I drifted through the universe just to lay beside you
by myheartandsoulbelongtonamjoon

Summary

Namjoon was content as a vampire. He had a coven filled with people he trusted and depended on and he had the gift of immortality. The only thing missing was his mate. Every vampire was destined to find their other half eventually and they weren't in a rush (eternal life, duh). But, despite living nearly 130 years, Namjoon could never have conceived that his soulmate would be...a human.

Notes

I was inspired by all the amazing work for MinjoonWeek! This will be probably 2 or 3 parts? I'm not totally sure, but I can't try and limit myself. I get too excited with Minjoon and what was meant to be a tiny one-shot is now multi-chaptered. I am trash :)

Also, I love making song lyrics the titles of my fics. This one is Jaymes Young's Dark Star. It's one of my faves and it really encapsulates Joon's perspective in this story. Listen to it on Spotify!

A/N: Joon's birthday is mentioned and though it is September 12th, in the story his vampiric birth is celebrated which is August 15th!
Namjoon sighed in relief when the last box was taken out of the moving truck. It would take the rest of the day to unpack and settle into their new house, but he couldn’t complain. They’d finally come back home. It had been the 20th century when Namjoon was last in Korea, though his birth had occurred a century before than, somewhere in Ilsan. He was immortal, but his memory was kind of shitty. Hoseok was the one who remembered anything and everything, even making scrapbooks to document their very long lives.

Namjoon had been a vampire for 129 years and his birthday was in less than a week, which would make the grand total 130 years walking the earth as one of the undead. It wasn’t shocking anymore, maybe it had never been. He remembered the stories told by fearful villagers about the things that haunted the night. Even as a child, he was never afraid. He envied these powerful, eternal creatures and yearned to become one, if only to escape the tragedy of his own life. He wished he could erase the memory of his childhood and his parents, but sadly that seemed permanently etched in his mind.

His mother had been beautiful, so naturally she was exploited by her family, who married her off to the richest suitor when she was only 14. The man, Namjoon’s father, was cruel and authoritative, treating her as an object he could hurt and manipulate as he wished. She was only 16 when she had Namjoon. A child raising a child. Reality had hardened her and she treated her son with the same violence and ugliness she herself received. Namjoon grew up feeling like a burden (mostly because that was what his mother called him). His father never laid a hand on him--preferring to save his abuse for his wife--but he looked upon him like a domesticated animal, an obedient dog he trained to act the way he wanted and could lock in a doghouse when he was tired of him. His father was a merchant and he expected his heir to continue his business and maintain the family’s wealth. He was getting old (but really he had always been so old) and he spent more time laying in his bed, shouting at his wife and servants to attend to him. By the time Namjoon turned 23 he was the sole provider for the household. A miserable task. His father continued to treat him like a useless puppet, where he controlled all the strings and his mother continued to curse him for being born. She also said he was forbidden from getting married because he was going to spend the rest of his days paying her back for her great “sacrifice” and that his life was hers to use. Namjoon wanted to die. What he was doing wasn’t living anyway.

That night he trekked up the mountain near the village, panting and gasping as he made it to the summit. The moon illuminated his path and eventually he was at the top, staring down at the vastness of the valley, unable to see his birthplace anymore. He stood on the edge of the mountain and raised his arms, preparing to throw himself off and face whatever afterlife he had coming when the sound of a throat clearing made him jump backwards in surprise. He turned and saw a tall man, arms crossed, head tilted, watching him. The man was ethereal with glossy black hair, sharp obsidian eyes, a perfectly straight nose, plush pink lips, and a physique that even in the darkness Screamed strength and agility.
“Who are you?” Namjoon asked, voice even.

He knew anyone else would be trembling and stuttering in fear, meeting the gaze of a man that was clearly not human. A man that met the standards of every legend Namjoon had been hearing since he was a boy. When the man chuckled, amused at Namjoon’s bluntness, the moonlight showed off the prominence of his canine teeth. Fangs.

“You’re an odd one, Kim Namjoon. Ahead of your time, I think. Certainly not like the rest of the gutless, pathetic imbeciles in that hole they call a village,” the man’s voice was musical in its cadence and tone and Namjoon felt a little stunned. “Are you surprised that I know who you are despite you not knowing me?”

Namjoon shook his head dazedly, eyes fixed on the other’s dark eyes. The man couldn’t have been older than 25, but his eyes revealed the truth.

“I’m not surprised. I may not know who you are, but I know what you are.”

The man raised an eyebrow, remaining silent, but urging him to continue.

“Vampire,” the word fell off his lips softly and carefully and the man—the vampire—clapped his hands gleefully.

“You’re a genius as well! Wonderful, truly truly wonderful. You have so much to offer us. Yoongi will be pleased.”

Namjoon tilted his head.

“Youngi?”

“My mate. I’m Seokjin, by the way, but you can call me Jin...Jin-hyung if you so desire. I know for a fact I’m older than you,” he laughed again.

“Jin-hyung,” he tried it out and Jin smiled appreciatively.
“You’re a cute one too. Immortality will look good on you.”

For the first time since Namjoon began the strange conversation with the vampire, he felt a twinge of fear.

“You--you want to kill me?”

“Momentarily. You have to die before coming back to eternal life,” Jin’s sharp eyes examined his trembling frame. “Don’t tell me the thought of death unsettles you. You were planning to launch yourself off a precipice to fall to your death, correct?”

Namjoon actually blushed, chastising himself for being afraid. What was there to fear here? It was true that he was going to take his own life. He wanted to escape the horror that was his reality, knowing the future held nothing special for him. Yet, now he had the chance to completely alter his destiny. He could be immortal.

“Will it hurt?” he finally asked and Jin smiled approvingly, knowing Namjoon’s consent wasn’t far off.

He may have been a monster, but he wasn’t 100% evil. He would never turn someone who didn’t want to be turned. In fact, Namjoon would be his first in all 800 years of his existence. His mate Yoongi had turned a couple dozen or so, but they weren’t part of his coven. It had been simply to expand their ranks. Vampire hunters were becoming a serious threat to their survival. Jin, however, believed immortality had to be earned and most humans did not deserve it. Namjoon was different. He had been watching him since he and Yoongi moved through the area, planning to settle down for as long as they could, making sure no hunter ever got too close. This young man--too smart for his own good, weighed down by horrible excuses for parents--deserved better.

“Oh yes, the pain is indescribable. But, you’ll recover after two or three days. Once you’ve had your first feeding, the pain will disappear.”

Namjoon’s face scrunched at the thought of feeding on people, but he wasn’t naive enough to believe vampires’ food of choice wasn’t humans. He would need to drink their blood to survive.

“I understand.”
“Do you have any other questions?”

“What will happen...after?”

“After you awaken as one of us?”

He nodded and Jin’s face broke out into a megawatt smile, temporarily blinding the human.

“Then, my child, the real adventure begins.”

129 years later here he was, back in Korea, the same age as when he’d left it. They’d chosen Busan for the beautiful landscapes (Jin and Hoseok were suckers for expansive forests and majestic mountains) and had arrived in the summer to give themselves enough time to settle in before the fall. They’d decided to attend university again, figuring it would be more interesting than finding another boring job in the corporate world. They all had business degrees and medical degrees and law degrees, but this time they were pursuing career fields that were for personal pleasure. Namjoon and Yoongi were doing music production, Hoseok was doing dance, and Taehyung and Jin were doing theater. They’d all decided to start as juniors, knowing they were all physically young enough to pass as third year undergraduates. Jin and Yoongi, each 25 years old (their bodies at least), would say they took a couple gap years and the rest were in the right age range. Both Namjoon and Hoseok were 23 and Taehyung was 22 when Namjoon turned him.

After Namjoon became a vampire, the three of them could officially call themselves a coven. It was no longer one mated pair. Yoongi had embraced Namjoon as a brother with a naturalness Namjoon hadn’t expected. At first sight Min Yoongi appeared cold and closed-off, but it was an act (or mostly an act because he was still a lethal vampire). He loved his mate with fervor and passion and Namjoon was technically Jin’s child (by vampire standards) and he knew how much it meant to Jin to impart immortality, so he accepted Namjoon immediately. Thirty years later they added Hoseok to the coven. They had been living in Germany when World War I broke out, which was incredibly inconvenient. They had been planning to move to Canada and had already shipped their most valuable belongings, but the war forced them to stay put a little longer. Still, Yoongi was getting impatient and they didn’t exactly want to be bombed or shot in the crossfire of the humans’ war (just because they wouldn’t die doesn’t mean it wouldn’t hurt). They were leaving the country that night, planning to use their vampire speed to cross the border undetected. They were almost out of the country when they witnessed a battle between what seemed to be a unit of Chinese and British soldiers and a German unit. China had recently decided to forgo neutrality and participate in the war, which was already closing and clearly heading for an Allied win. However, battles raged on and soldiers continued to fight...and die.
The vampires looked on from a distance. Jin shook his head.

“And they call us monsters. There are no Vampire World Wars. We don’t engage in such pointless bloodshed. Blood must be treasured and drunk appropriately.”

Namjoon rolled his eyes, though he agreed with Jin’s main point. The battle was short and the Germans were defeated, foretelling the end they’d reach by the end of that year.

“Let’s get going. I don’t need to watch the clean-up,” Yoongi muttered.

“Wait,” Namjoon’s eyes were fixed on the scene and the elder two followed his stare.

“What is it?” Jin asked.

“They’re leaving him behind.”

“The Chinese soldier?”

Namjoon nodded. The winning side was ready to move on, but they weren’t collecting their dead to give them a proper burial. It seemed that they were just leaving.

“He’s still alive,” Namjoon pointed out.

“Barely. He’s surrounded by the dead and he’s joining them soon. His own countrymen see that. They won’t waste their time with injuries beyond repair.”

Namjoon didn’t let Yoongi’s words dismiss him.

“They aren’t beyond repair. Not for us.”
“Joon, what are you saying?” Jin frowned. “We don’t know this man, he’s a stranger. Why would we give him immortality?”

“I know it’s stupid, I just…” Namjoon struggled to articulate his thoughts.

He identified with the fallen man. He, like Namjoon, had given his all to help those meant to be family to him and he was used and exploited and thrown away, as if he meant nothing. Jin was a talented empath. It was his gift–every vampire awoke with a strength in one of the areas of magical ability: empathy, telepathy, mind control, or transmutation. To a degree any vampire at full strength (meaning well-fed) could perform in all the areas of magical ability. For example, every vampire had hypnosis at their disposal, but it only worked for short periods of time and with limited instruction, like telling a human to keep calm and not scream as the vampire fed from him. However, if mind control was your ability your hypnosis was much more potent and could work on multiple targets at one time. This was Namjoon’s gift. Yoongi was a talented telepath, so if they added a vampire with transmutation as their gift they would have a perfect coven.

“I feel your anger and bitterness, but above that I feel your compassion. You’re too sensitive for your own good, Joon,” Jin commented and Yoongi snorted.

“Please, hyung, we can’t abandon them like the rest of his unit did. It just…it doesn’t feel right.”

“What do you think, Yoongi?” Jin turned to his mate, who watched the dying man contemplatively.

“His thoughts are convoluted. He doesn’t seem afraid to die, but he has a mile-long list of regrets. And he’s cursing his compatriots like crazy. Interestingly, he’s half-Korean. He’s swearing in a colorful mix of Korean and Chinese,” Yoongi chuckled. “Honestly, I like the kid. What the hell, let’s expand our little family.”

And so Jung Hoseok became the fourth member of their coven. Unfortunately, his gift was also empathy, so the coven was not technically complete. That changed when Namjoon came across Kim Taehyung.

It was 1950 and Hoseok had demanded they move to the U.S.

“It’s the trendy place to be right now! Come on, we’re so rich we can slip right into the lives of the rich and famous. Let’s go to Hollywood! No, Beverly Hills! No, Las Vegas!”
They moved to New York City. Yoongi preferred the cold of the East Coast and Jin had had bad experiences in the western half of the country, so there they were. Hoseok pouted the whole trip there, but when they were all set up in their penthouse on the Upper East Side, the orange-haired man could no longer complain. New York was incredible. It was the city that never slept, the concrete, the paradise of the starry eyed dreamers and passionate lovers. It was also one of the most populated cities with millions of people concentrated in one area. This made it prime vampire hunting grounds, especially since they were the only vampires in town. Their species was no longer endangered (thanks to vampires like Yoongi) but they weren’t as numerous as they had once been centuries before. This didn’t bother their coven, though, because it gave them more freedom to feed wherever and whenever they pleased. Herein lay Namjoon’s greatest issue.

He cared for his coven and respected Jin accordingly because he was the vampire that sired him and had walked the planet longer than anyone else, but the lifestyle he preached was not one Namjoon cared for. Jin, along with Yoongi and Hoseok, believed that humans were prey and only prey. They were walking blood bags whose sole purpose was restoring their vitality. To a degree Namjoon understood this. Vampires were able to walk in broad daylight and perform their magically gifted acts because they maintained their health with a constant intake of human blood. A weak vampire that did not feed often enough or fed on the diseased and frail would not be able to survive under the rays of the sun and would not perform any magic. They would eventually wither away. Jin had explained all of this in-depth when he first turned Namjoon, but the younger man had always kept his other thoughts to himself. He didn’t think humans were so expendable and so replaceable. They had been human once and yes, humanity had its problems. They were an aggressive, naive, intolerant species, but they didn’t deserve to be sucked dry and thrown away like nothing. It took Namjoon a year after his change to learn to control his thirst, but once he did he made sure to drink carefully so as not to kill the human he’d chosen for the night.

The film industry had actually done an adequate job of portraying the vampire as the sensual succubus that reeled in its victims late at night, luring them back to their dark mansion and offering them one night of indescribable pleasure before sucking them dry. Vampires were hungry for more than just blood. They were lustful by nature. Most of the time there was no need for hypnosis at all. Their ethereal beauty and magnetic charms drew in any human, male or female (vampires had no preference) and once the victim was enraptured with them they were taken back to their apartment where they would engage in as many rounds of dirty, carnal sex as a human body could take. Once the vampire’s libido was sated he satisfied his other hunger.

Jin and Yoongi hunted together, fond of setting up some pretty elaborate threesomes, foursomes, and orgies. They were notoriously bloodthirsty. Namjoon didn’t doubt that horror novels and horror films were modeled after the mated couple. That was another thing. Vampires mated for life, so Jin and Yoongi may have polyamorous relations with the humans they preyed on, but they were only dedicated to each other. All the humans they crossed with died anyway. Hoseok followed their example exactly. His victims’ corpses were left near-mangled. It made Namjoon nauseous. He never voiced these thoughts, however, because he didn’t want to offend his hyungs or cause discord in their coven. They were the only family he had and they cared for him—loved him even. They weren’t mindless beasts either, proven when Jin decided to give Namjoon and then Hoseok immortality. Yoongi checked in on the vampires he’d sired from time to time and said if he found a valuable
human he’d consider turning them and giving them a better life as well. Namjoon understood them, he just didn’t agree with them.

That was why he hunted on his own and the others teased him about it, saying he was probably the most twisted in the coven and that was why he went out alone because he was embarrassed by it. He never bothered correcting them. It was better if they thought that anyway. He wasn’t sure how accepting they would be of his decision to drink only what he needed and then wipe the humans’ memories clean and send them on their way. It helped that his gift was mind control. His hypnosis was flawless.

It was one of these nights, a feeding night, and Namjoon was strolling down the street, planning to swing through Central Park for a victim, when he heard the pitiful whimpers. He paused, using his enhanced senses to locate the source of the sound. It was coming from about a mile away, specifically from an isolated, dead-end alleyway. It was a quarter after midnight but the streets he was wandering were mostly empty. It wouldn’t take more than ten minutes in another direction to find a crowd, but Namjoon had no interest. Right now, he was curious in the sound. It sounded human, though the pitch was not normal. He assumed this person was in severe pain. When he found the alleyway and slipped forward into the darkness, his vampiric eyes fell on the prone body of what appeared to be a handsome young man. “Appeared to be” was what he used in his head because he could tell the man was attractive, but it was difficult to appreciate in that moment because of the bruises and lacerations causing a discoloration of his golden skin.

He had a black eye, swollen lips, and cuts on his face matching the ones along his body. It was evident what had transpired by the tattered remains of his clothing. He was basically naked, trembling not only because of the harsh October air but because of the horror he’d experienced less than an hour before.

“P-p-please. D-don’t h-hurt m-me,” he stuttered in Korean.

Namjoon crouched at his side, meeting his wild-eyed gaze and listening to the frantic thrum of his weak pulse. It hadn’t been one man but many. They had left the young man on the edge of death. He looked into the younger’s puffy eyes, studying him carefully.

“What’s your name?”

The man was breathing heavily and Namjoon calculated he had maybe 30 minutes before the light in his eyes gave out. Permanently.

“T-Taeh-h-hyung.”
“It’s a good name. Taehyung, what I’m going to do will hurt you, but the pain won’t last. And when you wake up, the world will be different. It will be better. Whoever did this to you is going to pay. Do you understand?”

The man couldn’t answer. He was overcome by trembled that wracked his thin frame and Namjoon panicked for a second, seeing that his estimate was off and the kid wouldn’t last more than 5 minutes now. He took a deep breath and made the decision. He gave Taehyung immortality.

Namjoon and Taehyung formed a special bond, partly because the former had sired the latter but partly because their personalities and mentalities were so similar. Taehyung became the only one in the coven with the gift of transmutation, able to change into a variety of animals for extended periods of time. His favorite was the ferocious black panther. Taehyung was eccentric, charismatic, and playful, but he was also kind-hearted and gentle, following in Namjoon’s footsteps and keeping his feeding habits secret from the others. They both chose not to kill the humans they fed from, agreeing that human life may have been meaningless when compared to their eternity, but it was also not theirs to take at will.

(Well, except for the lives of the four scumbags who had raped Taehyung and left him to die. Those disgusting individuals got what they deserved. Their murders were reported on the news the next day. Apparently someone or some thing had ripped their hearts straight out of their chests and crushed their skulls, leaving their bodies neatly arranged in a cross in the middle of Central Park.)

They had to leave New York shortly after, not wanting to risk any vampire hunters coming upon them, but Jin and Yoongi were so impressed with Taehyung’s ferocity they weren’t upset that they had to move or by the fact that their coven was now made up of five vampires. That didn’t mean Jin didn’t lecture Namjoon for a solid five hours about the decision he’d made without consulting them. Because he did. Annoyingly so.

“Hyung! I think you got the best room,” Namjoon could hear the pout in Taehyung’s husky voice.

“Tough luck, Tae-ah. First come, first served,” he said as he finished arranging the clothes and shoes in his walk-in closet.

“I was like two milliseconds behind you!”

“Two milliseconds too slow,” Namjoon shook his head patronizingly and Taehyung glared.
“I should have turned into a cheetah or an antelope and head-butted all of you out of the way. Then, I would have had the best pick,” he grumbled.

“Maybe next time you’ll think to use your gift more wisely then.”

“Ugh, screw you.”

“Yah, how dare you speak that way to your dearest hyung? All I have is love for you and this is how you repay me? Verbal abuse?” he pressed his hands to his chest as if he’d been shot.

“You’re not my favorite. Yoongi-hyung is.”

They stared at each other for five seconds before bursting into laughter, both doubling over to clutch their stomachs at the ridiculousness of that statement.

“Did you unpack your things already?” Namjoon asked when their laughing fit had passed.

“Almost…”

“Kim Taehyung, are you lying?” he raised an eyebrow.

“Yes…”

“What have you been doing since we got here? The others are all moved in. Jin went to IKEA with Hoseok to buy more unnecessary furnishings for the house. I think Hoseok went to check out the university campus and he said he wanted to find a good jogging path.”

“Are our enrollments all taken care of?”

Namjoon nodded.
“Thanks to yours truly. We didn’t exactly have the documents to substantiate the credits we claimed to have in order for all of us to start as juniors together.”

“Ah, so you used your special juju on the admissions officers?”

“No, because I don’t practice _witchcraft_. I used my gift to convince the lady to look the other way with our missing paperwork.”

“You always insists on being so politically correct,” the brunette rolled his eyes.

“We should respect our fellow supernaturals. There aren’t as many of us as there once were.”

“Yeah, yeah. I know all the stories of the past. Don’t bore me, old man.”

“I’m not that much older than you,” he complained.

“There are 70 years between us. You’ve lived in three different centuries. Don’t kid yourself, you’re old as shit.”

“That’s it. I’m grounding you.”

“What? You can’t ground me. What does that even mean?”

“I’ll tell Jin to cut off your allowance.”

Taehyung gasped.

“It’s my money too! I’ve worked to contribute to the coven treasury.”
“But, I, like the rest of the coven, are all ‘old as shit’ so we’ve been around longer and contributed more. You, maknae, can be cut off if we so decide it. Say goodbye to your black Amex. And you may as well throw out the new Gucci catalogue. You’ll just have to dress in last season’s clothes.”

Taehyung looked like he was ready to faint (though it was physically impossible for a vampire unless he was starving himself).

“Hyung, no.”

“Hyung, yes.”

“I’m sorry for disrespecting you, hyungie! I love you so much and I owe you everything I have, which I know I can never fully repay you for. Please please don’t take away my card!”

Namjoon chuckled at the puppy dog eyes Taehyung had perfected over the decades. He patted his dongsaeng’s head.

“Fine, you’ve convinced me. The card’s staying in your greedy hands.”

“Thank god. You gave me a scare there,” Taehyung smiled his boxy smile and Namjoon laughed again.

“You’re a dumbass.”

“But you love me.”

“Let’s not get sentimental,” Namjoon feigned disinterest, not reciprocating the words, and kept organizing his room leaving Taehyung whining in the background.

A week later, halfway through August, Namjoon woke to darkness, which was disconcerting because vampires’ sleep schedules were usually like humans, meaning the steady stream of sunlight as the sun rose was his preferred alarm clock. He jolted into a seating position and immediately had his hands gripped by a pair of smaller but stronger ones.
“Yoongi-hyung?”

“Don’t struggle. The blindfold is to add to the element of surprise.”

“Damn it. You remembered?”

“Of course we did!” Hoseok’s voice chimed in. “We wouldn’t forget your birthday, Joonie!”

“Maybe not you but I was banking on Yoongi-hyung’s terrible memory.”

“Fuck you,” Yoongi responded sweetly.

“It’s officially been 130 years since you became a creature of the night. How do you feel, Joon?” Jin asked and Namjoon considered the question as he felt himself be led outside and into the forest behind their house.

“I’d like to say I feel wiser and more mature, but I’m not sure that’s true. Time sneaks up on all of us, not just the humans, but us immortal being as well, if not more so. Perhaps it means nothing and the events we highlight are nothing more than what we make them out to be. Cultural constructs.”

“OK, I don’t think that made any sense at all. Stop bullshitting us and get hyped! We got you a very special gift. You’re going to love us!” Hoseok cut in and Namjoon frowned.

“Why does my gift require a trek through the woods? Where are we going?”

“The cottage,” Taehyung responded.

They had built a cozy two-story cottage, equipped with all the modernities of their own home. It was meant to be a space away from the rest of the coven whenever one of them felt they needed it. Yoongi and Jin had already started using it for their bloodiest orgies (Jin hated staining his priceless velvet duvet).
“Initially, we planned to take you out to get shitfaced and then snack on some tasty locals, but we figured this was better,” Hoseok explained.

“It was my idea,” Jin put in.

“And based on my recommendations cause I know hyungie best,” Taehyung added and Yoongi sighed.

“Who really gives a shit?”

“Rude,” Taehyung mumbled.

“I am more than confused,” Namjoon said.

“We’re almost there!” Hoseok chirped.

“Wait, so are we not getting any booze?” Taehyung asked.

Vampires didn’t need food and water to survive, but if they ate or drank it wouldn’t necessarily hurt them. There was just no point. Food and beverages had no flavor anymore. Only blood had distinct tastes and aromas for then. However, alcohol--tasteless or not--still gave them a nice kick and if they drank enough they could actually feel the effects of inebriation. A drunk Jin was really a treat. He always tried to dance. Oddly, even with the inherent grace of vampirism their coven leader could only manage to flap his arms around like a psychotic duck and not even in rhythm.

“Later. After we give Joonie his surprise! We want to give him his privacy anyway,” Hoseok said and Namjoon's suspicions grew.

“OK, watch your step,” Jin said as he was led into the cottage and up the main staircase to the master bedroom. “Alright, 3, 2, 1…”

The blindfold was pulled off his head.
“Surprise! Happy birthday!” the others chorused and Namjoon could only gape at the sight before him.

“Do you like the surprise? I picked him myself, hyungie! I know your type. Cute, petite, blonde, and surprisingly muscular,” Taehyung rattled off the qualities embodied by the beautiful boy sitting cross-legged on the bed.

“Hello,” he waved sweetly, voice soft and melodious.

Namjoon couldn’t take his eyes off him. He looked to be about 20 years old, though his small stature and delicate features gave him an air of innocence, as if he were younger. His blonde hair was straight and styled to frame his face. He had a button nose, soft cheeks, lovely almond eyes, and oh god the most sinfully pink, plump lips. He wore tight jeans with artful rips that showed off toned thighs and a loose tank top that fell off one shoulder, exposing delicious collar bones and hinting at the definition of his chest and abdomen. His arms were slim but muscular and Taehyung was absolutely right because this was exactly Namjoon’s type. In fact, this was the definition of Namjoon’s type, as in there was no other who could outmatch this gorgeous being.

“What’s your name, boy? Introduce yourself.” Jin commanded, clearly the one who had hypnotized the boy.

“Park Jimin. I’m 22 years old and I grew up here in Busan. It’s nice to meet you all!”

And then he smiled, causing his cheeks to scrunch up and his teeth to show (all perfect except for one slightly crooked incisor). Namjoon could have melted. He didn’t need to breathe, but suddenly he was on the verge of hyperventilating, as if he couldn’t get enough oxygen.

“He’ll be nice and behaved for you to use as you please,” Jin winked. “We spent the last two days scouring Busan for the perfect human and I think by your shell-shocked expression we succeeded.”

“We’re going into town to drink our asses off. Feel free to spend the night and the rest of the weekend doing...whatever it is you do with your victims. We know you like hunting alone, so we won’t be sticking around. If you get tired of this one just shoot us a text. We had back-up options all ready. Try not to make too much of a mess. We just bought this mattress...and these curtains,” Yoongi pointed out.

“You two are the messiest. Don’t try and act like we’re the problem,” Taehyung interjected.
“Whatever.”

“Alrighty then, we’re off. Happy birthday Joon!” Jin exclaimed once more before pushing the others out of the room.

Namjoon heard the front door of the cottage shut and then the quick footsteps of the others as they used vampiric speed to travel through the forest. Then, there was silence. Jimin looked up at him cutely, tilting his head, waiting for him to speak. Jin must have practiced his technique to be able to leave such a strong hypnosis on the human.

“Today is your birthday, right? We should celebrate!” Jimin finally said, but Namjoon could only stare.

Jimin giggled, making Namjoon’s undead heart jump in his chest. And that’s when he realized what was happening.

“Excuse me for a minute,” he wheezed before darting into the connecting bathroom and shutting the door.

He leaned against the marble counter, staring at his reflection in the mirror. His eyes were wide and his naturally golden skin seemed almost flushed.

“Shit, shit, fuck, fuck,” he repeated, taking deep bursts of air to try and calm himself.

Namjoon had always been the most intellectually inclined in the coven, taking the most university courses and building up a collection of rare and valuable books of all genres and in as many languages as he’d taught himself (20 so far). In his studies he’d come across texts detailing the lives of supernatural creatures. Most were written by humans and were essentially useless because they were fictitious imaginings, but a handful had been written by the oldest and most knowledgeable of the magical creatures: wizards. They were older than vampires and werewolves and everything else that went bump in the night. They had compiled everything they knew about other species and made copies of the text, but not many. Namjoon still remembered stumbling across it in Prague and not believing his luck.

The point was that in one of the chapters dedicated to vampires, the wizards had written about mates and the process of mating. Supposedly, vampires found their mate in other vampires, though in
exceptional cases they had found their mate in other supernatural beings. Interspecies couples were frowned upon but mostly rare. Namjoon hadn’t personally met any but Jin had known a vampire and his fairy mate centuries earlier. However, a vampire finding a mate in a human was unheard of. The book listed it as a possibility, but most likely an impossibility. It was included only because the wizards were nothing if not thorough. They wrote that there were no known examples of this and the few recorded examples of vampires interacting with humans beyond a feed or casual fuck ended in death. Vampires who got too close to humans inevitably succumbed to bloodlust and killed them.

It had happened to Taehyung some three decades ago. The younger confessed to Namjoon that he was feeling something for a man who lived in their neighborhood (at the time they were living in England). He was also Korean, named Park Bogum. He was handsome and amicable and Taehyung felt that he liked him as more than just a bloodbag. They dated...for three weeks before Taehyung’s bloodlust took over and he drank him dry. He had cried in Namjoon’s arms for hours, refusing to drink blood and letting his body weaken. The hyungs were furious. They had found out about the relationship and labeled it blasphemous and idiotic.

“Humans aren’t our equals, Taehyung. They are sustenance and nothing more,” Yoongi had scoffed.

“You put our coven at risk because of this human. Even if you hadn’t eventually eaten him he could have found out who you really were and about the rest of us. We could have had vampire hunters after us!” Jin had hissed.

Taehyung was forced to go on the hunt again and stop starving himself, but he had lost the innocence he’d retained from his mortal life. Taehyung had still believed in true love and the beauty of life even with the tragedy he experienced before Namjoon turned him. Yet, this had destroyed that. He continued to restrain himself as he drank from humans, but he never tried befriending one again or getting too close. When they went to universities he made sure to stick to his coven members and no one else.

Namjoon remembered this moment, remembered how defeated Taehyung had looked and how disappointed the hyungs had been. And yet...And yet he knew that if they ever found out Namjoon’s secret they would be more than disappointed. They probably wouldn’t believe it at all. Namjoon was still struggling with it. It wasn’t every day a vampire discovered they were mated to a human.

Namjoon supposed he had taken longer than expected having an existential crisis in the bathroom because when he returned to the bedroom, Jimin was curled up against the pile of pillows, fast asleep.

“Fuck, he’s adorable,” Namjoon gasped, feeling drawn to the boy like a moth to a flame.
He took off his shoes and crawled onto the bed, laying on his side so he could stare at the slumbering boy. It was probably creepy, but he was a vampire. Creepy came with the territory. Plus, he was entitled to stare all he wanted. This was his mate. The human may not know what that meant and may not feel any effects either, but Namjoon wasn’t as lucky. When you meet your mate, it’s like your world tilts on its axis and suddenly that other being is the center of your universe. No one else will ever compare. That was why vampires mated for life. They would never meet another who would tempt them from leaving their mate. It was impossible.

A vampire and his mate would form a bond that would allow them to sense each other’s emotions, like receiving the empathy gift, but only between the mated pair. They could also feed from each other if necessary and would be able to use the other’s energy and vitality to heal themselves, so in an emergency the other’s blood would be twice as useful as a regular human. Namjoon wondered what would happen if he drank Jimin’s blood. The boy smelled delectable. Like strawberries and cream and the finest champagne. Addicting. The strangest part (though everything was admittedly way past abnormal) was that, yes Jimin smelled delicious and Namjoon was captivated by the thrum of his pulse and the gentle movement of his jugular veins, but he didn’t feel hungry. It was true that he had fed in the last three days and would be fine for another couple days, but even at this proximity he wasn’t tempted to bite into Jimin’s creamy white neck. The temptation to lick into his plush lips, however? That was driving him insane.

He knew Jin had hypnotized him to respond to whatever Namjoon desired. He could kiss him if he wanted. Hell, he could fuck him raw and the other boy wouldn’t voice a complaint. But, Namjoon didn’t want to do anything without his consent. The vampire was so caught up in his thoughts he didn’t notice Jimin slowly blinking awake, stretching his limbs and focusing on the other man in the bed. He reached out a tiny finger and poked Namjoon in the chin. Namjoon’s gaze had wandered to the ceiling, but the poke startled him and he moved so quickly he almost fell off the bed. Jimin’s tinkling laugh called his attention back to the boy.

“You’re my master, right? It’s your birthday and we should celebrate it. What can I do to please you, Master?” Jimin asked with a wide smile and Namjoon winced.

He knew that was part of Jin’s hypnosis, but knowing that this human was his mate made the title more than uncomfortable. Mates were equals, one was not superior to the other.

“Please don’t call me that.”

“What should I call you then, Master?” Jimin’s brow furrowed.

“Call me… Namjoon-hyung.”
“OK, Namjoon-hyung!” he accepted the change easily. “What would you like to do now? We should celebrate. I know one thing that will make you very happy,” Jimin winked, sitting up and brushing a hand through his blond hair.

Namjoon was mesmerized and it took him a moment to react when Jimin began stripping. He was already shirtless and unzipping his pants when Namjoon found the strength to stop him. He sat up and grabbed Jimin’s wrists, halting his progress.

“Do you want to be the one to take my pants off, Namjoon-hyung? I would like that. You’re so handsome,” Jimin flushed as he spoke and Namjoon groaned.

He could smell Jimin’s arousal, knowing the hypnosis made him completely uninhibited and shameless, but also knowing as a vampire he was simply built to tempt humans into submitting to him and giving him whatever he wanted.

“I-I that’s not what I, uh, want right now. Please stop taking off your clothes, Jimin.”

Jimin frowned.

“You don’t want me?”

“No, that’s not it! Of course I want you! I just don’t want to do, um, do this right now. Not until we get to know each other better.”

“Oh...OK.”

Jimin seemed confused and Namjoon wished he could remove the hypnosis, but then the boy would freak out, finding himself alone with some stranger. The hypnosis made him receptive to whatever Namjoon said. He could work with that though.

“Here, let’s just, um, zip this up again,” Namjoon looked away as his hands brushed over Jimin’s crotch to help him with the zipper.
Jimin let out a little sigh of pleasure that went straight to Namjoon’s dick. He cursed under his breath. Honestly, he deserved a medal for his restraint. Jimin was the paradigm of perfection. He was shirtless and he was ready to jump Namjoon’s bones. Yet, Namjoon was rejecting him and telling him to get under the covers so he would be warm.

“Are we going to sleep?” Jimin asked.

“If you’re tired, you can sleep.”

“No, I don’t want to sleep if you aren’t.”

“OK, then we can do something else,” Namjoon gingerly settled under the covers, trying to leave a little space between them but unable to part from the boy completely.

“Have sex?”

“No!” he exclaimed before clearing his throat. "No, not that. I was thinking we could just talk and get to know each other?”

“I’d like that, Namjoon-hyung!”

Namjoon sighed in relief, but he almost squealed when Jimin snuggled into his side, nuzzling into the crook of his neck and wrapping an arm around his waist, as well as swinging one strong thigh over Namjoon’s. He was like a clingy koala.

“You’re so comfy. I like how tall you are and how broad your shoulders are. Makes me feel small, but in a good way, you know! I feel safe with you.”

Namjoon had never before felt such fondness. He wondered if it was only because this was his mate or if Park Jimin was just that adorable and he could have anyone, vampire or not, wrapped around his cute finger. Namjoon tentatively wrapped his long arms around the boy and was rewarded with a small hum of approval.

“Let’s talk, hyung. It’s your birthday after all. How old are you turning, by the way?”
“Oh, uh...23,” he figured he wasn’t lying if he used the age his physical body would always have.

“Only a year older than me! Cool. Happy birthday,” Jimin beamed up at him and Namjoon couldn’t help but smile back. “Hyung, you have dimples! Wah, they’re so lovely,” Jimin didn’t hesitate to poke both of the indents in his cheeks and Namjoon chuckled.

“Thank you, Jiminie.”

“Only my closest friends call me that,” Jimin's eyes had widened at the use of the nickname, which Namjoon hadn't meant to escape his lips so naturally. “Sounds better coming from you. More intimate somehow.”

“Ah...I’m glad,” Namjoon awkwardly responded.

This little human was ruining his carefully constructed persona as a cool, intellectual vampire. Of course he didn’t know he was a vampire (or his mate), but still. Namjoon felt embarrassed at his own inadequacy with words. He was usually so articulate.

“What do you want to talk about, hyung?”

“Well, tell me about yourself, Jiminie. Are you still in school? Are you close to your family?”

Jimin’s eyes lit up as he began discussing his studies. He was a double major in dance and environmental science, claiming the former was his deepest passion but the latter gave him a purpose in life because he wanted to dedicate his career to saving the planet and educating humanity on what it meant to care for and preserve the home they all shared. He described his close relationship with his parents and younger brother, who lived in a different part of Busan.

“They worked so hard to help me pay for college. I had to take two gap years where all I did was work odd jobs around town and I saved everything I earned. My parents promised to help me fund my studies, but I didn’t want them to fall into debt because of me so I worked until I could pay for almost all of the tuition and with the help of some scholarships and my parents, here I am! Two more years until I graduate.”
“Where do you go to school?”

When Jimin told him Namjoon almost gasped aloud. It was the same university he and the others would be attending. Part of him was pleased because Jimin may never know who Namjoon really was (regarding him being a vampire and his mate) but Namjoon would still be able to watch over him from afar and that would have to be enough. The other part of him was terrified that close proximity to Jimin would make him reveal the truth to his hyungs. There was also the fact that the others would assume he would drain Jimin dry and leave him in a dumpster so seeing him walking around safe and sound would be suspicious. It would be worse if he tried to make them change universities. He would just have to cross that bridge when he came to it. At the moment he was too mesmerized by Jimin’s presence.

They talked until the sun began to rise and Jimin’s eyes grew small, exhaustion clear in the way he tried to blink to clear them. Namjoon disentangled himself briefly, making Jimin whine, but he moved quickly to shut the curtains. He didn’t want the sunlight to bother Jimin when he finally succumbed to sleep and the sun wouldn’t kill Namjoon, but prolonged exposure would cause his skin to itch and tingle uncomfortably. He returned to the bed, letting Jimin wrap himself around him again. Jimin was about to doze off, but Namjoon gently gripped his chin so the other would meet his gaze head-on.

“Park Jimin, I need you to listen to me.”

Jimin’s eyes lost the cloudiness of sleep for a moment as he met his stare.

“I need you to forget everything about this night. The men you saw earlier? Forget them. This cottage in the forest? Forget it. And...me? Forget me too.”

Jimin seemed puzzled by his words, but Namjoon moved to press a gentle kiss to his forehead.

“Go to sleep now. I’ll take care of you.”

Jimin didn’t respond and Namjoon felt his breathing even out until he was sound asleep. Namjoon knew Jimin had already moved into one of the university dorms and that he had a single in the Fine Arts Wing. He was careful as he placed Jimin into the passenger seat of his car and drove towards the university. He would have gone faster using vampiric speed, but he didn’t want to wake the boy or frighten him. He found the dorms and Jimin’s room on the first floor easily and located the key in one of Jimin’s pockets. Moments later he was tucking him into his bed, removing his shoes and leaving them by the open wardrobe. He returned to the bedside and stared at Jimin again.
“Goodbye, soulmate,” he whispered. “Next time we meet, you won’t remember me. And that’s for the best. You deserve better than being tied to me forever. I’m a monster, but you? You’re an angel, Jiminie. I think you were sent by the heavens to punish me. I can’t have you, even if you’re my mate, my other half, we can’t be together. I would say maybe in the next life,” he gave a bitter chuckle “but I only get one shot at this. It’s the drawback of having eternity as a cursed being. No deity would bring me back if I were to die. They’d sweep my ashes away and say good riddance.”

He worried his lip and finally gave in to his desire for one last kiss, bending over to press a feather-light kiss to Jimin’s forehead. And then he was gone.
“Hobi-hyung, have you seen my backpack?” Taehyung was zooming through the house at vampiric speed, lifting couches and tables in search for his school bag.

It was the first day of classes and, predictably, Taehyung was not prepared.

“Where do you remember leaving it?” Hoseok asked.

“If I knew that, would I be asking for your help?”

Hoseok growled at him and Taehyung sighed, as if he were the injured party.

“No one loves me in this house.”

“Heads up,” Namjoon launched his dongsaeng’s Gucci backpack at him and though his back was turned when he threw it, Taehyung spun gracefully and caught it in mid-air.

“Namjoon-hyung! I stand corrected. One person loves me in this house.”

“Your obsession with Gucci products is unhealthy and I think you should see someone about it,” Yoongi stated dryly.

“Alright, are we all ready to go?” Jin clapped his hands to get their attention as they gathered in the center of their living room. “We’re all aware of the rules and code of conduct, but I can reiterate the most important one. Don’t lose control in class. If you feel overwhelmed by the humans and the scent of blood get the fuck out. Don’t ruin it for the rest of us.”
“If at this point in your undead lives you can’t last a couple of hours in a lecture hall with the blood bags, you’re not worthy of being part of this coven,” Yoongi sniffed.

“Harsh, Yoongi,” Jin chastised.

“But true.”

“We aren’t newborns anymore, hyung. Don’t worry,” Hoseok smiled brightly. “Let’s go get even smarter!”

“You’re just a dance major, though? How much smarter will you get, honestly?”

Taehyung earned a vicious kick to the ass for that.

Namjoon’s attention kept drifting and despite his second class of the day being both pertinent to his major and quite fascinating, his mind was focused on something—or rather someone—else. Jimin. The other half of his cursed soul. Vampires had eternity to search for their mates and when they finally found them they felt complete. It was a difficult feeling to describe, but Namjoon had asked Jin and Yoongi about it, attempting to sate his endless curiosity.

“When I found Yoongi...I felt a peace I had never felt before. I was on the cusp of turning 700 years old. Seven centuries of traveling the globe with no end or real destination in mind. Yoongi gave me everything I had been missing and even those things I hadn’t known I was missing. Suddenly, I wasn’t running from place to place, I was living. Or well, undead living.”

Yoongi’s response had been brief, but equally touching.

“He’s my home.”

Namjoon hadn’t felt emotions as strong as those when he saw Jimin, but it may have been because they had met under less than ideal circumstances. He wished he had textbooks to consult because he depended on flipping through some thick, ancient tome to answer any burning questions, but he knew there was no one who could offer him any guidance in this matter. He had been an abnormal
human and now he was an abnormal vampire, falling for a human. Well, not falling--not yet--because he had only spent one night with Jimin and he had been under hypnosis at the time, but the brief moment they’d shared had been enough to leave a lasting impression on the vampire, whose heart was suddenly pulling him towards another. He knew what love was, had only learned of it as a vampire, but was familiar with the feeling as he associated it with all the members of his coven, especially Taehyung. However, the stirring in his chest was different and on another level (all that and he’d only gotten to cuddle with the boy and press a couple kisses to his forehead).

“Namjoon,” a voice veiled with irritation called his name and then a pale hand was shoving at his shoulder.

“Aish, hyung, why are you always so aggressive?” Namjoon complained, rubbing his affected limb.

“Class is over, not that you would know since you weren’t present during the lecture. It was an interesting one too. The professor looks like an old bag, but he’s surprisingly quick-witted.”

“What an honor to be complimented by the great Min Yoongi.”

Yoongi shot him an unamused look.

“You’re a dumbass.”

“Noted. We have this class tomorrow too, right? Three times a week?”

“Yeah, and he announced we’d have three paired assignments throughout the term, so you better do your part and not drag me down.”

Namjoon snorted, gathering his things as they exited their “Principles of Independent Record Production” classroom.

“I’m just honored you want me as your partner.”

“As If I would trust some foolish human to work at my level.”
“To be fair, they need to stop for eating, drinking, and to maintain a regular sleep schedule.”

“Excuses for weakness.”

Namjoon was going to add that his comment was ridiculous when his eyes fell on a flash of silky blonde hair, zig-zagging through the crowded hallways. The scent of strawberries and cream floated towards him and he knew, without a doubt, that it was Jimin. The boy had exited a classroom several doors down from Namjoon’s and seemed to be heading towards the back doors of the building, though he kept getting stopped by classmates and pulled into conversations. He seemed quite popular.

“Seriously? You’re not listening to me either? I should slap you.”

Namjoon’s head flipped back to meet Yoongi’s glare.

“Sorry, hyung, I just saw, uh, this girl from my Spanish class. We were assigned conversation partners and we’re supposed to meet at least four times a week. I need to coordinate with her, so I’ll meet up with you guys at home.”

He was proud of his quick-thinking. While it was true that he was enrolled in a Spanish language course there were no assigned conversation partners.

“Damn, four sessions a week with a human? That sucks. I don’t bother with language courses. I speak the ones I need, no more and no less.”

Namjoon rolled his eyes.

“Korean, Chinese, and Japanese? That’s it? That’s all your bothering with? Not even some English or German?”

“Boring. I prefer this side of the world anyway. If we go elsewhere the rest of you can translate. Do I need to be able to have full-fledged conversations with my meals? No.”
Namjoon shook his head at Yoongi’s constant dismissal of humans, but he didn’t have time to argue further. He could see out of the corner of his eye that Jimin was finishing his last conversation and was leaving the building.

“Whatsoever. Catch you later,” he took off after the boy, not knowing what he had in mind, but not in full control of his actions anyway.

He followed Jimin carefully, watching as he waved to other students he knew along the way. He walked for nearly 15 minutes, but he wasn’t heading in the direction of the dormitories. Instead, Namjoon saw him duck into a wide, one-story building that read **Performance Arts Studios**. Jimin had told him he was a dance major, so he was probably here to practice choreographies or routines from his courses. Hoseok would be doing the same, meaning Namjoon had to be careful not to get caught by the other vampire. He didn’t think he’d be going to the studios for extra practice, though. Hoseok claimed he was naturally graceful as a human and vampirism had augmented these abilities, making him flexible and nimble on his feet. It made him a wonderful dancer (an arrogant one at that).

Namjoon debated going inside and watching Jimin’s practice, but he figured that would be too big of a risk and he could run right into Jimin. Of course, the boy would have no memory of Namjoon and he’d be a simple stranger to him, but it was better to err on the side of caution anyway and keep his distance.

Nearly two hours later a sweaty and red-faced Jimin emerged from the building, slinging his backpack over one shoulder and heading towards a shiny blue bike. It seemed he left it chained by the studios because he always finished his day with extra dance practice. It was a good idea since Namjoon calculated his journey back to the dorms would take at least 30 minutes by foot. It was early evening, but Namjoon didn’t want Jimin out too late.

Busan was a relatively safe region and the only supernatural creatures around were his coven members, but he felt protective of the young dance major and vampires weren’t the only danger out there. Every time he remembered what had happened to Taehyung, a shock of pain attacked his heart. The bastards who’d done it had been three feet under for decades and Taehyung had left that trauma in the past, but it didn’t change the fact that it had been tragic and Namjoon vowed to never let that happen to his sweet human mate. If anything tried to hurt Jimin, Namjoon would raise hell on earth.

After two weeks of classes, Namjoon had fallen into an organized routine. All his classes ended by mid-afternoon, which seemed to be when Jimin’s did and that was always when he headed to the dance studios. Namjoon had the excuse that he was meeting with his conversation partner so four days a week he would follow Jimin to the studios and then follow him to his dormitory, not heading to his own home until he was satisfied that the boy was safe inside his room, lock turned and everything (Wednesdays were the only day he couldn’t check on Jimin because his day ended with a
political science course he shared with all his coven members and he was only meant to meet his “conversation partner” four times a week anyway).

It was Thursday evening and Jimin was settling his lithe frame on his bike like usual. He began riding home and Namjoon followed as he always did, vampiric speed making it easy to keep up but maintain hidden behind buildings and trees. There weren’t that many students on the sidewalks at that time, Jimin being one of the most dedicated students, who committed all his free time to his studies and extra practice. Most people were already in their dorms.

Jimin was peddling at full-speed and didn’t see the rock in his path because the sun was setting and the streetlights weren’t illuminating all of the sidewalk where he was biking. The front wheel of the bicycle hit the round stone and Jimin could only gasp as his bicycle thrust forward, throwing him off. Namjoon couldn’t save the bike and it crashed into the side of the Social Sciences building, the frame and pedals looking slightly bent as they landed roughly. The condition of the bike didn’t even factor into Namjoon’s mind, though, as the accident occurred he only had one goal: catch Jimin. He had flown forward at full speed, snatching the boy’s small frame in the air and pulling him to his chest. He then held him in his arms bridal-style.

The air seemed to still completely, the silence deafening as Namjoon stared at Jimin and Jimin stared back, breathing heavily and his eyes wide with confusion and fear. Namjoon cursed himself for potentially revealing his supernatural abilities, which any passerby would have definitely noticed. As it was Jimin could have seen him dart out of thin air to catch him with reflexes too quick to be human.

“Are--are you OK?” Namjoon decided to break the silence and Jimin blinked, slowly regaining his breath and swallowing loudly until finally he spoke.

His words made Namjoon stumble backwards in shock, almost dropping the boy in his arms.

“Namjoon-hyung, you saved me...How did you find me again?”

This had never happened before. Frankly, it was impossible. Namjoon’s gift was mind control and his hypnosis could be strong enough to put a small crowd into a trance. No human had ever resisted his pull or snapped out of his hypnosis. It was impossible.

‘So was the idea of a vampire having a human as a mate,’ his mind told him, not-so-helpfully.
The boy in his arms seemed to be getting impatient at the lack of an answer and he squirmed in his arms, making Namjoon mumble an apology and place him carefully back on the ground. Jimin didn’t spare his ruined bike a second glance.

“Are you going to answer me? I woke up in my bed *alone* with no memory of how I got there and I didn’t even have your number saved in my phone or anything. I mean, you threw me in my own room and didn’t have the decency to leave me a note? I don’t know how much I drank or how much you did, but you shouldn’t have left things like that. I thought...I thought we had formed a bond or something,” the younger ducked his head bashfully and Namjoon’s brow furrowed, trying to put his 148 IQ to use and analyze all of Jimin’s words.

It seemed that Jimin remembered the latter part of the evening and not the earlier half where he was kidnapped and hypnotized by Jin and the others. That was a relief. Jimin would definitely have been freaking out if he remembered being commanded to submit to a “Master” who would use his body for his own pleasure. However, Namjoon’s hypnosis which had only been used as Jimin fell asleep—when he told him to forget ever meeting Namjoon and the way they had spent that night—had failed. It actually made perfect sense (if it could be said that anything made sense anymore) because vampires’ hypnosis didn’t work on their mates. This must have applied to Jimin as well, despite being a human.

Suddenly, Namjoon’s plan of walking away from Jimin and only guarding him from afar was futile. He couldn’t hypnotize Jimin and make him forget anything and he couldn’t ask any of the others to do it because they’d probably kill Jimin, not bothering to preserve a human life. Well, Taehyung wouldn’t, but he had a big mouth and was shit at keeping secrets. Namjoon wanted to include his dongsaeng in this monumental discovery, but it could put Jimin in danger and Namjoon wouldn’t take that chance.

The tall vampire sighed.

“Can I take you to dinner? Then, I can explain everything.”

Jimin crossed his arms and shot him a skeptical look, but a few moments later he was nodding.

“Fine. You have a *lot* to explain, though, so be prepared for an intense line of questioning. My dad’s a cop. I’m trained in various interrogation techniques,” he warned him and Namjoon bit back a chuckle.

Jimin looked too cute trying to act tough. Namjoon simply nodded. They both seemed to remember Jimin’s bike at that moment and they looked at its sad state.
“If you hadn’t caught me, I might have burst my head open. Definitely would have fractured some bones.”

Namjoon flinched at the very thought of Jimin in that kind of pain.

“An injury would prevent me from dancing and that would be detrimental, really, so I guess I need to thank you,” Jimin’s lovely brown eyes met his “Thank you, Namjoon-hyung.”

“Y-you’re welcome, Jimin,” he stuttered, watching the beautiful eye-smile light up Jimin’s face.

Namjoon loved him already. There was absolutely no doubt about it.

Jimin was polite enough to wait until after the waitress brought out their heaping bowls of japchae to begin his “interrogation.”

“How did you save me?”

“I happened to be in the right place at the right time. That’s all,” Namjoon began slurping his noodles, content to feel the heat of the food in his mouth despite the taste being bland for his vampiric senses.

He had used the walk to the restaurant to think of plausible answers for Jimin’s questions. He hoped they’d be convincing enough to get rid of Jimin’s suspicions.

“OK, you could have been walking by, but everything happened so fast. How were you able to catch me before I slammed into the wall like my bike did?”

Namjoon took a sip of water, knowing he was stalling, but rapidly losing his nerve. He wasn’t a skilled liar. He didn’t bother lying to his coven members when Jin and Hoseok could pick up on his emotions and Yoongi could literally read his mind. And he had never needed to substantiate stories to humans because his hypnosis was always available. This was new territory.
“I have quick reflexes and it was a stroke of good luck. Everything worked out for the best, right? Sorry about your bike though,” Namjoon tried to keep his tone breezy, but Jimin’s eyes were regarding him with distrust, like he could see right through his words.

“One thing is quick reflexes and one thing is leaping into the air to catch another person like you were Superman. Are you Superman?”

“Of course not.”

“Cool, so it was impossible and you somehow did it. But, let’s set that aside for now and discuss a more important issue. What happened that night? I can only assume I was drunk off my ass to have so many holes in my memory, but I’m not a heavy drinker and that Friday I distinctly remember planning to have a marathon study session in the library for my Natural and Environmental Systems exam. How did I end up in your bed?”

Namjoon felt like he was blushing and he wondered if that was possible. His heart didn’t actually beat anymore so there was no blood circulation. Could he blush? It was certainly feeling hot in that room.

“Uh, well, I don’t know, but I-I know we didn’t do anything. We talked and then we slept. Nothing...else happened.”

Jimin wanted to laugh at the awkwardness Namjoon was exhibiting, but he held it in.

“I remember that we didn’t do anything. I remember all of that, hyung. We talked about ourselves and we cuddled and then I was about to fall asleep when you grabbed my face and stared at me all intensely telling me to forget about everything. It had been a long and exhausting day so I basically passed out—you were very comfortable—but that confused me. Why would you say that to me? How did we meet that night? Why didn’t you leave me a note or any way to contact you?”

Namjoon realized he was screwed. He truly depended on his hypnosis to get him through extended interactions with humans—that or his natural sex appeal. He didn’t have satisfactory answers for Jimin’s questions and he couldn’t run away from him. They went to the same school. Jimin could track him down and make a scene and Yoongi and Jin would find out and that would be a problem. There was also the fact that he didn’t want to lie to Jimin. He wanted to be honest with him and tell him that he was a vampire and they had met probably by accident, maybe because it was fated, and that Jimin was his mate. He wanted to tell him he loved him and he wanted to spend the rest of his days with him.
“Hyung? Are you preparing more nonsensical lies? Because I’ll tell you right now, I know there’s something you’re not telling me. I’m not stupid. You shouldn’t have been able to save me earlier and I shouldn’t have full hours of my life missing from that night when I didn’t have a drop of alcohol.”

“Jimin,” Namjoon closed his eyes as he spoke the other’s name with a reverence that caught the boy off-guard.

“Are you going to tell me what really happened?”

Jimin watched the other man run a hand through his perfectly styled silver hair. His eyes drank in every beautiful facial feature, then the curve of his neck, past his broad chest and long arms to where he had his hands clenched together on the table. His fingers were thin and elegant and Jimin remembered the brief instances where they’d been on his skin. He couldn’t resist the urge to reach out, gently uncurling Namjoon’s fingers, noting the indentations in his palms from where his blunt nails had pressed too hard. He intertwined their fingers, warmth blossoming at the size difference and the way his small hands disappeared in the other’s.

Namjoon opened his eyes, looking down at their joined hands and then up at Jimin’s expectant face. He didn’t look impatient or judgmental, he was just waiting for him. Namjoon understood that. He had been waiting a long time for Jimin as well. He didn’t want to wait anymore. He lowered his voice, aware that the restaurant was nearly empty but that there were still a few other people around them.

“Jimin...I’m a vampire. I’ve looked a long time to find you because, you? You’re my mate, the person I was destined to spend eternity with.”

Jimin’s fingers tightened around his and then he leaned forward to speak.

“I’ve been waiting for you.”
Chapter Summary

I know I shocked you guys with the cliffhanger, so I’m glad! Thank you so much for all the comments and kudos! I really appreciate every comment and I make sure to respond as soon as I can. Here’s a little update I couldn’t stop myself from writing. This ship has my heart <3

thank you to my lovely reader FF_lover for helping me edit this chapter and correct some inaccuracies ;)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Park Jimin was not like the average human. It may not seem like it from the outside, but in reality the blonde dancer carried the weight of several generations on his shoulders in the form of a prophecy. The prophecy.

Jimin’s great-grandmother, Park Heeyoung, was a witch and one of the most powerful magic-wielders in the Eastern Hemisphere. One of her greatest abilities was her clairvoyance. Truly, none of the phony, opportunist psychics that appeared from time to time, claiming to read tea leaves and palm lines to tell people when they’d meet their husband, came close to understanding Heeyoung’s power. If she chose to focus on one individual for long enough she could read both their past and their future. It wasn’t something she did often, however, because she considered it disrespectful to the gods that had granted her her powers. It was not to be used as a sideshow attraction or to reap the benefits somehow. It was to be used at her discretion and she’d done it a total of two times, both the product of simple curiosity with nothing special coming out of it. Heeyoung practiced her magic in secret and only the other select witches and wizards in her coven knew of her greatness and were able to learn from her. The 20th century was not the worst time period for magic-wielders, but it was not the best. Ever since the Salem Witch Trials and the humans’ sudden perception of magic as something dark and deviant, there had been more care taken by magic-wielders to not accidentally expose themselves. There were vampire hunters, werewolf hunters, and witch hunters. No supernatural creature was spared from the hit list.

Heeyoung had lost several close friends and coven members to hunters, but she could only blame the magic-wielders for growing careless. She met her husband, Liu Dongmin, in a library, a chance encounter that even she hadn’t seen coming, and it was love at first sight. They were married only three months later—with Heeyoung’s stipulation that she keep her family name because no offense to her husband but her offspring should carry the power of the Park name (a tradition all Park women continued to their husbands’ chagrin). When she gave birth to her first daughter, she knew she needed to put away her wand and cauldron forever. It would be too big of a risk to practice any magic, especially as part of a coven, when witch-hunters were growing more enthusiastic about their kills and less and less of her kind remained. She had never kept secrets from her husband so he was well-aware of her magic-wielding abilities. He had also agreed that putting witchcraft behind her
would be the best for the safety and prosperity of their family. Heeyoung stopped practicing magic, letting time play its part in the process of forgetting.

It was a couple years after the birth of her third daughter when the prophecy came to her. She’d dozed off on the sofa in her living room. Dongmin was at work and the eldest girls were still at school. Choonhee, the youngest, was napping in her own room, which was why Heeyoung was taking the miraculous free time to catch up on her sleep. She didn’t think she’d been dreaming of anything in particular, but suddenly she was thrust forward into an odd, twinkling darkness, as if the galaxy itself had swallowed her up. She felt warm but cold at the same time. She wasn’t afraid either, more expectant, as if she had always known this moment would come and she would momentarily be a part of this nothingness to receive her prophecy. There was a recorded history of momentous prophecies given to powerful sorcerers. Merlin was gifted with many. Heeyoung was honored to receive hers when she was still so young and even when she had stopped practicing magic.

There was silence until all at once there was a voice. It was neither male nor female, but it radiated power and command. The voice was not to be questioned.

“Park Heeyoung, the time has come for you to understand your true purpose, the reason your family line was brought into existence, moved from the spiritual realm to that of the mortal. Your magic was prodigious, immense, and had the power to corrupt. Yet, you did not succumb to temptation and never misused the gift of the gods.

Your kin will not inherit the same gift. It was a temporary grace, nothing more. Nevertheless, there is one who is not yet born, an extraordinary being. A being of pure light, who will run into the darkness unafraid and will tame it instead. The missing link between life and death. You must remember this for when the time comes. Remember… The golden son will be the Vampire’s Mate.”

Seconds later she opened her eyes, breathing heavily and gripping the arm of the sofa to steady herself after the intense experience. The final phrase, the true line of the prophecy, flashed before her eyes, as if she were dreaming it.

The golden son will be the Vampire’s Mate. The golden son will be the Vampire’s Mate. The golden son will be the Vampire’s Mate.

The prophecy had been passed on from generation to generation, every member of the Park family hearing it as soon as they came of age. Heeyoung had three daughters, but one died before she was ten years old, having been born with a weak immune system that gave out after one particularly violent flu. She had been the middle child. The eldest had a daughter who in turn had her own daughter (Jimin’s second-cousin, Bongcha). The youngest had two daughters, one of which was Jimin’s mother and the other which was his aunt. His aunt had given birth to female triplets, which
left his mother with the only son in four generations of Parks. When he learned of the prophecy he wondered if it was meant for him. He didn't want to presume that he was the “golden son” but it would make sense. It was like destiny had made it so he was the only male, making it clear the role was intended for him.

His parents had waited until his thirteenth birthday to reveal the prophecy, knowing it was not a secret they could willingly keep from their inquisitive son, but also knowing the course of his life was irreversibly changed. After Jimin was born, his mother had spent many nights crying over his crib, quiet tears spilling onto the bundle of baby blankets he slept under. She blamed herself for condemning her son to some unknown horror. He was the only male directly descended from her grandmother. It couldn’t be a coincidence that no other son had been born. Jimin’s mother didn’t know what being the Vampire’s Mate really meant. Heeyoung died before she was told of the prophecy and her own mother knew almost nothing about the supernatural world and the magic Heeyoung had once practiced. Vampire lore was hidden to humans and there was no point consulting Hollywood interpretations of the immortal creatures, neither in film nor in print. There was no way to prepare Jimin for his future. They could only wait.

Jemin, for his part, had never been frightened of his destiny. He felt honored at being the one chosen to fulfill his family’s prophecy. According to his grandmother, only the most gifted magic-wielders received prophecies. It was a token of appreciation from the gods (which ones he never really knew). Jimin was a self-proclaimed romantic and he had seen many movies about supernatural romances. The concept was strangely beautiful. Obviously, he only had pop culture versions to imagine, but the idea of an immortal being who walked the earth all alone for centuries on end and finally found someone to share his eternity with? It was touching.

Jemin never considered fighting his fate, partly because he would never dishonor his family line like that, but partly because...he was happy about it. He discovered he was gay early on in middle school and it didn’t take long before he discovered that sexuality was considered disgusting and wrong. He was bullied for it, both physically and psychologically, so much so that he had to transfer to another school. This time he played the part of “normal boy” exceptionally well. No one knew he was gay. He just hid a crucial part of his identity from everyone but his family. They had always been supportive. Jimin was literally destined to be a vampire’s significant other. Did it matter if the vampire was male or female? Not really.

Because of the torment he’d experienced in school and the carefully constructed falseness he was forced to wear like a mask in high school and even university, Jimin longed for something more. He believed he deserved an adventurous love. A love that made his heart beat fast and almost stop completely. A love that pushed all his boundaries and made him dizzy with its intensity. A love that never ended.

When he woke up, head foggy, alone in his bed with only the taste of memories spent with Namjoon, he’d felt a heavy sadness. The night he’d spent with Namjoon had been wonderful. He knew something strange was happening, but he couldn’t bring himself to question it as he lay in the beautiful man’s arms and talked about anything and everything. When Namjoon tried to hypnotize
him, Jimin had felt dazed, almost like a wave of exhaustion had hit him out of nowhere. He had been a little tired, sure, but that was something else. He didn't fight the pull of slumber, but he didn't forget. It took him the rest of the day to gather his thoughts and shake away the haze of the previous night, but when he did he was left with a new certainty, something that gave him energy and joy.

He had found him. His mate. His vampire.

Namjoon stared open-mouthed at Jimin as the younger recounted his story and the prophecy he’d been designated generations before his birth. The name Park Heeyoung was even slightly familiar. Namjoon’s coven hadn’t been on that side of the world when she was alive, but they’d heard about the magnitude of her power. A woman important enough to use her surname as she wished—not only in the sense that she kept her maiden name—but also because in that time period only the nobility made use of surnames. The common folk were denied such a privilege. She was certainly a historic figure for magic-wielders, but Namjoon could never have imagined the influence she (and her family line) would have in his life.

“...Hyung?” Jimin spoke tentatively.

He’d finished his family tale more than five minutes ago, but the silence just stretched on. Their hands remained intertwined, but Namjoon seemed not to notice that or anything else. He had since fixed his gaze on the back wall of the restaurant and was resolutely gaping at it instead. Jimin figured he’d given him enough time to take everything in. It wasn’t like this was easy for Jimin.

“You’re not going to say anything? Not even going to look at me?”

Jemin waited another minute before sighing and pulling his hands out of Namjoon’s. The vampire seemed to snap out of his trance, watching Jimin pull his backpack on and then stand up. He remained silent, so Jimin just sighed again and exited the restaurant, ready to make the 15 minute walk back to the dorms. The air was growing colder now that the season was changing and autumn would soon replace summer. He shivered slightly in the thin sweater he had pulled on over his dance gear. If his bike wasn’t a misshapen hunk laying by the Social Sciences building, he could pedal away and make it home in 5 minutes. As it was maybe the cold would serve as a shock to his system and let him forget about his mate, who was probably still staring at the wall instead of with him. He wondered if Namjoon was disappointed that Jimin was his mate. Would he have preferred someone taller? Handsomer? More intelligent?

Jemin’s doubts kept swirling in his mind, but he hadn’t been walking for more than thirty seconds when he felt a hand on his wrist and a gentle but strong tug that caused him to stop and turn. It was Namjoon, who seemed to have appeared out of thin air again. Jimin hadn’t gotten to ask him about it, but he assumed it had something to do with the heightened senses and abilities vampires were said to
“Now you want to talk to me?” Jimin asked, shaking off the other’s hand and crossing his arms.

He thought he would have looked a lot tougher if he weren’t shivering with every gust of wind that blew his hair into his face. Namjoon gave a small chuckle.

“We can talk somewhere warmer. Hold on, OK?”

“What?”

Jimin watched Namjoon step impossibly closer to him. He gave him a small smile and reached out towards him. One moment he was on the ground, the next he wasn’t. He was somehow in Namjoon’s arms.

“Hold on, Jiminie,” he whispered and Jimin wrapped his arms around Namjoon, not thinking to question the action.

Namjoon tightened his grip on Jimin’s small frame and tucked Jimin close to his chest so his face was partially buried in the fabric of his jacket. Then, he shot forward at full vampiric speed. He slowed down when he spotted Jimin’s dormitory hall and scanned the area to make sure no one would see the inhuman speed he was utilizing. He stopped directly in front of the front entrance, pulling it open and walking down the hall to the door he knew was Jimin’s. He placed Jimin on the floor, moving to catch him again when the younger stumbled.

“Wh-whoa,” he gasped, the ground suddenly not as solid as it had once seemed.

Namjoon chuckled.

“Yeah. You asked me earlier how I saved you? That was how.”

“What else can you do?” Jimin asked, staring up at him, plump lips parted in awe.
“Things beyond your wildest dreams,” he winked and Jimin wanted to slap himself for the instant blush that colored his skin.

“Um, d-do you want to come in?” Jimin cleared his throat, gesturing vaguely towards his dorm.

Namjoon tilted his head.

“Do you want me to?” His low voice was breathy and deliberate.

“Yes, but only for a G-rated interaction! Less than that, even. Whatever rating you give those videos for babies with all the bright colors and repetitive singing of the alphabet and numbers, you know!” he squeaked.

Namjoon burst into laughter. Jimin blinked at him, thinking maybe he should feel offended.

“I’m sorry,” Namjoon clutched his stomach and then stood back at his full height, wiping some tears that had escaped.

Jimin definitely felt offended.

“I wasn’t laughing at you--or well--I was , but it’s only because you’re so adorably demure compared to that first night. I mean you were under hypnosis, but I had to stop you multiple times from stripping naked and trying to jump me.”

Jimin flushed a deeper red.

“That-that was not me. I’m not--I’m not like that.”

“I’m not judging,” Namjoon held up his hands placatingly. “These new generations get to celebrate such a progressive age. Sex isn’t constrained to marriage-only cases. There’s less taboo about partaking in endless nights of sex and mindless pleasure. It’s great.”

“Oh god, please stop.”
“What? I’m just saying, you are totally free to do whatever you want with your body with whoever you want. Sex is a wonderland of--

“I’m a virgin!” Jimin shouted, immediately regretting the admission but also amused that Namjoon’s mouth had shut almost mechanically and he was only staring at him.

One of Jimin’s floormates had been walking back to his room from the bathroom and he shot the pair a look as he passed, clearly having overheard Jimin’s statement. Jimin groaned, pulling his key out of his bag’s front pocket and opening the door, pulling Namjoon in with him and quickly shutting it behind them.

“Oh, so, what you just said. Hmm, I didn’t know and uh--” Namjoon tried to speak without being awkward, but then he realized with every word he was failing.

“Let’s please forget about this entire moment,” Jimin closed his eyes and took a deep breath. “I did not want my soulmate---and my floormate--to find out like that. You just kept saying ‘sex’ and I did not know where your last sentence was going, so...yeah.”

Namjoon nodded dumbly for a second. He was still recovering from Jimin’s truth bomb, as well as trying to fit the image of this sweet and shy Jimin with the one from the first night. A vampire’s hypnosis was a heady thing. It could turn the most introverted human into an outgoing social butterfly, desperate to talk to, and ultimately get fucked by, a vampire. Namjoon was actually strangely relieved that this was the real Jimin. And deep inside he could admit to himself that Jimin’s revelation made him quite giddy. His mate hadn’t been with anyone else. He was completely pure. It made sense. Jimin radiated purity and not only in a sexual nature, but in terms of his soul. Namjoon wondered if Jimin’s soul was pure enough to save his own damned one.

“Namjoon-hyung?” the light voice brought him out of his thoughts.

“Hmm?”

“Could you tell me your story? I understand if you don’t want to get too personal, but I figured now that we both know who we really are, we could start…”

“Falling in love?”
Namjoon grinned, watching Jimin try and sputter an answer but ultimately give up to cover his crimson face with his small hands. He felt infinitely more at ease seeing Jimin struggling with the concept of them being a vampire and a human pair of soulmates. They were in the same boat, except that Namjoon had lived longer, experienced more of the world. Jimin was still so young and untouched by the dark ugliness that tainted most people—human or otherwise.

“You’re cute, Jiminie. I should stop taking advantage of your innocence. Sorry,” he shrugged unapologetically.

“You make it sound like I’m a naive child,” Jimin mumbled, his lips turning into a pout.

“If it sounded belittling, I can assure you I didn’t mean it like that. Your innocence, your entire personality, is refreshing. Do you have any idea how charming you are?”

“Oh... Thank you, hyung,” he ducked his head, the blush never leaving his face.

Namjoon smiled fondly at the blonde boy. He remembered his initial concern about finding his mate in a human, but that seemed like so long ago. Jimin could have been the ugliest troll living under the most humid, disgusting bridge and Namjoon would still want to love him. He had a light inside him Namjoon couldn’t put into words, but it was resplendent. Not even the sun could offer him such warmth.

“If you really want to know about me and my past, I’ll tell you. It’s not going to be pretty, though. I have to warn you that being much older than you, I have lived through world wars, genocides, revolutions, and every tragedy in between.”

Jimin’s eyes widened.

“How old are you exactly, hyung?”

“I think you should sit down before I tell you.”

Jimin rolled his eyes.
“I’m not the fainting type, but thanks for your concern.”

“Jimin.”

“Namjoon.”

Namjoon’s eyebrows almost went all the way up into his hairline.

“What? I think now that we’ve acknowledged we’re soulmates and all we should treat each other like equals. You’re older than me and you’re a vampire, but it doesn’t matter. There shouldn’t be anything separating us, right?”

Namjoon could only nod, stunned but pleased at Jimin’s words. He was definitely not what he’d originally thought (he was far better) and was also not like the average human. He was brave, kind, and strong. A tiny force of nature.

“When we met, my coven was celebrating my birthday. It was my 130th birthday.”

“Wow,” Jimin said, mouth agape.

“Yeah.”

“Wait, but I remember you saying you were turning 23. Is that how old you were when you...died?”

Namjoon nodded.

“Eternally 23.”

“I’m turning 23 next month. My birthday’s the 13th of October. Oh my god, in another year I’ll be older than you! I mean not actually older than you, but I’ll look older.”
“You won’t look older in one year, Jimin. It’s not like you’re going from 22 to 50.”

Jimin pouted.

“Still older than you.”

“You’re ridiculous. I just told you I’ve lived longer than Korea has been a republic and you’re fixated on how old you are?” Namjoon shook his head in disbelief and Jimin giggled.

“OK, you’re kind of ancient compared to me. And Korea!”

Namjoon laughed, his deep chuckles complementing the airy melody of Jimin’s laugh.

“I want to hear everything about you. I don’t want you to censor anything. I can take it. I’m the Vampire’s Mate, remember? I was destined for this.”

Namjoon observed him silently for a second, contemplating his request.

“Are you sure?”

“Positive. I was destined to be by your side. And that means sharing in your memories. Good and bad. That’s how it works. In return, I’ll share mine with you.”

“You have bad memories?” Namjoon felt distraught by the very idea of a time when Park Jimin was not smiling.

“We all have bad memories,” Jimin’s smiled sadly and Namjoon moved to grab his hand, squeezing his small fingers softly and used his free hand to stroke some of Jimin’s golden curls out of his eyes.

“I’ll make sure those are the last ones you ever have. Only the good from now on, OK?”
Jimin’s lovely brown eyes misted over and he sniffed once, trying to keep the tears at bay.

“OK,” he whispered.

Namjoon pulled him to his bed and arranged them on the bed so he was leaning back against the headboard and Jimin was tucked into his side, head on his chest as he tilted it up to regard the vampire. Namjoon marveled at how quickly they’d gained this closeness and how simple it was to hold Jimin close to him and never want to let him go. It was the best feeling in the world.

“I was born somewhere around the region now known as Ilsan…”

Chapter End Notes

Lol if you got the reference to Goblin (my second favorite K-drama of all time) then I love you even more :)
Strawberries and Cream with a Hint of Champagne

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Namjoon’s life story had taken most of the night to recount, but Jimin hadn’t minded. His only interruptions were careful questions about a subject, never wanting to push too hard in case Namjoon wanted to keep some things to himself. However, the vampire didn’t feel the need to add taboos to any memory of his existence. He wouldn’t lie to his mate, he owed it to him to lay out who he was, flaws and all, and let Jimin make his own decisions about him. Obviously, he hoped Jimin would accept him and not want to leave him, but Namjoon firmly believed loving someone was a choice and even if they were a mated pair, he wouldn’t force Jimin to be with him.

“And then we returned to Korea a few months ago, before the start of summer.” Namjoon finished, throat slightly dry.

He hadn’t fed since last week, which meant he needed to find a victim in the next day or so unless he wanted his body to weaken. Vampire hunger was the worst kind of feeling. It made your throat burn and your body tremble uncontrollably. Your powers were useless and even your gift would be lost as your condition deteriorated. Starving a vampire was the cruelest of tortures. Namjoon would prefer the final stake through the heart than having to waste away without sustenance, never truly dying but never truly “living” either.

“Did you miss it?” Jimin asked and Namjoon considered the question.

“On some basic level I must have. This is my homeland, the birthplace of my parents and the country where my family line still continues. It was where I perished, but also where I was reborn. There have been other cities I’ve enjoyed more simply for their culture and society, but Korea will always be a part of me. It’s also here that I found you. I don’t think any other place will compare now.”

Jimin gave a bashful giggle that morphed into a full-blown yawn.

“I’m sorry, Jiminnie. You must be exhausted. Every time we start talking, the conversation turns into an all-nighter. I hope you won’t be too tired to attend your classes later.”

“Oh no, don’t worry. I don’t have any classes today. I have dance practice in the afternoon, but that’s still hours away. I can sleep until then.”
“Ah, well then I think it’s time for me to go,” Namjoon shifted their positions, laying Jimin on his pillows since his head was no longer resting on the vampire’s broad chest.

“The sun’s coming up, though. Won’t it hurt you?”

“Vampires don’t fry under the rays of the sun. Not unless their bodies are weak because they aren’t feeding regularly.”

“I see…”

Namjoon could sense that Jimin had a question, so he sat on the bed and edged a little closer.

“Is there something you want to ask me?”

Jimin bit his lip, giving a hesitant nod.

“Feel free to interrogate me as you wish. I don’t mind,” he laughed.

“Obviously, you drink blood to survive and I know you told me you don’t kill the people you feed from, but I was just curious…What does it feel like?”

“What does what feel like?”

“Feeding.”

“For who? The vampire or the human?”

“Um, both,” Jimin mumbled.

Namjoon ran a hand through his hair and his fingers began twisting together, which Jimin had realized were signs of his nervousness.
“You don’t have to tell me if, it’s, uh, I don’t know gruesome and graphic…”

“The thing is it’s not gruesome and graphic. It’s graphic, yes, but the best adjective to complement that is...erotic.”

“Oh,” Jimin wasn’t expecting that and the instant bloom of rose on his soft cheeks obviously gave him away,

“Yeah, surprisingly some of those vampire movies got it right. For the vampire, it’s like a rush of adrenaline, a burst of vitality. Blood is our life-source, without it we aren’t ourselves. And for the human it feels...it feels orgasmic. The thurm of their pulse under our hands and the sharp pleasure of our fangs in the most vulnerable part of their body. The sensation of that warm, thick liquid leaving their arteries doesn’t compare to anything else. A vampire’s bite can serve as the ultimate aphrodisiac. Vampires don’t usually feed without bedding the human they’ve selected for the night.”

Jimin placed his hands on his face and realized his skin was burning. He swallowed, the sound seeming to echo in the now silent room. Namjoon was meeting his timid gaze now and for a moment they just stared at each other.

“Is that what you’re going to do? Today, tomorrow, whenever you feed next...Are you going to,” Jimin paused, gathering his confidence. “Are you going to fuck some stranger?”

Namjoon winced at the question despite Jimin’s tone being soft and unsure.

“*No*. That’s not what I do anymore. I only need to feed once a week or so and since I met you, it’s been different. I drink what I need and I hypnotize them to forget me and everything that happened. I promise.”

Somehow that didn’t put him at ease. The words were on the tip of his tongue, but this was only the second occasion in which he’d even spent time with Namjoon (and the first time he had been “under the influence” in a way). They were soulmates, but Jimin didn’t want to overstep whatever boundaries may remain between them. Yet, he really wanted to voice his thoughts. He wanted to tell Namjoon he didn’t need to feed from random strangers at the bar or club. He wanted to tell him he could feed from *him* now. Jimin wondered if that made him a freak.

“Jiminnie? Do you want me to go now?” Namjoon asked tentatively, worried the younger was upset
with him, but Jimin shot him one of his usual million watt smiles.

“Only because you need to get back to your coven so they won’t get suspicious. I liked getting to know you. Plus, fair’s fair. I have to open up my Pandora’s Box next.”

Namjoon gave a gentle chuckle.

“If you’re sure. When can I see you again?”

“Tonight,” Jimin spoke quickly and Namjoon grinned, showing off his marvelous dimples.

“So soon? Not sick of me yet? Or put off by my creepy vamp ways?”

“I don’t know what this says about me, but I’m not put off, or afraid, or disgusted or anything like that. We may not know everything about each other, but I--I feel safe with you.”

Jimin ducked his head, letting his blonde locks drop to cover his forehead and part of his eyes. Namjoon swore his heart was hurting with how quickly it was beating, threatening to burst out of his chest.

“You have no idea how happy that makes me. Thank you.”

Jimin nodded sweetly.

“See you later, hyung.”

“Bye, Jiminie.”

Namjoon made sure to slip into the house through his open bedroom window. The house was only two stories and it was easy to take one strong leap and land squarely on his feet. He used his
enhanced hearing to listen for the others. It was almost 6 A.M., but he knew none of them had class until 10. That meant Jin wouldn’t be up for another hour or so, Hoseok would laze for another two hours and Taehyung and Yoongi would wait until 20 minutes before 10 to drag themselves out of bed. They were lucky they were vampires and could simply super speed themselves to class as needed.

Namjoon didn’t think it was worth it to sleep for less than 4 hours. He would feel slightly off, but nothing too serious. Obviously, his body had greater resistance than a mortal one, though vampires could also feel exhaustion and combining not feeding properly with not sleeping properly would prove detrimental. He shrugged off his jacket and removed his shoes and outer clothes, dropping them on the floor, before laying back on his bed and simply staring up at the ceiling. It had certainly been a momentous day for him. Confessing the truth and then learning about Jimin’s family line and the fate he’d been prophesied since childhood. It was a lot they’d shared. The fact that Jimin was willing to open up to him as well and tell him he felt safe with him? It was as beautiful as it was shocking. Namjoon never imagined something like this.

When he had pictured his mate, it was always a startlingly familiar version of Yoongi. A vampire who was cold and reserved, reluctant to reveal too much about themselves too fast. He would have to be the one to push through the other’s walls and strengthen their relationship, similar to how it had been with Jin and Yoongi. Their love story had its rocky moments. The biggest point of contention was the average vampire’s ideology towards feeding and humans versus Namjoon’s. Apart from Taehyung, Namjoon had never come across a vampire who didn’t drain their victims dry and toss them into a river or simply a dumpster without a care. There was no value for mortal life. Perhaps this was why destiny had put Jimin in Namjoon’s path and conversely why Namjoon was the vampire in Jimin’s prophecy. Would it have worked if Jimin’s mate had been Hoseok? Would his coven member have entertained the idea of a human mate or would he have scoffed and ripped Jimin’s throat open the first night they met?

The thought made him shiver.

“Hyung, will you go out with me tonight?” Taehyung beamed at him as they strolled through the emptying hallways after their final class of the afternoon.

“On a date?” Namjoon scrunched his nose up in faux disgust. “Pass.”

Taehyung rolled his eyes and shoved at his shoulder playfully.

“You know what I meant!”
“I did, but the mere thought of dating you repulsed me so much my body tried to remember how to throw up. Lucky for you it’s impossible.”

“You’re so mean to me,” the younger vampire pouted.

“And yet you love me the most. Have you considered that you’re a masochist?”

“Hmm, in the bedroom? Hell yes, but out of it? I have enough self-confidence not to give others the power to abuse me psychologically with power play.”

“You know, you’re a lot smarter than Yoongi and Hobi give you credit for.”

“I’m a certifiable genius just like you.”

“Well, now you’re just certifiably insane,” Namjoon rolled his eyes.

“There you go putting me down again. This is a toxic cycle. We should just break up.”

“Ugh, stop being weird. I regret going off on this tangent.”

“So you admit that you’re at fault and my IQ is higher than yours?”

“Don’t push it.”

“Got it. Hyung, so tonight? The others were planning to go tomorrow night, but for obvious reasons I can’t hunt with them.”

“I do need to feed today. Waiting until tomorrow would be risky. I’ve never gone into bloodlust or felt the urge to slaughter all my classmates, but I’ve always been incredibly careful with my feeding schedules.”
“6 days, never wait for the 7th,” Taehyung recited what his maker had taught him.

“Exactly,” he nodded. “I have to meet with my conversation partner today and then head to the library to finish a project, but I’ll make sure to finish before 11 or so and text you. Did you have a place in mind?”

“Yep, a trendy bar all the cool kids go to. Any night of the week it’s guaranteed to be packed. The youth these days certainly doesn’t place the same value on their studies, huh?”

“You sound like an old man. The ‘youth’?” Namjoon grinned. “Your age is showing, Tae-ah. Better be careful. Soon you’ll stop partying and drinking and sit around drinking tea and knitting.”

“I’m eternally young!” he growled. “That will not be my future.”

“Young soul isn’t the same age as your body,” Namjoon shrugged. “Just saying. Could happen.”

“Go bother your human classmate. I need space from you,” Taehyung held his arms out to separate them as they stopped by the parking lot, where Hoseok and Jin would be waiting to drive him home.

Yoongi had finished earlier than the rest of them, so he took his car home. Taehyung usually carpooled with Namjoon, preferring both his company and his car (a shiny Mercedes Benz), but because the music production major had to meet his “conversation partner” Taehyung would be driven in Hoseok’s car. Jin and Yoongi shared theirs since they were a married couple through and through and Taehyung wasn’t allowed to purchase his own car since the horrible accident he’d been in when they were living in Germany. Since then, he wasn’t trusted behind the wheel. Thankfully, he hadn’t injured anyone because he had been speeding recklessly on an empty road at night when the car veered off the track and over a cliff. It sunk to the bottom of the lake and Taehyung arrived home, soaking wet and whining about losing his “baby,” which had been a luxurious Ferrari. Yoongi had said from the start it was a mistake to let Taehyung drive a sports car and he was quick to say “I told you so” after the accident.

“OK, but you’re gonna miss me when I’m gone,” Namjoon sing-songed and Taehyung frowned.

“Isn’t that from the Cups song?”
“You should know brat, you made me watch all those Pitch Perfect movies more than three times!”

“Those young women are so talented, though!”

“I’m not doing this again,” he sighed. “Go home. I'll text you later.”

“Fine. Ciao, ciao!” Taehyung blew some obnoxiously loud kisses over his shoulder and skipped off to Hoseok’s car.

Namjoon shook his head, equal parts annoyed and fond. Taehyung made his undead life a roller coaster, but he wouldn’t have it any other way. The young vampire was the little brother he’d always wanted. He’d been an only child as a human and meeting Jin and Yoongi had been like joining a family, but they were less older brothers and more demanding parents in a sense. Hoseok was a good friend, but they’d slept together on numerous occasions in the past, giving their relationship an underlying tension. It hadn’t been anything serious but when he was first turned he was drawn to Namjoon. It probably had more to do with him being the only unattached vampire nearby and less to do with any real feelings. Namjoon hadn’t minded. The other vampire was handsome (and quite flexible), but he didn’t want to make things awkward in the coven so he gradually ended things. There was another factor at work, though. A decade after Hoseok was turned, Namjoon met Jackson, the only vampire he’d ever fallen in love with, and their relationship finalized his hook-ups with his coven member.

Thinking back on that time period in his life made Namjoon feel slightly guilty. When he’d told Jimin his story, he’d mentioned having brief relationships, but the topic had only been explored at surface. He didn’t want to talk about past lovers in front of his soulmate, especially because they were now inconsequential. He only wanted Jimin. He comforted himself by vowing to reveal everything about Hoseok and Jackson.

Namjoon’s phone pinged, announcing that he had a text message. It was from Jimin. They had exchanged numbers earlier and Namjoon had saved the blonde boy as Jiminie <3 because he was sentimental like that.

23/9/2018

From: Jiminie <3  Received: 17:36

Namjoon-hyung!! Hope u had a good day :)}
just got out of dance practice bt remembered i hve no way back 2 my dorm except walking… since
my bike is u know destroyed...

From: Jiminie <3   Received: 17:37

Nd im just soooo tired after 3 hours of dance…

Namjoon chuckled at the younger’s total lack of subtlety.

To: Jiminie <3   Sent: 17:37

I didn’t bring my car this morning, but I can gladly take you home the same way I did yesterday

From: Jiminie <3   Received: 17:37

We’re gonna FLY again??

Namjoon laughed again, amused by his cuteness and the way he described his vampiric speed.

To: Jiminie <3   Sent: 17:38

We’re flying again ;) I’ll be outside the performance studios in a sec
This time as Jimin was carried home in Namjoon’s arms, he moved his head so he could peek out at the colorful blur of his surroundings and the way time seemed to stop as Namjoon’s strong frame pushed forward effortlessly.

“Thank you, hyung.” Jimin smiled up at him after he was placed in front of his dorm room again.

“Of course, Jiminie,” he tilted his head and grinned teasingly. “We’re back to the ‘hyung’, huh? Calling me by my name too uncomfortable for you? Is it the age difference?”

Jimin snorted, unlocking his dorm and sitting in his desk chair, gesturing for Namjoon to sit on the edge of the bed.

“No, it’s just that using your name sounds strange and more impersonal than I wanted. I mean, you call me Jiminie.”

“Aw, are you pouting because you don’t have a nickname for me?”

“I’m not pouting,” the younger shot back, trying to position his lips normally but failing.

His lips were so plush, they naturally fell into a pretty pout, but when the cute blonde was expressing his discontent, his bottom lip pushed out even more.

“OK, you’re not pouting,” Namjoon gave that to him. “But, you do want to use a nickname to address me, right?”

Jimin nodded, shooting him a sheepish grin.

“Go on then. You’re my Jiminie. What am I?” he made sure to smile widely, displaying his dimples at their full-potential so Jimin would feel at ease.

It seemed to work as Jimin giggled.

“You can be...my Joonie!”
“Joonie? One of my coven members, Hoseok, tried using that except he was only trying to be a nuisance so I hated it. But, for you to use it? Hmm,” he pretended to ponder it just long enough to have Jimin shift in his seat nervously. “You’re the special exception. Joonie it is.”

The return of Jimin’s full smile almost blinded him.

“Thank you, Joonie.”

“You’re welcome, Jiminie.”

They stared at each other for longer than was probably appropriate before the growl of Jimin’s stomach broke the silence. Jimin blushed, clutching his midsection.

“Oh, um, sorry about that. I skipped lunch and breakfast was only half an English muffin. I’m starving. I should order something.”

Namjoon laughed.

“Don’t worry, I understand. Or well, I don’t because I don’t need to eat food anymore, but I know the feeling of hunger.”

“You don’t? But, yesterday at the restaurant you had japchae?” his brows furrowed in confusion.

“Food doesn’t hurt us or anything, but it has no taste. We don’t consume it because it’s useless and bland. The same goes for water. I didn’t want to freak you out when we first sat down, so I figured eating with you would help you relax before our conversation.”

“That was considerate of you,” he smiled sweetly. “I’m sorry you had to stomach something tasteless, though. I guess I don’t need to include anything for you in my order?”

Namjoon chuckled.
“No, but thanks anyway.”

“OK, I’ll just call this incredible place that makes the best fried dumplings I’ve ever had. I can literally eat bowls and bowls of them. My record was 45,” he said proudly.

“How could you possibly fit all that in your tiny stomach?”

Jimin shrugged.

“My stomach’s bigger than the rest of me, I guess.”

He placed his order (“only 20 of the dumplings” he’d said giving Namjoon a look as he spoke on the phone that told him he was not looking for judgments) and then gathered his shower caddy.

“I’ll be back before the food arrives. I’m super gross. Practice leaves me smelling like a dog. Your enhanced sense of smell must feel assaulted. Sorry.”

“No, don’t apologize. You don’t stink. Far from it.”

Jimin tilted his head in confusion.

“Even after three hours of intense cardio work? I was drowning in my sweat before you came to pick me up. I still feel it on me.”

Namjoon hesitated to explain the intense combination of scents radiating from Jimin. Yes, there was sweat, but it wasn’t off-putting and only increased his natural musk. This mixed with the wonderful smell of strawberries and cream and the finest champagne. That came directly from Jimin’s blood and pheromones. Each human had a signature scent based on dietary habits and general health, but Namjoon assumed that because Jimin was his mate his scent was on another level.

“I don’t know how to say this without repulsing you,” he admitted.

“Tell me. I promise I won’t be repulsed. You’re stuck with me, remember?” he teased.
“OK...Vampires are able to smell each human individually because they have their blood has its own scent based on health and stuff like that. Your scent is, frankly, it’s the sweetest scent I’ve ever come across. Strawberries and cream, champagne. That’s what assaults me, as you put it, when I’m near you. So, don’t worry, I’m not suffering right now, but you should shower to feel comfortable yourself.”

Jimin’s lips were slightly parted.

“Oh, wow. I, uh, didn’t know that.”

“Yeah,” Namjoon played with his hands, unable to meet the younger’s stare at that moment.

Jimin’s mind drifted back to the thoughts he’d been ruminating on earlier as Namjoon described what feeding felt like. The words almost kept spilling out then and there. He reigned himself in, however, knowing a delivery man was arriving in less than 20 minutes and it was better to give himself some time to frame his speech properly. Plus, he did want to shower and get the day’s sweat and grime off.

“I’ll be back soon,” he said instead and Namjoon watched him leave, wondering if Jimin was only trying to be nice and was in truth completely disgusted.

“How were the mountains of dumplings?” Namjoon asked after Jimin had returned from disposing of the empty containers and brushing his teeth.

“There were no mountains. Stop being such a drama queen.”

Namjoon chortled at that.

“Fine, you’re right. It wasn’t an outrageous amount. It was perfectly normal.”

“Then we’re in agreement,” he crossed his arms and Namjoon nodded, grinning.
He watched Jimin organize his room, leaving it as pristine as when they’d entered now that he’d hung his wet towel and put his clothes into the laundry basket or back in the closet. He wandered over to his bed, plopping down next to Namjoon and sitting with his legs crossed under him.

“Are you tired?”

Jimin shook his head.

“I wanted to talk to you about something. If that’s alright? Do you have to be somewhere?”

Namjoon checked the time on his iPhone. It was only 7:05. He had plenty of time before he had to meet Taehyung and he remembered Jimin had said it was his turn to talk about his life story. He was excited to learn more about the beautiful golden-haired boy in front of him.

“No, I don’t. I’m here if you want to talk. What’s on your mind?”

Jimin bit his lip, internally running through the words he’d carefully structured while he showered.

“Before when you were talking about scents and how my blood smelled to you, so does that mean that you want to feed from me?”

Namjoon’s eyes widened at the question and Jimin wondered if he should have added some fillers before asking that so directly.

“No. I would never hurt you, Jiminnie. I swear that you don’t need to be afraid of me because I would never feed from you.”

Jimin frowned at the words, confusing Namjoon further. The younger sighed, running a hand through the curls that were falling into his eyes before staring fixedly into Namjoon’s eyes and continuing.

“I’m not scared of you. That isn’t why I asked.”
“Then...why?”

“What if,” Jimin gulped, his pulse speeding up as he grew more nervous. “What if I--if I wasn’t averse to the idea of you...feeding from--well feeding from me?”

Jimin let his tentative question hang in the air between them, hyper aware of the tension that was growing stifling. Namjoon’s jaw had dropped and he was blinking rapidly, apparently trying to make sense of everything. He shook his head a few times and ran a hand over his face before turning back to Jimin with uncertainty in his dark gaze.

“You want me to feed from you?”

“I mean not if you don’t want to! I-I was just curious when you talked about it this morning and then when you said my scent was the sweetest you’d come across, I just thought...You said you were going to feed on some stranger,” Jimin looked down at his hands, small fingers intertwining and then separating as he twiddled them apprehensively. “Because the thought of you feeding from someone else and giving them an orgasmic experience just bothered me.”

He closed his eyes, suddenly concerned with stark rejection because maybe Namjoon thought it was too soon or he didn’t really think Jimin smelled so good or a million other possibilities that were unfortunately making themselves known. Jimin wished he hadn’t said anything at all.

“I didn’t consider that you would want that,” Namjoon finally broke the silence.

Jimin murmured a half-hearted “Yeah” still not daring to look up from his hands.

“Jiminnie? Jiminnie, can you look at me? Please,” he asked softly.

Jimin sighed and looked up, where Namjoon was regarding him with clear tenderness in his eyes.

“I hadn’t considered that your feelings would be hurt because of this. On my part, there is never anything remotely romantic or sexual, but the humans I feed from don’t think or act the same. I would never pressure you and you absolutely don’t have to do this for me. It doesn’t matter that you’re my mate. You don’t automatically become my blood bag. I want you to understand that.”
“I do. I’m not saying it because I think you want me to,” Jimin muttered and Namjoon nodded.

“I won’t belittle your opinions. You seem to have thought about this.”

“Have you? Have you thought about...feeding from me?”

“Yes,” he said honestly and Jimin began to feel excited, heart speeding up at the prospect of sharing this intimate connection with his mate.

“Then, would you consider trying...tonight?”

Namjoon didn’t immediately answer. His mind was raging a mini war, reflecting his internal conflict perfectly. A part of him had wanted to do this from the moment he saw Jimin and inhaled that lovely scent. Another part of him was worried. Worried that he would lose control and hurt Jimin. He wasn’t a newborn and he had never let himself get to the point of bloodlust. He knew exactly how much to drink to sate himself and leave the human feeling dazed and sleepy, but perfectly healthy. There was one other concern. He had described the feeding experience as erotic and it was true that this was more on the human’s side, but the vampire could succumb to an intense lust. This occurred if the vampire was particularly attached to their conquest for the night. Yoongi and Jin’s orgies were always so messy (in every sense) because they chose humans they were both very attracted to. In Namjoon’s case, not only was he physically attracted to Jimin, but his emotions were developing at incredible speeds. Drinking from his human mate could bring out his basest instincts and Jimin would be under the same spell.

“I understand if you don’t want to. I didn’t mean to spring that on you. And I have no right to be jealous or whatever. You need to feed to survive. You’ve been doing it way before you met me.”

The pout was back on his beautifully expressive face, except it was paired with saddened puppy dog eyes that were even misting over the longer Namjoon left him without a response.

“You have every right to your emotions, Jimin. And it’s true that I fed that way before meeting you, but you’re here now. If you’re willing then...so am I. There are risks involved that I need to inform you of and then you can tell me again if you’re sure.”

Jimin shook his head.
“I trust you. Whatever those risks are, I don’t want you to tell me and somehow try to scare me. I know you won’t hurt me. You don’t hurt humans and I think I mean a little more than the strangers you pick up at a bar.”

“A lot more, Jimin, let’s make that clear.”

The younger blushed and laughed softly.

“Good.”

Namjoon took a deep breath before coming to a decision.

“OK.”

“Really?”

“Yes. You’re giving me your trust and I’d rather stake myself than betray that. If you want to try this, then I’m in.”

Jimin leaned his weight on his right hand, placing it on the knee pressed to Namjoon's thigh before leaning closer to the vampire and pulling the collar of his sweatshirt down, exposing his smooth neckline.

Chapter End Notes

the next chapter will have some liighhttt smut ;)


Namjoon’s eyes moved over every feature of the beautiful boy’s face. Jimin had closed his eyes after displaying his neck and leaning close enough that if Namjoon ducked his head down he could place a tender kiss on his neck. And that’s exactly what he did. Jimin’s eyes flickered open, surprised that Namjoon had pulled away again.

“Aren’t you going to...bite me?”

Namjoon gave a soft chuckle.

“Eventually, but I wasn’t going to just sink my teeth in like a dog with a steak. I use way more finesse than that.”

“What does that mean?” Jimin raised an eyebrow.

Namjoon responded by pushing him back to gently lay on the bed, head on the pillows. Namjoon laid on his side and guided Jimin’s face sideways so they were staring at each other. Jimin’s breathing was the only sound in the room for a few seconds.

“I want to do this right, Jiminie,” Namjoon whispered. “Can I kiss you?”

Jimin’s eyes widened and he unconsciously licked his lips, the vampire following the action with great interest. The younger felt more nervous than when he was exposing his neck, but he nodded. Namjoon smiled, using one hand to begin caressing his golden locks and the other to hold his head
still as he leaned in. Jimin’s eyes fell shut at the sensation of warm, thick lips on his own. He may have been a virgin, but he had experience with some intimate actions and despite making out with quite a few men he was 100% certain no one compared to Namjoon.

The vampire’s experience showed in the deliberate way he moved his lips against Jimin’s, urging him to press forward and lose his fingers in the silver strands of Namjoon’s hair. He bit the younger’s lower lip, coaxing him to open his mouth and then Namjoon’s tongue was exploring Jimin’s mouth. Jimin couldn’t hold back the moan and Namjoon swallowed it with his tongue before sucking on Jimin’s. Jimin whimpered, one hand dropping to the back of Namjoon’s neck to try and bring him closer so that his large frame was now covering his own.

When Jimin pulled back (only because it sucked being human and having to breathe) he stared up at Namjoon, lips parted and swollen, making Namjoon groan.

“You’re the most beautiful thing I’ve seen in all the years I’ve walked this earth.”

Jimin blushed a deep crimson, combing through Namjoon’s baby hairs as they spoke.

“That kiss was something else,” he admitted and Namjoon chuckled.

“Oh yeah?” he teased.

“Yeah,” he mumbled bashfully.

“It’s about to get better, gorgeous,” his voice turned husky in the blink of an eye and Jimin was wholly unprepared for what followed.

Namjoon pressed a flurry of playful kisses all over his face until he was giggling breathlessly. The vampire laughed with him and the kisses trailed down his jaw until they reached the right side of his neck. Namjoon was now supporting himself on his elbows, body covering Jimin and making him feel a wonderful warmth he wished he could always blanket himself with. Namjoon kissed his neck softly, but then he increased the pressure and used swipes of his tongue and the tips of his teeth until Jimin was squirming beneath him.

“J-Joonie, please. Please. Do it.”
Namjoon’s serious gaze met his.

“Are you sure?” he asked once more.

“Yes,” he said and the next moment he was letting out a delicious gasp.

Jimin felt like he was floating on a cloud of intense pleasure. He was overwhelmed by how much he wanted Namjoon. He knew that they were as close as possible and that the vampire’s fangs were tapping into his bloodstream. He could feel one of Namjoon’s arms holding his head steady and the other rubbing his right side gently, making him feel so comfortable. He knew all of this and yet it wasn’t enough. He wanted to feel their bare skin rubbing together and feel the other’s cock stretching him open until he was crying out, lost in his bliss. He wanted to be torn apart and put back together with the loving care he knew Namjoon could give him. Unconsciously, his hips began rocking forward, legs tangling with Namjoon’s until he could rub his crotch against Namjoon’s. His movements were erratic, so he kept rutting against the other’s thigh more than his crotch, but the friction was still heavenly.

Namjoon moaned into Jimin’s neck, sucking harder and feeling the blood flow faster, Jimin’s body eager to share its vitality with his mate. It was an unbelievable feeling and Namjoon had no way of comparing it to anything else. No feeding and no sex had ever felt this good. He was incredibly turned on as well, but he wasn’t lost in the sensation. He was conscious that it was his human mate beneath him and was in complete control of himself. He couldn’t say the same for Jimin, who had begun begging for Namjoon to take him then and there.

“Please Joonie, please, I want it so bad. Give it to me, please,” he whined softly, tiny hands slipping under his shirt to try to move under his jeans.

Namjoon’s arousal flared at the sensation of the soft palms rubbing his abdomen, as well as the desperate movements of Jimin’s hips against Namjoon’s body.

“Joonie,” Jimin moaned and his nimble fingers had begun digging into his waistband, searching for the button and zipper.

That was when Namjoon took over. He trapped both of Jimin’s wrists over his head with one large hand, making Jimin whine in frustration. He was almost done feeding, but he could feel that Jimin was growing restless without fulfillment. Humans needed to find release before the end of the feed. Their libido was thrown out of control when a vampire concentrated their energy on them. Jimin was
probably feeling like his body was on fire. He would do anything to quench it. Some humans grew so frantic they thrashed in the vampire’s grip, jostling the vampire and causing them to accidentally rip their throat open. That would be a waste of blood as it would gush everywhere, ending the feeding early. Of course, Namjoon wouldn’t let that happen with Jimin, but he also wasn’t willing to steal Jimin’s virginity like that. He deserved better. If they took that step together it wouldn’t be during his first time experiencing a feeding.

Namjoon shifted his lower body to align their crotches perfectly and used the hold on Jimin’s side to grip his slim waist before rutting forward almost aggressively. The bed was rocking underneath them and Jimin was crying out, small frame trembling as his climax approached. It took a few more skillful motions from Namjoon’s hips and then Jimin was cumming. Namjoon’s eyes shut at the spike in sweetness Jimin’s blood gave him as the boy came. He pulled his fangs out slowly, licking over the wound to close it and kissing his neck one more time before raising his head to regard Jimin. The boy’s face was flushed, his blonde hair damp around his face. He was still catching his breath, eyes fluttering as he recovered from the orgasm. Namjoon was still rutting against Jimin and all it took was Jimin’s eyes to open, peering up at him from below his eyelashes and running his tongue over his pouty lips, for Namjoon to fall into ecstasy.

“Ah, shit. Jiminie,” he gasped, letting his head fall onto Jimin’s strong chest as he recovered from his own orgasm.

He had released Jimin’s wrists and the younger had used the freedom to move his hands back into Namjoon’s velvet-soft hair.

“That was…” Jimin seemed to be at a loss for words.

“Feeding has never felt so potent before. Your blood is my personal ambrosia. Nothing compares.”

“Did you feel as good as I did?”

Namjoon smirked at the boy, who bravely held his gaze despite the embarrassment evident in his eyes.

“I mean you were on a different plane of horny.”

“Hyung!” Jimin used his hold on Namjoon’s hair to tug roughly and Namjoon winced.
“Ouch, Jiminie. I was joking.”

“I’m not a fan of being made fun of.”

“Sorry, gorgeous. I meant to say I felt amazing. You’re incredible.”

Jimin softened his hold and giggled, pressing a chaste kiss to Namjoon’s lips.

“Will you stay tonight?”

Namjoon didn’t hesitate before shifting off of Jimin and making himself comfortable on the mattress, opening his arms so Jimin could nuzzle into his neck.

“Do you feel OK? Dizzy? Any pain at all?”

Jimin shook his head, yawning cutely.

“Exhausted, but at peace, you know? Like I ran a marathon and now that I reached the end my body is ready to sink into this bed and use the endorphins to sleep for ten hours.”

“As long as you aren’t hurt in any way.”

“No, hyung. Don’t worry. But, how do you feel? Did you drink enough?”

“Honestly, I feel as sated as if I’d gone on an all-night feeding binge. My nerves are tingling. It’s odd.”

Jimin yawned again.

“What does that mean?”
“I don’t know, but I’m sure it’s nothing serious,” Namjoon shrugged it off and Jimin hummed, eyes already closing as Namjoon’s arms tightened around him.

The vampire fell asleep easily, his thoughts following him into his dreams, where he dreamt of radiant light and airy giggles, his body filled with an emotion so powerful he felt he could drown in it. He didn’t even realize he had forgotten to text Taehyung to tell him he wouldn’t be able to meet up with him that night.

When Namjoon awoke he knew, immediately, that something had changed. The tingling of his nerves was back in full-force, joined by a prickle in his head and a heavy throbbing in his chest. He jolted up in bed, pressing a hand over his heart and gasping at the speed and force with which it was beating. Vampires’ hearts didn’t completely stop, which was why they could technically feed from each other. Blood still flowed. It was mainly used in sex play, though, because unless the vampire you were feeding from was your mate it would do nothing to restore your energy and quench the thirst.

The way Namjoon’s heart was beating, however, was not normal. He should just stop applying that word to anything in his life.

“Joonie, what’s wrong?” Jimin’s melodic voice was a touch raspy as he yawned, stretching out his body and sitting up.

He had been jostled in Namjoon’s race to clutch his heart, his head slipping off of the vampire’s chest to land on the pillows beneath. He would have been annoyed at the indelicacy that pulled him from his heavy slumber if it weren’t for the confusion and anxiety swirling through Namjoon. The vampire was befuddled. And...how did Jimin know that?

Amazement radiated from Jimin and when Namjoon looked over his mate was staring open-mouthed.

“What is it?”

“Nothing. I mean nothing that makes sense.”
“Welcome to my world,” Namjoon muttered.

“Hyung, can you do me a favor? Think of a memory that really impacted you. Don’t tell me what just think it.”

Namjoon’s brow furrowed.

“Why would--”

“It’s a little experiment. Humor me, please?” he turned puppy dog eyes and a beautiful pout on Namjoon, who realized resistance was futile.

He closed his eyes, deliberating, before settling on the memory of his transformation into an immortal. Jin had been right. The pain was fucking excruciating and he was near-comatose for most of it, though never able to succumb to unconsciousness because of the agony that attacked his body. By the close of the third day he had been praying for death. But then the haze in his mind cleared and he was free. Free from the bonds of mortality and free from any pain. He emerged immortal and powerful.

“Whoa,” Jimin breathed.

Namjoon opened his eyes. Jimin was panting, sweat glistening on his pale brow. It looked like he had strained himself with some extreme physical activity.

“Care to explain?”

“I just--whatever you were remembering I could feel it, almost like I was living it myself. I don’t know what it was exactly, but the turmoil from start to finish? I experienced that with you. The pain was...agonizing. What was that, Joonie?”

Namjoon’s dark eyes widened.

“You felt my pain? Wait, you felt it all? Oh shit, I know what’s happening.”
Jimin tilted his head, wincing a bit at the movement and his fingers moved to rub at his temples.

“Sorry, I think the residual emotions are still affecting me.”

Namjoon scooched back against the headboard and pulled Jimin into his chest. He brushed a hand through Jimin’s hair and focused his mind on a memory he had made only a couple days prior. It was the memory of confessing the truth to Jimin and hearing in turn that Jimin was destined to be his mate. Then, it turned to carrying Jimin to his room and spending the night sharing the stories of his life with him. His emotions spelled out his adoration and appreciation of the golden-haired boy, as well as the love he couldn’t keep at bay.

“Oh wow. That’s beautiful,” Jimin breathed, features smoothing out as the force of the previous emotions faded away, replaced by the anchoring emotions of tenderness and warmth.

“I was thinking about you,” he whispered and Jimin stared up at him, lips pulling back and matching the eye-smile formed by the scrunching up of his chubby cheeks.

“Really?”

“Really,” Namjoon hummed, kissing each of Jimin’s cheeks and then his smiling mouth. “I don’t want you to freak out, but I know what’s happening to us now.”

“We can sense each other’s emotions,” Jimin chirped matter-of-factly.

“And that doesn’t...scare you?” he asked cautiously.

“I don’t think anything will at this point. I was raised to expect the unexpected, being the Vampire’s Mate and all. Besides, you’re better than I could have ever hoped for. It doesn’t bother me that we have this extra connection. I like it, actually.”

“You’re a wonder to behold, Park Jimin,” Namjoon shook his head and Jimin giggled.
“Why thank you. Is there anything else I should be expecting? Why is it that we’re experiencing this now and not from the day we met?”

“I think the answer to that centers around the feeding. We formed an official bond because we shared your energy. It’s like a part of you is in me now. A normal feeding wouldn’t mean anything to me because those humans aren’t my mate, but with you? It was special. Sensing each other’s emotions comes with being mates. All vampire pairs have that ability, as well as the ability of finding each other no matter where you are on earth.”

“That’s so cool! How do I do that?”

“It’s like a sixth sense. If you concentrate on me you’ll be able to find me. It may not be as easy as with the emotions unless I was frantically trying to reach you, then it would almost be like I was sending out a signal and you’d have the GPS to locate me. Even between vampires, it takes time to solidify the mate bond and be able to track the other person instantaneously. My hyungs, the mated pair that formed my coven, told me it took them two years to achieve that kind of interconnectivity.”

Jimin’s face fell.

“Two years? That’s so long.”

“Well, how about we focus on not losing each other and then we won’t need to utilize that ability,” Namjoon laughed and Jimin grinned.

“I like that.”

There was a small pause before Jimin spoke again.

“Joonie, about last night. I wanted to, uh, to thank you for--for not taking advantage of me,” he fidgeted with his fingers and Namjoon lifted his chin so they were making eye contact again.

“I would never do anything without your full consent. You weren’t all you during the feeding. The vampire magnetism brings out all humans’ baser instincts: lust, uncontrollable desire, reckless abandon. I let you get off because if I hadn’t, you wouldn’t have felt the same pleasure during the feeding and I could have hurt you. However, sex during a feeding isn’t something we’ll do until you’re ready. And you don’t ever need to be ready. Our relationship isn’t about sex, Jimin.”
Jimin nodded, leaning into kiss Namjoon, breathing in his cologne and his natural musk, which was soothing, reminding him of mint and pine.

“I do want to...try that with you. Not right now because I don’t think I’m ready, but I will be. And like I’ve told you before, I trust you. With my virginity, with my life and with--with my happiness,” his mellifluous voice softened by his last sentence, timidity rushing over him at the way he was baring his soul.

Namjoon knew vampires couldn’t cry, but he swore he felt moisture tickling the backs of his eyes. And if his heart was beating like a human’s again, hell, he wouldn’t be surprised if tears would suddenly fall.

“I don’t know what I did to deserve you.”

“Ah, I could say the same, hyung,” Jimin smiled up at him adoringly and Namjoon pressed him into his chest, burying his nose in the younger’s hair and breathing in strawberries and cream with fine champagne.

_I love you. I love you. I love you_, his mind chorused and though Jimin could sense the strength of his feelings, Namjoon was glad he couldn’t read his mind because he wanted to save this last confession for the perfect moment. He was prepared to give his mate the world.

When Namjoon shuffled into his seat a couple hours later, he realized he hadn’t checked his phone since the previous day and he had 8 missed calls and 15 unread texts from Taehyung. His morning class was only an hour and a half and then he had the class he shared with Yoongi, so he had some time to put a semblance of a poker face on. Of course, his coven had no inkling of what was going on, but it wouldn’t be smart to make them suspicious, a mistake he had committed by ignoring Taehyung.

It was Friday and his hyungs, as well as Hoseok, were taking a trip to Daegu because an old friend of Jin’s was passing through. He also happened to be mated to one of Yoongi’s “children,” a woman he had sired two centuries ago. Hoseok was tagging along because he was growing restless with the routine of classes. He yearned for the excitement of big city life or at least constant travel. Many vampires were nomadic and followed this kind of lifestyle, but Hoseok had chosen to be part of their coven because he was afraid to take on the world alone and he had grown to love them. Still, he was the least adjusted to their domestic lives. The rest of them liked settling in an area for as long as their
ages seemed believable.

The trip meant that Taehyung and Namjoon had the house to themselves. Usually, that would be cause for endless movie nights and drink-offs where Taehyung inevitably passed out face-first. He enjoyed one on one time with his dongsaeng, but now he was dreading it. How would he slip away from Taehyung without the younger vampire catching on to where he really went when meeting with his “conversation partner?” He wanted to use the weekend to see Jimin, of course, but that was proving more and more impossible.

He made sure to compartmentalize any concerns and incriminating thoughts by the time he got to his afternoon class with Yoongi. His mind needed to be clear and steady. Yoongi was the only one gifted with mind-reading, but he didn’t actively listen to other’s thoughts. Some people projected loudly and if they were particularly worked up about something it would serve as a beacon for Yoongi’s attention. For this reason, Namjoon knew he had to carefully keep his guard up around his perceptive hyung.

He smiled at Yoongi when the elder plopped into his usual seat at Namjoon’s side, ten minutes before the start of class.

“The first project is due next week. It’s a simple two minute composition. The only guidelines are that we can’t be the only voices on it and we need to create the lyrics and the music around the topic of love,” Yoongi emitted the last word with derision.

“You literally have a soulmate you love with your entire being. Why are you talking about love like it's beneath you?”

Yoongi rolled his eyes.

“If I dedicated a song to Jin, he would never let me hear the end of it. And he’d want me to sing it for him all the time.”

“I’m sure Jin-hyung wouldn’t ask you to sing for him. He wouldn’t want to make his ears suffer like that,” he joked.

“Yah, have some respect for me, asshole. Like you’re any better.”
Namjoon went into an off-key rendition of IU’s “Palette” as Yoongi looked on in horror.

“Stop it, you’re embarrassing me!” he slapped Namjoon’s shoulder and he whined, rubbing the area. “You couldn’t just sing G-DRAGON’s part? That was horrific and IU would shoot herself in the head if she heard it.”

“Forgot you were an IU fan,” Namjoon rolled his eyes. “Your disgust for humankind doesn’t seem to extend to certain pop artists and girl groups.”

“Shut up,” he glared.

“For a gay vampire, you enjoy the popular music of female humans way too much. Just saying.”

“I will stake you. I am not playing.”

“Hyung, you’re so easy to rile up,” he sighed, grinning and Yoongi grumbled a few select choices under his breath before turning to the professor, who had just begun his lecture.

Namjoon had again forgotten about Taehyung and this time it was too late. Yoongi had left class before the professor dismissed him after getting a text from Jin that he wanted to leave immediately to make the drive to Daegu because his friends had arrived early. They wanted to go on some sort of feeding extravaganza. Namjoon felt bad for the innocent humans of Daegu. They didn’t know what was coming for them. Unfortunately, Namjoon didn’t know what was coming for him either.

He was texting Jimin about his day, checking in on him and promising he would stop by later that evening when a sudden weight crashed into him from behind and lanky arms and legs were wrapping around his neck and waist. Namjoon stumbled, shoving his phone in his pocket and widening his stance so he could stabilize his body again.

“Hyungie! You abandoned me last night! How could you?!” Taehyung was screeching at volumes that were not appropriate in the bustling streets of New York City.

Here, on an emptying university campus, he was drawing a lot of attention. Namjoon groaned,
walking forward until he reached the parking lot before shaking Taehyung off and urging him to get in the car before he made him feel more ashamed about knowing him.

“Namjoon-hyung, where were you last night? I called and called and texted and texted! I was so thorough. I wrote you like a book.”

Namjoon finally checked his unread messages and rolled his eyes at the collection of full-length paragraphs that constituted Taehyung’s texts.

“I’m not reading this. I got caught up with something and I forgot to tell you. Sorry.”

“Got caught up in what? And I put a lot of effort into those messages,” Taehyung frowned.

Namjoon scanned over them before swiping a finger to delete the conversation between them. Taehyung cried out dramatically.

“Hyung, how could you!”

“You were just quoting song lyrics and inserting pick-up lines in between. I have no interest.”

“I was a tad drunk last night. After someone who will not be named abandoned me,” Taehyung paused to glare. “I had to have fun alone so I inhaled like six bottles of vodka and took a couple pretty boys home. Good times were had,” he smiled his endearing, boxy smile.

“What did you need me there for then? We’ve never tried to co-host an orgy and we never will. I do not want to see your dick.”

“Your loss. My dick’s one of the wonders of the modern world,” he shrugged. “But, going out alone is never as fun as when you’re with a good friend and you’re the best friend I have. I missed you and when you didn’t contact me, I felt ignored. And sad.”

Namjoon sighed as Taehyung’s normally sunny demeanor dimmed.
“I’m sorry, Tae-ah. I didn’t mean to make you feel like you aren’t important to me. You’re my best friend too, you know.”

“Sometimes I don’t know cause you’re such a meanie.”

“Don’t be a baby.”

“Ugh, fine. I’ll be the mature vampire that I am. I accept your apology.”

“How gracious of you,” he rolled his eyes again but Taehyung was smiling again, so he knew he’d done the right thing.

“Why don’t we go out tonight? Oh wait, did you feed last night? You must have. You look more energized than I’ve ever seen you. I mean, you’re basically glowing. Damn, hyung, who did you feed from? Beyonce? Only the queen could have given you that much vitality.”

Namjoon touched his face, wondering what Taehyung was seeing. He hadn’t really stopped to look in a mirror.

“Oh, um, I had a couple people. All health nuts. That must be it.”

“Did you go home with them? I know you didn’t take them home because the hyungs were there and I used the cottage for my threesome.”

“Yeah, yeah I went to their places. Or place. Yes, one place. They were in the same apartment building. Near campus.”

“Same building? How coincidental.”

Namjoon was starting to fidget the longer Taehyung’s inquisitive gaze lingered on him and he regretted not being as skilled a liar as Yoongi and Hoseok. When they played poker, they had the rest of them eating out of their hands. They were the only ones who ever won. Namjoon couldn’t lie for shit and he hadn’t even planned ahead to have some worthy explanation for Taehyung.
“Let’s start heading home. I think I need a nap,” he lied, turning on the car and pulling out of the parking lot soon after.

“You look more energized than I’ve ever seen you. Why would you need a nap?”

“Just—just because. I look deceptively good.”

“Mm-hmm. There’s something you’re not telling me, hyung. Something about why you didn’t meet up with me last night.”

“You’re being ridiculous,” Namjoon tried to laugh it off, but even he could tell his laugh was forced.

“Am I?”

“Yeah, of course. I don’t know what you’re insinuating.”

Taehyung seemed to be on the verge of saying more, but then he closed his mouth and made a noncommittal sound. He turned on the radio instead and began singing along to whatever came on. Namjoon silently thanked the fates for distracting Taehyung.

When they arrived home, Namjoon excused himself to take a nap and Taehyung settled into the living room couch, flipping through T.V. channels.

“Do you want to go out later? Hit a bar or a club maybe?”

“Not feeling up to it today... but tomorrow night?”

Taehyung accepted the answer without further questions.

“OK. If you’re that tired I won’t bother you tonight. I may do a Harry Potter marathon down here. If
“Sure. The third one is my favorite. I’ll come down by the time you’re up to it.”

Taehyung nodded, popping in the first DVD. Namjoon retreated to his room, instantly opening his conversation with Jimin and assuring him he was fine, he had just been dealing with his nosy coven member. He told him he would come by around 10 if Jimin wanted. Jimin responded with a collection of emojis that made Namjoon grin like an idiot. He continued texting Jimin about nonsensical things, as well as answering some texts from Hoseok and Jin.

24/9/2018

From: Jin-Hyung       Received:  19:02

You’re keeping an eye on Taehyung, right? Yoongi’s afraid he’ll try to take 1 of our cars for a Fast + the Furious kind of spin

To: Jin-Hyung       Sent: 19:03

Don’t worry about us, hyung. I’ll keep things in order

From: Jin-Hyung       Received: 19:03

If he puts a finger on my Bentley I’ll stake him AND you 10 times

From: Jin-Hyung       Received: 19:03

Sorry, Yoongi stole my phone for a sec

Namjoon snorted, moving to Hoseok’s message.
OMG that vamp Yoongi sired is super hot. Like sex radiated off him. I am #shook

Isn’t he mated to Jin’s friend? I think you should #keepitinyourpants before someone cuts you for thirsting over their mate

You never support me in my quest for the D :( 

You’ll be a ho until you find your soulmate. Then, you’ll be a reformed ho :)

“Hyung, I’m going out!” Taehyung called and Namjoon stood from the bed, walking to the top of the staircase and peering down at Taehyung, who was pulling on his shoes in the entryway.

“What happened to your Harry Potter marathon?”

“A friend from class told me about a killer party at his place. He lives off-campus. It’s gonna be a rager. Wanna come?”

“No, thanks though. I didn’t know you made a human friend.”
“I’ve made a few in all my classes. I’m quite popular. I just don’t like to brag about it. Plus, the hyungs wouldn’t be too happy about it.”

“True. Well, have fun. Text me if you need anything.”

“Will you actually answer?” he asked sassily and Namjoon sighed.

“You’re going to hold this over me for a while, aren’t you?”

“You know it. Bye, hyungie,” he called over his shoulder, leaving the house.

Namjoon returned to his room, shoving pajamas and toiletries into his book bag and texting Jimin that he would be heading to his dorm early. He responded enthusiastically, telling him to hurry and adding more complicated emoji patterns that Namjoon had to work hard to understand. He didn’t bother taking out one of the cars and ran to the dormitories. He was knocking on Jimin’s door soon after.

“Joonie!” Jimin exclaimed, hugging him and then going on his tip-toes to press a kiss to his plump lips.

“It’s nice to see you too, Jiminie. Did you have a good day?”

“Yes! Like I was telling you earlier. My dance teacher kept praising me and she told me I would have the opening number at the showcase next month. It’s a huge honor, especially because I’m only a sophomore. Usually a junior or senior takes the spot.”

“I’m very proud of you, gorgeous,” he kissed him again, intertwining their hands as they moved inside Jimin’s room.

“Thank you!”

“Did you have dinner already?”
“No, but I can just order something real quick.”

“No, let me take you out. To celebrate. What about the Italian place, Tavola Benvegnu?”

“Hyung, that’s kind of pricey. I don’t want you to spend too much on me. And you won’t even be eating, so it’ll be a waste.”

“It’s not a waste if you’re enjoying it. I would do anything for you, Jimin. Let me, OK?”

Jimin flushed a lovely pink and smiled softly.

“OK.”

They’d had a wonderful time at dinner. Namjoon hadn’t ordered anything for himself except a glass of wine and he nibbled on corners of the bread, but Jimin feasted on a pasta dish with linguini and assorted seafood in a creamy sauce that made him moan at the exquisite flavors that exploded on his palate. Namjoon forced himself not to feel too turned on by the little noises Jimin made as he enjoyed his food, but it was difficult, especially when Jimin was salivating over the lava cake with caramel ice-cream on top. He made it through somehow and they decided they would take a walk around before Namjoon ran them back to the dorms. They were holding hands, Jimin’s swallowed up in his large palms. The younger swung their hands between them, giggling every time Namjoon squeezed his hand playfully and leaned over to press a kiss to his pink cheeks.

They were strolling through a park that was illuminated by streetlamps and the natural moonlight, Jimin talking more about his parents and his favorite parts of childhood when something caught his attention and his head snapped to the right, his words cut off mid-sentence.

“Jiminie?”

Jimin’s emotions spiked with a combination of excitement and tenderness and he pulled away from Namjoon to rush over to one of the benches, arranged in a circle around the fountain at the center of the park. Namjoon made his way over, seeing Jimin crouching and cooing at something he couldn’t see.
He was behind Jimin when the younger stood, turning and holding out a black and brown lump.

“Look, hyung, this little guy was all alone under that bench! I wonder if he ran away or if he’s lost. Oh, what if he doesn’t even have a home! We need to help him.”

Namjoon’s jaw dropped as he stared at the miniature dog in Jimin’s hands.

Puppy Tae

“I want to call him Yeontan. It suits him because of his color, don’t you think? Sweet baby Tan! What an adorable little angel you are,” Jimin praised the dog, who barked, pleased at the attention.

The dog kept yipping happily, tiny tail shaking and tickling Jimin, who laughed along with the dog’s noises. Namjoon, however, was not laughing. He watched the dog, who watched him before shooting him a wicked wink.

“Fuck,” Namjoon said under his breath.

That was no lost dog. It was the representation of Namjoon’s failure to keep Jimin a secret any longer. He should have known Taehyung’s examination ended too easily. He had been lying when he said he was meeting with a friend. He was making sure Namjoon was relaxed and convinced he had gotten away with his lie. But, of course he hadn’t. Because here Taehyung was, using his gift of transmutation to turn into a seemingly innocuous animal, though the glint in his eye told Namjoon he had hell to pay for keeping something from Taehyung.
There's Something About Yeontan

Chapter Summary

Lol the title comes from an American rom-com. If anyone's familiar with it let me know. It's pretty funny :)

Anyway, enjoy another chapter! More Taehyung cuteness and more Minjoon loveliness <3

Namjoon glared at the dog version of Taehyung every time Jimin had his back turned. They had returned to Jimin’s room (only after Jimin ran to the supermarket to buy little stainless steel bowls and a package of dog food. Namjoon watched silently as Jimin cooed at Taehyung, who had the nerve to wag his tail and yip happily as he was praised for being “extraordinarily adorable and precious.” He put the bowls in the corner of his dorm room, filling them with water and the dog food, which was the wet kind and salmon-flavored.

“Go ahead, Yeontan. Eat! Who knows when was the last time this little angel was fed. He could have died out there all alone,” Jimin addressed Namjoon who muttered a “Good riddance” under his breath that thankfully his mate didn’t hear.

“I wonder why he isn’t touching the food,” Jimin mused, tilting his head and Namjoon’s lips widened into a mischievous smirk.

He knew why, of course. “Yeontan” was really a vampire, who never ate human food and who had a particular abhorrence of fish and anything that smelled remotely of fish. Even if all food tasted bland to them, Taehyung would rather stab himself in the eye than have to consume it, especially a wet dog food version.

“He must be nervous eating in front of two strange humans. We don’t know what he’s been through. But, any dog put in front of fresh food would certainly scarf it down,” Namjoon emphasized the word dog and stared right at his dongsaeng, whose eyes widened slightly as he regarded the food and gulped.

“Go ahead, little angel. We won’t bother you,” Jimin kneeled by the frozen dog, who looked back at Namjoon.

“Eat up, Yeontan,” he gave him a malicious wink.
The moment Jimin left the room to take a phone call from his mother Taehyung transmuted back to his original form.

“How was dinner?” Namjoon jeered and Taehyung made gagging noises.

“I hate you.”

“You shouldn’t have followed me,” Namjoon stood up, making sure to puff up his chest and tower over the younger vampire, the humor wiped off his face as his expression hardened. “Who do you think you are, spying on me and then using your gift to meddle in my affairs?”

Taehyung tensed, eyes dropping to the floor, clearly intimidated by the other’s show of dominance. He was the troublemaker in the coven, testing his hyungs’ patience and then playing the role of innocent maknae. Namjoon had never gotten genuinely angry with him before, but in that moment he feared for his life. His maker’s eyes could have been balls of fire.

“I-I’m s-sorry, hyungie. I only wanted to know why you were lying to me. Y-you’d never kept things from me before or spent so much time a-away from me. I was jealous of whoever had caught your attention. And when I saw it was a human, I was more curious. I overstepped boundaries, though. I’m really sorry, hyungie. Please don’t hate m-me,” Taehyung whimpered, lip trembling and Namjoon sighed.

He supposed it was unfair for him to blame Taehyung for his natural inquisitive nature and it must have seemed odd that they had just moved to a new place and Namjoon was constantly out of the house. He hadn’t considered how Taehyung had been affected and that had been an unjust oversight on his part.

“I could never hate you, Tae-ah. You’re my dongsaeng, the only vampire I’ve ever sired. You’re the family I created for myself and it was wrong of me to hide this from you. I wanted to tell you, but I didn’t know how to. This is still so new to me.”

“But, hyung, I don’t understand. What do you mean by ‘this’? Isn’t this the human we found you for your birthday? What is he to you?”
“He’s,” he took a deep, trembling breath, wondering if it was possible to put into words the etherealness of Park Jimin. “He’s my mate, Tae-ah. He’s the other half of my damned soul, the salvation I didn’t even realize I was desperately searching for.”

Taehyung’s jaw dropped.

“You-your mate is...You’re mated to a human? How is that possible?”

“That’s not something I have the answer to. The night of my birthday, I looked at him and i knew. It was like I thought I had been living again after being brought back from death and turned into this immortal being, but whatever I was doing before Jimin? That wasn’t living; it was simply existing.”

“Goddamn. You’re in love with a human,” Taehyung spoke with awe.

“How fucked up does that make me?”

“I mean it worked out for Edward and Bella.”

“Are you kidding me? You’re bringing up the Twilight saga? That was a pile of garbage, Taehyung. Vampires sparkling in the sunlight? What the hell was that? We aren’t disco balls.”

“I’m sure your love story will be much better.”

“I hope so,” Namjoon murmured and Taehyung regarded him thoughtfully.

“How much does he know about you? About us? Our kind, our coven?”

“I’ve told him about everything, though a version with much less grit and horror. I didn’t go into details with certain things, including Jackson and our coven.”

“I get why you wouldn’t spill your whole Jackson relationship drama, but what about me?! You never talked about me?”
Namjoon rolled his eyes.

“Not in-depth. He knows I have four coven members, that’s it.”

“Hyung, you’ve wounded me,” Taehyung exaggeratedly clutched his chest. “How could you exclude me from such an important part of your life? Not even a passing mention of your favorite vampire of all time?”

“You’re so annoying. I should have chucked your little dog ass out the window.”

“Namjoon-hyung, I’m serious! If this human is your soulmate, then you’re in it for the long-haul, right? You’re going to turn him eventually and he’ll join our coven. He should be prepared for that.”

“Why would you assume that I’m going to turn him?”

Taehyung gave him a “what the fuck” expression.

“Why would I not? Vampires mate for life. That’s eternity.”

“Jimin isn’t a vampire. He’s not constrained by vampire laws or vampire nature. I wouldn’t force a cursed existence on him.”

“Isn’t that something he has a say in?”

Namjoon opened his mouth, but closed it again as he heard Jimin’s voice coming down the hall. He seemed to be saying his farewells to his mother.

“Turn back into a defenseless doggy and stay that way! You’re much easier to deal with,” Namjoon hissed.

“You mistreat me so,” he wailed.
“Taehyung!”

“Fine, I’m going! But, I stand by my earlier point. He needs to know everything. Plus, the hyungs are out of town this weekend. It would be the perfect time for us to meet and he can come over to the house too.”

“I’ll think about it,” Namjoon relented. “Now be a good boy and change back.”

Taehyung growled, the sound turning into a soft snarl more adorable than frightening as he became a little Pomeranian mix again. When Jimin returned Namjoon was sitting on the edge of the bed and Taehyung was padding around the room, ears perking up as the human returned. He certainly played the role of man’s best friend well, Namjoon thought, watching as he bounded towards Jimin’s ankles, collapsing on his shoes and wagging his tail happily as Jimin bent down, giggling as he picked him up. He pressed kisses to his head and ears and sat next to Namjoon.

“My mom says hi,” he smiled and Namjoon found himself instantaneously matching the younger’s beautiful smile.

It was now instinctive. Jimin’s happiness was too infectious not to revel in it with him.

“You told your parents about me?”

Jimin nodded.

“Of course. You’re my mate. You were part of my destiny and part of my family’s history. And even if it weren’t because of the prophecy, you’re a special person in my life and I want to share that with my family.”

Namjoon’s heart constricted, equal parts overjoyed and ashamed, Taehyung’s words ringing in his ears.

“Oh.”
An insistent bark made him look down where “Yeontan” had escaped Jimin’s arms to jump into Namjoon’s lap. He licked his hand and stared up at him with clear intention in his dark eyes. He was telling him to reciprocate Jimin’s honesty.

“Aw, Joonie, he loves you!” Jimin fawned over them, whipping put his cell phone to capture the moment as “Yeontan” curled up into a little ball on Namjoon’s lap, positioned so he could still look at him out of the corner of one eye.

“Yeah, I know he does,” Namjoon said softly, stroking the dog’s soft fur and looking back at Jimin, who was playing around with filters, deciding he wanted the picture to be perfect so he could make it his phone’s lock screen. “Jimin, I need to talk to you about something.”

Jimin picked up on the seriousness in his voice and put his phone away.

“Is everything okay?”

“Yeah, everything’s fine. It’s just that I haven’t been as sincere as I should have been. When I told you about the story of my life I glossed over things that you deserve to know, most importantly about my coven.”

“You don’t need to tell me everything, Joonie. You’re entitled to your secrets.”

“I don’t want to have secrets between us,” he admitted. “And my coven is my family, the same way you feel about your parents? That’s the love I have for them. I haven’t been honest with them either. They don’t know about you. And I promise it isn’t because I’m ashamed of you or anything like that! You’re incredible, Jimin, I’m so lucky to have found you.”

Jimin blushed a pretty pink, looking down at his lap before meeting his gaze again.

“Thank you. That’s exactly how I feel about you.”

“I’ve never been happier and I would love nothing more than sharing that with my family, but they wouldn’t approve.”
A nip at his forearm told him Taehyung didn’t want to be grouped in with the others. Namjoon frowned, subtly pinching the dog’s behind, making him emit a tiny yip.

“Is it because I’m a human?”

Namjoon nodded.

“My hyungs, the mated couple who formed the coven, and Hoseok, who we added to the coven a few decades after I became a vampire, they aren’t like me. They don’t have any respect for humankind. They consider them food and nothing else. When they feed...they leave a dead body behind.”

“If they knew about me, they’d kill me, wouldn’t they?” Jimin’s chocolate eyes were sad, his mellifluous voice emotionless.

“I would never let that happen,” he spoke vehemently, accidentally jostling Taehyung in his lap as he gripped Jimin’s hands in his own. “I would take on my family for you. If they can’t understand how important you are to me, then I’ll leave the coven. They can’t control me anyway.”

“Joonie,” Jimin’s eyes were misting over as Namjoon caressed his cheek.

“I’d do anything for you, okay? Don’t doubt that.”

Jimin pressed a kiss to his palm and gave him a blindingly bright smile. Taehyung, because he was impatient like no other, began fidgeting in his lap, digging his paws into the meat of Namjoon’s thighs. He hissed, pulling away from Jimin and lifting Taehyung into the air until he was at eye level.

“Why did you ruin such a beautiful moment? You are literally the bane of my existence. I wonder every day why I made you”

Jimin’s eyebrows raised.

“Um, Namjoon, are you sure everything’s okay?”
Namjoon groaned, lowering Taehyung before continuing.

“I have four coven members. There are the three I told you about and then there’s one other, the maknae of the coven. I turned him into a vampire myself more than 50 years ago. He isn’t like the others. He and I agree that being a vampire doesn’t mean slaughtering innocent people because we need their blood. There are different ways to survive so we don’t act 100% like the monsters Hollywood has crafted. His name is Taehyung. Do you remember when I told you about the abilities vampires could have? Their gifts?”

“Yes? Yours was a more powerful hypnosis, right? It didn’t work on me.”

“Exactly, because you and I are connected, so I can’t use my abilities to manipulate you like any other human. And all our gifts allow us that end goal: luring humans in so we can feed on them. Apart from hypnosis, vampires can be gifted with telepathy, empathy—so they can sense emotions the way you and I can sense each others—or transmutation.”

“Transmutation? Like changing from one form to another? Isn’t that only possible with chemical elements?”

“Some vampires can use it to shift into different animal forms.”

“Oh wow. That’s impressive.”

“My dongsaeng, Taehyung, has the gift of transmutation. He’s also nosier than anyone has the right to be and I’m sorry you have to meet under these circumstances, but the situation was out of my control.”

“What do you mean?”

Namjoon picked up the dog, who was sitting patiently as if waiting for his cue.

“I still haven’t completely forgiven you for doing this,” he told him before launching him into the air.
Jimin gasped, moving to jump off the bed and catch the falling animal, but suddenly there wasn’t a dog. There was a young man around Jimin’s eyes with a boxy smile and dark brown hair that fell messily over his forehead.

“Hey!” he waved with all the enthusiasm of a happy toddler.

Jimin shrieked, putting a hand to his heart and feeling it beat abnormally fast.

“Are you okay? I didn’t want to spring this on you, I’m sorry. It’s all Taehyung’s fault,” Namjoon wrapped an arm around Jimin’s waist and stroked his hair comfortingly with the other hand.

“I’m sorry too. You seem really nice. And you give amazing belly rubs. You can pet me whenever you want!”

Jimin just gaped at him and Namjoon resisted the urge to smack his dongsaeng.

“Not helping.”

“Oh. Sorry again.”

Jimin still stared up at Taehyung like he was an alien who had stepped off a UFO and into his dorm room.

“Maybe it’s best if I leave...We can spend more time together tomorrow. Namjoon-hyung said he’d bring you over to our house and we can hang out! Really get to know each other.”

“I didn’t agree to that. It’ll only happen if Jimin feels comfortable with it,” Namjoon corrected him.

“I hope you do, Jimin! I want to know everything about the little human who stole my hyung’s heart.”

Namjoon’s eyes narrowed.
“Good night, Taehyung.”

“Ooh, by the lethality in your eyes I can see I’ve overstayed my welcome...Okay then, I’m off! See you tomorrow maybe?” Taehyung changed into a thrush and flitted over to the window, flying off into the night.

Silence permeated the dorm room. Namjoon stared at Jimin who stared at the spot where Taehyung had been standing.

“So…” Namjoon tried.

“Is there anything else I need to know about you and your coven? Does one of you have the ability to transform into a lamp or laundry basket or something? Is anyone else hiding in my room right now, spying on me?!?”

“No, Jimin, vampires can’t turn into inanimate objects,” he spoke cautiously and Jimin took a deep, calming breath.

“Okay then. Tomorrow I’ll meet Taehyung.”

“Wait, really? Are you sure that’s what you want?”

“It is in the sense that I want to get to know my soulmate better and meeting his family is kind of the protocol. It isn’t in the sense that a second vampire is now in my life and I’m starting to wonder if I’ve fallen down the rabbit hole.”

Namjoon chuckled gently.

“You’re not crazy, I can assure you of that. But, you aren’t obligated to visit our house tomorrow or spend time with Tae. I love the kid, but he is a handful.”

Jimin giggled.
“I sort of got that already, but if he’s the only one of your coven who would welcome me with open arms...and not open fangs I want to make the effort to get to know him.”

“If you’re certain, I would love for you to come over tomorrow. We’ll have the house perfectly tidy for you. Jin-hyung and Hoseok are usually the housekeepers of the coven, but Taehyung and I will do our best.”

“Does that mean you’re leaving me tonight?” the pout of Jimin’s plush lips made Namjoon groan.

“I have to, Jiminnie, so I can make sure Taehyung cleans the house and doesn’t accidentally set it on fire.”

“But, sleeping alone is so... lonely,” he drew out the word, batting his eyelashes up at the vampire, who seemed like he’d already given in.

“I guess I can just send him explicit instructions.”

“Really? So you’ll stay with me?” Jimin’s dazzling smile returned with full-force.

“It’s not like I ever want to be away from you,” Namjoon shrugged helplessly and Jimin laughed.

“Then we feel the same,” he crawled under his covers and patted the space Namjoon would occupy.

“I don’t have any pajamas though. You’re all comfortable and I’m dying in these skinny jeans.”

“You’re such a baby,” Jimin rolled his eyes. “Just take them off. My clothes won’t help since you’re a giant and will just feel more confined in them.”

“I’m not a giant,” he grumbled, but began stripping anyway.

“Oh,” Jimin was struck-dumb by the sight of flawless golden skin and a leanly muscled body.
Namjoon set aside his sweater and jeans, leaving him in a dark pair of boxers. Jimin began to regret everything. There was too much perfection on display. How would he be able to sleep knowing that was right next to him?

“Everything okay, Jiminie?” Namjoon was smirking at him and Jimin found a way to shut his fallen jaw and glare at the cocky vampire.

“Yes, I was just thinking that you’re super ugly and I want nothing to do with you.”

“Oh, really? Is that why your heart skipped in your chest and your pulse sped up? Because of how repulsed you are?”

“Hey! It’s not fair that you get to use your Spidey senses against me.”

Namjoon chuckled.

“Spidey senses? You’re so cute, Jimin.”

“Shut up,” he blushed. “I regret inviting you to stay. You can leave for all I care.”

“I can sense your embarrassment. Don’t be ashamed of your feelings,” Namjoon turned off the lights and lay down next to Jimin, pulling him into his space so Jimin was pressed against his cool skin. “Believe me, my heart acts irregularly when I’m with you and if my pulse could race, it would for you.”

Jimin closed his eyes, letting himself drink in the soothing scent of his mate and the caresses that trailed from his hair to his back felt heavenly.

“I like you so much, Namjoon,” he whispered, slowly succumbing to sleep.

“I do too, Jimin. More than you know,” he whispered back.
Jimin hummed contentedly, drifting into slumber, wondering what it would be like to replace “like” with another four letter word. And then imagining what it would be like to hear those words reciprocated.
Chapter Summary

There is some drama and some smut ;)

The next chapter will have a lengthier sex scene as well as a big movement in the plot! I'm excited <3

Thank you for all your comments. I feel so happy that you're all enjoying my story and sharing in this beautiful couple because minjoon is adorable and perfect. I'm too soft for these two really.

Chapter Notes

I had too much fun trying to find pictures of their beautiful vampire house.

When Jimin was led up the path to the front door of Namjoon’s house, he had to stop halfway and gawk at the sheer magnificence.
“My god, if this is only the outside, what do you guys have *inside*? Are the walls made of diamonds and the floors paved with gold?”

“Don’t be ridiculous. Gold floors are so last season. Cutting-edge vampires use pure jade to tile their homes.”

Jimin stared at him open-mouthed and Namjoon chuckled.
“Kidding.”

“Is it rude of me to wonder what your net worth is?”

“Money isn’t everything, Jiminie.”

“That’s something only an obnoxiously wealthy person would say,” he sniffed with disdain.

“I apologize if I sounded flippant about the privileges we’ve had simply because our abilities—and the fact that we’ve lived so long—have allowed us to accumulate riches. I know you worked hard to put yourself through college and help your family in any way you could. It shows your strength of character. I really admire that.”

Jimin smiled, a small flush of color touching his cheeks.

“Thank you. And I didn’t mean to judge you for being rich. I’m not a bitter kind of person.”

“That I know. I’m not offended, don’t worry. Are you ready to come inside now?”

Jimin shot him a thumbs up, bouncing up on the tips of his toes to demonstrate his eagerness.

“Yes!”

“You’re so cute,” Namjoon said, shaking his head with a fond smile and grabbing one of Jimin’s hands before leading him forward.

The moment they stepped through the front door they were assaulted by a barrage of smells.

“It smells like a restaurant in here,” Jimin commented and Namjoon groaned.
After Jimin fell asleep, he had slipped out of bed briefly to call Taehyung and ensure that he would have the house in order when they got there around midday. The younger had asked if he could prepare something special for Jimin and Namjoon, knowing full well how dangerous it was to give Taehyung free reign of anything, said all he had to do was clean the house and act semi-normal so as to not freak Jimin out. He should have known his dongsaeng would completely disregard that.

They walked past the foyer and into the expansive dining room where a banquet of epic proportions was laid out on the long table.

“Wow,” Jimin gasped, taking in the seemingly endless amounts of food.

There seemed to be a dish for every major cuisine in the world, as well as many traditional Korean ones.

“Is all of this for me?” Jimin asked.

“Surprise!” Taehyung bounded out of the kitchen with the same exuberance he exhibited when he transmuted into a dog.

“Oh wow. You didn’t have to do this.”

“And I explicitly told you not to do this,” Namjoon frowned.

“Hyungie, I wanted to make the best second impression I could. I felt so bad about our first one,” he offered Jimin an apologetic smile before continuing. “I spent the entire morning cooking. Dessert is still in the oven, but I’ll get it as soon as you’re ready for it, little human!”

“His name is Jimin,” Namjoon reminded him and Taehyung laughed.

“Sorry, sorry! Welcome to our home, Jimin!”

“Thank you, Taehyung-ssi,” Jimin bowed and Taehyung moved forward to pull him into a strong hug.
“No formalities please. We’re family now. Call me hyung or Tae, whichever you prefer.”

“Ah, okay...Tae,” Jimin spoke softly and still a bit unsurely from his position pressed against Taehyung’s broad chest.

“Aigoo, aren’t you the cutest? You may be the most adorable human I’ve ever seen! And you smell divine.”

Namjoon watched on in horror as Taehyung lowered his head to sniff Jimin.

“Yah, you weirdo, this is why I never talk about you,” he untangled Taehyung’s long arms from Jimin’s frame and pulled his mate back to his side. “Try and scent him again and I’ll burn your closet.”

Taehyung’s eyes widened.

“Hyung, you love me too much to do that. You wouldn’t set fire to a beautiful collection of clothing such as mine.”

“I’ll reduce your personal Gucci store to ashes. Don’t test me.”

“I will cut off my nose and never scent your mate again. Don’t hurt my Gucci!”

Jimin’s eyebrows raised.

“You seem really serious about that designer label.”

“Guccio Gucci is one of my idols. And we were close friends once upon a time.”

“Really?” Jimin seemed shocked.
“He learned Italian just for him. Some of Taehyung’s favorite outfits were custom-made by the man himself,” Namjoon informed him.

“Ogni giorno ti manco, mio bello amico. Non abbiamo avuto abbastanza tempo insieme. La morte ti ha rubato e il mondo sente la tua assenza!” Taehyung clutched his chest dramatically.

“...For those of us who aren’t linguistically gifted, what did that mean?” Jimin asked and Namjoon chuckled.

“He said, ‘Every day I miss you, my beautiful friend. We didn’t have enough time together. Death has stolen you and the world feels your absence.’ We can teach you Italian if you’d like. Or if any other language piques your interest, between the two of us we probably know it.”

“Yeah, Namjoon-hyung and I always try and pick up new languages. The other hyungs don’t share our passion,” he shrugged.


“I’ve got the Russian and the Japanese. I’m working on English and I would learn a lot faster if hyungie would actually bother to help me.”

“You’re a nightmare of a student. You’re disorganized and impatient.”

“Lies.”


“He spent a lot of time there during the Revolution. I would assume so.”

“He was alive during the French Revolution?!” Jimin asked.
“I mean he’s been around longer than that, but yeah he said he stuck around because blood was literally flooding the streets so it was paradise for a hungry vampire.”

Jimin winced and Namjoon shot Taehyung a glower.

“Let’s not talk about blood and bloodshed for the remainder of our time together,” Namjoon said, rubbing Jimin’s waist comfortingly. “You made all this food, which by the way is physically impossible for Jimin to consume in one sitting--or ten-- so let’s see how you did. Are you hungry?”

“Definitely. I’m glad I had a light breakfast,” Jimin grinned, sitting near a particularly appetizing dish of chicken carbonara and a steaming bowl of seolleongtang.

Jimin began serving himself on an empty plate and Namjoon took a seat on his right with Taehyung sitting directly across from them.

“Did you follow recipes for all of these?” Namjoon asked, eyes running over every dish.

“Mmm, not exactly.”

“What do you mean? You knew how to make all of this off the top of your head?”

“No, I just used what I remembered.”

“What?”

“I’ve seen all these dishes on T.V. and in movies and I figured I didn’t need a recipe book because I could recreate it exactly how I’d seen it!”

“You didn’t follow a recipe?”

Namjoon’s question was immediately followed by a gagging noise from Jimin, who had tried the chicken carbonara and almost choked at the taste of pure salt. He had then shoved a spoonful of Spanish paella in, hoping to soothe his palate and thus began the gagging because the traditional
seafood and rice mix was somehow spicy—to a degree that Jimin worried he would never have use of his tongue again.


Jimin began gulping down the water and didn’t stop panting until he’d finished two glasses.

“This is why I told you not to do anything much less cooking! We are vampires, we haven’t eaten human food in decades and we can’t taste the food as we cook it to test it. You could have served him poison and you’d have no idea,” Namjoon growled.

Taehyung had the decency to look ashamed.

“I’m sorry, hyung. Jimin, I only wanted to do a grand gesture that would show you how excited I was to get to know you and to thank you for bringing my hyung such happiness,” he looked down at the table with a look of heartbreaking sadness.

Jimin regarded him fondly.

“I appreciate your intention, Tae. It wasn’t the most...delicious food I’ve had, but it can be fixed. There was just a little—okay a lot—of mistakes made with salt and spice quantities.”

“I didn’t think it all through. I’m an idiot.”

“No, you’re not. I think this was really sweet of you. Thank you,” Jimin said.

He honestly wasn’t upset or angry or anything but grateful that this vampire, who was practically Namjoon’s little brother, accepted him enough to want to prepare an elaborate meal for him. It was touching.

“I’ll assume you don’t want to try dessert?” he asked forlornly.

“Are you trying to kill my mate?”
“Joonie,” Jimin giggled and addressed Namjoon placatingly. “Baking is different from cooking. I wouldn’t mind giving it a try. Taehyung’s been working on this meal all day. We don’t want to be ungrateful.”

Namjoon sighed.

“Fine. What did you prepare for dessert?”

“Chocolate lava cake with fresh strawberries and cream on top.”

“That sounds incredible!” Jimin smiled encouragingly and Taehyung jumped out of his seat to bring the cake to the table.

“He’s a sweetheart,” Jimin whispered to Namjoon.

“He’s definitely always eager to please. He just has trouble channeling his energy in a productive manner.”

“Ta da,” Taehyung presented Jimin with a steaming lava cake that did look and smell as delicious as lava cakes should. “Let me cut you a slice. I’ll make sure to get the topping on there.”

“Okay, Taehyung, but if spits it out don’t get offended,” Namjoon warned and Taehyung rolled his eyes.

“It’s like you have no faith in me.”

“That’s because that’s exactly how it is. I have zero trust in your culinary abilities.”

The two of them began bickering as Jimin was handed his slice of cake, warm chocolate gushing out from the center, combining with the cream and thinly cut strawberries. He dug his spoon in, picking up a hearty portion and bringing it to his mouth. It only took one bite to convince him he was in love. With a cake.
“Oh my god, this is amazing,” he practically moaned, making both vampires turn to take in the way he was licking his spoon and happily scooping up more of the gooey concoction.

“Success! Take that, hyung,” Taehyung stuck out his tongue childishly, but Namjoon was a bit too captivated with the movements of Jimin’s lips to respond to the taunt.

“I wish you could taste this, Joonie. It’s the best lava cake I’ve ever had,” Jimin said in between bites, lapping at his fingers when he finished and noticed some cream had dripped onto them.

Namjoon nearly groaned out loud. Jimin began to blush, looking over at his mate and finally catching on to the path his emotions had taken. The lust and desire radiating from the vampire was getting to him.

“Um, could you not taint the sanctity of my dinner table with your uncontrolled libidos? I’m all for a good threesome, but I have a feeling that’s not up for discussion?”

Namjoon simply glowered at him.

“Right. I’m going to start cleaning up the kitchen. The usually pristine condition we keep it in—seeing as we never use it—is ruined. Jin-hyung would die a second time if he saw the disaster zone I created. But, hey, after I finish we should do a movie marathon and then we can go clubbing tonight! Do you like to dance, Jimin?”

“I’m a dance major, actually,” Jimin cleared his throat, trying to push away his own yearning for his mate to focus on Taehyung.

“That’s so cool. Hobi-hyung is also a dance major. I wonder if you have any classes together.”

“What’s his name? Our classes aren’t that big. I may recognize him.”

“Jung Hoseok. He’s sporting fiery orange hair at the moment and he is a dance god even I’ll admit it. Not to his face though because he’s already big-headed about it.”
“Oh, I’ve heard of him! My professor told me the opening spot for the showcase was between me and him. He’s a junior and I’m a sophomore, so everyone assumed it would go to him.”

“Damn, but you got it instead?” Taehyung barked out a laugh. “It must be driving him crazy that a human took his spot. This makes me like you even more.”

“Knowing now that he’s a vampire in your coven… I don’t know if I’m still as happy about it. Is it smart to give him more reasons to hate me?” he turned to Namjoon who took his hand and began gently rubbing his knuckles.

“It’s impossible to hate you, Park Jimin. And if Hoseok has a problem with you, for any reason at all, he’ll have to answer to me. You earned your spot in the showcase and you should only feel proud of yourself,” he reassured him.

“I second that. You’re my family now because you’re my hyung’s mate. I’ve got your back. If you ever need anything just shoot me a text. I’ll put my number in your phone.”

Jimin smiled at the younger vampire.

“Thank you, Tae.”

He winked and slipped into the kitchen to begin restoring it to its former glory.

“Do you want a tour of the house? Or would you like another piece of cake?” Namjoon smirked at him and Jimin flushed.

“Maybe later.”

“Just let me know. Watching you eat that cake is definitely an experience I’d like to repeat.”

Lust spiked between them again.

“How voyeuristic of you,” Jimin joked and Namjoon’s fingers moved from Jimin’s knuckles to his
jaw, caressing his face.

“It’s hard for me to control myself around you. Taehyung was right…You do smell divine. You also look divine and,” he lowered his voice, moving closer to Jimin’s ear. “You *taste* divine.”

Jimin let out a tiny whimper and Namjoon pressed a kiss to his temple before standing up and extending a hand for Jimin.

“I’ll make sure and save my bedroom for last. Let’s call it the grand attraction.”

Jimin stumbled over the leg of his chair, having to use Namjoon’s chest to catch himself before he fell face-forward. Namjoon just laughed at his blushing mate.

The house was as spectacular as Jimin had imagined it after seeing the exterior. There was a library filled with first editions of novels in dozens of languages. There was an elegant entertainment room with billiard tables, a small bowling alley, and various game consoles connected to a plasma screen T.V. The master bedroom on the first floor was enormous and the ensuite bathroom had its own hot tub. That belonged to the mated couple, Jin and Yoongi. Namjoon led him upstairs, letting him peek into Hoseok and Taehyung’s rooms and the large studio, where Namjoon and Yoongi worked on music production.

“Wow, this seems so high-tech. Have you produced any songs already?” Jimin asked as they walked down the last hallway that led to Namjoon’s room.

“Yoongi and I have always shared an interest in music. He’s a better arranger than I am, but I’m a more skilled lyricist. He actually plays most instruments himself, while I can only get by with piano. We work well together. We do have a few albums made. We’d never be able to release them though or pursue a career in music. It would attract unwanted attention and when you’re literally ageless it would be impossible to hide the truth.”

“Is there anything you can’t do?” Jimin laughed. “...Would you let me listen to your albums? I mean, only if you don’t mind. I know music is a very personal thing.”

Namjoon smiled, pausing before opening his bedroom door.
“It is a personal thing, but I wouldn’t mind sharing that with you, Jiminie. Remind me later and we’ll revisit the studio.”

“I can’t wait!”

“We’ve now officially reached the last stop of the tour. I hope you’ve enjoyed yourself.”

“Hmm, I did have an excellent tour guide. He was pretty handsome too,” Jimin flirted, his resulting blush causing his skin to take on a light shade of rose.

“That’s always nice to hear,” Namjoon grinned. “Okay then, welcome to my room,” he opened the door and Jimin moved forward in a daze.
“Oh. My. God.”

“Do you like it?”

“Like it? I wish I could move in tomorrow. Why do we spend any time in my crappy form room when there’s this palatial space?” He frowned, realizing he knew the answer to his own question. “Oh, right. Because I’m not welcome here.”
“Jimin,” Namjoon came up behind him, wrapping his arms around him. “I’m sorry it seems like there are so many people against us, but our situation is completely unprecedented. I’ve pored over hundreds of ancient texts about soulmates and the history of vampires and nothing. There isn’t anything that explains how this happened. A human and a vampire.”

“Prey and its predator. There would probably be the same confusion around a rabbit falling for a wolf or a fish for a bear. Ridiculous, huh,” his voice was detached, as if he were trying to act like he was wholly unaffected.

“It’s not so black and white and I’ve always known that. Humans aren’t here simply to satisfy our desires. We’re meant to coexist not butcher each other. I wish my coven members would understand that. But, if they can’t, then it won’t matter to me. I wasn’t lying when I said I’d turn my back on them.”

“I appreciate that you would do that for me but…”

Namjoon waited but Jimin didn’t seem inclined to finish his thought. He turned the younger around in his embrace, gently tilting his chin up so he would meet his eyes.

“What is it?”

“Isn’t there a quick-fix to this?”

“Which is?”

“Your coven wouldn’t accept me as your mate because I’m a human, but I don’t have to be.”

Namjoon’s eyes narrowed.

“Are you saying--

“Why don’t you turn me into a vampire?”
Namjoon dropped his arms and took a couple steps away from him. The distance spoke volumes and Jimin stared up at him equal parts hurt and confused.

“Namjoon--

“You have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“I get the gist of it. Immortality, blood-drinking. I’m not stupid. I know what being a vampire implies.”

“No, you don’t. The change is excruciating. The brief glimpse of that pain you got from my memory is nothing compared to the real thing. You feel like you never want to wake again and when you do, the world has changed. Your senses are enhanced and you’re disoriented by everything like a newborn that screams because the transition from the safety of the womb to reality is horrible. It gets better once you start feeding. And yes, you’re aware of our feeding habits and it may seem like Taehyung and I are these model vampires, who refrain from killing people out of the goodness of our hearts. It took us years to control our thirst--nearly a decade--and before that? We were part of the massacres history has probably reported as the product of a natural disaster or freak accident.”

“Why are you trying to scare me?”

“I’m only telling you the truth. If it scares you, you clearly have no business asking for it.”

Jimin’s eyes were welling with tears. He hadn’t expected the conversation to shift in this direction, hadn’t expected to see the rage alight in Namjoon’s dark eyes.

“Is this your way of telling me you don’t like me enough to want me for the rest of eternity?”

Namjoon bit his lip, confliction evident across his striking features.

“It’s not that simple.”

“I think it is, hyung. Either you envision a future with me by your side or you don’t. We’re meant to be soulmates and you said that was for life.”
“I said vampires mate for life.”

Jimin looked like he’d been slapped.

“Oh, so you’re planning to stick around until I die and then prance away, awaiting your real vampire soulmate so you can spend eternity with them?” Jimin spat the word out hatefully and Namjoon flinched.

“Jimin…”

“I’m not asking you to bite me right now and turn me, but you’re talking like you aren’t even thinking of considering it. At all.”

“I don’t want to damn your soul,” he whispered. “I don’t want you to be cursed like me.”

“I was already cursed. Before I was even born some prophecy dictated I would be the Vampire’s Mate. Turns out that vampire didn’t even want me that much. What a worthless fate,” he spat.

“You know that isn’t true,” Namjoon tried to step closer and reach out to Jimin, but he moved away from him this time.

“Don’t touch me. I think...I need to be by myself right now.”

“I can take you home.”

“No. Don’t force yourself to do something you don’t want to do.”

“What? Jimin--

“I can walk home. I’ll work on finding someone to fix my bike. It’s going to be expensive and I’ll have to use all the savings I have, but I can’t depend on some vampire chauffeuring me around
anyway.”

The dry cut of Jimin’s usually bubbly, warm voice made Namjoon’s heart ache. He watched silently as his soulmate wrapped his arms around himself and exited the room. He listened as his footsteps descended the stairs and left the house. He kept listening as Jimin began to cry, his troubled emotions discomposing Namjoon’s. If he were able to shed tears, he would.

“Hyungie?” Taehyung spoke tentatively, lingering by the doorway. “Is everything okay?”

“Jimin left.”

“I heard...I also heard your argument. I wasn’t trying to eavesdrop, I promise! I couldn’t help it. Vampiric hearing and all.”

“I know. Don’t worry,” he took a seat on his couch and let his head drop into his hands.

“Why don’t you go after him?” Taehyung perched on the arm rest.

“He wouldn’t want to see me right now. Not when the only thing I can say is that I’m sorry I can’t change my mind.”

“Hyung, have you seriously rejected any possibility of changing him? Even if that’s what he wants?”

“He doesn’t know what he wants. We’ve just met, the soulmate bond is freshly made because he allowed me to feed from him. We’re immersed in each other and it’s wonderful, but I can’t confine him to the darkness we reside in.”

“We do perfectly fine in the sunlight.”

Namjoon shoot him a look.

“That’s not what I meant.”
“I know, but I still think you’re wrong. And that’s not a common thing. You’re the smartest person I know and I always trust your opinions, but this time is different. You’re not being fair to Jimin.”

“I care about Jimin, hell, I love him so much so that my skin seems to burn under his touch and I can’t concentrate on anything but him. When we’re apart I feel empty and when we’re together and I get to hold him and kiss him—fuck kissing him is heaven on earth...I love him, so I can’t do this to him. I don’t love what I am and tainting Jimin’s beautiful light with the horror that is our existence would be sacrilegious.”

Taehyung snorted.

“Since when are we religious?”

“Taehyung, don’t try and be funny.”

“I’m not. You’re being ridiculous.”

“Excuse me?” his eyebrows lifted in surprise.

“You’ve been brooding for most of your vampire existence and I hate to say this, hyung, but you are acting like an Edward Cullen knock off and it ain’t pretty.”

Namjoon growled but Taehyung ignored him and continued making his point.

“I mean, you complain that you’re lonely and that you’re missing something important so you can’t find total happiness. You told me you ended things with Jackson because he was convinced you were his soulmate and he could never love anyone like he loved you, but you were sure he wasn’t your destined match. You’re just as sure Jimin is that destined match and despite his glaring morality, you’ve fallen in love with him and solidified the soulmate bond. You’ve established a connection already. I don’t doubt Jimin is in love with you too or is at least very close to getting there.”

“And we can be together for the rest of his life! I will be here for him until his last breath.”

“And then? Will you really stand by and let him wither away as an old man until he’s wheezing and
depending on plastic tubes to breathe for him until he finally dies in his sleep or worse gets some agonizing illness that steals him away piece by piece? You’ve seen the way cancer debilitates the human body, right? Can you imagine Jimin going through that?”

Namjoon swallowed loudly, shaking his head.

“No, I can’t. I would hate for him to have to deal with that.”

“Exactly. And you have the ability to save him from that end. He’s your other half, hyung, why would you subject him to death when you’ve given me immortality? You didn’t even know me, but you couldn’t bear to see me go like that. If the difference between me and Jimin is that you love him, isn’t that more of a reason to contemplate the idea of turning him?”

“Tae-ah, I have deep regrets about turning you when you couldn’t give me your consent. I took away your choice.”

“Maybe so, but it’s not something I regret. I’m happy as a vampire. Yeah, there’ve been tough times. I remember the mind-numbing torment of the change and the hunger that came after. I still have nightmares about the innocent humans I massacred in my early years, but I’ve changed. My lowest point you’re well aware of.”

“Bogum,” Namjoon spoke softly, knowing the topic would always be sensitive to his dongsaeng.

Taehyung nodded.

“I thought I loved him and one day I snapped and ripped his throat open. I wanted to kill myself too, thinking I didn’t deserve eternity because I was a monster, but that tragedy gave me clarity. I can do a lot of good with my immortality—and I have been. I donate to charity, I sneak away every other weekend to try and help humans in need somehow. I’m trying to balance the scales and I know I’ll spend eternity doing it. But, along the way I’m going to meet my soulmate and they’re going to love me and cherish me and give me a new reason for existing. I can’t wait.”

“You’re trying to tell me I’m an ungrateful idiot for finding my soulmate and pushing them away, right?”

“You are a genius, hyung, though your IQ seems to be betraying you as of late.”
“Shut up.”

“I think you should talk to Jimin. Of course, that’s only if you think you’ve opened your mind to the possibility of turning Jimin.”

Namjoon shut his eyes and placed his head in his hands. Taehyung sat silently, knowing the other vampire was processing everything and was thinking deeply about his decision. Ten minutes later he lifted his head and smiled at Taehyung.

“I’ll be back soon.”

“Hopefully with Jimin?”

“Hopefully.”

“Can we have a pajama party?! We can make a fort in the living room and--” Taehyung took in Namjoon’s expression and chuckled. “Okay, I can see that you are thinking of having a different kind of event in the privacy of your bedroom with invitations for only two people. I’ll just go clubbing tonight and try to come home as late as possible.”

“That’s why I love you best, Tae-ah. You catch on quick.”

It took Jimin an hour and a half to make it back to the dormitories on campus by foot. He could have taken a bus, but he was determined to punish himself for getting over-emotional and probably ruining his relationship with his soulmate. He could have talked it over more intelligently instead of claiming Namjoon didn’t care about him and then storming out. Plus, he already missed him and felt pathetic for wanting to call him and ask him to please come over and cuddle with him.

He trudged down the hallway to his room, unaware there was someone leaning against his door until he practically ran into him.

“Namjoon,” he gasped and the vampire gave him a tentative smile.
“Can I apologize for being such an asshole?”

Jimin returned the small smile.

“Is that all you came to say?”

Namjoon’s smile turned into a wide grin.

“I also wanted to take you back to my place and maybe ravish you a bit, but only if you’re interested.”

Jimin’s eyes widened and he blushed.

“Oh--um--I wasn’t expecting...But...Yes,” he cleared his throat. “I’m interested.”

Namjoon winked.

“Then hold on tight.”

And Jimin’s hour and a half long trek was reduced to mere minutes as they appeared in front of the house where everything had transpired.

“It’s so unfair that you can travel like that,” Jimin griped, still in Namjoon’s arms.

“I think it’s to your benefit this time, no?” He opened the front door and sped them back to his room.

This time he took them into his attached bathroom, a space Jimin hadn’t gotten to see before their argument.
“I take it back. I don’t need to move into your room, I can just move into your bathroom,” Jimin said, marveling at his surroundings.

Namjoon chuckled, depositing him on the counter, where Jimin began cutely swinging his legs back and forth. Namjoon leaned closer, crowding Jimin as he pushed him back against the mirror.

“I don’t want you to run away from me ever again. I fucked up. I acted like a monster, which is a label I’ve been trying to escape my entire existence as a vampire. I don’t want this life for you, Jimin, but it’s unfair to ignore your opinion and say ‘never.’ It’s something we need to discuss more--in length--but I’m...I’m not saying no.”

Jimin’s eyes lit up.
“Does that mean you do picture a forever with me?”

“You’re my soulmate, Park Jimin. I’ve been picturing forever with you before I even met you. Having you here now, I’d be a fool not to hold onto you.”

Jimin beamed up at him, shortening the distance left between them to kiss him. It started off slow and sweet, but once Jimin dug his tiny fingers into Namjoon’s hair and began tugging, Namjoon was done with holding back. He nibbled on his mate’s plush mouth and sucked his tongue, one hand pulling his hips forward to collide with his own and the other gliding underneath his shirt to begin toying with his sensitive nipples.

“Ah, Joonie,” Jimin broke the kiss, gasping for air and whimpering at the pressure against his hardening erection and at the sensation of Namjoon’s skilled fingers on his skin.

Namjoon untangled himself from Jimin’s limbs, chuckling at the noise of protest the other let out.

“Where are you going?” Jimin said, more a whine than a coherent question.

“Just to add the bath oils. I filled the tub before picking you up and the temperature is perfect. I had it designed so it retains the heat of the water for over an hour. We can have a nice bath and I don’t have to worry that you’ll start shivering.”

Jimin refrained from admitting that he was already shivering, though the shivers weren’t temperature-induced but Namjoon-induced. Once the oils were added and the room smelt pleasantly like lavender with a subtle undertone of rose, Namjoon turned back to him.

“I want you to know I wasn’t planning on jumping you or doing anything you aren’t comfortable with. We can have a nice bath—no strings attached.”

JiMin giggled.

“You expect me to believe you prepared a romantic bath for us and had 100% pure intentions? What happened to ravishing me, huh?”
Namjoon’s golden skin seemed to redden.

“That was more false bravado than anything.”

“I see. So, this is a purely platonic bath?” he teased.

“Oh my god, just take off your clothes and get in the tub.”

“You first,” Jimin stuck out his tongue, making them both burst into laughter.

It felt so good to joke around with a guy he cared about and to feel comfortable enough with him that Jimin could play around with the idea of sex. He had said it before: he trusted Namjoon.

“I accept your challenge then,” Namjoon winked before beginning a striptease that had Jimin on the edge of his seat.

He stopped at his boxers, exactly where he had the night before when they slept in Jimin’s dorm room. Namjoon tilted his head, silently asking him if he should continue. Jimin hopped down from the counter and began taking his own clothes. He hoped he was being as sexy as Namjoon had been, but he was probably only looking clumsy and unsure. Still, when he got down to his underwear he didn’t stop. Namjoon’s eyes widened, taking in his fully naked form. Jimin squirmed in place before deciding he had to get over himself and stepping around Namjoon and into the tub. He groaned as the hot, scented water washed over him.

“I could drown here. It would be amazing,” he murmured.

“Don’t do that. I’d miss you,” Namjoon grinned, finally moving to kick his last piece of clothing on.

Jimin hummed appreciatively as he took in his mate’s perfectly sculpted figure. It was like one of the great Greek artists had personally designed Namjoon and somehow instead of being displayed in a museum like the treasure he was, he was right there with Jimin. A sight more beautiful than any he’d seen in 22 years of life.

Namjoon settled into the tub, careful not to jostle Jimin or spill the water. He was so long-limbed he
had to sit with his knees bent, though it couldn’t be helped that they’d be pressed up against each other. Jimin was on the other side of the tub, but it wasn’t as big a space as the one in the master bathroom downstairs. Not that he was complaining about the proximity of course.

“You’re so gorgeous,” Namjoon said, voice low and piercing so that Jimin felt it deep in his core.

“So are you. You’re unfairly and unnaturally good-looking, you know.”

Namjoon laughed.

“That’s just a vampire thing.”

“No, I think that’s a Namjoon thing.”

“You do wonders for my ego,” he smirked.

“I’m just speaking the truth.

“I think I love you, Jimin.”

Jimin’s jaw dropped.

“I don’t think, actually, I know,” Namjoon watched Jimin process the words. “Does that scare you?”

Jimin shook his head.

“Because it’s all happening so fast?”

“That and because...I’m a vampire.”
“I’ve told you already. You don’t scare me,” Jimin took a deep breath before sitting up on his knees and walking on them towards Namjoon’s side of the tub.

Jimin touched Namjoon’s bent knees, indicating he should stretch them out and once he did, the younger boldly sat on his lap, moaning as his erection rubbed against Namjoon’s, who was just as hard as he was.

“Jiminie,” Namjoon groaned, wrapping his arms around him and pulling them impossibly closer.

“I love you too,” he whispered and Namjoon’s eyes darkened with a beautiful fervor that made Jimin’s toes curl because he knew what came next would be pure pleasure.

“I want to try something, sweetheart. Do you trust me?”

“Yes,” he replied without hesitation.

Namjoon pressed a kiss to his pink pout and adjusted him so he was sitting with his back to Namjoon, plump ass rubbing against Namjoon’s length. They both sighed at the contact. Namjoon wasn’t finished though. He bent his legs again, this time spreading them so Jimin sat in the same position, but was squeezed firmly in between his mate’s thighs. He began trailing kisses down the back of Jimin’s neck and his shoulders, all the way to his jaw until he turned his head and connected their lips.

Jimin moaned as the kiss became messy, a clash of tongues and teeth and he jumped in his seat when Namjoon’s large hand snuck around to grip his erection. He began stroking him, simultaneously grinding his own length into Jimin’s ass.

“I want you to concentrate on my emotions, baby. Feel what I’m feeling, add it to your pleasure and let yourself get lost in it,” Namjoon’s words caressed his ear and Jimin threw his head back onto Namjoon’s shoulder as he closed his eyes, brow furrowed, trying to follow his mate’s command.

It took him a minute, but when he tapped into to the strength of Namjoon’s emotions he practically keened, hit by a wave of desire that magnified his own and made every graze of Namjoon’s lips on his skin and every jerk of Namjoon’s hand on his dick feel euphoric . Namjoon was doing the same, thick lips parted as his groans matched the intensity of Jimin’s moans and pants. The emotional connection amplified the physical pleasure and it wasn’t long before Jimin was giving into a powerful orgasm.
“Oh, oh my god,” his small body spasmed as he came, Namjoon continuing to stroke him, rutting into him more desperately, chasing his own orgasm.

Jimin was crying out from overstimulation when Namjoon finally released his softening penis and grinded his ass down one more time, letting out a delicious moan as he came.

“Is--is that how it’s always going to feel?” Jimin was still breathing unevenly and Namjoon was still rocking half-heartedly into Jimin, recovering from the last bursts of pleasure.

“When we tap into our bond, all of our emotions come out two-fold. I was wondering if we could use it…like this.”

“It was a definite success. 10/10 would do again...Can we do it again?”

Namjoon laughed, nipping his jaw playfully.

“Little nympho.”

“That’s on you, hyung.”

“Somehow I don’t feel bad about it.”

Jimin giggled.

They decided to share a quick shower before heading to bed. Namjoon offered Jimin a pair of his sleep shorts and a t-shirt that was practically a dress on Jimin. They settled into the array of pillows and Jimin sighed.

“I really wish I could be here with you all the time.”

“You’re that obsessed with my home decor?”
“Hyung, be serious.”

“I’m sorry. I told you I hate being away from you. This isn’t an easy situation for either of us, but things may change. I don’t plan to make you into my dirty little secret. I’m glad Taehyung knows and as for the others...I’ll figure it out. Honestly, I just want to tell the world how much I love you. You’re my world, Jiminnie.”

“I love you too, Joonie. More than I thought I could love anyone or anything.”

“More than you love your mountains of dumplings?”

“They’re not mountains!” he protested. “But, yes. More than that.”

Namjoon smiled, pressing a chaste kiss to Jimin’s lips before arranging them comfortably and stroking Jimin’s hair the way he liked, knowing it was only a matter of seconds before the other succumbed to sleep. Namjoon listened to his soulmate’s breathing even out before shutting his own eyes and allowing himself to fall asleep, matching Jimin breath for breath because even while unconscious Kim Namjoon would follow Park Jimin everywhere and in every way.
A Birthday to Remember

Chapter Summary

Fluff and smut and smut and fluff ;)

I really loved writing this chapter! Sorry it's taking me longer between updates. It will probably be like this from now on as uni gets more hectic, but writing this gives me joy so I promise to try and update as regularly as I can.

The weeks went by with Jimin and Namjoon secretly dating, keeping it from the coven, and sometimes spending time with Taehyung, who was absolutely captivated by Jimin and called him his “best human friend.”

“Aren’t I really your only human friend, Tae?” Jimin had asked with a playful grin.

“Whatever,” he’d rolled his eyes, unable to deny that fact.

Soon enough it was mid October, a mere two days away from Jimin’s 23rd birthday.

“What do you want to do for your birthday, Jiminie?” Namjoon asked as they settled into their usual positions in Jimin’s narrow bed.

“Well, my parents have organized a dinner with all the family that’s either in Busan or close enough to drive over. It’s on a Friday this year, but I don’t have any specific weekend plans nor do I have any preference.”

“Really? There isn’t anything you have your heart set on, either an activity or a gift? Because I’d be more than happy to plan a weekend excursion for us. I’ll get Taehyung to help cover for me and we can get out of town.”

“That sounds amazing! Our first weekend trip.”
“Hopefully the first of many,” Namjoon grinned and Jimin giggled but pushed at his chest.

“You’re super cheesy, did you know that?”

“Mm, I think of it as one of my most attractive character traits.”

“Oh my god, you’re full of it.”

“Don’t hate me because I’m beautiful, Jimin.”

Jimin burst into laughter, burying his face in Namjoon’s neck and laughing so hard some tears slipped out. Namjoon laughed with him, wiping the drops off of his cheeks and tilting his head up.

“That’s a yes then to the trip? I can make the arrangements tomorrow.”

Jimin nodded enthusiastically.

“Yes! Thank you, Joonie, you don’t have to do anything for me, but I appreciate this.”

“I love you, Jimin. I would give you the moon if you asked me too. It seems impossible, but I swear I would find a way.”

“Joonie, stop I can’t take so much sweetness,” Jimin faked a groan and Namjoon growled, beginning to tickle his mate.

“Where’s my ‘I love you too’ huh? Are you trying to hurt my feelings?”

“Ah! I can’t breathe,” Jimin squealed, valiantly trying to fight Namjoon’s agile hands away from his sensitive sides.
“I’ll stop the torture when I hear what I want to hear.”

“Why are you like this, you drama queen?” Jimin asked rhetorically, instantly regretting it when Namjoon’s fingers only dug into his ticklish spots more aggressively.

“I still don’t hear the magic words,” Namjoon sing-songed and Jimin gasped for breath, laughter overriding his ability to take in oxygen normally and it wasn’t long before he gave in.

“Okay, okay! I love you too. More than I love my mountains of dumplings!”

Namjoon hummed in approval.

“Even better than what I asked for.”

“You’re a mean vampire,” Jimin pouted and Namjoon simply pressed kisses over every inch of his face until the younger was bright-eyed and giggly again; it honestly wasn’t a hard feat getting Park Jimin to smile.

The next morning after parting ways with Jimin, who had an early Rhetoric class and then several hours of dance practice in preparation for the upcoming showcase, Namjoon settled in to a comfortable table under the shade of the massive campus library. He pulled out his laptop to begin searching for the perfect place to take Jimin for his birthday weekend. It took him more than an hour to decide on the beachside hotel/resort he chose, but after finalizing the reservation and designing a preliminary itinerary for their weekend he felt satisfied with his efforts.

“Hyungie!”

“Goddamnit, Taehyung!” Namjoon had jumped in his seat when the younger vampire appeared by his side.

“Did I startle you?” he asked amusedly.
“Were you using enhanced speed? In public?”

“Relax, most people are in class and I made sure to go faster than even the sharpest human could pick up on.”

“That’s not an excuse for potentially exposing us. Jin-hyung has lectured you about this more times than I care to remember.”

“Okay, fine, I’m sorry. I admit that I need to be more careful.”

“With?”

“Everything,” he rolled his eyes. “Happy?”

“Overjoyed,” he deadpanned. “Was there a reason you came over to harass me?”

“When I tell you the reason, you’re going to feel pretty bad about yourself.”

Namjoon didn’t bother responding.

“I have the perfect cover story for you all set and already spread to the hyungs.”

“What did you come up with?”

“You’re taking a cultural excursion inspired by one of your classes to this museum in Seoul with an exhibit on 16th century Spanish art! It’s a legitimate exhibit too. I did all the research. It’s on display until December,” Taehyung shot him a proud smile.

“Nice. But, how did you know they wouldn’t want to tag along? Hoseok rambles about art shows all the time and Yoongi-hyung loves taking trips to the capital. He says he has a bigger variety of blood bags.”
“Sad, but true. Well, Hobi-hyung is a fake art fan. He watches crappy documentaries on his computer sometimes, but that’s it. I went to the Louvre with him when we swung by Paris a couple years ago and he was lost as hell. He barely knew the Mona Lisa. Fake,” he scoffed. “And as for Yoongi-hyung, he has that exam to study for this weekend, so he’s not going anywhere. He claims he’s too cool for school, but he’s obsessed with his GPA.”

“Jin-hyung won’t go anywhere without his mate and vice-versa, so they’re both guaranteed to stay here. The only thing is, wouldn’t it seem odd that you weren’t coming with me? You do enjoy art exhibitions and we tend to be attached at the hip.”

“Or at least we were before you went and fell in love with a human.”

Namjoon looked at him with both eyebrows raised.

“I’m not bitter...Anyway, I have my own exam to study for and there’s a cool party this weekend I’m attending for feeding purposes and for general debauchery. It’s a solid story, I told you I’d have you covered.”

“Thanks, Taehyung-ah. I appreciate it. You always have my back. That’s why I love you so much.”

“Oh, now you’re going to get mushy with me?”

“Are you opposed to that?”

“Nope! Shower me with affection, hyung!” he chirped before launching himself at Namjoon and hugging him with all his vampire strength.

Namjoon simply laughed and tightened the embrace.

“Where are we going?” Jimin asked for what was probably the fourth time in twenty minutes.

“It’s a surprise and that’s the last time I’m answering that question. You just have to be patient,
birthday boy,” Namjoon winked at the pouting blonde in the passenger seat as he drove down the highway.

Jimin’s family dinner had been held at his parents’ house and Namjoon picked him up. He’d had a brief, slightly awkward moment where he introduced himself to Jimin’s parents. It had gone better than he could have ever imagined. He was just grateful his vampire abilities compensated for his naturally clumsy, destructive nature. That would have made for a terrible first impression. Jimin had still giggled at every nervous smile and uncomfortable laugh Namjoon emitted in his small talk with Mr. Park.

“I’m not a fan of surprises,” Jimin complained and Namjoon rolled his eyes before shooting his mate a fond look.

“It’s because you’re so impatient, Jiminie. Also because you’re a tad neurotic and you need to be in control of everything…”

“Excuse me! How dare you insult the birthday boy on his special day?”

“Speaking in the third person? Not making you seem more mentally stable.”

“Namjoon!”

The vampire burst into full-blown laughter, which made Jimin drop his fake frown and laugh with him.

“At least tell me if we’re almost there.”

“More or less,” Namjoon made sure to hide his smirk.

“Thank god.”

“I assume your family didn’t do a lot of road trips. Little Jimin must have been a nightmare on long car rides.”
“I prefer a faster form of transportation, sue me. Why waste your time on dusty, dark roads when what matters is where you want to go?”

“You ever heard the maxim ‘it’s not the destination that matters, it’s the journey’?”

“T’ve never believed that or, okay, not 100%. I think about it differently.”

“How so?”

Jimin sighed.

“When I think about my journey to this point in my life, right now with you as my soulmate, I don’t look to the past and think it was all worth it—or no that’s not exactly what I mean. It’s just…it was hard for me growing up. I was the freak all the other kids ran from—when they weren’t throwing rocks at me.”

“What?”

“I knew I was different even as a child—and not just because of the prophecy declaring me the Vampire’s Mate because I learned about that later. I’ve always know I was gay and apparently my behavior was too abnormal for what the typical boy’s was. I was 8 when the other boys started calling me “Dirty faggot.” They beat me up, threw rocks, and spread vicious rumors that made all my classmates shun me. It turned into an identity that wasn’t fully about my sexual orientation—though that was definitely part of it—but became a label about non-belonging. They didn’t want me near them,” Jimin paused, feeling tears drip down his cheeks.

He wiped them away before Namjoon could take a hand off the wheel to do it.

“Things got better in high school, but only because I began pretending I was ‘normal’ and it was easier to blend in with my peers. By that point I knew where my destiny lay and I was eager to accept it. It seemed so magical to be loved. It didn’t matter to me that it would be by a vampire, one of those infamous, dangerous creatures of the night. For me, it would represent someone who wouldn’t judge me and would love me as I was,” Jimin sniffed.

“Oh, Jiminie,” Namjoon’s voice cracked, seeing and feeling his mate’s pain as if it were his own.
“It’s okay, hyung. I left those things in the past. It’s why I don’t look to my journey as much as I do to my destination. Finding you was all I yearned for and being with you now, feeling the love and respect you have for me as a person...you don’t know how much I value that.”

“I love you, Park Jimin. Thank you for telling me about your past, even if it hurt you to relive it,” He moved one hand from the steering wheel to hold both of Jimin’s.

“I wanted you to know.”

“Thank you,” he whispered, bringing his mate’s small hands to his lips where he pressed kisses over each finger.

“I love you too, Kim Namjoon. Just by the way.”

“I thank you for that too.”

Jimin smiled.

“One more thing.”

“What is it, my love?”

“...Where are we going?”

Jimin managed to contain his curiosity long enough for Namjoon to get less than 10 miles to the first sign that pointed to Gimhae Airport.

“Whoa, wait a minute. We’re taking a plane?”

“You said you preferred a faster form of transportation, right?”
“But--but I didn’t pack for international travel. I only have my carry-on suitcase.”

“That’s more than enough. I told you to pack like we were going to the beach and we are...Just not a beach in Korea,” he smirked.

“I didn’t pack all of my best outfits though! I won’t compare to the elegant foreigners wherever we go,” he whined.

“You’re ridiculous. It doesn’t matter what you wear, Jimin, you’re gorgeous. If you strolled around in a garbage bag I’d still think you were an angel on earth,” Namjoon spoke matter-of-factly, missing Jimin’s blush.

“I-I don’t have my passport.”

Namjoon parked the car in the space he’d already paid for and took both his small suitcase and Jimin’s. He unzipped the front pocket of his suitcase and took out matching passports.

“You have my passport!”

“I took it from your dorm room last night,” he grinned.

“That’s a crime!”

“Arrest me then, baby,” his smile turned lecherous and Jimin’s heart jumped in his chest, heat spreading throughout his body.

“Shut up,” he mumbled, ignoring the vampire’s amused chuckle.

“I won’t leave you in suspense anymore. Here,” he pulled out the boarding passes he’d printed out when he checked in for their flight earlier.
“Oh my god!” Jimin squealed. “Bali!”

“We’re taking a direct flight, but it’s still close to 7 hours. We can try to sleep on the plane, but this weekend will be about rest, relaxation, and pampering you in every way imaginable. If all you want to do is sleep when we get there, I’m fine with that.”

“I can forgo sleep to explore an island paradise. I’m so excited. Thank you, thank you, thank you!” Jimin jumped up on the tips of his toes to press a passionate kiss to Namjoon’s lips.

“Anything for you, Jiminie,” he smiled, almost shyly. “Come on, we’re already checked in, but we don’t want to get held up in Security and the plane takes off soon.”

Fortunately, the pair made it onto their flight and Jimin was given another surprise when they were escorted to their first-class seats. He had only left Korea once on a family vacation to Japan, but they had been in economy class and in one of the last rows of the entire plane. He’d only seen the luxuries of first class on television. Of course, being around Namjoon and seeing not only his house but his collection of cars had exposed him to a whole new world. It was still hard to wrap his head around.

“How does it feel to be 23?” Namjoon asked as the plane began its initial takeoff.

Jimin intertwined their hands and dropped his head lightly on Namjoon’s shoulder as he looked out the window, watching as the plane ascended and gradually left Busan a speck in the distance.

“It feels like a new beginning,” he smiled.

Jimin felt like he was in heaven. The luxury resort, The Mulia, was majestic and incredibly well-designed. Even the lobby was breathtaking. However, once they exited the elevator and were shown to their room, Jimin discovered it could get even better.

**Jimin and Namjoon's Suite**

Namjoon watched Jimin explore every room of their suite and stop to lean against the balcony, jaw dropped, to take in the aquamarine ocean.

“What do you think, Jiminie?”
“What do I think? Oh my god, I think I’m living a dream and I’m afraid to pinch myself in case I wake up and all this disappears.”

Namjoon chuckled, joining him on the balcony and gently pinching one of his rosy cheeks.

“This is real life, my love.”

“It’s still hard to believe,” he laughed breathlessly.

“What do you want to do today?”

“I want to swim in the ocean and the pool and then the ocean again!”

“And?” Namjoon grinned.

“I want to run on the beach and stuff myself with food and swim again! And--and I want to do everything! What else does this wonderland offer?”

Namjoon laughed at his exuberance before taking one of his hands and leading him inside to the binder the hotel kept on the main coffee table, which contained all the hotel’s activities.

“Their spa is world renown and they actually have the first authentic ice room in the Pacific. We could start there, get some lunch and head to one of the four pools.”

Jimin’s eyes widened.

“There are four pools.”

“Oh, and two of the four have swim-up bars. Should we get drunk?”

Jimin giggled.
“Can you even get drunk?”

“The vampire body metabolizes it faster than a human’s, but if we drink copious amounts we can definitely feel it.”

“Interesting,” he hummed. “What kind of drunk are you? Happy, gloomy, excessively loud?”

“I find everything funny and I laugh like an idiot. I’m also incredibly daring and there have been a few times my hyungs have had to hold me back from exposing all of our identities by trying to lift a pool table with one hand or using vamp speed to drink everyone’s beers before they have a chance to lift them.”

Jimin burst into laughter and Namjoon gave him a sheepish smile.

“We’re all different under the influence of liquor. What about you?”

“I think you’ll really like me when I’m drunk, Joonie. I get pretty handsy,” Jimin made sure to purr the last word and lean in so his warm breath tickled Namjoon’s ear.

He groaned as his mate giggled with faux-innocence.

“You’re killing me, Jimin.”

“Good,” he winked. “Let’s head to the spa. I’m ready to be massaged until I’m incoherent. We should do a couples’ massage!”

“Whatever you want, my love,” he shook his head, following after his bubbly boyfriend.

They spent several hours at the Mulia Spa, trying various packages that included diverse massage styles, as well as elaborate spa treatments. One included a chocolate body scrub and mud mask that left their skin feeling completely refreshed. Afterwards, they returned to their room to change from their casual clothes and complementary robes to nicer attire more fit for the elegant Chinese
restaurant they’d selected. The hotel boasted five restaurants with cuisines spanning the entire globe, as well as three bars they would probably spend time at later in the day.

“Did you pack the sunscreen?” Jimin asked after they’d ordered their meals (more like Jimin ordered a selection of dishes and Namjoon acted like he’d be participating in the consumption of said dishes in front of the waiter).

Namjoon nodded, patting the side pocket of the small beach bag he’d brought along with their swim trunks, flip flops and sunglasses, knowing that after lunch they’d be making their way to the pool pavilion, deciding to leave the beach for the next day to give it the time it deserved.

“I know I’ve asked this before and that you won’t combust under direct sunlight, but is it really okay for you to be exposed to it for prolonged periods of time?” Jimin seemed worried, but Namjoon waved him off.

“As long as I maintain a normal feeding schedule, my body can take it. And adding sunscreen won’t hurt, though my skin is strong enough to protect me from the sun’s rays. I don’t know what I’d do if we were confined to complete darkness. That would truly be an existence I couldn’t handle.”

“It would make it hard to spend as much time together. But, I’d be willing to give up beach days and outdoor picnics if the sun was lethal to you.”

Namjoon took Jimin’s hands in his, rubbing his thumbs over his knuckles and pressing a kiss to one.

“Thank you. You belong wherever there is light, though, Jiminie. Matches that brightness you always radiate.”

Jimin flushed, squeezing the vampire’s larger hands to show his appreciation of the sweet compliment.

“Speaking of that feeding schedule, hasn’t it been more than a week since we last...you know?” Jimin lowered his voice, glancing around to make sure no one else was paying attention to their conversation.

“No, Jimin, I don’t know. What exactly are you referring to?” Namjoon played dumb.
Jimin shot him an unamused look.

“You’re not going to make me say it out loud. We’re in public.”

“Prude,” Namjoon chuckled.

As discussed weeks before, Namjoon would feed from Jimin when he needed to. He had noticed after the initial feeding that his hunger was abated for longer than six or seven days. It was only after a week and a half that he felt the stirrings of desire for the special liquid, that elixir of life both humans and vampires cherished. As such, he had fed from Jimin once more and by his calculations it would be best for him to feed again that weekend.

It made sense that Jimin didn’t want to refer to the feeding with the candor it deserved. Just like the first time, Jimin’s carnal nature was awakened and this time Namjoon slipped one hand into the younger’s pants and stroked him to a blissful orgasm that made Jimin moan so beautifully, Namjoon came in his pants before he finished drinking the required amount from Jimin’s exquisite neck. It was getting harder for the couple to restrain themselves when they were alone. There was a newfound fervor for each other that was no longer satisfied by passionate kisses and shared handjobs. Namjoon worried that the next feeding would take more self-control than he possessed so as to prevent him from ripping Jimin’s clothes straight off his body, uncaring of the tattered shards before he showed his mate what true bliss felt like.

“Namjoon,” Jimin’s voice trembled on his name and Namjoon broke out of his salacious fantasies to see the younger watching him and biting his lip.

“What’s the matter, baby? My emotions too strong for you?” he murmured, feeling Jimin’s small fingers tighten around his.

“I think it was a mistake to bring up feeding right now.”

“Too many innocent eyes around.”

“Shut up.”

“As you wish,” he chuckled. “Let’s table this discussion for later. Food’s here.”
Jimin was glad for the distraction. He too had noticed the increase in his sexual desires after the first feeding. Sometimes he was physically restraining himself from jumping Namjoon and taking what he wanted and what he knew Namjoon would love to give him. Honestly, since they’d confessed their love, Jimin had decided he was ready for the next step in their relationship. He had found his mate and he was everything Jimin had been longing for since he was a child because even then, unaware of the prophecy and his destiny, he had wished for someone like Namjoon. Kind, affectionate, handsome and dedicated to Jimin.

Jimin let Namjoon feed him from the dishes he’d ordered, including a particularly delectable plate of dim sum. He made a happy noise to signal how much he liked the food, but his mind was half in the moment and half on what he was planning for later that night. Jimin was sure. Tonight would be the night. He was going to lose his virginity.

They’d spent most of the afternoon at the pool. Jimin was exhausted when they returned to their room, but Namjoon asked him to take a quick shower before collapsing in their bed. The blonde man had grumbled under his breath for a few moments before trudging towards the bathroom to do just that. And he’d appreciated it once he’d changed into cotton shorts and a loose t-shirt and was under the silk sheets. It wouldn’t have been as pleasant with the sticky feeling of chlorine on his skin and hardening his hair.

Once Jimin knocked out, Namjoon tiptoed out of their room and down to the lobby to confirm his special dinner arrangements. He had rented the Sky Bar just for them, ordering a four course meal that would culminate with the staff bringing out a small red velvet cake with “Happy Birthday Jiminnie” written in perfect script. The front desk assured him everything was being handled as planned and everything would commence at precisely 7 o clock.

It was 5:30 when he returned to the room to find Jimin curled up with some of the blankets on the living room couch, head pillowed on his arms as he watched some animated show.

“Joonie, where’d you go? I woke up and called for you, but you weren’t here,” he pouted and Namjoon went to crouch by his head, pressing a thumb to his boyfriend’s lower lip.

“Sorry, sweetheart, just needed to check on some things.”

“What things?”
“Your birthday dinner,” he tapped Jimin’s nose, making the younger giggle.

“Technically, my birthday was yesterday and it’s over now.”

“Nope, it’s a birthday weekend. We’re celebrating every day. Your birth was a momentous occasion. Even if I didn’t realize it, being in another part of the globe, my world would never be the same.”

“Stop, you’re going to make me cry,” Jimin complained, feeling pinpricks at the back of his eyelids.

“Okay... I guess I’ll just save the more emotional lines for dinner,” Namjoon shrugged and Jimin groaned.

“Oh no, I didn’t bring waterproof makeup. I told you I was wholly unprepared for this trip!”

“You’re ridiculous. Dinner’s in an hour and a half, so we should start getting ready. I’m going to hop in the shower.”

“Well, don’t take too long because I need to straighten my hair!”

Namjoon rolled his eyes fondly and made a noise of acquiescence. He was ready first, perched on the arm of the couch as he adjusted his tie. He had brought an elegant blue suit for himself and a beautiful ebony colored suit for Jimin, who had squealed when Namjoon presented him with the garment bag. It was Taehyung’s gift for him and included a new pair of shoes and a silk tie that matched Namjoon’s. Namjoon was glancing through some emails when a throat was cleared, making him look up and effectively forget how to breathe.

“What do you think?” Jimin turned full-circle and when Namjoon regained the ability of speech he could only say

“Gorgeous.”

Jimin beamed at him, holding one small hand out to him.

“Ready?”
“Absolutely,” Namjoon answered, taking his hand and intertwining their fingers before pressing a kiss to the corner of Jimin’s pink lips. “Let’s go.”

Jimin had oohed and aahed at the decorations on the rooftop bar as they took their seats at the center table, commenting on the wonderful view and the calming smell of the ocean.

“It’s been a source of comfort me since I was a kid. Growing up in Busan, I spent most of my free time wandering along the beach. My parents worked a lot and before my brother was born I was always on my own. I’ve already told you about what it was like with my peers…”

“I wish you hadn’t had to deal with that. If I knew the names of the assholes who’d hurt you, I’d track them down tomorrow and give them what they deserve.”

“What exactly would you do, out of curiosity?” Jimin raised an eyebrow.

“I’d hypnotize them into standing in front of a moving train. Hmm, or maybe jumping into the ocean holding a bowling ball. The possibilities are truly endless.”

“Those sound like some pretty cruel ways to die.”

“What they did was cruel enough to merit it.”

“Your true vampire colors are showing. You can be frightening.”

“I can be. Does that bother you?”

Jimin grinned. “Nope.”

“Admit it, the thought of me using my awesome vamp abilities for you turns you on.”
“That wasn’t a no,” Namjoon pointed a finger at him, which the blonde promptly smacked away.

“You get turned on watching me eat!”

“I mean I’m not going to deny that. Most things you do turn me on,” he winked and Jimin burst into laughter, which spurred Namjoon’s deeper chuckles.

“I think we’re crazy.”

“Crazy in love?”

“Yeah,” Jimin smiled softly, leaning closer over the table so that Namjoon could press forward and kiss him.

The waitstaff began bringing out the first course, a fresh summer salad with mixed fruits and vegetables. This was followed by a pumpkin squash soup, a perfectly grilled salmon with grilled vegetables and jasmine rice, and finally, half of a pineapple, which had been cored to have space for the vanilla ice cream in the center. Jimin was humming happily as he finished it off.

“This was incredible. I really wish you could have tasted it.”

Namjoon licked at his spoon, feeling the coldness of the frozen treat and enjoying the shock it gave his tongue.

“It’s enough for me to see you enjoy it. I hope you saved a little room, though.”

“There’s more food coming?” Jimin’s eyes widened.

“Just one more thing. It wouldn’t be a birthday celebration without it,” he grinned as the waitstaff emerged from the kitchen, carrying the small cake and singing to Jimin.
Namjoon joined in, watching Jimin flush at the attention. When it came time to blow out the candles, Jimin closed his eyes, mouthing something too quickly for Namjoon to make out, and then leaned down to blow. The flames flickered amidst the joyful clapping of the waitstaff, who bowed to them, wishing Jimin a very special birthday, and then departed, leaving them alone again.

“Happy birthday, my love.”

“Thank you so much for this, Joonie. The trip, the hotel, dinner, the cake, just everything.”

“You’re welcome. Ah, but there is one more thing I prepared for you tonight.”

“Oh my god, I’m already overwhelmed. Don’t tell me you bought me a unicorn or something.”

“Unicorns don’t appreciate being treated as pets, so it wouldn’t be a good idea to try and ‘buy’ one. Honestly, they’ve vicious. You don’t want to associate with them.”

Jimin’s jaw dropped.

“Unicorns are real?”

Namjoon chose to ignore the question, knowing that a discussion of the supernatural world required more time than he wanted to spend on it at the moment. He stood, approaching the speaker system near the front of the Sky Bar, connecting his phone and searching for one song in particular.

“In one of my music production courses, we were tasked with composing a love song. I worked with Yoongi-hyung. He helped me arrange the music for the lyrics I’d written. It’s funny, he asked me how I’d come up with all these words so easily and I had to lie, of course, but the answer is probably clear to you.”

Jimin pressed a hand to his rapidly beating heart.

“You, Namjoon, did--did you write me a song?”
“I did. It’s called ‘Best of Me.’ I hope you like it.”

Namjoon and Yoongi had agreed that adding vocalists would make the song flow better, so they’d enlisted Taehyung and Jin’s help. Namjoon had then had to add a verse for Hoseok when the other vampire complained that he felt excluded. Still, the final product was just as he’d imagined it and he had known from the start he would share the song with Jimin. It was really his song anyway.

Taehyung’s voice filtered through the speakers first, opening the song:

“When you say that you love me
Feels like I’m walking across the sky
Tell me about forever, just one more time
When you say that you love me
I just need those words
That you’ll never change, just one more time”

Jimin listened to the song mutely, but tears streamed down his face with a frequency that worried Namjoon. However, he knew they were tears of joy and not sadness, so he simply wiped the tears as they appeared, not daring to speak a word so he could let Jimin concentrate on the song.

The song closed with the same words it had started with and then there was silence.

“Namjoon,” Jimin said his name with awe, tears still glistening on his rosy cheeks. “You’ve given me so much joy in the short time we’ve known each other. I-I just,” he took a deep breath to steady his voice. “I want to spend forever with you.”

Namjoon’s heart lurched forward at the beautiful words and despite acknowledging to himself that he maintained some reservations about turning Jimin, he couldn’t bring himself to taint the moment with his doubts.

“There is nothing I would love more than an eternity with you, Park Jimin,” he said with complete honesty.
Jimin bit his lip, considering something for a moment before looking up at Namjoon and saying with complete clarity, “Will you make love to me?”

“Are--are you sure?” Namjoon gulped.

“I’m ready to share something special with you. I want this, Joonie.”

“Okay,” he said simply.

He requested that the cake be wrapped up again, planning to store it in the small refrigerator in their room so Jimin could enjoy it later. Once the cake was packaged for them, he took one of Jimin’s hands and gently tugged him out of his seat. They didn’t speak as they stepped into the elevator and walked towards their room. It wasn’t until Namjoon put away the cake that he broke the silence.

“You look so beautiful tonight, Jimin. You’re glowing,” he spoke softly, preserving the electric tension between them.

“So are you. It’s, uh, hard for me to concentrate when you’re in a suit. You just have these perfect proportions. It’s driving me crazy,” he admitted with a shy blush.

Namjoon chuckled.

“Then we’re in the same boat. Every time I look at you I want to lay you down and worship your perfect body. I’m going to start with your lips,” Namjoon stepped closer as he spoke until his breath tickled Jimin’s upturned face. “God, if I could spend the rest of my days kissing your lips,” he licked his lips at the thought and Jimin followed the action with careful attention. “I’m going to make you feel so good, baby, until you forget your own name and can only moan mine.”

Jimin whimpered at the thought, which Namjoon considered the perfect time to dive down and connect their lips. The first contact made them both groan. As the kiss went from sweet to intoxicatingly heated, Namjoon walked Jimin backwards until they were in the dimly lit bedroom and he could push him back onto the bed.

“I could use vamp speed and have you naked in milliseconds, but I think tonight I’ll savor it. Go nice
and slow,” he murmured and Jimin whined, stretching his arms out and trying to grip his suit jacket
to pull them back together.

Namjoon gave a low chuckle at his boyfriend’s impatience.

“Don’t worry, my love, we have all the time in the world,” he shrugged out of his suit jacket and
casually freed himself of his tie and his shirt, stepping out of his shoes and socks before moving back
towards Jimin.

“You look so good,” Jimin gasped against his lips when they were chest to chest again, his small
hands running hungrily over every inch of exposed skin.

“I’ll look even better when I’m inside you, baby,” he whispered and Jimin whimpered, digging his
blunt nails into the muscles of the vampire’s broad back as his jaw and neck were attacked with
teasing nips and wet kisses.

Namjoon sat them both up, straddling Jimin’s thighs as he began removing upper garments. Jimin
kicked his shoes and socks off and was moving his hands to the zipper of his suit pants when
Namjoon suddenly slapped them away.

“Ouch,” Jimin pouted up at him, but Namjoon’s dark gaze was unapologetic.

“We aren’t going to rush tonight. I’m setting the pace here, baby, and you know what you’re going
to do? You’re going to be a good boy and take whatever I give you.”

There was a spike in their shared emotions as Namjoon assaulted his consciousness with a heavy
desire and lust that made Jimin’s entire body heat up, nerves tingling, and erection straining in his
pants. Namjoon pushed him back down, the confident way he moved Jimin’s body around making
the young blonde moan and throw his head back as their emotions continued to grow together and
Namjoon began licking down his chest. When he took one of his nipples into his hot mouth, Jimin’s
body spasmed. He cried out as Namjoon began stimulating the other nipple with one hand, keeping
his other hand on Jimin’s waist to still his hips, and concentrating the full suction of his lips on the
first nipple until Jimin was begging him for more.

Namjoon smirked before doing the same to the other nipple, tugging on it carefully with the tips of
his teeth, pleased to see how responsive Jimin was to his every touch. When he concluded that he’d
teased enough he moved his lips down Jimin’s muscled abdominals, licking the grooves between
each one until he reached Jimin’s very prominent erection.

“How are you doing, Jiminnie?” Namjoon asked, removing his lips from Jimin’s skin and looking up at his lover.

Jimin had been frantically tugging at his own hair as Namjoon tortured him with his mouth, but he realized the absence of those sinfully thick lips was even worse than the maddening teasing.

“Joonie, don’t stop, please, don’t stop,” he begged.

“As you wish,” he said with a wicked expression on his face as he stepped off the bed to rid himself of his tight pants, moving to remove Jimin’s as well.

He left the last layer between them though, crawling back over Jimin to press their wet lips together again, tilting Jimin’s head so he could get that much closer. He inserted his tongue when Jimin opened his lips to him, licking into Jimin’s mouth and sucking on his tongue until the younger was gasping beneath him. That was when Namjoon began rocking his hips down.

“Ah, oh my god,” Jimin cried out as he was held down in place, the friction rapidly becoming unbearable.

Jimin could feel the tightening in his core as the desire to cum grew harder to ignore. Namjoon sensed this, but it only caused him to speed up, nipping and sucking at Jimin’s lips and keeping Jimin’s hands restrained between one of his large palms as he essentially trapped him beneath him, grinding down with intense purpose. It wasn’t long before Jimin was moaning Namjoon’s name, his orgasm crashing through him, emotions high, affecting Namjoon enough that he almost came himself. Still, he had centuries over Jimin in which he’d more or less mastered his self-control (for both sex and blood) and he knew he had more in store for Jimin, so he had to keep his orgasm at bay.

Jimin was panting as Namjoon smiled down at him, kissing the tip of his nose and releasing his hands.

“How did that feel?”

“Oh god, incredible. I could feel what you were feeling and it was just--it’s like the pleasure
consumes me. I don’t know how to describe it and I mean I can’t really compare it to any other sexual experience given that I’m...you know.”

“Are you really blushing at that fact right now? As if we didn’t just do one of the many dirty things on the agenda for tonight?”

“Shut up,” Jimin flushed harder at his boyfriend’s playful words.

“ Whatever you say, sweetheart,” he laughed. “I wanted to ask one more time...Are you sure you want to do this? I understand if you’ve changed your mind. I would never force you.”

“I’m absolutely certain you’d never force me and I’m just as certain that I want this. I want you,” his eyes met Namjoon’s directly, the lovely chocolate color darkening when Namjoon finally removed his boxers, kneeling on the edge of the bed and touching his hardened cock for the first time that night.

“Shit,” he hissed, flicking his wrist a few times before releasing his erection, already missing the temporary relief his hand had provided.

“Hyung, you’re so sexy ,” Jimin had watched Namjoon pleasure himself with single-minded focus, wanting nothing more than to put his own hands--and lips--on his thick length, but more than that wanting to feel it throbbing inside him.

“Thank you, baby, I could say the same for you. Let’s get rid of this,” he said as he pulled Jimin’s cum-stained boxers down his legs.

Jimin blushed, feeling the need to cover himself. Namjoon sensed his discomfort and instantly moved to cover him with his large frame again, pressing a gentle kiss to his lips.

“Everything okay?”

“Mm-hmm, just kind of nervous. It’s stupid, I’m sorry,” he gave an awkward laugh but Namjoon shook his head.
“Your feelings aren’t stupid. And I can empathize. I’m nervous too.”

“What? Why would you be nervous? You’re so experienced and you know what you’re doing...unlike me.”

“It doesn’t matter how many times I’ve had sex before. This is my first time with you, my soulmate, the man I love more than life itself. It’s different, it’s special. I don’t want to disappoint you in any way.”

“You could never,” Jimin spoke vehemently, cupping the vampire’s soft cheeks in his warm hands.

“You could never disappoint me either. I don’t want you to worry about not knowing what to do or whatever. This is about sharing something intimate and giving ourselves over to each other body and soul. We have the most difficult half already. Trust me, Jiminie, anyone can have sex or fuck some stranger, but not anyone can make love with their soulmate.”

“You’re right.”

“I know because I usually am,” he winked and Jimin giggled, pulling him down to share a sweet kiss.

“Make love to me, soulmate,” Jimin breathed against his lips.

Namjoon didn’t hesitate this time. He used vamp speed to find the lube in his suitcase and was back before Jimin could even think to blink.

“It really does turn me on when you do things like that,” Jimin murmured bashfully and Namjoon chuckled.

“Glad to hear it, baby. I need you to spread your legs for me and keep your knees bent, okay?”

Jimin nodded, slowly opening his legs so Namjoon could situate himself between his thighs. He pressed a kiss to Jimin’s right thigh.
“It’s going to hurt a bit because it’s your first time, but I promise I’ll go slow and if you want to stop let me know.”

He nodded again.

“Focus on my emotions, sweetheart. I want you to feel how much I love you, how much I adore you.”

Jimin closed his eyes, following Namjoon’s instructions. He concentrated on their bond and it didn’t take long for Namjoon’s powerful emotions to spill over and join his own. Namjoon had begun warming the lube on his fingers and was inserting the first finger into the tight warmth of Jimin’s hole. The younger whimpered in pain at the intrusion, but Namjoon shushed him, telling him to relax and open up to him. He moved his mouth down to Jimin’s cock, which was almost fully erect again. Slowly but firmly Namjoon ran his tongue over his mate’s blushing erection. Jimin moaned, the pleasure overcoming the pain as Namjoon took him fully into his mouth, adding another finger and carefully scissoring the younger open.

Jimin kept one hand on the pillow his head rested on, squeezing the downy material as waves of pleasure overcame him. His other hand caressed Namjoon’s silver hair, tiny fingers dragging over his scalp, occasionally tugging at his hair, making the vampire grunt softly.

“Oh, Namjoon, Namjoon,” Jimin repeated his name fervently and Namjoon knew his curled fingers had found Jimin’s prostate.

He was three fingers in now, stretching Jimin with patience and gentleness.

“You’re doing so good for me, my love. You’re so fucking beautiful. Gorgeous, gorgeous and all mine,” he whispered, the possessiveness turning Jimin on more as Namjoon’s emotions flowed through him.

He stimulated his prostate with his fingers, continuing to suck Jimin’s cock until the younger was crying out. Namjoon determined that Jimin was ready and he removed his fingers carefully, pulling off of his boyfriend’s erection with a wet pop. He positioned himself so his cock was sliding over Jimin’s lube-slicked entrance, lowering his upper body so his chest rubbed up against Jimin’s, keeping his weight on his forearms.

“Ready, baby?” he asked again.
Jimin opened his eyes.

“*Yes* .”

Namjoon opened Jimin’s lips with his tongue, distracting the blonde as he gradually entered him. They both moaned at the sensation and Jimin was pleased that the pinpricks of pain were second to the feeling of pure bliss that overcame him. Namjoon pushed all the way in, pausing to let Jimin adjust.

“So big,” Jimin gasped, biting his kiss-swollen lips and digging his fingernails into Namjoon’s shoulder blades.

Namjoon ducked down to suck on Jimin’s pulse point, the creamy skin reddening and promising to leave a mark Jimin would be sporting for days.

“Joonie, move, please move,” Jimin panted, wrapping his legs around Namjoon’s hips and pulling him closer so more of Namjoon’s body weight fell on his small frame.

When Namjoon began thrusting into him the close press of their bodies gave Jimin heavenly friction as his cock rubbed against the vampire’s well-defined abdomen. Jimin moaned, falling into the rhythm Namjoon set and soon they were both breathing heavily, consumed in their pleasure and in each other. It didn’t take long for Jimin to feel the stirring in his gut again and the tightening in his balls.

“N-namjoon, I’m close. H-harder,” he stammered, his lust-addled mind focused on attaining the ecstasy that was just out of reach.

Namjoon adjusted their position with a grunt, pulling Jimin up and rearranging his legs so his thick thighs were still wrapped around his waist but his body was elevated as Namjoon knelt on the bed, supporting Jimin’s weight, and pushing him down on his cock, which was now hitting Jimin’s prostate with an accuracy that made the younger scream. Namjoon rocked into him faster with more urgency as they both chased their orgasms. Jimin let go first, throwing his head back and tightening the grips his thighs had on Namjoon’s lean waist. He moaned Namjoon’s name as the orgasm ripped through him. It only took a couple more thrusts for Namjoon to follow after his lover. Being completely attuned to Jimin’s emotions, the moment his orgasm hit, the explosion of white-hot pleasure only added to Namjoon’s, leading him to his own release.
The sound of their heavy pants was all that remained for a few moments.

“Goddamn,” Jimin said, voice hoarse and unsteady.

Namjoon chuckled, the motion jostling Jimin, who shivered and whimpered slightly from the continued pressure on his overstimulated prostate.

“Hold on, sweetheart,” Namjoon spoke softly, lowering Jimin on the bed again and slowly pulling out.

He didn’t waste time and used his vamp speed to bring a wet hand towel from the bathroom to clean Jimin up, using the other half to clean some of the sweat from his own body before depositing it in basket in the corner of the room and moving to lay down beside the exhausted blonde.

“Joonie, that was incredible.”

“It was. I’ve never felt that kind of pleasure before.”

Jimin’s eyes brightened, some energy returning to his tired body as he rolled onto his side and stared up at him.

“Does that mean I’m the best you’ve ever had?”

Namjoon laughed, but nodded.

“You are.”

“I’m the best you’ve ever had,” Jimin said it smugly, a proud smile adorning his flushed face.

“And the best I’ll ever have,” he added.
“Don’t you forget it,” Jimin sniffed, making Namjoon snort.

“Look at you. You lose your virginity and you turn into the sex god?”

“I was pretty amazing, Namjoon.”

Namjoon burst into laughter, endlessly amused by his soulmate’s effervescence and the pureness of his soul. He was so effortlessly beautiful, inside and out. It was breathtaking.

“You were. I’m not refuting that.”

Jimin giggled, nuzzling into Namjoon’s neck and curling his smaller body into his mate’s larger frame.

“Will you cuddle with me tonight?”

“Is that a change from all the other nights we’ve spent together?”

Jimin slapped his chest, unamused.

“I crave affection, okay? Fight me.”

“You’re so feisty, baby, I love it,” he purred, making Jimin giggle again.

“I love you.”

“And I you.”

There was a beat of silence and then Jimin spoke in a quiet voice that trembled slightly.
“Namjoon?”

“Yeah?”

“Don’t leave me.”

“What? I would never leave you, Jimin,” he pressed a kiss to Jimin’s golden hair, tightening his arms around the pliant body in his arms.

“I know...I just needed to say it. I know the future isn’t set in stone, but I’ve never been happier than I am now and the thought of something changing and pulling us apart...I don’t think I could bear it if you left me.”

“I can promise you right now that that won’t happen. There is nothing that could tear me away from you, my love. Nothing .”

Jimin breathed out a heavy exhale that ghosted over Namjoon’s chest, tickling him.

“Thank you.”

“Of course. Go to sleep, Jiminie. We still have a full day of celebrating your birthday tomorrow, remember?”

Jimin laughed.

“I do. Good night, Joonie.”

“Good night, my love.”
Their second day in paradise was as spectacular as the first and this time during the feeding, the couple succumbed to all of their carnal desires, getting lost in each other as they had the prior night. Everything was right in the world and neither of them wanted to return to reality, preferring to stay in their little bubble of peace. Unfortunately, life didn’t work that way and they were up before dawn Monday morning to take their return flight to Busan.

“Joon, I’m tired,” Jimin whined into his shoulder as they settled into their first class seats.

“I told you not to stay up so late last night, but did you listen?”

“The premium movie channels were all free and so many good ones were on! I couldn’t waste the opportunity,” he defended himself.

“Then don’t complain that you’re exhausted today,” he said matter-of-factly.

Jimin gave a little growl but slipped an eye mask on and wrapped himself in the complimentary blanket to sleep curled up against Namjoon, who gave a silent chuckled and caressed his boyfriend’s soft hair until his breathing evened out. He took that moment to check his phone because the plane hadn’t taken off yet and he had left the device silenced the entire day yesterday to prevent himself from getting distracted with things that were miles away from them.

When he looked at the screen he almost cursed out loud. There were 11 missed calls, strings of texts from all his coven members, and even a few missed FaceTime calls from Taehyung.

“Please put all your cellular devices in airplane mode,” the stewardesses were saying and Namjoon
was forced to ignore the messages and missed calls again.

He knew the second their plane touched down, though, he would have a crisis to deal with.

Namjoon had waited until they were in his car again to pull out his phone. He had told Jimin that something was happening with his coven and the younger had looked equally concerned. Before he had the chance to look at the text messages, his phone began to ring.

“Taehyung, what’s going on?” Namjoon asked, forgoing their usual greetings.

“Basically, shit hit the fan. You need to get back as soon as possible. I know you were vacationing this weekend, but we have a serious situation on our hands.”

“Can you be less vague?” he huffed.

“It’s best to speak in person. Our phones could be tapped.”

“Are you kidding?”

“I’m on edge! I’m just trying to take all precautions.”

“Okay, okay relax,” he urged. “Take a deep breath. I’ll be home in about an hour. I have to drop Jimin off at the dorms first. Tell the hyungs I’m coming.”

“Hurry,” his dongsaeng said as the call disconnected.

“Is everything okay?” Jimin asked, worrying his bottom lip and twisting to face him in the passenger seat.

“I honestly don’t know. Taehyung has the tendency to overreact. He’s a drama king through and through, but if the others are worried about something, it must be a real threat. We’ve had a few in our time. It’s all part of being immortal and living to see the worst horrors imaginable.”
“What do you think it is this time?”

“I’m not sure,” Namjoon hummed, putting the car in motion. “We’re all seasoned enough not to accidentally commit a murder in public and risk our identities. There aren’t any world wars or civil wars about to start up in Busan…”

“Will you be able to come over tonight and let me know what happened?”

“I can’t make any promises, but you know I’ll try.”

“I know,” Jimin leaned over to press a kiss to his cheek.

He dropped Jimin near his dormitory building with a quick peck to his plush pout and sped off, eager to get this over with. He didn’t like lingering in ignorance.

He parked his car in the cavernous garage and used vampire speed to appear in the living room, where he could hear the rest of the coven gathered.

“Good, you’re finally here. We didn’t appreciate having our calls and texts ignored,” Jin’s glower made him shift on his feet.

“Sorry, hyung, I turned my phone off and immersed myself in the exhibits. I didn’t think I’d be needed.”

“It’s not your fault,” he acquiesced with a sigh. “None of us were expecting this.”

“What exactly is ‘this’?”

“There was an attack on the Shanghai coven. It’s the largest one in China, second largest in Asia overall. There aren’t many of our kind left, maybe 3,000 or so at the most, so we keep track of each other. I knew the coven leader, Jisoo, personally. She and I met centuries back near Iceland. She was a shrewd, ruthless vampire. I respected her.”
“How big is their coven exactly?”

“It was a coven of 28,” Yoongi said. “The news reported 25 bodies were found at the scene. They lived on a large estate in the forest, far from the city center.”

“They were experts at keeping a low profile and they hunted in other provinces, making sure to feed from humans that were at least 4 hours away. Jisoo was strategic with every aspect of her coven structure,” Jin explained.

“If only 25 bodies were found, could that mean some of them managed to get away?” Hoseok asked.

“Possibly, but I believe the true explanation for the missing 3 is more sinister and they were taken to torture them for information on our kind,” Yoongi’s voice lowered.

“Wait, I don’t understand,” Namjoon ran a hand over his face. “You said there was an attack and from how you’re describing Jisoo, it doesn’t make sense that she would have exposed herself in any way. Vampire hunters are skilled, but they face limitations being human. Did Buffy the Vampire Slayer team up with Van Helsing or something? That’s the only plausible explanation for a group of humans taking out so many vamps.”

“Do you know how the corpses were found?” Jin asked.

“I assumed headless and burnt to a near crisp.”

Jin shook his head.

“No, they were intact...If you could call being mangled and ripped apart intact. They had their heads on their necks anyway.”

“Oh shit, hold on…” Namjoon was putting the pieces together, but disbelief covered his features. “It can’t be.”
“It is,” Yoongi snarled. “What’s the greatest vampire hunter in existence?”

“A werewolf,” Namjoon gasped.

“I told you, hyung. Shit hit the fan,” Taehyung spoke gravely.

Jimin paced around the length of his room, his emotions thrown in limbo as he felt the spikes of fear and anxiety in his soulmate bond.

“Damn it, Namjoon, you’re seriously stressing me out,” he muttered, beginning another restless crossing of his small dorm room.

He had sent a few texts and called once, but he hadn’t wanted to do more than that, knowing he was with his coven and it could be suspicious if his phone was lighting up with messages from an unknown name. However, he wasn’t known for his patience and he didn’t know if he’d be able to go to sleep that night without hearing something from his boyfriend.

At that moment his phone buzzed in his hand, signaling that he had a text message. He rushed to swipe his finger over his screen to unlock it.

From: My Joonie  Received: 11:06

I won’t be able to come over tonight. I’ll find you after class tomorrow.

To: My Joonie  Sent: 11:06

Is everything OK??

From: My Joonie  Received: 11:07
But I don’t want you to worry.

To: My Joonie  Sent: 11:07

You realize i’m only worrying now right?

From: My Joonie  Received: 11:07

Forgive me, my love.

Jimin sighed, locking his phone and moving to his laptop, hoping he could use his upcoming essay as a distraction. There was nothing else he could do in that moment. Namjoon would fill him in tomorrow and until then he’d have to deal with his growing uneasiness.

This weekend was magical, the happiest dream I could ever think of. Yet, there’s a phrase I hate, a phrase that only sounds foreboding and negative but a phrase that people are forced to use in life: All good things must come to an end…

Jeon Jungkook had been leading a normal vampire existence. He lived with a coven, followed his coven leader, and fed on humans as required. He even used his free time to play with the animals he’d befriended in the forest and travel around China. He hadn’t joined the largest coven in the Pacific by choice—not that he’d been forced, but it hadn’t happened under the best of circumstances either.

Jungkook was a young vampire, a child by the standards of his coven members, whose ages ranged from 140 to 500. He was only 46 years old, his body forever frozen at 19. His human life had not been a good one. His biological father died when Jungkook was a preteen and his mother crippled under the loss of her husband, eventually falling into the arms of a man who claimed to want to love her and her son as they deserved. He adopted Jungkook when he was 14 and kept up the pretense of the Perfect Man long enough for wedding rings to be exchanged and a new home to be bought in Okayama, Japan. His new father had insisted that his family move to the home of his ancestors,
where they would have a new start and find happiness again. Jungkook’s mother was vulnerable and let herself believe every artfully constructed phrase and angelic smile.

Jungkook was still reeling from his father’s death and having to leave Busan, the only home he’d ever known and the place that held the last traces of his father, if only in spaces that evoked memories they’d shared. He didn’t trust his stepfather and his true colors didn’t take long to reveal themselves. It came in the form of a violent smack to the face. Supposedly, Jungkook was being disrespectful when all he had done was question why he couldn’t go on the field trip his Biology teacher was planning for the class. The abuse continued, thinly veiled as “disciplining an errant youth,” and the worst part was his mother not only knew about it, but she allowed it. She was deep under her new husband’s spell and the fear she held about the man leaving her alone as her first husband had made it so that she ignored the bruises tainting her son’s body, as well as the collection of cracked ribs and broken bones he usually had.

Jungkook had tried to run away many times, but he never made it far and when he was brought back by police officers, thinking they were doing the right thing because the problem was Jungkook and not his household, his stepfather was waiting with a belt and a hot iron. Jungkook had wanted to apply to universities in other countries to escape the hell he’d been condemned to, but that had led to a beating of epic proportions and Jungkook wasn’t able to walk properly for weeks. He was never taken to a hospital because the icing on top of the cake was that the asshole was a doctor, one of the most respected surgeons in the region. He administered the most basic treatment when he left Jungkook particularly battered but nothing substantial.

He had no friends at his new school because he spent his time curled into himself, hiding under baggy hoodies and beanies, wishing he could scream for someone to help him, but knowing that would backfire because he was only destined to suffer. He feared that one day his stepfather would kill him...and he was right. At least partially.

Jungkook was 19 and attending a university close to home, commuting to and from school and continuing to tremble when his stepfather’s car pulled in to the driveway. He didn’t remember what had happened that night, specifically, but it always came down to his stepfather taking one word or one movement and labeling it “disrespectful” and unloading all of his considerable strength on Jungkook’s smaller frame. His stepfather was a tall man, well over six feet, and Jungkook had known for years how potent his hits could be.

His mother hadn’t been home that night (though it probably wouldn’t have affected the outcome if she had been) and Jungkook had been sitting in silence at the dinner table across from the monster who called himself “Dad.” When he erupted, screaming about how worthless and useless Jungkook was to the family and to the world, he began by launching the heavy plates and mug he’d been using at dinner—at Jungkook’s head. Jungkook fell to the floor, blood gushing from his forehead, and his stepfather descended on him mercilessly. He only stopped when he noticed the boy’s body was still, his breathing absent.
Jungkook was on the cusp of death when his stepfather threw him into the river a few miles from their house. When he opened his eyes again, he was a vampire. Jisoo, the leader of the Shanghai coven, had come across the scene—a man walking furtively through the woods to dump a body in the water—and her interest was piqued. She could hear the younger man’s heart-rate slowing and her telepathic gift allowed her to hear the thoughts of the tall man, whose aim was to cover up a murder. Jisoo hated humans, considered them more bloodthirsty than vampires, so she saved Jungkook...and slammed the attempted murderer into a tree with such force that every bone in his body broke and he choked to death on his own blood. Jisoo deposited his corpse on the doorstep of his house, where Jungkook’s mother found him the next morning. The shock led her to be hospitalized for months.

Jisoo welcomed him to immortality with more kindness and affection than Jungkook had received since he was a child, when his father was still alive and his mother hadn’t let tragedy change her to the point that she could hear her son’s screams and sobs and then simply fall asleep, as if nothing were happening. The large coven was also quick to make the maknae feel at home with them and Jungkook was content. His body was strong—bulleproof—and there would never again be someone who would dare hurt him and threaten him. He was the highest ranking predator.

Jungkook had been told about soulmates and how every vampire was meant to find theirs. There were several mated pairs in the coven, including Jisoo and her mate Jennie, and they all rambled on and on about how their existence had drastically changed by finding their other half. The young vampire wasn’t impressed. The idea of being eternally tied down was not appealing. At all.

He valued his freedom as a vampire more than anything. Why would he want someone who would only hold him back and entrap him with flimsy sentiments of desire and “love.” He didn’t believe in soulmates and he had told his coven members as much. They all shook their heads fondly, writing him off as the immature child of the group.

“When love finds you, you won’t be able to fight the pull. Your other half is out there, Kookie,” his friend Jaebum would say with a knowing grin.

Jungkook didn’t have time to concern himself with soulmates or true love—not after the werewolves came.

No one had expected the attack—not even Jisoo, the oldest of them all and someone they all considered an omniscient power. She was the first one they sank their monstrous teeth into, her mate next. The werewolf pack didn’t outnumber them, but they were well-trained and with the element of surprise the 15 wolves massacred them. Jungkook only escaped because he had been out in the forest, racing with a few rabbits and playing tricks on the squirrels by stealing their nuts and hiding it in nearby trees. His enhanced senses picked up on the snarls of the wolves, the screams of his coven members, and the smell of poisoned blood. It was distinct—a sickly sweet odor, a product of the toxin
contained in werewolf saliva.

He ran faster than he’d ever run before, hearing a couple of the beasts on his tail, no doubt fully aware that a vampire from the coven was missing. These wolves weren’t stupid. The attack was premeditated and carefully planned. Jungkook didn’t know how or why since he had been informed of the history of the supernatural world and the truce between the two most powerful races and that would mean the wolves were reneging on the established accords. But, he couldn’t think about that.

Instead, he moved at speeds that had his immortal body gasping and panting for breath it no longer needed. Vampires weren’t supposed to tire, but Jungkook hadn’t fed in over a week and he was pushing his limits. At least he had a destination in mind. Another coven, whose leader had known Jisoo in the past and who his coven leader would constantly mention, declaring him the most impressive vampire she’d ever come across. They still maintained contact and last Jungkook he’d heard, the vampire and his coven were in Korea. Busan to be exact.

Jungkook was going home.

Jimin had packed his things early, a full ten minutes before his afternoon class was set to end, and the moment his professor took off his eyeglasses and turned from the blackboard to dismiss the class, Jimin was bouncing out of his seat and rushing out the door. He was supposed to meet Namjoon behind the Performance Arts building, where there was a small courtyard that students used to study or relax as needed. He sat on one of the benches and placed his bag next to him. He checked his phone screen and began to shift in his seat, one foot tapping on the ground. He tried to feel for Namjoon’s emotions but got nothing more than impatience and annoyance, which must have meant he hadn’t gotten out of his class yet. It was nice to know all he wanted was to get to Jimin, though.

He took a deep breath to settle himself and was contemplating if he should pull out one of the readings he had to do for his Contemporary Dance History course when he felt a hand on his shoulder.

Jimin’s face lit up with a smile, instantly turning to smile up at his boyfriend, who he had missed immensely despite the fact that they’d been apart for a mere day.

“Joonie! I was--” Jimin froze, staring up at the unfamiliar face.
The vampire above him tightened his grip until the young dancer was whimpering from the pain. He flashed Jimin a dark grin, fangs peeking out at him and coming closer and closer as the figure lowered his face to Jimin’s.

“Well, well. What do we have here? The most delectable little blood bag around. It’s no wonder Namjoon was trying to keep you to himself.”

Jimin’s pulse jumped in his throat, making the vampire lick his lips. He frantically scanned the area, his stomach clenching with horror as he saw the courtyard was deserted.

“Ah yes, the cliche does make me roll my eyes, but it is ideal, isn’t it? There’s no one here to save you. No one will hear you scream,” the vampire hissed before he darted down and tore into Jimin’s jugular.
A Family Affair

Chapter Summary

The truth is revealed to the entire coven. Reactions vary. The war looming on the horizon grows closer and more urgent.

Namjoon had been grumbling under his breath at the latest assignment his professor had thought up, already dreading how many hours he’d have to put into it. He also wondered if he should bother worrying about schoolwork when there was a war coming their way. If the attack on the Shanghai coven was committed by werewolves (and any other explanation seemed implausible) then the centuries-long truce was broken. The tentative peace accords had collapsed and the mangy beasts had made the first move. They were such cowards. Hadn’t even given them a chance to prepare for the battle.

Namjoon wasn’t a fighter and he’d shook his head at the countless wars he’d witnessed the humans wage. Yet, this was a conflict he couldn’t ignore, perhaps couldn’t run away from. His coven had spent the entire day yesterday getting into contact with other vampires they knew, most part of small covens and some nomads who wandered as they pleased. It was their duty to warn them of the threat that was out there now, hoping they in turn would inform the rest of their kind. It was true that there weren’t many of them left and that they were dispersed around the globe, but this may turn into something to unite them again and bring them back together.

Namjoon had hesitated before calling a number he hadn’t even contemplated dialing in over a decade.

‘Hey, Jackson,’ he’d said when the other man picked up.

The conversation was brief, Namjoon making sure to say the bare minimum, but he hadn’t been able to hang up and fling his phone away before Jackson asked the question he’d been hoping he wouldn’t have to answer.

‘Did you find him?’

Namjoon’s eyes had shut and he’d sighed.
‘Yes.’

‘...I hope he makes you happier than I ever could. All I ever wanted was to see you smile. I know I’ll have to settle for seeing someone else bring those pretty dimples of yours out.’

Namjoon’s heart had ached for the other vampire, a man he had considered a close friend before things turned romantic.

‘I’m sorry I hurt you.’

‘Don’t be. You didn’t mean to. Destiny laid out our roles and we had to play them. Maybe in another universe, right?’

Namjoon had winced, but he’d mumbled an agreement before politely wishing him well and telling him to stay alert. And that was that. Namjoon hadn’t said it, of course, but it didn’t matter what universe he existed in. If Jimin was in it, Namjoon would yearn to be by his side.

Namjoon was leaving his classroom, still replaying his awkward conversation with Jackson, when a spike of terror tore through the soulmate bond, making Namjoon’s entire body tense.

“Jimin,” he breathed, not wasting another moment before running at a speed he’d never pushed himself to before.

It was mere milliseconds later that Namjoon was in the courtyard, tearing the vampire off of Jimin and launching him across the deserted space, not bothering to look back as he heard the other slam into the stone floor. He didn’t care that the noise could bring other humans over or that the vampire’s aura was heartbreakingly familiar. The only thing that mattered was Jimin.

“Jiminie, Jiminie, I’m so sorry. I should have been here,” Namjoon rambled as he pressed a hand to the gaping wound in Jimin’s neck.

“J-joon,” he panted, face strained from the pain he must have been feeling.
“Hold on, my love. I can close the wound. Stay still for me, sweetheart. I know it hurts,” he whispered, moving his palm and quickly replacing it with his mouth.

Jimin whimpered at the contact, but his body relaxed as Namjoon sent him calming emotions of love and adoration. He sighed when Namjoon placed a soft kiss on the rapidly healing bite, which would leave a small scar. Vampire saliva, in direct contrast to werewolf saliva, served to heal. That was why Namjoon could feed from Jimin comfortably without leaving any bitemarks. Of course, he always fed gently and with his mate’s consent. Namjoon had been able to heal Jimin, but he couldn’t prevent the scarring of the younger’s beautiful skin because another vampire had used violence to access Jimin’s bloodstream. He would have sucked him dry.

“You’re pathetic, Namjoon,” the other vampire hissed, standing up again and circling around the couple.

“Say what you want, but if you ever dare to lay a hand or a fang on him again, I’ll kill you,” Namjoon spoke measuredly, eyes trained on Jimin, as if the other vampire were invisible.

“You’re putting a fucking blood bag over the hyung who helped raise you? Who taught you what it was to be immortal?”

Namjoon took a deep breath before he met the other’s incredulous stare.

“Yoongi-hyung, I say this with the utmost respect for you and what you mean to me. Back away from my mate or I’ll have to force you to do so and you won’t like what that looks like.”

“What the fuck did you just say? Mate? A blood bag?”

“Don’t call him that,” Namjoon growled, straightening to his full height to add to his intimidation factor.

Yoongi may have seniority over him, but he certainly didn’t have any centimeters on him.

“What nonsense are you spewing?”
“Read my mind. I’m not lying, I’m not crazy, and I’m not backing down.”

Yoongi snarled, but his stance relaxed as he peered into Namjoon’s mind, making use of the younger vampire’s invitation, which lowered any walls he’d put up before. Vampire were able to protect their minds from other vampires with telepathic abilities—to a degree—by putting up mental blocks. It really only worked to keep one or two dark secrets, but anything more took an intense amount of concentration and for a seasoned vampire like Yoongi, it took a limited amount of effort to access the minds of any of his kind. That was how he’d discovered that Namjoon was meeting up with this weak little human.

He had noticed that throughout their discussion the previous day Namjoon seemed distracted and he had ignored a phone call and several texts before excusing himself at some point to pull out his phone. The others hadn’t seemed suspicious, but Yoongi tended to be the least trusting of the coven and he instantly honed in on Namjoon’s thought pattern. The tall vampire may have been the smartest of them all, but he was a shitty liar and was poor at blocking his mind. It didn’t take long for Yoongi to latch on to one train of thought and follow it to a clump of memories. Yoongi had been disgusted to see his dongsaeng cavorting with a mere blood bag, kissing him and laughing with him, as if his company was preferable to his own coven’s.

This time when Yoongi delved into Namjoon’s open mind he centered on one name that floated through Namjoon’s subconscious, calmly but powerfully. Jimin. Yoongi followed the burst of memories from start to finish, witnessing the initial meeting between the two at Namjoon’s birthday party and continuing on to Namjoon saving the boy’s life and learning about his prophecy. The Vampire’s Mate. Yoongi was stunned by the confirmation and he pulled out of Namjoon’s mind when more recent memories of their lovemaking assaulted him. He had zero interest in that.

“What.The.Fuck.”

“That about sums it up,” Namjoon agreed, glancing down at Jimin again and seeing that his boyfriend was breathing normally again and not looking as pale as he had after Yoongi’s attack.

“Jin needs to hear about this. They all do.”

“Taehyung...already knows.”

Yoongi’s eyes narrowed.
“Why doesn’t that surprise me?”

“Hyung, I know you’re angry with me--

“I’m fucking livid, you idiot.”

Namjoon winced at the aggressive words but carried on.

“But, I need to emphasize the fact that Jimin is innocent in all of this. He was destined to be my mate and he didn’t ask to be thrown into our coven’s dramas and our kind’s politics. I won’t allow anyone to hurt him.”

“When you sent me flying back there, you dislocated my shoulder, almost fractured my spine. I had to pop it back into place. You gonna apologize for that?”

Namjoon’s eyes fell on the scar marring Jimin’s fair skin again.

“No, I’m not,” he stated, meeting Yoongi’s dark gaze.

He was surprised to see his hyung chuckle.

“You’ve got balls, kid. I’ve always liked that about you.”

“Uh...thanks?”

“Don’t mistake my leniency for acceptance of this shitshow. I am not pleased about any of this,” he shot a glare at Jimin’s back. “But, this is something the coven needs to discuss and I’m not coven leader anyway. Let’s go.”

“Where are we going?” Jimin asked softly, peering up at Namjoon.
“Ah, it speaks,” Yoongi snorted and Namjoon glowered at him before extending his arm out to Jimin, who took it and stood on shaky legs, not daring to raise his head and meet the other vampire’s stare.

“Back to our house, my love. You’re meeting the family.”

Yoongi had run back to the house, while Namjoon opted to drive back in his car, giving Jimin some time to compose himself before the dreaded coven meeting. He knew it also gave Yoongi the time to relate their story to the others with whatever angle he wanted to add. Namjoon was simply thankful all of the members had fed in the last few days. God forbid one of them had been feeling peckish when he brought Jimin home. It would have been literally throwing him into a lions’ den.

When they stepped through the front door, hands tightly intertwined, the coven was seated around the long dining room table, wearing matching expressions of disappointment, disapproval, and curiosity (except for Taehyung who just looked nervous).

“Hyung--”Namjoon addressed Jin, who raised a hand.

“Sit. Both of you,” he ordered, eyes flicking over Namjoon and then Jimin.

The blonde dancer gulped, feeling his heart thundering in his chest. Namjoon squeezed his hand gently, a show of support and comfort that did help him somewhat. They sat and awaited the coven leader’s next words.

“Yoongi’s informed of us of your...situation. I don’t need to tell you how ridiculous it sounds, nor do I need to tell you that deceiving us for months and making up excuses to be with your human is directly against the code of honor and trust we established when we became a coven.”

“It was wrong of me to lie to you,” Namjoon acknowledged. “But, this wasn’t something I could share so easily. It put Jimin’s life at risk and that was something I wasn’t willing to do.”

“The human’s name is Jimin?”
Namjoon nodded and Jimin cleared his throat before mustering the courage to introduce himself.

“My name is Park Jimin. My great-grandmother was Park Heeyoung, who the powers above gifted with a prophecy that gave our family line one purpose: producing the Vampire’s Mate. The unifier of light and dark. That’s, uh, that’s m-me,” Jimin flushed as he stumbled over his final sentence, growing anxious when all the attention was on him.

Jin studied him with careful meditation.

“Hmm. I have heard of your great-grandmother, though we never had the chance to meet. I respected her. The tales of her abilities were widespread. If any human were truly granted this honor, it makes sense that it would be one of her family line. Unifier of light and dark, you said? Does that translate into some special ability? Do you have any powers?”

Jimin shook his head, looking upset that he didn’t have super-strength or teleportation or something interesting to offer.

“Are you seriously entertaining the notion that a human child is Namjoon’s mate?” Hoseok scoffed at the very idea and his tone was crudely insulting.

Jimin bristled at the red-haired vampire’s comment.

“I am not a child. And I am his mate. We’ve established a soulmate bond already and we can feel each other’s emotions like any other mated vampire pair. I’m not ignorant about your world or what it means to be a vampire. Namjoon hasn’t kept anything from me.”

Hoseok bared his fangs at him and seemed ready to toss the table to one side and assault the human for daring to rebut him, but Jin began to clap, tossing his ebony hair back as he laughed wholeheartedly. Hoseok frowned when he also saw Yoongi’s smirk and Taehyung’s bright smile.

“What a delightfully gutsy thing he is. Not at all like most of his kind. And after Yoongi took a bite out of his neck too... I must say, Namjoon, he is fascinating. Perhaps he is meant to be a vampire’s mate.”
“What?” Hoseok growled.

“You’re saying you believe us?” Namjoon asked tentatively.

“Despite all the lies you’ve been feeding us, I don’t think you are now. I can sense your earnestness and Yoongi scanned your mind. You’re being genuine. Both of you.”

“So...what happens now?” Taehyung asked and Jimin and Namjoon waited with bated breath for Jin to answer the question.

“Now? We go back to what should be at the forefront of our thoughts. Have you all forgotten we have a war coming?”

“Wait, so you’re just welcoming a human into our coven? Hyung, that’s insane! That human is a risk we can’t take. What if he runs his mouth off to the wrong person and calls attention to our coven? We could have vampire hunters on our asses” Hoseok protested.

“As if we don’t already? There are freaking werewolves trying to exterminate us,” Taehyung pointed out.

“Plus, he won’t remain a human. He’s Namjoon’s mate and Namjoon’s a vampire. You do the math,” Yoongi added.

“You are planning to turn him, Namjoon-ah?” Jin asked and Namjoon exchanged a look with Jimin.

“I-I am. I don’t know when, but it’s what we both want.”

“That settles it then,” Jin said. “Moving on--”

“I just can’t accept this,” Hoseok cut in and Yoongi rolled his eyes, while Jin gave him a patient look like a parent gives a toddler when he knocks over his juice box for the fourth time.

“What exactly can’t you accept, Seokie?”
“He’s still a human even if in some distant future he’ll be one of us. Is there no standard for our coven anymore? Can I start dating a pixie or a gnome and have them join too?”

Taehyung giggled at the idea of dating a gnome and Hoseok glared at him.

“If the pixie or the gnome was your soulmate then we’d have to accept them,” Jin answered. “You haven’t met yours yet and neither have you Taehyung, but when you do,” he glanced over at Yoongi who was already watching him. “It’s earth-shaking. You can’t do anything but submit to destiny’s call. You don’t want to deny the way your heart and soul sing for that other half of you.”

Namjoon squeezed Jimin’s hand again, smiling at his mate and reveling in the exact feeling Jin was describing.

“Why don’t we make it official? Park Jimin, welcome to our coven. Welcome to our family,” Jin gestured to the vampire sitting around the table.

“I promise they’ll all grow on you. Even Hoseok-hyung,” Taehyung stage-whispered, whining when he received a slap to the back of the head from the aforementioned vampire.

Jimin flashed them his beautiful smile, eyes shining with a myriad of emotions that Namjoon took in with his own wide grin. He could feel his mate’s joy and the gratitude towards Jin for accepting him. He’d been rejected by so many people in his life, spending most of his childhood as a social pariah. But, now he was blessed with a soulmate and a friend like Taehyung and maybe he’d gain the friendship of these three other vampires. After all, he was a part of the coven now and he was looking at eternity down the line so they would have plenty of time to get acquainted.

“Thank you. All of you,” Jimin bowed his head respectfully and Namjoon pressed a kiss to his temple.

“This was all lovely and made me want to squeal with excitement, but should we get back to the war with the werewolves?” Yoongi’s sarcasm dripped from every syllable and his mate rolled his eyes.

“You never let me have my moments. You’re right, though. We need to continue strategizing. We’ve all been in contact with other covens and some of the nomads, correct?”
They all nodded.

“What were their opinions on the subject?”

“The Thailand coven asked if they could head our way. If there’s a war, they want to fight,” Hoseok said.

“All of my nomad friends are in the area. They’re on the same vein. Should we tell them to join us, hyung?” Taehyung asked.

Jin paused to contemplate the situation.

“Even I wasn’t alive when the first vampire-werewolf war transpired. I’ve been in contact with the oldest of our kind—the few dozens that made it through the war—and their advice was simple.”

“Fight?” Yoongi asked.

“Fight,” Jin nodded gravely. “They broke the accords and they slaughtered one of our largest covens like cowards. We can’t excuse their actions.”

“Are any of the elders nearby?” Hoseok asked.

“No, but they were clear with me. They have no interest in taking place in another war.”

“They sound like pussies,” Yoongi grumbled.

“Have some respect, Yoongi.”

“No! Our lives are on the line now. They could offer crucial insight into this conflict, but oh they’ve fought once so never again? Fuck them.”
“I’m with him on this one,” Namjoon said. “We’ve all become complacent in our solitary existences. There aren’t as many coven as there once were with most preferring to become nomads. It’s made it easier for vampire hunters to pick us off one by one. Now, we’re left vulnerable when a serious enemy is breathing down our necks. If this is a war, we need to start training. We have abilities--our gifts--that give us an advantage. We’re just as strong, just as fast if not faster. What we’re missing is unity.”

Jin nodded in agreement.

“Get in contact with all the nomads and any of the covens you know. Let’s be clear this time. Are they standing with us or are they going to act like craven dotards and cower on the sidelines?”

The others watched their coven leader with pride in their chests. They trusted Jin to lead them through this war and come out on the other side intact. It wouldn’t be easy.

“I’ll get on the phone right now,” Taehyung said, standing up, but Hoseok pulled him back over.

“First, you’re going back to campus to pick up my car. I was nice enough to let you borrow it this morning so you could run your errands, whatever the hell they were--”

“Various booty calls,” he chirped but Hoseok ignored him.

“And now you need to bring it back safe and sound, got it?”

“Sir yes sir,” Taehyung saluted him with a smirk. “I’ll be back,” he winked at Jimin and flew out of the house.

“He’s lucky he’s cute,” Hoseok shook his head.

“He’s our maknae. We let him get away with a lot,” Namjoon chuckled.

The coven was discussing who they would focus on contacting when suddenly Yoongi jumped out of his seat, staring off in the direction of the open forest visible from the window.
“What is it?” Jin asked his mate.

Yoongi narrowed his eyes as he tilted his head, listening to something the others couldn’t hear.

“Thoughts...From a mind I’ve never felt before. They sound confused. Can you sense it?”

Jin focused his enhanced senses and realized he did touch on something with his gift.

“Their emotions are all over the place. They’re moving supernaturally fast. It’s not a human.”

“I sense them too,” Hoseok frowned. “They’re close, aren’t they?”

“Another vampire?” Namjoon asked.

“Oh, it’s definitely a vampire,” Yoongi said.

“How do you know?”

“Because there’s one thought he’s practically shouting. It’s all he can think about now... *Thirsty. Blood. Close.*”

A heavy knock sounded on the front door, making them all tense up.

“Joonie,” Jimin whispered fearfully.

“Shh. I won’t let anything hurt you, Jimin,” Namjoon pulled Jimin out of the chair, moving them to the far corner of the room and pushing him behind him.

“Yoongi, let’s go see what our surprise guest wants, hmm?” Jin asked, moving in sync with his mate
towards the front door.

Jimin’s pulse sped up, watching the scene unfold almost in slow motion. Jin and Yoongi reaching the front door. Jin’s hand on the lock and then the doorknob. The door swinging open.

Jimin didn’t get to take in any of the new vampire’s features because one moment he was on the doorstep before Jin and Yoongi and the next he was a blur of movement...heading straight towards him.
The Art of Forgiveness and the Promise of Tomorrow

Chapter Summary

Just a little update that should please everyone ;)

I love love guys! <3 <3 <3

Though time seemed to slow for Jimin, for Namjoon it was the complete opposite. The moment the door swung open and the unknown vampire shot forward, fangs extended, bloodshot eyes like lasers trained on the only human in sight, Namjoon was ready for him.

The sound produced when Namjoon slammed into the attacking vampire was similar to a clap of thunder, making Jimin wince and step backwards until he was backed into a corner, watching his boyfriend fight off yet another ruthless vampire aiming to tear his throat open. It had not been a pleasant day for Park Jimin.

“Namjoon, you’re going to break my table! It’s an antique!” Jin shrieked as the vampire scuffle grew more violent.

Jimin’s eyes were wide, taking in the scene and he wanted to cry out for Namjoon, but he was afraid any noise from him could distract his boyfriend and cause him to lose the fight. Yet, the rest of the coven didn’t seem at all concerned about Namjoon’s safety and Jin’s anxious expression was reserved for his precious furniture and wall decorations.

“Yah, this has gone on for too long. Hurry up,” Yoongi scowled, arms crossed in annoyance.

A chuckle came from Namjoon before the flurry of movement subsided and when Jimin’s eyes found his boyfriend again he was towering over a crumpled-up figure on the floor, one foot pressing down on the fallen vampire’s chest.

“Check and mate,” he said arrogantly, smirking when the vampire beneath him growled, but the sound was followed by a whimper of pain.

“Who are you?” Hoseok asked, stepping up beside Namjoon along with the rest of the coven.
Jimin was the only one who remained where he was--as far from the ravenous vampire as possible.

“I don’t need to answer to you,” was the hateful response.

“Then let me ask,” Jin’s authoritative voice cut in. “Perhaps you’ve heard of me? Kim Seokjin, leader of this coven.”

The beat-up vampire’s eyes widened, mouth opening and displaying a set of teeth that were oddly reminiscent of a bunny rabbit.

“You’re Kim Seokjin!”

“Yes?” he raised an eyebrow. “I assume you didn’t just stumble across my coven. Were you searching for me?”

“I was. I’m Jungkook. Jeon Jungkook.”

“That name sounds familiar,” Jin’s eyebrows furrowed as he searched through his memories to place it. “Ah, you’re the maknae of Jisoo’s coven. Last time we spoke she mentioned you. She was particularly fond of you.”

Jungkook’s reddened eyes shone with emotion hearing his deceased coven leader mentioned.

“Whoa, hold on. He’s from the Shanghai coven? As in the coven that was decimated by the werewolves mere days ago?!” Hoseok’s question was more of an exclamation but Jungkook answered anyway.

“Yeah. I’ve been running and I haven’t stopped. I watched my only family get ripped apart by those mangy beasts and they would have gotten me too if I’d been a second slower. Jisoo-noona would always talk about you and your coven, so after what happened, I knew I had to find you.”

“How old are you?” Namjoon was still glaring down at him, but his interest was piqued.
“What’s that got to do with anything?” he snarled.

“It would explain your loss of control. You’re in another coven’s home, but you have your fangs out ready to bite into a human in their territory? That’s ballsy, but I assume it’s because you’re young and stupid, not especially bold,” he shrugged.

“Fuck you!”

Namjoon slammed his foot down, making Jungkook cry out at the increased pressure. A little more and he’d be looking at a painful collection of broken ribs. It would take mere hours to heal, but it would be agonizing and in Jungkook’s weakened state it may not be as quick as usual.

“Have some respect, baby vamp. You went after my mate. The only reason you’re alive is that I’m not the coven leader and only he gets to serve as judge, jury and executioner. Rest assured, if he gives me the green light, I won’t hesitate to stomp on your head until it bursts and then set your dumb ass on fire,” Namjoon’s words were lightly spoken, but their clear lethality had the desired effect on Jungkook, who winced and mumbled an apology.

“Wait, did you just say your mate?” Jungkook looked more than confused.

“A story for another time,” Namjoon rolled his eyes. “Hyung, what should we do with him?” he addressed Jin.

“He came to see me because of Jisoo. In her memory, I feel we should give him a chance to atone for his unsavory first impression.”

“He’s the sole survivor of the attack. He may have more valuable information to share,” Yoongi added. “When he isn’t on the verge of starvation, of course.”

The four vampires could tell how hungry Jungkook was by the gray sheen to his skin and the redness around his brown eyes. His fight with Namjoon had only worsened his physical condition. If Jungkook hadn’t been blood-deprived he could have offered more of a challenge to the older vampire, but as it was Namjoon had been playing with him from the start.

“When’s the last time you fed, baby vamp?” Hoseok asked.
“Is that a nickname that’s sticking?” he growled, unamused.

“I like it.”

“Me too,” Jin nodded approvingly.

“Ugh, I want to pass out and get away from you freaks. One of you literally has a human as a mate. I mean, what the fuck?”

“Those were my initial thoughts on the subject as well,” Yoongi added making Namjoon sigh.

“You need to feed, baby vamp. You’re not looking good and we need you at your best. I’m sure you realize the werewolf attack has destroyed the peace accords in place. We’re being forced to retaliate, prepare for a war,” Jin informed him.

“Those fuckers killed the only people who cared about me. If there’s a war, I’m fighting in it,” Jungkook spoke vehemently.

“Who wants to volunteer to hypnotize a human and bring them back for baby vamp?”

“Why do we need to bring a human in a doggy bag when we have one at our disposal?” Hoseok smirked, bringing the attention to Jimin, who had been silently watching on.

“Wh-what?” Jimin stammered, terrified at the hungry expression on Jungkook’s face.


“Calm down, Joon. No one’s touching Jimin. I made him part of our coven, remember? I never go back on my word, you know that.”

“I know, hyung. Sorry,” he mumbled, chastised.
“I think we’ll need more than one blood bag. The kid needs at least two good ones,” Yoongi commented.

“We can’t send him out alone. He won’t be able to control himself and he could massacre a quarter of Busan,” Jin said.

Jimin grew slightly queasy at the discussion occurring before him. Though he felt secure enough with the coven not offering him up on a plate to Jungkook, he wouldn’t be able to stomach watching them bring a pair of innocent humans back. He would feel like an active participant in murder.

Namjoon could sense his mate’s discomfort and distress.

“Hyung, make sure he doesn’t move from here,” Namjoon said, waiting for Jin’s nod before removing his foot from the prone vampire and approaching Jimin. “Let me take you home, Jiminnie. You’ve had a long day.”

“But I don’t—I don’t want to be alone, Joonie,” he whispered, nervous at the fact that four other vampires were listening to their conversation.

“Why don’t you let him stay here tonight?” Yoongi asked.

“And force him to overhear the death of some poor humans who have no idea they’ll be walking to their graves? Thanks but no thanks. I want Jimin far away from this shit.”

“You can’t shield him from everything, Namjoon. He’s going to become one of us, isn’t he? He’ll need to feed, need to kill. I read your mind and I know you don’t kill the humans you feed from, but it wasn’t always like that.”

“I know,” Namjoon snapped. “I don’t need you to remind me.”

“You leave them alive?” Hoseok was stunned. “What kind of nonsense is that?”
“It’s called acting like something that’s not a heartless monster. We don’t need to kill when we feed. We do it because we’re twisted.”

“Oh, suddenly you’re throwing stones? You’re so fucking holier than thou, Namjoon. It’s sickening.” Hoseok spat.

Jin stepped in before the argument could escalate.

“Enough! Namjoon, this isn’t a conversation for tonight. If you don’t want Jimin to be a part of all our affairs, take him home, but be aware that you’re doing him more harm than good. Yoongi’s right. He won’t be prepared to join our coven as a vampire if he has no idea how to be one. If you want him to stay, then we can’t take Jungkook to the cottage, feed him there. Would that make it any better?”

Namjoon ran a hand over his face, exhaustion settling in his bones. He glanced over at Jimin.

“Do you want to stay? You don’t have to. I can run you to your dorm and—”

“No,” his voice was gentle but firm. “I’ll stay.”

Namjoon frowned but nodded. Jimin followed him up the staircase to his room, glancing over his shoulder and catching the looks of approval on Jin and Yoongi’s faces. Even Hoseok’s expression seemed less venomous. Jungkook was still salivating in his direction, which Jimin understood but was still highly unsettled by. He hurried after Namjoon, almost crashing into his back when he stopped before his closed bedroom door.

“Joonie, what is it?” he asked, taking in his boyfriend’s knit brows. “Did you want me to go? I can leave…” he said, though that was the absolute last thing he wanted to do.

“Of course not. I told you before. There’s never a time when i want to be away from you. It’s just…Come on,” he led them inside his room, shutting it behind them, and sitting on the plush couch, waiting for Jimin to get comfortable before continuing. “This war, this side of our existence as vampires, it’s exactly the kind of shit I didn’t want you to have to deal with.”

“But, this is your reality. You can’t expect me to wear rose-colored glasses forever.”
“I know that, but you--Jimin, your soul is so pure and wonderful and my world, my darkness is tainting that. I feel like I’m corrupting you and destroying who you are as a person. You want me to turn you, but if you become one of us, it will only be worse.”

Jimin could feel his mate’s melancholia through the bond, though it was equally evident on the pained expression on his handsome face.

“You can’t put me on a pedestal, Joonie. I appreciate the respect you have for me, but I’m not perfect. I’ve made mistakes in my life that I wish I could take back. The only difference between you and me is that you’ve lived decades longer and have racked up a larger number of these regrets.”

“That isn’t the only difference. None of your ‘mistakes’ have ended in the loss of hundreds of human lives. I’m a killer, Jimin! Can you forgive that?” Namjoon’s words were harsh, the self-deprecation dripping from each syllable.

“I already have,” he answered simply.

“What?” Namjoon seemed stunned.

“I don’t care what you did in the past when you were still figuring out how to be an immortal being with only bloodlust to guide you. Yes, I care about the lives of my fellow humans and I’m not saying we should be mere blood bags for you guys, but you don’t think that way. You aren’t like other vampires and it took you time and self-control to get to where you are now, but you did it and more than that you helped Taehyung get there too. I trust that you’ll help me when the time comes.”

“Jimin…”

“I love you, Namjoon, did you forget that? You’re literally the other half of my soul, so if you believe my soul is so immaculate, then it stands to reason that yours is as well. Destiny wouldn’t have put us together if we weren’t meant to share in each other’s burdens, hardships, doubts, misgivings, and everything else along the way. That’s why I’ve forgiven you for the errors you committed before we found each other, as I hope you can forgive me for mine. The most important thing now is for you to absolve yourself of your wrongs. Do you think you can do that?”

Namjoon was silent for a moment, gaze clouded with memories of the past. Jimin gave him the time he needed, sitting patiently only observing his mate.
“I haven’t been able to forgive myself. I blamed myself for dishonoring my parents when I asked Jinhyung to turn me, despite the fact that they never cared about me and decided since my birth that I would only be a burden to them. When I became a vampire, the first few years were a crimson blur of tears and screams. I had little restraint in the beginning. Didn’t even use my hypnosis to make the process easier on the victims. They died begging for their lives and wondering what they did to deserve the devil’s wrath.”

Jimin reached out to take both of Namjoon’s hands in his. It was almost comical the way his boyfriend’s much larger palms swallowed up his own, but Jimin held them in his lap and intertwined their fingers, bringing Namjoon a little closer and letting him see the gentle encouragement in the younger’s pretty brown eyes. There was no judgment there, only acceptance.

“After I turned Taehyung I felt even more ashamed of my existence because I’d dragged another innocent life into my darkness. And he’s told me countless times how thankful he was that I saved him and gave him another chance at life, but it was difficult for me to see it like he did. I took the choice out of his hands when I found him dying in an alleyway. I played God because I felt like it. I’ve made decisions that have deeply affected the lives of others and that’s not right. There’s someone I haven’t told you about, someone I’ve hurt in ways I can never take back.”

Jimin tilted his head questioningly.

“His name was Jackson and he’s the only man I’ve ever loved before meeting you.”

Jimin felt a spike of jealousy stab at his heart and he realized it was ridiculous since he knew Namjoon was speaking of this person in the past and he was completely dedicated to Jimin now. He was willing to give him eternity with him. That didn’t change the fact that Jimin was envious that Namjoon’s love had belonged to another man.

“Jiminnie, don’t be jealous. Jackson isn’t anything more than a friend to me now and the feelings I did experience with him don’t compare to the ones I have for you. How could they when you’re my entire world?”

Jimin’s cheeks pinkened, half at the fact that the soulmate bond had given him away and half at Namjoon’s beautiful words.

“I’ll curb my nonsensical jealousy. Keep going,” he squeezed one of his hands and Namjoon chuckled, pressing a chaste kiss to Jimin’s mild pout.
“We were together for several years. It was time for my coven to move. We weren’t like nomadic vampires or isolated covens who would put down roots in the mountains or in unpopulated forests. We chose cities and small towns, yearning to be part of civilization in some way even if it presented some risks. We’ve always been careful Jin-hyung’s made sure of that and we’ve never even caught a glimpse of vampire hunters. That was why we had to find a new home where people wouldn’t grow suspicious of the fact that we weren’t aging. Jackson was a nomad and he was against the idea of covens. He asked me to leave mine for him. We only needed each other, he would say.”

“Did you end things with him because he gave you the ultimatum? You didn’t want to leave Tae and the others?”

Namjoon shook his head.

“It’s true that I didn’t want to separate from my coven, least of all from Taehyung, who’s someone I consider to be my own blood. But, that wasn’t the biggest factor because even if Jackson had asked to join the coven and follow us wherever we wanted to go, I would have had to say no. I told Jackson we couldn’t be together because I knew he wasn’t my soulmate. I didn’t think it was fair to intervene in his life anymore when I couldn’t love him like he loved me. He was convinced I was his soulmate. He said there was no way he would ever love another like he loved me.”

Jimin’s stomach twisted at that statement.

“Was he right?”

“Of course not.”

“But, isn’t it possible that you were his soulmate but he wasn’t yours?”

“No. Vampires only have one mate. Jackson was wrong. He hadn’t loved anyone more than me simply because he hadn’t met his other half yet.”

“But what made you so sure?” Jimin insisted. “How did you know he wasn’t yours?”

“When I first saw you, time stopped.”
Jimin blinked dazedly at the turn of conversation.

“You were under Jin-hyung’s hypnosis, so you probably didn’t have that instantaneous realization, but I did. I looked at you, Jimin, and I knew. There’s no clearer way to explain it. It’s like a sixth sense. It wasn’t as cliche as love at first sight. I didn’t love you the second I saw your face, but I knew, without a doubt, that I would fall for you. It was my destiny to love you, to live for you. I didn’t feel that with Jackson and he didn’t have that with me. Our relationship was strong and passionate, but it wasn’t fated. We would eventually go our separate ways, I was just the one who forced us to face that fact sooner rather than later.”

Jimin didn’t realize tears were running down his cheeks until Namjoon untangled one of their hands and used it to carefully wipe them away.

“Don’t cry, my love.”

“I’ve never heard anything so beautiful. And that’s saying something because most of what comes out of your mouth is a freaking love sonnet that rivals Shakespeare’s best lines.”

Namjoon laughed, returning his hand to join with Jimin’s.

“Why thank you.”

“Just so you know, I did feel it. Even under that initial hypnosis, I was aware that something in my life had changed. When you tried to make me forget everything, the fog completely lifted and I was sure you were the vampire from my prophecy. That’s why I was so pissed when you dropped off the face of the planet for weeks and suddenly show up only to try and lie to me.”

“Hey, I thought I was protecting you and doing the right thing by staying away from you!”

Jimin rolled his eyes.

“Stop using that lame excuse. People don’t protect people by lying to them or running away from them. Don’t ever do that again. If there’s a problem, we need to solve it together. No secrets, right?”
“No secrets,” he assured him.

“Do you feel better about everything now? Do you think you can forgive yourself? For Tae and Jackson and all those other moments in your past?”

“I...I think I can,” he released a tired sigh, but smiled when Jimin moved into his lap to wrap his arms around him, pressing Namjoon’s head into his chest and offering him all his warmth and comfort.

“Good. I’m proud of you, Joonie.”

“Thank you, love. For everything you do and everything you are.”

Jimin pressed a soft kiss to his mate’s silver hair.

Taehyung had parked Hoseok’s car in the garage, grumbling as he made his way into the house to hang the keys in the designated spot. He was surprised to find an empty house and even more surprised to find the remains of a fight in their living room. There were dents on some of the walls and the floor was sunk in at one spot. The dining room table had been shoved in the scuffle, but it remained intact. Taehyung guessed Jin had made sure of that. He loved that table almost as much as he loved Yoongi, which was frankly ridiculous.

He strained his ears in order to check the rest of the house and was relieved to hear Jimin’s steady heartbeat upstairs and overhear he and Namjoon discussing whether they should take a quick shower or a calming bath together. He quickly tuned out, knowing that when clothes came off there could be more graphic occurrences he should not be listening to. He went back out the door, training his enhanced hearing on the forest ahead of him as he ran towards the cottage. It made sense that the others had gone there since all of his hyung’s cars were still in the garage and they wouldn’t have gone off for no reason, especially since it wasn’t time for them to hunt. That still didn’t explain what they were doing gathered in the cottage.

He heard Yoongi’s dry tone as he questioned someone about what they knew about the werewolves. Taehyung frowned when he heard a voice he was unfamiliar with. Soon enough he was at the cottage door, pushing it open and making his way through the house until he reached the main sitting room.

His eyes ran over Hoseok sitting at the small table and Jin and Yoongi sharing couch until they landed on a dark-haired figure who must have been the one speaking to Yoongi. Taehyung was
about to ask one of his hyungs to fill him on what the heck happened after he left but at that instant
the dark-haired figure turned his head, revealing large doe-eyes, slightly chapped pink lips, and a
strong jaw. This stranger was clearly handsome and there were a myriad of other features Taehyung
could have stopped to salivate over, but not right then. Why? Because time had stopped.

Taehyung felt like the Earth when it tilted on its axis in order to grant one half of the world
brightness and access to the beautifully burning sun. The greatest star in the galaxies. Taehyung
didn’t know who this stranger was, didn’t know his name or if he had suddenly shown up as a friend
or a foe. The only thing he knew with absolute certainty was that this man was his great star,
granting him the light he had never really known he was missing.

“Soulmate,” Taehyung gasped aloud.
Jin watched the special glimmer alight in Taehyung’s eyes as his gaze locked with Jungkook’s. He recognized it, of course. It was something he had been blessed to see in his own mate’s eyes, as well as what sparkled between Namjoon and Jimin. There was just one glaring issue.

“I don’t believe in soulmates,” Jungkook spat, breaking their connection as he glared towards the wall.

“Y-you what? Didn’t you feel that just now? You’re my soulmate,” Taehyung was befuddled by the other vampire’s attitude.

“You don’t even know me.”

“I know the most important thing and that’s the fact that we were destined to be together!”

“No one controls my fate but me, not destiny, not some supposed powers that be, and certainly not you --whoever you are.”

Taehyung looked absolutely heartbroken and it didn’t take Jin and Hoseok’s gifts to feel his sorrow.

“Uh, Jungkook, maybe you’ll feel better once you feed. It’s been a long time and after the fight with Namjoon, your body must be drained,” Hoseok said, trying to diffuse some of the tension.

“Your name’s Jungkook,” Taehyung breathed, the knowledge of his mate’s name making everything feel that much more real. “Wait, you had a fight with my hyung?”

“Jungkook came from the Shanghai coven. The only one who escaped. He hasn’t had a chance to feed and when he got to our place, he was drawn by Jimin’s blood,” Yoongi explained.

“Ah,” Taehyung nodded, understanding the anger that must have exploded from Namjoon. “Are
“You... are you okay... Jungkook?” he tried out the name.

“I’m fine,” he grunted. “It’ll be better once I feed.”

“Right. We were just about to decide who should go into town and bring 1 or 2 of the blood bags back,” Yoongi turned to Hoseok. “Can you do it?”

“What if he fed from me?”

Whatever Hoseok had been about to respond died on his lips as the entire group turned to face Taehyung, mouths agape. Taehyung blushed at the sudden attention, especially because Jungkook was staring at him as if he were insane.

“You can’t be serious,” Yoongi snorted.

“Hyung, he’s my soulmate. You know that means my blood can heal him faster than a regular human’s could.”

“Yes, but...” Jin hesitated.

He didn’t want to (further) hurt Taehyung’s feelings, but it was clear that Jungkook wasn’t being as accepting about the whole soulmate thing as Taehyung was.

“But what?”

“It’s too soon. You just met the kid and he doesn’t even know your name,” Yoongi voiced Jin’s thought.

“Kim Taehyung. At your service,” he gave Jungkook a deep bow, hoping to pull at least a half-smile out of him.

He was disappointed when that was not the case. Instead Jungkook rolled his eyes.
“I don’t want to feed from you. Do you think I’m an idiot? My coven leader explained how soulmate bonds work and exchanging blood can strengthen the bond or whatever. Are you expecting me to feed from you and suddenly confess my ardent love for you?”

The other three cringed at Jungkook’s heavy sarcasm, expecting to see Taehyung’s eyes mist over or chew his lower lip like he did when he was upset. They were surprised when his signature boxy smile took over his face instead, dark eyes sparkling.

“So you’re acknowledging that we’re soulmates, huh?”

“What?” Jungkook narrowed his eyes at him.

“I mean if you’re bringing up what your coven leader told you about soulmates then it’s because you’re afraid that feeding from me will force you to face reality—which is? Oh yeah, that we’re soulmates!”

Jungkook’s bewildered expression made the others chuckle. It was impossible to deny Taehyung when he set his mind on something. Perhaps there was hope for the bonded pair after all.

“Well, we’re going to give you two some privacy then,” Jin said, taking Yoongi’s hand and gesturing for Hoseok to follow him.

“No, you—you don’t h-have to do that,” Jungkook looked panicked, the stammer making his discomfort more obvious.

“Feel free to use one of the rooms upstairs. You need to get some rest after you’re all fed, baby vamp. Tomorrow we begin training. We told you about the contacts we were reaching out to. We’ve made our intentions clear. Our allies will be the ones standing beside us against the wolves,” Jin declared.

“I would say use protection, but that’s just not required in this situation,” Hoseok grinned.

“Why did you say it then, dumbass?” Yoongi shook his head.
Their continued argument filtered out into the forest as they exited, the front door sounding especially loud as it shut behind them.

“So…” Taehyung broke the resulting silence, never being the type to let the quiet linger.

“You really don’t have to do this,” Jungkook mumbled, not meeting the older vampire’s stare. “We just met and I know you believe we’re, like, meant to be together, but it’s whatever. I can hunt for myself.”

“We are meant to be together, Jungkook. You’re the missing part of me. I’m not telling you I’m madly and irrevocably in love with you, but I am telling you I will be soon...Well, maybe not that soon. You’re kinda prickly around the edges, I need some time to adjust to you.”

Jungkook huffed a small laugh.

“That’s a fair description, I guess...Are you serious about letting me feed from you? It doesn’t worry you that I’ll take too much or hurt you in the process? I don’t know if you’ve noticed, but the rest of your coven doesn’t trust me and that tall dick dubbed me ‘baby vamp’ which everyone is using now like I’m some helpless newborn!”

Taehyung burst into laughter.

“Baby vamp? Damn, that’s adorable. Oh, and I’m assuming ‘that tall dick’ you’re referring to is Namjoon-hyung. He’ll grow on you, I promise. He’s my favorite hyung and my sire, so I’d recommend getting on his good side. For me,” he shot him a pretty pout, which Jungkook tried very hard not to feel affected by. “My biggest tip to get hyung to like you? Don’t try and bite Jimin.”

“Is his mate really that tiny human?”

“Yep,” Taehyung chuckled. “Strange, right?”

“Yes! How the hell is that possible?”
“I don’t know, but they love each other. Jimin wants to be turned and Jin-hyung already admitted him into our coven. Destiny laid out the cards and they just made it work. It isn’t easy--on either of them--but they’re soulmates. Nothing can change that,” his tone grew softer by the end, emotion creeping in as he locked eyes with Jungkook again.

The younger vampire cleared his throat.

“Uh, like I said before, y-you don’t have to help me with this. I need to feed, but you don’t need to feel responsible for me…”

“I want to help you, Kookie,” he noticed Jungkook flinch at the nickname. “What’s wrong?”

“Could you not call me that? One of my coven members would use that and it’s...hard for me to hear it coming from someone else.”

Taehyung felt hurt by the insinuation that he was simply “someone else” and not anything special to Jungkook, but he hid it with a gentle smile.

“Of course, Jungkook. If you want you can call me Tae. You don’t need to treat me formally even if you are a baby vamp,” he teased.

Jungkook glared at him.

“Not funny.”

“I think it is. With you here I’m no longer the maknae of the coven. I’m a bit put out, I must admit. It was nice being spoiled by the other hyungs. Now, I’m one of them.”

“This isn’t my coven,” Jungkook contradicted him.

“It can be if you wanted it to be. You lost yours to those beasts, but we’d be happy to have you join us. I’d be happy.”
“I-I don’t know. That’s not something I want to think about right now. After the war...maybe.”

“Right, after the war...” Taehyung parroted. “Let’s move to one of the guest rooms upstairs. It’ll be easier for you to feed and then knock out. Your body needs to heal itself. You’ll probably sleep most of tomorrow away.”

He directed Jungkook upstairs, the silence between them strained. Yet, Taehyung couldn’t bring himself to break it. He was grappling with too many conflicting thoughts.

What if he really didn’t feel it? Am I crazy? Did I project my emotions onto him and assume he was my soulmate like Jackson did with Namjoon? Because if Jungkook is my soulmate he’s certainly not acting like the hyungs described it. It was so simple for them, even with Namjoon dealing with finding his soulmate in a human. At least, they were sure they wanted to be together. Jungkook looks like he wishes he could teleport to the other side of the world to get away from me. Why didn’t I get that instant connection with my mate?

“Alright, run it by me again--that little prick is Taehyung’s soulmate?” Namjoon asked incredulously.

Jimin had already fallen asleep and was tucked under several blankets in Namjoon’s bed, but Namjoon had still been drifting off when he heard his coven members returning. He was curious as to how they’d left things with the only surviving member of the Shanghai coven, but hearing the news now he almost wished he hadn’t asked.

“Yes,” Jin replied.

“And he claims that he doesn’t believe in soulmates?”

“Yes.”

“But you’re letting Taehyung risk his life to feed the asshole anyway?”

“He’s not risking his life. He’s older than Jungkook. He can handle the situation and he was adamant about helping his mate. We couldn’t try and oppose him.”
“Earlier you had your panties all in a twist when we mentioned bringing back some humans for the kid to feed on, but you’re pissed about this too? There’s no way to please you,” Yoongi mocked.

“Screw you, hyung.”

“The bottom line is Taehyung found his soulmate and it’s a complicated situation that’s come at a complex time,” Jin said.

“No more complicated than this idiot falling for a human,” Hoseok glowered.

Namjoon only shot him the middle finger.

“I’ll run by the cottage in exactly 30 minutes,” Yoongi stated. “Just in case, though I’m sure Taehyung’s fine.”

“Physically, yes, but emotionally? I’m not so sure,” Jin frowned.

“Are they soulmates? Is it 100% certain?” Namjoon asked, remembering his own experience with Jackson.

“I saw it in Taehyung’s eyes. He felt it, that shift in time and space when you find your mate. I couldn’t see it in Jungkook, but it may be because we’ve known him all of one hour. He’s very closed-off. He has walls around him that are made of concrete and steel.”

“I think he’s more standoffish than Yoongi-hyung and that’s saying something,” Hoseok added, not flinching under the older vampire’s heavy glare.

“The feeding could do more harm than good, hyung,” Namjoon told Jin. “Taehyung can get more attached and Jungkook will only push him away after using him to recover.”

“You can’t ignore the pull when you find your mate,” Jin shook his head. “Nevertheless, if things don’t go the way they should, there isn’t anything we can do. We can’t meddle in their soulmate bond. I know how much you love Tae, but you can’t get involved. He needs to figure this out on his
“You’re right,” Namjoon sighed. “I don’t like it, but you are.”

“Welcome to my world,” Yoongi grumbled. “It’s impossible to argue with him.”

“200 plus years and you haven’t made your peace with the fact that I’m always right and you’re always wrong? Darling,” Jin patted his mate’s pale cheek patronizingly and sauntered away to their bedroom.

“There are times when I’m desperate to find my soulmate and know what true love is...and then there are times like now when I’ve never been happier to be free,” Hoseok chirped, bounding off to his own room.

Yoongi rolled his eyes.

“Hyung, I can come with you to check on Tae. We can head over now.”

“We left them alone for all of 10 minutes. Relax, Joon. I’ll check on him in a bit. You can go back to sleep. Worry about your own mate tonight, alright?”

“...Fine. But, if that little punk breaks Taehyung’s heart, I will break his face,” he threatened.

“Even if he did, Taehyung wouldn’t let you retaliate. Your mate comes before anyone else, remember?” he raised a pointed eyebrow and Namjoon knew he was referring to their clash earlier when Namjoon had thrown him across a courtyard and dislocated one of his shoulders.

“Right,” he ducked his head, chagrined.

“I wouldn’t worry so much. Destiny knows what its doing, at least with soulmate pairs. Taehyung and Jungkook will be fine.”

Namjoon sincerely wished for that to be true.
The following day marked the middle of the week, meaning that life had to go on despite all the excitement of the previous day. Namjoon had taken Jimin to class in his car, dropping him off and promising to be back by the end of his classes that afternoon. He wouldn’t be able to attend his own classes that day as he and his coven had war preparations to occupy themselves with.

They’d informed the other covens and nomads they were in contact with of their intentions and it was now time to talk strategy. None of them had ever been in a battle before and weren’t trained for combat, despite having superior gifts and abilities. They didn’t know how to wield them offensively. Jin, being the oldest by a great margin, was the only one who had come face to face with a werewolf, though under the peace accords it hadn’t been a particularly hostile circumstance, just a moment in passing when they were traveling through the same continent.

“Do you remember his name?” Yoongi asked his mate when the vampire coven was gathered in the large living room.

“No, we barely spoke. Even with the accords it was an uncomfortable sensation being close to a werewolf. It made my skin tingle and my nose twitch, like every vampiric instinct I had was warning me to put some distance between me and my mortal enemy.”

“What do they smell like? Different from humans, I assume?” Namjoon questioned.

“Very different. Supernatural creatures usually have distinctive scents. Fairies smell like honeydew, sprites like fresh meadows, witches like sandalwood. Werewolves...it reminded me of burning wood and rotting flowers. It was odd.”

“Sounds disgusting,” Yoongi wrinkled his nose.

“Okay, so what do we need to know about them? How do we take them on? I mean, are they as fast as we are? As strong as us?” Hoseok asked.

“From what I’ve read, we’re matched in strength and speed, but they don’t have gifts like we do nor do they have our acumen. They’re led by violent emotions and great amounts of testosterone.”

Yoongi snorted at Namjoon’s synthesis.
“I would say that’s mostly accurate,” Jin nodded. “I believe we can move with more agility and fluidity simply because wolves are larger than us. It’s harder for them to navigate their own breadth. Their greater size does mean serious force in their attacks and if they charge at you and you have no time to prepare for the attack you’ll be on your ass, vulnerable to getting caught between their jaws. They aren’t as astute as we are, but they have something at their disposal that we don’t.”

“Werewolf toxin. In their saliva. One bite is a clear death sentence, the only antidote, ironically, being werewolf blood,” Namjoon said.

“Only the blood of the one that bit you can save you,” Jin added.

“And they’d never willingly share it, of fucking course,” Yoongi spat.

“Do our gifts work on them? Can werewolves succumb to our hypnosis?” Hoseok asked.

“In the texts I’ve read on the war, which are firsthand accounts from the surviving vampires, it seems like only those specifically gifted with hypnosis could use it. All vampires can create a sort of thrall to lure humans where we want them, but to affect other supernatural creatures? No,” Namjoon answered.

“Only you can affect them then,” Jin pointed out.

“And Jungkook,” Taehyung interjected. “He told me last night,” he added, seeing his hyungs’ attention turn and stay on him.

“About that,” Namjoon began, pretending he didn’t see Jin’s pointed glower. “How’s baby vamp doing? Still wild and unhinged? Should we chain him up in our basement lest he try and bite into my mate again?”

“Hyung,” Taehyung’s tone was firm. “We aren’t chaining my mate anywhere. He’s going to be out for most of the day, but the feeding went fine. I’m sure my blood is working.”

“Do you feel any differences in your bond? Can you sense Jungkook’s emotions?” Yoongi asked, knowing that was a natural side-effect to mate blood-sharing.
Taehyung furrowed his brow in concentration, attempting to reach out and tap into the hidden link his hyungs were always mentioning. He was disappointed when his own dejectedness was all he could sense. The brunette shook his head mutely.

“Well, that’s alright, Taehyung. These things take time,” Jin did his best to make his voice bright and encouraging, but the younger vampire’s lowered head told him he hadn’t achieved anything.

Namjoon looked like he wanted to behead Jungkook the next time he saw him, but another fight with the new vampire would only hurt Taehyung more. Jin would have to keep Namjoon under control. They couldn’t afford any infighting when they were literally on the verge of war with the werewolves.

“Do any of your nerd books tell us the easiest way to take down those overgrown mutts?” Hoseok asked, taking it upon himself to sidestep the uncomfortable moment.

“Maybe I should keep that information to myself. I may be a nerd, but without my books where will your dumbass be? Oh yeah, dead.”

“Fuck you, Namjoon.”

“The two of you need to get your shit together,” Jin sighed. “This hostility in the coven is counterproductive.”

“More importantly, its annoying. For me,” Yoongi grunted. “Cut it out.”

“It’s not my fault Namjoon thinks he’s vastly superior to us with his ‘humane’ feeding method and his little mortal. Did you ever consider that the powers that be gave you a human as a soulmate because you’re too pathetic to measure up to another vampire?”

Namjoon jumped out of his seat, chair skidding behind him, as he leaned across the table practically growling at his red-haired coven member.

“What’s the matter? Did I strike a nerve, Joonie?” his words dripped sarcasm, infuriating Namjoon even more because the sweet nickname was what he associated with Jimin.
“You’re one fucking step away from losing teeth. You’ve been testing me for too long, Hoseok. I don’t know what you think you’ll gain by baiting me, especially when you bring Jimin into it. What are you trying to prove here?”

Hoseok threw his own chair backwards, meeting Namjoon halfway across the table.

“I don’t need to prove anything to you. It pisses me off that you consider yourself better than us and because you’re you, Saint Namjoon, you paraded a freaking blood bag right into our coven without consequences.”

“Hoseok—” Jin tried to step in to mediate, but Hoseok seemed like he had a point to make and he wasn’t going to stop until he did.

“You lie to us for weeks, put our safety on the line for a human and then we all have to pretend like we’re fine with it. Why? What makes you better, more special than me, huh?”

“I’ve never acted like I’m superior to you. I respect this coven, despite the differences in our ideologies regarding humans. I’m not forcing you to change your lifestyle for mine, but you have the right to do that to me? And yes, Hoseok, for the thousandth fucking time my soulmate is a human. And? How does that affect you exactly?”

“It’s not fair!” he exclaimed, voice breaking, revealing the turbulent emotions he had been struggling to hold back.

“What’s not fair, Hobi-hyung?” Taehyung asked gently.

Hoseok sighed, running his hands through his hair so roughly he almost pulled several strands out in the process.

“You’re younger than me and you’ve found your mate. Yoongi-hyung and Jin-hyung have had each other for centuries and Namjoon finds his in a human child. The universe literally extended itself to create a prophecy that brought together a vampire and a human, but I’m condemned to a solitary existence? For how long? What did I do wrong?” he whispered.

Namjoon’s expression softened and he reached across the table to lay his large palm over Hoseok’s.
“Nothing, Hobi. You haven’t done anything wrong. Fate works in mysterious ways and I know that’s a bullshit answer, but it’s all I’ve got. I spent 100 plus years searching for mine and suddenly, like you said, it’s some human in Busan. It’s insane.”

“Finally, you admit it,” Yoongi muttered.

“Shut up, hyung,” he snapped. “Hoseok, you can’t torture yourself with this. Your soulmate will come, I promise you that. You just have to wait.”

“Yoongi and I have spent nearly three centuries together, but it took me twice that to find him. I’ve been alive a lot longer than you and I can assure you there were years I almost went insane, wondering if I was a cursed vampire. If maybe I was destined to be alone. I wasn’t. You aren’t. The day will come and when it does you’ll forget all of this and simply mold your entire being to your soulmate’s. It will be as easy as breathing.”

“We don’t have to breathe, though,” Yoongi pointed out.

“Damn it, Yoongi, do you need to be such a buzzkill right now?” Jin complained.

Hoseok let out a small laugh, a smile slowly returning to his face.

“Okay. I understand. Patience, patience, and more patience. I’ll wait,” he turned back to Namjoon. “I’m sorry. I don’t mean to pick on you or Jimin. I have my own issues and I externalize them in an... unhealthy way. It’s not fair to you.”

“Don’t worry about it, Hobi. We’re a family. We’re meant to fight and make-up,” he shrugged it off and Hoseok gave him a grateful smile.

“Aw, aren’t we just the cutest coven?” Jin cooed.

“Absolutely adorable,” Yoongi rolled his eyes.

“I’ll slap you, Min Yoongi, you know I will,” he threatened.
“Namjoon-hyung, you were telling us what you learned in your books? Is there a surefire way to take down a werewolf?” Taehyung steered their conversation back on track.

“I don’t know about ‘surefire’ but the records of the war do list a few ways to kill them, though no method is perfect. Even if they can’t get their jaws around you they do have powerful limbs and sharp claws to attack us with. The preferred method of the hunters of the supernatural is a silver bullet to the heart. We don’t own any guns nor do we have copious methods of silver on our hands, but we could always consider it a Plan B.”

“I don’t like the idea of using a gun anyway. It’s cravenly,” Yoongi sniffed.

“Then you’re going to love the exceedingly brave, highly dangerous close-combat methods. Okay, to sum it up, you have to distract the wolf and get behind him where you can be in a position to sever its head from its spinal cord.”

“Ah, the classic beheading,” Taehyung nodded.

“Yep and then burn the body. Nearly identical to the execution of a vampire except that a vampire wouldn’t die from a beheading unless the corpse was also burned. Vampire hunters have learned that the hard way.”

“What about ripping its heart out?” Hoseok mused. “They’re still half-human, aren’t they? They aren’t werewolves all the time.”

“They’ve evolved past only changing by the light of the full moon. That’s still used in Hollywood, but it’s outdated. They’re stronger under a full moon, but they can shift whenever they please,” Jin explained.

“Ripping their hearts out would kill them,” Namjoon said. “But, it’s more complex than beheading them. You have to get underneath them to reach their heart. That would put you at the mercy of their teeth and their claws.”

“Got it. Not a viable option,” Hosok summed it up.

“Did you get anything more out of Jungkook about the wolves that attacked his coven?” Jin asked
Taehyung, who shook his head.

“We didn’t talk much more after the feeding and I didn’t think bringing up his exterminated coven was a good idea when he needed to heal. It’s important for him to regain his physical health but his mind isn’t in the best place either, you know?”

“It’s cute how much you care about him.”

“Yeah, I’m swooning,” Yoongi waved his hand with his usual amount of dismissiveness and sarcasm. “Baby vamp isn’t a huge source of info anyway. I read his mind while we were in the cottage. He only saw three of the pack, though he could sense that there were many more, maybe four or five others.”

“That’s not a lot to go on. It would help if we knew more about them, like what made them attack the Shanghai coven. Why would they break peace accords that have functioned for millennia? It’s nonsensical,” Namjoon stated.

“Agreed, we need to--What’s wrong?” Jin stopped mid-sentence to ask his mate why he was staring off into the distance, brow furrowed in concentration.

“More vampires have arrived. They’re running through the forest, straight this way. I can pick up six...no seven of them. Their thoughts are calm, friendly. Ah,” he suddenly chuckled. “Two of them have my gift. They can sense us and they’re communicating with me personally. It’s the Fukuoka coven.”

“Those are my friends!” Hoseok smirked proudly. “The coven leader is Jaebeom. You guys met him and his mate, Youngjae, remember?”

“Vaguely,” Yoongi answered. “The coven leader is one of the mind-readers, right?”

“Yep! And the other is their maknae, Mark. The others are Jinyoung, Yugyeom, and BamBam.”

“What the hell kind of name is BamBam?” Yoongi frowned, still listening in to the arriving coven.

“His real name’s long as hell. It’s actually in your benefit that he goes by a nickname,” Hoseok stuck
his tongue out at him.

“Wait, you’re saying there’s six in his coven?”

“Yes, why?”

“I told you I’m picking up on seven.”

“That’s weird. Jaebeom would have told me if he expanded his coven. We FaceTime every other month.”

“Must be a recent addition?” Taehyung offered.

“Oh...well, this is going to be awkward,” Yoongi commented.

“What do you mean, Yoongi?” Jin asked, already sensing the approaching group’s emotions and knowing they would be knocking on their door in mere seconds.

“I recognize one mind. He must be the latest addition to their coven.”

“It’s a vampire you know?”

“We all know him. Especially Namjoon.”

“Ooh, don’t tell me!” Taehyung squealed, growing excited at the prospect of some drama.

“It’s Jackson.”

“I said don’t tell me, hyung!” Taehyung whined.
“Jackson’s here?” Namjoon seemed to tense. “He joined a coven? That’s...unlike him.”

They didn’t have anymore time to reflect on the situation because a courteous knock was already sounding on their front door.

“I’ll get it!” Hoseok bounded towards the door, eager to greet his friends.

“You ready for this?” Yoongi asked Namjoon.

“Not really, but I don’t have much of a choice. We need Jackson and his new coven on our side in this war. Our history can’t get in the way.”

“Jimin’s aware of that history, right?”

“Yes, though he did get a...tad jealous when I was recounting it.”

“Hmm, I woke up this morning assuming it would be a boring day, but then we started making battle plans and now Namjoon’s ex rolled into town while his lover’s away and I think I’m having a good time,” Yoongi grinned.

“He’s not away! He’s in class. And you know he’s not just my lover, he’s my soulmate .”

A throat cleared behind him. Namjoon didn’t want to turn around. He could tell from Yoongi’s amused smirk and Taehyung’s slight wince exactly who was behind him.

“Hello, Joon,” the dark-haired man greeted him when he finally turned to face him.

“...Hey, Jackson.”

Jimin was having a hard time focusing on his professor’s lecture on the deteriorating ozone layer.
Namjoon’s emotions had taken a turn for the crazy in the last half-hour. He was almost tempted to walk out of class and call him then and there to make him explain himself. However, that would make him an obsessive boyfriend and he refused to be that kind of guy. Besides, his class was ending in 15 minutes and then Namjoon would be there to pick him up anyway. He could wait 15 minutes.

(He could not wait 15 minutes.)

He made it through 9 before he packed up his things and slunk out of the classroom through the back door. It was a big lecture hall, but his professor had probably seen him tiptoeing away anyway. Jimin wasn’t too worried. He was acing that course and the lecture was winding down by then, so he wouldn’t be missing anything important.

He pulled out his phone and was pleasantly surprised to find a text from his boyfriend. Jimin always silenced his phone before class, so he hadn’t been alerted to it when it was sent. The nice moment was ruined when he read the message and learned his boyfriend would not be the one picking him up. He was sending Taehyung in his stead.

Jimin frowned, locking his phone and pouting the entire way to the parking lot. That was how Taehyung found him when he pulled up to the curb--arms crossed, puppy dog eyes on the ground, and lips turned into a deep pout.

“What’s up, Jimin!” Taehyung called cheerfully.

“Where is he?” Jimin skipped the pleasantries, slipping into the car and buckling in.

“We have some visitors back home. They’re Hoseok’s friends. You heard that we were all contacting vampires who would ally themselves with us.”

“If they’re Hoseok’s friends, why couldn’t Namjoon tear himself away long enough to pick me up?”

“I can sense by your tone that you aren’t jumping for joy right now…”

Jimin shot him a pointed look.

“And you’ll probably be even less enthused to know that I’m supposed to take you to your dorm
right now.”

“What? Why can’t I go to the house? Who are these friends of Hoseok’s? Is Namjoon afraid they’ll try to tear my jugular open like Jungkook wanted to?”

Taehyung flinched at the mention of his soulmate.

“Well, no that’s not exactly why…”

“Then he’s keeping secrets from me when we promised each other--just yesterday--that we wouldn’t do that.”

“Umm…”

“Tae, take me to your house.”

“Jimin, I don’t know if--”

“I’ll walk all the way there if I have to. I can feel that Namjoon’s nervous about something through the bond. If my mate’s unsettled, then I can’t concentrate on anything either. You’d be risking my well-being here.”

Taehyung looked more conflicted, but when Jimin’s pout increased and his cute cheeks puffed out, Taehyung knew he was beaten.

“Ugh, I can’t resist that face. Not cool. You’re not playing fair.”

“All’s fair in love and war.”

“Which is it for you?”
“I would say love, but Namjoon trying to hide things from me is making me want to wage my own war with him. He should be more scared of me than a werewolf, I can tell you that.”

Taehyung’s eyebrows raised.

“Good luck, hyung,” he muttered under his breath, driving towards the house.

Namjoon had awkwardly stumbled through a conversation with Jackson about how he’d been and how he was liking his new coven. He was now out of normal questions and had resorted to asking Jackson what kind of hair dye he’d used to get the platinum blonde look he was currently sporting.

“Joon, you don’t have to do this, you know,” Jackson spoke gently, cutting off Namjoon’s next question about the material his sneakers were made of.

“What do you mean?”

“You don’t need to walk on eggshells around me. I’m well aware of how much has changed between us. And you told me yourself you found your soulmate...What’s he like?”

“He’s...” Namjoon cleared his throat. “Special.”

“I would assume he’d be part of your coven. Where is he?”

“Uh, he’s attending the same university we are and he had some classes he couldn’t miss today. In fact, he has to study with his study group, so he probably won’t be home until...tomorrow or the day after.”

Jackson raised an eyebrow.

“He’s studying for over 24 hours?”

“Yeah, he’s an extremely dedicated student.”
It was clear that Jackson didn’t believe him, so he rushed to make up a new excuse.

“Actually, um, I forgot he’s traveling to Thailand! Some field trip in one of his classes,” he gave a chuckle that was extremely forced and only made Jackson raise both eyebrows.

“Why are you lying—and so poorly if I may add? Why would your mate be on a field trip or even in a class when our entire race’s existence is at stake in this war? What kind of vampire would he be if he weren’t here being part of our preparations?”

“Um…”

Namjoon was on the verge of claiming that his mate was sick and in the hospital when the sound of car doors slamming reached his enhanced hearing, as well as the tell-tale sound of a human heartbeat. It wasn’t long before his senses were assaulted by Jimin’s essence, the intoxicating aroma of strawberries and cream and the finest champagne in the world.

“Is that a human? Did Taehyung go out to feed and decide to bring us back a treat?” Mark asked excitedly.

“He is not a treat. For you or anybody else,” Namjoon snarled.

The Fukuoka coven stared at him, surprised at the sudden spike of anger.

“I thought you said you were getting Taehyung to take Jimin back to his dorm,” Yoongi grinned, growing more and more amused by the transpiring events.

“I did,” Namjoon huffed. “I’m going to need to talk to that punk about following his hyung’s orders.”

“You know this human?” Jinyoung asked Yoongi, who shrugged.

“Not as well as Namjoon.”
“Joon, who is this ‘Jimin’?” Jackson asked.

The front door swung open, revealing a fidgety Taehyung and a scowling Jimin.


He could almost hear the collective jaw drop of the Fukuoka coven.

“Our coven is very progressive. You won’t find another one like ours,” Jin smiled proudly, completely at ease with the situation.

“Kim Namjoon,” Jimin said his name like he wished he could kill him then and there.

“H-hey, Jiminie. How was your day? Did you like your classes?”

Jimin narrowed his eyes at him.

“Are you serious? You get Taehyung to pick me up to try and hide me away in my dorm like I’m some dirty little secret and I’m supposed to react how?”

“I’m just going to go check on Jungkook,” Taehyung said, running towards the cottage at full-speed, overjoyed to escape the scene.

“That wasn’t what I meant--” Namjoon tried to explain himself.

“Why don’t you introduce me to your friends, Namjoon?” Jimin strolled over, extending his hand to the stunned Jackson to shake. “Hi, I’m Park Jimin, Namjoon’s soulmate. Yes, I’m human and yes, it’s crazy, but life’s a rollercoaster so we just have to roll with it, right?”

“I guess?” Jackson shook his hand in a near-daze.
“And you are? Namjoon’s lost all his manners, so I can see he won’t be doing the introductions.”

“My name’s Jackson. Jackson Wang.”

Jimin froze, releasing the blonde vampire’s hand and glancing over at Namjoon who was now looking at him apologetically.

“You’re…” Jimin trailed off, but Jackson seemed to realize he was aware of who he was.

“I’m Namjoon’s ex-boyfriend.”

“Ah.”

The silence was uncomfortable and would have dragged on for the rest of eternity (or until Jimin was on his deathbed) if it weren’t for Jaebeom.

“Hello, adorable little human! I’m Jaebeom and this is my coven. It’s nice to meet you. These are truly incredible circumstances. A vampire mated to a human! I would never have imagined it to be possible,” he said, coming over to shake Jimin’s hand energetically.

Jaebeom set the example and the rest of his coven followed after him, introducing themselves and shaking Jimin’s hand, some even offering a quick hug.

“Wow, he smells marvelous. How do you control yourself?” BamBam asked after pulling away from Jimin, who took a nervous step closer to Namjoon.

This finally broke Namjoon out of his stupor and he wrapped an arm around Jimin’s waist protectively.

“I have no issues with my self-control, but if you do I would suggest you find other accommodations. I’ve already kicked one thoughtless vampire’s ass for daring to come too close to my mate with his fangs. I wouldn’t want to ruin your visit by leaving you with broken limbs. You’re our guest, after all.”
“Damn,” BamBam whistled, retreating with his hands up. “Chillax, bro, I was saying it as a compliment. My fangs won’t be anywhere near him, I promise.”

“We all do. We aren’t here to overstep any boundaries,” Jaebeom assured him. “We are here to help avenge the murders of our fellow vampires.”

“Just give us some time to get used to the novelty of a vampire and a human as soulmates. It’s truly groundbreaking,” Youngjae commented.

“I apologize for my discourtesy. I’ve been told I get overly...defensive when it comes to Jimin,” Namjoon explained, ignoring Hoseok and Yoongi’s snorts.

“He’s your mate. Trust me, I understand,” Jaebeom nodded, making his mate roll his eyes.

“That’s an understatement if I’ve ever heard one. Last month this nomad came into town and asked if he could stay at our house for a night before he traveled on. He was a nice guy, naturally funny and friendly, but this asshole,” Youngjae pointed right at Jaebeom, “decides that his jealousy is more important than being a decent man so he kicks him out in the middle of the night!”

“He was hitting on you even after he knew we were together!” Jaebeom snarled unapologetically.

“He was not. You’re just a possessive idiot.”

“You wound me, babe. That hurt more than a stake to the heart,” he whined overdramatically.

The others laughed at the couple’s argument, which had served as the perfect ice-breaker for the covens. Other conversations continued on as before, as if the awkward moment brought about by Jimin’s entrance had never occurred.

“Jiminie, I didn’t mean to hurt your feelings and make it seem like I didn’t want you here. I was worried about how outside vampires would react. You saw what happened with Jungkook,” Namjoon whispered to Jimin, pulling him away from the main group into the adjacent room, which was the kitchen.
“I get it, but we told each other we wouldn’t lie or keep secrets anymore and I felt like that’s exactly what you were doing. And it’s not a coincidence that one of the outside vampires is Jackson.”

“You’re right. I should have you introduced you to everyone myself. When the rest of them arrive, I’ll make sure to do so. We have to be cautious though. I wouldn’t want one vampire who missed their last feeding day to see you and think we’re providing an at-home buffet for them. You’re not a blood bag.”

“Thank you.”

“As for Jackson, I did initially want to avoid your first meeting for as long as possible, but it isn’t because of you. I just...I didn’t want to shove our love in his face, you know? I don’t want to continue being the cause of his pain. He doesn’t deserve that.”

“It’s sweet of you to consider his feelings, Joonie, but the only way to help him is to let him move on. We’re not doing anything wrong by being together and, of course, we don’t need to like have sex in front of him, but holding hands or sharing a kiss? That’s normal. He’ll appreciate that we’re acting like we always do and not tiptoeing around him like it was a crime.”

“You’re right,” he pressed a kiss to Jimin’s hair and pulled back with a wide grin. “So not a fan of exhibitionism, huh? You don’t think you’d get off to having everyone else watch us?”

Jimin flushed, smacking Namjoon’s chest.

“No!”

“I’m just playing, love,” he chuckled. “Trust me, I wouldn’t allow anyone to see that gorgeous body of yours except me.”

“I think you’re more possessive than Jaebeom,” Jimin giggled, letting Namjoon wrap his arms around his small frame.

“No arguments here. You’re mine, Park Jimin. Mine and only mine.”

“Yeah? Well, it goes both ways. You’re mine too.”
“I have absolutely no problem with that,” Namjoon smiled, dipping down to press his lips against his boyfriend’s plush mouth.

Their kiss was passionate but sweet and when they pulled away, Namjoon began caressing Jimin’s curly golden hair, feeling the dancer’s body relax against his chest.

“Did you have a good day, Jiminie?”

“Mm. It could have been better.”

“Did something happen?”

“Yep. I didn’t get to spend the entire day with you,” Jimin grinned up at him, making Namjoon chuckle.

“Miss me that much?”

“Oh like you didn’t miss me?” He challenged.

“You got me, sweetheart. I was absolutely miserable without you.”

Jimin giggled, going on his tiptoes to kiss his boyfriend again. This time their kiss wasn’t broken voluntarily. They would have been happy to stay lost in each other a bit longer, but the kitchen door swung open, revealing a distressed Hoseok.

“Namjoon,” he spoke gravely.

“What is it?” Namjoon asked, concerned.

“There’s been another attack. The Jinan coven’s been massacred.”
“What? There were only 4 of them. What kind of target could they be? How did they even know how to find them? The Jinan coven lives underground. They keep their existence more secretive than we do.”

“It’s what we suspected. They kept some of the Shanghai coven alive, tortured them until they got the information they needed, and then ripped them apart. Jisoo had lived as long as Jin-hyung. She knew almost all the covens this side of the world.”

“How do you know? That the werewolves did torture those other vampires?” Jimin asked and Hoseok’s expression darkened.

“Because they told us.”

“What the hell are you talking about?” Namjoon asked, confused.

“The fucking wolves told us, Namjoon. They called Jin-hyung and they told him they were coming for him. For all of us. No vampire will survive their armageddon, they said.”

“Oh my god,” Jimin whispered, clutching Namjoon closer.

“So what, we’re going to wait around until they come? Sit on our asses and wait to be exterminated?” Namjoon growled, his anger rising every second.

“No,” Hoseok shook his head firmly. “Jin-hyung just decided. We’re taking the fight to them.”

Jimin gulped, the threat of war no longer looming on the horizon. It was happening now. His soulmate would go off to battle and he may never return.

What happens if you lose your soulmate? I’ve never asked Namjoon what the death of a soulmate does to you. I don’t want the answer. I don’t want to consider my life without Namjoon.

Jimin tried to comfort himself by breathing in Namjoon’s familiar cologne and the smell of his skin,
burying his nose in his neck. He tried not to let himself think that this could be one of the last times he got to feel the embrace of the vampire he’d fallen in love with.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you're all on the edge of your seats because the next chapter brings the long-awaited war with the wolves!

There will also be more Jackson/Namjoon/Jimin interactions as well as the development of Taekook ;)

Love and war, people. Love and war blooms!
Sometimes It's Too Hard To Say Goodbye

Chapter Summary

Feelings develop, confessions are made, and we come one step closer to the war to define it all.

I had promised that this chapter would have all the action, but it was turning into a mess as I wrote it, so I divided this chapter and the next one, which will be the war between wolves and vampires! I'm very excited :)

Jungkook awoke feeling more well-rested and refreshed than he could ever remember feeling. He was warm and sated and there was a wonderful sensation as if someone were...caressing his hair?

He opened his eyes and was frankly unsurprised to find Taehyung sitting on the edge of the bed running a gentle hand through his brown hair. He was surprised by the sudden burst of emotion that radiated from within him at the sight of the older vampire.

“Hey! Welcome back to the world of the semi-living,” Taehyung joked, hand stilling. “How are you doing?”

“G-good,” Jungkook stammered, eyes wide taking in the brunette as if for the first time.

“If you’re all recovered we should go and join the others. The Fukuoka coven recently arrived. They’re friends with Hoseok-hyung, but plot twist! Namjoon-hyung’s ex is now part of that coven and Jimin was supposed to be at his dorm and not at our house, but he forced me to drive him here--he’s intimidating for a tiny human--and so I escaped from the scene because…” Taehyung rambled on about the events of the day and Jungkook tried to nod along to prove he was listening, but his mind was in a different place altogether.

Jungkook had been adamant about maintaining his free will and not finding himself tied down to some stranger who would hold sway over his life. He had initially rejected the very idea of Taehyung being his soulmate, despite feeling something shift inside him the moment their eyes met. He remembered being told that when soulmates fed from each other it inevitably strengthened the bond because they would be sharing in each other’s essences, growing stronger together. It could allow them to sense each other’s emotions and be attuned to the other in every way. He had told himself this wouldn’t happen to him because Taehyung didn’t mean anything to him. He was some pretty boy with big dreams and noble intentions, that’s all.
And yet...here Jungkook was staring up at Kim Taehyung, who was making wild gestures with his hands as he recounted the last few hours, his voice rising and falling with his narrative, and all he could think was, “Goddamn, he’s perfect.”

The Busan and Fukuoka covens, sans Taehyung and Jungkook, were gathered in the living room, expressions ranging from concern to fear to rage.

“What exactly did that dog say to you?” Yoongi snarled, prompting Jin to describe the details of the phone call.

“It was brief. He wanted to get his point across, mainly that this time there would be no pathetic accords to save us. We would be exterminated.”

“Fucking bastard. When I get my hands on him, he’ll know what pain truly feels like. Let’s see how cocky he is when every bone in his body is in pieces,” Yoongi’s voice was sharp and he cracked his knuckles menacingly after he spoke, making Jimin wince.

“Did he tell you his name? He’s the leader of the pack?” Namjoon asked.

“Yes, he leads them. He said his name was Suho.”

“He’s certainly got some balls on him. Calling to threaten one of the oldest and most powerful vampires around,” Hoseok scoffed.

“It’s foolish. It’s clear he and his mutts have no idea what they’re doing,” Jinyoung commented.

“We can’t underestimate them. Foolish they my be, but they massacred the Shanghai coven and I’m only a few decades older than Jisoo. She wasn’t some newborn coven leader. She was the head of one of the largest vampire covens still in existence. Then, they eliminate the Jinan coven, which wasn’t large but it was well-hidden. These werewolves are determined to succeed,” Jin reminded them gravely.

“As far as we know it’s only his pack that’s reneged on the accords, right?” Jaebeom asked.
“There’s aren’t as many packs as there once were,” Namjoon explained. “Similar to what happened with our kind, after the war and with mankind rapidly industrializing and making the world seem like a much smaller place, supernatural groups stayed more or less in the shadows. Last I read there were maybe seven or eight thousand.”

“Shit,” Bam Bam whistled. “That’s a good two thousand more fighters than us. If our races went head to head again, who’s to say they wouldn’t wipe us out for real?”

“That’s why we’re stepping in now. We can’t afford a war of epic proportions,” Jin said, brow furrowed as he imagined the struggle before them. “It won’t be easy, though. I feel this is something I should say now because I am nothing if not honest. I can’t guarantee that we’ll all make it through this.”

A heavy silence fell upon them. Jimin gripped Namjoon’s hand in both of his so tightly if his boyfriend weren’t an indestructible vampire he would have cried out in agony.

“We are aware of the...risks,” Jaebeom spoke carefully, bearing the weight of his coven’s future the same way Jin did. “But we are determined to fight by your side. If not now, odds are we’ll have to later because this enemy won’t stop like you said.”

“Are there any other covens you’re expecting to join us?” Mark asked and Jin nodded.

“Taehyung has a couple nomads he’s befriended along the years who are making their way here now. I expect they’ll arrive by morning. There’s also a coven from the North, led by one of the vampires Yoongi sired. They’ve informed us that they’ll be here in a few hours. It should put our numbers at 20.”

“That’s comforting.” Youngjae smiled, trying to be positive.

“When were we planning to move out? Are we fielding the wolves off in China?” Jinyoung inquired.

“They seem to be moving north taking out covens on the way to cross over to Korea. There are a few other covens and known nomad hang-outs the wolves must be aware of. I would estimate less than a week before they finish them off. At the pace they’re going and by the organization of their attacks, I don’t think those groups stand a chance,” Namjoon frowned.
“Let’s plan for three days,” Jin said. “In three days we’ll cut them off on the Chinese side of the border. It’ll give us enough time to train and get into position. We have the element of surprise, but it won’t give us that big of an edge.”

“Who’s going to be training us?” Jackson questioned.

“Hoseok will,” Yoongi clapped him on the back. “When he was human he was a soldier.”

“I was one of the best in my battalion, but when we were sent to fight it was an absolute shitstorm. We weren’t briefed on the true conditions of the war or given enough guns and ammunition to fend off the much larger battalion we were facing. Still, I feel confident I can make you all into acceptable soldiers for this battle.”

“Acceptable isn’t the most reassuring adjective,” Mark said nervously, prompting his coven leader to tousle his hair and shoot him an encouraging grin.

“Don’t worry. Together we can pull this off.”

“We should start tonight. We can use the open field near the river. It’s all on our property, no humans stray this far out from the center of town. We’ll work on close combat techniques and pushing our abilities to their limits. If you’re telepathic it will help to be able to read the enemy’s actions in their minds before they execute it, but you have to stay focused and not get lost in their thoughts and get yourself killed. If you can wield hypnosis, you can use it to thrall the wolves, but it has to be executed perfectly. Too weak and they’ll snap out of it, coming out twice as angry. If you can transmutate, decide which animal is your strongest and stick with it. Two at the most.”

“I can transmutate into a wolf. It’s my strongest form, I think,” Bam Bam admitted. “Would it help us simulate a battle with the werewolves?”

“That’s a good idea,” Hoseok nodded. “In our coven it’s only Taehyung whose gift is transmutation. Are any of the rest of you similarly gifted?”

Jaebeom and Mark were telepathic, Jinyoung was gifted with hypnosis, Jackson, and Yugyeom were empaths, and that left Bam Bam and Youngjae as the members gifted with transmutation.

“Great. Three wolves then,” Yoongi nodded. “We’ll make it work. Even if your versions aren’t identical to our enemies, it’s the best way to practice.”
“Agreed. We should get to it. I’ll get Taehyung and Jungkook. Baby vamp must be up from his nap by now,” Hoseok chirped, making his coven members chuckle and the Fukuoka coven look bewildered.

“We’ll explain later,” Jin waved a hand, gesturing for everyone to head outside.

“Joonie,” Jimin whispered, pulling on his arm so he would hang back while the others filed out.

“What’s wrong? If this is getting to be too much for you I can take you back to your dorm. Or to your parent’s house. I would understand if vampire/werewolf warfare is more fucked up than you want to deal with,” Namjoon said, shaking his head at the crisis that had shaken up their once peaceful existence.

“I’m not going anywhere,” he replied resolutely. “I’m part of this coven now and you’re my soulmate. Where you are, I am. There’s just one thing I wanted to talk about.”

Namjoon nodded, letting him know he was listening.

“Last time we discussed this openly you got pretty pissed...but we ended up sharing an R-rated bath, so it worked out okay,” Jimin let out a small laugh. “I--I want to help you.”

Namjoon had been reliving said sexy bath when he remembered exactly why they’d snapped at each other and Jimin had stormed out in tears.

“Jiminie...no.”

“Why not? Why not turn me now?”

“The change takes three days or more. There’s no exact measure for it. It differs and we don’t have that kind of time. Plus, a newborn vampire is more of a liability than anything else. All they want is blood. They have no control. You wouldn’t be ready for a war in three days.”

“But--but you could keep me in line and just focus my energies on kicking werewolf ass!”

“This isn’t a cheesy B-rated sci-fi movie where everything would somehow work itself out. You’d
“And what if you die?! What would I do, what would I be left with if you died?” Jimin cried out, voice strained with the turbulent emotions he had foolishly hoped he could contain.

Namjoon sighed, eyes softening as he took in his mate’s misty eyes and the way his plush lips began to tremble. He pulled him into his arms, pressing him into his frame tightly.

“I promise you I will do everything I can to make it back to you, Jimin. You know that I will.”

“What if that’s not enough?” his words came out soft and terrified.

“We have to believe that it will be. This is a war we can’t run away from. The wolves broke the accords that had preserved the balance in the supernatural world for centuries. They’ll kill us if we don’t try and defend ourselves. It’s just how it is.”

“Joonie, without you there’s no me. Don’t you understand? I can’t be here, attending lectures and—and going to dance practice when I know that you’re potentially being ripped apart by wolves!”

“Sweetheart, I need to know you’re safe and far from the threat we’re determined to destroy. If I know that, I can win this war. I can come back to you.”

Jimin let the tears stream down his face, knowing it was inevitable. Namjoon was right, of course, even if he didn’t want him to be.

“Don’t cry, my love. Don’t cry,” Namjoon whispered, brushing the teardrops away with careful fingers.

“I know that you have to go train with the others, but c-can you hold me at least until—u-until I fall asleep?” his words came out unsteady from the force of his emotions, Namjoon feeling equally affected but knowing he had to be strong for his mate.

“Of course, Jiminnie. Are you tired?”

The blonde nodded, staring up at him with those beautiful chocolate eyes that were filled with
melancholia and torment, twisting Namjoon’s undead heart in his chest.

“I love you,” Namjoon said.

“And I love you,” Jimin responded simply because that was and would always be the biggest constant in his life.

The world could be falling apart around them, but eternally, unstoppably, irrevocably he would depend on his love for Kim Namjoon.

The next morning Jimin woke up to an empty bed, but he could hear a multitude of voices emanating from downstairs, so he washed up and made his way to the first floor.

“Adorable little human, good morning!” Jaebeom greeted with a sunny smile, which dimmed when his mate smacked him in the gut.

“He has a name, dumbass. It’s Jimin,” he reminded him.

“My bad! There was no need to resort to violence,” he complained. “Good morning, Jimin,” he amended.

Jimin returned the greeting and waved at the rest of the group, noticing that there were six new faces. The vampires didn’t seem surprised to see him though, which meant either Namjoon or Jin had filled them in on his existence. It saved Jimin from another awkward introduction at least.

“Did you sleep well?” Taehyung asked when he emerged from the kitchen with a steaming plate of kimchi fried rice.

“I did, thank you. Is that for me?” His stomach grumbled at the appetizing site, making several vampires chuckle.

“Of course! Nobody else would enjoy it except for you,” he reminded him. “Don’t worry, I’ve gotten better since last time and I used a recipe, following each step super closely.”
“You better have. If you give him food poisoning, I’ll burn your closet,” Namjoon warned, moving from his spot on the couch next to Yoongi to press a kiss to Jimin’s forehead.

“Empty threats,” Taehyung stuck his tongue out, placing the plate at the large table for Jimin.

“Thank you, Tae,” he smiled gratefully and dug in, making a quiet sound of pleasure at the taste.

“Success! What can’t I do?” Taehyung bragged, skipping over to the side of the table where Jungkook was sitting. “I’m the ideal mate.”

Jungkook seemed to blush, though it may have been less because of the mention of their destined bond and more because of Taehyung’s very presence. He wasn’t doing the best job concealing his burgeoning emotions.

“Well, we should head out again. Let’s not waste any training time,” Hoseok stated.

“Uh,” Bam Bam awkwardly raised a hand “Some of us need to feed...soon-ish.”

“We can hunt in smaller groups throughout the day and we would prefer if you go a few towns over. The disappearance of nearly 20 humans will raise too many red flags,” Jin explained and the other vampires nodded.

Jimin concentrated on the dish in front of him, doing his best to keep his face blank even as the vampires debated which town would be best to pick out their prey.

“I can drive you to the university whenever you’re ready,” Namjoon placed a steadying palm on Jimin’s thigh, rubbing it slightly and bringing his attention over to him.

“Don’t worry about it, Joonie, I’m sure you’re busy with all of this. I’ll take the bus.”

“It’s a far walk to the bus stop. I’m not letting you do that when I can take you myself.”
“Fine,” Jimin sighed overdramatically. “I guess I can accept you as my chauffeur since I don’t have a license of my own.”

“Excuse me? Chauffeur? You’re treating me like the hired help?” Namjoon played along, acting offended.

“Yep, what are you gonna do about it, Jeeves?” He stuck his tongue out and Namjoon released a jesting snarl.

“I don’t think you’re ready to find out, sweetheart.”

Their flirty banter was cut off by muted chuckled behind them and Namjoon turned his head to see the other vampires looking wildly amused by his and Jimin’s interaction.

“Have you ever seen such a fiery human? He is simply fascinating,” a vampire with hair as dark as obsidian had turned to his blonde companion with a wide grin on his face.

“Perhaps we shouldn’t snap their necks so quickly. They offer more excitement than expected,” the other replied with a pleased smile.

Jimin exchanged a look with Namjoon, who glared at the vampires who had spoken.

“We should head out. I don’t want you to be late to class. Take the plate. You can finish it in the car.”

“Sounds good,” Jimin nodded, not hesitating to grab his food and his bookbag and dart out of the house, shooting a quick goodbye over his shoulder.

“Sorry about that. The Fukuoka coven is civilized at least. Those two freaks are, understandably, Taehyung’s friends. Nomads.”

“It’s okay. I’ll get used to it.”
“You won’t have to. We leave in two days to get this done and you won’t have to see any of them again.”

Jimin chose to side-step the fact that Namjoon was speaking about the impending war more nonchalantly than he could get on board with because he didn’t really want to burst into anxious tears about it again. Not that morning at least. Instead, he shoveled more of the dish in his mouth.

“What are their names? Are all those new vampires nomads?”

“No, just Taemin and Jiyong. The other four come from Bukdo. Their coven leader, Seungyoon, was sired by Yoongi-hyung. He hasn’t turned many vampires, but of his select few Seungyoon is his favorite. He holds a special place in his heart. Seungyoon is mated to Jinwoo. The other two, Minho and Seunghoon, aren’t mated, but they’ve been a coven about as long as we have.”

Jimin nodded, taking in the new information.

“And is training going well? Do you think everyone is ready for this?”

“They’re definitely ready to fight. Are they all battle-ready and guaranteed to be able to take out at least one werewolf? I don’t really know. Bam Bam’s transmuted forms are strong. He can wield the power of a wolf and a lion with equal grace. He and Jaebeom are the best in their coven. Today I’ll see what the nomads and the Bukdo coven can offer. Jungkook too. He’s all healed now, should be able to keep his fangs under control.”

“All of them should. I won’t be a defenseless human forever,” Jimin huffed. “Just wait until I turn. I’ll come after them and make them regret it.”

Namjoon chuckled.

“I believe it, love. You’ll be a fierce vampire. I can see it already.”

“Do you think I’ll have special abilities as a vampire?” Jimin posed a question he’d been ruminating on since Jin admitted him into the coven and asked him if he possessed anything noteworthy.
“Every vampire has a gift of their own, one of the four I told you about.”

“No, but more than that, like...something extraordinary, something magical.”

“Because of your prophecy?”

“And the fact that I’m descended from one of the most powerful magic-wielders in history. I’ve heard stories about what my great-grandmother was able to achieve.”

Namjoon hummed thoughtfully, considering the issue.

“While that’s true, she gave up her magic to settle down and live a normal life.”

“But the powers that be sort of refashioned that magic into the prophecy, making it so that my family line produced the Vampire’s Mate. You don’t think that comes with some hidden superpower?”

“Maybe, but, Jiminie, you don’t need magic or superpowers to be remarkable. You just are. Now, as a human, and later, as a vampire, you will continue to be my North Star.”

“Your North Star?” Jimin blushed cutely and Namjoon smiled gently, removing a hand from the steering wheel to hold one of Jimin’s.

“You illuminate my life, give meaning to my very existence, and I am willing to follow your beautiful light to the ends of the earth if need be. Nothing seems too daunting if I have you, not even this war. I’ll come back to you, Jimin. I will.”

Jimin bit his lip, having to press the hand that wasn’t intertwined with his boyfriend’s to his heated face, feeling moisture escape his eyes.

“Damn it, I wasn’t trying to bawl like a baby today,” Jimin cursed.
“You’re my baby,” Namjoon chuckled. “Cry all you want. Even then you look gorgeous.”

“Shut up,” Jimin groaned, tears dropping as he lightly slapped at Namjoon’s chest.

“I love you, baby.”

“Yeah, yeah, love you too,” he shook his head. “I hope you’re happy, Joonie, I haven’t had a full breakfast, my face is getting puffy, and I’m going to be late to class!”

Namjoon just laughed at him.

Jimin was drying his hair with his towel when the knock sounded at the door. He furrowed his brow, checking the time on his phone and seeing it was only 8:00 and Namjoon had told him he would finish training after 11:00. They had agreed it was easier for Jimin to return to his dorm that night since his classes ended later in the afternoon and he was planning to attend dance practice. The university’s performance arts showcase was a month and a half away and while Jimin didn’t think he could concentrate on that when his soulmate was literally days away from a bloody war, he had to focus his energies on something or he’d drive himself insane with worry.

After practice Jimin had grabbed a quick dinner at one of the cafes on campus and rushed back to take a shower and wash the day off him. He wasn’t expecting anyone, but the steady knock sounded again and Jimin hung his towel on the rack before moving to answer the door. He pulled it open and gasped, the person on the other side being one of the last ones he’d expect to see.

“Jackson.”

“Hey, Jimin… I’m sorry, I know I’ve caught you off-guard and that I may be one of the last people you’d ever want to be alone with, but I was wondering if we could talk? It won’t take long, but it’s something I need to share with you.”

“Iuh, well, you’re right this is sudden…but I’m willing to listen. What is this about?” he asked, though he knew it could only be about one thing--one person.

“Namjoon,” he said and Jimin could see how much it pained the other vampire just to utter the name.
And so Jimin, who had never been able to idly stand by when those around him were hurting, gave a small nod and gestured for Jackson to come in. He hoped this wouldn’t come back and bite him in the ass (or the neck if Jackson was lying and he’d come to tear his throat open in a fit of jealousy).

“Would you mind if I sat here?” Jackson pointed at his desk chair.

“No, please make yourself comfortable,” Jimin took his own seat on the edge of his bed, crossing his hands in his lap and waiting for the blonde vampire to explain his visit.

“I’d like to tell you a little about myself and how I came to be a vampire. I’m 192 years young,” he joked. “I was born in Kowloon Tong in Hong Kong. I grew up under British rule, of course, because Hong Kong didn’t return to China until the end of the 20th century. It was a strange time filled with great uncertainties. We didn’t know what the future held for us, didn’t know what to expect from this ‘second wave’ of colonialism. Everyone assumed that had been left in the past, yet here we were.”

Jimin listened, enraptured, as he learned about a period of history he’d been taught in school from someone who had actually lived it. He remained in awe by the sheer amount of knowledge Namjoon and other vampires accumulated simply by existing for so long.

“I had two younger brothers--twins--but they died before their 5th birthday. Some odd fever that had been ravaging the region for a few years, taking the weakest of us--all children--without giving us a chance to say goodbye. It was quick, which I hope means they didn’t suffer...My mother had a hard time getting over that and she was never truly the same again. My father worked a lot and I decided to follow his example, turning away from my studies to accompany him on the docks.

“He was a fisherman and he was part of a crew of 10 men that went out every day on a rickety old boat, scouring the seas for sustenance. By the time I reached my 22nd birthday I was officially part of the crew and would spend most of my time out at sea or by the docks. I tried not to be at home, knowing I’d only see a shell of the woman I’d once called ‘Mom.’ My father was getting too old to make the strenuous journeys on turbulent waters, but he worried we wouldn’t be able to get by with only one source of income.

“I remember the last time we went out on that boat together...It was nearing winter and the waves were pure chaos. Dark skies, storms appearing out of thin air. It was dangerous, but we were men without options. Our families depended on us to provide for them. That afternoon, though, nature proved how vastly superior she is. As thunder resounded in the distance, lightning flashed closer and closer to our vessel until I blinked and suddenly it was upon us. A potent flash blinded me, making it hard to understand that lightning had stuck our boat, breaking it in half and sending the crew crashing into the water head-first...I was the only one to survive, washing ashore on a small island I only had knowledge of because I’d spotted it in the periphery on some of our journeys. I was on the
verge of death myself, water clogging up my lungs, barely holding on to my grip of reality after two
days at sea, somehow having the force to swim against the harsh waves and make it to this island.

“As far as my village knew the little island was deserted. We were quite wrong. Or perhaps we
weren’t if you consider that we believed the island to be uninhabited by human beings and what
called that place home was certainly not human. The woman was ethereal. Two decades of life and
I had never laid eyes on a woman so beautiful. At one point I believed I had drowned and that this
was the afterlife with this woman tasked with guiding me towards the next stage of existence. How
could I have known how mistaken I was?

“Her name was Shinhye. She was my maker, though vampirism was something forced upon me. I
did not get a choice. Later, she told me she was lonely and had been unable to find her soulmate, so
she figured creating more monsters like herself would help fill her deep void,” the hate and anger in
Jackson’s voice was clear to Jimin.

“How long did you stay with your maker? I know that before the Fukuoka coven you were a nomad,
right?” Jimin tentatively asked, unsure if his questions would be welcomed, but the silence had
lingered and he was growing uneasy.

“I assume Namjoon had informed you of what newborn vampires are like?” he waited for Jimin’s
nod. “I did not know what I was. My thirst was incredible. It was mind-numbing. I was bloodthirsty,
as we are all right after the change, and Shinhye set me loose on my village. I butchered the entire
population. Nearly 500 people gone from one week to the next...including my own mother.”

Jimin gasped, unable to muffle the sound with the hands he’d pressed to his mouth.

“Yes...The extent of my savagery is something I cannot put into words. My maker was a poisonous
influence, but I did not know better. This may sound like an excuse, but I assure you it is not my
intention. I am still paying for my sins. It took me 50 years to take responsibility for my actions and
leave Shinhye. I ran to the other side of the world and began the life of a nomad, wandering from
land to land, feeding only when absolutely necessary and never with the ferocity of my early years.
There were no more massacres.”

“It--it was brave of you to leave,” Jimin said softly and Jackson smiled self-deprecatingly.

“I have always been a coward. Leaving my maker may seem monumental, but my reasons were not
all based on morality. Vampire hunters were growing stronger and I knew remaining with a wild
killer like Shinhye would lead me to the other end of a stake. Despite not deserving eternal life, I was
afraid to lose it.”
“No one wants to die,” Jimin reasoned.

“You’re too forgiving, Jimin. I know it comes from the purity of your soul, but I thank you for wasting your compassion on me.”

“I’m not wasting it. What happened to you was unfair and tragic and I don’t want to judge you for it. You carry a lot of pain with you. I can see it.”

Jackson tilted his head contemplatively.

“You truly are remarkable. There are no doubts in my mind as to why Namjoon chose you, or more accurately, why destiny chose you.”

Jimin ducked his head, bashful and unable to formulate a response. He realized they were on the verge of the conversation Jackson had intended to have and mentioning Namjoon was leading them down a path Jimin wasn’t sure he wanted to embark on. Hearing the blonde vampire’s story had helped Jimin understand him better, but that didn’t mean he trusted him 100%. What if Jackson wanted to kill him and just lowered his defenses first? Should he be secretly texting Namjoon?

*If he wanted to kill you, he could have done it in milliseconds and you would already be dead,* Jimin reminded himself. *Don’t freak out. Everything will be fine.*

“Jimin?”

“Yes?” Jimin snapped back to attention.

“I apologize for taking up so much of your time. When I arrived I told you I wished to talk about Namjoon and I told you my story so you could understand where I come from and how lost I was when he found me. He is the only person I’ve ever loved and...the only person I will ever allow myself to love.”

Jimin didn’t know what he was supposed to say. What do you say to your soulmate’s vampire ex admitting he’s still deeply in love with your soulmate?
“Let me clarify,” Jackson was quick to continue. “I am not telling you this to threaten you or worry you. I would never dare to get in the way of a destined match and in the short time I’ve been here, I have witnessed the bond between you two. It is...beautiful. Please do not misunderstand. I wanted to be honest with you because I felt it was right, but I am in no way planning to confess this to Namjoon or do anything untoward. I love him, it’s true, but he loves you and I have made my peace with that. All I ever wanted was Namjoon’s happiness and with you he’s achieved a level of happiness I could never have even imagined. I wish you the best, Jimin.”

Jimin’s mouth was agape and he was having trouble processing everything, but Jackson only smiled gently at him and gracefully stood from the squeaky desk chair, moving to the door and turning back only when he was halfway through.

“Farewell, Jimin. We leave for battle tomorrow so I may not see you for some time. If everything goes well, perhaps we can meet again in the future once you become one of us.”

And then he was gone, leaving Jimin staring at the closed door, still reeling from what Jackson had shared. Namjoon found him in that state of bemusement.

“Sweetheart, is everything okay?” he asked, folding Jimin into his side the moment he sat down.

“Yeah...Yeah, it’s just that I kind of had a surprise guest earlier.”

“A surprise guest? Who?”

“Jackson,” he peered up at his boyfriend, waiting for his reaction.

“What was he doing here?” Namjoon was equal parts confused and unsettled by the idea of his ex (and yet another vampire) going after Jimin.

“He just wanted to talk to me.”

“About?”

“You. And him. And, uh, me.”
“Can you be more specific? No offense, but that was entirely unhelpful information.”

Jimin rolled his eyes, moving to get more comfortable on his bed and waiting for Namjoon to settle down next to him before recounting everything that had transpired.

“Wow,” Namjoon finally said when Jimin finished.

“I know.”

“I don’t like the fact that he gave me no warning before seeking you out alone, but I respect his intentions. He didn’t want to have that conversation with me. It was meant for you.”

“I appreciate his honesty and this way there won’t be so much awkwardness between them. I feel sorry for him, though. He seems like the good type of vampire.”

“If such a category can be said to exist,” Namjoon muttered, whining when Jimin slapped his chest.

“We’re not going back to your pity party, hyung. We moved on from that, remember?”

“Fine, fine,” he acquiesced. “I care for Jackson and I wish him the best too, but there’s nothing I can do beyond that. He doesn’t seem open to finding his soulmate and keeps claiming I’m the only person he can love.”

“But, what if that’s true? Have you really never met a vampire without a mate? What happens if your other half is killed before you even get to meet them? You only get one, right?”

Namjoon seemed unsure.

“Everything I’ve read about our kind assures us that in time we all find our destined match...I never considered that would be a lie, though keeping our situation in mind, it’s true that the texts could be wrong.”
“Humans don’t believe in soulmates. That’s the stuff of fairytales,” Jimin added.

“Hmmm, so are we living a fairytale?” Namjoon grinned.

“Hyung, no one asked you to be greasy right now,” Jimin rolled his eyes.

“Yah, I’m romantic not greasy!”

“Says you.”

“Jimin, I’m feeling attacked and severely underappreciated. Maybe I should go?”

“No!” Jimin knew his boyfriend was playing around but when he made a move to leave his heart stuttered. “Jackson told me tomorrow’s the day... You’re going after the wolves.”

Namjoon, sensing every one of Jimin’s fierce emotions, sighed and pulled his smaller frame closer until their limbs were entangled and their faces were mere inches apart.

“I don’t want to see you cry again, Jiminnie. I know it seems scary that we’ll be separated and that this war will begin, but I stand by the promise I made you last week. I will never leave you. This isn’t me leaving you, it’s me protecting you, my family, my race and myself. I have to do this to secure our future together. I don’t want you to join me in an eternity riddled with boiling tensions and senseless violence between us and the wolves.”

Jimin couldn’t help the moisture that glistened at the edge of his tear ducts.

“I just want this all over with. You haven’t left yet and I already miss you. Already want you back in my arms where I know you’ll be safe,” he pressed a desperate kiss to Namjoon’s lips, opening his mouth with his tongue.

Namjoon let Jimin lead the kiss, knowing how much his boyfriend needed to feel like he had a sense of control in this moment.
“I love you, baby,” Namjoon whispered when they were forced to pull away by Jimin’s need to breathe.

“I love you too,” he gasped, shifting to straddle Namjoon’s hips and slam their mouths together again.

That night their lovemaking was rougher, led by a darker passion and a profound need for each other. Jimin dug his nails into Namjoon’s back, feeling a wicked satisfaction when the vampire cried out. Namjoon was equally drawn to marking Jimin’s skin, littering his chest and thigh with love bites and even teasingly running his fangs over the soft skin above his collarbones, trailing over the pulse that jumped in his neck.

By the end of the night they were both panting, exhaustion mixed with pleasure sating their bodies. Jimin fell asleep nuzzled into the crook of Namjoon’s neck, his boyfriend’s strong arms holding him close, allowing him to bathe in the comforting scent of mint and pine Namjoon carried with him. Namjoon remained awake, though, unable to take his eyes off the beautiful blonde man beside him. He counted each glossy eyelash and detailed the curve of his dainty nose. He took in the soft hair that fell over his fair skin and the plush lips he couldn’t get enough of. He sought to ingrain the image of Park Jimin so fixedly in his mind that even mid-battle with a pack of murderous werewolves he could be reminded of the extraordinary being he had waiting for him.

“How can I think of dying when there’s you?” Namjoon whispered to his boyfriend's sleeping form. “Why would I allow myself to be torn away from a life by your side? Nothing will keep me apart for you. Not even time and space are forces strong enough to get in my way.”
Rundwanderung

Chapter Summary

The war between the most powerful races of the supernatural world explodes. Jimin tries to find his place in the conflict.

Chapter Notes

It took me a while to craft this chapter and approve the finished result. I hope you all like it! This story is almost at the end. I haven't put an end chapter yet because I'm not sure how many more will complete the story the way I imagine it, but let me tentatively say 20? not sure yet.

Enjoy, darlings!

Despite Jimin’s many protests he was sheparded off to class for the day with Namjoon promising him he’d be waiting for him in his dorm room so they could spend the afternoon together before he and the rest of his coven set out to take on the werewolves. As can be imagined this ticking clock made it difficult for Jimin to concentrate on his coursework. He was only thankful he didn’t have practice that afternoon because he most definitely would have skipped it to spend time with Namjoon. He didn’t think this preference made him a bad student. He was just being forced to navigate a difficult time in his life and if he were given two choices and one involved Namjoon he would always gravitate towards that one.

At exactly 12:15 upon the completion of his second lecture Jimin was bounding out of the classroom and towards his dorm room. He felt hungry, but he figured he could order something to his room. When he pushed open his door he was shocked to see a small table in the center, decorated with an expensive looking tablecloth and crowded with a wide selection of pastas and salads. There were even garlic knots and cinnamon rolls for dessert.

“I hope you’re hungry, Jiminie, because I ordered half of the menu from that cute Italian place off-campus,” Namjoon seemed to materialize from thin air and Jimin wondered if that was another secret vampire ability or if Jimin hadn’t been paying attention to anything else but the food and overlooked Namjoon standing in a corner.

“Joonie, this is more than I consume in a week.”
“You have a mini-fridge. You can store it,” he shrugged unconcernedly, dimpled smile more dazzling than ever. “How was your day?”

“Boring. Never-ending.”

“I thought you liked your lectures.”

“Usually, I do and I hang off all of my professors’ words, but today is different. Do you know why?”

Namjoon scratched the back of his neck, taking a seat on Jimin’s bed and sighing.

“Yes.”

“What did you do while I was gone?”

“More training.”

“I figured. Are you ready to go? Do you feel confident that your side will win?”

Namjoon hesitated and when he opened his mouth Jimin held up a warning finger.

“Don’t lie to me, hyung. I’ve told you many times that I consider that unacceptable.”

“I wasn’t going to,” he protested.

“Sure,” Jimin rolled his eyes. “So?”

“Most of us are highly equipped to fight this war. Hoseok is agile. It’s evident that he was once a decorated military man and the way he whipped the covens into shape is impressive. Jin-hyung and
Yoongi-hyung fight as one unit, which only makes sense after centuries together. Taehyung is still a bit clumsy in his transmuted forms, but with more focus he can be a potent force. I was actually surprised by Jungkook’s combat abilities. He packs a serious punch and he’s fast on his feet despite his age. I am confident in my own abilities. My hypnosis is near-perfect and I am sure I can use it against one or more of those wild dogs.”

“And the other two covens? The nomads Tae invited?”

Namjoon made a face of displeasure.

“I can’t say I trust them on a battlefield as wholeheartedly as I do my coven and hell, Jungkook.”

“What do you mean by that? Didn’t you tell me yesterday that some of the Fukuoka coven were strong?”

“Yes, some are, but they had zero offensive capabilities before these three days of training. They’d only used their gifts on humans and that counts for nothing. The same goes for the Bukdo coven run by Yoongi’s childe. I hate to say it, but the nomads are the more lethal force. They’re both gifted with hypnosis like I am and they are scarily good at wielding it. Hoseok hopes we can be the initial line of defense, throwing the werewolves off from a distance as the others begin an offensive attack.”

“Joonie, all this terrifies me,” he whispered.

“My love,” Namjoon stood to approach Jimin and pull him into his broad chest. “I don’t have the liberty of giving in to my fear. That would make me weak and I won’t allow myself to have any debilitations.”

“But you’re afraid, right? You aren’t some adrenaline junkie that gets off to extreme sports and bloody fights?”

Namjoon huffed a laugh.

“Does that sound like me, Jimin?”
“Sorry, my nerves are a shitshow right now. I don’t even know what’s coming out of my mouth.”

Namjoon pressed a kiss to his blonde locks and pulled him over to sit at the table.

“Eat. You need to get nutrients in your system. This morning you skipped breakfast, which I must tell you is quite unhealthy.”

“I had some fruit!”

“You had half of a Snapple,” Namjoon squinted at him judgmentally.

“It was one of the fruit ones though! Kiwi-strawberry flavored.”

“Artificially flavored you mean.”

“Whatever, you don’t even eat food!”

“I don’t need to in order to be able to ascertain what’s poisonous for the human body.”

Jimin began serving himself from various dishes.

“Fine, look I’m eating. I’m taking care of myself,” he made a big show of taking his first forkful of creamy chicken and mushroom ravioli.

“You can be such a child sometimes,” he shook his head fondly and Jimin only paused to stick his tongue out at him before shoving more pasta in his mouth.

Namjoon fidgeted in his spot across from Jimin, making the younger man lower his fork and stare at him concernedly.
“What is it?”

“There’s...one thing I feel we should do. To make this process easier on both of us.”

“Okay?”

“The soulmate bond keeps our emotions connected and we’re acutely aware of how the other is feeling at any given moment. A sudden flare of emotion like sadness or anger or even lust has a profound effect on the other. That could be distracting for me on the battlefield and agonizing for you here. I don’t want you to worry about me.”

“What a joke. No matter what I’ll be devastated being apart from you. What are you trying to suggest, Namjoon, because I’m not understanding.”

“If I told you there was a way of...dulling the emotional bond temporarily, would you agree to it?”

Jimin’s jaw dropped and he sputtered before finally spewing his words out so forcefully they made his boyfriend flinch.

“How big of an asshole are you?! Us being ripped apart physically isn’t enough for you so you’re reaching deeper into the soulmate bond to tear us apart emotionally too? Why don’t you erase all of my memories of us while you’re at it! I refuse to do that, Namjoon! I refuse.”

“Okay, okay,” Namjoon spoke softly but insistently, using one long arm to reach across the table and grab one of Jimin’s small hands. “Forget I said anything. I thought maybe it would be of comfort to you because you wouldn’t be fixated on whatever I’m feeling. There obviously won’t be any positive emotions when this war starts.”

“I don’t care. I’m not allowing you to sever that connection between us. We both need it, don’t you see that? Yes, it’s distracting in a way, but that’s a part of sharing your life with someone and if we’re expecting to do that for eternity, we need to get used to it through the good and the bad. This is our first test.”

Namjoon tilted his head, dimpled smile appearing.

“What?” Jimin asked.
“You’re quite wise for your age. I don’t know if you’re aware of your maturity, but it’s highly impressive. It doesn’t matter how many decades I’ve walked the earth, I’m still learning and attempting to improve myself. You’ve been one of my best teachers, Jiminie.”

Jimin ducked his head bashfully, sipping from his glass of water.

“Don’t think that your pretty comments will win me over. You really pissed me off.”

“I know. I’m sorry. I was only thinking of you. I blame myself for putting you through so much chaos and tragedy. You’re not even a vampire yet and you’re experiencing the effects of a war between the two races of the supernatural world that have harbored the most hate for each other. It’s not fair to you.”

“It’s not fair to you either, Joonie. It wasn’t your fault those wolves broke the accords that had dictated peace for almost a millennia. And it wouldn’t be right if your coven went to fight, but you stayed behind just to be with me. I would never ask that of you either.”

“I love you, Park Jimin. I hope you don’t get tired of how often I say that. It’s still baffling that I was blessed with you as a soulmate.”

“Those words continue to affect me as much as the first time I heard them,” Jimin admitted. “I love you so much. Please come back to me.”

Namjoon stood from his chair to kneel by Jimin’s, holding both of his hands in his larger palms and softly running his thumbs over Jimin’s knuckles.

“There’s a word in German— Rundwanderung --and it translates as a “round trip” or a journey with an end and a return. I’ve been thinking about this a lot these last few days and it gives me a sort of comfort because this war or any moment that I have to leave your side is a Rundwanderung --a transitory odyssey...A trip from which I will return.”

Jimin released a shaky exhale.

“I know you said you didn’t want me to cry anymore, but, too bad, it’s happening.”
Namjoon gave a fond chuckle and simply lifted Jimin into his arms, cradling him to his chest and moving to arrange them comfortably on the bed. Jimin didn’t know where this onslaught of tiredness came from but he suddenly felt exhausted.

“When I wake up w-will you be g-gone?”

“Most likely,” Namjoon responded honestly.

“Maybe it’s better that way. Watching you w-walk away would k-kill me,” he hiccuped through tiny sobs.

“Shh, sleep, my love. I’m here now,” he stroked his hair.

“Joonie, c-can you sing to me?”

“My voice pales in comparison to yours.”

“No, I love the sound of your voice. It brings me peace...Please?”

Jimin’s voice was small and broken and it made Namjoon’s undead heart twist in his chest.

“Okay...There’s a song I’ve always admired from this American band. It describes exactly how I feel about you, but you won’t understand the words.”

“I don’t care that it’s in English. Sing to me. I’ll understand your emotions and that’s what matters.”

“Okay,” he whispered, clearing his throat and doing his best to keep his voice steady as he began to sing the opening verse.
And I'd give up forever to touch you
'Cause I know that you feel me somehow
You're the closest to heaven that I'll ever be
And I don't want to go home right now…

And I don't want the world to see me
'Cause I don't think that they'd understand
When everything's meant to be broken
I just want you to know who I am…

I just want you to know who I am
I just want you to know who I am
I just want you to know who I am

Jimin was lulled to sleep by the low caress of Namjoon’s voice, smiling through his tears when he opened himself completely to the soulmate bond and felt the ardent love and adoration that Namjoon was radiating.

It was hours later that he opened his eyes again, yet he didn’t wake up disoriented or wistful because there was a new coldness in the room representing his soulmate’s absence. No, when Jimin woke up again there was determination in his eyes and a self-assurance that he alone held the key to ending this war.

Namjoon had shut his eyes for the entirety of their journey from Busan to Yantai, a port city on the other side of the Yellow Sea. If pressed he wouldn’t be able to recall if they flew there or traveled by boat, though later Taehyung would remind him they had, in fact, taken Yoongi’s private boat and the journey had taken too long for the young brunette’s liking. But that was Taehyung—boundless energy and limited patience. Namjoon only wished he could share some of that with him. He still hadn’t been able to shake off the profound sadness and unease he felt at intentionally leaving Jimin’s side. Namjoon wasn’t sure if it was a side effect of the soulmate bond or his own mind punishing him for it, but it sucked.
The group of vampires reached Yantai and settled in to a location chosen by Hoseok and Seokjin, who claimed it would give them the upper hand in battle because of the mountainous elevation and the fact that the water was behind them, meaning that the wolves couldn’t cross over without going through them first.

“But this isn’t the only way to get to Korea from China. Who’s to say if they change directions and we miss them?” Seunghoon asked skeptically.

“Crossing from here gives them a direct path to Seoul. Major city famous for attracting nomads from all over the world, as most highly populated cities do, and then they’d head down to Busan because our coven is one of their main targets like Jisoo’s was,” Seokjin reminded them, making Jungkook bow his head and glare at the ground.

Strangely, when Taehyung put a comforting arm around him the youngest vampire instantly leaned into his touch, burying his face in Taehyung’s neck. Taehyung seemed surprised but pleased and he ran his slim fingers through Jungkook’s dark hair.

“There’s also a history in Yantai. For the wolves anyway,” Namjoon mumbled, figuring step one to getting his shit together was sharing some of the knowledge he’d earned through decades of losing himself in thick texts and tomes.

“What kind of history?” Jackson asked him.

When Namjoon answered he made sure to face the group as a whole and not maintain direct eye contact with Jackson, several words from his conversation with Jimin lingering at the back of Namjoon’s mind. Mainly that his ex was still in love with him and held on to the idea that Namjoon was his soulmate despite Namjoon already having found his soulmate pair. It was slightly awkward, but they didn’t really have the luxury of avoiding each other and letting drama affect them. Not on the verge of war.

“The first wolf was made here.”

“Seriously?” Bam Bam’s mouth was wide open, apparently excited at the history lesson.

“I do remember hearing something similar,” Seokjin mused. “And the first vampire in former Mesopotamia, I think?”
“By some accounts. Nothing’s certain and the oldest of both of our kinds are either dust in the wind or suffering from holes in their memory. Understandable, since they’ve literally traversed the world for millennia.”

“So they’re crossing through Yantai for nostalgia’s sake?” Seunghoon asked.

“Not exactly. Legend says under a full moon in Yantai, the cradle of the lupine evolution to werewolf, it’s impossible to defeat a wolf. They’re unkillable.”

“What?!” Bam Bam shrieked.

“It’s a legend, dumbass. Not proven and most likely bullshit. Besides, there’s no full moon tonight or for the next two weeks,” Yoongi informed him with a roll of his eyes.

“Pull yourself together,” Jaebeom growled at his coven member.

“Sorry,” the other vampire pouted.

“Anyway, that explains why they’re heading this way. Now, we need to focus all our attention on the upcoming battle. Everyone fed before we left, correct?” Hoseok asked, waiting for the nods of affirmation. “Good, then let’s take shifts and try and get some sleep.”

“How can we possibly hope to go sleep?” Taemin scoffed.

“I’m gonna be real with you, I don’t like you,” Hoseok spoke matter-of-factly. “How you became friends with Taehyung I’ll never know nor do I care to know. You and your equally unlikeable friend are here, though, so unless you want to scamper away with your tails between your legs you’re going to shut up and do what we say. You’re neither a coven leader nor a trained military leader, so your negative comments are both counterproductive and fucking annoying.”


The others laughed and Taemin growled a few choice insults at him, but stomped away with Jiyong by his side to take a seat by some sturdy tree trunks. They’d been properly chastised.
“How did you meet those two? I’m curious.” Minho asked and Taehyung shrugged.

“We got drunk together. Wreaked some havoc, you know how it is. It’s not like we exchanged friendship bracelets, but they hate werewolves more than anything else and they know how to wield their gifts scarily well.”

“Yeah, but the jury’s still out on if that compensates for their shitty personalities,” Yoongi said, not bothering to lower his voice so each syllable reached the vampires in question.

“Alright, we should stop the infighting now and get some rest. By our calculations the wolves will be here by sunup,” Seokjin reminded them. “Anyone want to volunteer for the first watch? We can each take an hour.”

“I’ll do it,” Namjoon said without hesitating.


“I wouldn’t sleep even if I laid down and closed my eyes. Don’t worry about me.”

“It’s Jimin,” Taehyung said and it wasn’t a question.

“Yeah,” was all Namjoon responded anyway.

They left it at that, Namjoon ignoring Jackson and Seokjin’s concerned gazes before settling on the edge of their makeshift campsite to keep his heightened senses trained on the vastness of the dark woods before them. It was daunting how endless the forest looked at that time of day.

He listened to the others settle in behind him, keenly aware of his own coven members’ steady breaths. It was a small comfort, though his head swam with thoughts of Jimin. It was taking a great deal of willpower to keep from checking the bond to see how his boyfriend was feeling. He had even left his phone back at his home, knowing the distraction it could bring simply because his camera roll was mostly pictures of the beautiful blonde who entered his life and illuminated his dull existence.
He didn’t realize an hour had passed by until a gentle hand fell onto his shoulder. He jolted at the touch, relaxing when he saw Yoongi’s familiar smirk.

“If I can guess what you’re thinking about you give me a million won.”

“Screw you. That’s too easy.”

“Yeah, it is…” Yoongi let out a small exhale of breath and took a seat on the large boulder Namjoon was perched on. “Do you regret not bringing him with us?”

“No. It would have been selfish and reckless of me to bring him here with wild beasts snapping at our necks. I don’t plan on losing this war, hyung, but if I don’t make it...Jimin has to. All I need is for him to continue breathing.”

“I doubt he sees it the same way.”

“He almost punched me in the face when I offered to turn off our emotional connection. I just wanted to protect him.”

“I would have punched you. If Jin even tried to utter those words I would smack him across his absurdly handsome face.”

“Hyung, you’re never on my side,” he whined and Yoongi elbowed him in the side.

“Not when you’re being an idiot, which thankfully is a rare occasion. But, this is a prime example of idiocy. How could you say that to him?”

“I thought it would offer him some sort of comfort.”

“Idiot.”

“Alright, I get it! No need to continue insulting me.”
“I understand not bringing him to a supernatural battlefield, but cutting the last link between you is unthinkable. You wouldn’t be able to take it.”

“What do you mean? Can’t we turn it on and off?” Namjoon seemed genuinely confused.

“You are making me question that whole you being a genius thing.”

“Hyung, just tell me!”

“The soulmate bond isn’t a life switch. You turn it off you risk losing it. For good.”

“Holy shit. Are you serious?”

“Deadly. Jin and I met a soulmate pair it happened to. They had a fight and the imbeciles ripped away their emotional link. When they couldn’t recover it, they almost died.”

“What happened to them? Where are they now?”

“This was before you were turned and when we last saw them we were in Turkey. They were going their separate ways though. Imagine it. Looking at your soulmate and knowing somewhere deep inside of you that you love them and can never love another like you love them, but also realizing you’ll never have that bond with them again.”

“But we only get one soulmate?”

“By all accounts, yeah, but in this case you don’t exactly lose that soulmate...it’s more like you lose a part of you. The part that merited the sharing of a soul. It’s convoluted and hard to explain. That was how they explained it to us. It was depressing.”

“Wow. So in the end they couldn’t stand to look at each other anymore.”

“Basically. Thank fuck Jimin had the sense to reject your dumbass idea. We really are nothing without our other half,” he shook his head condescendingly.
“I can’t argue with that,” Namjoon sighed.

Jimin had borrowed his parents’ car without asking. They’d been at work and he was pressed for time. Oh well, it’s easier to ask for forgiveness then it is to get permission. He was currently speeding towards the airport, repressing the beautiful memories he’d shared with Namjoon a mere week ago when it was his birthday weekend and his boyfriend was surprising him with a magical trip away from reality. He wished he could stay in that moment forever…

The honk of a car broke Jimin out of his thoughts and he cursed under his breath as the complete asshole cut him off and had the nerve to stick his middle finger out the window at him. He had reached the airport and was leaving the car in the parking lot when he suddenly realized he had no idea how to proceed. Or no that wasn’t true. He knew what he had to do, he just didn’t think he could do it.

It was probably best to take a few steps back and calmly analyze the situation.

*Okay, take a deep breath, Jimin. There’s no use freaking out. Yes, Namjoon’s life and the fate of the vampire race rests in your hands, but no pressure…*

It had only been hours before that Namjoon had cuddled Jimin close to his body until he succumbed to sleep. Jimin didn’t usually have dreams he could remember every detail of but, of course, this had not been a normal kind of dream.

**[Two Hours Ago]**

When Jimin awoke for the first time he was instantly aware that this was not the real world. How he knew that he wasn’t sure, but the fact remained. This wasn’t his bed and this wasn’t his dorm room. Jimin wondered if he should be afraid or unsettled because he’d opened his eyes in whatever this was. Yet, he wasn’t.

With the utmost tranquility, he slipped into a pair of shoes and opened his door, not surprised that outside there was no dormitory corridor populated by his fellow university students. Instead, there was a pristine botanical garden with all types of exotic plants, as well as species Jimin recognized were native to Korea. There was a small waterfall in one corner that fed into a pond that appeared to be much deeper than should be possible. There was a stone bench in front of a large patch of purple flowers. Jimin inspected the garden, but could see no other living creature. He took careful, measured steps until he reached the bench and took a seat, staring out at the collection of flora before him. The fragrance of the greenery was soothing and Jimin found himself shutting his eyes for a moment
breathing it in.

“I had a feeling you would love this place as much as I do,” a voice said from directly beside him.

Jimin’s eyes shot open and he nearly rocketed off the bench as he turned to see an older woman with elegant features and long, silky black hair.

“Well, who are you?” he asked, keeping one leg tensed to run if the moment called for it.

“Are you sure you don’t know who I am? Look closely, Jimin-ah. And you can sit calmly. I won’t bite,” the woman’s hazel eyes were twinkling with amusement.

“You know my name,” he said. “And the way you say it with such familiarity…” Jimin relaxed his body, now trying to follow the woman’s instructions.

It took him more than a minute to hazard a guess, though it was a good one.

“Are you my great-grandmother?”

“You are clearly my kin. Only my family line produces such quick-witted individuals,” Park Heeyoung smiled, the action making her appear decades younger.

In general the small woman had an air of youth and eternity if such a thing could be achieved. His mother had told him that her grandmother had died at the age of 77 after a bout of pneumonia rendered her immune system useless, but in that dream world she could just as easily be 77 or 35. It was odd. However, Jimin looked at her and he felt assured that his great-grandmother held all knowledge and had the ability to analyze any situation and think up a solution that would set everything right.

“What troubles you, little one?” she asked and Jimin ducked his head.

“It’s...It’s about Namjoon.”

“Ah, yes, your handsome vampire.”
Jimin blushed at his great-grandmother’s knowing grin.

“I assume you know all about him. About us. I was told of my prophecy when I was a child and I-I prayed for the day it would come to fruition.”

“The mortal world was not kind to you, Jimin-ah. I know this.”

Jimin knew she referred to the extreme bullying he received as a child and the way he always felt wrong and inefficient among his peers, as if he would never fit in with them.

“Do you know why this was?” she asked.

“Because I was different.”

“Oh, it was much more than that, my child. You were not meant for the mortal world.”


“Perhaps you were born as all mortals are, but your true existence did not arise until you joined the world you were meant to be a part of. The immortal world of magic, of the supernatural, of the exceptional.”

“Great-grandmother...I don’t understand.”

“I was not the first one to wield magic in our family. My mother did as did both of my grandparents. My gift was extraordinary, yes, but I was not unique. I did the best I could with the gift I’d been blessed with. Did not let myself become corrupted by my magic--like so many I knew did--and I was rewarded for it by the great Powers That Be. I was able to trade my gift for a normal life with the family I so desired and my family line was granted a prophecy like no other.”

“And these...Powers That Be are gods?”

“Yes and no. They are faceless, nameless entities that create the universe and the forces that act within it. Like destiny and fate, which move the lives of the humans and creatures in this plane of existence. The Powers That Be administrate magic to mere humans to create sorcerers and witches,
they assign vampires a soulmate, they give pixies the light within them that grows until they fly and perform magic. And so on and so on.”

“But--but why me?”

His great-grandmother tilted her head and he continued.

“The Powers That Be let fate run its course, right? They don’t worry about every human on the planet because the mortal world is like you said, unexceptional, so why create a prophecy for me? A simple human. I didn’t have magic and I didn’t earn the prophecy in any way. Why wasn’t the prophecy for you?”

“Jimin-ah,” she chuckled kindly. “These are questions without answers. I certainly have none to offer you. Why the Powers That Be work the way they do I don’t presume to know, but our family was different from others. Whether it was because of what I achieved or some other reason we don’t know, they bestowed their prophecy on us. On you. You are special, Jimin. Do you doubt that?”

“If I’m so special, why am I being condemned to stand aside as the man I love, my soulmate, risks his life in a horrible war I don’t know if he can win. I can’t do anything to help him and it kills me,” Jimin’s voice broke on his last sentence and his eyes misted over, teardrops already planning their course down his flushed cheeks.

“My child,” Heeyoung said, placing a hand on both of Jimin’s. “You have many trials ahead of you, this battle is only the beginning. You, Park Jimin, are the unifier of light and dark, life and death. You are the only human in a vampire coven, the only human with a destined soulmate who is a part of the elusive, immortal world. You are also the only one with the power to end this war of annihilation.”

“How is that possible? A human with no magic, no gifts of any kind, can’t win against a pack of werewolves. If I could I would! Anything to save Namjoon!”

“Have you heard the maxim, ‘Knowledge is power?’”

“Does that mean something in this situation?”

“It means everything, Jimin-ah. What if I told you the way to end this war was by airing out the dirty secrets that poisoned the minds of so many and led to the bloodshed and agony you were told about?”
“You know why the wolves reneged on the accords?”

“Yes. And soon you will too.”

“But, even with that information, what am I supposed to do?”

“You will stop this war before it steals the lives of so many, including your beloved,” Jimin’s eyes widened at his great-grandmother’s words. “Few will survive this war. On both sides. What you need to concern yourself with is not wielding the necessary information because I can assure you once I explain the origins of this violence you will know how to stop the war. What I cannot help you with is locating your mate and the forefront of this battle.”

“How can you not know that? You know everything!” Jimin protested.

“Not everything,” she smiled. “This you must do yourself. You have the ability through your bond with Namjoon.”

Jemin’s brow furrowed.

“That special GPS between soulmates. Namjoon told me about it...But, he said it takes two years to perfect the ability and that’s for regular vampires!”

“Precisely, but you are not a ‘regular’ anything. In this case it is better that you are not a common vampire. You are the Vampire’s Mate, Jimin-ah.”

“So I do have magic?” Excitement flared up from within him.

“No, my child, you do not wield magic as I once did.”

Jemin seemed to deflate before his great-grandmother.

“You do not require magic or vampirism or wings or anything else except what I’m about to tell you
and the marvel that is you.”

“What if I can’t find him? What if I’m too weak?” he whispered.

“Nonsense. No member of my family is ‘weak,’ the word does not apply to my bloodline,” she winked cheekily and Jimin huffed a laugh.

“Okay.”

“Your time is limited, my child. The instant you leave me, you must head to Gimhae.”

“I know that much. Namjoon told me they were facing the wolves in China, cutting them off before they cross over to Korea to exterminate the rest of the covens here. That only narrows the search grid a little though.”

“Only you have the power to locate your soulmate. Only you have the power to stop all of this, Jimin-ah.”

“I’m scared,” he admitted.

“Don’t be. I will always be here with you. I am a part of you, my child. Trust in that. Now go. Go!”

[The Present]

Jimin banged his head on the steering wheel of the parked car, knowing he couldn’t enter the airport to buy a ticket to the wrong Chinese province. Time was running out, but he couldn’t pinpoint Namjoon’s location. He closed his eyes and concentrated on his mate and the emotional bond opened up to him. He could read Namjoon’s melancholia, his anger, and his longing for Jimin. It was a mirror of Jimin’s own emotions. But, that wasn’t what he needed.

“Please, please. Let me do this, let me do this,” Jimin begged, though to who he was addressing his pleas he wasn’t sure.

He ran over the dream encounter with his great-grandmother again, remembering the knowledge she’d imparted. Of course, the information was worthless if Jimin was in Busan, hundreds of miles
away from the war itself.

“Let me find him, please. Please, he’s my everything. I can’t live without the other half of my soul,” Jimin’s eyes were closed but tears streamed down his scrunched-up face.

He took a shaky breath and tried to center his thoughts by calming his body. It was as if he were trying to meditate to reach a state of nirvana. It would probably be easier to find nirvana than Namjoon, but he needed to stay positive.

He steadied his breathing and wiped his mind of all traitorous thoughts, only allowing images and memories of Namjoon to flow through.

“I am Park Jimin, the Vampire’s Mate. Unifer of light and dark, life and death. I am Park Jimin, the Vampire’s Mate. Unifer of light and dark, life and death,” he repeated.

It was on the sixteenth repetition of the created mantra that Jimin gasped, clutching his chest with both hands. He had felt it. A sudden tug of his heart forwards as if it the beating organ were a dog on a leash, trying to pull its owner in the direction it wanted. His heart—his very soul—were pulling him towards Namjoon. And then it became absolutely clear where Jimin had to go.

“Yantai,” he said, opening his eyes.

Namjoon had managed to fall into a fretful sleep, but his body was on full-alert the minute he heard the dreaded but expected words:

“They’re coming!” Youngjae shouted.

It took the group of vampires less than a minute to get into the formation they had practiced. Taehyung, Bam Bam, and Youngjae had transmuted into their strongest forms, which for the latter two were lions and for Taehyung was a sleek, lethal panther. They were placed as the primary offensive line and directly behind them stood Hoseok, who wanted to be in the center of their five line formation to direct the group as needed. Behind him were two rows of five, which included all of the empaths and mind readers in the group, who would have to excel in combat as their gifts were not as debilitating as the others’. The mind readers, like Yoongi, had been warned that their gift could help them read the wolves’ movements, but it was a danger to lose sight of the present. If they spent too much time trying to read the wolves’ thoughts they could get distracted and be ripped to pieces.
The final line of six included Namjoon and the nomads, who made up those vampires gifted with hypnosis. On Hoseok’s command they would train all their energy on specific sections of the werewolf pack and hopefully throw them off long enough for the offensive lines to get hits in and give the advantage to the vampires.

They all waited with bated breath until finally, the enemy revealed itself.

The wolves were massive and though Namjoon counted only 12 their sheer size was so impressive it was like 12 stretched to double that.

“Don’t let yourselves be intimidated. It’s a psychological factor that will work against you. They’re big, so fucking what?” Hoseok hissed under his breath, knowing his side was listening to his every word.

“Stay strong. Stay together. We only win if we work together. Don’t try and be a hero,” Seokjin said.

“Which one of you is the famous Kim Seokjin?” this time the voice didn’t come from their side of the open space in the middle of the forest.

It was a gruff voice, clearly that of a werewolf, and it was grating to their sensitive vampiric ears, a fact the wolves clearly knew if the barks of laughter ringing through their pack was anything to go by.

“You must be Suho,” Seokjin said, face blank, not moving any closer to the other.

He wouldn’t be made to break the formation if that was the wolf’s intention.

“A pleasure I’m sure,” the wolf bared its teeth, shaking its chestnut brown fur and stretching its paws.

The leader, like the other 11 wolves of his pack, looked completely at ease as if he’d come to attend a barbecue and not begin a war.
“So, just throwing it out there, you can surrender now and save yourselves the...well you know gruesome and bloody end we’d give you. If you bow down, I can promise you it’ll be quick. You won’t even suffer.”

“Arrogant motherfucker,” Yoongi growled.

The wolf turned its calculating eyes on him and laughed again.

“You aren’t included in the deal. Even if you bow to me I’ll personally bite into every inch of your pasty white skin, bloodsucker. Make sure you scream in agony.”

Seokjin emitted a chilling snarl that made some of the wolves shift in place. Suho seemed unruffled, however.

“Ah, I can assume I was speaking to your mate. Cute. Wolves don’t have soulmates, you know. Destiny doesn’t have us on a leash like it does you pathetic lowlifes. Ironic isn’t it? And we’re supposed to be the dogs.”

The tension only grew when Suho’s final taunt faded into silence. Neither side moved or breathed, waiting for the spark of warfare to take over.

Though Namjoon was taught by his hyungs to always expect the unexpected he couldn’t have seen it coming. A thick grey wolf on the far left of the pack had been tensing to jump, teeth bared and eyes trained on the last line of the vampire formation for whatever reason. It had begun to move and Namjoon could see Taehyung’s panther form doing the same when suddenly he was being shoved aside. Namjoon had been in the center of the line, standing next to Jiyong who was on his left and Jinyoung on his right, but he now found himself sprawled on the ground.

“Those fuckers,” Hoseok cursed.

Namjoon had one second to take in the fleeing figures of the two nomad vampires, Taemin and Jiyong, before his attention snapped to the front again. The wolves had advanced. The war had begun and their side was already losing. They’d lost two fighters and the opportunity to take the wolves by surprise with their focused hypnosis. The nomads had been the most skilled with the gift next to Namjoon and Namjoon wasn’t able to concentrate enough to wield his mental thrall yet.
“Do it now! Do it now!” Hoseok shouted.

Taehyung, Bam Bam and Youngjae were already in action. Bam Bam’s ferocious lion form was a sight to behold. He had already taken a wolf with sandy-brown fur down, stepping on its back and cracking its spine. He ripped its head from its neck with apparent ease, ripping other limbs off before throwing it to the side and looking for another target. All the others were already fighting, but the now four vampires in the final line were stumbling to find their place in the battle.

“Focus. I know it’s hard, but we need to help!” Namjoon had to scream over the sounds of warfare, but he could see the other three nod.

They all faced forward, picking out two or three wolves in the same vicinity and fixing their steady gaze on them. Namjoon knew his thrall was at work when the enormous black beast that had been giving Jaebeom and Jackson combined such a struggle tripped over its own paws. It was disoriented. Jinwoo and Seunghoon were quite weak with their offensive hypnosis, so they had both focused on the same wolf. Namjoon heard Jinyoung let out a whoop of joy beside him. He must have helped take down a wolf already.

Namjoon made sure his thrall remained active as his eyes roved to the rest of the scene, knowing the wolves would figure out their trick soon and come straight for them. A long-range ability was critical in this battle and the wolves didn’t have one at their disposal.

Namjoon had turned back to the black wolf, pleased that Jaebeom and Jackson were successfully kicking the pieces away. He had foolishly believed everything was going well for them and the loss of Jiyong and Taemin wouldn’t affect them. It didn’t take long for him to realize he was wrong.

“Help! Help!” the shrill voice of terror was closer than he expected and Namjoon’s head whipped to the right, gasping when two wolves appeared, working in unison to bite into Jinwoo and Seunghoon.

They never stood a chance.

“Oh my god!” Jinyoung cried out. “Namjoon, what do we do? I can’t fight. I can only use my gift. Please,” he clutched his arm and Namjoon quickly shook it off.

He needed his arms free. Because the two beasts that had just torn Jinwoo and Seunghoon apart?
They were running towards him and Jinyoung now.

“Pull yourself together, Jinyoung! Put all of your power into hypnotizing those two assholes. Do that for me, you got that?!” Namjoon rushed forward, not waiting for the other’s response.

It was suicide to take on two wolves alone, but he couldn’t stop and ask a friend for help. That was just asking to be killed. If Jinyoung could muster up the courage to stand tall and use his gift he could give Namjoon the edge to dispose of the wolves. Namjoon was agile but more importantly he was careful. He could manipulate his enemies and with considerable thrall confusing them, Namjoon would be able to slip behind them and snap their necks…At least, that was he hoped to do.

Namjoon didn’t see the wolves slowing and their eyes remained perfectly clear. No hypnosis was affecting them.

*Did that idiot run off like those fucking nomads?*

The wolf on the left, whose coat was the lightest in the pack—a flaxen blonde—yipped and barked in bewilderment, beginning to spin in circles, as if he were a dog chasing its tail. His companion bumped into him and growled, trying to get him to snap out of it. Namjoon knew this was his chance. Jinyoung wasn’t strong enough to place the thrall on both of them, but one was good enough.

Namjoon took a running leap, digging his hands into the wolf’s thick neck and releasing his fangs to take a vicious bite from the jugular. The wolf cried out in pain. Namjoon pressed his fangs in deeper, ripping the unprepared wolf’s throat open and quickly kicking at its fronts paws. He knew he broke one of its legs when it toppled to the ground. He spat out the blood, not wanting any werewolf in him and finished the job by twisting the wolf’s neck and detaching the head from the body. He kicked it away and was about to turn to the blonde wolf when his heart leapt in his chest.

“What the…” he pressed a hand to his chest.

Vampire hearts weren’t supposed to do that. The only reason his heart would jump like that is if…

“Oh no,” Namjoon’s eyes frantically scanned the trees and yes, there he was emerging from the forest.
Jimin had appeared.

“A human!” one of the werewolves shouted.

The battle seemed to be put on pause, wolves and vampires releasing each other and taking a step back. It was abnormal. Namjoon understood why he was so affected by Jimin’s presence, but why the others?

His question was tragically answered in the next moment. No one had actually declared a ceasefire of any form, so it made sense that one side or the other would take advantage of the other’s distraction. The vampires weren’t the ones who took that advantage.

Namjoon was stupefied, taking in his mate’s beautiful features. Jimin’s pretty brown eyes widened, his lips twisting into a horrified scream.

“Joonie!”

Namjoon hadn’t seen the flaxen-furred wolf shake off Jinyoung’s hypnosis, hadn’t seen the beast narrow his eyes and lick his sharp canines as it zeroed in on Namjoon’s exposed neck. Jimin watched, in what appeared to be slow motion, as the enormous wolf jumped at his soulmate’s vulnerable body. He couldn’t close his eyes, though he knew he’d now bear witness to the death of the only man he could ever love.

But Jimin hadn’t been the only one tracking the wolf’s movements... There had been one vampire who had watched the wolf go after Namjoon. A vampire who knew he didn’t have the privilege of loving Namjoon and getting to spend eternity with him. There was one thing he was capable of and that was saving Namjoon’s life. Even if it meant sacrificing his own. Jackson didn’t think twice before pushing Namjoon out of the way and receiving the fatal werewolf bite.
The Truth Untold

Chapter Summary

The aftermath of Jackson's sacrifice and Jimin's unexpected arrival.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“Oh shit,” came Yoongi’s stunned curse.

Namjoon had exactly a fourth of a second to look down at his ex-lover before he was thrown to the ground with all the force of an enormous werewolf. The same wolf that had bitten into Jackson’s jugular had continued his attack, clearly uncaring that all the rest of his pack was no longer fighting the vampires.

One heavy paw came crashing down on Namjoon’s throat, making him choke on his saliva. The wolf wasted no time in baring its teeth again and descending on his exposed face. He was planning to bite into him and rip his head straight from his chest.

Jimin had begun running closer, knowing he was powerless against a werewolf but not caring because that was Namjoon and if he were to die Jimin would have to follow along with him. Yet, Jimin skidded to a stop several feet away at the sudden flurry of movement of a rust-colored wolf that was not as large as any of the other werewolves, but was extremely agile.

The rust-colored wolf launched himself at the blonde one, freeing Namjoon in the process, before slamming it to the ground. The crack of several of its ribs was audible before the attacking wolf used its strong paws to press on its neck, adding its jaws so it could pull and twist hard enough to rip its big head off.

“Thank you, Taehyung-ah,” Namjoon gasped, still breathing unevenly and recuperating from the initial attack.

Taehyung, in his transmuted form, nodded and stepped back, closer to where Jungkook and the
other vampires were. The battle had stopped after the wolf’s attempted surprise attack on Namjoon. After the recent beheading of the flaxen-haired wolf Suho seemed to order his pack to retreat to one side of the field, Seokjin doing the same.

“N-namjoon,” Jackson’s teeth chattered, the effects of the bite evident.

The indent in Jackson’s neck was deep, blood and another strange, nearly translucent liquid gushing out. Jimin was ignorant of what that liquid was though the gathered vampires were more than aware of what that meant. Werewolf saliva congealed in the vampire bloodstream, becoming a more viscous looking liquid. And it was certain death unless the antidote was administered and in this case it was impossible.

“You—you idiot!” Mark suddenly growled, making threatening steps towards Taehyung, who had shifted back to his human form.

Jungkook stepped in front of him, dark eyes flashing menacingly.

“I suggest you move back. At once ,” he snarled.

“He did what he had to do,” Jin explained solemnly. “He saved Namjoon’s life.”

“And ended Jackson’s!”

Jimin was bewildered by the turn of events. If the wolves had momentarily backed off why did fighting begin between the vampires themselves? Weren’t the Fukuoka coven their allies? He looked toward Namjoon, who had kneeled by Jackson’s side and was holding one of the dying vampire’s trembling hands in his larger palms. Jimin kept a respectful distance, thankful that even under these tragic circumstances he was close to his soulmate, who continued to breathe and exist. Of course, this was all thanks to Jackson’s sacrifice.

“Did you expect me to sit on my tail and let my hyung die?” Taehyung defended himself. “Your coven member made his decision. I wasn’t going to let his sacrifice pass in vain and that wolf would have torn his head off or were your eyes not working properly? Did you not see that, huh?”

Mark ignored Jungkook’s warning and made another move to charge at Taehyung. His mistake earned him a heavy kick to the gut, which sent him flying back to slam into a tree. Jinyoung helped
his coven member up and held him back, knowing in-fighting was not productive at all, especially when one of their own lay dying before them.

“The only cure to a werewolf’s bite is an offer of its blood. A willing offer, meaning that a dead wolf can’t make it,” Yoongi murmured into Jimin’s ear, who jumped, not expecting the older vampire to have come so close to him.

He nodded mutely staring down at Namjoon and Jackson, who were engaged in a serious conversation.

“Joon,” Jackson’s face was pale, the mark of death unavoidable. “I didn’t do this for you to add another cross to bear. Don’t blame yourself for my decision. I don’t regret it.”

“You chose to die for me. How can I not take some blame for that?” Namjoon’s features were twisted in pain.

“You’ll have to work that out with yourself. I just wanted you to have a future. To live and love and share immortality with your soulmate,” Jackson’s eyes met Jimin’s, who had begun crying in earnest. “You are the finest example of mortality and of your kind, Park Jimin.”

Jemin couldn’t speak, but he mouthed a Thank you to the fallen vampire. They both knew it wasn’t for the compliment but for guaranteeing a future for Jimin as well. His destiny was tied with Namjoon’s and if he’d been the one who received the fatal werewolf bite Jimin’s life would have ended with the same bite.

Jackson offered him a smile that shook with his pain and his eyes fluttered closed.

“Goodbye, Namjoon. Just know how much I loved you. All I ask of you is to remember me…”

Namjoon’s breath faltered as a man he’d loved as a close friend and as a romantic partner took his last breath—meaningless though it may be for a vampire—and did not open his eyes again. He carefully lay his hand on his still chest and stood again, approaching Jimin, who simply opened his arms and let Namjoon fall into him.

Though the vampire was the larger of the two, the unexpected loss had momentarily crippled him and he wrapped his arms around his small boyfriend, letting his head fall heavily into the crook
“I’m sorry for your loss,” Jin whispered to Jaebeom and the remaining Fukuoka coven.

They bowed their heads, but were unable to concentrate on their fallen friend, primarily because one of the werewolves huffed impatiently, growling something at the leader, who nodded and turned back to the vampires.

“As much as your sob story touches our hearts, bloodsuckers, do not forget that soon you will all meet the same fate as him. We are here to end all of you,” Suho threatened.

The air grew tense again, the vampires falling into an offensive line again. Namjoon had lifted his head and was pulling away from Jimin when the blonde grabbed one of his hands and squeezed it.

“There’s something I need to do.”

“What?” Namjoon’s brow furrowed.

“Trust me, okay?” he pressed a kiss to Namjoon’s worried frown and then he was running across the open field, pushing past Taehyung and Hoseok until he was smack dab in the middle of the werewolves and the vampires that were facing off.

Any other human would have pissed their pants, but Jimin only took a steadying breath and turned his back to Namjoon and his friends, preparing himself to address Suho.

“What the fuck is happening?” Yoongi asked.

Namjoon was stunned, fingers twitching by his sides, as if they were unable to believe Jimin’s body was no longer pressed against his, unable to comprehend that the love of his life had purposely put himself in danger and was too far for Namjoon to react—at least not fast enough to save him if one of the wolves decided to pounce on him and tear him to pieces.

He knew even at the fastest vampire speed he would be a millisecond too late. His heart hurt from how erratically it slammed against his chest cavity, eyes trained on Jimin’s small figure.
“Take a breath. No rash actions. Jimin obviously came here with a purpose,” Jin whispered, keeping a hand on Namjoon’s chest to ensure he didn’t throw himself towards his mate anyway.

Namjoon didn’t answer but he didn’t move. No one did. A massive pack of werewolves and three joined vampire covens waited, transfixed by the actions of one tiny human.

Jimin cleared his throat a couple of times, still feeling as if something was lodged in the back of his throat, but knowing he couldn’t stall any longer.

“H-hello. My name is Park Jimin. As you can probably tell I’m completely human. Not a vampire or a-a troll or anything too extraordinary,” he began.

Some of the wolves seemed to chuckle gruffly under their breaths, but Jimin kept his gaze focused on the leader, whose piercing brown eyes examined him with evident curiosity. He didn’t speak, though, sensing that there was a lot more to be said.

“This next sentence may be hard to believe, but please bear with me...I was given a prophecy by the Powers That Be that said that my destiny was to be The Vampire’s Mate. It came true and, uh, I am the soulmate of the vampire Kim Namjoon,” Jimin remained calm though he sensed each burst of emotion through the soulmate bond, mainly anxiety, uncertainty, fear, and as always, boundless love.

“I wasn’t aware the Powers That Be spent their time matchmaking for the bloodsuckers,” Suho sneered, but Jimin was undeterred, not allowing even a spark of anger to flare.

He had to be careful with every word he uttered and even every breath he took.

“A special case was made for Namjoon and I. We were fated. My family line is blessed with powerful magic. I don’t know if you’ve heard of my great-grandmother, Park Heeyoung?”

Suho gave a reluctant nod.

“I have.”

“Well, I’m not a sorcerer so I can’t wield magic, but the prophecy was mine. I’ve been with the other
half of my soul for several months now and...I’ve never experienced greater happiness.”

“The effects of hypnosis I’m sure,” Suho glowered behind Jimin but the blonde immediately shook his head.

“I’m immune to my mate’s gift.”

“Seriously?”

“Yes.”

“Fine, so he keeps you as a human plaything. Drinks from you, uses your body.”

This wolf is stubborn, Jimin huffed in his head. This is definitely not an easy task.

“I willingly offer my blood to him. He never asked it of me. And Namjoon, unlike others of his kind, does not kill humans. Before meeting me he would hypnotize them to drink what he needed and leave them sleeping peacefully, not a scratch on them.”

“Lies!” a dark grey wolf snarled but Suho hissed at him to remember his place and stay quiet.

“I’m not lying. If there were a way for you to read my mind or my mate’s I assure you you’d find proof of what I’m saying. Since there isn’t, you’re going to have to trust me.”

“You expect me to give you my blind trust? You? A little human caught in the pretty web spun by a vicious vampire?” Suho scoffed.

“I trusted you when I left the safety of my mate’s side to put myself between two supernatural armies and begin a peace talk. I think it’s fair for me to ask for some from you. Would you agree?”

“...I suppose. The fact that none of my pack has torn your pretty neck to pieces does not mean that I am considering any peace accords. I knew what I was doing when I broke the ones already set in place.”

“I don’t think you did. In seeking the extermination of the vampires you were really setting off a war of mutual annihilation.”
“What?”

“It’s true that there are more of your kind than of the vampires’, but that wouldn’t mean your losses wouldn’t be crippling at the end. Would it be worth it if you’re left with just as many bodies of your friends as of your enemies? I was told of the future in a dream where one of the Powers That Be visited me and told me it was my destiny to stop this war. For the good of both of your kind and humanity itself. The casualties will be difficult to recover from.”

“I-I’ll find a way,” Suho seemed somewhat thrown by the confident way Jimin spoke about the future.

The pack leader no longer doubted that Jimin was someone important, not some fangbanger working under hypnosis and blood loss. He believed every word he spoke...and so did Suho.

“I know why you broke the millennia-old truce and began this war.”

“How could you?”

“It was revealed to me in my dream. Wrong as your actions may be, they stemmed from a good reason. Losing your other half must be horrific. If this war had stolen my soulmate from me I probably would have killed myself,” he admitted.

Suho’s eyes widened as Jimin continued.

“I know about Hyoyeon and Moonbyul...None of it was supposed to happen, right? Werewolves, like vampires, aren’t meant to settle down with humans.”

There was a chorused gasp from the vampires and Suho growled lightly.

“Stop talking,” he warned but Jimin shook his head.

“I can’t do that. You made a mistake, went against your own nature and the unwritten rules of your kind and established a family. A beautiful wife and a daughter who was your sun and stars. Your pack supported your decision and helped hide them from other packs because you knew it would have caused a scandal. Werewolves are expected to mate with other werewolves. Pairs are decided
by family lineage and this keeps the species alive and thriving. The thing is love isn’t constrained by anything—not history and not rigid rules. You fell in love and you had a child and you were happy.”

“I was...I had achieved my own personal heaven and then it was stolen from me. Ripped away,” Suho’s voice was numb, the anger whittled away as the truth came out.

“A few nomad vampires were in the area... You and your pack were away...When you returned it was only to bury their corpses.”

Suho seemed to sob, the sound coming out as a strained whine in his wolf form.

“So you set out to punish all vampires. You started by tracking down the ones who killed your family, but that wasn’t enough, was it?”

“They’re all the same. We’re called animals and mindless beasts, but they’re demons hiding under angelic skin,” Suho’s words were hateful, dark eyes flashing.

“That isn’t true. Can’t you see that? I’m mated to a vampire and I’ve been made part of a vampire coven. No one’s forcing me to bind my life to theirs, but I am. Before meeting Namjoon and the others my life was miserable. I was hiding from who I really was and I felt that I didn’t belong. I found my home, my solace with a vampire. You can’t blame them all for the actions of a few. That’s not how life should be led. Prejudices and grudges, intolerance and loathing--aren’t you tired of it all? Will it bring your family back?”

Suho fell quiet, his pack shifting nervously from paw to paw, waiting for their leader’s words. They were loyal to a fault. They would literally lay down their lives for him, but would just as easily end the war then and there. They had their own families and aspirations behind them. It wasn’t like they yearned to die a warrior’s death on a battlefield.

“When you speak of peace...what are your terms?” the wolf finally asked and Jimin’s answering smile was breathtaking enough to unsettle some of the wolves.

It made them ask themselves the same question many of the vampires who met Jimin had: have we been underestimating mankind? Perhaps they aren’t as weak or as useless as they’d been made out to be.
“I think this is when I should cede the floor to Seokjin-hyung. He’s a wise leader and the head of the coven I was lucky enough to be accepted into,” Jimin turned to the awaiting vampires, eyes finding Namjoon’s.

Seokjin held his head high as he walked slowly and gracefully to Jimin’s side, not hesitating in his role as coven leader. Namjoon had to dig his nails into his own palms so he wouldn’t do something stupid that would set off the wolves. The tentative ceasefire wouldn’t benefit from him speeding forward to throw Jimin over his shoulder and run away with him. Even if his baser instincts were telling him his priority should be to Protect my mate. Protect my mate.

“Jiminie’s fine, hyung. He’s a freaking badass. You should be proud,” Taehyung murmured, one hand holding tight to Jungkook’s.

If Namjoon weren’t so preoccupied with Jimin’s every breath right now he’d be paying more attention to the organic way Taehyung and Jungkook’s relationship was developing, the soulmate bond clearly overpowering the younger vampire’s initial reservations.

“I want to sincerely express my remorse for what occurred to your family at the hands of members of my kind. You may doubt my words, but I promise you I am genuine. You know of the soulmate bonds between vampires. If I lost my mate...I too would wage a war. I understand now why you reneged on the accords, though of course I do not excuse the intent to exterminate all of my kind. We were not all responsible,” Seokjin was both diplomatic and stern.

“Though it is true that your coven, for example, was not the one that drained my family dry, you do the same to other families. To innocent men, women and children. Do you deny it?” the wolves’ leader challenged.

“I do not,” he responded honestly. “It is the only way of survival I knew and the one most vampires know. What Namjoon and along the way Taehyung chose to do is completely novel to me. It is a groundbreaking form of vampire existence.”

“So what the human said is true then? You have two vampires in your coven that do not slaughter humans?”

“Yes. This is a fact I myself was ignorant of until recently. I confess that I did not think such a thing was possible. My maker told me vampires were the top of the food chain and humans were placed on the earth to serve as walking blood bags for our needs only. It was a cruel way of thinking.”

“Would you be willing to rectify that?”
“What do you mean by that?”

“The little human made fair points. This will not be an easy war. I do not agree it would be mutual annihilation—I believe we would hurt you far more than you would us—but the bottom line is my pack and other packs would lose valiant warriors. Many wolves are but children. It would be...unfair of me to force all of them into a war formed around my personal vendetta.”

“You are saying you want to negotiate new terms for peace?”

“I am. And I can make it quite simple for you. There is only one thing I ask for to end this war.”

“Only one?”

“Yes. It will be up to you to decide if it is a sacrifice your kind can make.”

“I do not know if I can speak for the entire population of vampires.”

“I do not speak for all wolves either. We can call it a work in progress. Yet, the terms we set here will apply to all of us, on both sides.”

“Speak then. What do you ask of us?” Seokjin asked.

The wolf gave a lazy smirk.

“If you want a truce with us, you must vow to never kill another human again. No more draining them dry. If you need to feed, you do it by leaving them alive and healthy not even on the brink of death. If is is true that two vampires have done it, why can all of you not follow in their example?”

Seokjin was rendered speechless. There were murmurs from the Fukuoka coven and the Busan coven themselves. Yoongi was one of the most incredulous. Was Seokjin really going to agree to alter a way of life vampires had followed from the eve of their creation? A tradition that spanned millennia?
“Do you have an answer for me, vampire?” Suho asked after a minute of silence.

Seokjin had turned to share a loaded look with Yoongi, not a word spoken, just a type of telepathic conversation between soulmates. Seokjin nodded and whirled back to the wolves in one elegant motion.

“I do.”

“And? Do you accept the terms of our accord?”

Chapter End Notes

Yep, i’m leaving it there!

The next chapter will determine the future between the most powerful races of the supernatural world.

Also, for those wondering about the other fallen vampires and werewolves, this will be addressed in the next chapter. I mean Jackson deserves a proper burial and everything, so don't worry all this will come!
Unconditionally Yours

Chapter Summary

The war ends and the survivors must pick up the pieces. Where do they go from here?

Chapter Notes

I have set an end to this story! It will have 20 chapters and I'm already outlining the remaining chapters to make sure I include a lot about our favorite soulmates, Minjoon, as well as Taekook who are really coming together and Yoonjin, which have been the original OTP here. And don't worry Hobi won't end up alone ;)

thank you for giving my stories so much love, guys. i love and appreciate you all!

Namjoon had moved to grip Taehyung’s free hand, the younger vampire instantly intertwining their fingers and offering a reassuring squeeze. The future of their kind now lay in the hands of their coven leader and while they didn’t distrust him, they weren’t certain if he could change a lifestyle he had sworn by for all of his nearly 800 years.

“We accept the terms you have set. We, the three covens gathered before you, will be the beginning and we will do our best to convince the rest of our kind to follow in our stead. If we are not successful--because some of our brothers and sisters are not so ready to accept change--what do you plan to do?” Seokjin asked.

“I am prepared to eliminate them. If they do not want peace, then they do not want life ,” Suho’s tone left no room for questions.

“Understood. We will not stand in your way.”

Suho nodded.

“Are you guys doing to shake on it or something?” Jimin asked, looking between the massive werewolf and the handsome vampire beside him.
The pack’s leader threw his furry head back and laughed.

“You are quite the human, little one. I must say you have earned my respect. And the respect of my pack,” he bowed his head before turning once more to Seokjin. “We shall be in contact. Bury your dead as we will bury ours. This bloodshed will not continue.”

“Thank you. Farewell. I hope you find the peace you are truly looking for and that one day you can look upon us without hate. I wish you happiness, Suho.”

The wolf’s dark eyes seemed misty, but he wasn’t looking to show weakness in front of the vampires anymore than he had to so he simply nodded in acknowledgment and bounded away, thudding footsteps audible even after he disappeared. The other wolves followed after collecting the bodies of their dead pack members. Soon, only the vampire covens remained.

“Jimin,” Namjoon gasped, appearing behind the blonde boy and wrapping him into his arms, all the tension leaving his body at once. “What you did was so incredibly dangerous.”

Jimin let his head fall back onto Namjoon’s chest, staring up at him.

“But it had to be done.”

“It seems you have a direct line to the Powers That Be,” Seokjin mused. “Impressive though unexpected.”

“It makes sense though, doesn’t it?” Taehyung spoke up, moving closer to them with Jungkook and Hoseok. “He had a whole prophecy bring him and Namjoon-hyung together. He can’t be your average human.”

“Thank you,” Jungkook murmured, ducking his head when Jimin met his eyes.

“You’re thanking me?” Jimin asked, surprised.

“If it hadn’t been for you more of us--or all of us--would have been killed. I’ve seen enough of my family slaughtered, this one may be brand-new to me, but it would have...hurt to see any of them
“Aw, baby vamp, you see us as your family?!” Hoseok squealed, pulling the youngest vampire away from Taehyung and into a smothering embrace. “What a cutie.”

“Hyung, please let me go,” he complained.

“You’re not human, I’m not cutting off your oxygen.”

“No, it’s just embarrassing.”

“We all owe you our gratitude,” Namjoon whispered into his mate’s ear. “You’ve saved us, Jiminie. Ended our war with the least amount of death and destruction.”

“I took too long,” Jimin turned in his arms, looking over his shoulder at the corpses of the vampires, which the other covens were collecting.

Their coven had made it through the battle intact, but the other two weren’t so lucky. The Jinan coven had lost Jinwoo and Seunghoon and the Fukuoka coven had, of course, lost Jackson.

“You’re not Superman, my love,” Namjoon brushed a hand through his messy blonde locks. “We couldn’t have expected to come through this unscathed.”

“You almost died. If Jackson hadn’t... You would be lying on this battleground and I--I don’t know what I would have done,” his voice broke.

“Don’t think about that, okay? I’m fine, we’re fine.”

“I love you so much, Namjoon,” he whimpered.

“And I you, Jimin,” he replied simply.
“Joon, I really don’t mean to interrupt,” Seokjin placed a hand on his shoulder. “But, we need to pay our respects to the dead and help the other covens with the death rituals. They may wish to say goodbye to them in the traditional manner.”

Yoongi was helping his childe’s coven gather their fallen and Mark and Bam Bam were carefully moving Jackson’s body away from the spilled blood of the battlefield.

“Of course, hyung. Forgive me.”

“I understand. This is an emotional time for all of us, but we’ll have time to hold our loved ones when we return home.”

“Jimin, how did you get to the clearing?” Taehyung asked.

“I rented a car at the airport. Why?”

“Maybe you should wait for us there, my love. This...I don’t think you want to see this,” Namjoon said gently.

“I don’t want to leave your side, Joonie,” he fixed his wide, pretty brown eyes on his mate, silently begging him to allow him to stay.

“Hyung, is it okay?” Namjoon asked his coven leader for permission.

“Jimin is part of our coven now. We do not need to keep anything from him. The only thing you need to do is maintain a respectful silence. Only the coven leaders speak during the death rituals,” Seokjin explained.

Jimin nodded.

“If we are all ready we can begin,” he inspected his coven and then walked over to the others. “Jaebeom, Seungyoon, we regret that this war has stolen the lives of your coven members. Please let
us know if there is anything we can do for you. We are completely at your disposal,” he offered a deep bow.

“Thank you, Seokjin. We would like the traditional cremation for Jackson. Leaving his body under some unmarked grave or even an official-looking slab of stone would be wrong. His essence should be allowed to return to the earth, to the universe, to the Powers That Be,” Jaebeom’s melancholia was written into every word but he maintained his composure.

“I am not of the Jinan coven,” Yoongi spoke up, surprising the other covens including his mate. “Yet, I have the heavy task of speaking for the coven leader, Seungyoon.”

The Jinan coven leader was being held up by his sire, his entire frame wracked with tremors. His eyes were swollen and red-rimmed and he kept whispering nonsensical things to himself, eyes flying wildly between the other vampires and one of the corpses on the ground.

“He has lost his mate,” Seokjin realized, wanting to kick himself for not taking note of that sooner.

Namjoon clutched Jimin closer to his side, bombarding the bond with warm, soothing emotions. Jimin was confused until he understood that his mate was doing it to console both of them. They had been seconds away from being a mirror image of Seungyoon and Jinwoo, his fallen mate. Jimin had wondered what would happen if one lost their other half, what the consequences would be for the surviving mate...Now he knew.

“Yes,” Yoongi confirmed. “As well as another beloved member, Seunghoon. The coven has been broken into two and Seungyoon…” he seemed to take a steadying breath before continuing. “Seungyoon no longer wishes to lead a coven.”

“If you desire to pass the responsibility to another while you take some time to yourself, I would be happy to take you and Minho into my coven,’ Jaebeom offered kindly but Yoongi shook his head.

“Seungyoon is not looking for another coven leader either. Minho shall be free to decide on his own if he wants to accept your offer, but Seungyoon has made a definitive choice for himself.”

The other member of the Jinan coven, Minho, looked as unsteady on his feet as his coven leader. Youngjae moved to offer him an arm, which the younger vampire gratefully accepted. It seemed he would become part of the Fukuoka coven, though the others didn’t yet understand why.
“Does he seek to become a nomad?” Seokjin asked.

“No. He seeks to join his mate,” Yoongi answered.

The other vampires seemed to draw in a collective breath. Jimin looked between the range of expressions on their faces—surprise, pity, sorrow. Jimin saw the latter on his own mate’s face.

“Seungyoon, is this true? Do you wish us to...conduct the traditional death rites for your mate with you beside him?” Seokjin sought confirmation but the trembling vampire only began to sob, slipping out of Yoongi’s hold and falling to the ground next to his mate.

“I can’t go on without him, I can’t!” he screamed through uneven gasps for air.

It was difficult to watch.

“Very well,” Seokjin’s voice was heavy with empathy. “We will do as you wish.”

The traditional death rites practiced by vampires were essentially cremation. The vampire’s corpse was adorned with flowers and plant life, arranged almost like the seven dwarves had done it for Snow White when she lay in the glass coffin, poisoned and in deep sleep. Except this would be an eternal sleep from which there was no magic cure.

Jemin watched as four vampires were arranged on funeral pyres—only three of them dead—with vampires from their covens rushing through the forest to gather vibrant bushels of flowers and plants. Minho had made two thin flower crowns with bramble and petals. He approached Seungyoon slowly and carefully. The coven leader was on his back, eyes shut as he clutched his dead mate’s hand tightly.

“Goodbye,” Minho whispered. “May we meet again in the next life, if such a thing is meant to be.”

He placed the identical crowns on the soulmates and stepped away, depending on Youngjae again to keep him upright. No one chastised him for speaking without him being a coven leader. Some rules deserved exceptions.
“Requiem aeternam dona ei

Et lux perpetua luceat ei

Requiescat in pace

Amen”  Jaebeom and Seokjin uttered the unfamiliar Latin words several times as Yoongi set fire to the bodies.

Jimin expected to be horrified by the screams of the vampire who was still alive and was allowing himself to burn to death, but he was stunned by the silence. The proportion of the licking flames was immense, larger than he’d ever seen before in campfires and fireplaces. One moment there were four pale, unnaturally beautiful corpses and the next--ashes.

“Farewell, brothers,” Seokjin murmured. “We must leave these now sacred grounds. Our brothers are no longer with us.”

He led the covens away. They began to run so Namjoon quickly scooped Jimin into his arms and surged forward, covering miles of land in seconds. They were by the water in the next minute and Jimin saw a docked ship that must have been what they used to cross the sea between China and Korea.

The blonde had so many questions he wanted to ask, but he stayed silent, knowing patience was the key in such a delicate time.

“Will you be returning with us?” Seokjin asked Jaebeom, who exchanged a quick look with his mate and shook his head.

“We will take another route to Fukuoka. Please do not think it a gesture of disrespect. We just need time...to process this on our own. A lot has happened.”

“I understand. There is one thing I need to say, however, and it regards the new peace accords.”

Jaebeom raised a hand.

“We will begin the new lifestyle today, though we can’t promise...perfect results. Trust me, Seokjin, we not want another war. On our way home we will drop in on friends of ours and spread the message. Many of our kind are aware of the war that threatened to brew even if they didn’t comprehend that it would actually begin. We stopped it here. They owe us.”
“If you cannot convince every coven or every nomad, do not lose sleep over it. The wolves will stay in contact and I may suggest having bimonthly meetings to keep each other updated. We will not be responsible for...disciplining those who do not follow the accords, but the wolves will not hesitate.”

“No, they will not...We will not pick battles with our own kind. We do not seek to lose more brothers,” Jaebeom whispered. “Farewell, Seokjin. We thank you for doing your part to save our race. And you, tiny human--I mean Jimin--thank you as well,” he bowed.

And then they were gone and only the Busan coven remained.

“Wow, a bow from a powerful werewolf pack leader and a vamp coven leader,” Taehyung whistled. “You’re turning into some pretty hot shit around here, Jimin.”

The slight comic relief allowed the coven to laugh together, a moment of reprieve from the emotional turmoil they’d had to go through.

“Yeah, thanks,” Jimin responded wryly. “I’d be happy going back to classes and dance practice though. No more wars.”

“No more wars,” Namjoon promised, cupping one of his chubby cheeks in each hand and pressing a kiss to his forehead.

Jimin sighed at the warm sensation and fell into Namjoon’s chest.

“Let’s get on the ship. I’m desperate to get back home,” Yoongi urged.

They followed after the black-haired vampire, drifting off into twos and threes as Seokjin, Yoongi and Hoseok headed to the upper deck of the ship where they would take turns navigating the vessel. Taehyung and Jungkook remained on the main deck, leaning against the deck, speaking to each other in low murmurs. Namjoon led Jimin below deck to the small living quarters they had basically ignored on the way over. None of them had been able to think of sleep then.

“I’ve never traveled by ship before,” Jimin commented.
“I’m sorry that these are the circumstances of your first sea voyage.”

“Don’t be. As long as I’m with you, it all seems magical,” he smiled softly, letting Namjoon pull him in for a sweet kiss once they were in the small cabin.

“Are you tired?” the vampire pulled his mate to lay back on the twin-sized bed.

“I think I should be, but something doesn’t let me give in to the exhaustion.”

“Adrenaline?”

“Sadness.”

Namjoon didn’t have to ask why, he already knew.

“I would have done the exact same thing,” he whispered, squeezing Jimin’s small frame and pulling their bodies so close they were sharing the same breath. “Pathetic as it may sound, life isn’t worth living without you. Now that I’ve found you, I don’t want to spend a day without you.”

“I don’t think it’s pathetic...but I may be just as whipped as you,” they shared a little laugh. “I would never have imagined I could love another person like this. I love my parents and my brother so much, but the way I love you is like...like my heart only beats because yours does.”

“You’ve grown quite poetic, Jiminnie. I think I’m rubbing off on you.”

“Shut up,” he rolled his eyes, playfully shoving him.

“Speaking seriously, though, you represent all the good in my life. You’re my angel, my world, my salvation. After I was turned I had a hard time coming to terms with my immortal existence and the fact that my life source was now...blood. Humanity continued to thrive around me, but I wasn’t part of that race anymore. I was something different, something twisted, monstrous. There were horror movies about my kind. When I found the strength to feed from humans without killing them, I told myself I was progressing and that maybe my reality wasn’t something to be ashamed of. Meeting you, however, convinced me that it was all worth it. My shitty human life, my death and my rebirth, my struggle with immortality and vampirism and everything that came with it. Of course it was all worth it and I would go through all that hardship 100 times if it meant that I still got to meet you.”

Jimin let a few tears spill forward, burying his head in the crook of Namjoon’s neck and breathing in
his calming scent. It felt like home.

“I wouldn’t change anything about my life either. Destiny knew what it was doing.”

“I love you, Jiminie,” he kissed his ruffled golden hair.

“I love you, Joonie...I know I should try to sleep after everything we went through today, but would it be okay if I asked you a few things?"

“Is something bothering you?”

“More like nagging at me. I may be too curious for my own good, but I want to know about everything. When the funeral pyre was aflame Seokjin and Jaebeom were repeating something that sounded like a prayer in Latin, I think?”

“Yes, in Latin. It’s been utilized since the start of Christianity. Translated it would be: Eternal rest, grant unto him/her, And let perpetual light shine upon him/her. May he/she rest in peace. Amen.”

“Vampires utilize a Christian prayer in their traditional death rites? I don’t mean to offend, but wouldn’t the Church consider you the embodiment of sin?”

“If they were aware of our existence they’d grab their spray bottles of holy water and their flamethrowers,” Namjoon snorted. “But, we don’t practice Christianity or any organized religion really. At least our coven doesn’t. Every vampire is free to believe what they want, but in the ancient texts our creation is traced to the faceless entities of the Powers That Be. Most of us don’t look farther than that.”

“So the prayer is used because it sounds nice?”

“A majority of vampires speak Latin fluently. It’s not a dead language among the dead,” he joked. “It does give a dose of hope. That perhaps there is an afterlife for us.”

“We’re entering into deep theological questions, but do you believe in heaven?”

“I believe in hell. The evil belong there. Once, I thought that was where I would go.”
“And now?”

“I don’t know. It would be nice to have a ‘paradise’ to go to after death, but I’d prefer to focus on making the best of my immortal existence. Why worry about perishing when I’m meant to live forever?”

“Have there been vampires who decide they don’t want to live anymore? That have grown tired of eternity?”

Namjoon searched through his memories, touching on faces and names of countless vampires he’d come across in his more than a century on Earth.

“No. Today was the first time I’ve seen one of us let go of immortality. It makes sense. We are told from the first day of our reawakening as vampires that fate eventually grants us the other half of our soul. It took Seokjin and Yoongi centuries. It took me more than a 100 years. Taehyung has just found his. Time grates on you, makes you restless and depressed. You start to believe you’ll never find your soulmate, but then you blink once and open your eyes and there they are. When that moment comes, eternity is—it’s almost too short, you know?”

“I know,” Jimin stared up at him, eyes taking in every inch of his handsome face.

It didn’t matter how many pictures accumulated in his phone’s photo library. Nothing compared to the awe-inspiring sensation of simply looking upon his soulmate in person. It was almost like his brain forgot what Namjoon looked like if his eyes were off him for one second, but he looked back and oh. There he was. His beautiful soulmate.

“Any other questions plaguing you?” the vampire asked.

Jimin mutely shook his head.

“Then we should try to get some sleep.”

“Oh wait!” Jimin practically shot up in the bed, startling Namjoon who sat up with him.

“Are you okay?”
“Yes! I’m fine, Joonie, I just remembered something we’d been forgetting.”

“What?”

“The date of my vampire transformation,” he grinned.

“Did you have a special one in mind?”

“I don’t want to wait any longer than we have to, mainly because I don’t want to look so much older than you.”

“You’re still physically younger than me,” he rolled his eyes, Jimin ignoring the response.

“I want to finish this year at school without interruptions—well, any more interruptions—especially because I have my special showcase coming up at the end of the month. But, at the end of this year we could do it and I’d have enough time to recuperate from the change before starting my final year and graduating!”

“There are two months between the end of one academic year and the next,” Namjoon looked skeptical. “Vampires don’t curb their bloodthirst for a decent year or two.”

“How long did it take you?”

“11 months. And that was supposed to be remarkable.”

“Okay, fine. We’ll cross that bridge when we come to it. I’d be willing to take a gap year, but I do want to graduate from college. I owe it to my parents and to myself.”

“I support whatever you want to do with your life, my love. You can stay in school until you obtain a PhD or an MD or whatever you desire.”

“I want to save the environment, Joonie, and I want to dance. I can’t imagine any version of reality in
“You have time to decide what you want to dedicate yourself to professionally. However, it will become more trivial when you’re dealing with bloodlust and the initial effects of the change,” he warned.

“I get it. It doesn’t scare me. I know you’ll always be there to guide me, so I’ll get through it.”

“You have a lot of faith in me,” Namjoon observed with a small degree of amazement.

“Why shouldn’t I? You’re a stabilizing presence in my life and you’ve never let me down,” Jimin shrugged, as if it were nothing to depend so wholeheartedly on one person--one vampire.

“You’re incredible, Park Jimin,” he breathed.

“You’ve said that like fifteen times since we met,” he giggled.

“And I’ve meant it every time.”

Jimin blushed, leaning in for another peck to his plush pout and then laying down again, cuddling into Namjoon’s larger frame when the vampire made them comfortable underneath the bed sheets.

“Try to sleep now, my love. We’re spending all night and most of the day traveling. It’s easier to sleep those hours away.”

“You’ll be here when I wake up, right?” Jimin yawned cutely.

“There’s nowhere I’d rather be than beside you.”

Jimin smiled at the heartfelt words and finally let himself drift into unconsciousness.
Chapter Summary

The day of Jimin's showcase arrives.

Chapter Notes

We're so close to the end, darlings! I'm both sad and excited to close this wonderful story. Thank you for all your support as always.

Also, isn't the new album positively breathtaking? They manage to leave me shook every time, my god.

Things returned to normal--or as normal as life can get when you’re a human dating a vampire and before Jimin could comprehend it he was a day away from the big showcase.

“What if I fall on stage and break my leg? Or I trip over my own feet and fall off the stage and into the audience?” Jimin was close to hyperventilating as he paced in front of Namjoon, who was lounging on the large couch in his room, trying to keep his boyfriend from tearing apart at the seams.

“Jiminnie, for the last time, everything is going to go perfectly. You’ve been practicing your choreographed routine for months and you’re graced with flexibility and agility. You dance like you can fly. It’s beautiful to watch.”

“Hyung, you’re biased,” he groaned.

“Fine, then you have little talent and I just like watching your ass move.”

“Namjoon!” he shrieked, glowering at the silver-haired vampire who was now clutching his stomach from the heavy laughter that had overtaken him.

“Sorry, sorry. I didn’t mean it, my love. The first opinion was the honest one.”
“My professor should have given the opening spot in the showcase to Hoseok-hyung. He wouldn’t be choking himself with anxiety like I am.”

“Maybe not, but he’s also a century old vampire with enhanced reflexes and abilities. It wouldn’t exactly be a fair comparison.”

“Joonie, you’re not helping,” he whined.

“Sweetheart, come here,” he opened his arms so Jimin would come over and sit in his lap.

Once the younger had settled comfortably onto his thighs he wrapped his arms around him, rocking him softly.

“You don’t need enhanced abilities to shine on stage—or in any part of your life. You’re extraordinary all on your own. You were born marvelous.”

“Stoooop,” he giggled softly, cheeks reddening.

“I won’t stop until my baby is happy again. I don’t want to hear you making any negative comments about yourself or doubting your talent. You’ve earned this opportunity to showcase your dancing and you will excel tomorrow. You deserve this, Jimin.”

“Thank you, Joonie,” he pecked his cheek and let himself be lulled by his boyfriend’s rocking motions.

“We’re all going to be there cheering you on by the way. Hoseok performs two people after you, I believe, but everyone’s cleared their schedules so we can watch from start to finish.”

“Really? That’s so sweet!”

It had been more than two weeks since the battle between werewolves and vampires and in that time the Busan coven had only grown closer together. Jimin’s dorm room was practically vacant. He had moved all of his clothing and belongings into Namjoon’s palatial room. The only thing left in the dorms was the bed itself (it came with the room) as well as one forlorn laundry basket. Jimin was
even sharing that with Namjoon. It felt quite domestic.

Jungkook had been given his own room on the upstairs floor since he and Taehyung were still figuring out the dynamics of their relationship and weren’t ready to have one living space for the two of them like the other mated couples in the coven. Nonetheless, the youngest vampires appeared blissfully in love, though they were in an adorably shy phase where casual touches made them both look away and the few times Jimin had overheard them exchanging sweet nothings they’d been murmuring and blushing like schoolchildren. Namjoon was shocked by the demurity Taehyung was showing. In the past he had been somewhat of a Casanova, but then again nothing compared to finding your other half. It was enough to change any vampire.

Hoseok had resigned himself to being the seventh wheel in the coven. He remained impatient to find his own match, but he no longer resented his own family for finding their happiness before him. That would be selfish of him. Instead, he smiled on as Taehyung and Jungkook danced around a more intimate relationship and laughed at how whipped Jimin had Namjoon. He was already accustomed to the quiet yet powerful relationship between Seokjin and Yoongi. He aspired to have a relationship like theirs. They all did. Seokjin and Yoongi were the example they wanted to follow.

“When was the last time you saw your parents?” Namjoon asked, settling their bodies on the couch.

“Mm, a couple of days after we came back from the battle. Why?”

“Have you told them about when you plan to...become one of us?”

“Not yet, but it won’t be a surprise for them. They knew my prophecy before I did and becoming the Vampire’s Mate doesn’t imply existing as a human.”

“Sometimes I wonder if I was supposed to let you live a normal human life. If maybe I should have just followed you wherever you went, keeping you safe, ensuring you were content, but staying away from you. I robbed you of a human life. You’ll never get to see what life beyond 22 is like.”

“No, Joonie, you didn’t rob me of anything. It doesn’t matter that my physical body won’t age. I will feel the years pass. And you mentioned ensuring I was ‘content’ but is that what people truly want? To be content? To me, that’s feeling somewhat happy--a mediocre, watered down version of life. Nothing compared to what I have with you.”
“I just...I don’t want you to have regrets.”

“I won’t,” Jimin put his forehead to Namjoon’s, bringing them impossible close. “I promise you that I know that I have a choice. I could choose to grow old with you by my side and have you with me until my dying breath. But, I don’t want that. I want forever with you, even if that requires a physical and psychological change in me as I become a vampire.”

“Jiminnie, you’ll have to watch your parents and your brother die. Your classmates, your teachers, everyone you’ve ever known will die. Except for you.”

“It won’t be easy. I’m not saying that it will be, but I would have to deal with their deaths anyway, right? Parents usually go before their kids. And I won’t cut myself off from them, but I have you and the coven now, so I have two families. That’s such a gift, really!”

Namjoon smiled, sliding his hands into his boyfriend’s silky blonde hair.

“Only you manage to see the best in everyone and everything. You’re my little ray of sunshine, you know that?”

“I wish I could wield words as beautifully as you do,” he complained. “It’s not fair than I can only say I love you and you can recite love sonnets better than Petrarch or Michelangelo could.”

Namjoon laughed.

“What a compliment. Everyone has their talents. I’m a vampire with enhanced strength and speed and yet I’m nowhere near as graceful as you. Ask Hoseok. He tried to teach me to dance long ago and promptly gave up.”

“I think you’d be an immensely clumsy human,” Jimin giggled.

“I don’t doubt it.”

“Joonie, make sure you come early tomorrow night so you can get seats in the front row. They go
“I promise to be there a half hour early, my love, and if that’s not enough...I’ll use my hypnosis and kindly suggest that whoever is occupying those seats find a different spot,” he grinned smugly and Jimin shook his head.

“How devious of you.”

“One of my many wonderful qualities.”

Jimin laughed again.

“My performance tomorrow is for you. About you, really,” he said once his laughter had subsided.

Namjoon tilted his head, confused as to why this was the first time he was hearing about this.

“It is?”

“I’ve been preparing for the showcase since the academic year began. I actually had a completely different choreography in mind with a more active kind of song.”

“What did you decide to do instead?”

“...You’ll see,” Jimin’s smile was enigmatic.

“Keeping secrets from me, sweetheart?”

“Just a little one. I want you to be surprised tomorrow, Joonie.”
Namjoon didn’t try and push it further. He wasn’t usually fond of surprises as they implied a lack of control on his part and being unable to anticipate whatever was coming. And he could have asked Hoseok about Jimin’s planned performance since the vampire was well-informed about anything and everything that went on in the performance arts department, but he wouldn’t do that. Un surprisingly, Namjoon would do anything for Jimin and if his lover asked him to be patient, he would be.

“I’m hungry,” Jungkook complained as the Busan coven, sans Hoseok and Jimin, filed into the enormous auditorium reserved for all of the Performance Arts department’s events.

“You fed two days ago,” Yoongi reminded him with a customary roll of his dark eyes.

“Ugh, but it wasn’t enough. These stupid accords are starving me,” the youngest vampire grumbled.

“Cheer up, honey bunny,” Taehyung chirped, wrapping both arms around his mate from behind. “It’ll get better. The thirst dies down and your body will become accustomed to it. You don’t need to drain anyone to feel full.”

Jungkook blushed at the sappy pet name and nodded.

“If your throat starts to burn tell us. The first sign of bloodthirst is the most telling,” Seokjin said seriously. “While we transition to this new lifestyle, it may be necessary for us to drink from two individuals, making sure neither perishes of course.”

“That’s how I weaned Taehyung off of the typical lifestyle,” Namjoon explained. “It worked well. How are the rest of you doing with this change? I know it can’t be easy.”

The vampires took the empty seats center stage of the first row, pleased that no one had beaten them for the best seats in the auditorium.

“I must confess I’m struggling,” Seokjin made a face of disappointment, as if he were annoyed with himself. “I’m older than all of you by a considerable amount and I’ve fed the way I have since the
start. I hate to look weak and bother you with this, but I think I need to continue feeding with either you or Taehyung accompanying me. You’ve tempered the bloodthirst best.”

“I understand, hyung. It doesn’t make you look weak and we’re family. We’re meant to help each other through tough times,” Taehyung smiled encouragingly.

“What about you, hyung?” Namjoon addressed Yoongi who released an irritated sigh.

“I’m not loving it, but it’s going okay. I fed three days ago and had to put three different humans under thrall. I fed from all three and the last one, a young woman, I almost...went all the way. But, I pulled myself back and I was with Taehyung and Hoseok.”

“Hoseok seems to be doing well,” Seokjin noted.

“Yeah, he certainly bitched about it enough the moment we got home, but he’s adapting quickly,” Namjoon agreed.

“I wanted to ask you something, Namjoon-ah,” their coven leader suddenly said, looking past Yoongi who sat in between him and Namjoon.

“Yes, hyung?”

“You’ve set a date for Jimin’s chance, correct?”

“The inter-semester break.”

“That’s in less than a month. Whoa!” Taehyung seemed excited by the news, most likely picturing all the adventures he could get up to when his little human friend was one of them.

“Are you both certain that’s when you want it to happen?” Seokjin asked.
“We are.”

“After the transition Jimin will be dangerous. He’ll want to drink Busan dry.”

“I--I know. I’ll make myself completely responsible for him. You don’t need to worry.”

“Don’t concern yourself with us. I was only thinking of Jimin. It’s not that I don’t believe you will guide Jimin every step of the way, like you did Taehyung decades ago, but we are all prone to...slip up. If that were to happen to Jimin in his hometown, it could be psychologically detrimental to him. He could go after his own parents or childhood friends.”

Namjoon understood what his coven leader was trying to say.

“You think it may be time to move on?”

“We had originally intended to stay until we all graduated and gained another university title. It’s a nice school and I’m especially fond of our home. I don’t want to leave it, but we can hire someone to take care of it, make sure it isn’t overrun with vines and maybe return in the future. We should begin to discuss our next destination soon.”

“Maybe it’d be best for me to take Jimin somewhere else for the first years of transition and meet up with you later. It would bring complications to the entire coven if a newborn vampire goes on a killing spree. We would get heat not only from vampire hunters but the werewolves and I would hate for the rest of you to be affected.”

“Don’t be ridiculous, Namjoon, neither you nor Jimin needs to be separated from us,” Yoongi scoffed. “We’re a family, like Taehyung said, and that means standing strong for each other through all the shit life brings. We can help you, help Jimin. You’re not going anywhere without us.”

“I love it when he gets all emotional,” Seokjin squealed, pulling his shorter mate into his arms and pressing kisses all over his face.

Yoongi did his best to remain unaffected, but was soon flustered and smiling bashfully under his mate’s open affection.
“Cute,” Taehyung cooed.

“Thank you, hyung,” Namjoon said with a soft smile after the couple had pulled away from each other. “And I want to thank all of you for accepting Jimin and being willing to support him through the transition. We’re all aware of how painful and...traumatizing it can be.”

“Jimin will make it through with less scars on his gentle heart than any of the rest of us,” Taehyung vowed. “He’ll be like the coven’s adopted child.”

“Ew, but he has sex with one of his adoptive ‘fathers’,” Jungkook pointed out.

Namjoon shook his head regretfully.

“You always find a way to ruin the moment, Tae-ah. And it seems like your mate has the same tendency.”

Taehyung only laughed.

“Ooh, they’re dimming the lights,” Seokjin pointed out, the others finally noticing people had been filtering into the auditorium as they talked.

“Jimin’s first, isn’t he?” Yoongi asked.

“He opens the showcase. It’s a great honor,” Namjoon replied in a breathless whisper, voice clearly transmitting how proud he was of his mate.

They listened as the chair of the department explained how hard all the students had been working to produce this showcase and went down a list of professors that needed to be thanked for their efforts. The showcase was not only for dancers, but also included several singers and students who performed with an instrument. Finally, the regal looking woman finished her prepared speech and told the audience to settle in and enjoy.
She walked off the stage and 10 seconds later the velvet curtain was being pulled open to reveal a dark stage with a familiar lone figure poised to move in the center. Namjoon’s enhanced vision let him trace every feature of his soulmate’s face, counting how many times his eyelashes fluttered as he waited for the music to be cued.

_Sorry if it's hard to catch my vibe, mmm_  
_I need a lover to trust, tell me you're on my side_  
_Are you down for the ride?_  
_It's not easy for someone to catch my eye_  
_But I've been waitin' for you for my whole damn life_  
_For my whole lifetime_

Namjoon recognized the American song after the first few lines. He and Yoongi were obsessed with the song when it was first released, going over the intricacies of the beats and the rhythms and the way the sensual, lilting tone of Normani paired so well with Khalid’s gentle yet powerful timbre.

_Don't be afraid to tell me if you ain't with it (you ain't with it)_  
_I see you're focused, yeah you're so independent (independent)_  
_It's hard for me to open up, I'll admit it (I'll admit it)_  
_You've got some shit to say and I'm here to listen_

Namjoon was mesmerized with the way Jimin’s petite frame moved. He was gliding across the stage, limbs acting almost without command. It was like his body simply knew how to pulse forward and slide backwards, the music accompanying but not leading. Jimin commanded the stage, including the music. Namjoon was almost convinced Normani and Khalid created the song based off of Jimin’s beautiful motions.

_So baby, tell me where your love lies_  
_Waste the day and spend the night_  
_Underneath the sunrise_  
_Show me where your love lies_

Namjoon remembered that Jimin said he changed his entire performance concept after meeting him and he honestly felt too overwhelmed to function. There his soulmate was, floating through movements both sharp and graceful, letting the intense emotions of the song’s lyrics propel him through each step.

_I've been so into your mystery_
Is it because of our history?
Are you into me?
When it feels so good, but it's bad for you
Can't say I don't want it 'cause I know I do
Come on over, I need your company
Cravin' that synergy

The syncopated rhythm pounded through the auditorium’s speaker system and Namjoon felt every rhythmic change reverberate through his own body.

Don't be afraid to tell me if you ain't with it (you ain't with it)
I see you're focused, yeah, you're so independent (independent)
It's hard for me to open up, I'll admit it (I'll admit it)
You've got some shit to say and I'm here to listen

Namjoon was mesmerized by the flow Jimin’s stage outfit achieved. The nearly transparent white shirt hung off his small frame, giving his body the space to move without restraints. His tights were a liquid black, fitted enough to show off sculpted thighs and calves, but still loose enough to be comfortable. He’d selected to dance barefoot and Namjoon’s eyes would flicker to the tiny feet now and again, in awe that so much grace and balance was dictated there.

So baby, tell me where your love lies
Waste the day and spend the night
Underneath the sunrise
Show me where your love lies
Tell me where your love lies
Waste the day and spend the night
Underneath the sunrise
Show me where your love lies

The song was slowly drawing to a close and Namjoon could see the sweat drops glistening on Jimin’s temples and the elegant curve of his neck. He watched one particular drop ghosting down Jimin’s delicate features, past his jawline and his throat, disappearing underneath his shirt. Namjoon licked his lips at the idea of following the little drop of sweat with his tongue, tasting what was purely Jimin.

He received an elbow to the side from his left, informing him that Yoongi was hearing the lasciviousness of his thoughts and was not pleased.

If you're down, don't hide it
Feelin' me, you don't gotta deny it
Baby you gon' make me overnight it
Tell me, are you down?
If you’re down, don’t hide it (yeah)
Feelin’ me, you don’t gotta deny it (yeah)
Baby you gon’ make me overnight it
Tell me, are you down? (Tell me)

Jimin was on the floor now, nimble body shaking and trembling through carefully practiced moves that made it seem like the beautiful blonde was wracked by profound emotions. The dance was powerful, loaded with feelings of love, desperation, sorrow, ecstasy. Jimin expressed everything he felt so perfectly Namjoon realized he didn’t need the bond between them to understand his emotions.

Tell me where your love lies (tell me where your love lies)
Waste the day and spend the night (waste the day, spend the night)
Underneath the sunrise (underneath the sunrise)
Show me where your love lies (tell me where your love lies)
Tell me where your love lies (show me where your love lies)
Waste the day and spend the night (yeah, yeah)
Underneath the sunrise (ooh)
Show me where your love lies

Jimin finished on his knees, arms poised towards the ceiling, beautiful face turned up, as if he were looking upon some higher deity, begging for salvation and guidance through the emotional whirlwind that was falling in love.

There was a brief silence before the auditorium erupted in a deafening wave of applause. There were whistles, screams and cheers (many from Taehyung at Namjoon’s side) and Jimin pulled himself to his feet in one fluid movement, taking a few bows and smiling out at the audience. The blonde dancer found Namjoon in the front row and shot him a beatific smile, as well as a mischievous wink that told him he had been very aware of what Namjoon had been feeling while he watched Jimin dance.

“There were whistles, screams and cheers (many from Taehyung at Namjoon’s side) and Jimin pulled himself to his feet in one fluid movement, taking a few bows and smiling out at the audience. The blonde dancer found Namjoon in the front row and shot him a beatific smile, as well as a mischievous wink that told him he had been very aware of what Namjoon had been feeling while he watched Jimin dance.

“Maybe we should all go clubbing tonight or to the movies. Basically anywhere that isn’t the house for like 7 hours so those two can screw each other into oblivion,” Taehyung quipped.

“His thoughts were disgusting. I came to watch a wholesome dance and music showcase not a porno in Namjoon’s mind,” Yoongi grumbled, making Namjoon blush and mumble an apology.

“The lust coming off of you was impressive,” Seokjin added with a teasing grin. “I bet Jimin was reveling in it.”
“Okay, can we stop lingering on their sex life? The next performer is coming on and I’m feeling uncomfortable,” Jungkook, who was also telepathic and had received a similar show to Yoongi, said with a frown.

“Aww, baby vamp, you won’t be a virgin forever. Don’t worry,” Seokjin chuckled.

“I-I am not a v--”

“Shh, the next performer’s about to start,” Yoongi cut his sputtered protest off.

Namjoon bit back a laugh at the outrage on Jungkook’s face and the amusement on Taehyung’s. If the young vampire was a virgin, he wouldn’t be one for long. Not with Taehyung as a soulmate.

“So, what did you think?” Jimin asked the coven after the showcase.

He and Hoseok had taken showers backstage and had changed into casual jeans and shirts again.

“Magnificent. You were so beautiful I wanted to cry,” Taehyung said with a fake sob.

Jimin giggled, rolling his eyes at the dramatic nature the brunette always utilized.

“What about me?!” Hoseok demanded.

“You were magnificent too!”

Jimin stepped closer to Namjoon, his smile all too smug.

“And what were you... feeling during my performance?”
“Keep it up and you don’t get this flower bouquet I got you,” Namjoon waved the bouquet threateningly.

“I didn’t do anything, Joonie!” he protested with faux innocence.

“Mm-hmm.”

“Can I please have my flowers? Pretty please?” he pouted cutely, chocolate eyes soulful and entreating.

Namjoon sighed, immediately handing them over.

“You were perfect, Jiminie. An angel that descended from the heavens to grace this university auditorium with your dancing.”

Jimin turned a deep shade of rose.

“Ah, that’s too much, Joonie.”

“No. It’s exactly true.”

“Thank you,” he whispered, smiling into the bouquet. “Hey, where did the others go?”

Namjoon looked away from Jimin and noticed the others were nowhere to be seen. His phone buzzed and he took it out, opening the text from Taehyung.

House is free, hyungie. Go wild ;) ;) ;) ;)

“That’s a lot of winky faces,” Jimin commented, peering down at the screen with him.
“He’s so annoying,” Namjoon chuckled, pocketing the phone.

“But oh so helpful,” Jimin grinned up at him. “Shall we?”

“Oh, sweetheart, you have no idea what I have planned for you tonight,” he pulled Jimin closer, leaning down to whisper into his ear. “I’m going to press kisses over every inch of your beautiful body. I’m going to leave marks in that flawless skin so no one doubts that you belong to someone. To me. You’re going to feel me inside of you for weeks after tonight. You’re going to ache for me, baby, and when you do? I’ll just give it to you all over again.”

Jimin quivered at the heady burst of desire that sparked through the soulmate bond, feeling his body responding to every filthy word. Namjoon smiled against the curve of Jimin’s neck.

“Let’s go home,” the vampire murmured.

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A month later found Jimin with his nose buried in textbooks and notebooks, eyes blurring from how long he stared at his computer screen. The end of the semester approached and with it final exams and final papers. He whimpered pitifully as he checked the word count on his document and realized he was still 1,000 words away from completion. And this was the first of three papers!

“I need a break,” he exhaled, taking out his phone and seeing that it was nearly 11 P.M.

He’d told Namjoon to give him until midnight before picking him up and his boyfriend had agreed, though he’d looked anxious at the idea of leaving Jimin alone for so long even if it was in the university’s library. It was a safe space and packed with other students at all times, but Namjoon still hated the separation.

His genius vampire boyfriend only had final exams to worry about that semester and he didn’t need to study a quarter of what Jimin did, so he didn’t spend as many hours in the library. Jungkook wasn’t enrolled in their university, so Taehyung handled his schoolwork at the house to avoid any distance from his new mate. Seokjin and Hoseok didn’t like the stuffiness of the library and Yoongi didn’t like humans enough to want to be crowded in one space with them, so Jimin was only occasionally accompanied by his boyfriend.

Today, however, Namjoon was busy feeding. Or, well, Seokjin and Hoseok were the ones that needed to feed, but Namjoon was more or less babysitting and making sure his coven members
wouldn’t lose control and a drain a human dry.

Jimin groaned at the thought of studying for another hour. He could call Namjoon and see if he could pick him up sooner, but he didn’t want to bother him and potentially disrupt the others’ feedings. Yoongi was probably holed up in the music studio at the house working on final projects, but Taehyung and Jungkook could be free. Still, Jimin felt bad about pulling any of them away from their activities to come pick him up like he was a child in need of Mommy or Daddy to take them home.

He stood resolutely, packing up his laptop and books before shouldering the bag and leaving the library. He knew the bus route that left him close to the coven house. He’d taken it before. He was almost to the bus stop across the street when his phone rang.

“Hey, Mom, how are you?” Jimin answered, happy to hear his mother’s voice.

It had been a while since he spoke with either of his parents and updated them on his life at school and with Namjoon. He shifted his bag on his shoulders as he adjusted the cell phone in his hand, listening to his mother talk about the dinner party she and his father had hosted the night before.

“But, don’t you hate Mrs. Kang? Why would you invite her?” he asked.

His mother went off on a rant about the witch of a neighbor she hated, but had to invite because ‘It’s important to keep up appearances, Jimin-ah’ and Jimin was laughing at her words. He was crossing the street to reach the bus stop, smiling at his mother’s propensity for senseless bickering with snooty old ladies when he suddenly heard an ear-splitting honk.

He froze, whirling to the left and seeing the incoming car. He didn’t even have time to scream as the SUV slammed into him. His phone landed on the sidewalk, screen cracking. Yet, the call didn’t disconnect.

“Jimin-ah? Jimin-ah? Where did you go? Did I lose you?” Mrs. Park’s voice was faint on the other end, wondering if the call had dropped because her cell phone did that often.

Mere feet away from the damaged phone lay Jimin--bruised, bleeding and motionless.


**Chapter Summary**

A critical decision is placed in Namjoon's hands.

**Chapter Notes**

Ahhh, can you believe we're only 2 chapters away from the end?! I can'tttt

Also, did you guys see the BTS reaction video to IDOL? Omg, Jimin and Namjoon were so cute praising each other like the whipped men they are. At one point Jimin says Namjoon looks so good and Jungkook has to remind him that "Everyone looks good."

LOL

I hope you enjoy the chapter, darlings!!

“Wake up, little one,” a warm voice encouraged.

Jimin’s eyes fluttered open, slowly but surely and he sat up, finding himself in a familiar garden. One he had visited weeks before when he was searching for answers about the war between vampires and werewolves. Of course, that meant the voice could only belong to

“Great-grandmother,” he greeted the honorable sorceress with a small bow as he stood up and approached the stone bench in front of the patch of exotic purple flowers where they’d sat the last time they’d been here.

“It’s nice to see you again, Jimin-ah, though these aren’t the best of circumstances.”

Jimin remembered the violent note of a car horn being smashed down and the sickly screech of tires on gravel before the harsh impact of the vehicle reached Jimin’s small frame.

“I died,” he whispered, feeling himself begin to hyperventilate and tremble where he sat.

“No, dear child. You aren’t dead, at least not yet.”
“Wh-what do you mean?” Jimin turned to her, dark brown eyes troubled and radiating pure melancholia.

“You were in an accident. You were then taken to the hospital and that’s where you lay right now, your physical body, at least. You’re in a coma of sorts.”

“I-I don’t understand, great-grandmother.”

“It’s difficult to explain, little one. If you had been any other human, you would be dead, but by virtue of being who you are–Park Jimin, the Vampire’s Mate, you have been left in limbo.”

“In limbo? Between life and death?”

“Precisely,” she gave him a shrewd smirk. “Similar to the state your beloved exists in, wouldn’t you say?”

Jimin’s eyes widened.

“Was this...was this always meant to happen? Is it the twisted way of the Powers That Be putting me on the same level as my soulmate before actually becoming a vampire?”

“There’s a lesson in all of this, Jimin-ah, though it was administered quite harshly, I’ll admit.”

“Where is he? Where’s Namjoon?”

“By now he should have received a tug in the bond, a sense of wrongness and disconnect. He’ll seek you out, eventually reaching through the soulmate bond and stressing it in his desperation until he finds out where you are...He’s seconds away from making it to your bedside at the hospital.”

“I want to see him,” he felt tears blossoming.

“I know you do, but it’s not time yet.”
“Then when?”

“If your vampire makes the right decision, soon.”

“What are you talking about? What decision?”

“The only one who can save you is your other half. It’s a simple cure--all he has to do is grant you immortality.”

“He has to turn me?”

“Correct.”

“But, we’ve already discussed my change. I want to be with Namjoon forever. He promised we could do it at the end of the semester. Speeding it up a month or so won’t be a big deal,” Jimin didn’t see what the problem was, but his great-grandmother’s face made it clear he was missing something.

“There are emotional factors that haven’t been fully considered or dealt with.”

“Okay, I know you work for the Powers That Be or whatever and I don’t mean to offend, but...can you stop being so vague? It’s frustrating.”

His great-grandmother laughed.

“Of all my kin, you, Jimin-ah, are the one most like me. It’s uncanny, really.”

“Please tell me what you know,” he pleaded.

“It is perhaps information you already suspected. Your beloved maintains reservations about
condemning you to a vampiric existence. Your parents, bless their hearts, have not come to terms with all the prophecy entails, mainly that they will lose you, body and soul, to a creature that is not human.”

“You’re saying that Namjoon may not change me because of misplaced guilt and because my parents wouldn’t want it? That he would just let me die?” the words came out breathless, the idea of never waking up, never setting sight on his gorgeous soulmate again making his chest hurt.

“Try and understand where they’re coming from, little one. From your parents’ side--you were once their baby. You always had a prophecy hanging over you and your childhood was turbulent because others didn’t understand you and tried to torture the beauty out of your unique soul. This made them more protective than the average parent and finally, you grow up and embark on an independent life at university and you find the Vampire. The dark figure of the prophecy who, yes, is meant to grant you happiness and share his existence with yours, but is also taking you away from them. All parents need to learn to let their children go, but your parents are being asked to release you from even the grips of time. You will be an immortal, leaving them, your brother, all your peers behind in the realm of mortality. It’s a monumental change.”

Jimin disseminated his great-grandmother’s words, brow furrowed.

“And from your beloved’s side--it’s 10 times harder. I know, and the very heavens know, how much Namjoon loves you. You were fated to find each other, to come together and offer each other the universe. It’s a beautiful love, Jimin-ah, no one can dispute that. But, Namjoon exists as a vampire, an immortal being detached from the realities of humankind. I was a witch, a powerful sorceress, but even with my power I had no way of understanding what life as an immortal was like. Namjoon does not remember his life as a human as much as he does his life as a vampire and that’s what happens as the centuries pass and vampires watch the world age around them.

“When he found you, time seemed to stop. It was unprecedented, it was impossible, it was all these words and more. A human and a vampire destined to be soulmates. You’ve seen how stunning it’s been when those you encounter learn of your relationship. It was that bond that helped quell the anger of the werewolf leader who wanted to exterminate vampire-kind. And the love between you and Namjoon was enough to convince his coven leader that you were meant to be one of them. A human in a vampire coven. Again, extraordinary.

“But, the time has come for you and your mate to take a definitive action. You will either join him in immortality or perish. Today.”

“Namjoon won’t let me die,” he repeated.

“What if he believes he’s damning your soul? The Powers That Be believe in reincarnation, one
death is only the start to a cycle of rebirth that only betters your existences. In the next life you could be a king, Jimin-ah. If you become an immortal and die somehow, because of an encounter with a vampire hunter or a rogue supernatural creature, there is nowhere for your soul to go. Your life cycle stops there. For good.”

Jimin shook his head.

“I don’t need a next life, I don’t need any life that isn’t this one. A life without Namjoon is one I have zero interest in. He’ll make the right decision. I know he will.”

Park Heeyoung took in her great-grandson’s stubborn expression and she prayed his faith in his mate was rewarded.

Namjoon wept at Jimin’s bedside, everything inside him twisting and turning at the sight of his soulmate looking so small and worn-down. His beautiful face was marred by spots of purple and black, as well as rough scratches and cuts from where he’d hit the gravel. The rest of his body was in a similar state. He had broken ribs, wrists and one of his legs was at the critical point between sprained and broken. He had fallen into a coma, the doctor explained, because his brain didn’t want him to experience the horrific pain any longer. Namjoon had asked the doctor to stop listing all the damage his boyfriend’s body had suffered because it was just too much.

There had been surgeries performed to stabilize him, but X-rays and other tests revealed that the the traumatic brain injury from the collision was keeping him comatose and they had no way of determining when...or if he would awaken.

Jimin’s parents and his younger brother were now all in his private room. Mrs. Park had arrived first, as soon as she’d gotten the call from the hospital, and Namjoon soon after. He had felt a chilling numbness in the soulmate bond, something completely unprecedented and had clutched his heart so painfully that Seokjin and Hoseok held on to him on either side and told him to sit down and collect himself. When he was able to put the unsettling feeling into words, Seokjin fixed him with a worried look.

‘Something happened to Jimin.’

That was all Namjoon had needed to run full speed back into town and search through campus and through the dormitories until he finally collapsed in the quad and screamed at the bond to reveal Jimin’s location. Jimin had found him once, Namjoon knew it was his turn. He’d bit back a cry of agony when he realized Jimin was now lying in a hospital.
It was now the morning after the accident and three Parks stood on one side of Jimin’s hospital bed, forcing Namjoon to stand on the other side alone. It felt all too pointed. The minute the doctor exited the room, two nurses in tow Jimin’s little brother, Jihyun, turned on him.

“You going to turn my hyung into a monster now?”

Namjoon’s eyes widened, shocked by the ferociousness in the boy’s tone.

“I don’t think—”

“Answer the question,” Mr. Park snapped.

“Mr. and Mrs. Park, Jihyun, the decision to change Jimin was one we made together and one we deliberated on for quite some time. It wasn’t something we took lightly.”

“That’s a yes then,” Jihyun scoffed. “I’ll never get to see my brother again.”

“That’s not true.”

“Oh really? So he’ll still be the sweet hyung who takes me out for pizza and hugs me like I was still a baby? He’ll be the same? Or he’ll be a bloodthirsty killer who’d rather eat me than the pizza?”

“I won’t let Jimin turn into a killer. He won’t let it happen. Once he learns to control the thirst, he can spend time with you again. He won’t be dangerous.”

“We shouldn’t even be having this conversation. If it weren’t for that damned prophecy,” Mr. Kim growled, “we wouldn’t need to hand our son over to one of your kind.”

“If you had stayed away a bit longer, he could have found love. It didn’t have to be you,” Mrs. Kim whispered, eyes trained on her son’s bruised face.
Namjoon gulped, the words hitting home and affecting him more than he expected they would.

“I’m sorry,” he finally said, but none of them responded.

“Get out,” Jihyun hissed.

“He’s dying,” Namjoon reminded them. “I-I can’t--I need to--”

“To what? Tear into his neck and then stuff him full of your dirty blood. God, that’s nauseating to think of.”

“That’s not how the vampire change works.”

“I don’t care! Get out, get out, get out!”

“Mrs. Park,” he turned to the withdrawn woman, begging for her to understand. “He’ll die. He’ll die if I don’t change him.”

“Don’t listen to him, Mom. He can wake up. People come out of comas all the time!”

“Mrs. Park, please.”

The grey-haired woman took a shaky breath before looking away from Jimin and fixing Namjoon with an unwavering stare.

“Get the hell out of my son’s hospital room.”

Namjoon left with his head bowed.
“What the fuck?!” Taehyung shrieked.

Namjoon had returned to the coven’s home, Seokjin and Hoseok back and sitting in the living room as anxious about Namjoon as the others had been. He told them about Jimin’s accident and what transpired in the hospital and collapsed, aiming for the couch but ending up on the floor, back against Yoongi’s legs.

“Seriously, who gives a shit what those humans think?” Yoongi scoffed.

“Jimin does. They’re his family,” Namjoon replied, voice vacant and eyes unfocused.

“Jimin’s dying! I’m sure what he most wants is to be not dying and if that means opposing his family, so be it. You’re his family too, Namjoon-ah, or have you forgotten?”

“Of course not! Jimin is my entire world. Do you think I liked walking away from that hospital bed and leaving him behind, breathing through a tube? It’s just…”

“What?” Seokjin asked gently.

“What if they’re right?”

“You’re kidding,” Yoongi said flatly.

“Hyung, you didn’t see the hate in their eyes. His brother called me a monster.”

“We’re not the vampires from the movies, you less than any one of us. You’re good, hyungie,” Taehyung emphasized the adjective.

“Do you know what Mrs. Kim said?” Namjoon spoke as if he hadn’t heard Taehyung. “That if only I had stayed away a little longer, Jimin could have found someone else to love. He could have been safe and happy and in love.”
“That’s bullshit!” Hoseok exclaimed. “They know nothing about soulmates. It’s not like flimsy relationships between humans. Jimin could have been married to freaking Brad Pitt and meeting you would have shifted the earth for him. Nothing compares to your soulmate. It’s destined.”

“Hyungie,” Taehyung joined the forlorn vampire on the floor, holding his cheeks in each palm. “Please don’t give up on Jimin. Don’t give up on the two of you because of the doubts other people have instilled in you.”

“I don’t want to damn him for the rest of eternity,” he said in a broken whisper.

“That’s not what you’re going to do. You’re going to save his life and share immortality with him because that’s what Jimin deserves. He doesn’t deserve to die because of some drunk driver, nor does he deserve to maybe pull through this coma with brain damage and the loss of his legs.”

“I just--I--I’m scared,” he admitted.

“Scared of what, Joonie?” Seokjin asked, brow furrowed in concern.

“I’m terrified he’ll wake up as a vampire, trusting that I’ll guide him through his new existence and somehow I let him down and he becomes a killer and loses who he is and then...resents me for it. I wouldn’t be able to live with myself if I lost Jimin’s love.”


“Hyung,” Jungkook suddenly spoke up. “I know I may not have the right to voice my opinion being so new to the coven and all, but...I’d like to give you my perspective if it at all helps.”

Namjoon gave him a simple nod and Jungkook smiled.

“A year ago I ran away from my coven for a weekend. I was expecting to return, but I just needed some time away. Jisoo-noona didn’t question me most likely knowing exactly what it was that was bothering me. She always knew me better than I knew myself...I had been feeling restless and stuck in place, though our coven went on trips and hunted all around the country. It wasn’t a physical thing, it was spiritual. My soul--if we can say as vampires that we maintain our human souls--was the one that felt trapped and above all it felt lonely,” the genuine melancholia in the young vampire’s words reached the others, who empath or not, could feel the wave of sadness Jungkook was
releasing.

“When I first arrived here, trying to find allies for a war I didn’t think I could win, I never expected to find my soulmate. I didn’t even believe in soulmates. I’m sure you all remember my reluctance when meeting Taehyung,” he shot his mate an apologetic look, but the lanky haired brunette only ruffled his hair fondly and blew him a kiss.

“You came around, babe.”

Jungkook blushed.

“Yeah, well...My point, Namjoon-hyung, is that my soul always knew it was missing something even when my brain denied it and refused to accept I needed anyone but myself. Soulmate bonds are that powerful. You know that better than me, which is why you...you can’t let him die. Don’t do that to him, don’t do that to yourself, hyung.”

Namjoon took a deep breath, his exhale coming out shaky.

“Okay.”

“Okay?” Hoseok asked. “Okay, what?”

“I need one of you to accompany me to the hospital. I’m going to need a getaway driver.”

“Aw, hell yeah! Me, me, me!” Taehyung bounced in his seat, raising his arm up and nearly smacking Yoongi in the face in the process.

“Yah, watch it!” the elder vampire hissed.

“You’re taking him out of the hospital? You need to begin the change first. If you disconnect his body from the machines he will be too weak to make it here. His body will die,” Seokjin reminded him.

"I'll begin the change in the hospital room," Namjoon decided.
“But, how will you get rid of the assholes he calls a brother and parents?” Taehyung made a face at the mention of the three.

“Taehyungie, don’t be mean. They have the right to feel like they do. He was their family before he was mine and they’re protective. I respect their perspective, even if I don’t agree with it.”

“You’ll have to hypnotize them,” Yoongi reasoned.

“I wish I didn’t need to use mental manipulation on my boyfriend’s family, but if that’s what it takes,” Namjoon’s face took on a determined expression. “I’ll do anything to save Jimin.”

“That’s the spirit!” Taehyung cheered.

“Alright, pipe down. Who’s going with Namjoon?”

“I already declared it was me!”

Yoongi and Seokjin exchanged a look.

“You’re too excitable. Not good for a getaway driver,” Yoongi stated, making Taehyung release a dramatic gasp.

“I wouldn’t let Namjoon-hyungie down!”

“What if both Jungkook and Taehyung go with you? Jungkook can drive and keep Taehyung under control and that way Tae still gets to go,” Seokjin reasoned.

“Sounds good. Let’s go,” Namjoon nodded, pulling his car keys out and heading towards the door.

“I resent the implication that I require a babysitter, even if it is from my soulmate who I love,”
“Just go already!” Hoseok urged, practically shoving them out the door.

“How does the vampire transformation happen exactly?” Jimin asked his great-grandmother.

They’d been taking a casual stroll around the never-ending garden. It seemed that every path took them through a new area of forestry and exotic fauna. Jimin was doing his best to maintain a facade of calmness, though inside he was bursting with anxiety and fear that he wouldn’t get to wake up again, that he wouldn’t ever see Namjoon’s perfect face again.

“In my day I saw a few take place. My clients came from all over the supernatural world and many vampires were interested in my services. At one point, I came up with an herbal balm that could be applied to the human who was meant to undergo the transformation. The balm would make the change slightly less painful. It’s extremely agonizing. I’m assuming you are aware of that?”

“I’ve been told. Constantly,” Jimin muttered, remembering when Namjoon had tried to convince him to remain a human because vampirism and all that came with it was too traumatizing.

“I have no idea what the change feels like for the vampire because the physical distress is evident on their dormant faces, but I don’t know what the mind goes through. I can’t help you prepare for any of that. However, if you’re curious about the initial stage, I’ll describe it.”

“Is it like in the movies? He has to bite into my neck?” Jimin cringed at the question, envisioning a scene like those in Interview with a Vampire or the original Dracula.

There was always a human baring their neck in a room lit by candelight with the vampire suddenly descending upon them and releasing their venom into their jugular.

“No. In order for the venom to be activated the bite occurs on the chest, directly above where the heart beats. When vampires feed or bite anywhere else their venom is not released.”

Jimin supposed that made sense since Namjoon had bitten his neck many times and even delivered teasing nips to other parts of his body with fangs carefully extended.
“But, he does have to feed me some of his blood, right?”

Heeyoung nodded.

“That part the monster films got right. However, it is only a small amount of blood that must be spilt into the human’s mouth to coat the throat and combine with the venom that quickly courses through the bloodstream. It’s almost...an elegant affair. I expected to be repulsed when witnessing the process, but thankfully I was wrong.”

“I’m glad. It sounds much better than what I’d been picturing in my head. He needs to reach my heart directly...Poetic, isn’t it?” he giggled and his great-grandmother smiled gently.

“Quite... Jimin-ah, there is one more thing I need to tell you.”

“What is it?” he asked, catching on the gravity in her tone.

“What is it? A superpower?!” his face lit up and Heeyoung chuckled.

“Of sorts. You will be granted temperance.”

“...Yay?”
“Why, Jimin-ah, that is the greatest gift a vampire could hope to receive!” she laughed at the confused pout on her great-grandson’s face.

“Why, Jimin-ah, that is the greatest gift a vampire could hope to receive!” she laughed at the confused pout on her great-grandson’s face.

“I don’t think I understand. Why is abstinence so great?”

“Because it related to bloodthirst, specifically the absence of it. You will be a vampire with absolute restraint, preserving your humanity in a way. While you will need blood to maintain the vampire existence, you will not kill for it or feel overwhelmed by its call.”

Jimin’s eyes widened.

“I won’t be a killer?”

“No, my child. You will be in control.”

“Oh wow. That is the greatest gift! Thank you, Great-Grandmother!” he hugged her tightly and she patted his back.

“It wasn’t just me who granted it to you, but you’re welcome. You deserve it. Remember that you are the ‘being of pure light who will run into the darkness unafraid and tame it instead.’” she recited the line from the prophecy.

“Cool!”

“There is one consequence that isn’t as...cool.”

Jimin’s brow furrowed.

“What is it?”

“Because you are such a special being, the Vampire’s Mate, your transformation into a vampire will
be just as special. It will be different from any other.”

“In what way?”

“It will be much longer, Jimin-ah. The longest change takes 3 or 4 days. Yours will take 30.”

“A whole month?! Why? Doesn’t that mean the agony I feel lasts that long?”

His great-grandmother’s face was wrinkled in sympathy as she nodded.

“Nothing comes without its price, unfortunately.”

Jimin ran a hand through his hair, anxiety levels rising more and more until he realized something.

“Wait a minute. For the past 10 minutes you’ve been speaking about all of this like it’s fact, like it’s absolutely going to happen as you’ve laid it out. Does that mean…” Jimin dared to let himself hope. “Did Namjoon make the right decision?”

Heeyoung smiled.

“As we speak he is making his way to your bedside. Congratulations, little one, you’ve earned eternity with your soulmate.”

Jimin began to cry.

One Month Later

“Where did Namjoon go today?” Seokjin asked his soulmate with a frown.
“To punch a mountain a few towns over,” he said breezily, not lifting his gaze from the Rolling Stone issue in his hands.

“He’s tearing apart at the seams.”

“He’ll have to sew himself back together then. Jimin needs him in one piece.”

“What if Jimin doesn’t wake up? What if Namjoon-ah was too late?” he fretted.

“We can’t think like that. Namjoon performed the bite and the blood exchange perfectly. Yes, the change takes less than a week and it’s been a month today, but we can’t give up on Jimin. Namjoon needs our support.”

“I wish we could reach into his mind and talk to him. Have you tried reading his mind?”

“I have, but I keep getting static.”

“Has that ever happened before?”

“No...When I administered the change myself I was able to read some of my childe’s thoughts, mostly about thirst and pain.”

“You see? Something’s off!”

“You need to relax. Namjoon has eagle eyes and if he sees any doubt on our expressions, it’ll only make him worse. We’ve had to force him to feed these last few weeks and he drinks the bare minimum. I think he’s planning to slowly starve himself if Jimin doesn’t wake up.”

“The bloodthirst would take over. He wouldn’t die.”

“I wouldn’t put it past him to lock himself in a crematorium or something. If he puts his mind to it,
he’ll kill himself. You know he won’t live on without Jimin.”

“I know. It’s what worries me most,” the coven leader sighed.

A thunder of footsteps broke the stillness of the house. The couple already knew who it was.

“Baby vamp, Taehyung-ah, if you break another one of my antique vases I swear to the Powers That Be that I will spank you!” Seokjin shrieked.

Taehyung and Jungkook peered into the living room with fear on their faces.

“Kinky,” Yoongi murmured, still enthralled with the article he’d been reading.

“Were you with Namjoon?” Seokjin asked.

“For a bit, yeah, but he asked for some time alone, so we didn’t follow him to the mountain,” Taehyung explained, making a point of walking slowly and carefully through the living room to take a seat on the couch, Jungkook doing the same.

“All he wants these days is to be alone. That or to stare longingly at Jimin’s face and hope his eyes will shoot open.”

“Can you blame him, hyung? I think any of us would do the same in his place.”

“Hey, do you guys think if I fed from a guy with an STD I’ll be affected in any way? Cause this girl last night was smoking hot, but had a questionable backstory...Oh, sorry, were you guys talking about something important?” Hoseok asked with a chagrined grin, having just arrived from a night out.

“First off, gross,” Yoongi made a gagging sound. “Second, yes, you vampwhore, we were.”

“Don’t call me vampwhore,” he stuck his tongue out. “And I’m assuming it’s about the ongoing
tragedy that is Jimin and Namjoon’s love story.”

“You’re an ass.”

“I’m just being honest! This sucks and I’m upset about it too, but can you blame for wanting it over with? I’m tired of seeing Joon self-destructing.”

“You can still try to be more compassionate,” Taehyung lectured.

“Yah, don’t speak down to me!”

They began to bicker with Seokjin and Jungkook attempting to mediate when suddenly Yoongi shot straight out of his seat, magazine falling to the floor.

“Holy fucking shit.”

“What? Are we under attack again?!” Seokjin asked, eyes wide and body tense.

Yoongi was looking up at the ceiling, as if he could see through it.

“No. It’s him. It’s Jimin.”

“What are you talking about, hyung?” Jungkook asked, confused.

“Jimin’s, goddamn, Jimin’s awake. Or at least his mind is. I can catch strings of thoughts, all revolving around one thing--or one person I should say.”

“Namjoon,” Seokjin realized. “Namjoon! Tae-ah, run as fast as you can, tell him to come home at once!”
Taehyung nodded, barrelling out of the house at full vampiric speed. Seokjin clapped his hands, giddy with the good news.

“Our new maknae is waking up!”

“I liked being the youngest,” Jungkook pouted.

“Being a hyung is much better, baby vamp,” Seokjin caressed his brown hair. “And we can still call you baby vamp if you want. Yoongi, how close is Jimin to waking up completely and, you know, massacring the town?”

“It’s the weirdest thing,” Yoongi spoke as if in a daze. “Not one of his thoughts are about blood. It’s like he’s not thirsty. At all.”

“How can that be possible?” Seokjin frowned.

“I don’t know, but it is. He’s not fully conscious yet, he’s just working his way through memories to remember who he is and where he is. It’s fascinating.”

“Maybe he’s waiting for Namjoon-hyung,” Jungkook said.

“Is that true, Yoongi? Usually, when the change has run its course the vampire just bursts forward into consciousness. It’s not a gradual awakening.”

“I’m wildly out of my depths here,” Yoongi admitted. “I’ve never seen or heard of a transformation like this one.”

Mere minutes later Namjoon was zooming past the vampires in the living room, Taehyung coming in milliseconds after.

“I can’t believe it’s finally happening. Jiminie’s gonna be a vampire!” Taehyung squealed. “What’s with you guys? Did you all see a ghost? I don’t want to live in a haunted house! Ghosts are rude and snobby and they play the worst kinds of pranks,” he rambled on, unaware of the information that had
left his coven members so dumbstruck.

Namjoon knelt beside his bed, gently taking Jimin’s right hand in his. His heart sped up as he began to sense his mate’s emotions again. For the past month he’d felt empty, cut off from the soulmate bond because Jimin’s seemingly endless transformation put him in a numb sort of stasis. He’d missed feeling Jimin.

“Sweetheart?” his voice was hushed, even though the point wasn’t to preserve Jimin’s sleep but disturb it. “Jiminie?” he spoke a little louder.

Nothing happened.

“My love, if you can hear me, please open your eyes. Let me see those gorgeous doe eyes I’ve been drowning in from the day we met. I’ve missed you so much, Jimin. I haven’t been whole without you. Please...Wake up,” he bent his head to press a soft kiss to Jimin’s plush lips.

As if they’d been destined to reenact a Disney movie, the kiss seemed to bring life back to Jimin’s still features and when Namjoon pulled away he was staring into the twinkling eyes of his beloved.

“Jiminie,” he cried, moving one hand from Jimin’s to cup the blonde's face. “You came back to me.”

“Always, Joonie,” he smiled, pulling him down for a deeper kiss.
Chapter Summary

Jimin adjusts to a new existence with the help of his soulmate and his coven. He is forced to come to terms with the loss of his human life and certain individuals from that life.

Chapter Notes

We are 1 chapter away from concluding this story! You are all such lovely, lovely readers and I thank you so much for following my stories <3 I will try to create as much Minjoon as I can! They're certainly fueling my plot ideas with how freaking cute and MARRIED they've been on this Love Yourself tour. Honestly, 2017 and definitely 2018 are Minjoon's time!

The coven had received their newest vampire with open arms and soon had their curiosity about his lack of bloodthirst satisfied when Jimin explained what his great-grandmother had told him in his dream/vision. There had been something in the blonde vampire’s eyes though that had made Jin narrow his eyes thoughtfully and interrupt Taehyung mid-sentence (when he’d begun asking how painful the 30 days had really been) making excuses about needing to feed.

“What? But, we fed three days ago?” the brunette had frowned.

“Not all of us,” Jin said, trying to communicate with his eyes that the coven should give Namjoon and Jimin some time alone.

Yoongi bit back a laugh at his mate’s intentionally widened eyes and crappy attempts at mouthing commands to Taehyung.

“Yoongi-hyung only fed yesterday though.”

“Oh my god, let’s just leave before Jin-hyung’s eyes pop out of their sockets,” Hoseok said with a roll of his own dark orbs, pulling Taehyung along after him.
“I am very confused,” he chirped, not resisting the tug on his arm.

“We can explain later,” Jungkook said with a shake of his head and a fond smile. “Bye, hyung, bye Jimin!”

“We’ll try and come back late,” Jin said with an encouraging smile, hand in hand with Yoongi.

When the door shut behind them Jimin released a heavy exhale.

“Joonie,” he breathed and Namjoon didn’t waste a millisecond to wrap his mate in his arms.

“What’s wrong, sweetheart? What did you need to tell me?”

“...Can we go for a walk around the forest? I think it’ll be nice to see it with new eyes, so to speak.”

“Of course, Jiminie, whatever you want,” he offered his arm and Jimin smiled, taking it and beginning a slow stroll out of the house and into the vast greenery around their property. “Your enhanced senses may be a bit disorienting at first. It may help to close your eyes for a few minutes at a time.”

Jimin was forced to follow that recommendation the second they stepped out of the house.

“Whoa,” the exclamation came out as a whoosh of air as Jimin was hit by a dizzying array of sights, smells and sounds.

“Focus on one thing at a time. Hone in the song of a bird or the way the leaves in the trees rustle in the wind. Pick one, love.”

Jimin focused on the most stabilizing factor in his life.

“What did you choose to concentrate on?” Namjoon whispered, watching a euphoric smile light up his delicate features.
“You.”

“Me?” he asked, surprised.

“I remember being obsessed with the smell of your cologne and the soap you use, but this is different. It’s deeper than that. I can...distinguish your scent. Do all vampires smell each other like this?”

“Vampires can locate others of our kind by scent alone, but you only pick up on signature scents when you’re particularly close to other vampires, like in a coven. You’ll notice that when you spend more time around the others.”

“I didn’t know that.”

“What’s my scent then, Jiminie?”

“Bergamot and rainwater,” he giggled. “Citrusy and fresh, soothing and pure.”

“You know you still smell like strawberries and cream? With a dash of the most ridiculously expensive champagne,” Namjoon laughed with him, pressing a kiss on his forehead.

“When you touch me, my skin tingles like every single of my atom knows it’s your touch. Your voice reaches deep inside of me,” Jimin pressed a hand to his chest. “When I first opened my eyes and saw you leaning over me, I wanted to cry. I’d never seen anything so beautiful in my life.”

“Jiminie,” Namjoon’s voice broke on the last syllable, Jimin’s eyes shooting up to look upon the face he held so dear.

“For 30 days I was stuck in an inferno of torment crafted by my own mind. I screamed and no one could hear me. I sobbed and no one could comfort me. Yet, there was never a moment that I regretted it. Because I knew that eventually the pain would pass, like even the worst storm clouds do, clearing the sky and leaving behind the brightest sun. I saw you every minute of every hour of my suffering and it gave me hope. That was all I needed to make it through the haze in my head.”
Namjoon captured his lips in a passionate kiss, emitting a soft moan at the plushness of his mate’s lips and the feeling of Jimin’s hands on his chest, of it being Jimin’s lips responding to his. It was all so much after a month of separation where he could see Jimin’s physical body right there, but knew that the spark that animated his petite frame was missing.

“These enhanced senses are a blessing,” Jimin gasped after the long kiss, neither having to pull away for breath. “We could literally kiss for eternity!”

Namjoon chuckled, brushing blonde locks out of his eyes.

“We could, but we’d miss out on a lot of things.”

“Who cares, that felt freaking incredible! I can’t believe we waited this long to turn me. Oh my god, how good will the sex be?”

“The hyungs told me when they first got together they couldn’t keep their hands off each other. I think it took them a month to be able to leave their bedroom without needing to ravage each other.”

Jimin’s dark eyes twinkled with anticipation and rapidly growing lust.

“I bet you taste exquisite, hyung, and I’m not talking about letting me nip at your neck,” he winked and Namjoon groaned, already imagining those sinful lips on his dick.

“Jimin, it physically hurts me to say that we need to keep it in our pants for now.”

“Why?” he said in a tone that was 95% a whine. “Vampires never get tired, right? We have unlimited stamina and we should make the most of it,” he ran a hand under Namjoon’s shirt, tiny fingers, digging into every ridge of his abdomen.

“Jiminie,” he moaned, gently gripping his hand when it slipped into his pants and pulling it back out.

“Why are you stopping me?” he pouted. “I can smell your arousal, hyung. The blood’s rushing to fill your cock. Precome’s drip-drip-dripping from the tip,” he licked his lips.

“Fucking hell, I deserve a medal for this,” Namjoon hissed through clenched teeth, taking several steps away from the physical embodiment of sensuality and carnality that was Park Jimin.
“Joonie,” he sang in an airy melody that made Namjoon’s heart speed up. “Come back to me,” he made grabby hands at him, expression cute and imploring.

“Baby,” he groaned. “Trust me when I say there is nothing I want more than to indulge you and live out my dirtiest fantasies now that your body’s as strong as mine and won’t break if I get too rough,” he ignored the needy whimper that came from his mate at his words. “But, there’s one thing we need to deal with first and then I promise we can hole ourselves up in the cottage in the woods for as long as you want.”

“Fine,” he sighed dramatically. “Give me my first blue balling as a vampire. You clearly don’t love me as much as you’ve claimed to.”

“Okay, emotional manipulation is useless when we have a bond that allows me to sense all of your real emotions the moment you feel them.”

“Joonie, I just want you to make love to me,” his pout deepened.

“And I will, my love, for days on end,” he stepped closer and cupped his cheeks in his large palms. “Today, though, we need to think about your first feeding. You may not have bloodthirst, but you do need to feed. It closes the process of the change in a way. Also…” he trailed off, looking guilty.

“Also what?”

“Um, it has to do with your family…”

“Namjoon, just tell me,” he raised an eyebrow.

“They called the cops on me and reported you missing. Plus, they hate me and would stake me through the heart if given the opportunity.”

Jimin’s eyes widened.

“They called the cops on you?!”
“Don’t worry, I just hypnotized them to forget all about it. I haven’t talked to your parents since that day in the hospital...when they tried to force me to leave you in that coma. They said some pretty hurtful things,” he said, fixing his gaze on the forest floor.

“Joonie,” Jimin intertwined their fingers and squeezed his hand. “I’m sorry about my parents and about my brother. My great-grandmother did tell me they were a factor against us. I never would have thought they’d act like that. I’m so sorry.”

“It’s not your fault.”

“Still, it was unfair of them to treat you like a monster. They’ve known about my prophecy for decades. What were they expecting when we met and fell in love?”

“They were in denial. It is a radical change. You’re not human anymore, but they are. It could scare them.”

“If they really love me they’ll accept this new me and they’ll accept you because you’re more than just my boyfriend. You’re my soulmate, Namjoon. Nothing trumps a soulmate.”

Namjoon’s dimples appeared again to stab at Jimin’s weak heart, which even as a vampire went into overdrive at the sight of his gorgeous mate.

“I missed you so much. I swear I cried tears.”

“That’s impossible,” Jimin giggled, skipping through the forest and tugging on their intertwined hands so Namjoon would follow.

“I found a way though!”

They both laughed.

“Do you want to try out vampiric speed?” Namjoon asked and Jimin paused mid-skip.
“Yes! Let’s race.”

“Okay, but please be careful with the trees. Slamming into one won’t hurt you, but you could tear the entire forest down and it won’t be fun.”

“I won’t crash into anything, Joonie, don’t worry!”

“Train your eyes to scan the forest before you. You’ll be able to look ahead of your path with more than enough time to avoid any obstacles like trees or animals in the area. Once Taehyung accidentally tripped over a buffalo, when we lived in New York, and his mishap led to a very dead buffalo.”

“Ooh,” Jimin gave a sympathetic frown.

“Yeah. Most animals tend to avoid us. They’re scared of us and they have the right to be. We do drink blood.”

“Have you ever tried animal blood?”

Namjoon made a face of complete and utter disgust.

“Are you asking me that because of those accursed *Twilight* books?”

Jimin gave a little shrug.

“Real vampires do *not* bite into a deer or even a lion’s neck. It’s not sustaining and it must taste revolting. You’d starve yourself in less than a month.”

“Got it. We can only survive on...human blood.”

Namjoon sighed, stepping forward to run a calming hand through Jimin’s hair.
“I know it’s going to take some getting used to, sweetheart, but you were given a gift that will make it infinitely simpler than it was for the rest of us. You don’t need to worry about losing control and not just because of your own restraint. I won’t allow anything to contaminate your soul. If mine is condemned to perdition somewhere down the road, I refuse to let yours follow.”

“Don’t continue to punish yourself for the past, Joonie. Please,” he kissed the palm of the hand that had been caressing his golden locks.

“I’m sorry, my love. I’m still a work in progress,” he huffed a laugh. “It takes time to forgive yourself and even more to love yourself.”

“Well, I won’t rush you, but if it helps in any way I love you and all that you are so so so much, I am practically bursting with adoration for you.”

Namjoon smiled, all the fondness he felt for the newborn vampire in front of him shining through. He pressed a kiss to his squishy cheeks and turned him around, facing the forest in the opposite direction of their house.

“Let’s race, baby.”

“How about 20 miles that way and back to the house. Loser owes the winner something.”

“Something?” Namjoon raised an eyebrow.

“Whatever the winner wants, he gets,” he winked.

“I see. And what exactly would you ask for if you win?”

The phrase Jimin whispered was so dirty even Namjoon, who was by no accounts a prude, felt himself blush.

“I get a head start because I’m cute!” Jimin chirped, taking off and leaving Namjoon blinking like an idiot in the same spot.
“How were you able to beat me? I had a head start,” Jimin complained.

Namjoon rolled his eyes and smirked.

“Because I’m faster than you, Jiminnie.”

“For now,” he glared, crossing his arms and throwing himself on the living room couch.

“You’ll get better at pushing your body to its limits with velocity. It takes practice. Now, as for the previously determined terms.”

“Screw you,” Jimin stuck his tongue out.

“Aw, baby, don’t be a sore loser. You know that if you’d won you’d have gotten exactly what you want.”

“Yes, but my thing was amazing and would have led to some spectacular sex.”

“Who says we won’t do it anyway?”

That got his attention.

“Really?” he sat rimrod straight on the couch.

“Mm-hmm. I was thinking we could save it for the honeymoon.”

“The...honeymoon?” he repeated, looking bemused.
“You know, the trip a recently married couple takes to celebrate their love and get some R and R.”

“What are you saying?”

Namjoon couldn’t believe Jimin wasn’t getting it.

“Seriously?”

“Seriously what? What’s going on?”

Namjoon sighed, using full vampiric speed to grab a small, velvet box from his room and return to the living room where a stunned Jimin sat.

“Maybe a visual aid will help,” Namjoon smiled before going down on one knee and popping open the box in his hands.
“Oh,” Jimin gasped, putting a hand over his mouth, pretty brown eyes misting over.

“Park Jimin, you’ve already accepted me as your soulmate and have given me the gift of spending eternity by my side. I know I can’t ask any more of you, but matrimony is a tradition practiced not only by humans but by many creatures of the supernatural world and I revel in any excuse I get to bind myself more to you, body, heart and soul, so...My love, my soulmate, my beautiful North Star, will you marry me?”

Jimin’s body trembled with the emotions he felt and he slipped off the edge of the couch cushion to fall to his knees in front of Namjoon. He took his lover’s face in his tiny hands and he whispered his answer against his lips.

“Yes, yes, a million times yes .”

Jimin let Namjoon slip the ring on his dainty finger and then their lips met for a kiss more ardent than any they had shared before. Despite no longer being human Jimin found himself breathing heavily when they pulled apart.

“How long have you had that ring?”

Namjoon bit his lip, shyly looking away.

“Joonie, tell me,” Jimin giggled softly, pressing a delicate finger to Namjoon’s jaw to turn his face back.

“It was...it was a few days after you told me about your prophecy and I realized what I had felt the first time I saw you wasn’t one-sided and wasn’t me going insane. I realized It was possible to imagine a forever with you.”

“I would be bawling my eyes out if it were biologically possible for a vampire’s body to produce tears,” he sobbed.

“So would I,” he chuckled, pulling the smaller frame into his own and laying a flurry of kisses on his upturned face.
“It tickles! Stop, Joonie!” he squealed, playfully pushing his boyfriend--no his fiancee’s--face away.

“Thank you for saying yes,” Namjoon said after his tickle attack subsided.

“Why in the world would I have said no?” Jimin’s tone made it clear how ridiculous he found the possibility of rejecting Namjoon.

“I don’t know, but my mind was coming up with all these awful scenarios where you rejected me. I haven’t slept properly in a month. I was either imagining you running away from me on my knees holding up the ring or...I was imagining that you would never wake up.”

“I’m sorry it took so long,” Jimin sighed, nuzzling into the crook of Namjoon’s neck, allowing Namjoon’s arms to envelop him completely.

“Don’t be. You were worth the wait. All 153 years of the wait,” he chuckled, counting back from his initial birth to all of his vampirehood.

Jimin giggled.

“So...what now?”

“What do you mean?” Namjoon asked.

“Where do we go from here? Should we start planning our marriage, should I be preparing to attend my next semester? Are we moving?”

“Well, Seokjin-hyung and I had been discussing that before your accident, but because of your rare condition, it wouldn’t be necessary to move. The problem with staying would be...your family. My hypnosis could be made stronger, but I don’t want to make them into mindless zombies. If they see you around town, they’ll know it’s you and that you’re no longer human.”

Jimin frowned at the mention of his parents.
“I still can’t fathom how radically they changed from the loving parents who supported me since I was a kid to the aggressive people who forced you away from me and preferred for me to die or remain in a coma than have you save me.”

“There were dire circumstances. We never know how we’re going to react until the time comes.”

“Don’t make excuses for them, Joonie. I don’t think they deserve it.”

“Sweetheart, you know how we made a bet earlier? Whoever won the race got to ask something from the other?”

Jimin tilted his head to look up at him, eyebrow raised.

“I want to ask you to talk to your parents. Even if it’s one last time. And before you say anything, I’m not thinking of them,” he spoke quickly, seeing Jimin open his mouth to protest. “I’m thinking of you, my love. You need closure. You can’t begin your vampire existence and your life with me if you haven’t settled what remains of your human life.”

Jimin sighed, letting his head fall back into its favorite resting place.

“You’re right.”

“How’s the bloodthirst feel? You seemed to control yourself perfectly when we found those hunters on our run. You took a little from both and walked away.”

“I felt a tiny burn in my throat, but I fed and it disappeared. I only needed that much,” he shrugged and Namjoon released a tiny breath of relief.

“One less thing to worry about.”

“I’ll visit my parents’ house tomorrow. I wish you could come with me, but it’s probably not the best idea, huh?”
Namjoon regretfully shook his head.

“But I’ll be waiting right here for you. And tomorrow if you want we can get started on the wedding plans.”

“Oh my god, I can’t believe we’re getting married!” Jimin squealed.

“I’m both excited and terrified to tell the others. Jin-hyung and Taehyung are going to lose their freaking minds. They’re obsessed with weddings,” Namjoon groaned.

Later that night when the others returned and their sharp gazes caught the glimmer coming from the large diamond on Jimin’s finger there was a screeching fit (Taehyung) and a long-winded scream of elation (Seokjin) and then the coven was pulling the happy couple into a hug.

And Jimin felt a sense of home he didn’t think he’d ever felt before.

Jimin parked the car Namjoon had let him borrow in the driveway of his parents’ quaint house. He stepped out and ran a shaky hand through his blonde hair, wondering if he should have spent more time brushing it in the mirror. He shouldn’t be this nervous when visiting the people who had loved and raised him for 18 years, but here he was practically shaking.

He was burdened with conflicting emotions because these were his parents and his little brother and he adored them, but they had hurt Namjoon and tried to force him out of Jimin’s life. And Jimin didn’t know if he could forgive that.

“Jimin-ah?”

Jimin looked up to see the front door had opened before he’d even ascended all the porch steps. It was his mother, looking dressed to go out.

*Here we go*, he thought, clearing his throat and offering his mother a half-smile.

“Hey, Mom. Are Dad and Jihyun home? I need to talk to you guys.”
Mrs. Park seemed apprehensive about the situation, but she nodded and hung up her jacket and purse on the coat rack as she entered, calling for her husband and youngest son and leading Jimin to the living room he’d always used to study and do his homework throughout high school. There was a wall of family pictures where he could see himself smiling and roughing around with Jihyun or letting his parents pull him into embarrassing hugs and kisses.

“Jimin, you’ve come home,” it was his father.

When Mr. Park opened his arms and tried to embrace him, Jimin held up a hand.

“Not exactly. Uh, I think you should sit. All of you,” he addressed his brother who was trying to hide behind their father and the wall that separated the living room and dining room.

“Jimin, are you...Are you still…” his mother couldn’t finish the question Jimin had been expecting the moment he walked in.

“No, Mom. I’m not human anymore. I’m a vampire now.”

He watched his mother gasp and press a hand to her mouth, his father wrapping an arm around her and her brother squeezing her other hand. Jihyun glared up at him.

“You’re a monster now you mean. Just like your dirty vamp boyfriend,” he hissed.

Jimin calmly raised an eyebrow.

“I think you mean dirty vamp fiancee,” he fluttered the fingers on his left hand, drawing attention to the impressive diamond ring.

“You’re marrying that--that thing?” his brother spat.

“Watch what you say about Namjoon. He’s my soulmate. You may not understand what that means, but you need to respect that it’s incredibly important to me.”
“How could you do this to us, Park Jimin?” his father demanded angrily.

“And what exactly did I do that was so wrong, Dad? I fell in love. I lived out the prophecy bestowed on our family generations ago. I found happiness--more than that, I found the cause of my euphoria. Shouldn’t that make you happy?”

“We never wanted that prophecy to come true,” his mother whispered. “We prepared you for it as a child, but we never thought...When you met the vampire we continued in our denial and then it was too late. We should have acted sooner, maybe we could have saved you then.”

Jimin bit his lip, suppressing his heavy sigh. He could see that this was the only closure he’d be getting. His parents were convinced they’d failed him and condemned him to some dark fate when the truth was the complete opposite.

“I’m sorry you feel that way,” he finally said. “I...will try and keep in touch. I haven’t changed my cell phone number and if you ever want to reach me, I will answer my phone. I’m still Jimin. I’m still your son, still your brother,” he looked at Jihyun who immediately dropped his gaze. “Okay, well...I should get going. Goodbye.”

Jimin took slow, measured steps to exit the house and walked even slower toward the car. He sat in the driver’s seat and waited an entire 10 minutes, but no one tried to come after him.

When Jimin returned to the mansion he was met with the sight of what could only be termed “organized chaos.” Yoongi and Jungkook were arguing over what sounded like a music playlist, each making a case for which artists were better suited to the playlist’s theme. Hoseok was bouncing up and down holding several pieces of fabric, dancing to some rhythm in his head as he contemplated the fabric in each hand. Taehyung and Seokjin were kneeling by the large coffee table in the living room, poring over stacks of magazines and catalogues, constantly turning back to Namjoon, who sat on the edge of the couch, looking over their shoulders. Jimin realized with a small start that they were all discussing their upcoming wedding.

At that moment Namjoon looked up, dark brown eyes lighting up at the sight of his soulmate, silver hair unstyled and flopping around his face, making him look beautiful but in a more subdued fashion. Beauty that made your heart skip but didn’t send it flying out of your chest cavity.

“Jiminnie! Come look, come look! We have all these great ideas, but I was telling them nothing’s final unless you like it!” Namjoon called out, sending Jin and Taehyung a pointed look.
Jimin felt all the tension and melancholia he was carrying sink out of his body.

“Let me see then,” he grinned.

Hours later, after many many arguments about the wedding location and who should be invited and if it was better to hire a DJ or a live band (Yoongi had been outraged at the insinuation that anyone but him should handle the music and how dare they?) the newly engaged couple lay in bed, limbs intertwined, simply breathing each other in.

“How did it go?” Namjoon asked.

Jimin frowned, eyebrows pressing together and causing his smooth brow to furrow. Namjoon pressed a kiss to the furrowed brow.

“I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay. Maybe my expectations were too high. I wanted an apology, at the very least some admission that what they did was wrong. I thought they would still love me...I didn’t see the same love in their eyes. It’s different from when I was younger. It’s faded.”

“Jimin, that will never happen between us. Do you understand me? My love for you will never fade. For eternity I will adore you, for eternity I will cherish you. Nothing will change that. I mean you could literally tell me you hate Drake and I would still worship the ground you walk on.”

Jimin snorted.

“Lucky for you I love Drake.”

“I know,” he smiled.

Jimin sighed, letting one hand trace the broad expanse of Namjoon’s bare chest, finding the repetitive motions soothing, allowing his mind to clear.
“I did everything I could. I can’t force them to accept me as a vampire. I wish I could, but it isn’t possible. Unfortunately, that dumb cliche was right. You can’t have it all.”

Namjoon felt the sadness reverberate through the soulmate bond and Jimin’s pain was something he couldn’t stand idly by and allow.

“Where are you going?” Jimin sat up, confused, as he watched Namjoon stroll out of their bedroom.

He was back less than a minute later with a CD and his laptop, which he usually kept in the in-home studio he shared with Yoongi.

“What’s that?”

“Patience, my love,” Namjoon chuckled, climbing back into bed and pulling Jimin to lean back into his body as they both sat against the headboard, laptop in Namjoon’s lap.

“I was going to wait until our wedding day to show you this, maybe use it for our first dance, but we can pick something else for that. I can’t bear to see you upset, Jimin, especially when I can’t fix it for you. But, at least I can give you something that should hopefully alleviate some of the pain,” he said, pushing the CD into the computer’s drive and opening the music playing program.

Jimin squinted at the single words on the screen.

“I can’t read it. That’s English, isn’t it?”

Namjoon smiled, running a hand through the soft golden locks that framed his soulmate’s face.

“Serendipity,” he translated. “Luck, good fortune, an accidental success. There’s no ideal definition for what I wanted and I struggled with the title for so long, but this made sense to me in the end. You--meeting you--was my ultimate serendipity. Perhaps we were destined, but our actual meeting was unexpected. I wasn’t told when I would meet my soulmate. I waited more than a century for you, Jimin, and when I found you...Maybe this is the best way I can put it into words.”
And Namjoon pressed play.

All this is no coincidence
Just, just, by my feeling
The whole world is different from yesterday
Just, just, with your joy

When you called me
I became your flower
As if we were waiting
We bloom until we ache

Maybe it’s the providence of the universe
That’s how it is
U know, I know
You are me, I am you

I’m scared, just as much as my heart flutters
Because destiny keeps getting jealous of us
I’m just as scared as much as you are
When you see me
When you touch me

The universe has moved for us
Without missing a single thing
Because our happiness has been planned
Cuz you love me, and I love you

You’re my penicillin
Saving me
My angel, my world
I’m your Calico cat
Here to see you
Love me now, touch me now

Just let me love you (let me love, let me love you)
Just let me love you (let me love, let me love you)
Since the creation of the universe
Everything was destined
Just let me love you (let me love, let me love you)
Just let me love you (let me love, let me love you)

You’re my penicillin, saving me, saving me
My angel, my world
I’m your Calico cat, here to see you
Love me now, touch me now

Just let me love you (let me love, let me love you)
Just let me love you (let me love, let me love you)
Since the creation of the universe
Everything was destined
Just let me love you (let me love, let me love you)
Just let me love you (let me love, let me love you)

Now come to me
Come and let’s become a “we”
I don’t wanna let go, no
Just trust yourself
You can feel it even if you don’t say it

The stars are in the sky

We are flying

This isn’t a dream

Don’t be nervous, hold my hand

Now we’re becoming a “we”

Let me love you

Just let me love you (let me love, let me love you)

Just let me love you (let me love, let me love you)

Since the creation of the universe

Everything was destined

Just let me love you (let me love, let me love you)

Just let me love you (let me love, let me love you)

Let me love, let me love you

Let me love, let me love you

The last English phrase was repeated as the song faded away, Namjoon’s softened timbre going with it.

“What do you think?” Namjoon asked, feeling his every nerve stand on end at the ensuing silence.

He sneaked a peek at Jimin’s expression and saw the smaller vampire burying his face in his hands.

“Jimine? D-did you not l-like it?” he stuttered, about to wring his hands anxiously.

“No!” his hands dropped away, revealing wide, misty brown eyes.
Namjoon blinked a few times.

“No?” he suddenly winced.

“No, I meant yes! Ugh, I’m a trainwreck,” Jimin groaned. “I didn’t just like it, I loved it. Namjoon, you’ve written me two songs, two. And this one, holy shit. I just...How much do you love me?”

Namjoon gave him a sheepish smile.

“How long do you have? I need at least a solid week to get started.”

Jimin’s soft cheeks flushed and he giggled bashfully.

“You spoil me with your love.”

“Then I’m doing something right.”

Jimin’s giggles turned into a full giggle fit and he fell into Namjoon’s chest, radiating warmth and beauty. Namjoon pressed kisses into his golden curls.

“Can we hear it again?” Jimin asked once he’d calmed down.

“Of course, baby. It’s your song.”

Jimin smiled up at him, stretching upwards to kiss Namjoon. And they listened to the song again.

“I had a silly idea just now.”

“What’s that?” Namjoon asked.
“You were planning to unveil this song at our wedding, right?”

“I was.”

“Well, we could still do that, together. What if we...recorded another version of the song?”

“Another version?”

“A duet…”

Namjoon’s smile widened, dimples deep and mesmerizing.

“That would be incredible. Your voice is higher and much lovelier than mine. You’re a little angel, through and through.”

Jimin shoved him playfully.

“That would be incredible. Your voice is higher and much lovelier than mine. You’re a little angel, through and through.”

“Your voice is amazing, Joonie. I love this version, but I just thought at our wedding we could have something we did together.”

“I’d love to record a song with you, Jiminnie, especially this song. Your song.”

“Our song,” Jimin poked his cheek and Namjoon laughed, kissing the offending digit.

“Our song,” he amended.

They laid down again, laptop placed carefully on the night table. Namjoon had turned off the lights and curled Jimin close when the younger spoke again.
“I really have to step my game up.”

“Meaning?”

“You’ve written me two songs and you do all these incredible things for me.”

“You changed your dance showcase performance for me.”

“Fine, 1 point for me, 100 for you.”

“We’re not competing to outdo each other,” Namjoon snorted.

“Easy for you to say. You’re winning,” he stuck his tongue out, knowing even in the darkness Namjoon’s enhanced vision could catch the gesture.

“My silly little love,” he laughed, kissing Jimin’s plush pout.

“Just wait. I’m going to do something that will leave you breathless.”

“I don’t technically need to breathe…”

“Screw you, you know what I meant.”

Namjoon only laughed and dropped another kiss on his fiancee’s lips.

“I love you.”
“I love you too, Namjoon,” he whispered and then began humming *Serendipity*.

Namjoon fell asleep with a beatific smile on his face, lulled by the sound of Jimin’s voice.
I've looked a long time to find you, beloved. Will you be my forever?

Chapter Summary

That's it! This fic I've loved so much and worked so hard on has come to a close. I finished my first multichaptered odyssey haha. I'm going to miss these characters and this universe, but this ending is right. I feel so happy about it and I hope you all do too when you read it!

Thank you for all the support and let me know what you think in the comment section below, darlings <3

Jimin woke up the morning of his wedding day with a face-splitting smile. He turned over, prepared to squeal all his love and affection at his fiancée and was met with the empty, untouched left side of the bed.

“Oh, right,” Jimin sighed in disappointment.

He had been against the idea of following so-called traditions in which the married couple to be spent their last night as bachelors apart, but the rest of the coven had been adamant and Namjoon convinced him to let them have their way. Hoseok had been absolutely heartbroken at the lack of wild bachelor parties, but Jimin had put his foot down. He had no interest in separating from Namjoon for a night of debauchery, neither on his side nor Namjoon’s.

“You guys suck,” Hoseok had growled. ‘I know all the best strippers in town too.’

Instead, the resident married couple organized a lovely afternoon picnic for them deep in the woods, in an area Jimin hadn’t gotten to explore yet, where there was a scenic waterfall and hundreds of flower gardens. It was wonderfully picturesque and Seokjin had made sure to provide nearly an entire liquor store of booze, so Jimin ended the evening bouncing through the forest, upending a few trees with his vampire strength. Namjoon, who had tempered his alcohol intake much more than his fiancée, had tracked him down minutes later and offered him a piggy back ride to the house, which drunk, giggly Jimin couldn’t refuse.

That was three weeks ago. Now, it was the big day and Jimin needed to stop pouting at the fluffy, unused pillow beside him because he was marrying his soulmate in T-minus four hours.

“Good morning, sunshine!” the mahogany double doors of his suite were thrown open and Jimin sat
up, blinking confusedly at the appearance of Seokjin, Hoseok, and Jungkook, the coven leader’s bright voice greeting him first.

“Hi? How did you—”

“Please. I ordered a copy of the keycard for both your room and Namjoon’s. I trust you, Jimin-ah, but Namjoon can be an absolute mess when he’s nervous and I assume that will be his go-to state for the entirety of today. He needs help.”

“Which is why Yoongi-hyung and Tae are with him,” Hoseok nodded.

“And you get us!” Jungkook clapped, flashing him a cute bunny smile.

“I’m honored,” Jimin giggled. “What’s up first on the agenda?”

“Breakfast,” Seokjin produced a tall glass filled with a red liquid seemingly out of thin air.

“Is that blood?”

“It’s certainly not tomato juice,” Jungkook snorted, earning a glare from the blonde vampire.

“I’ve never had it in a glass before,” Jimin mused, getting out of bed to receive it.

“It’s your wedding day. You get to be treated today,” Seokjin winked.

“Delicious, right? I got it from the sexy bartender I was with last night. Fresh from the source this very morning and I made sure it was extra sweet by letting him cum two more times. And that was just with my tongue,” Hoseok’s eyes flashed wickedly.

Jimin, who had just drained the glass, made a face of displeasure.
“Well, I wish I didn’t know that information.”

“Same,” Jungkook stuck his tongue out in disgust.

“Prudes,” Hoseok rolled his eyes.

“I’ll take that,” Seokjin plucked the glass out of Jimin’s fingers and pushed him towards the bathroom. “Wash your hair, scrub your skin, do whatever you need to do to come out of the shower gleaming. When you’re done, we have hair and makeup stations in the main room of your suite. Go,” he gave him a gentle nudge and Jimin smiled gratefully.

“I won’t take too long,” he promised, disappearing into the bathroom.

“All the guests are accounted for, right?” Hoseok asked Seokjin, who as coven leader had naturally assumed the role of head wedding planner.

“Yep. The Fukoka coven and the few other covens invited arrived last night. It’s quite an intimate guest list. Don’t you feel special being invited?” he teased.

“It’s only ‘intimate’ because Namjoon’s a loser loner and we’re really his only friends. Jimin’s not much better either.”

“Harsh, hyung,” Jungkook reprimanded the orange-haired vampire who only shrugged.

“But true.”

“Be that as it may, the small group is perfect for the venue and my Yoonie gets all the credit for that. This was his suggestion and it was no wonder both grooms fell in love with it. This place is magical, isn’t it?” Seokjin walked over to the balcony and pulled the heavy curtains open, revealing the breathtaking view of Ladera’s Piton Mountains and the glimmering Caribbean Sea.
There were lush rainforests dotting every inch of the island paradise located in St. Lucia, which caused the gentle breeze to be perfumed with the scent of trees and exotic flowers. The coven had rented the most expensive resort on the island for the ceremony, ensuring that only the staff and their guests, of course, would be privy to the private event. It had cost half a fortune, but the location was absolutely spectacular, and the staff was more than professional. Everything had gone off without a hitch. The flower arrangements were exactly as ordered, the DJ station for Yoongi was sleek and modern, the open bar was fully stocked (there was no need for a buffet to accompany it and though the events planner at the resort had raised an eyebrow he had asked no questions about why the wedding party would forego all food options), and the altar was perfectly placed.

The altar had been Taehyung’s idea, the young vampire knowing exactly what his sire wanted, and was constructed with the utmost care on the cliffside of the hotel, offering an awe-inspiring view of the sea and sky. It was set at a dizzying height, but the grooms were vampires so there was really no fear of tripping and dying on the day of the wedding. Still, Seokjin hoped with all of him that Namjoon’s clumsiness and penchant for destruction wouldn’t make an appearance and send him tumbling into the Caribbean Sea.

“What if I break the altar?” Namjoon fretted, pacing back and forth and wearing a path into the expensive carpet of his suite.

“For the last time,” Yoongi released a long-suffering sigh. “Everything will be fine. Not even you can mess this wedding up.”
“How can you be so sure?” Namjoon whimpered.

“Hyungie,” Taehyung sped forward to block Namjoon’s two-hundredth back and forth, slapping a hand on each of Namjoon’s shoulders to force him to stop and meet his steady gaze. “You aren’t going to fall, tip something over, break anything, or say the wrong thing at any point. Do you know how we can say that with 100% certainty?”

Namjoon shook his head with a worried frown.

“Because you love Jimin and you would never allow anything to ruin the happiest day of his life—the happiest day of your life. Right?”

“Of course! I’ve wanted an eternity with Jimin from the moment I met him.”

“And you’re getting it, Namjoon-ah,” Yoongi smiled softly at the younger vampire. “In less than an hour you’re going to marry Jimin and finish solidifying your bond as soulmates. If you think about it the hard part is over. You met Jimin as a human and were fully convinced your love was impossible. You went through a fucking vampire-werewolf war and almost died. Then, Jimin actually died and his family tried to prevent you from saving him, but the Powers That Be were always on your side and you did save him. He woke up as a newborn and you were right there beside him, ready to guide him through his new existence. All of that happened, Joon. Now? All you have to do is wait for him at the other end of an aisle.”

Namjoon’s eyes were wide and focused completely on Yoongi, clearly absorbing every word.

“You’re right, hyung. Oh my god, I’ve been freaking out over nothing. I won’t screw this up. I won’t screw anything up if it has to do with Jimin. I wouldn’t allow myself to do such a thing.”

“That’s the spirit! Remember, confidence is sexy,” Taehyung hummed, making Yoongi snort.

“And how do I look? Be honest,” Namjoon said, turning so they could take in his ivory tuxedo.

The fashion had been left to the grooms since they were the ones wearing the suits and Namjoon had agreed with Jimin on their island paradise ceremony requiring white tuxedos instead of the classic black ones. They hadn’t seen each other’s selected suits, but they were guaranteed to be exquisite
considering they had been designed specifically for them (both made by top stylists and designers at Gucci at Taehyung’s behest).

“Incredible,” Taehyung put both thumbs up.

“Truly you look very handsome,” Yoongi said, a bit more stiffly but just as sincerely. “The way your hair is styled makes you look very refined. Good job.”

“Thanks guys,” Namjoon flushed slightly, adjusting his jacket one more time in front of the mirror before taking a deep breath and moving to peer out of the window. “I can’t believe this is happening. All of my dreams are really coming true.”

“I’d tease you for being too cheesy, but you’re allowed extreme amounts of sappiness today. But only today,” Yoongi waved a threatening finger.

“Don’t kid yourself, hyung, they’re going to be the cutest, sickeningly sweet couple to ever walk the earth,” Taehyung laughed.

Namjoon gave a sheepish smile that only strengthened Taehyung’s statement.

The most complex part of the wedding planning process came to assigning roles to the coven members because Namjoon and Jimin wanted to ensure that all of their friends were included in the ceremony.

Seokjin’s role was the easiest. As coven leader he would be the officiant, following in the age-old vampire tradition. Then, Yoongi assigned himself the made-up role of “music maestro,” which essentially entailed the management of all music involved with the wedding. He would not only be the DJ but would also use his prodigious abilities as a pianist to play the Wedding March.

Taehyung claimed he would throw a tantrum if he wasn’t Namjoon’s best man and then Jimin asked Jungkook to be his because it was fitting to have another soulmate pair accompanying them down the aisle. Jungkook blushed a fiery red at that statement. Neither Jimin nor Namjoon had any parents to walk them down the aisle, so they’d decided to do it with their best men because these were individuals that truly loved them and wanted them to be happy.

Hoseok had then tried to play off his hurt about being left out of the wedding party, claiming he had
no problem being the eternal bachelor of the coven.

‘Hobi, of course we have a place for you in our wedding. You’re our family, remember?’ Namjoon said.

Namjoon and Jimin had worn matching smiles of warmth and tenderness and Hoseok wondered why it made him want to cry.

‘You’re the ring-bearer! Without you, there’s literally no wedding,’ Jimin joked.

‘I—I…Wow. I’m humbled. Seriously. Thank you,’ Hoseok ducked his head and the entire coven began cooing at him, wrapping him in a tight hug despite his half-hearted grumbles about hating affection.

In the present Hoseok took a steadying breath as he took the rings out of his suitcase. The wedding was set to begin in 15 minutes, which meant it was go time.

“Here’s the pretty velvet pillow!” Taehyung chirped, handing it to Hoseok, who slowly removed the rings from the box and placed them into the designated spots in the pillow.

“I know I’m a vampire and probably the most graceful being in the universe, but what if gravity fails me or the Earth’s axis tilts and I drop the rings in the Caribbean Sea?” Hoseok asked with great concern.

“Ugh not you too,” Taehyung groaned. “Namjoon-hyung has the right to freak out—he’s the God of Destruction and it’s his wedding day, but you? Nope. Pull it together!”

“You’re an ass,” Hoseok glared, though he did his best to relax and let his body unclench.

“I’m adorable and you know it,” Taehyung sing-songed. “Now, come on! We need to get in position. I can feel Seokjin’s impatience and evil eyes from here.”

Hoseok quickly moved forward, out of his room and towards the outside pavilion on the cliffside of the resort where the ceremony was set to begin. There, he saw a grinning Seokjin, a shaky Namjoon,
and Yoongi waiting at the piano for his cue. Jimin was somewhere inside with Jungkook ready to guide him down the aisle, but the element of surprise was being utilized to the maximum.

Hoseok could already see Namjoon’s jaw drop and his eyes mist over as he laid eyes on his soulmate walking down the aisle. Hoseok wasn’t into lovey-dovey romance and shit, but even he could appreciate true love and Jimin and Namjoon’s love was so pure it made his own dead heart skip a beat.

“Hit it, love,” Seokjin gestured and Yoongi nodded, elegant fingers fluttering over the ivory and ebony keys as the familiar song began to play.

The guests stood from their seats, turning expectantly to see a radiant Seokjin practically strut down the aisle to take his place at the front on the slightly raised platform where he would be officiating.

“Ready, hyung?” Taehyung murmured to Namjoon who continued to tremble, though his nod was steady.

“I’m ready to marry the love of my life,” he said, taking Taehyung’s extended arm and beginning his walk down the aisle.

Hoseok smiled fondly at his tall, gangly coven member who could be such a dork and a weirdo sometimes. That klutzy character was nowhere to be found now. Instead, there was a self-assured man—who looked like he came straight out of a catalogue—with his head held high and his dimpled smile proudly on display as he made his way to the front of the aisle. There was no fear or doubt in Namjoon’s posture. Hoseok was certain the silver-haired vampire didn’t even know what having “cold feet” before the big day meant.

And then it was Hoseok’s turn, so he straightened his shoulders and walked forward, extremely conscious of each step barely jostling the pillow in his hands. He breathed a tiny sigh of relief when he made it to the front and could stand to the side with no further movements risking the safety of the gold bands under his care.

The piano faded away and Hoseok lifted his head in surprise. He could see that both Seokjin and Taehyung seemed confused, but Namjoon only grinned at Yoongi and gave him a nod, which the elder vampire reciprocated. He bit back a laugh at the look of betrayal on Seokjin’s face and looked over his shoulder, seeing Jimin and Jungkook’s silhouette. Yoongi’s hands returned to the keys and a different song began to sound.
“Ah-ha, clever, Mr. Beast,” Taehyung snickered under his breath as the melody of Disney’s *Beauty and the Beast* began to play.

“I know,” Namjoon whispered before turning all of his attention to Jimin, who was now visible in the distance.

Namjoon had existed for more than a century and a half, but nothing in so many years of life could have prepared him for the sight of Jimin walking down the aisle.

The blonde vampire seemed to carry a white aura around his petite frame, as if the rays of the sun followed his every step. Light moved with him and he was bathed in an ethereal glow. Truly an angel sent to rescue Namjoon from the darkness he had resigned himself to.

Jimin had seemed momentarily thrown by the new song replacing Wagner’s traditional song, but a second later his pink lips had pulled into a bashful smile as he understood the message Namjoon had wanted to transmit. His eyes twinkled as they met Namjoon’s and the closer he got the faster Namjoon’s heart beat in his chest. Only Jimin had that effect on him.

Time seemed to simultaneously slow and speed up as Jimin walked towards him. Namjoon could have sworn he gazed upon his angel for hours on end, but in the next moment he was right in front of him. Jungkook placed Jimin’s dainty hand in Namjoon’s large palm and stepped back with a wide grin, moving to stand beside Taehyung across from Hoseok.

Jimin’s fingers instantly intertwined with his and Namjoon squeezed them softly.

“Hey,” Jimin whispered.

“Hey,” Namjoon whispered back.

“You’re smiling so big. Your dimples are blinding me,” he joked.

“Can’t help it. You look…like every dream of mine come to life,” Namjoon breathed and Jimin giggled quietly, running his thumb over the back of Namjoon’s hand.
“Thank you, Joonie.”

Seokjin let Yoongi play for a moment more before giving him a purposeful look. Yoongi nodded, letting his final chord linger in the air before retracting his hands. The silence that followed was just as serene and Seokjin smiled out at the guests.

“Please be seated.”

There was the sound of rustling as they took their seats and Seokjin quietly cleared his throat before beginning the ceremony.

“Today there will be no dearly beloved. No betrothed. No ancient rhyme of the married. Today, there are no dead languages to solemnize vows that are very much alive and will remain so for all of eternity. Today hopes and beliefs become concrete promises between two individuals who we all care deeply for and whose joy brings us equal if not more elation. They deserve this happiness,” Seokjin’s small smile was full of tenderness for his young coven members.

“But this day is not about the words spoken—by me or by the grooms—or even by the rings exchanged. Let us all remember that this day is about love. One of my favorite authors once wrote, ‘If love is not all, then it is nothing: this principle, and its opposite, collide down all the years of my breathless tale.’ Jimin, Namjoon—your breathless tale is about to begin.”

Jimin and Namjoon exchanged a beaming grin before turning back to Seokjin.

“This principle will be the basis for every aspect of your relationship. All you have to do is love one another and let that love show through in everything you do for one another, how you treat each other, in good times and in bad. Especially in bad,” he cautioned. “Love isn’t just a word; it’s an action. It isn’t something you say but something you do. Love is genuine, honest, and open, compassionate and kind, passionate and blind. Loves knows nothing of space and time. It never dies. The love in this room, collectively from friends and family, will help sustain and support the promise you make today as husbands. All of us here will help solidify this bond, that is the vow we make to you.”

The guests were nodding, enraptured with Seokin’s beautiful words.

“This new journey will be at times richly rewarding and extremely difficult, but the most important thing is that you will take this journey together. What you are promising, in front of all of us here, is that you want to be with each other and only each other for the rest of your lives and that you will do everything in your power to honor that promise. Now, I am sure you are exhausted by this old man’s rambling and are ready to hear each other speak!” he joked, making the entire party laugh.
“Namjoon, you may recite your vows to Jimin,” Seokjin gestured towards the tall vampire who gave a shaky exhale before nodding.

Jimin extended his other hand, now gripping both of Namjoon’s steadily. Namjoon gave him a grateful smile and began to say the words that had been swimming in his head for months.

“Park Jimin, despite our love being fated there was a part of me that feared I would never find you. We don’t each get a special clock that counts down the hours, minutes, and seconds of that life-altering moment when you meet the other half of your soul. Perhaps it was for the best because you were my sudden, beautiful stroke of serendipity,” Namjoon paused for second, watching Jimin’s round cheeks flush a pale shade of rose at the reminder of the song that had been dedicated to him.

“All the years I spent waiting for you taught me patience and temperance. I was scared I’d miss you somehow—as if we were two planets with orbits that would cross at one, tiny perfect point and drift away from each other right after. I realize now how ridiculous my doubts were. If it hadn’t been the day, we met in the cottage it would have been at the university or on the corner of a busy street, bumping into each other and feeling an inexplicable need to stop. It would have happened one way or another and whichever beginning had been chosen would only make me grateful to destiny and the Powers that Be and any other force because it’s only with you beside me that I truly feel alive. Thank you for loving me, Jimin, and I promise you I will never take that love or you for granted. I’ll spend the rest of time adoring you.”

Jimin gave a delighted giggle at Namjoon’s final sentence, brown eyes glistening, being careful not to disturb the delicate makeup Seokjin had helped him apply earlier.

“It’s okay, Joonie,” Jimin squeezed his mate’s hand and grinned widely. “The past isn’t painful anymore. I don’t linger in those memories because I’m only interested in making new ones with you. You, who have loved me completely and given me your beautiful heart to hold. You, who have always told me that I’m beautiful and that you’re honored to call me yours. You, who have wanted me for who I am and not who I should be…Namjoon, I look at you and I can feel your love. I can bask in it and let it pull me into a warm embrace. I look at you and I know I’m home,” his musical
voice broke on the final word and Namjoon didn’t hesitate to pull him into his arms and press kisses into his golden locks.

Seokjin rolled his eyes good-naturedly, knowing the sentimental couple wouldn’t have waited until actually exchanging rings and binding words to come together.

“Hoseok, the rings?”

Hoseok gingerly stepped forward so Seokjin could reach them.

“Namjoon do you take Jimin to be your husband, your partner through life, and to love him and only him forevermore?”

Namjoon pulled back from Jimin, maintain a grip on his left hand as he beamed down at him.

“I do.”

Seokjin gave him the ring and Namjoon carefully slid it onto his mate’s dainty finger.

“Jimin, do you take Namjoon to be your husband, your partner through life, and to love him and only him forevermore?”

“I do,” Jimin breathed, taking the ring and placing it on Namjoon’s extended finger.

“The rings have been exchanged,” Seokjin announced. “By the power vested in me by fate itself,” he winked, “it is my honor and delight to declare you married. Go forth and live each day to the fullest. You may seal this declaration with a kiss.”

Jimin jumped forward on the tips of his toes, surprising Namjoon as the younger vampire crushed their lips together and nearly sent them tumbling backwards. The guests laughed and began clapping, whistling, and hollering in excitement.

“Hyungie’s married! He’s a kept man now!” Taehyung clapped.
“How was that for our first kiss as an officially wed couple?” Jimin grinned, pulling away from his new husband.

“Whoa,” Namjoon gasped and Jimin’s tinkling laugh only made the silver-haired vampire’s heart beat faster.

“That’s what I like to hear. Come on, it’s time to party!”

Namjoon chuckled, holding out his elbow so Jimin could weave his arm through as they waved at their friends and walked back down the altar—except this time they walked as one. No longer were they searching for their other half. Now, they were wonderfully whole.

“I have a surprise for you,” the playful voice that teased at Namjoon’s sensitive earlobe belonged to none other than his beautiful husband, who had darted away minutes before presumably to dance around crazily with Taehyung and Jungkook.

“Oh, really?” Namjoon raised an eyebrow, amused when he turned in his chair to see Jimin grinning down at him impishly, arms behind his back as he swayed in place cutely.

“I owe you a breathless moment.”

“A what? Wait, are you talking about the conversation we had a few weeks ago? Jiminnie, we aren’t fighting to outdo each other with grand gestures, remember?”

“Says you, Mr. Prince Charming,” Jimin stuck his tongue out. “It’s my turn now, but you’re going to have to be patient and wait until the honeymoon.”

Before Namjoon could offer another protest, Jimin was pulling him up and out of his seat.

“Dance with me?”
“As you wish, beloved,” Namjoon smiled and Jimin went on his tiptoes to press a chaste kiss to his husband’s lips.

“Everyone seemed to like our *Serendipity* duet,” Jimin commented, remembering when Taehyung had shoved them both on stage and forced mics into their hands.

“I was going to play the recording. I wasn’t ready for live singing,” Namjoon frowned, unconsciously letting his usually uncoordinated limbs move along to the slow ballad playing.

“Your voice was perfect. Your dancing has improved too,” Jimin noted, grinning as Namjoon spun him in a little twirl that was mostly graceful.

“All thanks to you, my little ballerina.”

Jimin giggled happily, wrapping both arms around Namjoon’s neck and pulling Namjoon down so their foreheads were resting together.

“I love you so much, Joonie.”

“And I you, Jiminie. This still seems surreal. Slow dancing with my soulmate at our wedding,” he sighed dreamily.

“Is it everything you imagined it would be?”

“Oh, it’s much more.”

“Really?” Jimin smiled.

“Every time I think I’ve finally reached the peak of my love for you; you do something that proves me wrong. Usually that something is just existing.”

“Joon,” Jimin groaned. “Stop impersonating Neruda.”
“I can’t help it!” he chuckled and Jimin shook his head fondly.

“You just wait, mister, this honeymoon is going to blow you away and then I'll be the superior romantic.”

“Are you waiting until literal minutes before our flight to tell me where we’re going?”

“Yep. It’s payback for my birthday trip.”

“Yeah, because I was such a horrible boyfriend for giving you a surprise trip to Bali,” Namjoon drawled sarcastically.

“It was a wonderful gesture, but it was still annoying not knowing where we were going!”

“Spontaneity is romantic.”

“So you can appreciate my secrecy then,” Jimin winked.

Namjoon shot him an unamused look, which Jimin ignored as he stared out at their guests and the breathtaking panorama of the wedding ceremony. The outside pavilion had been decorated so splendidly it had made them all gasp as they moved from the altar area to the main event area.
“It’s getting late,” Namjoon said.

“I think we have another 20 minutes or so before we have to grab our bags and meet the driver out front.”

“Are we traveling in our suits?”

“This is breathable material, but I’d hate to get it wrinkled or stained somehow, so we can leave them with Seokjin-hyung. He promised to steam them and get them home safely.”

“Good. Him I trust.”
“So if Taehyung had offered?” Jimin giggled.

“I would have politely but firmly said no.”

They shared a laugh together and finished their dance before deciding it was best to change into their travel outfits, which were simple shorts and polos. From this Namjoon could gather they weren’t going anywhere cold. Vampires didn’t suffer through any temperature changes, but it would certainly look suspicious if they strolled through Vail, for instance, in shorts.

“Aw, is it time to say our goodbyes?” Taehyung pouted at the couple as they rolled their suitcases outside.

The other guests had already wished them well on their trip and on their life together, leaving them with gifts (most of which were envelopes of money) and smiled. Only the coven remained.

“It’s only for a week, Tae Tae,” Namjoon ruffled his hair and Taehyung’s pout deepened.

“We haven’t spent a week apart in decades, hyungie.”

“You’ll survive, you big baby,” Yoongi rolled his eyes.

“You don’t understand because you don’t have a close relationship with your sire. Namjoon-hyung is basically my dad,” Taehyung snapped, trying to justify himself.

“That’s creepy,” Hoseok made a face. “He’s your daddy?”

“He’s definitely not Taehyung’s daddy. That role is strictly reserved for Jimin, am I right?” Seokjin shot finger guns at the embarrassed couple.

“I’d rather leave some things in private,” Jimin muttered.

“Ha! You just confirmed it,” Jungkook snickered.
“Okay, we’re leaving now,” Namjoon sighed. “Annoying as you all may be…we’re going to miss you.”

“Tons!” Jimin added.

“We’ll miss you both, but our family is never apart for long, right? Once you return, we can discuss our near-future. There are certain decisions we have to take,” Seokjin said more seriously.

“Agreed,” Namjoon nodded. “We’ll see you soon.”

Their coven waved and shouted funny nonsense at them as they got into the hired car. Soon, they were leaving their friends in the rearview mirror.

“That was fun,” Jimin decided. “We should do it again.”

“What, get married?” Namjoon snorted.

“Yeah, what do you think about throwing another wedding for ourselves in 10 years?” Jimin joked.

“Mm, maybe in 20. Planning the wedding was exhausting.”

“But think of all the presents we’d accumulate.”

“Almost everyone gave us cash in an envelope or direct wire transfers.”

“I guess vampires aren’t the sentimental type.”

“It’s more like, what do you get for a couple that has it all? Once you find your soulmate, it’s assumed that there is nothing you could possibly want more,” Namjoon explained and Jimin moved to lace their fingers together.
“That’s absolutely true,” the younger vampire beamed.

They shared a chaste kiss, broken by Jimin’s sudden giggle fit.

“Care to let me in on the joke?” Namjoon raised an eyebrow.

“I’m not laughing because it’s something funny,” Jimin grinned. “I’m laughing because I’m so excited for our honeymoon. You’re going to love me so much when you see what I’ve planned.”

“Oh cool because up ‘til now I only liked you a little,” Namjoon jested.

“Ha ha,” Jimin stuck his tongue out. “Here,” he handed Namjoon his phone, the lit-up screen displaying their trip itinerary. “I’m nicer than you, so you can know our destination now.”

“Cinque Terre,” Namjoon’s eyes lit up. “Jimin! You chose the Italian Amalfi coast? That’s been on my Must Travel list for years. I didn’t mention it as a honeymoon location because I thought you’d want a tropical island.”

“I know it’s on your list. Taehyung showed it to me,” Jimin smirked. “And I’ve had enough island paradises to last me until the end of the year. Cinque Terre isn’t as touristy as other parts of Europe and I know an intellectual like you wants his trips to contain culture as well as relaxation.”

“You know me too well,” Namjoon ducked his head, touched by Jimin considering his interests above his own.

“That’s my job. I’m your husband,” Jimin winked.

“Yeah. My beautiful, magical husband,” Namjoon sighed contentedly, pulling Jimin into his arms and pressing fluttering kisses to his golden locks.

Hoseok was strolling calmly across the beach, whistling a song to himself as he took in the
movement of the waves and let the sea breeze caress his face. He was feeling buzzed, remnants of
the high energy the wedding had required of all of them. It had been a wonderful ceremony and
Hoseok was overjoyed that his coven members had made everything work and found harmony
together. Of course they did. They were soulmates.

In the last year both Namjoon and Taehyung had met their soulmates and suddenly Hoseok was the
only odd man out. It was frustrating standing on the sidelines for over a century while Jin and
Yoongi reenacted all the best, classic love stories, but at least then he was in the same boat as
Namjoon and then Taehyung when he was turned. Now, he was alone. Logically, he knew his
coven cared for him and would never abandon him or kick him out because he remained without a
mate. Still, who wanted to share a space and a life with someone who had no true love of their own?

How would he coexist with three soulmate pairs? He would be sleeping around, adding to the
numerous notches on his bedpost, and his coven would look upon him with disapproval because he
was a whore while they were spending eternity with the other half of their souls.

The orange-haired vampire was so lost in his swirling doubts and insecurities that he lost track of his
surroundings and even his enhanced hearing didn’t prevent him from crashing into a petite figure that
had been running in his direction.

“Ouch,” Hoseok groaned.

By the force of impact it was clear he had run into another vampire.

“Watch where you’re going, asshole!” the melodious female voice cursed at him.

Hoseok rubbed at his chest and glared up at the other vampire.

“Oh my god,” the high voice cracked as Hoseok met her gaze.

“You…” Hoseok’s mouth dropped and he had to clutch the sand below him to anchor himself to
something tangible as his entire planet spun on its axis and changed the course of his existence.
“You’re my soulmate.”

“My name is Seulgi,” she introduced herself, features softening and showing just how gorgeous she
was from the thick, black hair that fell down to her waist to the flawless porcelain skin that was on
full display in her running shorts and sports bra.
“Hoseok,” he whispered.

“I’m sorry if I hurt you. I had headphones in and I was spaced out,” Seulgi giggled, the sound coming out like gentle wind chimes.

“No apology needed. It was my fault,” Hoseok quickly said.

Seulgi smiled gently, holding out a manicured hand. Hoseok smiled back, taking his soulmate’s hand and standing up.

“Now what?” Seulgi whispered playfully.

“Now? I think now…we fall in love,” Hoseok murmured.

Namjoon fell back onto the king-sized mattress and sighed, grinning dopily at the high ceiling of the hotel room.

“Was it a good day?” Jimin grinned, leaning against the bedpost and observing his husband.

“I don’t have the words to describe how incredible today was,” Namjoon confessed. “This place is so beautifully rustic. It’s no wonder why it was designated a UNESCO World Heritage site. I’ve learned so much about its history!”

“I’m sure you know more about the region than our tour guide now. You certainly asked enough questions,” Jimin teased.

“Oh, yeah. Sorry if I embarrassed you,” Namjoon winced. “I can get…annoying when I’m too excited about something.”

“It’s okay, Jiminie—”

“Joon,” Jimin cut him off, bounding onto the bed and making himself comfortable in his favorite spot—curled up on Namjoon’s chest with Namjoon’s arms holding him close. “Seeing you all bright-eyed and bouncy is such a treat. You’re like a hyper child at Disneyworld. It’s cute as fuck, okay? Don’t be mean to yourself.”

“I love you,” Namjoon laughed.

“I love you too. Every part of you,” Jimin emphasized the word with raised eyebrows and Namjoon’s cheeks pinkened.

“Okay,” he nodded, convinced.

“We have an early morning tomorrow because the vineyard tour is extensive and I want to get wine-drunk with my new husband, so it’s can’t miss.”

“We’re going to start drinking before the sun comes up?”

“Since when does the sun dictate my alcohol intake?” Jimin scoffed. “Plus, I’m on my honeymoon, I can do whatever I want.”

“Fair enough,” Namjoon chuckled. “It’s getting late. Does that mean you want to get under the covers already?”

Jimin’s eyes took on a dangerous gleam and his smile sharpened.

“Don’t tell me you’re tired already, Joonie. We had to fly all of last night, so the night of our wedding passed…unconsummated if you know what I mean.”

“…I see,” Namjoon felt the shift in the air seconds before one of Jimin’s thick thighs slowly slid across Namjoon’s legs, intentionally brushing against his crotch.
“Do you?” Jimin challenged.

“Being a newborn has certainly increased your libido along with your confidence huh, baby?”

“If you like it?” Jimin batted his eyelashes up at his husband.

“I could definitely get on board with a hornier you.”

Jemin giggled, slapping lightly at Namjoon’s chest.

“What? You were the one who wanted to race so you could win the opportunity to try out lewd sex stuff,” Namjoon reminded him.

“Mm, and you were the one who said that ‘lewd sex stuff’ was best left to our honeymoon,” Jimin waggled his eyebrows and Namjoon huffed a laugh.

“I did say that.”

“So? Are you going to deliver…Master?” the blonde purred.

Namjoon felt his dick twitch in his pants at the vivid lust in Jimin’s dark eyes.

“Are you sure?” Namjoon asked cautiously.

“I want this,” Jimin assured him, running a dainty palm down Namjoon’s chest until his small fingers were toying with the waistband of his jeans.

Namjoon could only feel open desire, excitement, and love through the bond, so he knew Jimin was speaking honestly. When the newborn vampire had whispered his sexual fantasy in Namjoon’s ear, Namjoon had nearly lost all sense of self-control and briefly considered slamming Jimin against the nearest tree and letting him feel just how affected his lascivious words had left him.
Jimin had proposed a night in which Namjoon dominated him, using his body for his pleasure and for his pleasure only, including giving in to the sire relationship. Namjoon wasn’t 100% sure how Jimin knew about that, but he could guess it had been Taehyung’s doing and that even before Jimin turned he had been sold on the idea of submitting to the sire/childe bond. This included the childe referring to his sire as “Master” and agreeing to whatever dirty deed the sire commanded them to perform. The idea of the sire as one’s master was an antiquated notion, used at the start of vampire history when covens were more about building armies than families.

Namjoon had no prior experience with the concept as Jin had never forced him into submission, neither sexual nor of any other kind, and he only called him “Hyung.” Similarly, Taehyung being his childe was never anything close to sexual. He was like his little brother. Jimin was a completely different case.

“I’ll ask you one last time, sweetheart. If you say yes, know that I’m taking over tonight and you have to do whatever I want you to do,” Namjoon’s voice deepened and Jimin suppressed a groan at how his husband’s low timbre made shivers run up and down his spine.

“Yes, Joonie. Yes to everything. Do with me what you wish.”

“Fuck,” Namjoon murmured, shutting his eyes for a second before shooting up from his prone position and flipping Jimin below him.

The enhanced velocity had stunned the younger vampire, despite his own heightened senses and he was staring dumbly up at a smirking Namjoon.

“Too fast for you, baby?”

Jimin pouted and Namjoon chuckled, leaning down and brushing his lips against Jimin’s, instantly pulling away when the younger’s mouth opened, little pink tongue flicking against his own upper lip.

“Kiss me, Joonie,” he whined.

One of Namjoon’s hands flew to Jimin’s throat, tightening threateningly. “Ask me properly and maybe I will,” Namjoon growled.
“K-kiss me please, M-master,” Jimin gasped, not needing the oxygen yet struggling to breathe anyway.

He knew Namjoon had an authoritative side and that despite his gentle soul and romantic nature he was a deadly vampire who had, for decades, utilized his charms and his body to lure in unsuspecting humans. Namjoon would never feed without bedding his target for the night and though Jimin’s jealousy flared quite fiercely when he thought about his husband’s past conquests, he was also curious to see the other Namjoon. The tempter. The sensual demon.

“Good boy,” Namjoon rewarded him with a deep kiss, his skilled tongue tangling with Jimin’s so perfectly the blonde unconsciously moved his hands from Namjoon’s sides to tangle in his hair, an attempt at keeping his mouth locked with his.

Namjoon instantly pulled back, gripping Jimin’s hands and slamming them against the pillows. He moved the younger’s thin wrists into one hand and strengthened his grip. With his free hand he grabbed Jimin by the chin and raised his face.

“Look at me, gorgeous,” Namjoon’s intoxicating scent washed over Jimin as he was pulled into sharing his air and he blinked dazedly up at him. “You don’t act unless I order you to. You are to react not initiate. Understand?”

“I understand, Master,” Jimin nodded obediently and Namjoon released his chin, letting his head drop back onto the pillow.

“Keep your hands there. If they move, I’ll punish you and I promise you it’s not something you’ll enjoy,” Namjoon warned.

Jimin gulped, but froze in place, not wanting to test his luck so soon. Namjoon grinned and began removing Jimin’s clothes. He did it at a torturously meticulous pace and Jimin resisted the urge to whine brattily as Namjoon stopped at his briefs and decided to start ghosting his thick lips over Jimin’s sensitive skin. He danced over his nipples and collarbones, pausing at his neck before changing course for his navel and then the inside of his thighs. Before Jimin could let himself enjoy it, Namjoon would pull away and start over. It was maddening. After the fourth slide of lips over his belly button, Jimin couldn’t help himself.

“Touch me, Master,” he begged. “I need you, please.”
“Patience is a virtue, Jimin, especially for a vampire,” Namjoon sneered but Jimin only pouted up at him, doe eyes watery.

“I don’t want to be patient tonight, Master. I’ve been dreaming about this night for so long.”

“Have you?” Namjoon raised an eyebrow in interest.

“Yes. From the first time we, uh, were together my birthday weekend,” Jimin turned shy as he continued. “I couldn’t help but wonder what it would be like if we were both…indestructible.”

“Dirty boy,” Namjoon chuckled. “Even as a human you were insatiable. Vampirism will suit you better than I thought.”

“I can’t help how much I want you,” Jimin murmured and Namjoon couldn’t contain his groan at the earnest desire in Jimin’s soft voice.

“You can have me, sweetheart. For the rest of time,” Namjoon promised and, as a way of repaying the blonde for his honesty, began removing his own clothes until the only piece of fabric between them were Jimin’s briefs.

Jimin bit his lip, desperately wanting to reach out and touch. There was so much lovely golden skin on display, but his master had given him an order and if he disobeyed there would be consequences. Jimin knew his curiosity would eventually lead him to test Namjoon’s authority in the bedroom, but as Namjoon had said they had eternity together. Discovering what his lover meant by “punishment” could wait. Tonight, Jimin wanted praise and rewards.

“You look so good, Master,” Jimin purred.

“So do you, my love. Good enough to eat,” he winked, lowering his body so their bare skin brushed together.

Jimin released a little sigh at the long-anticipated contact and was about to relax into the feeling when suddenly there were fangs at his neck and then a sharp, stinging sensation.

“Oh!” Jimin cried out, body tensing as his blood was coaxing to the surface.
The pain was momentary and seconds later Jimin’s mind was blank with pleasure, so much so that his hands lost their neatly clasped position over his head and instead came down to Namjoon’s back. His only coherent thought was to keep Namjoon writhing against him, to keep his perfectly curved fangs inside him and his thick lips sucking his vitality straight from the source. Of course, his mate would never drain him dry—he’d never done it when Jimin was human and offered a much greater temptation—but drinking from him was still invigorating for Namjoon. It helped strengthen the bond and it was incredibly sensual.

Vampires were meant to be the ultimate predator. Weakness wasn’t something they ever displayed, yet with their mates they could show vulnerability. If that mate also happened to be their sire? Submission was a heady thing.

“Like that, baby? Like it when I bite your beautiful neck and mark you—to remind everyone that you’re mine?” Namjoon growled, licking over the bite to close it faster.

A bite from another vampire would remain for at least a day, though eventually it faded as any other wound or injury would. Namjoon was going to make the most of his ability to temporarily leave a bruise on Jimin’s creamy skin.

“Fuck, yes,” Jimin hissed, tilting his head so Namjoon could deliver another stinging nip to his unmarked side.

When Namjoon was satisfied with the constellation of love bites on his mate’s neck, he raised up on his elbows and smiled at his panting mate.

“What’s the matter? Having trouble catching your breath? Odd, you don’t even need to breathe anymore,” he teased.

“Don’t act like you aren’t getting off on this,” Jimin glared. “I can feel how hard your dick is against my leg, Master,” the title was said derisively and Namjoon decided it was time to stop being nice.

Before Jimin could think to react, he was being thrown over Namjoon’s shoulder and manhandled over to the glass doors that led out to their balcony.

“Wh-what are you—”
“Shut up and lift your left leg,” Namjoon commanded, kneeling before Jimin.

Dazed, Jimin did as asked and nearly fell forward when his leg was pulled harshly as Namjoon swung it over his shoulder. Namjoon waited until Jimin regained his balance, now steady on one leg, before shoving his upper body back against the glass so he was leaning fully on the door behind him.

“Stay just like that,” Namjoon’s amber eyes were unyielding as they bored into Jimin’s wide ones.

Jimin could only nod and wait. He wasn’t left in suspense for much longer as Namjoon placed one hand on the band of his briefs and unhesitatingly tore the fabric to shreds. Jimin yelped as the cotton fell away from his body, exposing his leaking erection.

“You’re stunning, my love,” Namjoon breathed reverently, eyes roving over every inch of Jimin’s leanly muscled frame.

Jimin wanted to squirm and hide himself, but his position made it impossible.

“Thank you, Master,” he murmured.

“If you behave yourself, I’ll let you mark me. How does that sound, baby?”

“I’ll be good for you,” Jimin promised, nodding eagerly as he imagined what Namjoon’s blood would taste like.

His mouth watered at the thought of drinking from his mate and leaving his own seal of ownership so to speak. Jimin was more than comfortable with belonging to Namjoon only if Namjoon granted him the same privilege.

“You’re mine, Master,” Jimin said, licking his lips tantalizingly.

“I am,” Namjoon gave him that. “And you’re mine, Jimin. All mine.”
“All yours,” Jimin agreed.

Namjoon’s features softened as he pressed a tender kiss to the curve of Jimin’s raised knee.

“I love you,” the silver-haired vampire whispered.

“I love you too,” Jimin instantly replied.

Namjoon forced himself to return to his previous headspace, knowing all the gentle, sappy behavior would have its own time and place later. For now, he was responsible for driving Jimin mad with lust.

Namjoon wrapped one hand around Jimin’s elevated thigh and placed his other hand on Jimin’s hips, knowing he’d need to use his strength to keep his mate still for what was to come—pun most certainly intended. Without further preamble he sucked harshly at Jimin’s rim.

“Oh my god” Jimin moaned, voice breaking as Namjoon began licking into his tight opening.

Jimin was a mess of sobs and curses as Namjoon sucked his sensitive balls into his mouth before returning to his quivering hole. It took more concentration that Jimin knew he possessed to keep his body upright with his hands pulling at his own hair. Namjoon hadn’t instructed him to keep his hands there, but Jimin simply couldn’t risk moving them and having Namjoon stop the blissful movements of his tongue.

Namjoon only grinned to himself as Jimin was reduced to trembles and moans above him. He released his hold on Jimin’s thigh to free his fingers, letting his index finger push into Jimin’s tight heat.


Namjoon was three fingers in before he bothered to give Jimin a response.

“What was that, gorgeous? What do you need?” Namjoon asked calmly.
Jimin was amazed at Namjoon’s self-control. He could see his husband’s erection twitching at Jimin’s every noise and surely Namjoon was as desperate for release as he was, yet his eyes gave nothing away. Jimin felt seconds away from collapsing and there Namjoon knelt, fingers deep in his ass, as composed as ever.

“I n-need you to fuck m-me, Master,” he stuttered, doing his best to steady his breathing and loosen the grip on his hair because he was starting to hurt himself with how roughly he was tugging at the blonde locks.

“Do you think you deserve my cock, Jiminie?” Namjoon asked mockingly.

"Y-yes. I was g-good,” Jimin panted through gritted teeth.

Namjoon chuckled, dipping his head down to Jimin’s raised leg and delivering a fleeting bite to the flesh of his thigh. Jimin yelped, his other leg shaking so much Jimin thought it was going to give out. Thankfully, Namjoon seemed to think Jimin had suffered enough at the mercy of his wicked mouth and fingers, so he stood, Jimin’s elevated leg retuning to the ground.

Jimin wobbled forward, having to catch himself on Namjoon’s chest.


“How was that?”

“I’m a vampire. Why am I struggling to breathe and unstable on my feet?” Jimin seemed incredulous.

“Because I’m that talented, baby,” Namjoon smirked.

Jimin could only narrow his eyes at him, unable to refute the truth.

“Why don’t we take this back to the bed? I think we gave enough of Cinque Terre a show,”
Namjoon said, looking far too satisfied.

“What? Oh my god,” Jimin’s jaw dropped, somehow just realizing that his bare ass was pressed against a transparent, glass door and that their room overlooked the main street in front of the hotel. “What if people saw?!”

“Then they were lucky enough to see my beautiful husband screaming for his life as I fucked him open with my tongue,” Namjoon didn’t even blink as he uttered the dirty words and Jimin wondered where his sweet, mostly dorky husband went and who this breathtakingly sexy vampire was.

“Who are you?” he couldn’t help but voice his incredulity, making Namjoon laugh.

“Come here,” Namjoon walked them backwards until they fell back on the bed, Jimin on top this time. “Have I scared you away?”

“Fuck no. I can’t believe I get all of you for the rest of time. I’m going to be blessed with mind-blowing orgasms forever. What a dream come true!”

“Mind-blowing orgasms, huh? I haven’t actually made you come yet.”

“Hmm, then you should rectify that, shouldn’t you?” Jimin countered, feeling more confident as he straddled Namjoon and was now the one setting the pace.

He began grinding down against Namjoon’s thick cock, making the elder vampire moan.

“You in charge now?” Namjoon questioned.

“Temporarily,” Jimin giggled, rolling his hips in smooth, fluid motions that drove Namjoon to the brink of insanity.

“Fuck, stop, Jiminnie.”
“Don’t wanna,” the younger pouted.

“Then let me remind you who your master is.”

Jimin’s reminder came in the form of a rough flip of position, which he knew he should rapidly grow accustomed to. Namjoon had a thing for showing off his strength and how much smaller Jimin was, as was evident by how often he had thrown him around that night. He was never harsh with him, however, and Jimin’s body could withstand slamming into a concrete wall now, but Namjoon still maintained a certain gentleness with him. A flicker of pain was one thing, but truly hurting Jimin would cause him no pleasure. That was why Jimin had felt so comfortable suggesting this kind of lovemaking. He knew Namjoon would never take it too far.

“Are you okay, my love?” Namjoon murmured in his ear and Jimin realized he had lost focus of their present for a moment.

He was now kneeling with his hands placed on the wall above the headboard, Namjoon’s broad frame enveloping him from behind. He could feel his mate’s cock brushing against his entrance and Jimin knew the wait was over.

“Yes, Master. Please. Take me,” he breathed, grinding his ass against Namjoon’s hard length.

Namjoon didn’t need to ask again, sensing all of Jimin’s emotions through the bond. Instead, he pressed a kiss to the lovely mark on Jimin’s neck and thrust forward, moaning at the intense pleasure of being completely one with his husband. Nothing could ever compare to making love with his soulmate.

Namjoon was still in awe that Jimin was his to love forever. He confessed this to Jimin as they moved together, whispering how beautiful he was and how he’d brought light into Namjoon’s world and changed the course of his very existence.

When Jimin sobbed that he was about to cum, Namjoon gently pulled out and switched their positions so Jimin was riding him. It was the most comfortable position for Jimin to deliver his own bite to his soulmate.

Jimin didn’t hesitate as the waves of his climax drove him forward, fangs extending and sliding into Namjoon’s flawless skin. He came with the taste of Namjoon exploding on his tongue.
“So?” Namjoon asked afterwards when they were cuddled together on one side of the bed, bodies warm and relaxed from their lovemaking.

“I’d call you Daddy if Master didn’t suit you so much better. I mean I do call you Daddy…but maybe I’ll use Master more often.”

“Jiminie,” Namjoon laughed.

“It’s true! Where were you hiding all that sexy dom energy?” he waggled his eyebrows teasingly and Namjoon shook his head.

“You’re ridiculous.”

“Human me would have been pissed that you were keeping this from him.”

“Why are you dissociating your identities? Human you is still you.”

“Nope. We’re the same but different at the same time.”

“…I don’t know what to say.”

“Just say you were hiding how Daddy you were because human me wouldn’t have been able to take it.”

“Jesus and you had the never to be all bashful yesterday in front of the other guys.”

“Say it!”

It took Jimin tickling him and biting at his nipples to force Namjoon to say it.
“Ouch,” Namjoon rubbed at his reddened nipples. “You’re a vicious little thing.”

“I’m a vampire now. You need to get acquainted with my fangs, lover,” Jimin purred.

“I did that already,” Namjoon gestured to the dark red bite on the nape of his neck.

“How was it? My bite?” Jimin clarified.

“Hot as fuck,” Namjoon replied honestly, making Jimin giggle.

“So was yours. I don’t remember it being that sensual when you used to feed from me. It made me super horny, sure, but this was…something else.”

“It strengthened the bond. I told you vampires only used bloodplay with their mate because drinking from any other vampire wouldn’t feel or taste good. Your mate’s blood can be invigorating, as if it were human blood. It doesn’t supplement it; we still need to feed, but it does feel, well, incredible.”

“Mm, yeah. It was. Incredible.”

Namjoon pressed a kiss to Jimin’s pink pout.

“I’m glad you enjoyed it, my love. Are you tired?”

“Ugh, yes,” he frowned.

“Why does that upset you?”

“I thought my vampire stamina would let me ride you all night! Instead, I feel exhausted.”
Namjoon broke into a loud fit of laughter.

“It’s not funny!” Jimin protested.

“It is, Jiminie,” Namjoon smiled. “And we’ve had a long day in which we walked for most of it under the boiling sun. It’s more draining for us than for humans, remember? The sun should, by all fictional accounts, kill us. Instead, it weakens us even though we feed regularly. After all that and sex, it’s normal for us to feel tired. There’s always tomorrow. And the next day, and the day after that…” he trailed off, knowing he didn’t have to continue.

Both he and Jimin were aware that this was for eternity.

“You’re right. I’m being greedy,” Jimin nodded. “Sleep now, drink tomorrow, have shower sex tomorrow night!”

Namjoon pulled Jimin into his arms and laughed into his hair.

“Whatever you want, my love.”

“Hold me tight, Joonie, okay? That way I’ll know you love me,” he said cutely.

“I’ll never let you go, Jimin. You’ll never have to wonder how much I love you. You’ll know exactly how much because you’ll know that my heart beats solely for you. You know that, don’t you?”

Jimin hid his smile into the crook of Namjoon’s neck.

“I do,” Jimin whispered.

“Good,” Namjoon kissed the tip of his nose and tightened his arms around the younger vampire’s petite frame.
“Do you know how much I love you?”

“Of course I do, Jiminie.”

“Good,” Jimin echoed Namjoon, earning a small chuckle from the elder.

“Goodnight, sweetheart.”

“Goodnight, Joonie.

The rest of their honeymoon was as romantic and breathtaking as the first day. Namjoon was left breathless on multiple occasions (which made Jimin more than smug) and every night they lost themselves in passion and love. They left Cinque Terre with even more joy and appreciation for each other. Upon their return home, they would learn of the recent addition to their coven. Hoseok was no longer the seventh wheel. He was now the proud soulmate of a wonderful person who cared for him and loved him completely.

The coven moved to a different part of the world for fear of any further unpleasantness from Jimin’s family and though Jimin’s heart would sometimes ache at what he’d lost, these were fleeting moments. He had formed a new family, one that would never abandon him or make him feel ashamed of who he was. With Namjoon by his side, he knew nothing but euphoria.

And they lived happily ever after, in that cliched way storybooks and Hollywood films depict, because they deserved it. After struggling alone for so long, finding each other, despite all the obstacles in their path, guaranteed them an eternity together.

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