Oxymoronic

by jiminsfw

Summary

They were supposed to be perfect; Taehyung as the perfect omega with Jeongguk as the perfect alpha. Their lives were supposed to be nothing short of a fairytale— but maybe, just maybe, they already are perfect.

Or

Two princes fall in love, grow up, and grow old together. It’s simple until it isn’t, but fate works in the most unconventional ways.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
“Wah, Jeonggukie, did you hear? Did you hear?!” A young Kim Taehyung dashes excitedly towards his younger friend, all pretty smiles and positive vibes. Curiously, the said boy looks up from where he was playing on the fur rug of his room, surrounded by the finest toys fit for a prince—which he is. “Huh? Hear what, hyung?” Confused doe eyes try to focus on the ball of energy bouncing around, downy ash grey hair bouncing around.

The older pup stops for a second, looking at Jeongguk like the boy grew a second head. “You don’t know? But I visited here because of it!” Taehyung’s whining doesn’t really help in making Jeongguk understand, but he does it like it’ll help either way. “Yah! Just tell me already, Taehyungie!” Giggling, the prince of the Kim clan flings himself towards the prince of the Jeon clan, both their small bodies rolling around the carpeted floor in a mess of limbs.

“We’re getting married, silly! Mama and Papa were talking about it with your parents!” It takes a while for Jeongguk’s six-year-old brain to process that. Married? But they’re still small. They haven’t even presented yet! “You’re not joking, right, Taetae? Why would we be married already?”

Taehyung only grins, boxy and way too happy. “Dunno! But Mama and Papa said we have to! Don’t you love me, Ggukie? If we get married, we can play all day! And run around to catch butterflies! We’ll have so much fun, come on,” the older boy babbles excitedly to a still confused Jeongguk.

The younger really doesn’t understand any of these concepts. Taehyung has started elementary education, but he’s only started with preparatory school. Jeongguk is still learning about numbers and shapes—he doesn’t know anything about the hierarchies and dynamics just yet! He just knows that to get married and have a family, there needs to be an alpha and an omega (or beta)—and Taehyung and him are still pups!

“But… we’re not big yet! What if we’re both the same!” Of course, as a six year old, Jeongguk can’t express himself properly just yet. With a limited vocabulary, Jeongguk can’t really understand much about their situation either.

As someone older, Taehyung doesn’t really get what Jeongguk means—it’s just too vague! They could be “the same” in lots of ways! “Huh? Same? What do you mean?” Frustrated, Jeongguk balls his tiny hands into fists, brows furrowed. “Like… Like—what if we’re both alphas? Or omegas? Daddy said that’s not good!” Taehyung only giggles and the entirety of Jeongguk’s small face
contorts into an offended expression. “Hey! What’s so funny?”

“Silly Ggukie! Didn’t you know? Papa said I’ll be an omega since lots and lots of my ‘anzesters’ are omegas! And Mr. Jeon said everyone on your side were alphas so you have to be an alpha too.” Taehyung struggles to pronounce ancestors, but it doesn’t really matter either. Jeongguk doesn’t even know what that word means yet.

Grumpy, Jeongguk pinches Taehyung’s tongue when the other pup sticks his tongue out at him. He knew that! Jeon Jeongguk is a smart boy! “You’re not cute enough to be an omega,” he counters, wide eyes squinting at his friend. Now it’s Taehyung’s turn to look offended. “Hey! Take that back! You’re too cute to be an alpha!”

Gasping, Jeongguk tries to roll over Taehyung, but it’s quite the struggle when the other pup is bigger and heavier than him. “No! When I’m older, I’ll show you that I’m manly!” To Jeongguk’s horror, however, Taehyung only giggles and pulls him into his arms, cuddling him like a stuffed bear. “You’re cute. My cute husband! Because we’re married. We’re Taegguk!”

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Later that night, Jeongguk’s parents sit him down in their room, just a little after Taehyung and his family left. Currently, the young boy is sitting on his mother’s lap, already dressed in his favourite pair of silk pyjamas. “Jeonggukie, did Taetae hyung tell you anything a while ago?” His mother’s sweet voice is really all Jeongguk needs to answer—no further coaxing needed.

He nods eagerly, ready to tell on the older pup. Then he’ll know if Taehyung was lying or not! “Yeah! Taehyung hyung said we’re married,” Jeongguk stresses and draws the word out like he’s disgusted by it, “but that can’t be true, right, Mommy? We’re not big enough to get married!”

The Queen only chuckles fondly at her child, but sighs afterwards. “Sorry, baby, but Taetae wasn’t lying awhile ago. You are going to marry your hyung.” Shocked, the young boy gasps and looks up at his mother with wide, confused eyes. “Wh-What? But Mommy!” In all honesty, Jeongguk doesn’t understand why he’s whining like he is. It but seemed… natural and appropriate to whine about it.

“You’re too young to understand it now, but when you’re a bit older, I promise Daddy and I will explain everything to you. Is that alright, baby? You just have to trust Mommy and Daddy right now.” Jeongguk isn’t all that appeased by that answer, but he pouts and nods his head anyways, snuggling up to the comforting warmth and scent of his mother. “Okay… Ggukie trusts Mommy and Daddy,” he takes a short pause, “but can I please have my bed time story now? And lullaby after?”
The Queen practically bursts with fondness for her only child, her precious baby boy. “Of course, dear. Anything for you.” Excitedly, Jeongguk jumps off of his mother’s lap, tiny hands curling around a few of her fingers before attempting to drag her to his room. “Yes! Story time, story time! Read me the Little Prince again, Mommy! Oooh! And sing Sh—She— Sherendipty!”

Jeongguk is lifted up and carried— after all, The Queen wants to savour every moment that she can still lift her son up, savour every moment where Jeongguk’s world is just her and his father. “It’s seren-di-pi-ty,” she enunciates syllable per syllable, softly correcting her son.

“Yeah, yeah! Serendipity!” The mother and son both share a smile, practically a mirror of each other. “Thatta boy!” Jeongguk giggles softly when his mother blows a raspberry on his skin, giddy and so filled with love. He hopes it’ll stay like this forever.

As a thirteen year old, Jeongguk started his middle school education. Taehyung is a high school freshman. They should’ve drifted apart by now… but that’s simply impossible when you’re in an arranged marriage. Even if they were sort of required to visit each other at least once a week, they do it without prompting anyways. Even after seven years, Taehyung and Jeongguk is still Taehyung and Jeongguk. Space isn’t a thing for them.

Jeongguk has long since been educated about everything he needs to know about mating and all that jazz— scenting, heats, ruts, marking. All the nice things. And even if these topics haven’t been opened up to him, he’s a curious thirteen year old. You can’t hide anything from teenagers. It’s an almost impossible feat… and, well, Jeongguk always has Taehyung to tell him everything.

That once confused child isn’t that present anymore. Their lessons tackle biology and it’s already engraved into Jeongguk’s head: he’s going to be an alpha and Taehyung is going to be an omega. They fit these characteristics perfectly! Others might say it’s too early to judge— every boy their age is still a mess of lanky limbs and awkward proportions —but for the pair? They’ve just grown to accept it.

There goes that saying that your parents know you more than yourself and they just believed it. Their lives are practically set from the start already. Taehyung and Jeongguk mate, Taehyung goes to live with his alpha to help Jeongguk lead the clan, they get a child (or children) , and the cycle will repeat for generations.
Both of them just don't question it any longer. Jeongguk still holds onto his mother’s promise as well — he’ll be told everything once he’s older. He just hopes it’ll be soon.

Sighing in exhaustion, Jeongguk slings his backpack over his shoulders, feeling stuffy in the way too formal uniform his school has. He walks outside towards the pick-up area, eyes darting around in confusion when his carriage is nowhere in sight. Is Daehyeon late?

“Jeonggukie!” Oh. That voice. Shocked, Jeongguk snaps his head towards the direction of the voice. It’s no one other than youngest Prince of the Kim clan, Kim Taehyung. The years have done his hyung good. Taehyung looks too perfect to be real— a doll describes him better… he’s so pretty that maybe, just maybe, Jeongguk doesn’t feel all that bad for having to marry his best friend since diapers. Taehyung would make such a wonderful omega. A perfect one.

“Taetae hyung? Why are you here? Isn’t Dyeyghu far from Bhusyan,” Jeongguk asks, genuinely confused, even as Taehyung takes his hand and drags him towards his own family’s personal carriage. “Well, pup, Mama and Papa said they’re going to meet up with your parents again. Since it’s supposedly my turn to visit Bhusyan, we just came here and suggested to pick you up from school ourselves.” Taehyung flashes the younger boy with his trademark smile and Jeongguk can feel himself being filled to the brim with fondness.

After being given a plausible explanation, Jeongguk follows after Taehyung without any more questions. If the King and Queen themselves are here, then that means that they really are over for some official business. When they reach the carriage, Jeongguk automatically takes a seat next to Taehyung.

So this is how it’s going to be, huh? When they’re older, he’ll sit on a throne right next to Taehyung and rule… have kids. Jeongguk knows he’s a bit too young to be thinking of such things, but they don’t seem all that bad as long as it’s Taehyung by his side. Quite sappy, right? Maybe his mother shouldn’t have read him too much romance books as a child.

The trip from his school to his home is one that only takes ten minutes, so the time flies by fast. Jeongguk’s mother and father are not outside to greet him like they always do, which further establishes the fact that they really are doing something important.

Mansion workers bow at their higher-ups before a selected one steps forward to guide them towards the study room— not that Jeongguk doesn’t know. This is his home, but since he arrived with the Kim Family, it would be rude of him to go first.

Taehyung isn’t talking since his parents are looming over them both, but he does shoot Jeongguk a
smile and instantaneously, Jeongguk feels at ease. That’s just his effect over his younger mate. Normal pups aren’t even mated yet, but they’re far from normal anyways— it’s a weird thing to think about, but Taehyung thinks that they’re fated either way, thinks that they really are meant to be. If they weren’t compatible in the first place… then why are they so willing? Why does everything seem so natural, just falling into place like it was planned?

Call Taehyung delusional, but he believes in it because he can feel it. Just looking at Jeongguk now… he can see himself spending his future with him. They’re only teenagers now, but Taehyung likes to think that what he’s feeling right now is real.

The familiar, large double doors are soon in sight and Jeongguk eagerly opens them up himself, backpack bouncing when he dashes towards where his parents are already sitting the conference table— he has to recite all the quizzes he got a perfect mark on today!

“Jeongguk,” his parents say in unison, small, fond smiles on their faces while their son rambles on enthusiastically about his day. The King’s eyes look on his only son with pride. His boy is good at everything you make him do— give him something to do and he’ll learn it today, perfect it on the same week you give it to him. Jeongguk will make an amazing alpha someday, he just knows it. Even without biased opinions, The King truly does believe that his son will make an effective ruler — maybe even better than himself.

“I expect no less from my boy,” The King praises, ruffling his son’s hair. Jeongguk complains about it now since he’s older, but on the inside, he still loves it, the praise and validation. Everything he does is to make his parents proud. “But we’ll celebrate that later. For now, son, we have a really important matter to discuss. Let’s all sit and talk, yes?”

At the queue, Taehyung and his parent sit around the circular table, along with Jeongguk who’s next to Taehyung like always. Always. That’s their word. Taehyung and Jeongguk always.

Jeongguk naturally leans against Taehyung as Taehyung leans against him, their chairs moves to stick together while their parents talk. “Hyung, is this about, you know… the arranged marriage,” the younger pup asks, a bit more interested than before. Now, Jeongguk wants to know what’s about to go down because he’s simply interested— in Taehyung, mostly, but the marriage too.

“Yeah. I think they want us to wear promise rings or something? A temporary mark? ‘M not sure but I know that they want to make sure no one else tries to court us or something.” Taehyung snorts, likely finding the idea outrageous. Even if someone were to ask him out, he’d say no. Why would he look for someone else when he only has to wait for Jeongguk?
It’s apparent on Jeongguk’s face how excited he is. He’s been thinking about that recently! They’re both too young to give each other mate marks, but there’s always this less serious, temporary one that the seniors in his school usually give to their girlfriends or boyfriends. If they do it, he’ll be the only one in his grade to have it, so he’ll be the coolest by default.

“Boys, we know you have your assumptions and I know you must be excited, but this is important, okay? It isn’t permanent just yet because your biology isn’t fully developed yet, but once you do mature… it’ll be impossible to resist the urge.”

And really. Taehyung and Jeongguk don’t see the problem there. “Well, yeah? Isn’t that the whole point of this,” Taehyung asks, a brow quirked up. “Yeah. Didn’t you set us up when we were toddlers? I don’t see how this is a huge step,” Jeongguk adds, brows curled down in slight confusion.

All adults in the room sigh in exasperation. Of course Taehyung and Jeongguk don’t know the depth of being stuck to one person. Another thing to add is that both only know of each other now, but what will happen when they’re older? Around there college years of education? There will be plenty of other people and what if, by some stroke of misfortune, one of them takes an interest to someone else? They’ll already be tied down to each other—there can be no room for experimentation or exploration.

“It’ll make you bound to each other. Unmarked at all, instinct leads you to someone else. Even if you think you’re currently attracted to someone, there are times where someone else comes along and their scent is more appealing to you than the previous one. If you mark each other temporarily, it’ll condition your biology to default—what if someone else comes along? You wouldn’t be able to turn back anymore.”

And yeah. It does sound pretty fucking heavy. Almost too heavy for a pair of teens. It hangs around the room like an awkwardly pointed out elephant with no where else to go, a sitting duck. It’s Taehyung who speaks up first, face confused. “I don’t see how this is a problem for you. Weren’t we set to be mated to each other since we were in diapers?”

The younger prince tilts his head to the side, equally unsure to where this was going. “And it’s not like I’d mind either. Taehyung hyung is great company. Even if there were this…this hypothetical better person, being with Taehyung isn’t a loss for me. We’ll be alright.”

Their minds are set and there’s nothing more their parents have to say. Sometimes, it leaves a sense of guilt to them, how they decided something so big of their son’s lives. Love should be something one finds and experiences on their own— but sadly, that wasn’t the case for them. They have duties to continue the lineages, lineages specifically handpicked through clan achievements and strength. It just so happened that the families Jeon and Kim would make the most powerful combination, if they were to be joint.
“Very well. Simply Scent the area of where you want the temporary mark to be, then bite.” The older of the two blinks, head tilted. “That’s exactly the same thing as mate marking permanently though.” This causes Jeongguk to panic, obvious by how his eyes widen comically. He’s only thirteen and Taehyung is only fifteen, of course he loves Taehyung but commitment at such a young age—

“It’s not on the scent gland, don’t worry,” Taehyung’s mother cuts off Jeongguk’s inner turmoil, sensing the unease that’s radiating from the other pup. “Well then, okay! C’mon, Ggukie!”

Taehyung, already recovered like their parents didn’t just drop a huge bomb that’ll pretty much actually have them bound for life, faces the shorter boy, gently taking a hand. He brings the area of Jeongguk’s wrist close to him, nosing at it— scenting it. But before Taehyung makes a move to sink his shifted teeth into the skin, he looks at Jeongguk. “Are you okay if I do it here?”

And Jeongguk? Jeongguk is still overwhelmed but there’s not much that he can do about it anymore. He’s been resigned to this willingly ever since, but knowing that they’ll actually be marking each other, even if it was only temporary, made it feel heavier than before. This is real. It’s happening.

He’s not afraid, but more of disbelieving. To practically be mated at such a young age… to someone he genuinely thinks is his mate— it has Jeongguk’s thirteen year old heart beat faster than usual.

The extended silence has Taehyung worried, however, and he squeezes Jeongguk’s hand softly, concerned. “Hey, Ggukie.” And that’s all it takes before Jeongguk is snapped out of his haze, looking up to finally meet Taehyung’s gaze. Jeongguk knows he’ll never regret this. After all… they’ll be picture perfect.

“Yeah. It’s fine there. I’ll mark you on the opposite side then.” All the feelings of doubt melt away from Taehyung’s face. The older boy grins, the same one that Jeongguk grew up with, the same one he’s learned to love over the years. “Let’s do it together!”

And so they do.

16 & 18

Three years of constantly renewing the temporary mate marks. That’s how long they’ve been doing
it. And in those three years, no problem whatsoever spiked up unwanted, even if assumed. That’s just how Taehyung and Jeongguk have been since the start of time. Essentially, they’ve been married off to each other the moment they were born and their friendship was no coincidence. While rejection and rebellion was anticipated, it never happened.

They just clicked. Always. Time never pushed them apart either. Their parents might’ve made them meet that first time, but it was purely them that chose to stay consistently, even without urging. It was by Taehyung’s own volition that he brings Jeongguk random gifts for no particular reason aside from the fact that the said gift reminded him of the younger. It was by Jeongguk’s own volition that he visits Taehyung almost every weekend despite going to the same academy and spending time with each other almost everyday. Simultaneously, their love was planned and natural. Ironic, or more likely an oxymoron.

Maybe, by a streak of luck, Taehyung is meant to be Jeongguk’s omega, as is Jeongguk meant to be Taehyung’s alpha. Through the years, it has always been a secret topic of discussion between the two monarchs who have been delicately planning the integration of both their kingdoms even before their specific sons have taken their first breath.

They called it the favour of the divine, the favour of Mother Luna. Taehyung and Jeongguk think it’s just fate.

So why are they forbidding Jeongguk to visit Taehyung now that the elder has presented?

“Jeongguk, it’s not advisable to enter Taehyung’s room right no—“ The prince has had enough of hearing that over and over, stomping his feet stubbornly on the smooth marble floor. “I’ve travelled here just to see him! I’ve been practically mated to him since I was three! I’m going to visit. If he’s presented then maybe he needs some help.”

The guards and everyone else can do nothing while he prince dashes up the elaborate staircases, up to the room he knows the path to by heart. Jeongguk has always been stubborn, always so headstrong. What he wants, he gets.

It’s only at this time that Jeongguk’s mother and father step inside, only to be met with a tense aura and their son missing. Oddly, there’s a sense of dread that fills the air— so heavy that it’s suffocating.

“What’s going on?”
“It’s Taehyung. He presented today… and Jeongguk has went up to his room.”

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Jeongguk has always considered himself a fast runner. He’s almost required to be fast, really. But today? Today he feels too slow, like his legs are merely centimetres that can’t carry him fast or far enough. The thudding of his feet is audible, incredibly so, giving him the feeling of suspense.

It smells off. Even from the hallways, he knows something is off. Taehyung. Taehyung is a bit past eighteen now. The usual time to present. His fiancé has already presented and he still has two years to go. Jeongguk feels nervous— actually, that’s an understatement. He’s nervous to the point that he feels like his heart is about to fall out of his ass. He doesn’t understand why either.

By the time Jeongguk finally reaches the large double doors that lead to Taehyung’s room, he doesn’t barge inside it like one would expect. The scent wafting off from inside is intense, like what he established earlier. What he didn’t expect was that it would be this intense. It has something indescribable stir inside Jeongguk, even if he’s only being able to smell from outside and not from afar.


Slowly but surely, Jeongguk opens the door and leads himself inside. Immediately, he feels like his head is spinning from the overwhelming smell of sandalwood. It’s an earthy scent, not cloyingly sweet like he’s expected. Why isn’t it saccharine? Why?

As a fully matured wolf, any chances of Taehyung not sensing Jeongguk’s presence was nonexistent. In fact, he knew the younger was inside his home even before Jeongguk was even in the hallways. His princely attire has long since been clawed off in shreds, resting in a useless pile near his bed. Sweat slicks his skin, even when he’s void of any clothing aside from his sheets.

In shock, Taehyung snaps his head towards Jeongguk, growling. “You shouldn’t be here. Run. Run while I can still let you.” Never in his life had Taehyung ever imagined that he’d be glaring at Jeongguk, teeth pulled back in a snarl. Never. In fact, he never imagined any of this. Now he doesn’t know what to do or make out of it. Especially when Jeongguk keels over. What was he to do?

Weak. Jeongguk suddenly feels weak. Handling the scent was already a struggle, but the growling and the flash of gold eyes were enough for his knees to finally give out. Gold.
Hot. Jeongguk’s body feels hot. Even when he feels almost deathly cold on the inside, his body is starting to burn up. His clothes feel too restricting. He feels trapped.

Pain. Jeongguk’s body feels so much pain. It hurts so much, it burns so much, it stings so much—too much, too much, too much. His whole body hurts and it causes a miserable cry to tear itself out from the pup’s throat, strangled and so, so pained. It feels like he’s being ripped apart before being pieced back together.

His systems are forcing him to mature, to present earlier than planned. The temporary mate mark on his wrist burns and the words of his mother faintly echo in his head; ‘it’ll condition your biologies to default’.

There’s so much going on that it’s enough to have Taehyung temporarily sober up enough to dash towards Jeongguk. No matter what, he’ll always care for Jeongguk. He promised. The older prince hesitantly kneels next to the trembling frame of his fiancé, bringing a hand to try and hold him. As he does so, his eyes widen. Jeongguk’s skin feels hotter than his own.

It feels like forever before Jeongguk looks up, eyes in contact with Taehyung’s own. Gold meets silver. Silver.

“T-Tae… hurts. Hurts so— s-s much, I—“ Abruptly, Jeongguk pauses, mouth open in a silent scream. Everything from his waist down hurts. The younger whimpers and curls up on in himself, sniffling while tears trail down his soft cheeks.

It hurts until it doesn’t. It doesn’t hurt physically anymore but Jeongguk thinks what happens next hurts more. He was nowhere near aroused and yet… his cock is hard, straining against his slacks. Something drips out of somewhere. Jeongguk feels his slacks gradually dampening.

Slowly, fearfully, he looks up to where he knows Taehyung is looking at him intently. Silver meets gold. “T-Tae— alpha, puh— please make it stop. H-Hurts!”

Gold meets silver; alpha meets omega.

It’s unfortunate. So, so unfortunate. Nature both loves and hates them at the same time. There’s next to nothing Taehyung can do when his instinct tells him to claw off Jeongguk’s clothes like he’s done to his own. There’s next to nothing Jeongguk can do when his instinct tells him that he likes it.
Hot bodies become hotter despite being bare and sweat is starting to roll on Jeongguk’s skin as a light sheen. They’ve only ever kissed before. Even if they could’ve fooled around, they didn’t. Everything is so new and yet it feels so natural when Taehyung leans down, big hands easily spreading the omega’s legs. Jeongguk is so, so pliant.

And even in this state, Taehyung marvels at what greets him. Right below Jeongguk’s cock, ending just a little before his asshole, is a slit. It’s dripping wet, the folds of which captivatingly swollen and pink. A heatslit.

Everyone has this weird line of skin that looks like its been sewed up from the inside. It permanently merges away for alphas when their biology decides it no longer needs it. For betas, it stay like that unless the pheromones of a strong enough alpha coaxes it to ‘open up’. And for omegas… it matures into a heatslit in time with their uterus.

Jeongguk is so wet from his heatslit and it’s driving Taehyung mad. The alpha presses his face even closer to the very source of Jeongguk’s sweet scent, lapping up the slick that tastes like honey to him. “Fuck. You taste so good, Ggukie,” he can’t help but growl out, using his thumbs to spread the slit even more, groaning in delight when the pink lips part and reveal a tight little hole that’s consistently leaking of slick.

It’s so not Taehyung. It’s so unprecedented and unplanned and Jeongguk is so, so embarrassed about everything. Jeongguk whimpers while Taehyung stares him down, hiding his flushed face behinds his hands but it serves him no use. He’s already vulnerable and open.

That warm tongue is back to lapping up at his slick like it’s the only source of sustenance, like a feral beast finding oasis. Jeongguk is so sensitive that he’s already in tears just from that, cock twitching from where it's curved towards his stomach, leaking precum like his heatslit is leaking slick. Jeongguk feels so wet and dirty, and so, so fucking omega. He’s an omega.

Taehyung doesn’t even have to eat Jeongguk out for long. In fact, in a mere minute, the omega is already tensing up with trembling legs, cock spurting cum while he whines. That easy. Jeongguk is so sensitive right now that it’s making Taehyung lose his mind completely.

Jeongguk has already cum but he’s far from being sated— he’s actually starting to burn up even more, body craving, needing Taehyung. It’s not enough. His body needs more and it makes Jeongguk break down into tears. Reality forces it upon him. He’s an omega and Taehyung is his alpha, not the other way around.
It’s stupid. So, so stupid how they were both taught to accept that one thing, only to have it contradicted. If they were at a state where they could think rationally, they’d both be throwing fits, maybe even screaming at the never ending sky. But that’s not the case here. They aren’t at their normal state of mind— and won’t be for awhile.

“Ah, hurts— still hurts! A-Alpha… need you. Need you so much Tae. Please— please make it stop hurting,” Jeongguk begs, body on autopilot. This was never like him… and he thought it would stay that way. But here he is, spread eagle and dripping wet from his heatslit, pleading for his alpha to fuck the heat and pain away. “‘M already so wet for you. Please, please,” he whines pathetically, teary silver eyes glowing.

The begging, the pleading, it all just makes Taehyung’s cock throb. Not once has he ever thought he’d be in this situation, with Jeongguk begging for his cock, his knot. Jeongguk is his omega now. Taehyung knows it was never planned to be this way, but from the start, he knows that he’d love Jeongguk with all his heart no matter what. And that no matter what… he’d do anything to stop the younger from hurting.

Taehyung pulls back from Jeongguk’s heatslit, chin slick from when he was immersed in eating up his mate. His inner alpha preens at how submissive Jeongguk is being, both of them simply just slaves to their biologies at this very moment. It’s always like that for the first few ruts and heats— almost purely animalistic.

Roughly, Taehyung hauls Jeongguk closer, throwing the boy’s legs over his shoulders, leaning down to possessively nose against the soft, alabaster skin. Like this, his body shields Jeongguk’s. Another thing everyone else had failed to notice while being caught up in their expectations— Taehyung has long since grew past his slight frame while Jeongguk… Jeongguk’s narrow proportions stayed.

“Needy little omega. Need my cock, pup? ’S what you’re built for, right? Bet your heatslit’s moulded just for me.” Wolfishly, Taehyung grins, the dirty talk coming out as natural as breathing.

Right now, it isn’t sex between Taehyung and Jeongguk. Right now, it’s sex between a biological alpha and a biological omega. Fuck the moral code that says Jeongguk is too young. Fuck the consequences of the Jeon monarch’s only heir being an omega. Those problems don’t exist in their little world behind the closed doors of Taehyung’s room.

Sharp canines brush over Jeongguk’s scent gland, causing his whole body to judder underneath Taehyung, a breathy mewl slipping past his lips. Something warm and heavy rubs against his heatslit, hard and thick— alpha cock. By instinct, Jeongguk moves back against it wantonly, wiggling his hips in an attempt to slide it inside himself.
Taehyung’s golden-amber eyes flash in satisfaction, eyes fixed on where Jeongguk’s slick is wetting his cock. “You’re so cute… already so wet. Gonna have you gushing for me, omega.” The whine Jeongguk lets out bleeds into a sharp, pained gasp when Taehyung lines himself up and starts pushing in without any sort of preparation.

The stretch burns so much—Taehyung’s cock feels way too big for a virgin heatslit, but the copious amount of slick Jeongguk is producing makes it possible, until he’s taken his mate to the hilt, convulsing around the base. It’s so deep inside Jeongguk, to the point to where he thinks the tip is actually prodding his… his cervix.

It becomes all too clear how alphas and omegas were built to be the most effective for reproducing, breeding. Like this, there’s almost next to zero chance that an omega wouldn’t be knocked up. Knots just add to the overkill.

Jeongguk’s body isn’t used to sex and it’s obvious with how he’s whimpering. It burns but it burns so good — it aches but it makes his whole body sing, turns the ache into something good. Taehyung didn’t even move once before Jeongguk is cumming with a sob, making more of a mess on his stomach.

A deep chuckle sounds off inside the room, accompanied by the obscene noises of Jeongguk’s slick being fucked in and out of him as Taehyung starts to thrust, pace already punishing. It’s all just autopilot for him, Taehyung’s body already knowing what to do despite never having sex prior to this. “Fuck, Ggukie, you came from just taking my cock like that? You’re truly an omega. My omega.”

Taehyung gets no other reply other than Jeongguk’s wanton noises of pleasure, and he takes his sweet time observing the expressions on the younger’s face. Jeongguk looks so gone for him with his head thrown back to expose his smooth neck, hair matted down with sweat, a thin string of drool starting to drip out from the corners of his parted mouth. Wrecked. Taehyung’s barely started and Jeongguk’s already wrecked.

Jeongguk’s body moves at every impact of Taehyung’s hips, pitiful, breathless moans being fucked out of him. The alpha is fucking him so hard and fast that his body can barely comprehend it, resorting to constantly clenching around Taehyung’s cock like he’s greedy for it. His ears ring at the sound of skin against skin and the obscene wet squelching his slick provides — it’s hot but it humiliates him to a degree that he doesn’t understand yet.

Every tense and tremble from the younger just feeds Taehyung’s fuel. The addictive little mewls and whimpers further add to the already insatiable feeling in his gut, making him move even rougher,
making him all the more aggressive. He can feel Jeongguk’s toes curling on his back and the way the omega is wrapped around him feels like heaven.

“So tight and hot for me, Ggukie,” Taehyung coos, own voice starting to turn breathy. His hands, which were previously gripping at Jeongguk’s hips in an iron grip, travel up to tease at the other’s perked up nipples, pretty and pink. Jeongguk had always been sensitive there, Taehyung knows this from years of play fighting… so he can only imagine how much more sensitive they must be now that Jeongguk is an omega.

The pitched keen he gets feels intensely rewarding, and it doesn’t even take a split second decision before Taehyung is dipping down to latch a mouth around one of the perky buds, suckling on them. It has Jeongguk thrashing from sensitivity, whole body trembling beneath Taehyung’s while he cum for the third time with a broken cry. “Shit,” the alpha hisses to himself, pulling back to observe the “damage” he’s done.

A proud smirk spreads on his lips despite his own panting— Jeongguk looks completely gone, completely his. The alpha in him, the one that’s hardwired into him by nature, howls in contentment. Only his touch can make Jeongguk get this delirious.

“Your nipples are still sensitive, Ggukie,” Taehyung sighs dreamily, out of place compared to how roughly he’s fucking the omega, “can’t wait to see them all swollen and even more sensitive when I breed you.”

No, Jeongguk has never once imaged himself being bred. He’s never thought that in the end, he’d be the one on his back, taking cock and begging like a bitch in heat that he, essentially, actually is. The thought of carrying pups scares him in actuality, but his omega? His omega wolf craves for it so naturally, his in-heat body will too. “Pl-Please! Tae— T-Tae, alpha , want— want your p-pups! Please, please, breed me— want your knot s-so much!”

Jeongguk pleads for it so sweetly that Taehyung can’t help but curse, lips pulled back in a snarl while he leans forward even more, completely bending Jeongguk in half. His already breakneck pace bleeds into something even more primitive and carnal, ripping out groans and grunts from his own throat while it forces wanton cries from his shaking mate. Mate.

It smells so much of their scents mixing together, of sweet vanilla and fresh sandalwood. The heat of their bodies, the sound of their joining— it’s all working against Taehyung. As much as fucking comes natural to him as an alpha, he’s just presented. He can’t hold off his impending knot for too long. Not when the omega hanging off his cock is so pretty and yielding. Sweat rolls down his forehead and Taehyung thinks absentmindedly that, yeah, submission looks pretty on Jeongguk.
“Y-Yeah? Gonna give you what you want, Gguk.” The base of Taehyung’s cock starts to expand and the pressure starts to increase. Taking cock was already hard for Jeongguk’s heatslit but the knot is even harder to take. Taehyung resorts to bringing back his grip on Jeongguk’s hips, grip bruising while using it as leverage to hammer his hips into Jeongguk even harder, forcing the girth of his forming knot inside the swollen lips of Jeongguk’s heatslit.

Curiosity leads Jeongguk to trail a shaky hand down his torso, passing by his stomach fleetingly and fuck, he can feel it protrude ever so slightly whenever Taehyung knocks into him. His eyes roll back slightly, drool dripping down his mouth. His hand shakes but he brings it even further down, passing his cock, which is still hard despite the multiple orgasms. The feeling of self discovery is back again — Jeongguk didn’t want to come to terms with his embarrassing biology this early, but he’s resigned. What more can he do? The fact that he was begging to be knotted earlier… he’s an omega and there’s no other way around that.

Fingers frame where Taehyung’s cock slides in and out of his dripping hole and Jeongguk is actually in awe with how his body adapts to take Taehyung. He thought it was all just dirty talk and exaggeration, but it is true. Omegas were meant to take alphas— despite the ache, his body welcomes Taehyung warmly.

It’s not long before Taehyung’s knot becomes too big to pop out of Jeongguk, so with a thrust of finality, Taehyung pulls Jeongguk impossibly closer until the omega’s hole spasms around the base of his cock, knot locked inside.

Jeongguk’s toes curl as he moans, the loudest one he’s ever made, this clear fluid gushing from his heatslit in waves. Most of it is kept inside himself, struggling to drip out because of Taehyung’s knot and it makes everything feel infinitely more cramped when Taehyung cums not a few moments after.

The alpha leans close, sharp canines biting through the skin of his omega’s neck, right around the scent gland there. Jeongguk’s eyes squeeze shut and he whimpers, the newly forming bond mark making his body torturously sensitive, a double edged sword along with his heat. He paws at Taehyung’s chest as a request for the older to bare his own neck and Jeongguk does the same, biting down possessively.

Taehyung responds with a low moan, hips bucking and cock spurting even more cum inside his mate. They’re finally, officially, mates. They’re bound for life.

ΩΩΩΩΩΩΩΩΩ

“What?! You can’t just tell me your youngest son just presented as an alpha!” Jeon Junghyun growls
at Kim Woobin, the latter trying to be as emotionless as possible to prevent unnecessary violence. “Taehyung did. And by the smell permeating the palace… I think your son just presented as an omega.”

Junghyun snarls, eyes flashing a dangerous gold. Woobin has no other choice than to remain calm even if he himself doesn’t quite get the absolute irony of their situation. “Then who the fuck is going to rule after me? Do you know how vulnerable this makes Bhusyan? When married, omegas live with their alpha by custom, and there has never been an omega king.”

Woobin is no fool. He knows all these things, as does every other member of the royal family and court. “There is no need to tell me things I already know of, Junghyun,” he sighs, looking past the other alpha to meet eyes with his wife. The Kims share a look, share a message that only they can feel through their bond. “It’s not conventional nor convenient but by custom… the first heir to be able to provide a child will be named king, aren’t I right? So if Jeongguk and Taehyung make an heir or heiress, he’d be given rule over Bhusyan as by laws of marriage. By then, he could be crowned and titled as king, but Jeongguk will rule behind the scenes and carry out whatever it is you Jeons wish for your land aside from the agreements we’ve settled along with this arrangement.”

It’s degrading for Taehyung, in this perspective, but it’s also their faults for assuming something that’s actually unpredictable— presenting has and will always be a fifty-fifty probability, genes, personality, and physicality considered. It’ll be a punch to their youngest son’s ego, but they’d rather have that than risk the peace they have now. Junghyun is known to be quite reckless at times… and having your only son presenting as an omega can be considered as something to be reckless over.

“Very well. See to it that your older sons don’t produce young until they do. I’ll keep you to your word, Woobin. I consider you a close friend, but I hope the agreement will flow smoothly from here on out.” Both Kings share a steady look before Junghyun sighs and nods once, finally resigned with the biological status of his son. “I’ll leave Jeongguk to Taehyung’s care then. We’ll be back in a few days after… after his heat. A ceremony of marriage is to be arranged at once. Until then, I’ll trust you to care for him like your own.”

Taehyung doesn’t know how long he’s been hauled up in his room with Jeongguk, getting by with the copious trays of food and water that are left near his door. Servants knew better than to just step in a room with newly mated and presented wolves. While the older prince has sobered up some, enough to be able to feed both himself and his mate, Jeongguk hasn’t. Maybe it’s the strain of his body forcefully presenting early, just to appease the needs of an alpha who’s already marked him, the extra amount of hormones forced onto his body to be able to present.

Jeongguk doesn’t even remember the concept of time anymore. All he remembers is constantly
hanging off Taehyung’s cock, cumming over and over while moaning for it like a whore. The first time he squirts without Taehyung’s knot locked up inside him yet, his tears turn hot and shameful, so utterly embarrassed of his biology. But now that it’s been four days of non-stop fucking, now that he’s sure his heatslit has actually moulded to the shape of Taehyung’s cock… Jeongguk forces himself to accept it. Four days is too long for a dream— this is reality and reality is that he’s an omega and Taehyung is an alpha.

By night time, Jeongguk finally feels cool enough, sated enough. Taehyung’s bed feels sticky and hot from sweat and god knows what else, his whole body feels sore from how much he’s been shaking, the space between his legs feels incredibly wet and disgusting, and his stomach feels oddly bloated, but his skin has finally cooled and the flame inside him has went off. It’s over. The delirium is gone and he finally has control over his body, his thoughts.

With a groan, Jeongguk rolls over and sits up, the sheets falling off his torso to show off the amount of hickeys and bite marks his once porcelain-like skin has garnered over the last few days. Taehyung isn’t any better— in fact, one could argue that the Dyeyghu prince has more possessive marks, what with the addition of nasty looking claw marks down his back and hips, some wounds even on his thighs.

The younger prince stands up with a hiss, legs unstable. Marathon sex seemed enticing as a thought, but not as an actuality. Even Taehyung’s knocked out tired after all that sex— curiously, Jeongguk peeps at his ‘handiwork’ and allows himself a small victory. With the slightest of smiles, he turns back and takes a few steps before his sore and bruised knees fail him, causing him to gracelessly fall on his aching ass, making him yelp in pain. Jeongguk doesn’t remember Taehyung being strong enough to have him bedridden just from gripping his limbs…

This makes enough noise to wake Taehyung up. From now on, his ears will always be keen on any of Jeongguk’s noises. He stands up and hurries to Jeongguk’s slumped form, biting down on his lower lip while he blatantly assesses the damage he’s done to Jeongguk’s body. Jeongguk looks completely owned and something inside him feels so satisfied. The room that once smelled of vanilla and sandalwood now smells of this subtly sweet and earthy smell that Taehyung knows doesn’t really smell like anything that can be produced aside from their own pheromones— it’s their scent. It comes back to him that he’s finally mated with Jeongguk… but instead of feeling joyous, Taehyung feels nervous.

“Hey. Why’d you get up, Gguk-ah?” Carefully, Taehyung takes the younger in his arms, effortlessly carrying the weight of his omega. The amount of pain he went through while presenting as an alpha is worth it now. Even before biological class was a problem, Taehyung had promised himself that he’d take care of Jeongguk no matter what… so he’s happy that even if they presented the opposite of what they’ve planned, he’s glad that he can still care for Jeongguk.

Jeongguk doesn’t even try to fight, body too tired to do so. He’s impressed but also bitter at how
easily Taehyung can lift him up now, when not just a few days ago, Taehyung started to wobble after a minute of giving Jeongguk a piggyback. Alphas and Mother Luna’s unnecessary bias… Sure, omegas are faster, but Jeongguk thinks the unfair natural strength enforced in their bones are better than being lightweight and quick. He lets himself sag in Taehyung’s arms anyways. “Ugh. ‘m icky and stinky. We never really showered… just wiped down and stuff. Your cum is still inside me from awhile ago and I want— no, need to shower.” Jeongguk sniffs Taehyung too, gagging even if Taehyung currently still smells like heaven to him. “You too, need to shower.”

Taehyung laughs at that, obviously agreeing with how he’s starting to walk towards the connecting bathroom in his room. “Yeah. I do feel kind of disgusting now.” He struggles with the doorknob before Jeongguk just rolls his eyes and reaches out to do it himself, and the moment they enter the bathroom, Taehyung gently sets Jeongguk down on the closed toilet seat, making quick work of plugging the wide, gold plated tub, and starting to run the water. “Would you like some fragrance? I think I have some lavender scented oil here—“

“No.” Shocked by the immediate answer, Taehyung turns his head to where Jeongguk is perched on the toilet, curious. “Huh, why? I remember you saying that this smelled pretty on me.” And for the first time in a long time, Taehyung watches as Jeongguk turns flustered over something he doesn’t understand.

“I… I like the smell. Keep it. Lavender is lame now anyways.” Taehyung knows this translates to ‘I don’t want any other smell except ours’, just in a very in denial, subtle way. He smiles and puts the vial down, “of course. I love how we smell now too, Ggukie.”

Once the tub is full of lukewarm water, Taehyung helps Jeongguk to slip inside before he follows after, leaning back on Jeongguk’s chest because he knows the younger would insist on being the ‘big spoon’— he always did. Surely, Taehyung can grant Jeongguk that normality from back then. Taehyung craves it too. Now that the haze of heat and pheromones have cleared, now that their consciousness isn’t controlled by their inner wolves, Taehyung is just scared. Maybe even more than Jeongguk.

The dirty talk is gone and Taehyung can only think of serious talk. Now that he’s an alpha… everything that was taught to him would be rendered useless. Even if class oriented classes don’t start until after a wolf turns eighteen or until after they present… Taehyung had the perks of being educated early. But now that all he’s learned has been deemed useless, he’s scared of all the sudden expectations people would throw his way.

Like this, they almost feel normal, even when they both know they aren’t. There’s this tension now, slight but still there.

“Jeongguk—“ Taehyung rarely ever uses Jeongguk’s full name without any sort of endearment. It
makes the aforementioned boy nervous cause this only means something less than lighthearted. “— I’m scared.” It’s something Jeongguk hasn’t thought about, having been so focused on his own inner turmoil and dysphoria. “Oh? How so? You’re an alpha, Taeh—“

Taehyung didn’t mean to, but he just snaps. He scoots away just to look back and glare at Jeongguk, eyes flashing gold for a split second. “And so? Just because you know how to carry the brunt of it, doesn’t mean I do. Don’t you think it would be harder for someone conditioned to be an omega to suddenly be an alpha? Everything I’ve learned is pointless and I have no idea how to handle that. For you, weight is taken off, but for me? Weight is suddenly dropped on my shoulders and I’m expected to carry it with stride. And you know what makes it harder? My older brothers. Seokjin and Namjoon are alphas— great ones too, bringing all these fucking achievements. They wanted me to be an omega because they knew I wouldn’t amount to something like them, but now what? Now I’m an alpha and they’ll force the same expectations on me. You think I’m all fine and happy with this too, Gguk? ‘cause I’d take your place any day!”

In a hurried fury, Taehyung steps out of the tub despite not washing himself properly just yet, water spilling onto the marble tiled floor. For a while, Jeongguk just stares at Taehyung back absently, dumbly, Taehyung’s outburst rewinding over and over in his head. He’s fucked up somehow and it physically hurts him.

Panicked, Jeongguk follows after Taehyung to the balcony after hastily wrapping a towel around his waist, seeing that the older prince has swiftly put on his discarded pants from who knows how long ago. Their bodies are still wet but Jeongguk makes sure to hug Taehyung as tightly as he can, nuzzling the warm, soft skin and curling on in himself in a natural show of submission— though, of course, he doesn’t notice or care as of now.

“Sorry. ’m sorry, hyung. I didn’t think of how hard this must be for you too, We’ll go through everything together like always, right?” he asks softly, keeping his face buried against Taehyung’s neck since he’s too afraid to look Taehyung in the eye, too afraid to see that angry flash of gold. Too scared— scared just like Taehyung is.

“Yeah. We’ll get through it. Somehow.” Taehyung’s tone isn’t all that optimistic, but even just a confirmation, a reassurance, will be enough to Jeongguk now. Just for now.

ΩΩΩΩΩΩΩΩ

Taehyung’s face looks like pristine marble as he looks over himself in the wall sized mirror. His face, as always, is breathtakingly handsome… but it remains as stoic as stone. It’s only been a week since he and Jeongguk have mated and already, the marriage ceremony has been set up. Though he knows that everything has been planned and all they needed was the proper timing, this was ridiculous. And for Jeongguk’s sake rather than his, he would’ve liked it if this were to be postponed.
His usual hairstyle of letting it fall freely on his face has been swept to the side and up, the ash grey strands meticulously did up in an elegant quiff. A rushed, but still of marvellous quality, custom-fit suit with a sash of royal colours, a crest of their clan symbol being one of the few to be pinned there. It’s a military style suit, something Taehyung has never worn before… because the military styled suits were usually for alphas. Not once had he expected that he’d be the one to wear as such. Taehyung knows Jeongguk would’ve looked stunning in something like this.

Attendents fleet about the room and around him nervously, trying their best to do as much while still being on time. There’s people fixing his collar, pinning more badges and pins he wasn’t ever taught the meaning or significance of, shining up his shoes, doing his makeup— it’s a lot.

All this nonsense just to announce to hundreds and thousands of people that two princes have mated. Just for that public exposure none of them want just yet. Taehyung lets his eyes close for a bit as he tries to steel his resolve once more.

‘Alpha. You’re an alpha now. This is who you are.’ The thought still sounds so foreign now that he’s no longer influenced by the pheromones of an omega in heat and his own hormones from a rut. In fact, those days feel like a distant dream now. Is he really an alpha, or was there simply a misunderstanding? No, it can’t be. You can’t just “mistakenly” pop a knot. It is what it is and he’s going to face it, no matter what. Alpha, beta, or omega, Kim Taehyung is a prince. He’ll live up to it.

From where he is in Bhusyan, Jeongguk is in the same kind of predicament. He’s being dolled up just to be sent off to another family, being dolled up for no festive reason. Once, Jeongguk thought being married to Taehyung would be the happiest time of his life. So why is he on the verge of tears now?

He’s clad in white and gold, dedicate ribbon straps of salmon pink tied around his waist and accentuating how slim it is. The suit is fitting, hugging the narrow slope of his shoulders and the slightness of his frame— Jeongguk feels so small and he hates it. Not to mention the delicate laces on the edges, the shells from Bhusyan’s sea lovingly placed on his swept back hair. Jeongguk might be wearing a suit but he feels so feminine and omega in it that he might as well have been forced into a dress.

There’s a gigantic mirror in front of him that he can’t miss no matter what, showing him in a constant reminder that he’s mated, going to be married, to an alpha— that he’s an omega. Just looking at himself brings him to tears. He’s never had this issue, but his reflection just enrages him so much now.

His face is soft, the features rounded with little to no sharpness. His body, that he once thought was
pretty solid, now just looks so soft and feminine, so omega that he feels like a fool for believing he’d present as anything else.

When he’s finally left alone, deeming their styling done, Jeongguk just sags defeatedly. This is how it’s going to be from now on because this is him. There’s nothing wrong with being an omega, he knows, but the expectations people had for him, the expectations he had for himself… they’re all shattered along with his heart now, as dramatic as that might sound.

“Gguk-ah,” his mother starts, shocking Jeongguk enough to look up at her with glassy eyes. Sniffling, he makes a hesitant dash towards her, burying his face on her chest. Warm arms wrap around him, and like this, he can pretend that he’s six again and his mom would sing him to sleep with Serendipity. Those times were the easiest. “E-Eomma… I’m sorry. So, s-so sorry.”

The Queen, Yein, frowns, rubbing his only son’s back comfortingly. “What are you sorry for, my dear? There’s nothing for you to be sorry for.” It’s supposed to pacify him, Jeongguk knows, but if anything, it makes him cry even more, chest heaving while he does so. “’M an omega… not an alpha like you and Appa hoped. I failed the only thing you expected of me… and there’s no way I can ever make myself live up to it. I’m so sorry— I fu-fucked up a whole dozen plans because of my class.”

It’s torturous, having to listen to your baby sounding so tormented over his own body, his own biology. And all because of his own upbringing, trying to shape him into something he unfortunately is not. Yein feels guilt crash down on her in waves, but that’s something that is irreversible. The damage has been made and she can only hope that Jeongguk can heal from it from now on.

“No, Jeongguk, please—“ Almost hysterically, Jeongguk cuts his own mother off with hiccuping sobs. “Appa doesn’t even talk to me anymore! I know… I know he grew to love you over time b-but everyone knows he chose you because you’re an alpha too. He wanted an alpha child a-and yet I’m here. Now it’s too late for anything else to be done.”

Yein clenches a perfectly manicured hand, lightly carding the fingers of her other through the styled hair of her distressed boy. She knows more than anyone how seriously Junghyun holds the stereotype of alphas being leaders, knows more than anyone how her husband values being king much more than his own life. Sadly, she also knows this means he’d value the current mess Bhusyan is in with the council, knowing that the only heir is an omega. Even if there have been omega rulers before, the Jeon Dynasty never had them… and some aren’t willing to break that tradition. Others are simply skeptic with having a Kim rule over Bhusyan. It’s a political problem— sadly, for Junghyun, it matters more than his broken down son.

“Honey, please stop crying. There is nothing to fret. Your father will come around soon. You know how he is. He just needs to sort out the mess—“
“The mess I made! Because I’m a stupid omega! It’s all because of me.” Yein’s eyes can only down turn in a sad droop, hating how her little boy’s happiness keeps getting sacrificed or ignored for the sake of a thousand others. Maybe one day, Jeongguk can finally put himself first, but sadly, it isn’t today.

Pulling back, Yein gently wipes Jeongguk’s wet cheeks with her handkerchief, making sure not to destroy any makeup that might’ve been moved by the tears. “Baby, it’s never your fault, okay? If anything, it is ours. I’m so sorry for simply going along with your father. Presenting, after all… it’s a silly thing. Only Mother Luna knows. Now c’mon. You still have to get married. No need to be sad. You can make it happy if you choose to be happy, Gguk-ah.”

There’s so much people, some Taehyung knows, majority complete strangers. But even then, he knows every single one of the people seated in the grand function hall are important, one way or another. This wedding, after all, is nothing but another publicly accessed political move. Of course, family is there, but none show happiness because this isn’t a normal wedding sprouted from love. Even if it has always been apparent that Jeongguk and him were to fall in love, there’s this unexplainable tension between them now.

No one is lax in this setting, but Taehyung thinks he’s one of the most restless. His suit feels stuffy and his hairline is starting to garner a bit of sweat. The ceremonial sword strapped to his side is light, but it still feels like an uncomfortable weight— like it was never supposed to be on him. He’s been standing for how long, princely etiquette preventing him from fidgeting around like he truly wants to.

It feels like an eternity before the grandiose double doors finally open, revealing Jeongguk hand in hand with his mother and father. Taehyung feels like it’s enough to have all the tension in his body melt away. He knows with all his heart that he loves Jeon Jeongguk no matter what and this just solidifies everything.

The light dances around Jeongguk’s youthful features beautifully, the angelic white and gold of his clothes making him look ethereal. Jeongguk is naturally handsome, even more so when he cleans up, but this? This is in an insane new level. Taehyung’s breath is stolen from his body as Jeongguk walks forward, the whole thing feeling like slow motion to him.

Even if earlier today, he was uneasy, Taehyung, for the moment, feels calm. Happy, even. Because in the end, it’s still his Jeonggukie he’s marrying. His heart beats erratically, as if ready to beat out of his chest. By the time Jeongguk is finally standing parallel to him in front of the altar, Taehyung remembers Jeongguk’s words from the time they made up in the balcony.
He’ll make sure they’ll make it through.

Hours pass by in a blur and it’s all practiced and scripted. It just drags on and on, but Taehyung takes this as an opportunity to just… stare and appreciate Jeongguk. The younger boy was a cute kid, but now that he has aged, even if not yet quite an adult, Taehyung knows that his mate will be ridiculously handsome— already is. Though some part of him wishes that this adorable, youthful look will never go, he wouldn’t mind if Jeongguk suddenly becomes all sharp edges after a few years. Like he said, no matter what, he loves Jeongguk.

The only thing that feels genuine for him are the vows. Admittedly, no matter how embarrassing, Taehyung already had vows for quite a while. Young Taehyung had always been excited at the thought of marrying Jeongguk and even until now, he can leave behind the stress and weight of the world behind just to live in the moment where he can finally have Jeongguk— both privately and publicly.

Who cares if these people never knew their story? Who cares if everyone else here is just present for hierarchical reasons, or leeching off of whoever they can? To Taehyung, what matters in the end is the boy standing in front of him. They’re young, he knows that. They’re not quite ready because of this unexpected reversal of roles, he knows that too. But does that matter to him? No.

“I promise to be your lover, companion and friend, your partner in parenthood, your ally in conflict, your greatest fan and your toughest adversary. Your comrade in adventure, your student and your teacher, your consolation in disappointment, your accomplice in mischief. My better half, the one that completes me as we are two halves of a whole heart. This is my sacred vow to you, my equal in all things. All things.”

They kiss in front of all these people and Taehyung can tell how uncomfortable his mate is, so he makes sure to subtly position themselves in a way that hides Jeongguk just enough. This isn’t their first kiss by far and definitely not the last, but oddly, it makes everything feel final, like another mate mark. They’re bound for eternity and all these people are witnesses to it.

“Jeonggukie… you know I truly do love you, right? The whole sixteen years I’ve known you. Loved you the very moment I saw you. Loved you before I knew what love was.” Gulping, Taehyung pulls back at arms length, eyes scanning Jeongguk’s face. “So I hope that even if everything might feel wrong, you won’t feel wrong for being with me. Not an alpha or another prince— I hope you don’t feel horrible for being married to Taehyung, to me.”

Jeongguk falls silent for awhile, eyes going wide and glassy for the second time today. He can’t help but throw himself onto Taehyung, laughing wetly as he’s lightly spun around. “Oh Taehyungie…
you know I love you too. We’re Taegguk, remember?” And just like this, they know they’ll be alright just like always. They’ll make sure of it.

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“Appa, please, let me at least grow some more. I’m too young. I hardly know to care for myself, I haven’t finished my education and neither has Taehyung. I do not want to have a child this early!” There are tears in Jeongguk’s eyes, frustrated and heated. They’re at the Jeon’s palace right now, seeing as it’s a family matter. To the side, Jeongguk can see Taehyung’s older brother’s sitting awkwardly, uncomfortable with the subject at hand.

The eldest, Seokjin, already has a wife who is also present. Namjoon, while not married, has been seeing this foreign Prince. Both are well over their teens and are capable, stable adults. So being told to wait until their youngest gets a son or daughter might feel a bit… weird, for a lack of more eloquent vocabulary.

Aside from the obvious air of unease, there’s also pity. Jeongguk and Taehyung are still so young and yet all this has been dropped upon them. It’s the price most royalty pay, but it makes one wonder why they had to suffer through so much at such an age. Couldn’t this have waited a few more years?

“And who’s to say that the other Kim princes won’t go ahead and make heirs of their own? Then Bhusyan would be in grave danger with no heir. Remember, Jeongguk, on paper and in the eyes of others, you are no longer a Jeon, but a Kim. It’s a race on which of the three will produce an heir first.” Jeongguk feels his heart fall. His father sounds more of a king now than his father… and it’s been that way since he presented as an omega. He hates it. What suddenly changed? In him, not much. But to the entire bullshit of a royal council? Apparently, everything. But Jeongguk isn’t going to have it. As much as he’s in denial about his own biology, it doesn’t mean his biology directly changes his personality. He’s still the same Jeongguk who learned the same things and he’s enraged at the sudden shift in view.

“But Father—” It’s apparent how Jeongguk’s mood has completely gone sour. Before everything goes to a much more intense discussion, Seokjin’s wife, Moonsoo, speaks up. “We’ll see to it that no other heir will be produced until Taehyung and Jeongguk have. It’s a candid promise from us. We too, think that birthing so early will give risks to both the child and Jeongguk. So until he reaches the age of twenty, we will stave off the opportunity to have our own child.” Her voice is calm, reasonable and stable. Jeongguk breathes a sigh of relief. Then, Moonsoo shifts her eyes to glance at the youngest wolves in the room, giving them a sympathetic, pitying look, “We’ll hold off until then, okay, Jeongguk? Give you some time to grow into yourself… because it is true that if you cannot love yourself, you cannot love anyone else.”

It’s cryptic at most, possibilities of its meaning endless. But out of all the meanings it could be,
Jeongguk takes it as something sensitive. Tormented eyes glance over to Taehyung, said alpha’s head held down, giving the prince a gloomy aura. Jeongguk gulps. How can he love Taehyung when he can’t love himself?

The king pauses for a moment or so, quirking a brow silently before he relaxes his posture once more, like he wasn’t close to having a full blown argument with his son. “Very well then. You have until four years to give this kingdom an heir. Until then, training and proper training will be conducted.” Junghyun then turns to address the representatives of Dyeyghu. “I take it that you’ve renovated Taehyung’s room to be suitable for two?”

“Oh of course. Jeongguk can come home with us today if his things are ready to be transferred,” Woobin replies smoothly. Junghyun only nods. “Whatever belongings he wanted to bring with him is being packed as we speak.”

Harsh eyes side eye Jeongguk, said boy already close to losing it. He’s not used to those eyes being directed at him. His father had once only looked at him with pride and adoration. “I do not care for whatever choice you make in those four years, Jeongguk, as long as you stay true to what we’ve discussed here.” There’s a tense, deafeningly silent pause before Junghyun breaks it once more. “We are all dismissed if there is no other issue to be brought up.”

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The trip home is one that’s spent in a tense silence. Jeongguk spends the whole journey staring out the window, eyes seemingly void of any emotion. And that’s how Taehyung knows that Jeongguk is really upset. As someone raised like an alpha, expected to be a leader, Jeongguk has always been taught never to show the extremes of his emotions. Once he feels too much of something negative, he’s supposed to hide it. Showing what he feels would supposedly be his downfall. It’s all bullshit, but it’s all Jeongguk knows.

It’s unfair. All of this is unfair and Jeongguk doesn’t deserve all the shit that his father is giving him over something no one could control, not even himself. But partially, Taehyung blames himself too. If he had somehow warned Jeongguk better, or acted quick enough to shove the younger princes out, maybe Jeongguk wouldn’t have been forced to present two years too early, wouldn’t have to be pushed into carrying a child before he’s ready.

Taehyung thinks about everything, thinking of what he could’ve done just to prevent Jeongguk from hurting now. He does so until they come to stop. Sighing, the young alpha shakes his head. There were so many possible routes, but it shouldn’t really matter to him anymore. What’s done is done and it would do them both better if they focus on the inevitable future. Don’t shed new tears on old things.
As they step out of the carriage and walk back inside the Kim’s palace that is now also Jeongguk’s own, Taehyung makes sure to stay close, though he doesn’t make an effort to touch the omega—he knows better than to do that when Jeongguk is the way he is as of now. Comfort is something Jeongguk appreciates, and it can be given through simply being present. From the looks of it, the omega is adverse to touch. Taehyung wouldn’t and can’t blame him.

When they get back up to what used to be Taehyung’s room, most of everything inside had been swapped into furniture that caters for two—not that Taehyung’s grand beddings and dressers weren’t fit for two, but two mated princes were different from two of anyone else.

Any other time and situation, this would’ve made Taehyung’s heart fill with joy. But today? It gives him a feeling akin to dread, maybe even remorse and guilt. It’s pretty obvious what they’re aiming for. To be next to someone for the rest of everyday, morning and night? With all the biological setbacks and personal weaknesses… there’s no doubt that the goal is to be with a child.

Taehyung can’t even begin to think if how Jeongguk feels about it. Even when he was the one expected to be an omega, there was never a talk of rushing to make an heir. Jeongguk was the only child and if he were the alpha, it automatically makes him king, a centre of power. And while Taehyung doesn’t know the full schematics of the newly improvised plan on their lives, he knows that they have a time constraint.

It’s frustrating in the worst of ways but Mother Luna works in her own mysterious ways. Whatever happens, happens with reason, happens because it was meant to happen.

Jeongguk immediately goes to sit on the plush chair next to the window, overlooking the garden maze below. The younger wolf is silent, pensive. Taehyung deflates a bit, but he knows Jeongguk needs time to regain himself from what happened, needs some time on his own to reflect and accept the inevitable.

Wordlessly, Taehyung closes the door behind himself and starts to walk around aimlessly through the halls of the place he has grown to call home. Frame upon frame of alpha Kims line the halls, all known to be great kings and fathers, great leaders and great warriors. It makes him think about himself and where he stands. Jeongguk would have to carry the brunt of everything, but can he handle the weight that would be given to him? Would he ever be deserving to be lined up in this very hallway when his time comes? Would his grandchildren peer up at his portrait and call him a great alpha, too?

Jeongguk might not be ready to carry a child but Taehyung isn’t ready to be a father either. Fuck, he isn’t even ready to take up the things being an alpha brings. It feels too soon, too fast, even when it
isn’t. He presented at the right age… but he feels eons behind.

Fate? Taehyung used to think it would make his life the perfect fairytale. But looking through the pictures living on these walls? Fate just seems like a trickster— it lures you with its appealing front until you realise its rotten insides. Right now, fate doesn’t seem to be on their side. Taehyung just hopes the tides will turn soon and turn fast.
it'll never change me and you

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

20 & 22

Years. It took years for Taehyung to get where he is now. When he looks at the mirror, he no longer sees a scared little boy who doesn’t know where to place his feet and walk. It wasn’t an easy process, nor was it a fast one, but that’s fine. When Taehyung looks at the mirror now, he sees an alpha. Not that he’s particularly any less of himself, but Taehyung finally grew into skin, into himself.

Of course, insecurities and self-doubt will never fully go away. Taehyung doesn’t think he’ll ever be able to think of himself confidently, or at least, not at his age. But at least he isn’t like before— where his heart would fall out of his ass at just the mention of leading, of fighting, of being the icon of power. Taehyung likes to think he’s doing pretty well. He’s long since finished his required theoretical studies… now it’s just his application he needs to work on.

Sighing, Taehyung fixes his suit in the mirror. On a more surface level, it’s obvious that his body has matured along with his biological status. Taller, broader, sharper, harder— that’s him now. Whether he wanted the change or not, it just happened. He can’t change the way hormones affected him, or how the new education he’s been given has quite literally shaped him.

Taehyung thinks this is far from what he imagined himself to be. If you gave a younger Taehyung a photograph of him now, he would’ve laughed. And he actually does find himself chuckling at his reflection while fixing his cufflinks.

“Why are you laughing?” The Alpha turns and is met by the curious stare of his husband, his mate, his soon to be fellow King. Like him, Jeongguk has changed quite a lot himself. It’s simply what the years do to you.

Grinning, Taehyung makes his way nearer to his Omega, draping himself over the other in a petulant, clingy fashion. The older male noses Jeongguk’s soft and still slightly damp hair, inhaling the sweet, calming scent of his mate. “I just think I look funny. Don’t I?” Softly, Jeongguk pushes Taehyung away to take a look. “Not at all. I think you look very handsome, Tae.” Jeongguk smiles and leans forward to give his Alpha a kiss on the tip of his nose. “But you should stop looking at yourself at the mirror. You’re running late for mentoring.”

Taehyung knows that, but he groans in an exaggerated manner anyways, as expected. “Aish. All Namjoon and Seokjin hyung ever do is throw boring books at me and hope for the best. You teach me way better than they do, Ggukie.” His mate only rolls his eyes and waves him away. “Quit your whining. It’s not going to get you anywhere. If I were you, I’d be leaving now.”

“Aren’t you just the sweetest? Hm. Fine. Is it horseback riding or sparring today, love?”

“Sparring. I missed breaking a sweat. Plus, I enjoy the fact that you never really win against me despite how strong you are now,” the Omega snickers, his amusement only spiking up even more when Taehyung makes an offended noise. “Yah! You’re too mean to me. You’re too fast!”

Jeongguk hums, eyes mischievous. “What’s that? ‘M afraid I can’t hear the voices of losers.” He
suddenly bursts into a fit of laughter when raspberries are blown against his skin, fingers tickling his sides. Taehyung pretends to growl and nibble on Jeongguk’s neck—but in the end, he gives a soft kiss to the patch of skin he’s chosen to put his permanent mark on. Jeongguk’s heart flutters. “You’ll surely get it later, love. But I really am late and I should go now.”

Reluctantly, Taehyung leaves after giving Jeongguk a quick peck on the lips. Now it’s only Jeongguk in their ridiculously spacious room. It’s quiet and it allows Jeongguk to be alone with his thoughts. He has the time, seeing as his own schedules don’t start until a half hour more.

Just now… it feels nice. In fact, they’ve been doing really well. But it hasn’t always been. If Jeongguk were to state the differences, he doesn’t know if he’d be able to list down all of it and not be late to his own appointments either. But for one… they haven’t been this comfortable with themselves. That much is obvious.

Jeongguk remembers the numerous fights they’ve had in the past years, all of them quite similar to the first fight they had right after his first heat had died out. All about who had it easier, who has it hardest. When he thinks about it now, Jeongguk snorts at how plain idiotic it had been. They struggled equally. Jeongguk almost winces at the reminder of the insensitive words he had told his mate—to think of it, most of the bullshit had came out from his mouth.

All Taehyung ever did was express what he felt, tried to let Jeongguk understand. Even after all that, heck, even up until now, Taehyung was the calmer voice of reason. A pacifist. Even after adapting well into his new expected role, Taehyung still held on to what people usually define an omega.

It’s all fine. A pacifist king actually sounds quite promising. Jeongguk isn’t worried about that. What he’s worried about is actually his own role. Omegas are paired with Alphas in order to balance each other out, like yin and yang. But if Jeongguk is shit at that, or if Taehyung does well on his own, then what is he for? Jeongguk has long since accepted that there’s no other way to get out of being an omega, but now his concern lies in being a useful, reliable Omega.

Especially since he hasn’t been able to do what’s being expected of him.

Nervously, Jeongguk bites on his bottom lip and glances at the mirror, pensive just like Taehyung had been a while ago. He no longer abhors his reflection, no longer gets reduced to tears whenever he checks his reflection in the mirror. His shoulders are narrow compared to Taehyung, waist slim, hips having flared out to accommodate his developed womb. Built to be faster and swifter as opposed to being strong. Jeongguk knows he can’t change his framework, can’t change that he’s slighter than Taehyung is, but one thing he can is the amount of work he puts into his own body.

That’s one thing he realised. While Omegas aren’t expected to be physically strong due to their roles more centred on bringing and maintaining peace through their voices or scent, that doesn’t mean they can’t be. Jeongguk learns that he doesn’t really have to conform to all these standards and stereotypes. He doesn’t have to because it doesn’t matter. Just because he’s an Omega doesn’t mean he has to change himself.

His own advisor had said, “being an Omega or Alpha doesn’t shape you. Don’t let it. You shape what it means to be an Omega or Alpha.” Which reminds Jeongguk…

“Oh fuck, I’m going to be late. Yoongi hyung is going to kill me.”
“Taehyung. You’re late. *Again.* For the umpteenth time. Counting proved to be futile since you do it continuously.” The mentioned Alpha only shrugs and drags a chair out for him to sit on, effectively ruining the silence of the study— just because. His brothers haven’t changed, a thing Taehyung is quite grateful for. Or at least, they haven’t changed where it matters most to Taehyung. As the youngest, he grew up seeing how they treat other Alphas, how other Alphas treat them. It isn’t always the best. It had always just been a bunch of dick envy and passive aggressiveness. It always felt like competition. They don’t treat him like that.

Even when he was set to be King, even when being the youngest, even when he presented as an Alpha, they don’t treat him much differently, aside from maybe being a tinge stricter. But even so, they’re lenient to him, traces of the way they’d spoil him when he was younger still evident. Taehyung is glad not a lot has changed— because nothing has to if you don’t let it.

“I know. Sorry about that. Jeongukkie, he—“

“Jeonggukie held you up,” Seokjin snorts and rolls his eyes, but he does so out of fondness… and routine. “We know. You say this almost everyday since this year began.” The youngest Alpha just shrugs wordlessly. “It is the truth. I’m not lying. We usually talk before heading off to our own schedules.”

The two older Alphas share a look and Taehyung already knows where this is going, even before any of them open their mouths. “Ah, yes, about Jeongguk…” Taehyung can only gulp nervously, absently fiddling with the pages of a book. “I don’t know, hyung. I can’t… I won’t force him, okay? It’s his body, his decision. And I know it’s him who gave the ultimatum, but he hasn’t brought it up or told me anything about it.” Having to verbalise this is enough to leave a bitter taste in Taehyung’s mouth.

They’re honestly, candidly fine. Jeongguk is doing great, he’s doing great— but this specific issue is the only thing that’s left in their little checklist of problems. Taehyung is very much aware of the time bomb ticking above their heads. He’s aware of it and to be frank, he’s so fucking scared of it. He’s scared to death about what might happen if they fail to comply to the “deal”, but he’s terrified of having his mate hate him. It’ll always be Jeongguk first to him.

Taehyung has always been an open book so it doesn’t take very long for his older brothers to sense his fear and uncertainty. “You know it’s okay for us. We understand what you’re going through… but it doesn’t mean Jeongguk’s father will.” A bitter laugh sounds through the room. After that pretty little meeting all those years ago, Taehyung’s view on the King of Bhusyan hadn’t been the same as before. “I know and I’m scared. Not for me, but for Jeongguk.”

Sighing, Namjoon reaches out to give his younger brother a comforting pat. “I hope you figure this out soon. For both your sakes.” Taehyung can only nod. A tense silence fills the room, so the youngest decides to break it. “But enough about that. Didn’t I come here to study and be guided? We should stop talking about Daddy issues in all its possible meanings.”

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Jeongguk takes delicate and calculated steps, trying his best not to disrupt the disturbingly perfect looking grass and flowers. He does it with ease— after all, he has been taking the same path for quite
a while. With just a few moments, he’s seated on a plush chair inside a familiar gazebo, right in the
centre of the impressive garden. His advisor had preferred to have lectures here solely because it was
the quietest part of the whole palace, with the extras of the relaxing white noise of nature at random
times.

“Ah, Yoongi hyung, I’m sorry I’m late,” he says, but the mentioned hyung only waves him away
with no reprimand. “I’ve expected that. As long as you do not skip your daily lectures, I honestly
don’t care.” Jeongguk snorts good-naturedly. Typical Yoongi. “But since you’re here and I can
clearly see your troubled face, tell me what it is that’s on your mind before we go on, okay? Tell
hyung.”

Over the years he’s stayed in Dyeyghu, Yoongi has grown to be the older brother figure he never
had as an only child. Maybe even a more unconventional father figure, given the lack of presence his
Father graced him with since he presented as an Omega. Yoongi is safe and familiar, one of the only
other pillars he knows he can lean on. So it’s easy to tell his troubles to the older Omega and it’s
never a hassle either. His advisor gives the best advice—he needs to.

But even so, it doesn’t stop Jeongguk from being nervous. “Well… remember my ultimatum with
my fa— with the King of Bhusyan? I’m running out of time. I’m expected a child this year.” Yoongi
doesn’t freak out or panic. He knows, of course. Everyone important in the scene of politics, anyone
who lives near the hearts of the royals of both Bhusyan and Dyeyghu, knows this. And everyone is
just waiting for the couple’s move, tense.

“Didn’t you say you stopped taking the herb after your previous heat,” Yoongi asks calmly, voice a
measured type of monotone. “Yeah, I did. I stopped taking it so I should be able to carry in my next
heat… I—I think I’m finally okay with it. I’m nowhere near ready enough for it, but I’m okay with
it. The concept of being a father, of carrying young, doesn’t scare me as much as before. I’ve come
to terms with myself. I know who I am. I’m not scared for me at this point, but for Tae… and for our
child. We’re young. We’re doing great but we aren’t quite… perfect just yet. We’re still learning, still
half way through crossing the rope. If nothing more, I fear that we won’t be enough.”

During his short pause, Jeongguk glances to the side, taking in the beautiful scenery of mountains
just across them. He takes a deep breath before facing Yoongi again. “Like everything else, I don’t
want to do anything until I’m confident enough in my ability to ace it.” Yoongi purses his lips in
thought. “It’s still some time before Taehyung has to take over the throne… around the time your
Father purposely steps down or has too. It’s not until that time that you have to replace the King and
Queen.”

Jeongguk laughs like what Yoongi said is the funniest thing he’s heard all morning. “I’m not scared
of that. I know for sure Taehyung will do well and that I’ll do fine. We’re princes. Ruling is
something we’ve been exposed to whether we like it or not. Sure, I can care for a kingdom, but can I
care for a child?”

“I don’t see your problem here. Isn’t Taehyung fond of kids? Didn’t you say that he absolutely loves
them? I’m sure your fears are irrational—you have Taehyung. Your mate is the most supportive one
I’ve seen in my experience.” While everything Yoongi says is true, Jeongguk’s fears and insecurities
remain.

The silence spans on before Yoongi dismisses it with the oddest of questions. “But the hills and
mountains are beautiful here, right? The trees covering its surface always seem lively. Isn’t it a lovely
view?” Jeongguk glances to the side once more, just to peer at the wonder of nature Yoongi is
pointing out. “Hm. It is. I like looking at it during our sessions. It’s calming. I even think it vaguely
resembles a white elephant. Don’t you?”
“Maybe it does, maybe it doesn’t. But if it does, it should be fine. Didn’t you say that Taehyung likes those?”

“Which one? The view of mountains and hills, or the elephants?”

“Both.”

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Like agreed on, Jeongguk and Taehyung meet at the sparring grounds, underneath the friendly shine of the sun. They each get a rapier from where the swords are neatly placed upon their respective shelves. Taehyung opts for a simple, light weight one, in an attempt to match how swift the younger man is. Additionally, he isn’t really that passionate with this. He just does it when required or when he desires to exercise a tad, or when Jeongguk specifically asks him to.

In fact, the sword in Jeongguk’s hands right now, was supposed to be a gift intended for him. It’s a beautiful sword, made by their kingdom’s greatest blacksmith. It looks ridiculously classy and elegant for a weapon, with rose gold flowers and vines artfully coiling around the handle and guard, a few resting around the base of the blade.

The Alpha appreciates the gift, but doesn’t find much use for it because he isn’t passionate with it. However, he knows Jeongguk would love it— the Omega had always loved the sport, even when he was younger. So he gave the rapier to his mate. It fits prettily, like it was meant to be held by Jeongguk since the beginning.

“How was your study session today, Tae,” Jeongguk asks, already starting to circle around Taehyung with graceful, sure steps. Taehyung moves to do the same, slowly moving in sync with Jeongguk as he replies. “It was like usual. Nothing out of the ordinary. And how about your day, love?”

Clash!

As Taehyung had anticipated, Jeongguk takes the first move, a bold swing that sure makes a statement. After countless times of sparring with the other man, he knows that the other is more active-offensive— a parallel to his own passive-defensive style. So he parries the attack with relative ease. “Same as you. Nothing out of the usual. Routine as always.” With a sidestep and a quick raise of his own sword, Taehyung successfully parries another attack from his mate.

There’s no more exchange of words after that. The sounds of their heavy breathing, the clashing of metal, and the heavy thumps of their footsteps are all that could be heard as bodies move around expertly.

Like always, Jeongguk is just too quick, too light on his feet compared to Taehyung. Not that Taehyung is inept— he can hold off just fine… but that’s where the line draws. He can only move fast enough to deflect and block the series of hits Jeongguk is capable of, never fast enough to give back hits of his own or counters.

Or maybe it’s because he’s just too focused on how Jeongguk looks like this— so obviously in his element. His footwork is sure and steady, the way he holds his rapier firm. Even Jeongguk’s eyes change when he’s outside on this field. Those wide eyes that hold the stars narrow into what is truthfully an intimidating glare.
There’s just this beauty that comes from Jeongguk when he’s like this, when he’s here outside, wafting off his confidence. There’s something about the beauty of an Omega that shines much like an Alpha—dangerous. Jeongguk’s beauty when fighting is a dangerous one.

Taehyung wonders why they think Alphas are more suited for this sport when they’re often bigger and stockier, slower. Omegas were built lither and made quicker to completely balance out Alphas. Faced off evenly like this, it’ll be an endless stalemate until both run out of stamina. Maybe someday… he’ll make a special force in the army where only Omegas are allowed. They’re obviously more than fit to join the army.

In an attempt, Taehyung tries to thrust his sword forward to the little opening Jeongguk has shown, but he’s quickly deflected. There’s the screech of metal as Jeongguk slides the blade of his own rapier up Taehyung’s, pushing until Taehyung stumbles backwards. In that brief moment where the Alpha loses his balance, Jeongguk knocks Taehyung’s sword out with a swing of his own. The rapier goes flying, laying uselessly on the grass.

Jeongguk steps forward and pushes Taehyung down. Taehyung lets himself fall back easily. The Omega straddles his mate, stares down at him, then quickly stabs the area of soil beside Taehyung’s head in a show of victory.

They both pant openly, catching their breath. Taehyung takes the time to stare up at Jeongguk in admiration, eyes shamelessly ogling how the sweat clings and rolls off his mate’s caramel skin. Jeongguk is so fucking beautiful right now that Taehyung really can’t believe that Jeongguk is his and that he’s Jeongguk’s. His eyes flash gold from the sudden feelings of possessiveness and he reaches an arm up to softly pull Jeongguk down.

Their lips meet easily, kissing with familiarity. Taehyung lets his eyes flutter shut as he immerses himself in kissing Jeongguk. It always feels like every touch, every kiss, is as good as the first. Despite the times and all the changes the world goes through, the changes they go through, one thing will surely stay constant for him—he’ll always be filled with love for Jeongguk, always ready to burst with it.

When they part, Taehyung affectionately brushes Jeongguk’s hair back, tucking a few longer strands behind the younger man’s ear. “I love you,” he whispers, face breaking into a smile with how endearingly Jeongguk flushes and smiles back. “I love you too, Tae.”

Jeongguk stands back up and helps Taehyung up, looking up to the warm hazel of the older prince’s eyes. “Taetae… I want to talk. Let’s clean up and talk over snacks,” the younger says, voice slightly nervous for reasons Taehyung can’t pin. “Of course. Whatever you like. Any reason why?” In a visible sight of Taehyung’s curiosity and mild confusion, he tilts his head. “Uh, no reason, really. I just felt like talking about everything and nothing over biscuits and tea.”

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Taehyung feels refreshed after changing out of his soiled clothes, sweat longer sticking to his skin and making him feel uncomfortably hot and humid. The light and thin fabric of the white, oversized dress shirt he’s wearing right now flows as he walks towards the gazebo in the middle of the garden—Jeongguk’s favourite place in the whole palace. As he grows nearer, Jeongguk is already seated, dressed lax like he is. Workers have already put a variety of snacks and drinks—their favourites, Taehyung notices when he finally sits down on the chair parallel to Jeongguk’s.
“I still wonder how you’re able to change so fast,” he says as a sort of greeting, grinning as he takes a roll of sweet looking pastry. “One of us has to be early and I know it’s never going to be you.” Jeongguk snorts and rolls his eyes, but it’s ridiculously filled with fond. “Okay I get it. I’m never early and have never been early. At the very least, however, I take pride in the fact that I am not absurdly late either.”

Jeongguk clicks his tongue and slowly sips on his cup of honeyed tea, eyes downcast as a slightly tense and awkward silence falls over them, nothing but the sound of their eating and drinking breaking the natural noise of the breeze and the light, happy chirping of the birds. He really needs to tell Taehyung now, needs to get it over with— wants to finally be able to do it. He knows he’s ready. Now he just has to shake off his fear and insecurity.

Sighing, Jeongguk shakily puts his teacup down, fiddling with his wedding ring before looking up at Taehyung, eyes slowly melting into a light silver as he starts to talk. “Taehyung… I’ve been off of Myoljil after my last heat,” he gulps, “Yoongi said I would be perfectly fertile on my next, especially since your rut has long been synced up with it. I—” Jeongguk Stops to breathe and closes his eyes to calm himself before looking back at Taehyung’s once more, eyes now shining a vibrant glow of silver. A show of his acceptance as an Omega, and how he trusts Taehyung as an Alpha. Jeongguk is willingly presenting himself as an Omega, Taehyung’s Omega. “I want to give you pups, Tae.”

All the air leaves Taehyung’s lungs as he listens to Jeongguk’s words, eyes focused on his mate’s lips like he’s trying to make sure that he isn’t just hearing things, that Jeongguk’s lips are actually the one’s forming them. It feels surreal. They’ve been together for such a long time, but this is the biggest sign of trust Jeongguk has ever given him. He’s letting himself be bred by Taehyung, his Alpha. More than anything, Taehyung is also happy that Jeongguk is finally comfortable enough in his own skin to be able to say what he just did, and to be so genuine and sincere with it too.

Taehyung can actually feel himself tearing up in a mix of feelings. He’s so filled with love right now, just knowing that they’ve finally reached this point of acceptance and trust with each other. The other half of him is filled with pride and joy, because out of the both of them, Jeongguk always found it harder to grow into himself, having been the one to grow with more stereotypes and expectations chaining him down. Taehyung just feels so much at this moment.

The older prince answers back, eyes burning into a dazzling gold as he stares back at Jeongguk’s icy silver eyes, grin so wide he thinks he might split his cheeks. He’s no longer scared of being Jeongguk’s Alpha. He can be whatever Jeongguk needs, can do anything with Jeongguk by his side. They’ll face everything together and win over them together. He no longer fears being an Alpha if he’s Jeongguk’s.

Abruptly, Taehyung stands up and walks over to Jeongguk, slowly pulling Jeongguk up and wrapping him up in his arms, hugging him tight while he affectionately nuzzles at the mate mark he’d left on Jeongguk’s skin years ago. “Oh, Ggukie… fuck, I love you so much. You’re sure? You’re really sure? It isn’t just the pressure of your age? You know I’d wait ’til forever just for you, would never force you to anything— only want it if you do, Ggukie.” Taehyung steps back and gently tucks Jeongguk’s hair behind his ear, always so soft and loving in his touches, always understanding and caring even in Jeongguk’s worst times.

Soon enough Jeongguk is tearing up too, the flood of tears coming much faster as he cries and steps back closer to Taehyung, cupping his mate’s cheek as they kiss. He wonders what he did to deserve Taehyung and in that moment, his love for Taehyung spikes up into a number uncountable. Jeongguk had spent so much time getting lost with all these stupid biology bullshit… but all he really needed to find his way is to just focus on the love they share— because no matter what, alpha, beta, omega, or whatever else… he loves Taehyung and Taehyung loves him. That’s all that really matters.
in this. Nothing else ever did or should.

“I’m sure. I know you love kids too, know you want them. I trust you. I love you. I think it’s about time… my age doesn’t matter when I’ve known you for as long as I have. I know you, Taehyung… and I know you’ll do so fucking great. A-And I know I can do it when I’m with you. So I’m sure. I’m so fucking sure—“ Jeongguk is cut off by surprise when Taehyung picks him up and spins him around, face scrunched up in a smile as a few tears roll down Taehyung’s own cheeks, likely from what Jeongguk had just confessed.

Taehyung sets Jeongguk down and can’t help but pepper Jeongguk’s face with kisses, drying the tears away as he laughs. “We made it… I’m proud of you— of us. I never thought it would be like this, but any future with you in it is a future I’d love. I love you, Jeongguk. I’m glad our kingdoms are near, glad you’re the one I’ve been matched up with… because I truly love you, ever since I first talked to you as a kid. It’s always been you.”

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There’s an obvious change in their demeanours after that. With the tension of an expected child out of the way, and their comfort with themselves and each other, both Jeongguk and Taehyung have been practically inseparable, tenfold worse than they had been when they were newly wed and struggling with themselves from the inside out. They found it hard to keep their hands off of each other, always so touchy and affectionate even with people watching. Thankfully, everyone just seems more relieved than anything— they had always been affectionate, but the excessiveness of it as of now should mean something, right?

And yet despite their obvious inability to tone down their affections, Taehyung and Jeongguk have yet to go past heated kisses.

No one asks about it, however, preferring to keep to themselves and just observe onto what would unfold. Aside from Taehyung and Yoongi, no other person knows of Jeongguk’s confession. Not even their parents or Taehyung’s older brothers are informed on it since Jeongguk had deemed it unnecessary, likely bitter when it concerns his father. The king of Bhusyan, after all, isn’t deserving to know about his plans on finally having a child. Jeongguk knows he’ll find out some way, but he’ll stall it out for however long he can… but maybe not for too long.

Jeongguk’s heat hits not even a month after he’s consented Taehyung to breeding him on his next heat. He simply wakes up feverish and sore, weak limbed and dripping wet. It’s too early for anyone to be awake yet, and even Taehyung sleeps peacefully while curled behind him. Their so close that Jeongguk is swimming in Taehyung’s natural scent, fantasies careening in his head— he wants so much that it already makes him whimper just from imagining, heatslit dripping even more slick, staining his shorts and Taehyung’s.

The Omega hesitantly pushes back against Taehyung, gasping when he feels his Alpha’s hard cock. Even while asleep, Taehyung’s body is in sync with his without fail. Years of having synced up ruts and heats as a mated pair does that… and yet Jeongguk feels nervous. His heat is still in its early stages so his mind isn’t clouded just yet… and all he can feel is nerves.

He knows that he’ll definitely finish this heat bred, and definitely knows that he’ll end up pregnant. Jeongguk knows that and has already accepted it, isn’t scared of it any longer and slightly even anticipates it— but what if it’s different or feels different? They’re both been mated long enough that
they’re no longer purely animalistic during their mating cycles, but Jeongguk has been told that breeding works a bit differently. That’s what he’s scared of.

Scared of the unknown, Jeongguk doesn’t know what to expect. Taehyung has always made an effort to listen to him, to the point that sometimes Jeongguk forgets that Taehyung is in a rut. Taehyung hasn’t really changed a bit— always catering to Jeongguk’s needs. He’s made efforts to keep himself sweet and gentle, made efforts to stop the words that want to leave his lips naturally. He took care of Jeongguk without ever making it known that Jeongguk is an Omega… because he knows how much Jeongguk was uncomfortable with it, at the time.

In fact, Jeongguk remembers that even Taehyung was scared; scared of how he would act or talk, scared of how he could treat Jeongguk, how he could break Jeongguk, if he wanted. So Taehyung makes sure he doesn’t tap into his inner wolf even if he instinctually wants to.

The past mating cycles they’ve been through together were controlled, insecure little trysts that were more than enough to sate their biological needs and urges. To be candid, they always did make Jeongguk’s heart flutter despite his lust-hazed mind. It just proves how much Taehyung is willing to do for him and he appreciates that.

There has never been a recreate of their very first time together. None of the aggression and domination, none of the barely controllable raw fire. That’s what Jeongguk is nervous for. He doesn’t want to wimp out, fears that maybe he isn’t actually that ready. Some part of him is still scared about being an Omega, scared of ruining expectations— and it’s worse since he wasn’t born and raised to be the perfect Omega.

On a more irrational side, Jeongguk might also be afraid of Taehyung, of his Alpha. He’s scared that maybe Taehyung would change after this. After all, the elder had always been one to adjust quicker, less emotional than he appears to be. Taehyung had been able to accept himself at a rate much faster than Jeongguk, taken up his new role as the youngest Alpha prince pretty quickly— and Jeongguk is scared that Taehyung might adapt into the kind of Alpha King the history books portray.

Even if Jeongguk knows that Taehyung could never be that type of person, he fears being held down into the traditional mould of an Omega. What if after this, Taehyung would no longer let him be active, ordering him to be meek beside him at all times. What if after this, Taehyung only keeps him to be bred, to give him all the pups as he wishes until he no longer wants them, keeping Jeongguk constantly on his back and pumped full of kids? What if after this, Taehyung would finally use his Alpha voice so that he can’t refuse—

Jeongguk knows that won’t ever happen. Taehyung has always been so sweet and understanding, asking and consulting him first before doing anything that concerns them as a mated pair. Taehyung regards him higher than anyone else, doesn’t care for their class, doesn’t care for what others might say. Taehyung is an Alpha but he’s a good one. He’d never— he’d never do to Jeongguk what he wouldn’t have wanted to experience himself if he had ended up being the Omega. More than anyone else, Taehyung would be the one who’d understand him.

“Yah, Jeonggukie… what’re you thinking so hard for?” Taehyung’s husky morning voice shocks Jeongguk out of his little zone of fear, comfortably melting against Taehyung’s broad chest with a soft, content sigh. He can still feel Taehyung hard cock pressing on his ass, the slow tickle of slick starting to completely dampen his shorts and Taehyung’s own— but they don’t seem to be in a rush quite yet.

Humming, Taehyung noses against Jeongguk’s mate mark, hips circling in a slow grind. They’re both only in the early, booting stages of their rut and heat respectively, so Taehyung thinks he could get away with a little sober talking before all coherent thoughts melt away into a white hot heat. He
reaches up with one arm to idly play with the soft strands of the younger prince’s hair, already feeling the inklings of uncontrollable want as Jeongguk’s scent starts to permeate their room.

Taehyung hears a stuttered, breathy little noise before Jeongguk decides to indulge him with an answer. “Just… Just wondering. How many pups would you like?” Anyone could hear the slight fear laced in Jeongguk’s tone, but Taehyung pretends that he doesn’t, knowing that Jeongguk would calm down if he treats it nonchalantly. The Alpha pretends to think about it— even if he’s pretty sure he had recited his whole “life plan” to Jeongguk at the age of ten. Plans did change, however, so maybe Taehyung can remake a new one that suits them more now.

“Hm… let’s see. Didn’t I always say three if we’re busy, five if we have time?” Barely noticeable, Jeongguk bucks with a shaky breath. “But I can do with one just fine. Maybe two when the firstborn is a bit older— anything you’re willing to give me is fine, Gguk-ah. I love kids and would love to take care of a bunch of our own, but before them, I love you more. So anything… anything you’d give me, I’ll take gladly.”

Relief makes Jeongguk impossibly laxer, reaching back to tug on Taehyung’s hair to lead the older prince into a sweet kiss, lips meshing together in fated perfection. “Y-Yeah? That’s good— great. Love you. Love you so much, Tae. ‘M so lucky to have you… wouldn’t replace this for the world,” Jeongguk whispers against Taehyung’s lips eyes fluttering shut as he starts to grind back on Taehyung, matching his mate’s movements with ease.

Steadily slipping into the main time frame of his rut, Taehyung can’t help but moan at how wet Jeongguk already feels against his clothed cock— and he can smell Jeongguk too. The sweet vanilla with an earth undertone, courtesy of their mating, fills his senses. It’s slowly driving him mad. “What if— What if you could’ve been an Alpha, but I wouldn’t be your Omega? Would you take that up?” And though the thought alone hurts, an alternate reality where Jeongguk isn’t a part of his life, especially since he’s naturally much more possessive during his rut… Taehyung just can’t help but ask.

“No! Wouldn’t want anything if it isn’t with you. I’d present as an Omega or whatever else a hundred times over. I don’t care… just as long as you’d be my mate in a-all of them,” Jeongguk answers, voice airy and irregular as slick starts to gush out of him. Any moment now and he won’t really be able to answer Taehyung, no matter how hard he’d try.

That slight possessive feeling in the pit of Taehyung’s stomach swells bigger, swells into pride. Something low rumbles in his chest, akin to a purr. “You’re so cute, Ggukie. Love you so much, can’t believe you’re mine.” Unbeknownst to themselves, their eyes are now glowing silver and gold, a sign that their mating cycle is now in sequence and will soon take over.

Crooning, Taehyung trails a hand down Jeongguk’s bare torso, passing over a perked up nipple before teasing over the toned lines of Jeongguk’s stomach, the mouth watering abs his mate works for. He lingers for a short moment before hooking a finger beneath the waistband of the Omega’s soaked night shorts, immediately hit by a wave of pheromones that make his cock twitch. “You’re so wet here already,” he hums, pressing open-mouthed kisses along the expanse of Jeongguk’s exposed neck. “Could just slip my cock in, Gguk.”

Huffing, Jeongguk juts his hips back and swivels, eager. “Yeah… please, need it so much, f-fuck— need your cock,” Jeongguk mumbles thoughtlessly. And while they’ve grown quite the immunity to each other, no longer going borderline feral at the smell of each other, resisting the urges is a different story.

With a grunt, Taehyung anchors his hands on Jeongguk’s restless hips, keeping his Omega still while he shifts, steadily manoeuvring himself to hover over the younger prince. “You’re quite eager this
morning, aren’t you,” Taehyung teases, voice husky from traces of sleep. But like Taehyung can still tease, Jeongguk still has it in him to huff and slightly smack his Alpha in reprimand. “You’re no different, from what I feel… your cock’s hard for me, Tae.”

They share a soft laugh while Taehyung leans down to nose at Jeongguk’s mate mark, eyes glowing gold as he does so. It’ll never grow old. Every time he touches Jeongguk’s mark or his own, it still sends a shock of electricity up his spine, the absolute euphoria of being half to a bigger, perfect whole.

Sleep still clouds their senses, pushing back the more primitive, raw desires, but the need is constant. But even so, Taehyung knows Jeongguk’s body so well. He’s dealt with Jeongguk in various states of desperation, knows just what Jeongguk’s body wants— so Taehyung kicks off his own night shorts and slides home easily, like the pieces of a puzzle snapping into place. They both feel complete like this, in the barest form of connection, in the rawest form of physical affection. They feel like two halves of a bigger, better whole.

“Hey Ggukie,” Taehyung grunts, already sounding gone, voice gruffer and deeper than usual, a show of barely restrained desire. “W-What?” Panting, Jeongguk looks through half-lidded eyes, heatslit clenching around the base of Taehyung’s cock as slick gushes out of it in response to Taehyung’s voice.

“Good morning.”

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The windows are fogged up, sheets kicked off as the heat becomes unbearable. Naturally cool air has bled into something humid, smelling heavily of them. Taehyung can’t stop the satisfied groan that bubbles out his throat, head tipped back. He just knows that Jeongguk will smell intensely of him, of them, after this, and it’ll take a week to be able to tone the intensity of their mating down.

Taehyung opens his eyes and peers back down, licking his lips at the sight of Jeongguk, face down and ass up, hiccuping and sobbing helplessly as he takes his cock. Their bed is soaked in slick, sweat, and cum, even Jeongguk’s drool and tears.

He doesn’t know just how long they’ve been at it, too focused on how tight and wet Jeongguk feels around him, too busy with making his Omega sing for him in a melody as sinful as his airy moans. Taehyung can’t bring himself to care for anything else aside from Jeongguk— but he does know that it was fairly dark when he had woken up… and now sunlight filters through their curtains.

“T-Tae! Deep! S-So deep— can feel you,” Jeongguk’s voice melts off into a pitched squeak as Taehyung snaps his hips into him harder, fuelled by his mindless babbling. Taehyung feels a shaky hand guide his own over the expanse of Jeongguk’s stomach, dragging over the defined abs he loves to pepper with kisses, settling down on Jeongguk’s lower stomach. “Feel you he-here,” the Omega mewls, thighs shaking from exertion.

It’s been a few good years of this, and as a more experienced Alpha now, Taehyung can fuck for hours before he pops his knot. Ruts make his refractory period non-existent as well, making him able to tease his in-heat Omega, denying him of the knot that’ll calm him until he’s completely satisfied with what state of desperation he’s fucked Jeongguk into. It’s both good and bad for Jeongguk. It’s good in the sense that he’s less sore after, but bad in the sense that it frustrates him— how Taehyung
can fuck him to orgasm multiple times but his body just overheats, never truly sated until his Alpha’s
knot is locked in his heatslit, keeping him down and filling him with pups.

But Taehyung? Taehyung fucking loves it. He never thought he’d be one to enjoy breaking
Jeongguk apart like this, useless and shaking, dripping so wet that every time he fucks in results in an
obscene squelch. There’s slick running down Jeongguk’s thighs, slick sticking to his abdomen and
own inner thighs, cum staining the sheets— and it smells like everything Taehyung ever wants;
Jeongguk.

Taehyung loves making Jeongguk drip like this, loves making the room smell so much of Jeongguk
that both the Alpha in him and he himself get drunk on the scent. And as much as he loves making
Jeongguk smell of him, loves making it known that Jeongguk is his, Taehyung loves it too when
people can smell Jeongguk on him. He loves it when people know that he’s mated to no one other
than Jeongguk, likes having people know that he’s claimed too. There’s not much coherent thought
for Jeongguk during his heats, and the usual possessiveness the younger possesses melts away to
pure submission— so Taehyung does the work for him.

“Yeah, Gguk? Gonna breed you so good, fuck you so deep you’ll swell with our fucking pups, ”
Taehyung growls, nails digging at Jeongguk’s soft skin. “‘M gonna knot you, fuck you full, make
you my good little Omega.” Taehyung kicks Jeongguk’s legs further apart, forcing the younger
prince to an even higher arch, making his cock fuck into Jeongguk’s heatslit impossibly deeper.

Jeongguk can only keen through his tears and drool, body just about as good as a doll. His eyes roll
back as Taehyung’s cock reaches so deep in him that he just knows there’s no way he won’t be
pregnant after this. He claws at the sheets desperately, body jerking up with the force of Taehyung’s
thrusts.

It doesn’t scare him anymore, doesn’t make him feel worthless. In fact, it makes him so turned on
that he’s mindless, makes him feel so loved and important that Taehyung would want to father their
pups— if Jeongguk had any semblance of a wholly coherent thought, he would’ve laughed at how
his past self was so scared of Taehyung’s natural Alpha state, so scared of his own Omega state.

And the more deprived side of him is a bit regretful for holding out this side of his mate. With the
Alpha being given permission to breed, it’s like every barricade has been broken, the beast inside
uncontrollable. Jeongguk doesn’t think he’s ever felt this completely owned and sated— not since
years ago.

Large, harsh hands pull him back with every thrust, bouncing uselessly— and Jeongguk actually
screams as his heatslit squirts slick, pouring down so uncontrollably that Taehyung actually slips out
from how wet he his. His voice dies down to mindless little whimpers as his thighs shake, barely
holding himself up.

Jeongguk’s body feels weak, limbs heavy with fatigue and strain. He’s been fucked through multiple
orgasms in multiple ways and yet Taehyung keeps going— and he’s just following along obediently,
letting himself be used over and over.

Taehyung’s cum is fucked in and out of Jeongguk’s heatslit at every thrust, the squelch of it so
obscene as it echoes around the room and rings in their ears. There’s no way he isn’t going to be
pregnant, no possible way— and Taehyung’s wolf probably knows this too.

But he keeps going, growling as Jeongguk shakes and cries. “T-Tae, Alpha, Please— P-Please.
Knot— want your knot— n-need it. Hurts, Taehyingie—“ Jeongguk’s cries just spur Taehyung on
further, eyes flashing gold as a wolfish grin takes over his handsome features. “You’re so pretty
when you beg… but you have to do better than that. Tell me how much you want my knot, Ggukie,”
the Alpha croons, contrasting to how he’s roughing up Jeongguk so bad.

Jeongguk chokes on a sob and whimpers, mouth running loose from how fucked out he is. He doesn’t shy from it, doesn’t hesitate. Jeongguk begs lasciviously, voice honeyed with need. “Puh— Please! Want your knot! Need it! W-Wanna carry Alpha’s pups, guh— gonna be good! Please, Tae — so ready!”

Jeongguk wants it. Jeongguk needs it. Jeongguk’s ready for it. And that’s all Taehyung can think of. The golden glow in his eyes seem unfading as he shifts to shorter but faster thrusts, leaning over Jeongguk and surrounding the Omega. Fuck. Taehyung would never expect to have it in him to be this eager to breed Jeongguk until he’s filled with pups, maybe a litter— Taehyung’s losing his mind over the thought of breeding his mate.

More slick drips down from the spread lips of Jeongguk’s heatslit, dampening the sheets and spreading until even Taehyung’s knees feel sticky from it. Taehyung can feel Jeongguk’s thighs trembling, body weak as he takes everything he has to give. Glazed over eyes look down to see the mess he’s made out of his Omega, a deep feeling of satisfaction spreading down his spine.

“Yeah, love? Want Alpha to knot your sloppy cunt?” Taehyung’s voice is breathy as he teases Jeongguk— it must be his rut talking because Taehyung doesn’t think he’s ever been that crude. Maybe it’s the knowledge that he can completely let his instincts take over, let the Alpha in him loose.

Taehyung doesn’t even wait for a clear answer before he’s drilling his cock into Jeongguk’s sopping wet heatslit, cooing at how puffy and swollen it looks already. “Your pretty little heatslit’s so good for me,” he moans, breath double hitching. He fucks into Jeongguk until the Omega’s noises pitch up into something akin to a scream, cumming again— no one had bothered to count. Taehyung fucks him even after that, erratic and merciless, growling as he chases for his own release. It leaves Jeongguk to experience another orgasm soon after the other one, which had barely even ended.

The Alpha pushes the younger Prince’s shoulder down and raises Jeongguk’s hips bit a bit more, fucking Jeongguk into the mattress relentlessly. It feels like forever before his knot starts to expand, and even then, he fucks Jeongguk’s slit until he can no longer pull out, the contracting muscles of the Omega’s heatslit locking around the expanse of his knot. He switches to rutting in as deep as he can until he cums with a low moan of Jeongguk’s name. Taehyung rolls his hips as he milks himself of every drop, though he knows that isn’t going to last. He knows he still has “secondary orgasms” because their biologies are ridiculously wired to breed effectively.

Panting, Taehyung lays them both down on their sides, placing one of Jeongguk’s legs over his hip, continuing a slow grind. Curious hands reach down, fingers framing where Jeongguk is spread around his knot, tracing almost reverently along it. He’s rewarded with a shaky, breathy whine as Jeongguk catches his breath, bodily still trembling lightly.

Lips press against Jeongguk’s skin as Taehyung hugs him close, nosing against the mark he left on his mate’s skin years ago, the same kind of mark he shares. “You okay, Gguk-ah?” he asks softly, but Jeongguk is fucked out beyond belief, completely at his Alpha’s mercy in ways he’s never allowed himself to be.

Jeongguk purrs happily as the heat dissipates— though it will come back again, no doubt — and leans back against Taehyung. He’s pleasantly sated though aching, feeling a little bit bloated too. He brings a hand over his own abdomen as he continues to pant, eyes half-lidded and glazed as he slowly tries to blink away what’s left of his tears.

Leaning back impossibly close, Jeongguk turns his head to Taehyung and nudges his jaw
affectionately. He even reaches down to guide Taehyung’s hand up instead, bringing it up over his stomach, lacing their fingers against his abs. “’M good… so good. Take care of me so well, Tae. Bred me so good,” Jeongguk slurs as a belated reply, fatigue beginning to take over his senses.

By the time they both succumb to sleep, the swell of Taehyung’s knot has only begun to go down.

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After that whole week of nothing but complete trust, of completely letting go and just feeling, Taehyung and Jeongguk only grow closer— and it’s something most have deemed impossible. Now, Jeongguk knows to trust Taehyung wholly, and Taehyung trusts himself that he’ll never do or be anything Jeongguk wouldn’t want. Bumps from before have been straightened out, leaving nothing but the fairytale they’ve been dreaming of since childhood. Who cares if the tale got a bit of a twist?

Their dynamics don’t even change. Taehyung doesn’t change. All of Jeongguk’s fears have been proven irrational. In fact, the Omega Prince feels stupid for thinking the way he did for this long; four years is quite a long time.

Jeongguk thought that maybe, after Taehyung would take him like every other Omega, the Alpha would completely change, would morph into, well, every other Alpha. He had thought that his mate would completely get lost over a power trip, over how utterly submissive he was in his hands. He had thought that since he’s already allowed Taehyung to breed him, the Alpha would only want him on his back, constantly carrying child— but none of those happen. If anything, Taehyung only grows sweeter, softer, fonder. Closer.

It’s something Jeongguk finds himself immersed in, always being showered with love and affection. The mates do everything together now, everything they can. Though they still have individual schedules of tutoring for different purposes, they find time for each other more often than before, like they can’t quite stand being apart for too long. Jeongguk finds himself sparring with a willing Taehyung in their free hours, eating snacks by the palace’s private pond while looking at the butterflies and bees that happen to land upon the beautiful flowers along the area. If they aren’t doing those, Jeongguk and Taehyung are probably at the library together, quietly reading their own respective novels in a comfortable silence, pinkies loosely locked.

Nothing changed. Or if something did, it’s nothing but good. Taehyung is still the same Taehyung, the same young boy who was so excited to marry him just so they could ‘play all the time’ and ‘run around and catch butterflies’. Taehyung might’ve grown a lot, changed a lot, but in his core and sole, he’s exactly like the Taehyung Jeongguk has grown to love over the years in his existence. The unfamiliar familiarity soothes him.

That is, until his Omega instincts kick in.

At first, Jeongguk doesn’t notice any changes. No notably big changes, at least. It’s just that he’s almost always ravenous, hoarding and demanding quite a quantity of food. Though it’s not always a guarantee that he’ll finish everything, he still eats quite a lot— more than he usually does. But that could easily be explained by how active he’s being recently, doing all sorts of activities with Taehyung… both innocent and not.

Which leads to another change Jeongguk notices later on. Up until now, he’s been quite shy, only
ever engaging sex when they need too, which is during their synced heat and rut. But now? He’s constantly craving it and he’s just lucky Taehyung is so indulgent that he goes with whatever Jeongguk is feeling.

Even when they’ve just recently ended a cycle, Jeongguk’s body seems to keep wanting it— or is it just him making up for the lost quality time? His neediness isn’t the only notable change in his sexual behaviour either. Recently, Jeongguk had thoughts… little images that careen through his mind and make him wet.

It’s like his tastes are getting more… explicit. Sometimes, Jeongguk thinks about pulling Taehyung’s head down, making his mate taste the slick from his heatslit. Other times, he thinks of what it would be like if Taehyung fucked his other hole instead, intrigued by how his slick always drips down to it and makes it wet as well— he swears he could probably cum from just that thought alone. And at rarer instances, Jeongguk wonders what it would be like to ride Taehyung’s cock while the Alpha’s long fingers fuck his heatslit open at the same time—

Fuck. Just imaging it gets him so wet even when his next heat cycle isn’t anywhere near. The Omega often finds himself getting all squirmy, abs clenching.

But he never has the courage to tell his sweet Alpha that. Not that he really needs too, either way. Taehyung is always so good to him, always making sure he’s finding pleasure in what he’s doing, always asking what he wants… but Jeongguk is starting to want different things aside from how they usually fuck and it’s a bit jarring. How could he possibly tell Taehyung all that?

So not only is he ravenous for food, he’s also becoming sexually ravenous. It should be pretty normal, right? Surely he isn’t the only Omega to act this way after a first time-breeding…

Jeongguk doesn’t get it until somewhere along the second month after, midway through it; the sixth week. Nothing else changes but one day he just wakes up and knows. He’s carrying his and Taehyung’s pup— and he’s too scared to say it to Taehyung. Jeongguk is scared. Again.

He’s over his first set of fears, and now that he’s actually pregnant with their child, a fresh, new batch of problems plague his head. Taehyung can’t know yet— no one can. The Omega Prince is a bit panicked, doing everything in his abilities to mask the fact that he’s pregnant. Though other Omegas, like the Omega workers and the Queen of Dyeayghu herself, can immediately sense it— to which Jeongguk silently pleaded with his eyes not to talk about — Alphas can’t. Alphas can only sense it along the eighth week, or even as late as the third month, for some.

So Jeongguk makes sure to drown himself in perfume to hide the slight change in his scent, wears the loosest pair of everything he owns, even goes as far as avoiding cuddles. Taehyung even starts getting confused when Jeongguk refuses to spar with him all of a sudden, but doesn’t question the Omega, thankfully. And sex? It’s something Jeongguk doesn’t want to avoid— but he suddenly won’t do it naked. At least his shirt or a robe has to stay on… and after that, Jeongguk makes sure Taehyung doesn’t hug him too tight, lest the Alpha feels the barely there bump.

But as mates who live together, who spend a majority of the day together, hiding will never last long. Or at least, hiding won’t last as long as Jeongguk would hope. Especially when Taehyung has always been so attentive with him, able to read him like a book ever since they were younger.

Jeongguk knows he won’t be able to hide this from Taehyung. What he doesn’t expect, however, is for Taehyung to find out this quick.
Taehyung didn’t want to jump to conclusions, but Jeongguk has been acting a bit oddly lately. Not that odd automatically equates to bad, but the change in behaviour is obvious enough… Taehyung only hopes that it means something he’s been looking forward to, even if Jeongguk isn’t acting like what everyone says happens to pregnant Omegas.

Along with Jeongguk’s changes, Taehyung has been antsy for a number of reasons. First, it would be the harsh ultimatum of Jeongguk’s own Father. Second, it would be his own admitted eagerness to see if they’ll be having a pup. He knows they’re young but Taehyung already wants to have his own little family— maybe growing up with extremely familial Omega views made him that way, but now, even as an Alpha, he wants to know if he’s going to be having a pup to call their own.

His whole being is practically screaming at him to get a little boy to carry around on his shoulders while they stroll around the gardens, or to get a little girl to braid flowers into her hair. Basically, both Taehyung and the Alpha in him are longing.

And maybe it’s a bit annoying to Taehyung, how Jeongguk doesn’t look like he’s pregnant. Though it’s arguably still too early to tell, it’s also possible that his mate isn’t. Heats synced with ruts usually mean a 95% chance of conceiving, and 5% looks like such a slim chance. Taehyung hopes that Jeongguk wouldn’t be part of that 5%.

But as the days stretch by, Taehyung only grows even more restless. In the midst of his suddenly over active sex life and his mate’s suddenly bottomless appetite, Taehyung feels this weird, indescribable tension between them and it’s driving him insane.

Did he do something wrong during Jeongguk’s heat? Did he say anything Jeongguk didn’t like? He doesn’t recall ever insulting Jeongguk’s body in any shape or form, and it wouldn’t make sense for his Alpha wolf to say something akin to that either— no part of Taehyung, conscious or unconscious, would ever think of Jeongguk as anything less than perfect.

So why is it that lately, Jeongguk has been hiding himself? It hurts for Taehyung, especially since he’s so fond of cuddles, unable to sleep without holding Jeongguk in his arms. Jeongguk doesn’t even change in front of Taehyung anymore, something that confuses the older Prince because changing in the same room has never been an issue for them, even when they were younger. Jeongguk, recently, has even refused to bathe together. Not to mention his reluctance to spar with Taehyung when he’s usually always been the one to invite Taehyung to do so.

Taehyung is quite touchy, loving to portray his love through his touches when verbal ways aren’t satisfying enough for him. But Jeongguk isn’t letting him do that, always putting these little barriers as of late— and even when they’re having sex, Jeongguk always finds a way for his shirt or robes to stay on, once even throwing a fit about it with Taehyung balls deep in him. Jeongguk has been avoiding his hugs, rolling away from his arms when they’re asleep, keeping himself hidden and secluded.

Along with Taehyung’s impatience for a cub, Jeongguk’s sudden aversion to his touch (aside from maybe the sexual type), worries him to the point that it hurts. He can’t seem to confront Jeongguk about it either because the topic is always changed swiftly and Taehyung can never argue. If it makes Jeongguk uncomfortable then he won’t press any further about it— but he just worries. Worries too much because he doesn’t want to be someone who’s been faulty to his own mate.

Is it for the best that he barges in the bathroom while he knows Jeongguk is still in there? Maybe not.
But Taehyung just had the sudden urge to do it right then and there, even when he’s also just in his towel.

The door bursts open as Taehyung forces the lock to break and Jeongguk’s reaction is immediate. The Omega had just finished and was about to towel himself dry— until Taehyung burst in, of course. He goes wide eyed before he glares and growls at Taehyung, covering himself with a towel. “Get out! I’m not dressed! Why are you here? Get out, get out—“

Taehyung only stays still, confused by the aggression directed towards him. He’s never been on the receiving end of Jeongguk’s aggression, and even now, he can feel that Jeongguk isn’t mad, but scared. The Alpha furrows his brows, silently apprehending the situation as he runs his eyes over Jeongguk’s body.

He has seen a brief flash of Jeongguk’s body before the younger Prince had covered himself protectively with his towel. Taehyung blinks. Jeongguk had looked a bit softer, maybe. Of course, the ridges of his abs were still there since Jeongguk is as active as ever, but the lines had looked softer. From the meagre hugs he was able to get away with too, Jeongguk even feels a tad bit softer and— oh. Oh. Though Taehyung thinks he’s had a moment of realisation, his face stays confused.

“Aish, Jeonggukie, I don’t care if you’re a bit softer now. I actually like it. I wouldn’t hate you for that, you know? It would be hypocritical of me too, you know, since I don’t have abs like you do. ’S fine. You’ve been working up an appetite recently too, so I’d understand. You didn’t have to act like this, you know?”

Softer? You’ve been working up an appetite recently too. So I’d understand? Jeongguk’s eye almost twitches at the absolute bullshit that spills from Taehyung’s lips. God. Even the confusion on Taehyung’s face makes him angry. How fucking dare he? Was he accused of being fat? Because he’s been eating a bit more than usual?

In his anger, Jeongguk growls again, fists clenched from where he hugs the towel close to his body. “Softer? I’ve been working up an appetite recently? You think that— that I let myself be like this?” Jeongguk might be irrationally angry since he’s the one who decided to hide the truth from Taehyung but… he wants to let it out. His frustrations, his fears, he wants to steam it out.

“You think I’ve been hiding from you since I’m starting to gain weight? And how fucking dare you make a face like that when you made me like this? I knew it— I knew I was right. You think I wanna be ugly? You think I wanna be… “softer”? I know you loved my body like that, and only like that— when I don’t look like such an Omega— but now I will and you won’t like it, even when you did this to me!”

Jeongguk’s eyes water, but he doesn’t tear up quite yet. “I knew you probably don’t want it yet— ’s only some sort of Alpha power trip you had when I let you completely take over me. Your inner Alpha probably only loved how pathetic I was for you. But now… n-now I’m not gonna be as pretty as before and you’ll hate me because I won’t look like the “Warrior Prince” everyone calls me. You won’t even recognise me anymore because everything’s gonna change,” the Omega hiccups, glassy eyes refusing to look Taehyung in the face.

“‘M gonna grow softer, ‘m gonna be fat, a-and you’ll find me disgusting because I don’t look fit anymore. I’ll lose the abs you love so much and you’ll hate me and ’m gonna get flabby, stretch marks—” Whatever Jeongguk was about to say gets cut off as Taehyung dashes at him and gives him a bone crushing hug, lifting him off the marble floor of their bathroom and spinning him around. Taehyung buries his face in the crook of Jeongguk’s neck and— oh. Are those tears? Jeongguk is rendered speechless.
After a few lines of Jeongguk’s frustrations, Taehyung finally understood. And he can’t be any happier, zoning out the rest of Jeongguk’s words. He can only think of how they’re going to be fathers soon, can only think of having a little pup to care for, a mini Jeongguk or even a mini Taehyung running around the halls.

He cries tears of pure joy, smiling against Jeongguk’s skin. “Oh Ggukie… you’re so wrong. ‘M so, so happy. Why didn’t you tell me earlier? I’ve been so restless recently… I wanted to have a pup so bad and I got sad when it looked like you weren’t. And I’ve been so worried lately too. You’ve been avoiding me and it hurt so bad. I thought I did or said something wrong, made you hate me— god, Ggukie, I was so worried. I thought—“

Taehyung stops talking to sniffle, holding Jeongguk even closer, craving the affection he was recently cut short of. “But I’m so happy now. Fuck… you don’t even understand how elated I am now. Thank you… so perfect. Always beautiful and strong.”

As one who’s easily affected by the emotions of others, Jeongguk can’t help but cry as well, tears finally rolling down his cheeks as Taehyung cries too. His mate’s words echo in his ears and Jeongguk suddenly feels immensely stupid for thinking of Taehyung the way he did. He feels guilty more than anything, both for thinking less of his mate who’s only ever been so sweet and understanding, and for keeping something from Taehyung, who has the fair right to know.

Jeongguk hiccups and hugs Taehyung back, equally tight. “I’m stupid, baby. Wasn’t thinking right… was so caught up in how I thought everything would have to change again. Was just so, so scared. And— And you don’t know what it’s been like for me,” sniffing, Jeongguk kisses the mark he’s made on Taehyung’s skin, preening at the pride and warmth that settles in his stomach. “’S like I can’t really control myself and the pup has only been in me for a short while. ’m always so hungry— and ’s like I’m always wet too, like I’m suddenly a knotslut.”

Chuckling, Jeongguk pulls back just barely, just enough to look up at Taehyung’s face lovingly. Large hands caress his cheek as Taehyung chuckles as well, like a fond little melody of bass and tenor. “Oh, Ggukie… you know it’s more than alright. You should’ve told me earlier. You know I’d love you no matter what— haven’t I proved that when we presented? Nothing will ever make me stop loving you, Jeongguk.”

Reverent hands trace patterns on Jeongguk’s soft skin, slowly trailing down until it rests on Jeongguk’s stomach. “You’ve always been so beautiful and this only makes you ethereal to me. Who cares if you gain weight or lose the definition your body has now? Or if you gain stretch marks? Jeonggukie, that makes you even more admirable and beautiful to me— because your body is being so strong, so pretty, carrying our pup.”

Lips meet in a soft yet passionate kiss, like two puzzle pieces being slotted together, completing a whole. And in that moment, Jeongguk realises that maybe they still are the perfect fairytale— because Taehyung is the sole definition of princely, the perfect man pulled out of a fairytale… and maybe that’s what makes Taehyung an Alpha. Not his physicality, not his stature, not his disposition. It’s the insight and maturity he has within, to carry someone else on his back despite having the urge to cave in on himself.

Jeongguk finally gets how they compliment each other the way they do, how these are the roles given to them by Mother Luna herself. He finally gets it— and he can’t be any more at ease.

The Omega paws at his Alpha’s towel until it untangles and falls with an unceremonious sound, needing to feel skin on skin. “And Ggukie… I think it’s okay to be a knotslut for as long as you’re my knotslut.” Taehyung grins, cheeky, but when he glances down, there’s a familiar glint in Jeongguk’s eyes. Oh.
“Hm… missed you, Tae,” Jeongguk’s honeyed voice croons, smirking as he takes Taehyung’s wrist in hand, directing the touch of his Alpha. “Haven’t let you touch me in awhile, baby. Missed your hands all over me— fuck ‘m already wet for you.” Jeongguk lets Taehyung’s hands linger over his stiffening cock for the briefest of moments before he tugs Taehyung’s hand further down, making it known how his heatslit is starting to drip slick.

Jeongguk slowly crowds Taehyung back until the older Prince is seated on the edge of the golden tub, irises flashing silver. “Gonna make me your knotslut, right, Alpha?”

Taehyung can only gulp wordlessly as Jeongguk’s mood changes in an instant. He might be an Alpha but at this moment he feels like prey, the same feeling he gets when he spars with Jeongguk creeping up his spine— awe and a rush of adrenaline. Those fierce eyes that get him all worked up are now peering down at him coyly… and Taehyung can only nod silently as Jeongguk straddles him.

“C’mon… Ggukie’s sorry that he’s been neglecting you… sorry for neglecting his Alpha. You’ve been nothing but such a good mate for me,” Jeongguk pouts, but it’s anything but innocent, dripping devious intent. Taehyung’s body heats up in an instant, blood flowing as his eyes flash gold in response.

“That’s okay, Gguk-ah. I know you’ll make it up to me, right?” Taehyung brings Jeongguk closer, urging the younger Prince, humming at the feeling of slick rubbing on his thigh. He gets a brief kiss in response. “I’ll make it up to you tenfold.”

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“Mother, Father…” Taehyung looks up, face solemn, and everyone in the dining hall remain still on their seats. Dyeyghu’s youngest Prince glances towards his mate, sighs, and eyes the King and Queen once more.

The silence carries on. “Oh for the love of all things good, Kim Taehyung, what is going o—“ The pair burst into matching grins, much to the confusion of everyone else. “Ggukie and I are expecting a pup!” The youngests in the room lean against each other, fingers laced, absolutely glowing. Everyone in the room is shocked to silence before they’re all getting up and crowding the couple.

The King and Queen are by far the most emotional out of everyone, with the Queen visibly wiping away her tears while the King is holding back his. For a moment, both Taehyung and Jeongguk can’t see past the barricade of bodies encasing them in warm hugs.

Taehyung gets patted on the back quite harshly by his older brothers Seokjin and Namjoon, both grinning, followed by Taehyung’s Father, who looks proud despite his glassy eyes. It’s a bit weird how that seems to be their reaction, but Jeongguk rolls his eyes. Ah. Alphas.

Once, Jeongguk thought he’d enjoy that kind of look, feel that type of pride— but now that he isn’t an Alpha, he just finds it quite stupid now… and a bit concerning because that’s a really explicit and personal thing to be proud of. He shares the same exasperated look as the Queen, actually. Maybe if there’s Alpha pride, there’s Omega annoyance.

“I’m so proud of both of you. I know it must be hard for you both, so young and unexpected— and
yet you never fail to live up to my expectations.” Jeongguk can feel that it’s a bit personal next, a talk specifically for Taehyung, but everyone can stand and witness it. “Taehyung, my boy, the youngest one that I’ve sheltered… I know you’ll be a great Alpha, son.”

And the smile that spreads over Taehyung’s features is so bright that Jeongguk feels himself growing warm, a smile of his own raising the corner of his lips. He’s proud of Taehyung too, and he definitely knows his mate will be a wonderful Alpha. He knows so.

“Now, Jeongguk, we should go tell your Father. I think it would be best if we scheduled a trip—“

From a soft warmth, Jeongguk’s face suddenly turns harsh and cold. The mention of said Father still leaves him bitter, a sour aftertaste in his mouth. He hates having to think about how his Father treated him. In fact, he had almost forgotten about it here, in Dyeygu, where Taehyung’s parents have been nothing but kind and supportive of him, standing in like he’s their own.

Jeongguk misses his Mother and would love to see her again, but the lingering “Alpha pride” that was drilled into him as a child, the one where getting the last laugh seems the best— that side of him would rather suffer the longing than to meet with the man that suddenly changed view of him just because of his biology. Without knowing, he’s already growling.

“No. We will not schedule a trip. He has the right to know, but he’ll have to strive for it if he would like to see. It’s either he comes to visit here to personally pick us up, or this pup stays in Dyeyghu as a future heir to this Kingdom.”

The room falls into silence once more.

Chapter End Notes

hhh im so sorry for updating late, and then suddenly the fic is supposed to be 3 chapters... my old laptop broke and it took me two months to get a new one. then i immediately started to write but since i lost the original oxy file, i lost the flow and basically had to find my vibe for this fic again. and then, while writing, i realised that i cant cram everything into 2 chapters... hhh. again, im so sorry!

hmu on twt! @knotsIuts ❣️

End Notes

hhm on twt! @busanympho ❣️
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