy, remember? Could just be trying to get information from me for all I know.”

“Jungkook.” Jimin grabs the alphas shoulders, having them to be face to face. “This is me wanting to get to know you because I like you. It has nothing to do with my brother wanting information from you.”

“I can’t trust you.”

Jimin’s sighs. “Look, I’m sorry. I’ll just leave you alone for now.”

Chapter End Notes

Finally, the storyline has shifted and it’s kind of abrupt but the central idea is still present, though with new added drama circling it.

All I ask is for you to stay with me throughout the process and journey of this fic. I have so much planned and I hope you can adjust to the twists and turns I throw into this fic.

Please leave your thoughts if you have any. I really appreciate them <3

p.s. don’t hate me :)
“How much farther until we get to your place?”

“Not too much farther. Want to take another rest?”

“I don’t know if we should. Wouldn’t want to be caught by those vampires again.”

Jimin’s eyes wonder to the ground before finding Jungkook staring up at the sky. It’s dark outside, almost midnight.

“What are you staring at?”

“The moon.”

Jimin brings his attention to the moon only seconds before taking another peek at Jungkook, admiring how the light hits the alpha’s face in all the right places, highlighting his cheek bones, his nose, and his chin. It’s a beautiful sight, Jimin thinks. His eyes begin to flicker with lust, unconsciously beginning to walk towards the alpha with an arm reaching out for him, but quickly stopping once he notices what he’s doing, and his hands consequently fall to his sides.

Hesitant, he begins to walk forwards again, but this time conscious of his actions. The omega shyly reaches for the others hand, smoothly intertwining their fingers. At first, Jungkook doesn’t say anything. He looks down at their hands then back at Jimin.

“What’re you doing?”

Jimin blushes, tightening his grip on the others hand. “I-I’m cold...” He stutters to reply, while avoiding the others eyes.

“I’m still upset with you.”

“I know and I’m sorry...”

The alpha has a look of dissatisfaction on his face before noticing the omega is shaking.

“Are you really that cold?”

Jimin shakes his head up and down.

“Do you think we should continue walking or should we rest here for the remainder of the night?”

“It’s whatever you think is best.” He sniffs.

Jungkook is starting to feel a little guilty. Guilty for how he’s acted towards the omega the entire night. Guilty because a side of him came out that he didn’t ever want Jimin to see. He’s treated Jimin like shit and all Jimin’s done in return is show him kindness.

He pulls the omega snug in his arms with a hand tenderly rubbing up and down his back. Doesn’t know why he holds him. Doesn’t know why he’s treated Jimin this way today. He feels so pained for the omega. Jimin doesn’t deserve to be treated like this. He feels the tears building up before one
by one they spill from his eyes. The sobs punching through, ripping throughout his muscles, bones, and guts as if he just lost someone so important in his life. The alpha presses his forehead against the omegas as his grip begins to loosen, although, the tears are never ending, rolling down his cheeks with wide luminous eyes and a pained expression. There’s a rawness to his sobs; the pain is like one massive open wound. In this moment, the whole world turned into a blur and so did every little sound, because the only thing he could picture right now was that omega in his arms. Everything else dead to him in this very moment.

“I’m... I’m s-so sorry... J-Jimin.” The alpha hiccups, ears beginning to ring.

The omega pulls him closer in the hug, cheeks warming up to Jungkook’s apology. Loving the feeling of the younger in his arms once again, just like that time in the restroom - the first time they met.

“You don’t need to be sorry. If anything, I should be sorry.”

They stay in that position for the longest time, holding onto one other, sharing warmth until they decide to lay in the grass. The omega inhales deeply, each breath he takes becoming one with the alphas.

The alpha cuddles the omega, feeling purely sick of how he treated Jimin and the things he said to the omega. It’s like he was drunk and now he’s sober, a flash of realization hitting him in the face; realizing how much of a dick he’s been. Jimin forgives him but the alpha can’t forgive himself for the damage he’s caused. He can’t let this happen again - he can’t let his alpha side release and hurt Jimin again. It’s not who he wants to be. He’s felt so drawn to the omega for the past few days and he can’t fuck it up now.

Tears leave his eyes as he grips tighter onto the omega in his arms. They share body heat in the chilly, vampire infested forest - ‘the only way to Jimin’s house’ as the omega once said. The alpha is a little confused about that but he doesn’t question it too much. He wants to be able to trust the omega. And he wants the omega to trust him.

He falls into a slumber, the omega pressed against him already snoozing happily - the way he wants it to be.

Jimin to be happy.

———

“Ouch.” The omega has one hand covering his knee, while bruises cover the remainder of his body in no particular place.

The alpha stretches as he wakes up, eyes adjusting to the morning light. He yawns before spotting Jimin sitting in the grass, a far distance from him. His eyes still a fuzzy blur as he tries to concentrate on the omega. He slowly sits up, grabbing onto his head as if he has a hangover, body aching.

“J-Jimin.” Jungkook’s voice is gravelly and low as he tries to get the omegas attention. Trying to crawl over to the omega, he doesn’t get very far before his face dives into the dirt, body laying limp, not knowing what’s wrong with himself.

“Jimin.” This time his voice is faint and breathy, but yearning.
Why won’t Jimin look over at him?

He watches the omega, wincing in pain, grabbing onto his knee. He can see Jimin screaming but can’t hear him.

“How?” The alpha says, but no sounds comes from his mouth.

Just as the morning sun was perked up above the trees, the setting suddenly turned dark and scary. Dark grey clouds formed in the sky, and everything abruptly felt wicked and evil to him. He felt heavy pressure in his chest, like he couldn’t breathe and a swarming feeling of fear engulfed him. He could still see Jimin in pain. He bangs his fists against the ground, trying to yell out the omegas name but no words ever escape.

Seconds after, he sees those two vampires hold Jimin up by his shirt. One of the vampires eyes Jungkook with a red crimson tint in his stare. A devilish smirk forming on his lips as he laughs out loud, thunder striking down, before biting into the omegas neck. Jungkook’s eyes are wide with horror, and his horrified whaling screams cause silence to fill the forest. His nails dig deeply into the dirt, trying to control his hatred towards the filthy vampire. His eyes quickly pulse as his screams become even more desperate and overbearing, wanting to run and attack the vampires but it’s as if he’s glued in his position in the grass. Laying there, tortured by the images in front of him. Adrenaline surges through his veins, ready to fight, he pants hard, sweat constantly rolling off of his body.

“How? The alpha faintly hears but doesn’t know where it’s coming from. He continues to scream even though the voice sounds familiar.

“Jungkookie, please.” He hears the familiar voice speak again.

How?"

The alpha gasps for air as his head lifts from the pillow. Sweaty and traumatized, his eyes search for the voice he heard.

“Jungkook. It’s ok. It was only a nightmare.”

The omega makes the alpha lay his head back down against the pillow, then places his palm against his forehead, frowning. He shakily grabs a hold of the alphas clammy hands, staring at him with a look uneasiness.

“W-where am I?” Jungkook dryly asks.

“Some of the people from my pack had found us sleeping in the forest this morning and brought us back to my house on horseback.” His hand finds its way to the alphas cheek. “Are you ok Jungkook?”

The alpha doesn’t answer but instead asks another question. “We’re late for school?”

Jimin frowns at the alpha’s question before tearing up.

“W-we... Jungkook, we can’t go back...”

“What do you mean?” Confusion in the alphas voice.

“We’re in a lot of trouble.” Jimin hardly makes into a whisper. His eyes clinch shut, trying to prevent the tears from slipping.
“I don’t understand Jimin—” the alpha sits up, eyeing every corner of the omegas face for answers.

“Wh-where’s Hoseok and Seokjin? Are they ok? Were they worried about me?”

Jimin quickly places his hand over the alpha’s mouth before releasing it. He leans into Jungkook’s neck and whispers, “you can’t say their names in this house.” He wraps his arms around the alpha, keeping his face nuzzled into his neck.

Jungkook holds the omega firmly against him, still slightly feeling a little weak from his nightmare. He stares at the wall, worried and confused before having Jimin look at him. “Please tell me what’s happening. You said we can’t go to school anymore? What about Taheyung? He’s my best friend.”

Jimin quietly whimpers, lip quivering before tears spill from his eyes, small streams slip from his chin. He shakes his head back and forth from side to side.

“Please... tell me... just tell me something.” The alpha stares at the omega, lost.

The omega slowly backs away from their hug, walking over to a small table before grabbing something. He makes his way back over to the alpha. “Please forgive me.” Just like a stake fork shoving through his heart, he hesitates to pull out the object he just grabbed from the table, shaking and silently crying. Then it happens, he handcuffs Jungkook.

“W-what is this?” Jungkook looks hurt. He doesn’t understand anything about what’s happening. Before Jimin can answer, Jimin’s brother walks into the room.

“Good job chim chim. I’ll take it from here.”

Jimin feels a sting in his heart, eyeing Jungkook before quietly leaving the room. Jungkook immediately looks at the new figure in the room.

“What the fuck is this?”

“Quiet.” The figure demands.

The alpha swallows in fear, avoiding eye contact.

“I’m Kim Namjoon, newly owner of this land and head of this pack. And it appears that a certain someone was on my land, uninvited.”

“I-I... Jimin-... he-... he wanted me to run away with him.”

Namjoon crosses his arms and narrows his eyes. “My brother has taken a liking to you, hasn’t he?”

Namjoon slowly inches closer to the alpha. “It’s unfortunate that he finds someone with such a handsome face like yours. I’m a little jealous to say the least.” He grabs Jungkook, forcing him out of the bed. “He even let you lay in a bed in our home. How pathetic. Letting an omega baby you and take care of you and crying over you. If you’re a real alpha, you’d not need a bed to heal or a flimsy omega to guide you in the right direction. Just smelling you makes me want to vomit. Weakness is the only thing I sense in your bones. And to think you’d have the audacity to imagine that somehow, one day you’d get my approval? What a tragic love story. You’d never get my approval to be with Jimin. Jimin deserves a strong and powerful alpha to escort him through life. And it just so happens you’re not that type of model fit for the job. Especially since you’re from that horrid pack of smelly wolves. Now I have to bathe Jimin myself to get rid of that awful stench.” Namjoon grabs Jungkook’s chin, aggressively in his hold, as he forces Jungkook to stare him deep in the eyes.
A few other people from his pack enter the room to carry Jungkook out. Jungkook doesn’t struggle to get away. All he can think about is what Namjoon said to him. And he also wonders how Jimin might feel right now.

His eyes adjust back to reality to realize he’s being taken down a numerous amount of stairs. To the dungeon?

Moments later, he’s thrown into a cellar, the handcuffs are removed from his wrists and the cell door shuts and locks with a sharp click. It’s dark. The only light comes from a few walls that have candles lit. There’s no telling how long those will be lit for before the candle wax is eventually melted down. What’s going to happen to him? Is he going to get his head chopped off? He images all the freaky and torturous things they’ll do to him.

He sits against the wall in the corner of the cell, thinking about a lot of things. Maybe he does deserve to die after all, to rot in this cellar and never see Jimin again. Jimin will definitely find someone better, just like Namjoon said himself. There was just something he couldn’t pin point though. Everything felt so confusing, just like a jumbled set of a puzzle - one that he didn’t know how to solve. How must Jimin feel or think right now? And will Jimin get punished for his known presence around the omega? He obviously knows he can’t be with the omega, Namjoon had made that statement crystal clear.

Jungkook lay on the floor, his face closed in a grimace, his skin pale and clammy. Every few minutes another tear would roll down his cheek. It had a raw quality, the realness of a person consumed by a pain that knew no end or limit. He cried mostly because he was scared for what would happen to Jimin and he endlessly worried about his feelings and thoughts about all of this, especially worrying about his safety and what his brother would do to the omega. Jungkook cried another tear at the thought of Jimin being treated horribly unfair. Jimin shouldn’t be the one in trouble, it’s Jungkook who deserves to suffer. And even though he’s hurt Jimin before and swore to himself to never do it again, it draws the line whenever another being hurts Jimin.

Though, in the end, what can he do to protect Jimin? He’s a weak and cowardly alpha. Right?

Chapter End Notes

I haven’t updated a lot of my fics in quite some time. I had part of this chapter written a few months ago and decided to finish writing it today. My passion for writing came back recently and I have some extra time on my hands so I will try to update more often.
His body lies peacefully as he rests against the piercing, cold floor, not even slightly perturbed by the shriek coming from the water pipe that’s leaking and snapping onto the floor. His blood is thrashing, but his breath becoming short, almost lifeless and ready to surrender and give up, to claim an end to this pain and suffering early and head on. Not even knowing how many hours have pasted by since he was escorted to this cellar, or should he say *imprisoned*.

His eyes are closed, yet his eyeballs actively rolling from side to side underneath his eyelids. That once rosy complexion is now waxy and pale. That mouth which was so quick to smile in life, it now lies stiff and motionless. He’s stoic, disgustingly calm and nearly without any emotion to the new situation he’s being faced with. As if he’s in a dark tunnel with no end, or with no light at the end. With no source of hope and unknowing of what’s to happen next, he weakly brings up his hand to his chest and then listening, feeling for a pulse in vain to see if he’s dead yet, even though he knows he’s still alive. However, wishing he was already dead more than anything.

He continues to replay the words Namjoon expressed throughout his mind, his words are so vivid to him. He’s *weak, pathetic, powerless, undeserving of Jimin, not alpha enough*, and most importantly *not good enough for Jimin*. Depression engulfs him in the silence of this dark, obscure room. It only makes Jungkook wonder how many other people have been in captivity down here, other than him, and what had ought to happen to those people. But truly, he doesn’t care anymore, whether he lives or dies. He has no determination or willpower to fight for survival and he knows he would fail if he even tried. Like Namjoon said, Jimin is better off without him and he’s undeserving of the omega. Jimin will eventually find a better alpha, someone who actually treats him right. Someone who isn’t a weak or fragile alpha like Jungkook is. Someone who’s actually in an appropriate mental state of mind who can take care of the omega like he deserves, and to give him a life of true love and prosperity.

He sighs, his cold breath exhaling from his lungs. He’s numb and detached, but also deeply traumatized by the events that managed to play throughout today, unsure of what to think of it, but it’s driving him mental. He’s only known Jimin for two days, so what did he really expect?

*Love only exists in fairytales*, at least that’s what Jungkook has come to think.

And honestly, he knows everything is his fault in some shape or fashion. Could anyone really blame him for thinking that way though?

Soon, his thoughts are yet replaced by heavy, staggering thuds that come from above. The small, bordered up window, which produced no natural sunlight for the room he’s in, is a few feet above where he lays. The thuds sound deep, but masked, yet provide a sharp ringing to his ears. It takes only a few more of those said thuds before Jungkook slowly bends his head back to look up in the direction from which the noise originates from.

He then sees random silhouettes of what he assumes are people, and soon that thought is confirmed whenever he hears not only one voice, but two? Even though he can’t fully decipher what they are babbling about.

“I said I got it.”
An exhausted huff.

“Give me that... You’re making too much noise. Anyways, where did you even find that huge steak fork at?”

“I found it on our way here. Figured it would be useful.” He shrugs.

A clink. A clank. A knock or two.

“This isn’t working... What was plan B again?”

A frustrated sigh.

“Plus, I doubt he’s even down here. We are wasting our time... Let’s just go to the front door and introduce ourselves like my original plan was.”

“You mean plan Z? That idea was idiotic. So we pretend like we are the pizza guys... and then what?... ‘surprise, the pizza you didn’t order is here... but oh, by the way, can we use your restroom? It’s not like we are trying to snoop around your house or anything, but I just lost my son. Lowkey not trying to accuse you of smuggling him here or anything, but the last time we saw him, he was sort of with your pup, Jimin’... Seokjin expressively reenacts with strong hand gestures. “Yeah, Hoseok, that’s not going to work. So breaking in is our best option right now. “

“How is my idea idiotic whenever we are literally sitting in the dirt in the middle of the night and trying to pry open some random window whenever I’m 98 percent... 96 percent sure that he’s not... just...” Hoseok interrupts himself before he starts an unnecessary argument, with a strong gravelly, and annoyed bark. His hands in tight fists before they rest on either side of his waist in a dramatic way, pissed off and somewhat insulted due to Seokjin rejecting his so-thought creative ideas and teasing him about it.

Seokjin blankly stares at Hoseok. “Are you done whining and moaning in my left ear? Get over here and be useful and help me pry this wood off... I think...I almost got it.” Sweat rolling from his temple as he exhales a tired sigh.

Hoseok growls throaty, still annoyed, before complying and giving Seokjin a helpful hand.

But he continues... “I swear if any of those bastards dare lay a hand on our Jungkook... I’ll kill them.” He mumbles the last part just under his breath, with eyes as red with as rubies, a mixture of both pent up hate and anger... “What a bunch of filthy, notorious pigs. There’s no telling what they did to Jungk-...”

Seokjin quickly interrupts Hoseok’s episode as the wood gives in, cracking and allowing them to take a peek inside the room from the height they are at.

They bump heads as they both lean in at the same time in attempt to view inside the small hole they just created. Hoseok is quick to latch onto the last piece of wood that’s screwed in shut, adrenaline guiding him as he pulls with all his might, in hopes of breaking in and finding their beloved Jungkook. Nails dig into the stubborn wood, grunting harshly as his muscles strain to keep up. There’s a possibility of splintering his hand, but in the moment he doesn’t care. All he cares about is finding his brother and making sure he’s ok. And he’ll be sure to make anyone who dare touched Jungkook, regret they ever did.

Jungkook stares up, watching, but mainly listening to the two men, with his mouth slightly parted and his hand resting over his forehead to create a shadow over his eyes in order to better examine the two from above, and he’s also wondering how the hell they randomly found him, out of all places.
Somehow, though, he’s unable to form any word or sound from his chapped lips, unable to make a simple sentence, unable to give any type of sign that he is in fact alive and unharmed, yet he’s bound, trapped in an undisclosed cellar, waiting to rot or to face death by Namjoon’s choice, whichever arrives first.

He lets out a painful, yet somewhat relieved sigh. Unconsciously blushing at how insanely brave and loving his family really is. The fact that they’d go to extravagant lengths for the sake of their pup... He is immensely blessed that he has a family as caring and protective as they are. He couldn’t ever publicize his true feelings to either Hoseok or Seokjin, but maybe one day he’ll find the courage to do so. He also wouldn’t dare admit how he’s currently trembling over two undecided mixed emotions ...

1. Wanting Hoseok and Seokjin to rescue him

versus

2. His desire to stay where he currently is, possibly to rescue Jimin from Namjoon’s abusive grip since he’s always making Jimin do all of his dirty work.

He wonders if Namjoon ever physically abused Jimin before... he doesn’t really want to keep a thought like that in his already troubled mind, and it’s quite rude to make such strong assumptions.

But, truthfully, he has split emotions - of either wanting to stay, to find a way out of the cellar himself and bringing Jimin to safety or... to escape with his own pack, Hoseok and Seokjin, and to make it back home, where he’s safe and sound.

Seokjin spy’s through the window from that small hole, while Hoseok continues working on breaking off the remaining piece of wood, his hands and energy taking a sacrifice for the team. Admittedly, he’s the stronger of the two. And whatever Hoseok sets his mind to, he never stops until he gets what he was primarily aiming for.

“I-I can’t see shit in there.” Seokjin exclaims while leaning closer to the glass window. “It’s too dark.”

“Move back.”

Seokjin shoots a glance at Hoseok before doing as he was told.

With all his strength, he jabs that rusty steak fork straight through the center piece of wood. He grits his teeth as his concentration is at its maximum peak, determined to go as far as burning down the whole building if it meant he’d find Jungkook, that is, if he knew Jungkook wasn’t inside.

“Should we try your plan now, taking into considering of the rate that everything is going, it’ll take days before we could break in... or maybe there’s another way to get inside?” Seokjin suggests.

“Pfft. Oh, so now you want to try my plan.” Hoseok fusses as he swings the steak fork backwards with displeasure, almost hitting Seokjin by accident.

“Watch where you’re swinging that thing!” He shields himself.

Hoseok ignores Seokjin’s comment, and once again takes a stab at that stubborn piece of wood. Finally, it cracks and the wood lies in pieces surrounding them.

Seokjin is quick to lean forward to decide if coming in through the window would be of any benefit to them, and to see if he can spot anything that would indicate Jungkook had been previously here.
With the glass still intact, and without any warning, Hoseok shatters the glass completely with a loud yell of victory. Seokjin jumping backwards, screaming a “what the hell, you could’ve warned me!”

Seokjin is in a sudden panic. “Are you trying to give me a heart attack, you could’ve hit me! Plus, what if someone, what if our Jungkook is in there. With all this glass and our loud screams, someone was bound to of heard us.” He’s out of breath, chest heaving as he’s laying down in the dirt and gazing up at Hoseok, in a rather shaken up state.

Hoseok rolls his eyes because of Seokjin’s motherly instincts, but also making sure Seokjin will be ok. “I doubt anyone heard us, this place is literally a mansion. I’m positive we are safe.” He reassures. “Now hurry up and help me get in. At least if we get inside, we can find another room if he’s not down here and begin searching from there.”

Seokjin nods his head in agreement.

As Hoseok sits on the ledge of the window, Jungkook peers though Hoseok and Seokjin from above as if they were ghosts, unfazed, and their voices seemed to pass right through his head as if it were so much meaningless wind. He sits in the corner, watching their attempt at breaking in, without saying a single word to the two, until he finally utters his first words.

“You know, you two could be more quiet.” His arms are tastelessly crossed as his gaze meets Hoseok’s.

“Jungkook?” Seokjin’s heart skips a beat when he hears that familiar voice as if beautiful singing birds were chirping right into his ears, a blissful sound. One that he needed to hear. One that seemed like a short dream. He’s so exited to look through the window to see Jungkook for himself, that he ends up completely knocking Hoseok out the window. He plummets face first into the cellar floor that Jungkook is in.

“A-ah...” He weakly croaks, his body twitching in pain and his muscles swell as agony buries him deeper into an unconscious state, before he’s completely passed out.

“Seokjin!” Jungkook is barely able to speak, a loud whisper.

He rushes to Hoseok’s side, petting his back soothingly before feeling for his pulse. He lifts up Hoseok’s head and pushes his eyelids back, confirming that he’s passed out. He eyes Seokjin so he understands Hoseok’s state.

“Wha- I uh, how... are you ok?... have you been here... t-the whole time...?” Seokjin manages to ask, unsure of what to even say with what all just happened within the last five minutes.

Jungkook nods his head, saddened.

Seokjin throws out his arms in confusion, as if he’s demanding for some answers, but still lowkey concerned about Hoseok. But a part of him knows that whenever he wakes up, he’ll have it coming for him.

Suddenly, a door opens and a man appears to walk over towards Jungkook’s cellar.

“Shit.” Seokjin whispers underneath his breath as he hides his body, but still allowing himself to spy out the window, hoping the man doesn’t notice the broken window or the fact that Hoseok’s body is literally laying unconscious on the floor.

As the unidentified man walks even closer, he instantly notices who it is and Seokjin’s mouth becomes agape, jaw completely dropping open.
The man is carrying some food in his hands, about to say something to Jungkook whenever he hears, “Namjoon?!”

Namjoon’s neck immediately snaps upwards in the direction in which the voice came from, only to find Seokjin sitting on the edge of the shattered window, to his utmost surprise.

Within a flash, everything happens so quickly. The food in his hands splatter onto the floor, slipping from Namjoon’s grip because he’s clearly in absolute shock, his eyes widened as his heart races to find no end.

Jungkook looks back and forth between the pair to study their odd reactions.

“Wait... do you two know each other or something?” Jungkook tries to ask in attempt to make things less awkward.

Seokjin lets out a short, but joyful laugh. “Yeah, me and Joon dated back whenever we were in college.”

“You what?!”

Chapter End Notes

hey guys ^.^ it’s been quite some time since I posted, but I am still alive and doing well and I haven’t forgotten about this fic.

I hope you continue to show it love.

<3 <3 <3

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