# A Home in You

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# A Home in You

by [springrain21](https://archiveofourown.org/)

## Summary

In the near future where most of society has collapsed due to the sudden and unexplained drop in the omega population, Jimin has spent his life ever since he presented as an omega on the run. When he escapes from a lab that was holding him captive for experimentation, he is rescued by a group of rebel freedom fighters who believe in omega rights, led by alpha Min Yoongi.

At first wary of their intentions, it takes awhile for Jimin to trust them, especially Yoongi, who is an alpha unlike any he's met before. Eventually though, Yoongi is able to break down Jimin's walls and the omega finds himself slowly falling in love.
But in times like these no one is safe, especially a highly sought after omega like Jimin, and Yoongi and the others find themselves willing to do anything to protect Jimin and keep him from harm no matter how dangerous and radical.

Notes

"The last thing Jimin sees is a blurry face entering his field of vision from above, peering down at him. He’s just able to make out light blonde hair and dark eyes and the overwhelming scent of alpha before Jimin is finally pulled under and his consciousness fades."

It’s been brought to my attention that this fic is similar to a story called the Omega Revolution by PinkBTS. I’ve never actually ever heard of/read it, but I’m putting a forewarning here that I guess these two fics share a lot of similarities, though it’s completely unintentional.

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

Thank you to Tati and Lalyn for beta reading this for me, I love you both so much <3
Jemin can feel it approaching.

The heat of his blood, the prickly sensation of his hot skin making him itch. He can feel the way his temperature is rising and the feverishness that builds up and turns his body clammy and sweaty. The tightness of his skin that makes him feel like if he moves too sharply he’ll burst at the seams.

The doctors have been waiting three months for this, monitoring him constantly with sensors stuck to his arms and chest and his stats taken daily. They’ve poked and prodded and tried to induce the heat with serums that made Jemin sick for days, but all efforts had failed and they’d had to resort to being patient.

Now though, after being observed constantly in his glass encased holding cell, Jemin knows his heat is fast approaching, and with it, a sense of dread.

Because he knows what the doctors in their white lab coats and their breathing masks are going to try to do to him. And he knows when they try will be the only chance he’ll have to escape.

He’s waiting, lying on his small, stiff cot and staring at the cameras on the ceiling of his cell. Sweats beads on his forehead and above his lip, and he wipes it away, feeling the heat pulse under his skin. In his standard issue white pants, he can feel slick beginning to form between his cheeks and dampen the fabric. He’s waiting for his daily check, knowing they’ll find what they’ve been waiting so long for.

Finally, he hears a key card being swiped outside his door with a small beep before it slides open. He sits up in his bed and watches as two doctors clad in white with their faces covered by the breathing masks approach him, one with a clipboard and the other with a pair of metal cuffs. Their scents are dull and muted. Betas, the both of them, like all the doctors Jimin’s encountered so far.

Jemin holds out his hands obediently, knowing the drill, and lets the doctor shackle the cuffs around his wrists. The cold of the metal feels like temporary relief from the burning of his skin and Jimin welcomes it.

Jemin allows the doctors to lead him from his room and past the other glass holding cells, in which Jemin can see the other omegas. He tries not to look at them and keeps his eyes straight ahead as he follows the doctor with the clipboard down the long hallway.

They reach a thick metal door that requires one of the doctors to swipe his key card before it buzzes and slowly swings open. They lead Jemin down the corridors, the slate grey granite cold against his bare feet. He takes note of where they’re going, where they turn and all the small green ‘EXIT’ signs they pass.

Finally, they step through another door into the medical bay, and the doctor with the clipboard nods at an open doorway next to them. “Exam room 2,” he says, voice slightly muffled by the breathing mask.

Jemin is led inside and told to lay down on the exam table, which he’s then strapped to so he can’t move. The room is big and metallic, the air cold and tinged with antiseptic. Across from Jemin is a beeping wall of computers, which immediately sync up with his heart rate and stats when the doctors sticks the monitors back onto his skin. Jemin can see his holographic handprint displayed on one of the screens next to an image of his eye and a few lines of omega information; height, weight, times
impregnated, fertility levels, and such.

The first doctor sits down on a stool and wheels a small metal table of instruments closer. He grabs one and sticks the tip in Jimin’s ear for a long moment before it beeps.

“Temperature is well above average,” he states as the information is recorded on the computers. He places the back of a gloved hand to Jimin’s forehead before nodding and removing it. “Skin is sweaty and hot to the touch.”

The other doctor comes up beside him and swabs at the crease of Jimin’s elbow with an alcohol-soaked pad, holding a long syringe in his other hand.

The doctor examining Jimin grabs another tool and instructs him to look straight ahead before shining a light directly in his eye. “Pupils are dilated and unresponsive.”

Jimin squeaks when the other doctors grabs his arm and sticks the needle deep into a vein. Immediately, his blood begins pulsing into the glass tube and Jimin has to look away, the sight of his own blood always turning his stomach.

Once the syringe is filled, it’s pulled from his arm and replaced with a cotton pad that it quickly taped into place to staunch the bleeding. Jimin watches out of the corner of his eye as the doctor takes it over to a microscope to examine it.

Jimin jumps when the other doctor taps at his hip and tells him to lift up. He’s holding a very long q-tip and Jimin blushes deeply when the doctor sticks it down his pants and swipes it quickly between his cheeks before pulling it back out.

“Slick production has begun,” he announces after looking at the end of the wet q-tip intently.

“Estrogen levels are high and sex hormones are going haywire,” the other doctor speaks up from where he’s peering into the microscope. “Heat is in full swing and now is the optimal time for fertilization.”

The doctor next to him stands up and walks over to the wall of computers. He presses a button and leans in to speak into a microphone on the desk. “Please alert Dr. Kim that we’re bringing in subject B-29 for artificial insemination.”

Jimin’s stomach drops and on the screens his heart rate spikes and his stats go wild. The doctors notice and one grabs a syringe filled with blue liquid off the metal table to sedate him.

“I’m okay!” Jimin says quickly, trying to calm down as the man grabs his arm. The doctor narrows his eyes behind his breathing mask, needle poised at Jimin’s vein. “I’m fine,” Jimin says again, trying to sound calmer.

Jimin absolutely can’t be sedated. He’s going to need all his wits about him if he’s going to get out of here.

The doctor watches him silently for a long moment before he finally sets the syringe back down and returns to the computers. Jimin breathes a sigh of relief and focuses on appearing calm while the doctors finish up their tests.

Once they’re done, they kick the wheels of the table Jimin is on forward and begin pushing him from the room. They wheel him down three long hallways that Jimin struggles to keep track of without looking too obvious, the glaring lights of the florescents above him making his eyes burn. They maneuver Jimin into an elevator big enough for the exam table and he’s just barely able to see
them press the button for level 3.

Jimin feels sick to his stomach as they ascend, his fear mixing with the growing heat building in his body. Far too quickly for Jimin’s liking, the elevator dings their arrival and they wheel him out and into a medical room bustling with activity.

There’s more doctors in lab coats in an even bigger metal room filled with the beeping of equipment. Jimin is wheeled into the center of the room and the one who he assumes is Dr. Kim leans over him with a stethoscope, slipping the cold metal disk under his shirt and pressing it against Jimin’s chest.

“Everything is on track?” She asks the two doctors who brought Jimin in after straightening back up, and they nod.

“All heat vitals are normal and healthy.”

She nods and begins undoing the straps confining Jimin to the table. “Let’s get him in an exam gown, and Dr. Nam,” she says, looking over her shoulder at a tall man. “Please bring out the sperm we have on ice from Subject H-88.”

Jimin feels like he’s about to throw up but tries to keep his composure as one doctor leads him over to a metal privacy screen at the back of the room and hands him a plasticy gown to put on. With shaky hands, Jimin sheds his white uniform and slips the gown over his head, starting to really feel the heat begin to settle in as well as the realization of what’s about to happen.

Once he’s dressed, Jimin is lead back to the table where big stirrups have been attached to the end for him to put his feet, and Jimin begins shaking in terror. He slowly climbs back on the table and jumps when there are suddenly hands on his ankles, bending his knees up high and slipping his feet into the stirrups, exposing him to the world and making him blush deeply.

As his wrists and waist are strapped back down by two other doctors, Dr. Kim walks up with a long turkey baster looking tool filled with a creamy white substance. Jimin immediately knows what it is and he knows he has to get out of here now before they release it inside him.

“Wait!” Jimin cries as Dr. Kim sits on a stool at the end of the table between Jimin’s legs. All the doctors around him freeze and look at him. “I have to use the bathroom,” Jimin says quickly, his heart rate going crazy on the monitors and fear swirling in his stomach.

Dr. Kim quirks a brow at him, the insemination tool held ready in her grip. “Can it wait? This will only take a moment.”

“N-no,” Jimin stutters out. “I really, really have to go.”

She lets out a long, annoyed sigh before wheeling her chair back and nodding at the others to unstrap Jimin again. “We should have inserted a catheter,” she mumbles to her colleagues before looking at Dr. Nam in resignation. “Dr. Nam, go with him and make it fast.”

Dr. Nam nods and waits until Jimin is free from the straps before helping him down from the table. He begins leading him from the medical room with a firm hand at the small of Jimin’s back. As they pass the wall of computers, Jimin sees a pen sitting on the counter and as he walks by, he quickly reaches out a hand and curls his fingers around the pen. He crosses his hands in front of his body to hide it and tenses up, waiting to see if anyone saw him. When no one shouts at him to stop, Jimin relaxes a little and allows Dr. Nam to guide him from the room.

He knows what he has to do and he feels sick to his stomach at the very thought.
He is walked down the corridor to the end of the hall where the bathrooms are. He’s steered into the men’s room and Dr. Nam leans back against the counters. “Let’s do this quick,” the doctor says, voice muffled from his mask as Jimin slinks into one of the stalls and locks it.

He watches from the gap between the stall and the door as Dr. Nam turns around to examine himself in the mirrors, messing with his hair a bit before pulling down his mask and checking his teeth. Jimin grips tightly at the pen, his palm sweaty with both fear and the heat symptoms. His heart is beating so loud in his ears that it almost hurts and his stomach is twisting in knots. Jimin tries to keep his breathing quiet even when he feels the need to pant, his whole body shaking in sick anticipation.

When Dr. Nam bends down to begin washing his hands, Jimin bursts through the stall door and leaps at his back. Dr. Nam lets out a shout that is quickly choked off by Jimin driving the pen deep into the back of his neck, right into the spinal cord.

Dr. Nam is able to throw Jimin off and he lands on the hard tile of the bathroom with a thud that jars his brain. Dr. Nam clutches at the back of his neck, which is bleeding freely, and turns to Jimin, eyes wide and shocked and mouth hanging open. The man goes to kick at him, but Jimin stabs the bloody pen deep into his ankle and Dr. Nam buckles with a cry and collapses on the floor next to Jimin.

Terror and adrenaline coursing through his system and giving Jimin the courage he needs, he quickly straddles Dr. Nam’s chest and raises the pen high above his head. With a mighty grunt, Jimin brings it down with all his strength right into the man’s throat with a sickening popping sound that has blood exploding everywhere. Jimin stabs the pen in over and over until the man’s cries cut off with a disgusting wet gurgle as blood spills from his mouth and neck and splatters across Jimin’s face. Dr. Nam’s movements go still and his eyes roll into the back of his head as Jimin grunts animalistically, driving the pen deep into his larynx until he’s certain the doctor is dead.

Jimin falls sideways off the body and stares at the bloody mess he’s created, his body beginning to tremble violently in horror at what he’s just done. Blood is starting to pool on the floor around Dr. Nam’s head, leaking into the grout of the tile.

He remains frozen for a long moment, trying to process what he’s just done as shudders wrack his body.

Finally, knowing he needs to move, covered in blood and shaking so hard his teeth chatter, Jimin reaches out and unsnaps Dr. Nam’s key card and stands up on shaky legs. He feels a rush of dizziness once he does and has to stagger against the sinks to catch himself from falling. The heat is boiling under his skin, sweat mixing with the blood on his face, and Jimin knows he needs to escape before it hits fully and he’s completely incapacitated. Trying to escape during his heat is possibly the stupidest thing he could do, but it’s perhaps one of the only times it’s possible.

There’s blood on his feet from accidentally stepping in it when he stood, Jimin realizes. He takes some paper towels from the dispenser and wets them under the faucet with shaking hands before reaching down and wiping at his feet. The last thing he needs is a path of bloody footprints leading security right to him.

Once they’re as clean as he can get them, Jimin opens the bathroom door just a crack and peeks out. Down the hallway there’s a trio of doctors chatting as they walk, and Jimin waits until they’re out of sight around the corner before he slips back into the wide hall. He knows that he only has a few moments before his and Dr. Nam’s absence is noticed so he has to hurry. He knows the cameras positioned on the ceiling every few feet are picking up his every move, but he just hopes to god that there’s no one in the security room monitoring the screens to see him and raise the alarm. As far as he
knows, no one has ever attempted to escape, so there’s no reason for security to be on alert. Or so Jimin hopes.

Key card clutched tight in his sweaty hand, Jimin races down the empty corridor, the slapping of his bare feet on the floor sounding as loud as gunshots in his panicked mind. Heart beating in his ears and adrenaline coursing through his veins, Jimin makes it to end of the hallway and cautiously peers around the corner. He sees a doctor heading straight for him, head bent down as she looks at a clipboard, so Jimin quickly slips in the room next to him to hide. Thankfully it’s empty, a standard hospital room with a bed and general equipment.

Jimin watches through the small glass window on the door and ducks down as the doctor passes by. While he’s crouched down, he sees a folded uniform on the bed, the standard white pants and t-shirt that all the patient wears, and Jimin locks the door before he creeps over and grabs it.

The clothes are a few sizes too big, the shirt hangs off his body and he has to cinch the pants tight with the drawstrings to get them to stay up, but they’re much better than the flimsy hospital gown. He also pulls off the sticky sensors suck to his arms and chest, hoping that he’s far enough away that the computers aren’t still picking up on him and won’t alert the doctors when they’re cut off.

After checking that the coast is clear, Jimin sneaks back into the hall and turns the corner. At the end of the corridor, there’s an exit sign lit up in green and Jimin makes a break for it.

He’s halfway there when he hears voices up ahead and his heart shoots into his throat. Picking up his pace, Jimin slams to a stop against the steel exit door that needs authorization to open, and fumbles with the key card. He hears footsteps up ahead as the voices grow louder, and at that moment the key card slips out of Jimin’s sweaty grip and drops on the floor.

Fear coursing through him, Jimin snatches it back up and swipes the card over the sensor. It’s facing the wrong way though and does nothing, and Jimin flips it over as the voices grow louder, about to round the corner and see him any second.

Hands shaking so bad he almost drops the key card again, Jimin swipes it over the sensor the correct way and the light flicks green with a small buzz. Jimin pushes the door open and slips inside, tugging it closed by the handle as fast as he can. It clicks closed right as the doctors round the corner into the hall and Jimin sags against the door, gasping in huge gulps of air and clutching a hand over his frantically beating heart.

He takes a minute to catch his breath in the cold metal stairwell, wiping red-tinged sweat off his forehead. His body is beginning to ache a little bit, a dull tugging like growing pains in his limbs, and he knows his heat is going to hit full force soon. Slick is gathering between his cheeks and beginning to slide down his thighs, and Jimin reaches down and wipes at it with the back of his pants, the heat under his skin growing more intense with every passing moment.

After gathering himself as best as possible, Jimin begins racing down the stairs, holding on tight to the railing in case his shaky legs give out on him. The sound of his pounding footsteps is horribly loud, echoing around the empty stairwell and jarring his brain. Jimin prays that no one enters the stairwell or he’d for sure he heard and caught.

Jimin is panting by the time he makes it to the bottom, his legs aching and his lungs burning, the feeling extra intense because he’s beginning to grow sluggish and slow in his movements as the heat intensifies.

There’s another door at the bottom that exits into the underground parking garage according to the sign next to it. He fumbles with the key card and swipes it over the sensor, which buzzes and turns
green. Jimin opens the door into a parking garage, dimly lit and full of cars but otherwise empty.

Jimin had just taken a few steps when an alarm starts blaring throughout the building, and the lights overhead start flashing red. Jimin gasps and breaks into a run, the rough texture of the pavements hurting his feet as he follows the signs up and out of parking garage. He knows they’ll locate him on the cameras any minute and Jimin fears what they’ll do to him if he’s caught.

The pavement scrapes at his feet as he runs, his lungs pumping as he struggles to suck in air. Somewhere behind him he hears a door slam and then there’s the shouting of multiple people echoing through the garage. Jimin gasps out a cry and pushes his body to the limit, running faster than he ever has in his life.

Finally, he explodes through the wide entrance to the parking garage and into the night, sucking in lungfuls of fresh and clean air for the first time in months. He stops for just long enough to get his bearings, looking all around him for an escape. In front and to the right of him is a huge parking lot, but to the left is a grassy area with a few picnic tables that after about five hundred feet dips down a little, and though it’s hidden by trees, Jimin recognizes the sound of a river.

He takes off in that direction and his feet immediately sing with relief when he hits the cool, shortly-shorn grass. Even outside the building, a huge and white structure in pristine condition, Jimin can hear the alarms blaring.

He pelts through the grass and reaches the treeline as the men, security members with guns set to stun, Jimin knows without looking, burst out of the parking garage. He knows he only has seconds before they spot him as he careens to a stop at the muddy bank of the river. It’s wide and deep and fast flowing, and Jimin does the only thing he can think of.

He jumps in.

The water is freezing and he knows the security guards probably heard the splash, but the current is fierce and immediately begins sweeping Jimin downstream. His toes just barely brush the bottom of the riverbed and he struggles to tread water as he’s dragged underwater by the river as it pushes him along. Jimin gets a lungful of water and comes up coughing and spluttering, just barely able to suck in air before he’s pulled under again.

The river is filled with jagged rocks and Jimin is slammed against a large one that is sticking out right in the current’s path. It jars his body and knocks his head back and Jimin feels his knee get shredded open by the roughness of the boulder when he hits it. He bites his lip in pain as he’s sucked around the rock, spinning him around in the water until he hits another rock, knocking his back against it and hitting his skull. He feels pain explode in his head and knows by the warmth blooming back there that he’s bleeding.

The river is vicious in its handling of Jimin as it rockets him downstream, slamming him against more rocks and sucking him back underwater, over and over until Jimin is dizzy with pain and disorientated from all the spinning and lack of oxygen. He can’t even feel the heat symptoms over the physical pain of his body, but he knows by the stuffed and fuzzy feeling of his head and the dulling of his senses that he’ll be entering full heat any minute.

The water is harsh and relentless in its attack against him. It slams him against rocks and boulders that shred his skin and leave what Jimin knows will be bruises later. It even takes him over a small series of waterfalls that makes Jimin’s stomach drop at the speed he flies down them.

The river carries Jimin along for what must be miles, and he knows he needs to get out soon because they’re probably tracking him along the river’s path already. Jimin sees another jagged rock
fast approaching and he reaches out to grab at it, but it’s slippery with moss and he loses his grip, sweeping him back along the icy water.

Jimin tries again when he sees a series of rocks approaching him fast. He’s slammed directly into the first one, knocking the breath out of him as he wraps his arms around it like a lifeline. The water pushes against his back and pins him to the boulder, strong current holding him in place.

Jimin reaches out for the rock next him, using all his might to pull himself towards it as the river fights against him. He uses everything he has, grunting as he tries to claw his way to the rock, ripping his fingernails and turning them bloody. Finally he makes it, pulling himself to the rock and holding on tight, his arms burning in effort.

He does it again with the next rock, pulling himself through the current until his feet touch solid ground under him and he grabs the next rock, now using his grip on the riverbed to help propel himself towards the riverbank.

Finally, the muddy ground slopes up and Jimin pulls himself free of the current’s path. He sloshes through the shallows over to the riverbank and pulls himself up onto the grass before collapsing with a small cry.

He’s bruised and bloody and sopping wet, his clothes are ripped and his whole body throbs with pain. Jimin stares up at the night sky as he sucks in huge breaths of air, his panting ragged and wheezy. How long Jimin lays there on the muddy riverbank he doesn’t know, all sense of time lost to his disoriented mind.

After minutes or hours, Jimin can’t be certain, he struggles slowly to his feet but immediately sags back to his bloody knees, which sting something fierce. Through the pain of his battered body, Jimin can feel himself aching in different ways. He whimpers when he realizes how much slick is soaking into his wet and muddy pants, at the way his body is beginning to crave something filling him. His skin is on fire, flaming hot to the touch, and Jimin knows he needs to get somewhere hidden and safe to wait out the worst of his heat before he completely loses control.

Jimin staggers to his feet and takes a moment to steady himself when he sways dangerously. For the first time, he takes in the surrounding around him. The river seems to have carried him away from the outskirts of Greater Seoul, the renamed and still-maintained part of the city that the lab is in, and out into the wilderness. There’s trees packed thickly on either side of the river and he seems to be in the middle of nowhere, the stars twinkling above him.

Jimin heads off in a random direction, hoping that he’ll happen upon something, anything, he can take shelter in. He stumbles through the darkness, tripping over roots and pricking his feet on the thick bed of fallen pine needles on the forest floor. His body is aching with need and desire, and slick has begun gushing out of him faster, leaking down his thighs and calves. His skin burns and itches and he wants nothing more than to rip it all off and relieve the ache. His whole being is pulsating, throbbing to the beat of his frantic heart and all his insides feel twisted up and out of place. He’s in so much pain but he knows he has to keep going.

Every brush of his wet clothes against his body burns like he’s just been scorched and he whimpers in pain with every step he takes. Jimin resists the urge to shed his clothing because even in his heat-addled mind he knows that’s just plain stupid.

The night air is cool and even though Jimin should be cold from his wet clothes, the heat raging through his body makes him feel like his blood is magma and has him sweating buckets. His lungs are burning and his throat feels like the desert, and he’d do just about anything for some water. His lips are dry and cracked and the bottom one has a bloody split from being thrown around the river,
and each step he takes makes his shredded and ripped knees sing with pain and his abused feet throb.

Jemin walks for as long as he can through the forest, staggering against trees and cutting up his palms when he has to catch himself from falling against the rough bark. Jemin walks until his legs finally give out on him and the heat completely consumes him in a fiery wave. He collapses with a whimper on the forest floor and fists his hands in the dirt, crying at the need to relieve the pain but knowing he can’t, no matter how much he wants to.

Jemin sobs into the pine needles, not able to stop the aborted little movements his hips are making in search of friction, in search of any sort of relief. It hurts so bad, it feels like he’s burning alive and his hole clenches around nothing, desperate for something to fill it.

He knows if there’s any alphas nearby they’ll absolutely smell him and find him. No matter how much his body wants that, the fear of encountering another alpha after last time sends terror skyrocketing through Jemin and helps him fight the need to touch himself. He knows his omega pheromones are saturating the air for at least a mile around him, filling the night with an absolutely intoxicating scent that it like a drug to alphas. He has to stay coherent, has to remain aware of anything approaching him that could be a danger. If he so much as disturbs the slick leaking out of him it’ll stir up the scent and become even stronger and more potent and will up his chances of being discovered.

Jemin doesn’t know how long he’s crying on the forest floor, praying for death to take the pain away, before his conscience starts swimming in and out from the pain. He struggles to remain awake because any alpha who finds an unconscious omega in the middle of its heat will not hesitate to take advantage of it, and that thought sends Jemin into a delirious panic.

Waves of blackness keep washing over Jemin until he can’t fight it anymore and finally slips under. Even passed out, waves of pain keep sweeping over him, filling his mind with a hazy sense of alarm that pricks at his consciousness.

He doesn’t know how long it’s been when he slowly becomes aware of a scent approaching nearby, followed by distance voices. It takes Jemin’s mind a long moment to register the scent, a sort of dark, spicy musk with undertones of sandalwood that makes desire flow through Jemin’s aching body.

When it finally clicks, Jemin’s eyes fly open. Yes! Alpha!

But then his rationality snaps back into place and Jemin gasps in fear. No! Alpha!

Jemin whimpers in terror and tries to squirm away to hide, clawing along the pine needles as the voices raise, growing closer. Under that strong alpha scent, Jemin can smell others as well, betas, which he can’t quite comprehend in his delirious state. Alphas usually run together so to smell an alpha outnumbered by betas is odd.

His pants are completely soaked through with slick and stick uncomfortably to his legs as Jemin struggles to crawl away. He realizes that the sky has begun to lighten, and he can clearly see four forms appear through the trees ahead of him.

Terror surges through Jemin and he begins crying again as they hurriedly approach him. “S-stay away from me!” Jemin screams, his voice raw from swallowing river water and broken and dry from lack of hydration.

The strangers halt their movements and hold up their hands to show they aren’t a threat. “We’re not going to hurt you,” one of them calls, but Jemin is shaking his head violently, still trying to squirm
away, trying to get away from the danger.

“Get away from me!” He’s hysterical now, tears pouring down his face as he sucks in huge, panicked gasps of air. “Stay back! D-don’t come any closer!”

He hears the strangers mutter something among themselves, but they’re still too far away for Jimin to make out what they’re saying. All of them except for one are tall, and the beta on the far left is carrying what looks like a tool bag.

Then they begin stepping closer again and Jimin starts screaming.

“Hey, hey, it’s okay,” one of them soothes over Jimin’s cries.

Then two of the betas have their hands on Jimin, turning him over and holding his wild struggling still as the other beta pulls a long syringe out of his tool bag.

“No!” Jimin shrieks, fighting with all his might against his attackers. “Don’t touch me!”

“We’re not going to hurt you,” the beta with the needle says as he sticks it deep into Jimin’s neck, who cries out in pain. “We’re going to take you to safety.”

Whatever is in the needle immediately releases a cooling effect into Jimin’s flaming hot blood. He feels his limbs beginning to grow heavy as if they were made of lead, and his struggling against his captors weakens.

A sedative, Jimin knows from experience. He tries to fight against the calming pull of it, tries to keep his head above water as it rapidly takes over.

“D-don’t...touch me…” Jimin slurs, tongue like a ten ton weight in his mouth. His vision begins to swim as he’s laid gently onto the ground and the hands restraining him disappear. “D...d-don’t…”

The last thing Jimin sees is a blurry face entering his field of vision from above, peering down at him. He’s just able to make out light blonde hair and dark eyes and the overwhelming scent of alpha before Jimin is finally pulled under and his consciousness fades.

For what could be hours or days, Jimin hovers in a sort of dreamlike state. His body feels light, like he’s floating, and all the pain has faded away.

For awhile, he can somehow tell he’s in motion. The ground under him rumbles softly and it feels like he’s flying.

He fades again after that.

Sometimes, as he swims in and out of consciousness, as if it’s coming from miles away and yet echoing loudly around him at the same time, Jimin can make out warped voices.

“...extremely malnourished, well under what his normal weight should be…”

“...disinfected the cuts and stitched his head wound…”

“...keep him sedated until his heat is over…”
“...the clothes are Yoongi’s but I’m worried the scent will freak him out…”

“...have Jungkook be the first one he sees when he wakes up…”

Jimin fades in and out, occasionally feeling another prick at his neck before coolness floods his body again and he sighs in contentment and falls back into black.

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The first thing Jimin becomes aware of is the lack of pain in his body. His temperature is normal, there’s no liquid fire coursing through his veins and no aching need to be filled.

The first sense to return to him is hearing, but there’s nothing to listen to. The voices from before are gone and Jimin knows he’s alone.

The second thing to come back is smell. There’s a metallic tinge in the air along with the scent of fresh cotton and antiseptic. There’s also the scent of that alpha from before, that deep spicy smell that had instilled desire in Jimin’s body but fear in his mind. He stirs in discomfort at the closeness of the scent and is finally able to open his heavy eyes.

At first he can’t figure out where he is. He’s lying on a soft mattress with clean sheets in an odd rectangular, metal room. The walls are a rusted and aged blue metal, the texture of them like weird rippled waves. There’s an old dresser against the wall across from him and a big red bean bag on the floor next to it. Fairy lights are strung around the walls and across the ceiling, providing a low, warm light in the otherwise strange, dark room.

Jimin struggles to sit up and winces when his body stings and throbs, all the pain suddenly flooding back. He looks down to find himself wearing clean clothes; a pair of soft grey sweatpants and a simple black t-shirt. Jimin realizes that the alpha’s scent is coming from the clothes and it makes him squirm in discomfort. Even though technically the scent is kind of nice, the alpha pheromones clinging to the clothing gives him anxiety.

The source of the pain in his body is coming from the wounds he’d gotten while escaping, which he finds have been cleaned and bandaged. His hands are wrapped in gauze and under the pants he can feel bandages on his shredded knees.

Even his head has been wrapped in gauze, and Jimin remembers the wound he’d sustained from being thrown against the rocks in the river. His head throbs a little when he moves his neck but otherwise the pain isn’t too bad.

He’s seemingly been cleaned of all traces of mud and blood and the small cuts and scrapes on his face has been disinfected as well.

The sheets of the bed he’s in are clean and light and the comforter is thick and warm with a navy blue and white diamond pattern across it. There’s two feather pillows on which he’d been resting his head and there’s a decorative throw blanket draped across the foot of the bed.

Peering over the side of the bed at the wooden floor, Jimin sees a large area rug spread across most of it, a little ratty and moth eaten at the edges, but otherwise serving its purpose of covering the kind of rough looking floor.

Jimin plays with a corner of the bedsheets while he tries to figure out where he could possibly be
and what whoever took him might want. He has a pretty good idea, but he can’t be certain.

He feels panic flare to life in his chest when he realizes that alpha, the one who’s scent lingers on his new clothes, came in contact with Jimin while he was in heat, and he has absolutely no idea what could have happened to him after he’d been sedated. For all he knows he could already be pregnant.

Jimin’s panicked, racing thoughts are interrupted by an echoing knock outside of what he realizes are two tall swinging doors across from him.

Jimin squeaks in terror and scrambles off the bed and into the furthest corner away from the doors that he can, his heart leaping into his throat and his stomach dropping in horror.

The door swings slowly open with a loud metallic screech that sets Jimin’s teeth on edge and makes him want to claw out of his skin.

A head pops into view around the door, revealing a young man with floppy black hair and a nervous smile on his face with daylight streaming in from behind him. “Hello,” the stranger calls softly, his eyes landing on Jimin cowering in the corner.

The door opens a little more and the person’s scent comes wafting in.

Omega.

Involuntarily, Jimin finds himself relaxing a little bit. The omega’s scent is florally, like freshly bloomed jasmine, and the sweet softness of it calms Jimin a little.

“I won’t hurt you,” the omega says, still standing uncertainly outside the door. “I brought you some food. Can I come in?”

He takes a step inside and Jimin’s body seizes up in terror. “Go away!” Jimin cries, knowing better than to trust a stranger, even an omega. He looks around for something to use as a weapon, anything, but finding nothing he just cowers deeper into the corner.

The omega’s face drops slightly but he nods all the same and steps back. “Okay, I’ll give you some more time to calm down and settle in. I’ll come back later, alright?” The omega steps in just enough to place a steaming bowl of something just inside the door, along with a glass of water.

Jimin’s stomach rumbles viciously at the sight of food but he refuses to advance with the strange omega still there. The man straightens up and smiles gently at Jimin as he begins pulling the door closed. “I’ll be nearby if you need anything, okay?”

Then he closes the creaky doors completely and Jimin finds himself alone again. He waits a few long moments to make sure the omega won’t burst back in suddenly and attack him before Jimin staggers to his feet and stumbles across the room to get to the food.

He gulps down the water first, feeling like it’s been centuries since he’s tasted something so amazing to his parched mouth and throat.

The bowl contains a large helping of a steaming chicken stew and Jimin begins shoveling it into his mouth with the spoon. It’s too hot and burns his tongue, but he doesn’t even care. It’s the first real food he’s had in months and it’s absolutely delicious. All he’d been fed at the lab was a bland protein bar modified to provide all the needed vitamins and essential nutrients to the captive omegas. He would have to eat it morning and night and it tasted like soggy cardboard, only being allowed to wash it down with an equally bland energy drink that tasted of stale vanilla.
Jimin wants to savor the soup but he’s too hungry to go slow and finishes it far too soon. He lifts the bowl to his lips and gulps down every last drop of the broth before he sets it back down on the floor with a sigh. His stomach definitely has room for more, but this is the most full he’s felt in a long time and it’s a wonderful feeling.

After a little while, he stands up and limps over to the dresser and starts curiously pulling the drawers open. They’re all empty except for the top drawer, which contains a pair of soft, incredibly fuzzy pink socks. Jimin runs his fingers over the material in awe before sitting on the edge of the bed and pulling them carefully over his bruised and scraped up feet. It’s like enveloping his feet in a soft, warm hug and Jimin sighs happily, wiggling his toes in the socks.

For a while Jimin sits on the bed, his socked-feet hanging over the side as he contemplates his situation. On one hand, he’s essentially being held captive again by a group of strangers whose intentions are unclear and he could be in serious danger. On the other, he’s being fed and his wounds are being looked after, he’s been clothed and cleaned and placed in a relatively comfortable holding cell and so far no one has tried to take advantage of him.

It looked to be daytime when the omega had opened the door, but Jimin feels exhaustion beginning to creep over him. He’s still incredibly weak and tired and injured, and he assumes he’ll need a while to keep resting and get his strength back up so he can try to escape again.

With a yawn that makes a bruise on Jimin’s jaw twinge, he crawls back under the covers of the bed and pulls them up around him. He lays on his side to avoid putting pressure on the wound at the back of his head and lets his eyes fall closed. Within minutes, he drifts back into an exhausted sleep.

Jimin slowly wakes up some time later with a stretch that pulls at his many bandaged wounds and makes him wince in pain. He rubs at his sleepy eyes and stares around him for a moment, wondering where in the world he is before his memories come rushing back.

He struggles to sit up and climbs carefully out of the bed, sneaking over to the two tall metal doors. Jimin tentatively tries pushing against one with a bandaged hand and is surprised to find that its unlocked and swings open easily. He opens it a crack, just enough to peer out with one eye to try to see where he is.

Through the small gap, Jimin can make out what looks to be clear, open water about three hundred feet straight ahead and odd, rectangular metal boxes rising in high, huge stacks on either side of him. It’s evening out and the water laps in gentle waves up against the raised concrete platform as seagull caws overhead.

Jimin realizes where he is. A shipping yard! He must be in a shipping container that’s been turned into a room next to the ocean. Before he can ponder this longer, he hears a few voices nearby and two people cross into view ahead of him. Jimin gasps and quickly pulls the door closed again and limps back into the furthest corner. He cowers down and draws his knees to his chest, heart racing in his throat as he listens to footsteps approaching.

There’s a soft knock at the door and Jimin tenses in fear, trying to make himself as small as possible. The door squeaks open and the omega from before peers in again, finding him easily under the dim fairy lights.
“Hello again,” the black-haired omega says gently, opening the door a little more to show the food he’s carrying. “I brought you some dinner. Can I come in?”

Jimin shakes his head violently and digs his ripped fingernails into the material of his sweatpants. “L-leave me alone!” He says shrilly, voice high pitched in fear.

The omega frowns sadly at him, being careful not to move so he doesn’t frighten Jimin. “I’m an omega like you. I’m not going to hurt you,” he says slowly, but Jimin shakes his head again.

“Stay away from me, I’m warning you!” Jimin squeaks, sounding about as intimidating as a mouse.

A seabreeze comes wafting in behind the omega, bringing with it his sweet jasmine smell that has Jimin relaxing a little despite himself. The omega sighs and leans down to place the bowl of food and a big plastic water bottle on the floor before picking up Jimin’s empty cup and bowl from earlier.

“Try to get some rest, okay? I’ll come back tomorrow morning with breakfast,” he says, and Jimin eyes him warily when the omega then nods up at the fairy lights. “There’s a switch to turn those off if you want, by the way.”

Then he’s backing out of the room and pulling the door closed behind him with a loud squeaky sound. Jimin waits until his footsteps recede before scrambling over to the food. This time it’s a big bowl of spaghetti and meatballs and Jimin actually moans at the first bite. He practically inhales it, more animal than human from hunger, getting marinara sauce all over his face that he roughly wipes up with the back of his arm.

Once Jimin is finished, he cracks the lid of the water bottle and sucks down a few big gulps of the cold liquid with a happy sigh. He twists the lid back on and carries the bottle back to bed, because even though he just woke up a little bit ago, he’s already tired again. Jimin places the bottle on the floor next to the bed and crawls back under the covers, sinking down into the mattress that’s a hundred times more comfortable than the one in his holding cell back at the lab.

He doesn’t turn off the lights because the warm, dim glow they cast around the room makes Jimin feel safe.

The third time the omega visits Jimin, he has just woken up when he hears the knock on the door and lets out a panicked squeak, tumbling out of bed and pressing himself into the corner to hide.

The omega opens the door and daylight floods in, casting a shaft of sunlight halfway across Jimin’s body that brings in the smell of seawater and the calling of seagulls. “Good morning,” the omega greets him kindly. “Jin hyung made you eggs and bacon.”

Jimin doesn’t know who this ‘Jin hyung’ is but he knows the food smells amazing and his stomach starts rumbling. “He’s also the one who cleaned and bandaged your cuts,” the omega continues, still standing in the doorway. “He was wondering if he could come and check them and change the dressings soon?”

Fear shoots through Jimin and he shakes his head roughly. “No,” he says quickly, fisting his hands in his sweatpants.

“But he’s a beta,” the omega frowns. “He’s not going to hurt you.”
Jimin shakes his head again, heart racing frantically. “No.”

The omega sighs but nods anyway. He sets the food down on the floor and gathers up the bowl from last night. “I’m Jungkook, by the way,” he says when he straightens. He looks at Jimin expectantly, as if he’s waiting for Jimin to tell him his name back.

Jimin just eyes this ‘Jungkook’ wearily and doesn’t say anything else. He knows better than to tell a suspicious stranger his name. Jungkook looks a little crestfallen at his silence but goes to leave anyway. He pauses before pulling the door closed. “Do you want to leave this open a little so you can get some fresh air?”

Jimin bites his lip. That does sound amazing, but that leaves him vulnerable to attacks, so he shakes his head again. Jungkook nods and closes the squeaky door behind him after telling Jimin he’ll be back again later.

Jimin gobbles up the plate of scrambled eggs and greasy bacon, washing it down with the glass of orange juice Jungkook had left, which is one of the best tasting things Jimin’s ever had before. Once he’s done, he sits back down on the bed and tries not to touch any of his bandaged wounds, which are beginning to grow a little itchy as they start to heal.

He rolls up the sweatpants to his knees and takes in the multitude of dark bruises peppered all across his legs. Jimin gingerly presses his finger into one on his calf out of curiosity and winces in pain at the dull ache it sends through his leg. He gently traces from one bruise to another, mapping out the story of his escape with the tip of his finger. Jimin doesn’t even remember getting most of these, but he suspects he was so hyped up with adrenaline that a lot probably slipped by him.

There’s more bruises along his hips and torso, down his arms and along his shoulders. He wants to take the bulky gauze off his hands but he also doesn’t want to disturb any healing they might be doing and make them worse. Jimin pulls off the fuzzy pink socks and runs his fingers gently over all the scrapes and scratches and pokes his poor feet had sustained during the escape. They’re still very sore and make walking hard but Jimin is grateful they aren’t bandaged up as well or he probably wouldn’t be able to walk at all.

Jimin pulls the socks back on and lays down, rolling his head to the side so he doesn’t put pressure on the wound on the back of his head. Outside he can hear the gentle waves lapping against the concrete platform and a few voices talking nearby, but they’re not close enough to be much of a threat.

Jimin gets back up and limps over to the big double doors. He pushes one open slightly, wincing at the squeak it makes, and peers outside. It’s a bright and sunny day and the small bit of light that falls across Jimin’s face is warm and pleasant and he sighs, wanting nothing more then to step out and breathe in the fresh air.

He sees two people standing at the edge of the concrete platform, looking out across the gleaming ocean. Jimin recognizes Jungkook by his floppy black hair and broad shoulders, but the other one he hasn’t seen before. They’re holding hands and Jimin stares at them quizzically while a soft breeze picks up. It blows towards him their scents; Jungkook’s florally omega one and the other’s muted smell. A beta, Jimin can tell immediately. There’s a soft nutmeg undertone to his scent that somehow matches his dark brown hair and tall stature.

Jimin furrows his brows in confusion at the sight of them. He supposes that it’s not so strange for an omega and a beta to be together in theory, but Jimin’s never really seen any mutual relationships before, so he can’t be certain.
He watches Jungkook and the beta for a little while until Jungkook says something and they turn to leave. Jungkook spots Jimin peering out of the shipping container and their eyes meet, and Jimin gasps in shock and pulls the door quickly closed again. He scurries back into the room and sinks into his corner, expecting Jungkook to come to him after being spotted.

He never does though, and Jimin slowly relaxes after a long while. He returns to the bed and lays down for awhile with nothing else to do before he eventually drifts off again.

Jimin spends the rest of the day napping and daydreaming until what he assumes is nighttime rolls around and there’s another knock at his door. Once again, he tumbles out of bed to crouch in his corner as the door opens a little bit and Jungkook’s frame fills the doorway.

“Homemade kimchi tonight,” Jungkook says in form of greeting, holding up a big bowl that has Jimin perking in interest. “Can I come in?” He asks like always, and like always, Jimin shakes his head and tenses up.

Jungkook just nods in resignation and sets the bowl down and grabs the plate from that morning. He goes to leave, but before he can stop himself, Jimin blurts out, “Who was that I saw you with?”

Jungkook pauses and turns to look at him, big doe eyes wide in surprise. “Oh, that was Taehyung, my mate.”

Jimin looks at him blankly while his mind tries to process the word.

Mate?

He thought that concept died out many years ago when the omega population dipped and alphas went wild with the need to claim any omega possible to spread their seed and produce offspring. Many omegas nowadays are held captive and used by multiple alphas since there’s not enough to go around and they’re forced to share to prevent fighting and dissent amongst pack members. It’s very rare to hear of an omega mated to one person specifically since most alphas would view that as selfish and unfair.

“Oh,” Jimin finally says quietly, looking at Jungkook in a mix of confusion and suspicion.

“He’s really nice,” Jungkook tells him. “He’d love to meet you.”

Jimin hunches his shoulders and cowers into himself, shaking his head quickly. Jungkook frowns but all he says is, “See you in the morning.”

Then he’s gone, closing the door behind him, and Jimin lets out a tired sigh. He eats his dinner in quiet thought, still not understanding the foreign concept of mates. Does Jungkook truly belong to Taehyung only? Consensually and mutually? That thought is so strange to Jimin, and he’s still pondering it even as he falls asleep in bed a little while later.

When Jungkook knocks on his door the next morning, Jimin is already sitting crossed-legged in the corner. The door opens and floods the shipping container with bright morning light and the smell of the ocean.

“Jin hyung baked muffins,” Jungkook says, holding out a plate and a glass of milk to show Jimin.
“Can I come in?”

Jimin draws his knees tightly against his chest and wraps his arms around them, watching the other omega’s every movement, suspicion and uncertainty making him wary. Finally, Jimin gives a small nod and Jungkook eyes widen in surprised shock.

He edges slowly into the room, making no sudden movements so he doesn’t scare Jimin. He sits down on the rug a few feet away from Jimin, still far enough where it’s not too much of a threat. Jungkook holds out the plate of muffins and milk to Jimin, who hesitates for a moment before he slowly reaches out to grab them. Jimin takes a tentative sip of the milk while watching Jungkook carefully, prepared to make a break for it if he has to.

“How are you settling in?” Jungkook asks in a soft voice while Jimin takes a bite of a chocolate chip muffin. “Is this room okay? There’s a few others if you want to move.”

Jimin doesn’t reply, just continues to watch Jungkook wearily while he eats. A long, awkward silence falls where Jungkook quietly traces his finger over the designs on the rug.

After awhile, Jimin can’t hold his curiosity back anymore. “Where are we? What is this place?” Jimin finally asks quietly, wincing at the sound of his own raspy voice.

Jungkook perks up and smiles. “We’re in Icheon, right by the ocean. This used to be GH Kwon Shipping Yard about fifteen years ago before the company went out of business after the economy collapsed due to the omega incident. We found this place a few years ago and have worked hard to make it livable.”

Jimin takes in that information in shock. The lab he’d been being held in was in Greater Seoul, the part of the city still maintained and populated, so his captors must have driven Jimin out of the city while he was sedated.

“What are you going to do to me?” Jimin asks in quiet resignation, nibbling at the muffin halfheartedly.

Jungkook frowns at him in confusion. “We’re not going to do anything to you. We want to keep you safe.”

Jimin furrows his brows at him. “Why?”

“Because this is a safe place for omegas. That’s what we do. We rescue omegas from bad situations and give them a new home, or if they want to leave, we find safe places for them to live and help them survive,” Jungkook says. “We call ourselves the Chain Breakers.”

Jimin mentally scoffs at the name but otherwise doesn’t react. “Why?” He asks again, confused out of his mind.

“Because omegas are still people too, despite what most of the existing population believes. We want to help them and give them better lives,” Jungkook tells him earnestly, leaning forward. “I was like you. I was rescued from a lab in Gangnam where they were using omegas in an experiment to see if they could genetically implant the ability to become pregnant into betas. They were even planning on cutting me open to take out my reproductive organs but I was rescued in time.”

Jimin blinks at Jungkook in shock, trying to process all this. “But...what about that alpha who captured me? The one who’s clothes I’m wearing?”

Jungkook frowns at him. “You mean Yoongi? He’s the leader of this whole operation, a huge
advocate for omega rights. He would never hurt you.”

Yoongi. Jimin turns the name over in his mind, trying to recall the face he’d seen right as he was passing out from the sedation. “And he’s never...tried to...with you?” Jimin struggles to get out.

Jungkook’s eyes widen and he shakes his head violently. “No way, Yoongi isn’t like that. He would never take advantage of an omega like that.”

Jimin finds that incredibly hard to believe. An alpha who doesn’t try to claim any omegas in his presence? Who has the self-restraint? Not possible.

“So what about when I was sedated during my heat?” Jimin asks, placing the plate on the floor and crossing his arms. “Are you telling me this Yoongi was able resist an omega in full blown heat?”

“Yoongi didn’t touch you,” Jungkook says sternly, and Jimin’s eyes widen.

Could it be? Is it even possible for an alpha, any alpha, to resist such a vulnerable omega in the heights of heat? When their pheromones are going wild and the scent turns alphas into raging, uncontrollable animals? That’s like flaunting a piece of fresh meat in front of a wild lion who hasn’t eaten in weeks and expecting them to sit and stay. It’s just not possible.

“He was actually the one who found you,” Jungkook continues in Jimin’s shocked silence. “He, Jin, Namjoon, and Hobi were coming back from a supply run in Greater Seoul and Yoongi could smell you from a mile away. They parked the truck and walked into the woods and found you lying there. The whole city was on lockdown when they were leaving and they realized it must be because of you. Thankfully, Jin hyung always brings his medical bag with him on outings and he was able to sedate you before you got too hysterical and hurt yourself.”

Jimin is silent for a few moments, trying to process everything Jungkook is telling him. “Why did they bring me here? Why didn’t they just leave me?”

Jungkook quirks a brow at him. “If Yoongi was able to scent you out, other alphas would have too. Would you have rather they left you there alone, unconscious and delirious in the middle of your heat?”

Jimin ducks his head and blushes a little at Jungkook’s words. When he puts it that way, it makes Jimin feel a little stupid for asking that question. “Am I a prisoner here? Why didn’t they just leave me?”

Jungkook quirks a brow at him. “If Yoongi was able to scent you out, other alphas would have too. Would you have rather they left you there alone, unconscious and delirious in the middle of your heat?”

Jimin ducks his head and blushes a little at Jungkook’s words. When he puts it that way, it makes Jimin feel a little stupid for asking that question. “Am I a prisoner here?” He finally mumbles pitifully, and Jungkook’s face softens.

“Of course not. You’re free to leave at any time, but if you do, we just want you to be healed and healthy so you can survive out there on your own.”

Jimin swallows and eyes Jungkook warily. “I can leave?”

“Whenever you want,” Jungkook nods. “But we’d really like it if you stayed.”

Jimin doesn’t say anything else, just picks the muffin back up and continues to chew on it. Jungkook seems to take it as his silent cue and stands up, causing Jimin to tense a little at the movement.

When Jungkook gets to the door, he looks back at Jimin. “What should I call you?”

Jimin squishes a melted chocolate chip between his fingers while he debates whether he should tell Jungkook his name or just not say anything at all.
Jungkook doesn’t seem like a threat, and although Jimin is far from trusting him, he doesn’t think the other omega is going to hurt him.

When Jimin continues to remain silent, Jungkook shrugs and goes to step out the door when Jimin’s quiet voice makes him pause and look back.

“Jimin,” he finally mumbles over a mouthful of muffin. “My name is Park Jimin.”

Jungkook smiles softly at him and nods before he steps out and closes the door behind him.
"His ribs are sticking out starkly, pushing against his skin as if they’re trying to rip free. His stomach is sunken in and his hip bones are sharp and pointed like knives under his skin. There are dark bruises peppered all over his torso and small, feeble shoulders, and all his limbs have lost their old definition and become weak and brittle."

The next time Jungkook visits, it’s not during a mealtime, and Jimin is startled by the knock at his door. He freezes in the middle of his bed, not having enough time to move and get to his corner.

“I brought you a book,” Jungkook says as he steps hesitantly into the shipping container. “I figured you might be pretty bored.”

Jimin blinks at Jungkook a few times before he finally holds reaches out for it. Jungkook smiles and hands it over before crossing the room and sinking into the old bean bag chair, making Jimin narrow his eyes at him since he doesn’t remember inviting Jungkook to make himself comfortable.

The book is some young adult adventure novel that looks vaguely interesting, so Jimin tucks it under his pillow to read later. He goes back to watching Jungkook warily as the other omega makes himself comfortable in the bean bag.

“How old are you, Jimin-ssi?” Jungkook asks, and Jimin bites his lip in hesitation.

“Twenty three,” he finally mumbles, and Jungkook’s big round eyes widen.

“Oh, I should be calling you ‘hyung’, then,” he says with a smile. Jimin doesn’t say anything, just plays with a corner of a sheet and casts his eyes down.

They fall into silence for a few moments until Jungkook looks up at him nervously. “Um, you’ve been here for a few days and Jin hyung really needs to check your wounds and change the bandages. Would that be okay?”

Jimin tenses and fists his hands in the sheets with quick shakes of his head. “No,” he says quietly but sternly.

Jungkook frowns and twists his hands together. “He’s really nice, I promise. You have nothing to fear from him. He’s like a big kid really; he acts younger than me. I keep swearing to the others that he’s not the oldest but no one believes me.”

Jimin hunches his shoulders and tries to make himself as small as possible. He doesn’t want anyone else coming in, especially a beta doctor like the ones who captured him, but he also doesn’t want any of his wounds to fester and get infected.

“He’ll probably just take your temperature and put on some clean dressings,” Jungkook continues gently when Jimin doesn’t say anything. “No needles or anything.”

Jimin bites his lip and takes a deep breath. Jungkook says this doctor won’t hurt him, and so far he has no reason to think Jungkook would lie to him. Finally, Jimin gives a small, curt nod. Jungkook
perks up and grins, standing from the bean bag and jogging to the door.

“Great! I’ll go get him,” he says, and then he’s gone, closing the door behind him.

Jimin sits stiffly on the bed, trying to stop himself when his body starts shaking a little in fear. He hasn’t had good experiences with doctors and the thought of meeting another one terrifies him.

A few minutes later, in which Jimin has been silently panicking, there’s a soft knock at the door before it opens and Jungkook steps in followed by a tall brunette carrying a medical bag. Jimin immediately recognizes him as the one who sedated him in the woods. Fear and distrust shoot through him and he scoots back on the bed a little bit.

“Hello, Jimin-ssi,” the doctor says with a warm smile and a soft voice. “I’m Kim Seokjin, but you can call me Jin. May I sit?” He asks, indicating the bed, and Jimin swallows thickly before giving a small nod. Jungkook goes to stand at the foot of the bed and Jimin feels a little better with him there.

Jin is wearing jeans and a plain blue t-shirt, and Jimin calms a little at the absence of a white lab coat. He sits down on the edge of the bed and opens his medical bag, pulling out a roll of gauze, a bottle of alcohol, and a thermometer. “How is everything feeling? Are you having any pain?”

Jimin hesitates for a moment before he gives Jin his hand, who starts unwrapping the gauze. Jimin winces a little when he pulls it off and it sticks to the dried blood of the cuts on his palms. Jin examines his hand closely before nodding. “They’re looking good. I’ll clean them but I think we can skip the gauze this time.”

Jimin shakes his head, watching Jin pull on a pair of blue medical gloves. “That’s good to hear,” the older man says, motioning to Jimin’s hands. “Let’s check and see how everything is healing, shall we?”

Jin unwraps Jimin’s other hand and pulls out a few cotton balls from his bag. He soaks them with the alcohol and Jimin gasps when he begins cleaning at the cuts and the liquid on the wounds burns fiercely. “I know it hurts,” Jin says kindly, patting Jimin’s wrist comfortingly. “You’re doing great.”

Jimin bites his lip as Jin continues to clean the cuts until he seems satisfied. He tells Jimin to let them air dry while he checks the bottom of the omega’s feet, but he seems pleased with what he sees and only dabs at a few shallow cuts with the cotton ball.

He has Jimin roll up his pants and quickly peels off the big bandages on his knees before Jimin even has a chance to feel the pain. Jin soaks a new cotton ball with the alcohol and dabs at Jimin’s shredded knees, which look pretty gross and gnarly and sting something wicked from the alcohol. The cotton ball comes away pink with dried blood and Jin has to use a few more to wipe at the cuts until he deems them clean enough. He takes out some fresh bandages and carefully smooths them over Jimin’s knees before straightening and reaching out to start undoing the gauze wrapped around Jimin’s head.

“The cut on the back of your head needed a few stitches,” Jin says as he unwraps it. “It should be fine but that’s the one I want to keep an eye on.”

As Jin leans in close, Jimin takes in his slightly muted beta scent. He smells like sweet herbs with a slight undertone of medical antiseptic, which Jimin finds he doesn’t mind. Jin has a calm, comforting air about him that makes Jimin relax a little bit.

He has Jimin look down so he can examine the wound at the base of his skull, moving his ashy blonde hair gingerly aside. Jimin bites his lip in pain when Jin dabs at it with a wet cotton pad, being
careful of the stitches.

“Looks good,” Jin says happily, pressing a square of gauze against the wound and starting to wrap Jimin’s head back up again with clean strips. “We can probably stop with the bandages in a few weeks.”

After Jin is done changing all the dressings, he takes Jimin’s temperature by placing the thermometer under his tongue and having him hold it there. They wait a few moments until it beeps and Jin takes it back out. “Temperature is good and everything looks normal,” the doctor says with a pleased smile.

Jin packs his things back up in his bag and disposes of the used cotton balls. “How are you settling in?” He asks as he works. “Do you need anything to make you more comfortable?”

Jimin shrugs, genuinely not sure. He’s been on the run so long that he doesn’t even remember what luxury items he liked before he presented as an omega.

Jin hums in response to Jimin’s shrug and snaps his bag closed. “We have a place where you can take a shower whenever you’re ready,” he says as he stands up, and Jimin’s ears perk in interest.

A shower sounds amazing. Even though he’s been wiped clean of the most obvious traces of dirt and blood, Jimin can still feel the grime on his skin and he doesn’t even want to know what nightmares might be lurking in his hair. He wants more than anything to wash himself clean of the horrors of the past few days, but the thought of leaving his container makes his heart seize up in anxiety and panic.

Jin stands up from the bed and picks up his bag. “Make sure you stay hydrated and eat all the food I send you,” he says sternly, but there’s softness in his eyes. “You’re very underweight and I need to fatten you up.”

Jimin blushes a little and ducks his head, absently rubbing at the new bandages on his knees. Jin takes a few steps towards the door before he stops and looks back at Jimin. “You know, you’re always welcome to join us for mealtimes.”

Then he’s gone, leaving Jimin alone with Jungkook, who smiles at him. “That wasn’t so bad, right? I told you he was nice.”

Jimin shrugs and plays with the edge of a bedsheet. Jin seems decent enough but Jimin doesn’t know him well enough to be certain. “Is he a real doctor?” He asks, looking up at Jungkook.

Jungkook nods and crosses his hands in front of his body. “He actually used to work as one of the doctors at the lab I was being held in.”

Jimin’s eyes widen and his throat seizes up in panic. Did he just hear Jungkook correctly? He’d let one of those monsters examine him? Touch him and speak to him? His skin starts crawling in horrified realization.

“But,” Jungkook quickly continues, noticing the alarm on Jimin’s face. “He couldn’t stand the things they were doing to omegas in there. Said it went against everything he’s ever stood for and quit after two months. He’s actually…” Jungkook hesitates for a moment before continuing. “We knew each other briefly when he started working there. He was the one who used to take my blood every day while they were waiting for my next heat.”

“Really?” Jimin asks, intrigued despite himself.
Jungkook nods. “He was the only one who was nice to me while I was there. When he quit, I thought I’d never see him again. But he was actually the main reason the Chain Breakers were able to rescue me. He’d joined up with them after he’d quit and gave them the entire layout of the lab, all the access codes, and the shifts of the different doctors.”

Jimin realizes his mouth is hanging open and he snaps it closed.

“Because of Jin, Yoongi and the others were able to get me to safety, as well as the four other omegas who were being held there too,” Jungkook says with a proud smile. “One them is still here, but the other three decided to go on their own way after staying awhile with us.”

Jimin is silent for a long moment before he asks a question he’s been thinking about for awhile. “How many omegas are here?”

“Let’s see,” Jungkook hums, pursing his lips as he thinks. “Um, there’s me, Daejung, Ilseong, and Eunyoung. The Chain Breakers have rescued a lot more but they usually go their own ways.”

Jimin can’t stop his snort this time and Jungkook frowns at him. “What?”

Jimin bites his lip and blushes at being caught. “It’s just...the Chain Breakers? Really?”

Jungkook smiles and Jimin relaxes a little bit, realizing Jungkook isn’t mad at him. “Sounds like a biker gang, right? Namjoon started calling them that as a joke in the beginning when it was just him, Yoongi, and Hoseok. Like, breaking the figurative chains off captured and oppressed omegas, you know?” Jungkook chuckles fondly. “And I guess it just sort of stuck. Yoongi hates it, which makes it funnier.”

Jimin supposes that makes sense, even if it is kinda corny. As if sensing his thoughts, Jungkook smiles even wider. “It could have been worse. Hoseok wanted to call it the Brotherhood of the Broken Chains.”

Jimin smiles a little despite himself and plucks absenty at a thread sticking out of the sheet. Jungkook goes to leave, saying, “I’ll come by with dinner later.”

Jungkook goes to open the door, but Jimin’s stuttered, “Um,” makes him pause. “Are…” Jimin pauses and takes a deep breath. He needs to know the answer to this question. Needs to know how much danger he’s in. “Are there any other alphas here?”

Jungkook looks surprised by the question but nods. “Just Hana, but she’s only here cause she’s mates with Eunyoung, and Eunyoung doesn’t want to leave here. She understands that Yoongi’s in charge though and they get along fine.”

Jimin relaxes a little bit. He’s never had any problems with female alphas before. He’s only actually encountered one before, since they’re far less common than male alphas. It was when he was in elementary school, before he even presented as omega. She was a police officer and came to his school to do a presentation on stranger danger. She had been funny and informative and a hit with the kids. A distant part of Jimin wonders where she is now; if she’s even still alive.

Jungkook gives him a little wave before stepping out of the container and closing the doors behind him. With nothing left to do until dinner, Jimin props up his pillows and leans back against them, pulling out the book Jungkook brought him.

He’s so engrossed in the novel that he doesn’t even realize how much time has passed until there’s a knock at his door and Jungkook comes in again carrying two plates. “Lasagna tonight,” he announces. “Mind if I eat with you?”
Jimin bites his lip and considers for a long moment before he finally gives a small nod. Jungkook smiles happily and hands Jimin his plate before sinking into the bean bag with his own plate.

They eat in silence for a little while until Jungkook starts telling Jimin about his day. Apparently one of their trucks needed repairs and ‘Namjoon’ kept trying to fix it but only succeeded in getting an explosion of motor oil in his face and making the car chug and smoke ominously. Then the alpha, Yoongi, had to step in to fix it before the car exploded or something. This causes Jungkook to laugh heartily, and the sound of his laughter brings a small smile to Jimin’s face.

“Well then a little while ago I went to Jin hyung’s place to ask about something but I walked in on him and Hobi making out,” Jungkook makes a disgusted face and pretends to gag on his food. “Hobi threw a pillow at my face and told me to get out before I see something even worse.”

Jimin blushes a little at this and tries to bite back his smile. “Then I played with Sunhee for a long time,” Jungkook says, and his face turns so soft that it makes Jimin frown in confusion.

“Who’s Sunhee?” He asks, wondering what Jungkook’s word choice of ‘played’ means.

Jungkook ducks his head and takes another bite of food. After he’s swallowed, he says, “I’m sure you’ll meet her soon.”

A little annoyed at Jungkook’s vagueness, Jimin focuses on finishing the rest of his food while Jungkook continues talking about his day. Once they’re finished, Jungkook stands up and accepts the empty plate Jimin holds out to him.

“See you tomorrow?” Jungkook says when he gets to the door, and Jimin nods shyly. Jungkook smiles brightly at him and wishes Jimin a goodnight before he leaves.

With a full belly and eyelids growing heavy with exhaustion, Jimin crawls back under his covers to go to sleep.

A few days pass with Jimin’s same routine. Jungkook comes and eats breakfast and dinner with him. He sleeps and reads in his free time, finding himself kind of looking forward to spending time with Jungkook when he comes. Jin visits again to change Jimin’s dressings, and the omega regards the doctor warily, now knowing the truth about him. Jin is still kind and gentle with him, and Jimin has a hard time picturing him in a lab setting with a white coat and a face mask hiding a cool, impassive expression.

It’s around this time that Jimin begins to grow restless cooped up in his room. He wants to explore the shipping yard but he’s too shy to ask Jungkook and way too scared to go out during the day and also possibly encounter the others living here.

On one of these days after Jungkook has left after eating dinner with him, Jimin resigns to wait until it’s night and everyone is asleep to try going outside for the first time.

Jimin doesn’t have a clock or watch or anything to keep track of time, but he lays on his bed for a long time after dinner, staring at the fairy lights on the ceiling. After what feels like hours since Jungkook’s left, Jimin slides out of bed and pushes his door open an inch to peer out. The sky is black and filled with stars, and the half-moon shines bright overhead, it’s light glinting off the gently rippling ocean in front of him.
Jimin doesn’t have any shoes but his feet have healed enough that he thinks he doesn’t need them. He pushes the door a little wider with a squeak that sets Jimin’s teeth on edge and makes him freeze, waiting to see if anyone heard.

When no one appears after awhile, Jimin slips through the door and into the fresh night air. There’s a gentle breeze that ruffles through Jimin’s greasy hair and he closes his eyes and breathes the air in deep. The concrete pavement under his feet is cold and a little rough, but nothing he can’t handle.

Opening his eyes, Jimin takes a few more steps away from his room, peering around nervously, but it seems to be the dead of night and everyone must be sleeping. Turning around, Jimin takes in his room from the outside for the first time. It’s a rusted, faded blue shipping container with two dusty red ones stacked on top. To the right is another stack of containers, piled even higher into the sky. To the left is a wide walking space, about the width of two shipping containers, before there’s more of the metal things stacked high on the other side of the walkway. Whichever way Jimin looks, there’s rows and rows of shipping container as far as he can see, and he realizes this place is huge.

Not quite ready to venture into the maze of shipping containers, Jimin instead walks to the edge of the platform that his room overlooks and peers down into the water. The waves are gently lapping against the concrete and the soft seabreeze cools a nervous sweat on Jimin’s forehead that he didn’t even realize was there. Ahead of him, the oceans stretches off into the horizon for as far as Jimin can see.

Jimin sits down on the edge of the platform, letting his legs dangle under him. The water is too far down for him to dip his feet into, which he’s a little sad about, but the sound of the gentle waves and the breeze in his hair has Jimin closing his eyes and leaning back on his hands, face tipped up towards the moon.

It feels amazing to be outside again after being cooped up for so long. Jimin inhales deep, slow lungfuls of the crisp night air, feeling truly relaxed and at peace for the first time in a long time. He smells no danger and according to what Jungkook says, it seems to be relatively safe here.

Jimin doesn’t know how long he stays like this, but after a long time his muscles start to get sore and stiff and his head begins growing heavy with tiredness. He stands up and blinks his tired eyes a few times before turning around to head back to his room. The doors of his container are open slightly and the warm glow of the fairy lights is spilling out, creating a very comforting aura.

Once Jimin is back inside, he pulls the doors closed and climbs into bed with a tired sigh. Before he knows it, he’s drifting off to sleep, feeling much more peaceful than he has in a long time.

The grime of his body and the filth of his hair is starting to drive Jimin crazy, and he imagines he probably doesn’t smell too nice. He doesn’t want to stray too far from his room but he’s reached his limit.

When Jungkook arrives with breakfast, the first thing Jimin says is, “Can I take a shower?”

Jungkook’s eyebrows disappear into his hairline and his round eyes widen in surprise. “Yeah, of course,” he says, handing Jimin a plate of scrambled eggs and toast. “Did you want to go now?”

Jimin shakes his head, chewing a bite of food before he answers. “Tonight.”
Jungkook doesn’t ask why but he seems to understand; there won’t be as many people he might encounter and therefore much less danger. “Okay, I’ll come back after dinner and tell the others to make themselves scarce.”

Jimin spends the rest of the day fidgeting nervously, worried about leaving his room to go somewhere he’s never been before. When Jungkook comes with his dinner, Jimin can barely eat because of nerves, but Jungkook glares him down until he reluctantly forces it all down.

It's pretty late when Jungkook finally comes back for him, handing Jimin a pair of black flip flops. “Ready?” He asks with a reassuring smile, and Jimin’s stomach twists in anxiety.

Jungkook steps outside and patiently waits while Jimin pokes his head out and peers around warily. All he can see is the stars twinkling above and a seagull perched at the edge of the platform behind Jungkook. Jimin swallows thickly and takes a few tentative steps outside, sniffing around for danger, but all he can smell is Jungkook’s jasmine scent and the salt air.

Jungkook begins walking along the long rows of shipping containers, and Jimin hurries to follow after him, sticking close to the taller omega as his heart beats loudly in his chest and the salty breeze cools the nervous sweat on his forehead.

At one point Jungkook leads him in between the rows of shipping containers and he suddenly feels dwarfed by the high stacks of the huge metal boxes rising high on either side of him. He tries to keep track of where they’re going, but Jungkook keeps leading him deeper, taking turns here and there until Jimin is completely lost.

Jimin is starting to hyperventilate a little, feeling disgustingly claustrophobic, when they finally step out into a clearing in what must be the center of the shipping yard, ringed on all sides by the containers. The first thing Jimin notices is a huge broken crane lying off to the side, illuminated by the bright light posts set up around the clearing.

There’s also an array of beat up trucks and cars parked to the left, a few picnic tables that the old employees of the shipping yard must have used for their lunch breaks, and a lone port-a-potty that looks like it hasn’t been used probably since the yard shut down.

In the very center is a small office building which probably used to hold the shipping yard’s records and things like that. Next to the office is a large RV with windows shining with light and the screen door cracked open.

“This is where Jin hyung does all the cooking,” Jungkook tells him as he leads a skittish Jimin over to it. It still smells faintly of the homemade chili Jin had made for dinner when Jungkook opens the door for Jimin.

He climbs the three steps and glances around warily, but there’s no one else inside. The furnishings of the seats are faded and old, and the small wooden kitchen table is chipped and scratched. To the right are the drivers’ seats and down to the left are two closed doors, one of which Jimin assumes is a small bedroom.

Jungkook leads him to the other door and Jimin realizes it’s a tiny, well kept bathroom. There’s a small, glass enclosed shower and a toilet and a grey shower mat on the linoleum floor. On the small sink counter are a few wide square bandages that Jimin has been wearing on his knees, and he brushes his fingers over them absently.

Then Jimin glances at the mirror over the sink and does a double take.
He almost doesn’t recognize himself. His cheeks are gaunt and sunken in, making him look like a skeleton of his former self. His skin is pale and sickly looking, and the dark circles under his eyes look like bruises. There’s a few small cuts on his face that have already started healing, but they still stand out starkly against his chalky pallor. His ashy blonde hair is limp and flat, and the bandages wrapped around his head makes him look like a nutcase.

There were never any mirrors in the lab and Jimin never had a chance to see just how far he’s fallen.

“Jin hyung wants you to put those on once you get out of the shower,” Jungkook says, nodding at the bandages on the counter. “He also wants me to rewrap your head dressing, and he says to be really careful cleaning around the stitches,” he pulls a roll of gauze out of his pocket to show Jimin. “I’ll be outside when you’re finished.”

Jimin nods and waits until Jungkook steps back out and closes the door behind him. Jimin locks it for good measure and gingerly strips out of his clothes, which no longer have that alpha scent on them since he’s been wearing them for so long.

Once he’s completely naked, Jimin takes in his body through the mirror and feels sick.

His ribs are sticking out starkly, pushing against his skin as if they’re trying to rip free. His stomach is sunken in and his hip bones are sharp and pointed like knives under his skin. There are dark bruises peppered all over his torso and small, feeble shoulders, and all his limbs have lost their old definition and become weak and brittle.

Jimin tears his gaze away from his reflection and wipes harshly at his wet eyes before bending down and ripping off the bandages on his knees. Then he gingerly unwraps the gauze around his head and drops it into a small trash bin next to the toilet.

Jimin turns the shower on and lets it heat up before he steps in with a content sigh as the water cascades over him. Being careful to keep his head wound out of direct water, Jimin lets his eyes fall closed and simply enjoys the feeling of the water for a long while.

Then he opens his eyes and finds a bar of lavender scented soap on the shelf and begins to work on soaping his body up with it. It stings some of his healing cuts as he lathers it into every inch of his skin, but Jimin doesn’t even care, the wonderful feeling of getting clean far overpowering the slight pain. The water runs a dull brown and Jimin wrinkles his nose at the thought of all that being on his skin.

He washes off and soaps his entire body up again until he’s positive that he’s gotten all traces of grime and dirt off. There’s a few different bottles of shampoo and conditioner sitting on the shelf, and Jimin sniffs each one before choosing a cucumber and melon shampoo.

Being extra careful to avoid his stitches, Jimin gingerly shampoos his hair, massaging his scalp vigorously and turning his hair into a big soapy mess before he washes it all out. Again, he repeats the process until he’s satisfied with how clean his hair is, watching the dirty water swirl down the drain.

Jimin rinses his entire body again as the water begins to go cold, making sure he’s washed all traces of soap away before he turns off the tap. There’s a clean, fluffy towel hanging on the towel rack, and Jimin opens the glass door to grab it.

He towels off his body, being careful to go gentle on the various cuts and bruises, and steps out of the shower to continue air drying. He gingerly ruffles his hair dry, being extra careful to keep away
from the stitches with the towel.

He takes the bandages Jin left on the counter and peels off the backing before smoothing them over his healing knees. Then he gets redressed in his clothes and slips the flip flops back on, hanging the damp towel back on the rack.

Jimin opens the door and peeks around, but not seeing anyone, he assumes Jungkook must be outside. Sure enough, the other omega is lounging on one of the picnic tables when Jimin steps down from the RV.

Jungkook perks up when he sees Jimin and stands from the table. “Feel better?” Jimin nods shyly and scuffs his shoe along the ground. Jungkook smiles and motions for Jimin to join him as he begins walking back the way they came. “We’ll let your hair dry a little more before I bandage you up.”

The walk back to his room has Jimin feeling calmer this time, although he’s still on slight alert for danger. Once again, he gets completely turned around amidst the maze of shipping containers, but Jungkook seems to know exactly where he’s going so Jimin sticks close to him.

When they get back to Jimin’s room and step inside, the first thing he notices is the sharp tang of alpha in the air. Jimin freezes and sucks in a sharp breath as his fight or flight instinct kicks in violently. Danger alarms begin ringing in his head as panic swells in his chest.

Then the spiciness of the scent registers in his head and he realizes that he recognizes it. It’s the same scent that clung to the clothes he’s now wearing and the scent of the alpha in the woods when he’d been in heat. Yoongi, he puts together from memory and what Jungkook has told him.

He relaxes a little bit when he realizes that he’s not in any danger. If what Jungkook has said is true, this Yoongi isn’t a threat to him, and although the smell of an alpha has triggered panic in him, Jimin calms a little at the realization.

Then he spots a stack of clean clothes on the foot of his bed, also drenched in Yoongi’s scent, and Jimin realizes that’s why his room smells like alpha. Yoongi must have come in to leave him fresh clothes while he’d been in the shower. The thought of an alpha invading his personal space makes Jimin’s throat close up, but he tries to breathe through his anxiety, reminding himself that he doesn’t have anything to fear from Yoongi...allegedly.

Jungkook has been watching him closely this whole time, judging his reaction, obviously aware of the scent in the air. He’s silent while Jimin struggles to calm down, and thankfully even at that very moment his gentle jasmine scent is leaking into the air, helping to neutralize the overpowering smell of alpha.

Finally Jimin is able to regain control of himself and gingerly sits on the edge of his bed as Jungkook comes up to him with the gauze. His hair had dried the rest of the way on the walk back to his room, so he lets Jungkook press a folded up square of the white material against his stitches before wrapping the gauze around his head a few times.

“How’s that feel?” Jungkook asks when he’s done.

“Fine,” Jimin says quietly, beginning to grow a little sleepy. He’d been wanting to stay up until everyone was asleep so he could go outside again, but he thinks he’s going to be too tired.

Jungkook nods, noticing the way Jimin’s eyelids are drooping. “Get some sleep, Jimin-ssi,” he says kindly, pocketing the roll of gauze. “We’re having belgian waffles for breakfast tomorrow.”

Jimin waits until Jungkook closes the door behind him after leaving before he yawns widely. He
looks beside him at the new folded clothes and reaches out to tentatively touch them. It’s a pair of black sweatpants this time and a soft grey sweater that feels like a cloud under his finger tips.

Even though the clothes smell strongly of Yoongi, they’re also clean and warm and not lived-in, unlike the clothes he’s wearing now that he’s had since he got here. With a sigh, Jimin stands and strips off the dirty clothes, throwing them into a pile in the corner of his container. He hadn’t been wearing any underwear when he’d escaped from the lab, and the Chain Breakers hadn’t provided him with any, not that he minds much though. He blushes deeply at the thought of whoever changed him out of his muddy and ripped white uniform into normal clothes seeing him naked. He hopes it wasn’t this alpha Yoongi person.

Jimin pulls on the black sweatpants and slides the downy soft sweater over his head, which settles around his body like a blanket. His head swims with the overpowering aroma of Yoongi’s scent, overwhelmingly spicy with an underlying musky sandalwood smell. It’s not a bad scent at all but the alphaness of it has anxiety swirling in Jimin’s stomach until he forces himself to calm down and breathe.

It takes a while but finally Jimin is able to breathe through the panic until it slowly passes and exhaustion settles over him once again. He pulls back the covers of his bed and crawls under the sheets, deciding to click off the fairy lights for the first time, casting his room into darkness. Instead of feeling scared, Jimin just feels safe and warm, wrapped up in feather-soft spiciness as he drifts off to sleep.

Every night after everyone is sleeping, Jimin has been venturing further and further outside his room, loving the freedom of being able to explore without anyone else around. He never goes too far, but he keeps pushing the distance he travels from his shipping container, curious about the huge shipping yard.

It’s one of these nights that Jimin is impatiently waiting for when he thinks it’s late enough that he gets lost. When he finally pushes open his door and peers around to make sure there’s no one nearby, he decides to venture into the maze of shipping containers, certain he knows the immediate area well enough to find his way back to his room.

But a few turns into the giant, towering maze of metal, he gets turned around. Everything looks the same, and it’s too dark to distinguish the different colors of the containers to try to use those to navigate.

It’s not long before Jimin begins to panic as he tries to find his way out, but the more turns he takes, the deeper he seems to go, on and on through the towering rows of metal boxes that rise so high they almost blot out the night sky.

Jemin’s breath grows harsh as he sucks in deep gulps of air, trying to keep his calm even when his stomach is twisting and turning in panicked anxiety and he feels like he’s going to throw up. The slapping of his flip flops echoes loudly in the enclosed space and sets his teeth on edge.

“No, no, no,” Jimin mutters to himself in fear, clutching at his chest where his heart is racing wildly. Sweat is covering his face and dripping down his back as he runs through the wide pathways bordered by towers of shipping containers on both sides.
He can’t stop the tears when they come and he doesn’t even bother wiping them away, too absorbed in his panic to barely notice. “Please,” Jimin sobs to himself as he turns another corner.

He takes it too fast and goes crashing into the shipping container in front of him, creating a sound that’s as loud as an explosion. Jimin squeaks in fear and sinks to the ground, resting back against the container and rubbing at his sore elbow where he’d hit it against the metal. He buries his face in his hands and sucks in stuttered, ragged breaths.

He has no idea what he’s going to do. He can’t get back to his room and he doesn’t know how long it’ll be before someone finds him.

Then there’s the sound of pounding footsteps nearby and Jimin scrambles to his feet with a gasp, pressing his back protectively against the container as he senses incoming danger.

The footsteps grow louder until a tall form is rounding the corner in front of Jimin, pulling up into a quick halt when he spots the omega. “Are you okay? I heard a crash,” the person asks worriedly, voice smooth and impossibly deep.

Jimin breathes raggedly, curling his shoulders in and trying to appear as small as possible in fear. Then, the breeze blows towards Jimin, bringing with it the man’s soft nutmeg scent. A beta.

Even though he’s only smelled it once, Jimin immediately recognizes it as Taehyung, Jungkook’s mate, from that day he saw them by the water.

“What are you doing out here so late?” Taehyung asks again, his eyes wide with concern. “Is everything alright?” He takes a step forward but Jimin squeaks and shrinks back in fear, so Taehyung immediately stops and holds up his hands in surrender. “I’m not going to hurt you,” he says gently. “I was coming back from the bathroom when I heard a huge crash. Are you okay?”

Jimin licks his dry lips and regards Taehyung warily. Under his soft nutmeg scent, Jimin can detect Jungkook’s sweet jasmine smell and the omega relaxes slightly. Jimin’s posture loosens a little and Taehyung seems to notice because he takes another tentative step closer. When Jimin tenses but doesn’t shy away, he takes a few more until he’s standing in front of Jimin.

“What happened, Jimin-ssi?” Taehyung asks softly.

Jimin swallows and wraps his arms around himself. “I got lost,” he finally whispers, not meeting Taehyung’s eyes.

The beta makes a sympathetic cluck and holds out his hand. “Let’s get you back to your room, okay?”

Jimin stares at Taehyung’s open hand for a few long, long moments before he finally gives in and hesitantly places his small hand in the beta’s much larger one. Something about Taehyung makes Jimin feel safe, and he doesn’t think Jungkook’s mate would hurt him.

Taehyung squeezes his hand comfortingly and begins leading Jimin around the corner he’d originally burst from. They walk together in silence for a little while until Taehyung glances at Jimin out of the corner of his eye. “What are you doing out here so late?”

Jimin stares down at the ground as they walk, holding Taehyung’s hand tightly so he doesn’t get separated and lost again. “I like to come outside at night,” Jimin mutters quietly, wiping the wetness from his tears away from his face.

Taehyung blinks a few times. “You should have someone with you. Just at least until you know
Jimin bites his lip but doesn’t say anything. He doesn’t tell Taehyung that the whole reason he comes out at night is so that he can be by himself.

Taehyung leads him out of the maze of shipping containers in a path that seems totally random to Jimin but seems to make perfect sense to the other man. “It’s confusing at first,” Taehyung says, seeming to sense Jimin’s thoughts. “But you’ll learn your way around eventually.”

When Taehyung leads him out of the last of the maze and the ocean opens up before them, Jimin turns and sees his room, the door opened a crack and the fairy lights within making the inside glow with warmth. Jimin lets out a little sob of relief when he sees it, thinking he’s never been so happy to see anything before in his life.

Jimin allows Taehyung inside, too happy to be concerned at a virtual stranger invading his space. He sits down on the edge of his bed and runs his hands over the comforter with a happy sigh while Taehyung smiles at him.

“Okay now? Anything I can get you?” The beta asks, but Jimin shakes his head, just wanting to go to sleep and forget his traumatic ordeal.

“Thank you,” Jimin says quietly, and Taehyung smiles warmly at him.

“Sleep good, Jimin-ssi,” he says before leaving Jimin’s room and shutting the door behind him.

Jimin curls up under his covers and lets an exhausted sleep take him over.

When Jungkook comes the next morning with breakfast, Jimin is sitting up in bed waiting for him. “I heard you met Tae last night,” is the first thing he says, smiling happily at Jimin.

Jimin nods suspiciously, waiting for Jungkook to mention how he met Taehyung, but the other omega doesn’t say anything else, just hands Jimin his plate of food. Either Taehyung didn’t actually tell Jungkook the circumstances of how they met, which Jimin highly doubts, or Jungkook is kindly choosing not to talk about it to spare Jimin embarrassment.

Jungkook chatters like usual as they eat, and Jimin finds himself smiling at the funny way the younger omega tells stories. When they’re done, Jungkook takes Jimin’s empty plate and goes to leave, but Jimin makes him pause by shyly saying, “Um, you can leave the door open a little bit.”

Jungkook looks surprised but nods with a warm smile. “A bit of sunlight will do you good.”

Jimin blushes a little but thankfully Jungkook doesn’t see it because he turns around and leaves at that moment, leaving the doors cracked a little so a shaft of sunlight floods across Jimin’s floor and onto his bed. It immediately lightens up the whole room and makes everything brighter and happier. The cool sea breeze wafts in and ruffles Jimin’s hair, and he breathes it in deeply.

He lays down on his bed, directly in the shaft of sunlight, and sighs happily at the warmth on his skin. He closes his eyes and simply soaks in the sun, the salty air and the cawing of seagulls outside lulling him into a deep relaxation.
He doesn’t know how long he lays there, drifting in and out of sleep, until he smells two scents wafting through the air in the near distance. One he doesn’t recognize, like a smoky pine smell, but the other, a sharp spiciness, he immediately recognizes. Jimin tenses up and his eyelids snap open as voices drift towards him in the air.

He sits up in bed and gets to his feet, creeping over to his doors and peering out cautiously. Far off to the right, down along the rows of shipping containers, there are two men conversing by the water, pointing down at some sort of paper that could be a blueprint, but Jimin is too far to see.

One of the men is taller than the other, the one with the smoky scent, and he seems to have dark hair that gleams in the sun. The other one, a little shorter, is wearing a grey cap that is obscuring the color of his hair. His back is turned to Jimin, but even from here the spicy scent of his alphaness makes Jimin’s stomach twist.

So this is the legendary Yoongi, Jimin muses to himself, squinting his eyes to try to get a better view of the alpha he’s only glimpsed once. He’s too far away to make out any details other than a grey t-shirt stretched over a pair of broad shoulders. His head is bowed as he goes over the blueprints with the other man, who Jimin is able to tell is another beta.

Thankfully he’s downwind of them so he can stealthily observe them without being caught. The breeze keeps wafting Yoongi’s scent towards him, spicy and musky, and the deeper Jimin breathes it in, the more the tension in his stomach he feels whenever he smells an alpha loosens and the more he calms down. Yoongi’s scent still has him on high alert and on edge though, and he doesn’t think he’ll be ready to meet the alpha face-to-face for a long time.

Yoongi’s scent isn’t bad. It sort of reminds Jimin of the soft sweater he’s wearing and the warm clothes the alpha has given him. It incites less fear and anxiety in him than the scents of the other alphas he’s met, and he thinks it mostly has to do with Jungkook’s assurity that Yoongi is really a good alpha and he would never hurt Jimin.

Jimin watches the two men discussing whatever is on the paper the beta is holding for a few moments. Every so often the air will bring Jimin a snippet of their conversation, though he can’t make out exactly what they’re saying. Yoongi seems to have a deep, rumbly voice and a slow slur to his words that somehow fits with the picture Jimin has of him in his mind.

Jimin watches them until the beta rolls up the blueprint and they turn to go, so Jimin quickly ducks back into his room to avoid being seen. He waits until their voices drift away and their scents dissipate in the air before he lays back down on the bed. He kind of wishes he’d been able to see Yoongi’s face because his curiosity is beginning to get to him. He wants to know what the great alpha Yoongi looks like without actually interacting with him.

Jimin naps in the sunlight until evening rolls around and he stretches awake with a yawn just in time to see the sunset over the ocean right outside his door. It’s the first time in a long time that he’s seen a sunset, and he watches, captivated, as the sky bleeds brilliant orange and yellow before fading into deep purple and pink. The sun blazes brightly across the ocean, turning it into a breathtaking mirror of the sky above, before it finally sinks below the horizon and the sky settles into into a deep blueish black.

Dinner arrives soon after, but this time it's brought by Taehyung. Jimin blinks in shock when there's a knock on his open door and the beta's head pops in, smiling widely at him.

“Hello,” he says. “I hope it's okay that it’s me bringing you food this time.”

Jimin eyes him warily for a moment before he finally nods, and Taehyung beams at him. He hands
Jimin his food, and instead of moving over to the bean bag like Jungkook always does, he flops down next to Jimin on the bed, earning a startled squeak from the omega.

Taehyung starts scarfing down his own food, seemingly unaware of Jimin’s shock as he stares in disbelief at the beta. Taehyung seems perfectly comfortable though so Jimin just shakes his head and takes a bite of his food, being sure to watch Taehyung out of the corner of his eye.

Taehyung talks while he eat (with food in his mouth, Jimin might add), telling Jimin about how Yoongi and some of the others are planning a hit on a small lab in the mountains. Apparently there’s quite a few omegas there that they’re going to try to bust out. Jin somehow got ahold of the blueprints of the lab through his old doctor connections, and Jimin guesses that’s what Yoongi and that other beta were going over when he was watching them today.

“Have they ever gotten caught?” Jimin asks quietly when there’s a lull in the conversation due to Taehyung taking another bite of food.

Taehyung shakes his head and wipes away some sauce on the corner of his mouth with the back of his hand. “No, but they’ve come close before. Thankfully, Yoongi always comes prepared though, and he was able to set off a bomb he’d planted earlier and was able to use the distraction to get everyone out. There was a big car chase afterwards but they were somehow able to lose the cops.”

Jimin listens in awe and chews idly on his food. Yoongi really sounds like something. Now Jimin is scared to meet him for all sorts of reasons.

When they’re finished, Taehyung gets up and starts looking around Jimin’s room curiously. “What do you do for fun in here?”

Jimin shrugs, looking down at his empty plate. He’d finished the book Jungkook gave him a while ago but he’d been too shy to ask for another, so now he’s had nothing to do during the days.

“You can always come outside, you know,” Taehyung says, watching Jimin out of the corner of his eye. “It’s a lot more exciting than being stuck in here. We always need help with little things like laundry and repairs. I know Jin hyung always likes having help when he cooks.”

Jimin ducks his head and avoids Taehyung’s eyes. He has to admit he’s been itching to get out of his room, even during the day, but he’s just still too scared of the unknown outside his door.

Taehyung finally sighs when Jimin doesn’t answer and gathers up their dirty plates. “If you decide to go out again tonight, stay in view of your room, okay? I don’t want you getting lost again.”

Jimin blushes red but still gives a little nod, which causes Taehyung to coo. He looks up at the beta and frowns at the soft expression on his face. “What?”

“You’re just really cute, is all,” Taehyung smiles fondly. “I can’t wait until you fatten up some more so I can pinch your chubby cheeks.”

Jimin makes a loud sound of indignation, face flaming, but before he can fire a retort back at Taehyung, the beta is gone, throwing a cheeky wink back at Jimin before he closes the doors behind him.

Jimin grumbles to himself as he crawls under his covers to sleep. He feels too tired to leave his room in a few hours to explore, so he lays his head on his pillows and shoves the gauze wrapped around his head higher up when it begins slipping lower over his forehead. He assumes Jin will visit him soon to change all his dressing and check his wounds.
Right before he drifts off to sleep, Jimin reaches up and touches his sunken in cheeks, trying to remember what they used to look like.

Jimin is waiting for breakfast the next morning, wondering if it’ll be Jungkook or Taehyung to bring it to him, when there’s a knock on the door before it opens. From outside, Jimin hears a little giggle right before a tiny girl slips through the door into his room, immediately followed by a, “Yah! Sunhee! Get back out here!” and Jungkook exploding in after her, trying to juggle two bowls of porridge as he chases after the girl.

The little girl catches sight of Jimin and gasps loudly, racing over to the bed and staring up at him with wide, round doe eyes. “Are you Park Jimin-ssi?” She asks in a low, awed voice.

“Sunhee-ah! Get over here,” Jungkook hisses, standing wide-eyed and scandalized by the door. “Jimin-ssi isn’t comfortable around strangers.”

Sunhee has wispy black hair with a little pigtail sprouting from the top of her head like a palm tree, big, gleaming brown eyes, and a smattering of freckles on her nose. She’s wearing a little yellow sundress and orange flip flops, and her pink bow lips are open in an ‘O’ as she gapes at Jimin.

“I’m sorry about this,” Jungkook says to Jimin, looking pained. “She slipped in before I could stop her.”

“It’s okay,” Jimin says, smiling down at her. “What’s your name?”

Even though he already knows the answer, his question earns a big smile and shy, fluttering lashes. “I’m Sunhee,” she says bashfully.

Jimin pats the bed beside him in invitation and she claps her hands happily before climbing up to sit next to him. “How old are you, Sunhee-ssi?” Jimin asks, aware of Jungkook moving closer out of the corner of his eye.

She holds up three chubby little fingers. “I’m two.”

“Where are you from?” Jimin smiles at her.

She turns and points at Jungkook. “From daddy!”

Jimin turns as well and looks at Jungkook in puzzlement, who chuckles fondly. “She’s my daughter.”

Jimin’s brain careens to a stop and he blinks rapidly at Jungkook, trying to process his words. Jungkook has a daughter?

Jimin looks back and forth between Jungkook and Sunhee, and yes, now that he’s looking, the resemblance is uncanny. The same big, round eyes, the same prominent nose, and even the same large front teeth.

“Is...is Taehyung...?” Jimin trails off, not certain how to ask, but Jungkook shakes his head and looks down at the floor.

“Maybe I’ll tell you about it someday,” he says quietly, and Jimin knows better than to ask any
Sunhee must be able to sense the somber mood because she pats Jimin’s thigh with her little hands to get his attention. “We brought Jiminie breakfast!”

Jimin coos internally at the nickname and accepts the bowl when Jungkook shakes himself from his reverie and hands it to him. Jungkook goes over to sit in the bean bag like usual but Sunhee stays on the bed with Jimin, watching him eat with big, round eyes.

Jimin pauses in lifting the spoon to take another bite when Sunhee opens her mouth and taps at her cheek to indicate she wants it.

“Yah, Jeon Sunhee!” Jungkook barks when he sees what his daughter is doing, but Jimin just giggles and waves him off.

“It’s alright,” he says, letting Sunhee eat his spoonful instead.

Sunhee hums happily and chews on the mouthful, her cute chubby cheeks sticking out and making her look like a chipmunk. She smacks her lips loudly and grins at Jimin, but thankfully for Jungkook’s sake, doesn’t ask for another bite.

Once they’re done eating, Jungkook lifts Sunhee off the bed and sets her back down, shooing her to the door. “Let’s leave Jiminie to rest, okay?”

Sunhee waves over her shoulder at him and shouts, “Bye, Jiminie!” which causes a smile to bloom on Jimin’s face. He waves back at her and she giggles, skipping towards the door while her flip flops slap against the floor. She reaches up and grabs Jungkook’s hand, pulling him out the door. “C’mon, daddy, Woongi oppa said he’d paint with me today!”

Jungkook is just barely able to toss a quick, “See you at dinner,” to Jimin before he’s dragged away and the door closes behind them.

Jimin realizes he’s smiling to himself when he lies back down on his bed and stares at the ceiling. Jungkook had talked about Sunhee often during their meals, and Jimin had been able to piece together that she was a child, but he never would’ve imagined that she’d be Jungkook’s daughter.

Each day Jimin is here, the more bored he grows stuck in his room during the day. He pulls out the book Jungkook gave him and idly starts reading it from the first page again, even though he finished not even a few days ago. He has nothing better to do so he thinks why not?

Jimin has been reading for about an hour when suddenly there’s a series of quick taps on his door, lower down than where anyone usually knocks, and a squeaky voice calling, “Jiminie!” from outside.

Jimin puts the book down and stands up. “Come in.”

The door swings open and Sunhee gallops in, her hands covered in paint and a smear of blue on her chubby cheek. Jungkook enters behind her, looking worn and resigned.

“Jiminie, come out and finger paint with me!” Sunhee says excitedly, hopping up in down in place, her flip flops slapping loudly.

“She insisted we come get you,” Jungkook says, looking apologetic. “I said you’re not comfortable going outside yet but she wouldn’t listen.”
Jimin looks from Jungkook down to Sunhee, biting his lip as anxiety swirls in his stomach at the thought of going outside. “I..I don’t know…”

“Please,” Sunhee begs, clasping her hands together and giving Jimin the most impressive puppy eyes he’s ever seen. “Please, Jiminie? Please, please?”

And, fuck. How the hell can he deny that, even when his hands start shaking and his stomach twists in knots. He looks at Jungkook again, whose face twists in sympathy to Jimin’s dilemma.

Jimin looks at Sunhee, her face pleading and her little bow lips puckered into a pout, and gives a shaky nod. “O-okay.”

She squeals in excitement and claps her paint covered hands happily. She grabs his hand, getting yellow and green paint all over his fingers, and tugs him towards the door. Jungkook looks concerned and holds out a hand to stop Jimin right before Sunhee drags him out the door.

“Are you sure about this? You can say no,” he mutters in an undertone, and Jimin gulps, looking at Sunhee waiting for him.

“Y-yeah, I think so,” he whispers back. He thinks its time.

Jungkook observes his face closely for a moment, what he’s looking for Jimin doesn’t know, but he finally nods and steps aside to let him through.

Sunhee gives a yip of happiness and tugs Jimin through the door and outside. The instant sunlight is blinding, and Jimin doesn’t even have a chance to blink and adjust before Sunhee is pulling him to the right.

It must be midday with the way the sun is high in the clear blue sky overhead. A salty breeze blows off the sea to the left of them and ruffles Jimin’s hair, and he breathes in deeply, enjoying the warm sunlight on his skin for the first time in what feels like a long time.

With Jungkook following, Sunhee leads Jimin into the maze of shipping containers, and he’s extra careful to pay close attention to where they’re going. They take a left turn, then a right, then two more lefts, and Jimin wonders how much further they have to go when they suddenly step out into the middle of the yard where the office and RV are.

At the picnic tables are sitting two other people, and Jimin freezes for a moment. Sunhee said nothing about other people being present, and his anxiety surges. He tries to catch their scent but he’s upwind of them and can’t smell anything. They’re able to catch his scent though and one of the men sitting down snaps his head up and stares intently at Jimin at his arrival. The other, one with dark hair, looks up as well after a moment.

The first one has got white-blonde hair and is wearing a plain white t-shirt that has a smear of paint on it. Sunhee starts pulling Jimin towards them, and the closer he gets, the better he’s able to make out the man’s face. He’s got sharp, dark eyes that are fixed intently on Jimin and curved pink lips that are slack and slightly agape as he stares at the omega. His hands are also covered in a spectrum of colors as he finger paints on a piece of paper what looks like a sunset.

Sunhee stops before the paint and paper strewn table and presents Jimin like a delectable meal. “Woongi oppa and Hobi oppa, this is Jiminie.”

Wait. Woongi? That sounds just like...

Just then, the breeze shifts and suddenly blows the two men’s’ scents towards him. The brunette
smells subtle, like pears and freshly cut grass. A beta.

The other, the blonde’s, is sharp and incredibly spicy and one Jimin immediately recognizes.

**Alpha.**

**Yoongi.**

Jimin’s throat seizes up and he stumbles back a step. His instincts are going haywire, screaming at him to run from the danger, even though in the back of his rational mind he knows he’s not in any.

“Hello,” Yoongi says quietly, his voice low and rumbly. He’s still staring at Jimin with dark eyes and in such an intensity that Jimin tingles all over.

Jimin’s heart is racing frantically, trying to beat out of his chest as he’s overwhelmed with Yoongi scent. Run, his mind is telling him, and his hand slips from Sunhee’s little grasp.

“Jimin?” Jungkook speaks up from behind him, sounding worried, but Jimin can’t seem to look away from Yoongi’s gaze.

It’s too much, all too much.

He stumbles back a few more steps and shakes his head. “I-I’m sorry. I can’t,” he croaks in a whisper.

Then he turns and runs.

Both Jungkook and Sunhee call after him, but Jimin just keeps running, escaping into the towering maze of shipping containers. He tries to remember the way Sunhee led him.

It was a left up here at this turn. Or was it a right?

Panting hard and heart racing, Jimin hopes that he’s going the right way. He runs through the walkways, making turns where he thinks he came before, until somehow, miraculously, he bursts out of the maze and finds the ocean gleaming before him. He looks to the left, and there his room is, a rusted and faded blue shipping container. He lets out a little sob of relief and races towards it.

He explodes inside and pulls the doors closed hard behind him with a teeth-gritting squeak. He hurries into the corner he hasn’t occupied in quite awhile and sinks down, pulling his knees to his chest and wrapping his arms around them. He presses his face to his legs and sucks in deep, ragged breaths, trying to calm down. His heart is still racing and adrenaline is coursing through his veins, not yet having caught up to the fact that he’s away from the “danger”.

Jimin knows he overreacted, probably made a huge fool of himself, and he groans low in embarrassment. What a way to meet Yoongi for the first time.

“Stupid,” he mutters to himself, rubbing his forehead harshly against his knees. He wasn’t in any danger, but years of fearing alphas has made him skittish and untrusting and his instincts took control of him before he could stop himself.

Jimin stays like this for awhile until his heartbeat evens out and his breathing calms. The adrenaline fades away and suddenly Jimin feels utterly exhausted. He hauls himself to his feet and drops onto his bed, staring up at the ceiling and wishing he could go back in time to stop himself from looking like such an idiot.
'Way to go, stupid,' his mind helpfully says, and Jimin sighs miserably.

He hopes he’ll be able to somehow redeem himself to the others after that pathetic display.
Jimin is expecting someone to come to him after his little freak out, and sure enough, about ten minutes later, in which Jimin has been staring forlornly at the ceiling, there’s a little knock at his door.

Jimin takes a deep, steadying breath before sitting up on his bed. “Come in.”

He was expecting Jungkook or even Taehyung, but when the door squeaks open to reveal a round, chubby face and wide worried eyes, Jimin blinks in surprise.

“Is Jiminie okay?” Sunhee asks quietly, stepping hesitantly inside and closing the door behind her. She’s clutching a stuffed penguin in her arms, squeezing it with uncertainty as she looks at Jimin. She waddles over to the bed and climbs up next to Jimin, fixing him with big round eyes, her pink lips pushed into an unconscious pout.

He wonders if Sunhee is actually allowed to roam around the dangerous shipping yard by herself or if Jungkook is nearby as well.

Jimin sighs and goes to brush back his hair before remembering the gauze wrapped around his head. His hand drops back to his lap and he gives a meek nod. “I’m okay.”

“Woongi oppa thinks he hurt your feelings,” Sunhee says sadly, and Jimin’s hearts twists. He bites his lip and drops his eyes down to stare at his hands, feeling awful. He didn’t mean to make Yoongi feel bad.

“I’m sorry,” Jimin mutters miserably.

Sunhee frowns and pats Jimin’s thigh comfortingly with a tiny hand. “Why is Jiminie scared of Woon Woon?”

Is it that obvious? Jimin feels like he’s been punched in the gut and he curls in on himself. But Sunhee is looking at him, waiting for an answer, so Jimin gives a miserable shrug. “I’ve never met any nice alphas before.”

Sunhee’s eyebrows furrow, as if such a thing is unheard of. “Woongi oppa is the nicest alpha ever,” she says with a smile. She holds her arms as wide out from her body as she can, straining to open them even further. “He’s tiiiiiiiis nice,” she says with proud emphasis that makes Jimin smile.

She picks up the stuffed penguin in her lap and holds it out to Jimin. “This is Pooh,” she says. “He used to be Woongi oppa’s but he gave him to me.”
Jimin smiles and takes the stuffed animal’s little wing in his hand and shakes it in greeting. “Nice to meet you, Pooh.”

Sunhee giggles gleefully and sets Pooh in Jimin’s lap. “He’s Jiminie’s now.”

Jimin’s eyes widen and he stares at Sunhee in shock. “Sun-hee-ah, I can’t take this.”

She shakes her head sternly. “You need him more than I do.”

“But-” Jimin tries to protest, but she holds up a little hand with so much tiny authority that Jimin falls silent.

“Papa always needs something to hug to sleep, so maybe Jiminie does too.”

“Papa?” Jimin asks, curious. He thought Sunhee calls Jungkook ‘daddy’.

The little girl smiles wide and wraps her arms around herself happily. “Tae Tae appa!” Jimin melts a little inside as Sunhee continues. “Mostly he hugs daddy or me to sleep, but sometimes he even hugs Pooh to sleep!”

Jimin looks down at the penguin in his lap. It has bright black beads for eyes and a black fabric beak and feet. Its body is soft and fuzzy, and it also has a little yellow bowtie around its neck. Jimin picks it up and cradles it in his arms before looking at Sunhee again.

“Thank you,” he says softly, and Sunhee beams at him.

She pats his thigh again before sliding clumsily off the bed. “Daddy is waiting for me so I have to go,” she says, toddling towards the door. “See you later, Jiminie!”

Jimin watches fondly as she struggles to reach up and tug the door open. She pulls it closed behind her and Jimin hears Jungkook outside speaking too softly to make out what he’s saying.

Once their voices fade away, Jimin tentatively lifts Pooh up to his nose. Immediately, he’s able to make out Sunhee’s soft baby scent clinging to it, an aroma so comforting that Jimin finds his shoulders drooping in relaxation. He can also detect Jungkook’s gentle jasmine scent and Taehyung’s subtle nutmeg smell on Pooh as well, scents he’s quickly associating with friendship and safety.

Underneath it all, barely detectable, is a spice Jimin is rapidly coming to recognize.

Yoongi.

He quickly pulls the penguin away from his face and stares down at it.

Sunhee had said Pooh used to belong to Yoongi, but Jimin is surprised that it still holds his scent at all. Tentatively, he brings it back to his nose again and focuses in on Yoongi’s scent.

It’s really not a bad smell at all, and the more Jimin encounters it the less fear it instills in him. He still feels awful for the way he reacted and even worse about the fact that he made Yoongi feel bad.

With a miserable sigh, Jimin lays back down and hugs Pooh tightly to his chest as he closes his eyes.

Jimin didn’t realize he’s fallen asleep until there’s a knock at his door that startles him awake. He sits up groggily and rubs his eyes as the door opens and Jungkook pokes his head in. “Hey,” he says quietly as he steps in, carrying two bowls of food.
“Hey,” Jimin replies sleepily, accepting the bowl of stew Jungkook hands him.

Instead of going to sit in the bean bag like he usually does, Jungkook lingers by the bed awkwardly. “I’m really sorry about today,” the other omega says sadly. “I didn’t even think about the fact that Yoongi was there because I’m just so used to him, and I didn’t realize how you’d react to seeing him there until it was too late.”

Jimin is surprised by Jungkook’s apology. “It’s okay,” he says, fiddling with the spoon in his stew. “I’m sorry for hurting Yoongi’s feelings.”

Jungkook’s brows furrow in confusion. “What?”

“Sunhee said Yoongi felt bad about today,” Jimin replies quietly, looking down at his food.

Jungkook sighs and sits next to Jimin on the bed, uttering something that sounds like “That girl, I swear,” under his breath. Jungkook tentatively takes Jimin’s smaller hand in his own, waiting to see if Jimin will pull away. But Jungkook’s hand is big and warm and it feels nice, so Jimin lets him hold it.

“Don’t worry about Yoongi,” Jungkook says kindly. “You have nothing to be sorry for, okay? Yoongi understands why you reacted the way you did and you don’t need to feel bad.”

Jimin’s stomach twists a little but he nods anyway. Jungkook lets go of his hand so they can eat, remaining on the bed with him.

“Yoongi, Namjoon, Hoseok, and Hana left about an hour ago to go hit up Diamond Labs, a small facility in the mountains,” Jungkook tells him as they eat. “According to our intel, they have four omegas being held there.”

Jimin’s ears perk in interest. “How long will they be gone?”

Jungkook chews on his food while he thinks. “Well, it’s about a three hour drive up there, then they have to breach the facility, take out security, and find the omegas, which could take anywhere from an hour to all night.”

“What if they get caught?” Jimin asks nervously.

“Smaller facilities like this one usually only have a few security guards, so I wouldn’t worry about it,” Jungkook says reassuringly.

Jimin’s lips twist with uncertainty. He really hopes Jungkook is right about that.

When they’re done eating, Jungkook gathers their dirty bowls and stands up. “Jin hyung is making pancakes for everyone in the morning,” he says. “You should come out and meet the others. Yoongi and Hana are both gone so you won’t have to worry about any alphas. You can meet the rest of the omegas.”

Jimin bites his lip and blinks at Jungkook while he considers. It would be nice to meet the other omegas, and with Yoongi gone he can relax more and let his guard down a little bit.

Deciding to give it a chance, Jimin gives a small, hesitant nod, which causes Jungkook to beam happily.

"Great!” He exclaims. "Sunhee and I will come get you in the morning."
Jungkook leaves after wishing Jimin a good night, but he’s just woken up from a day-long nap and isn't tired in the slightest. He decides to wait until everyone is asleep before getting up and exploring the shipping yard again.

Jimin fiddles around with Pooh, forming his wings into different crime fighting positions in boredom, waiting for it to get late enough to head outside. Finally, when he deems that it's been long enough, he gets up from bed and slips on his flip flops.

Stepping out into the cool night time air, Jimin breathes in deeply through his nose, enjoying the saltiness of it. The waves are lapping gently against the concrete platform in front of him, a soft sloshing sound that is very calming. The stars are twinkling brightly overhead and the moon shines down on the rolling, endless black ocean before him.

Jimin decides to head to the left this time, since he's explored everything to the immediate right of his room for the most part. He now knows better than to try venturing too far into the maze of shipping containers and risk getting lost like last time, even though he's pretty sure he knows how to navigate his way to the center of the yard by now.

Jimin walks along the silent, towering wall of shipping containers that rise high into the dark sky, keeping them to his left and the ocean to his right. His flip flops slap quietly as he walks, and Jimin buries his hands in the pockets of his sweatpants because the air is just the slightest bit chilly and his hands get cold easily.

Jimin walks for a long time, wondering just how damn big this place actually is, when up ahead, anchored at a long dock, is an absolutely enormous shipping freighter, sitting silent and eerie in the water. It looks like its been abandoned for years, which is probably has, now that Jimin thinks about it. The deck of the ship is piled high with rows upon rows of shipping containers, so many they're uncountable.

The black paint on the sides of the ship is peeling and faded, and some of the windows of the bridge have been broken in. There's a narrow metal gangway connecting the ship to the dock, with metal rails connected with rope, forming a handrail on either side.

Maybe in another life Jimin would have been tempted to sneak on board to look around, but now the very sight of the ship has goosebumps forming on his skin.

Deciding he's had enough exploring for the night, Jimin turns and begins heading back the way he came as a brisk walk, wanting to put the shipping freighter far behind him.

It takes a long time to get back to his room, and by the time he does, Jimin's eyelids are drooping and exhaustion is settling over him once again. He climbs into bed and draws the covers up around him, clicking off his fairy lights and casting himself into darkness. After a moment's hesitation, Jimin grabs Pooh from the foot of his bed and settles back down with the penguin held snug against his chest.

Before he knows it, he's slipping off to sleep once again.

The next morning, Jimin is anxiously pacing his room, wishing he had said no to joining the others for breakfast. Even though there won't be any alphas present, the thought of meeting multiple other strangers, omegas or not, is making his stomach twist with anxiety.
When there's a knock on his door, Jimin sucks in a sharp breath and gets ready to tell Jungkook that he's changed his mind. But the door swings open and Sunhee comes racing in, wearing a rainbow sequin top and bright pink pants. Her hair is in two high pigtails on either side of her head, tied with butterfly rubber bands, and she looks absolutely adorable.

"Jiminie! You're coming to breakfast with us!" Sunhee exclaims when she sees him, running over and hugging his legs as Jungkook steps into the room behind her. She can't quite pronounce the R and it comes out more like 'bweakfast'.

"Uh..." Jimin says uncertainly, glancing at Jungkook, who seems to be able to read him immediately.

"You don't have to," the other omega says. "You can change your mind, there's no pressure."

Sunhee makes a distressed sound and Jimin looks down at her, his heart dropping when he sees her looking at him with wide, pleading eyes. "Please?" She begs desperately.

"Sunhee," Jungkook reprimands lowly. "Jiminie doesn't have to come if it makes him uncomfortable."

The little girl frowns in thought before reaching up and grabbing Jimin's index finger with her tiny hand. "How about if I hold Jiminie's hand the whole time?"

Goddammit, why can't Jimin say no to her? Jimin takes another deep, stuttering breath before he finally gives a small nod, making Sunhee whoop in joy.

Jungkook frowns at him in concern. "Are you sure, hyung? I really don't want you to come if you feel anxious or pressured."

Jimin licks his dry lips before answering. "It's okay, I think I'll be fine."

Jungkook watches him silently for a long moment before he finally gives a sigh of defeat. "Come on then. Let's get seats before Eunyoung eats all the chocolate chip pancakes."

As promised, Sunhee keeps her grip on Jimin's hand as they leave his room and begin the walk to the middle of the yard. The sun is shining brightly overhead and the sky is a clear, crystalline blue. Seagulls are flying above and a cool, crisp sea breeze is blowing off the ocean, cooling the sweat on Jimin's forehead.

He's super nervous about meeting the others as Sunhee leads him into the labyrinth of shipping containers in a path that is beginning to look familiar. She's panting excitedly, tugging him impatiently along, and in her hurry, she trips over her own feet and begins to nosedive. Jimin is able to pull her up sharply by the grip he has on her hand before she falls onto the concrete ground and scrapes up her knees.

"Whoa there," he says as he steadies her on her feet. "You okay?"

Sunhee giggles breathlessly, and also a little manically, before she starting yanking him along again. "Come on!"

Jungkook jogs up next to them and reaches down to take Sunhee's other hand. "Did you get hurt?" He asks in concern, but Sunhee shakes her head, sending her pigtails bouncing.

"No, daddy!"
The three of them walk together like this through the twists and turns of the shipping yard until up ahead Jimin catches the smell of something cooking and voices conversing.

When they step out into the middle of the yard, Taehyung, who is sitting at the picnic tables with three other people Jimin doesn’t recognize, surges to his feet and sinks to his knees, opening his arms wide. "Sun Bun!" He cries loudly, and Sunhee breaks free of Jimin and Jungkook and races towards him.

"Papa!" She shrieks happily, flinging herself into his arms with shrill laughter as Taehyung scoops her up and swings her around.

Next to him, Jungkook shakes his head in fond exasperation. "They do this every time they see each other."

Jimin smiles softly and follows Jungkook to the tables. The other three sitting there Jimin can immediately scent are omegas. One is a pretty, dainty girl with long brown hair and the other two are men.

"Hey, guys," Jungkook says as he stops before the table. "This is Park Jimin."

Jimin takes a nervous step forward, heart hammering in his throat, and gives them an awkward little bow. "Hello."

The girl coos at him and smiles warmly as Jungkook introduces them. "This is Choi Eunyoung," he says, motioning to her, who bows back from a sitting position. "Moon Daejung," Jungkook nods to one of the men, a meek looking young man with shaggy black hair and a slouchy beanie who gives a little wave to Jimin. "And Gu Ilseong."

Unlike Eunyoung and Daejung, Ilseong is not smiling at Jimin. In fact, his dark, curved eyes are narrowed suspiciously at Jimin and his thin lips are twisted into an unpleasant frown. He’s got light, mousy colored hair and pale skin dusted with freckles, and his pointed chin is settled in his hand, elbow propped on the table, as he looks Jimin up and down. His berry scent has the slightest tang of sour milk underneath that makes Jimin’s nose sting.

Jimin is trying to think of something to say to Ilseong to get him to stop looking at him like that, when Jin takes that moment to step out of the RV carrying a huge plate of towering pancakes.

"Jimin-ah!" He exclaims when he sees the omega, eyes lighting up in joy. "I’m so happy you decided to join us!"

Eunyoung pats the bench next to her as Jin sets the pancakes down in the middle of the table. "Come sit next to me, Jimin-ssi."

Glancing at Jungkook, who nods and smiles at him reassuringly, Jimin hesitantly sits down next to Eunyoung, who passes him a paper plate and a few napkins from a stack on the table. Jungkook turns to Sunhee, who has been set back down on the ground by Taehyung. "Baby, why don’t you and papa go in and get the milk and syrup?"

Sunhee gives an adorable salute and grabs Taehyung’s hand to pull him off to do as Jungkook says as he sits down next to Jimin at the table. A moment later, Sunhee and Taehyung come clambering back out of the RV carrying a pitcher of milk and a big bottle of syrup.

They sit down next to Jin and then everyone starts serving themselves. Jimin spears three fluffy pancakes with his fork and slathers them with butter from a dish on the table before drenching them in syrup. The first bite is sugary deliciousness and he sighs happily, wiping at a drop of syrup on his
Jimin listens to the others chatting as they eat, peering around at them curiously. Eunyoung pulls her long hair back with a rubber band so it doesn't get in her syrup, and Daejung is methodically spreading butter over every inch of his pancakes. Sunhee takes a fingerful of butter and swipes it across Taehyung cheek, dissolving into shrieking fits of laughter at the look on his face. Jungkook reprimands her but he's also fighting a smile, so Jimin can tell he isn't actually mad.

"I wish Hoseok was here. Pancakes are his favorite," Jin sighs dramatically as he pours himself some milk, and Taehyung rolls his eyes but doesn't say anything. Jimin looks at him in confusion but then he thinks he remembers Jungkook telling him about Jin and Hoseok before. It sounds like they're together but he wonders if they're mates as well.

Ilseong is the only one who isn't engaging in conversation. He staring broodingly down at his pancakes as he stabs at them half-heartedly, his mousy colored hair falling into his face. Jimin glances at Jungkook questioningly, and the other omega seems to get his silent question because he shakes his head and goes back to eating, as if to say 'not right now',

Despite his nervousness, breakfast turns out to be a pleasant affair. Eunyoung and Daejung ask him polite questions, nothing too deep or intrusive where Jimin would feel uncomfortable. They ask his age and where he's from, if he's liking it here so far, and if there's anything they can do to make him more comfortable.

By the end of breakfast, Jimin is feeling quite relaxed and more at ease. When they all get up from the table and begin cleaning up, Eunyoung tells Jimin that he's welcome to come over to hers and Hana's room any time to hang out.

Through it all, Ilseong hasn't said one word, and as soon as he's done eating he gets up and stalks away, leaving his dirty plate at the table. Jimin stares after him with a frown, wondering what his problem is. Daejung catches the look and comes up beside Jimin, also watching Ilseong disappear into the labyrinth of shipping containers.

"Don't mind him," Daejung says, putting his hands in the pockets of his black skinny jeans. "He's always like that."

Daejung is short, just a little taller than Jimin, and very thin. He stands with a bit of a slouch and his mop of black hair peeks out from under his slouchy grey beanie. The sleeves of his orange and white flannel are rolled up his forearms to reveal a couple of poorly done tattoos.

"Hey, you're always welcome to come chill at my place," Daejung tells Jimin as he goes to leave. "I think our rooms are kinda close together so let me know if you're ever up to it."

Jimin nods shyly and returns Daejung's lazy wave before he turns and lopes away.

Once the table is clean again and Taehyung is chasing a screaming and giggling Sunhee around the clearing, making growling monster noises, Jungkook comes up to Jimin. "That wasn't so bad, right?" He asks gently, and Jimin shyly nods.

"It's usually more hectic when the others are here too, especially with Hoseok, so we'll work up to you coming out when they're here, okay?"

Jimin feels a little swirl of nervousness in his stomach at the prospect of interacting with even more people, but he takes a breath and tells himself if he was able to get through today, he can get through it again.
"Jimin-ah," Jin calls from one of the windows of the RV. "Do you have a few minutes for me to change your bandages?"

Jimin looks at Jungkook uncertainly, who nods at him in reassurance, so Jimin walks over to the RV and climbs up the steps. At the little round kitchen table, Jin’s medical bag is sitting open and there's a roll of gauze and a bottle of alcohol on the table.

"Go ahead and sit down," Jin tells him, so Jimin slides into the cushioned booth around the table.

"How's everything feeling?" Jin asks him as he tells Jimin to roll up his pants. "Any pain or discomfort?"

"No," Jimin says with a shake of his head.

"I'm glad to hear it," the doctor says as he peels off the bandages on Jimin’s knees and soaks a cotton ball in alcohol before giving both them both a thorough wiping, making Jimin wince at the sting. Straightening back up, Jin seems to be satisfied.

"Your knees are looking great, so I think we can stop with the bandages now. And...also," he says, reaching out and gently pinching Jimin’s cheek, making the omega shy away a little in surprise. “I think you’re starting to gain some weight back.”

Jimin blinks at Jin and raises a hand to feel his cheeks while the beta keeps talking. “I’m going to skip changing your head dressing if you feel like taking a shower later?”

Jimin nods eagerly and watches Jin pack his things back up as he rolls his pants down again. He bites his lip, debating on whether or not he wants to ask Jin the question he’s been wondering for awhile. Finally, his curiosity gets the better of him and he blurts out, "How did you know about the lab that they're going to hit?"

Jin looks up at him in surprise, eyebrows raised. "Oh, well I worked there for about a month when they were low on staff, and the place is pretty small and rural so I got to know it pretty fast."

Jimin frowns at Jin and fiddles with the hem of his sweater. "Isn't it dangerous?"

The beta purses his lips in thought for a moment before answering. "In the time I worked there, I only ever saw four or five security guards at one time. They're so far in the mountains that they don't really have to worry about outside threats. Back when the riots started at the beginning of the revolution, the lab stayed relatively safe cause it was such a pain in the ass to reach, even by car."

"How come?" Jimin asks, curious.

"Well, you have to go through miles and miles of dense forests, and then once you get to the mountains, the road gets really thin and narrow and it winds around and around the cliffs and there's some really dangerous drop offs."

That just serves in making Jimin worry more, and it must show on his face because Jin pats his shoulder comfortingy. "Hey, don't worry. Yoongi knows what he's doing."

Jimin doesn't say anything else, frowning to himself as he stands back up. He really hopes Jin is right about that and that no one gets hurt. He doesn't know why he has such a weird feeling about this mission.
They wait with bated breath, hidden in the dense underbrush of the forest, staring out from the darkness at the pristine white facility aglow with light on the hill above them. Aside from some movement through the windows by a few people wearing white lab coats, Yoongi doesn't see any sign of security.

His muscles are beginning to cramp from remaining in a crouch for so long, but he ignores it. From somewhere nearby, there's a small crunch of movement, and his hand immediately flies to the gun holstered at his hip.

It's just Hana though, returning from surveillance with a pair of binoculars hanging from her neck. She army crawls through the leaves towards them, a smear of mud on her high cheekbone and a few twigs stuck in her short auburn hair.

"How's it look?" Yoongi whispers as she settles in beside him and passes the binoculars back to Hoseok for him to take a look.

"I don't see any sign of security anywhere, and I was able to slice the tires of all their vehicles parked out back so they can't pursue," she replies, holding up the long hunting knife she keeps strapped to her thigh.

"Good job," Yoongi says with a nod. He turns to Namjoon, who is on his other side, a big bag slung across his back as he stares warily out at the lab ahead. "Let's set them."

Namjoon takes off the backpack and opens it up to reveal an armload of homemade C-4 explosives. Yoongi pulls one out and sets the timer on the detonator for four minutes. The plan is to set off an explosive at the back of the lab to create a big enough distraction to get inside, guns blazing. They're going to place the explosives throughout the lab as they go, and hopefully get out of there with all the omegas before the whole lab blows all to hell.

"On my signal," Yoongi whispers as he gets stiffly to his feet.

"Shouldn't we wait a little longer?" Hoseok whispers with a frown. "We should observe the doctors' patterns a little more and make sure we know where they're holding the omegas."

"He's just impatient to get back and see Jimin again," Namjoon says, and Hana and Hoseok snicker, trying to hide it behind their hands.

Yoongi feels his face heat up and he's glad for the darkness of the night. "Shut up," he mutters heatedly. "We know from Jin that they keep the omegas on the second floor. The security room is on the first floor so we'll hit that first."

The others become serious again and nod in agreement, so Yoongi turns and begins slipping like a silent shadow through the trees towards the lab with the bomb in hand.

He could have had Hana place the explosive when she was scouting, but he had to be sure that the coast was clear before placing an explosive already set to detonate. He can't risk any innocent omegas getting hurt.

Yoongi slips through the forest until the tree line ends and he's forced to step out into the open in front of the facility. He moves quickly, using the cover of darkness and his black clothes to blend in. His heart is racing, pounding loudly in his ears, and the camouflage paint on his face is going muddy from his sweat.
The closer he gets to the building, the more the light shining from the lab illuminates him, and he picks up his pace, heading for the side to slip around back and place the explosive on a vehicle in their parking lot.

Just when Yoongi is almost to the cover of the side of the building, floodlights are suddenly switched on from the roof, lighting him up like the fourth of July and temporarily blinding him.

Then there are alarms blaring loudly and a voice shouting over a megaphone to drop his weapons.

Yoongi whips his head around to find at least ten heavily armed security guards racing towards him.

Yoongi runs.

He races back the way he came as gunshots begin ringing in the air and he feels bullets whizzing past him. He burst through the trees as a bullet grazes his calf and rips his cargo pants as he pounds through the underbrush until he sees the others racing towards him through the trees, weapons at the ready. Hoseok raises his gun to aim at the security guards coming in after him, their gunshots halting for a moment as they lose Yoongi in the dark woods.

"No!" Yoongi shouts at Hoseok, pulling him along by the sleeve as he races by him. "Get back to the truck!"

They all turn and sprint through the forest, leaping over logs and narrowly avoiding tripping on roots in their haste. Their eyes are better adjusted to the darkness, and that's their advantage. The guards are stumbling behind them, trying to find their way in the blackness of the forest that they're not used to yet.

The ground gradually declines as they run, and Yoongi is panting loudly, his lungs burning and legs aching, adrenaline coursing through his veins and giving him the added energy he needs to escape. Behind him he can hear shouting between sporadic sprays of bullets, and he knows the guards are just firing at random in hopes of hitting something.

He glances down at the explosive he's still clutching and sees that the timer is at thirty seconds. He stops just long enough to turn around and fling the explosive as hard as he can in the direction of the security guards.

"Hyung, come on!" Namjoon shouts when he notices Yoongi has stopped. "I can see the truck ahead!"

Yoongi picks up his pace again and races after the others, his heavy boots pounding across the forest floor. He counts down the seconds in his head as the truck comes into view ahead of him.

He counts down to one, and a moment later, there's a huge, booming explosion that lights up the forest with fire behind them. Heat sears across his back and singes the hair on his arms and sends debris flying in every direction.

"Shit!" Hana yells, being thrown forward with the force of the explosion. Yoongi grabs her by the arm and tugs her up as he passes, and together they pelt after the others, who leap into the bed of the truck that's parked at the side of the road leading to the lab.

Namjoon throws the door open and jumps into the driver's seat, starting the car as Yoongi and Hana make it the last distance and fling themselves into the bed with loud gasps.

The truck roars to life and Namjoon throws it into drive right as three security guards, dirty and
bloody but otherwise alive, burst out of the trees and start firing at them.

Hoseok yells as he lifts his rifle and begins firing back at them as Namjoon swerves the truck around on the road and presses the gas pedal. Yoongi pulls his gun out of its holster and begins firing as well as the guards chase after the speeding truck.

Then, there's a wild spray of bullets and Yoongi feels excruciating pain explode in his body.

Jimin was invited to join the others for dinner as well, but he thinks one big social interaction was enough for now and doesn’t want to bite off more than he can chew. He opts to have Jungkook bring him his dinner like usual so he can recuperate a little.

When the evening rolls around, a few hours before dinner, Taehyung comes by to get Jimin for his shower. Jumping up in excitement, he follows the beta out of his room and out into the middle of a brilliant sunset that is turning the sky a rich pinkish red.

“Obviously still be careful of your head wound,” Taehyung says as they enter the tower of shipping containers. “Jin hyung showed me how to clean and bandage it so I can do that for you when you’re done.”

Taehyung leads Jimin through the now familiar pathways until they come out into the middle of the yard where they had breakfast that morning. Its deserted once again, though the lights in the RV are on.

Taehyung waits outside, lounging on the picnic tables and gazing up at the sunset while Jimin heads inside the RV. Once he’s inside the tiny bathroom, he strips out of his clothes and examines himself in the mirror.

Is it just his imagination or are his ribs not pressing as starkly against his skin? Do his cheekbones seem a little less hollow?

Rubbing at his cheeks thoughtfully, Jimin unwraps the gauze around his head and tosses it in the trash before he turns the shower on. He waits for it to heat up to his liking before stepping into the hot stream of water, and he can’t help but sigh happily at the feeling. He lets the water cascade over him for quite awhile, being careful to keep his stitches out of the direct stream.

Jimin lathers up his body with the bar of lavender soap and chooses a strawberry scented shampoo this time, enjoying the sweet, fruity smell that fills the small bathroom as he washes his hair. Once he’s done, he lets the water wash over him until it begins to turn cold, only then shutting off the tap and stepping out of the shower into the steamy bathroom. He grabs a clean towel off the rack and quickly dries off his body as best as he can in the hot bathroom.

Jimin blots his hair dry as much as he can, being extra careful to avoid his tender stitches and redresses in his clothes once he’s done, noticing that the alpha scent on them has mostly faded. For some reason that makes him feel a little odd.

Opening the door of the bathroom and stepping out into the coolness of the RV is like a breath of fresh air. Pushing his damp hair out of his eyes, Jimin climbs out of the RV to find Taehyung still lounging on at the table, looking bored and sleepy with his chin rested in his palm.
Taehyung hops up when he sees Jimin approaching and stretches his arms above his head with a groan. "All done?"

Jimin nods and follows Taehyung as they start the walk back to his room. "Jungkook said he left some fresh clothes on your bed, so I'll wait outside while you change and then I can do your bandages," the beta says as they walk side by side.

Jimin is pretty sure he's memorized the path from his room to the main yard by now, and he's pretty confident he'd be able to make it to and from by himself. The towering walls of shipping containers rising high on both sides of him no longer give him anxiety and he's become used to the rusted paint and eerie squeaking and the tinge of metal in the air.

When they make it back to Jimin's room, Taehyung waits outside while he goes in and closes the door. There's a clean stack of clothes on his bed and he goes to pick them up when he catches the smell clinging to them.

Sweet and florally and gentle. Jungkook's omega scent.

Jimin pauses halfway in touching them and stares down at the folded pants and t-shirt. Why do these smell like Jungkook? Where's that spicy alpha scent that has always been on Jimin's other clothes that he's strangely gotten used to? Confused and a little weirded out, Jimin picks them up and walks over to open his door.

Taehyung is leaning against the side of his shipping container and stands up straight when Jimin opens the door. He opens his mouth to say something when he notices the clothes in Jimin's arms. "Everything okay?" He asks with a frown.

Jimin bites his lip in hesitation and looks down at pants and shirt. "Um, it's just...these smell like Jungkook."

"Oh," Jimin says quietly, a frown on his lips. He doesn't know why that bothers him so much.

Taehyung's sharp eyebrows furrow and he glances between Jimin and the clothes before realization seems to dawn on his face. "Oh, yeah, well Yoongi isn't here right now and we didn't want to take any clothes without permission."

"It's fine," Jimin interrupts quickly, shaking his head.

His cheeks heat up a little at the thought of Taehyung personally taking some of Yoongi's clothing to give to him. Jimin always sort of knew the clothes he's worn before belonged to Yoongi, but he's just always tried not to focus on it. But expressly finding out that they belong to Yoongi, that he's been wearing the alpha's clothes and carrying his scent, makes Jimin feel a little odd and warm.

Jimin closes the door again while Taehyung waits outside and quickly strips his old clothes (Yoongi's clothes, his brain helpfully supplies) and shrugs on the new ones that smell strongly of Jungkook.

When he's done, he lets Taehyung back in and sits on the edge of his bed while the beta cleans the stitches with some alcohol and a cotton pad that Jungkook must have left as well when he brought the clothes. After that, Taehyung bandages his head back up with a roll of gauze and disposes of the used cotton ball.
"All done," Taehyung says with a satisfied smile. He picks up the gauze and bottle of alcohol and gets ready to leave. "One of us will come by with dinner in an hour or two."

Once he's gone, Jimin lays down on his bed and picks up Pooh the penguin, bringing it up to his nose and taking a tentative inhale. He focuses past the strong scents of Sunhee and her dads and zeroes in on that familiar musky spice.

Jimin's body reacts confusingly. His tummy feels a little warm and bubbly at the scent yet his fight or flight instincts start ringing in alarm and sending an alert of false danger coursing through him.

With a confused sigh, Jimin pulls Pooh away from his nose and hugs the penguin to his chest. His emotions are all in a flurry. He knows in his rational mind that Yoongi isn't a danger to him, and yet his instinct are still telling him to get away.

Jimin groans in frustration and pushes everything to the back of his mind, instead focusing on how good he feels after his shower and what they might be having for dinner tonight. Jimin patiently waits for Jungkook or Taehyung to bring him his food, and finds himself looking forward to their company.

An hour passes by though with no sign of them, then two, then another half hour before Jimin sits up in bed, stomach rumbling loudly.

Where are they? Taehyung said they'd be by within an hour or two and it's been longer than that.

Thinking that maybe dinner is taking longer to make than planned, Jimin gets up and starts pacing his room, antsy and jittery. Even though he knows there's nothing inside, Jimin still pulls open each of his dresser drawers, examining the contents in search of something to do. When he fails to find anything inside he goes back to pacing across his floor rug.

When another half hour passes and there's still no sign of Jungkook or Taehyung, Jimin decides he needs to go investigate, wondering if they forgot about him.

Taking a few deep breaths to hype himself up and to calm his heavily thumping heart, Jimin is interrupted by a knock at his door. With a sigh of relief, Jimin's shoulders droop at the release of tension and he calls, "Come in."

He absolutely is not expecting for the door to open and reveal Sunhee, tears coursing down her face and eyes red and swollen. Jimin's stomach drops in horror and he rushes to her, falling to his knees and cupping her face. "Sunhee? What's wrong? Are you hurt?" he asks frantically as more tears spill down her flushed, chubby cheeks and her bottom lip quivers.

She shakes her head and hiccups through her tears. "S-something happened to Woongi oppa but d-" another hiccup, "daddy won't tell me what's wrong. I think he's hurt r-real bad."

Jimin's breath catches in his throat and his body goes cold. Yoongi is hurt? Could he possibly be dying? Will Jimin never get a chance to apologize for his reaction to meeting the alpha the other day?

Taking a deep breath to calm his racing heart, Jimin wipes away some of Sunhee's tears. "Does Jungkook know you're here?"

Sunhee shakes her head and wipes at her runny nose. "Daddy told me to stay in our room but I'm too scared about W-Woon Woon."

Swallowing through his dry throat, Jimin stands up and takes Sunhee's hand. "Can you show me where Yoongi is?"
If Yoongi is about to die, Jimin wants to apologize before he does, or else he'll never forgive himself.

Sunhee nods and together they leave Jimin's room, stepping out into the moonlit night. Sunhee leads him into the shipping containers in their usual path to the main yard, but instead of taking a left towards it, they take a right instead. Jimin's never been this way before so he trusts Sunhee to lead him, really hoping she knows where she's going.

After many twists and turns that Jimin tries to memorize but fails miserably at, they finally take a left and come out into another wide walkway of shipping containers. In front of them, gathered around a rusted red container, are a small group of people standing outside, talking to whom Jimin instantly realizes is Jin.

Sunhee leads Jimin up to them and they join the others, who Jimin recognizes as the other omegas he met this morning.

Ilseong is trying to push through Daejung, who is, strangely, holding him back. "What happened to Yoongi? Is he okay?" Ilseong yells at Jin, his face alight with an expression crossed between worry and anger. "Let us see him!"

Jin holds up his hands in a soothing gesture. "You guys, calm down. Yoongi was just shot in the arm, he's not going to die. He's resting right now, okay? Clear off please so he can have some peace and quiet."

The omegas murmur amongst themselves for a moment before Eunyoung drifts away and Daejung tries to pull Ilseong along after him. Ilseong fights him for a moment, looking like he's about to charge by Jin and barge into the shipping container, but Daejung gives him another rough tug.

"Dude, come on," Daejung pleads. "Yoongi's gonna be fine. Let's come back tomorrow after he's rested, okay?"

Ilseong looks pissed, but he finally, grudgingly, allows Daejung to lead him away. As they pass by Jimin and Sunhee, Ilseong notices him and levels a dark look at Jimin before he and Daejung disappear between the shipping containers. Wondering what that was about, Jimin shrugs and turns back around to see that Jin has noticed them.

"Jimin," he says in surprise, eyebrows raised. "What are you doing here?"

"Uh," Jimin bites his lip, feeling his cheeks heat up. "I heard Yoongi got hurt."

Jin looks at him for a moment, an expression Jimin can't quite read on his face. "Oh, well, like I said, he's fine," the beta hesitates for a moment before continuing. "You could, uh, go in. If you'd like. I don't think Yoongi would mind."

Jimin's eyes widen and he stares at Jin, his heart suddenly picking up a frantic pace in his chest. "Really? I don't want to bother him if he's resting."

"Trust me," Jin says, a twinkle in his eye. "He won't mind."

Sunhee takes a sharp, excited breath, which draws Jin's gaze to her. "And you," he says, reaching down and swinging her into his arms, earning a loud shriek of surprise. "I thought your daddy told you to stay in your room?"

"Please, Jinnie, I wanna see Woon Woon," Sunhee begs him desperately, but he just shakes his head.
"You can see Yoongi tomorrow. Come on, I know Jungkook must be looking for you."

He starts carrying her away, ignoring her wails of protest. Jimin waits until the sound of her cries have faded away before to turns back around to face the faded metal doors of the red shipping container.

Knowing that Yoongi is going to live calms Jimin's nerves a little, but he still feels the need to apologize. He's already come too far to turn back now.

The fact that there's an alpha on the other side of that door, that Jimin's going to be alone with him, in close proximity, has his instincts firing off warning alarms right and left, screaming at him to turn and run while he still has a chance. His heart is beating a fast, terrified rhythm in his chest and his palms begin sweating in fear.

_Yoongi won't hurt me_, he tells himself shakily. _I have nothing to fear from him._

_What if you're wrong?_ His mind replies. _What if when you're alone, without the others, he won't be able to control himself?

Jimin shakes his head roughly to try to dispel the voice. No, Yoongi isn't going to hurt him.

Raising a violently shaking hand before he can talk himself out of it, he knocks quietly on the door, the echoing, metallic rapping setting his already frazzled nerves on edge.

"Come in," a muffled voice calls from within.

Heart leaping into his throat and his stomach twisting so violently that Jimin feels like he's about to throw up, he pulls open the door and steps hesitantly inside.

Immediately, like opening an oven, Jimin is blasted with that spicy, musky alpha scent, a hundred times stronger than Jimin has encountered yet. It surrounds him completely, enveloping him in it's heat and making his senses go absolutely haywire. His head goes woozy and lightheaded for a moment and Jimin feels like he's practically drowning in Yoongi's scent.

Yoongi is lying on his bed when Jimin comes in, but the second he sees the omega, he leaps to his feet. "Jimin!" He exclaims, eyes so wide and shocked they look like they're about to fall out of his head. His mouth is hanging open and he's staring at Jimin like he's grown two heads.

Yoongi's icy blonde hair is messy and tousled, as if he's been running his hands through it, and Jimin thinks he sees a small leaf stuck in the strands. There's a few small cuts on his face and his bottom lip is busted open as well. Yoongi is wearing a loose fitting grey tank top and black sweatpants, and Jimin's eyes catch on his broad shoulders and wiry, toned arms. His left upper arm is wrapped in gauze and Jimin can see some fresh blood staining the bandages.

"W-what are you doing here?" Yoongi asks, looking at Jimin like he's seen a ghost.

Suddenly shy and still a little drunk off Yoongi's overpowering scent, Jimin gazes down at the Persian rug covering the floor of Yoongi's room. "I, um...heard you got hurt."

There's silence for a moment before Yoongi responds, his voice sounding a little strained. "O-oh...yeah. I'm okay though."

Jimin glances up at him again to find Yoongi still staring at him. "What happened?" He asks quietly.
Yoongi visibly swallows before answering. "I got shot when we tried to hit the lab. It wasn't a through and through though and Jin had to dig the bullet out before he could stitch me up."

Jimin's stomach flips and he tries not to picture what Yoongi is describing. Before he can lose his nerve, he blurts out, "I'm sorry!"

Yoongi's eyebrows furrow in confusion. "That I got shot?"

Jimin shakes his head, biting his lip in embarrassment. "For the other day when we, um, met. I'm sorry for running away like that."

Yoongi is silent for another long moment, and Jimin fears he's said something wrong. He opens his mouth to backtrack and say he's sorry again when Yoongi speaks. "Jimin, you have absolutely nothing to apologize for," the alpha says gently, and his eyes have gone all soft and suddenly Jimin feels a huge weight lifted off his shoulders.

Yoongi is alive and he isn't upset with Jimin.

"I'm, um, surprised you're here," Yoongi says awkwardly after a moment.

Feeling very shy all of the sudden, Jimin clasps his hands in front of him and looks down at his feet, face heating up. "I was worried about you."

Jimin's gaze is averted so he misses the way Yoongi's cheeks suddenly turn pink and his eyes widen. The alpha gives a small cough and rubs at the back of his neck and quickly looks away when Jimin glances back up at him.

"I appreciate that," Yoongi finally says, his voice sounding strained.

Jimin nods shyly and scuffs his foot against the rug. "Well, um...I guess I'll let you rest."

Yoongi just continues to stare at Jimin in silence for a long moment until the omega's words seem to register and his gives a start, seeming to snap to attention. "Yeah, right," he says quickly and rubs his neck again. "Thanks for checking up on me."

Jimin nods again and gives Yoongi a small, lame wave before turning and slipping back outside, pulling the doors closed behind him. Immediately, Jimin feels like he can breathe again as he steps out of the container and into the cool night air. He gulps in huge breaths and clutches at his chest, feeling his heart banging wildly against his ribcage.

He did it. He actually did it. He was in close proximity with an alpha, alone, and didn't flip out and run away, no matter how much his instincts were screaming at him to do so.

Yoongi didn't hurt him. Jimin was completely safe and Yoongi didn't hurt him.

With a soft, breathless laugh, he reaches up to touch his hot cheeks. He can't believe it.

Up ahead, he sees Jin approaching, probably to check in on Yoongi, and Jimin heads towards him to ask directions back to his room.

Yoongi stands in the middle of his room, staring at his closed door for a long time after Jimin
Is he dreaming? Did Jimin actually come to see him. Voluntarily? Alone?

Yoongi licks his suddenly dry lips and absently rubs at his chest, where is heart sounds like it's attempting a jail break with how hard its beating. His cheeks are still flushed and pink and he knows he probably still looks like a deer in headlights.

The smell of warm honey and sweet cream lingers like a heavy cloud in Yoongi's room, and he inhales Jimin scent deeply, feeling dizzy and lightheaded with the intensity. His room is going to smell like the omega for days and Yoongi doesn't know if that's a good or bad thing. He's not sure he'll be able to think straight until Jimin's scent fades.

Of course Yoongi knew Jimin was beautiful from the few, brief times he's seen him, but up close he realizes how cute the omega actually is. Those tiny hands clasping in front of him, little thumbs twiddling? His cheeks that are starting to fill out and were stained an adorable pink? Ashy blonde hair falling in soft waves across his forehead? Incredible.

Even over the sound of Jimin's nervously racing heart and the slightly sour tinge of anxiety and fear in his scent, he had still built up the bravery to meet with Yoongi alone.

Yoongi doesn't know exactly what Jimin has been through or his experience with alphas that's made him so afraid, but he knows enough to realize how fucking difficult it must have been for Jimin to come to him.

Yoongi's need to protect has never been triggered so hard before and his hands twitch with the need to follow Jimin outside and wrap him up in a blanket to keep him safe from the world.

He's still standing like a dolt in the middle of the floor when the door opens again and Jin enters, an impish smile on his face that immediately sours Yoongi's mood. "Was that Jimin I just saw leaving your room?" He asks innocently, and Yoongi glares at him.

"Don't play dumb, idiot. I know you're the one who let him in here."

Jin quirks a brow at him. "Are you complaining?"

"No," Yoongi says quickly and with too much force. Jin smirks at him and Yoongi flushes, going to cross his arms broodingly across his chest but wincing when pain shoots through his wounded arm at the movement.

"How's it feeling?" He asks in annoyance, wincing a little as the pills slide slowly and sharply down his throat.

There's a dull throb aching all through Yoongi's left arm but all he says is, "Fine."

Jin rolls his eyes and pulls put a small pill bottle from his pocket. "Such an alpha," he says mockingly, and Yoongi bristles. "Here's some pain meds. Take them," he stares at Yoongi sternly, knowing him too well.

Yoongi grumbles to himself but accepts the pills anyway. Jin doesn't leave it at that though and crosses his arms, tapping his foot impatiently until Yoongi groans and opens the top, popping two pills dry.

"Happy?" He asks in annoyance, wincing a little as the pills slide slowly and sharply down his throat.
"Overjoyed," the beta says sarcastically and Yoongi rolls his eyes.

When Jin doesn't show any sign of leaving after a moment, Yoongi raises a brow. "Anything else?"

A mischievous grin pulls at the doctor's lips and Yoongi groans internally, knowing what's coming. "So...Jimin, huh?"

Yoongi glares at Jin in hatred even as his cheeks heat up in embarrassment. "Shut the fuck up," he growls, hating how his body is betraying him.

"What did you guys do?" Jin asks with a suggestive waggle of his eyebrows.

"Nothing," Yoongi snaps at him, anger surging through him at what Jin is implying. "We just talked. Don't suggest things like that, hyung. He's very vulnerable and scared and you shouldn't tease like that."

Jin looks rightly reprimanded and his smile disappears. "You're right, I'm sorry," he says quietly, shoulders drooping. "I shouldn't joke like that. Jimin has been through a lot and I'm honestly shocked he came to you of his own accord. I wasn't expecting that."

"Neither was I," Yoongi says, once again looking at the door where Jimin disappeared. His sugary scent is still clouding Yoongi's room and clogging his brain, making him feel dizzy and lightheaded.

It's honestly a scent unlike any Yoongi's smelled before and it's how he found Jimin lying unconscious in those woods from a distance of almost two miles. It was so strong and alluring, amplified times a hundred due to Jimin's heat, and he caught it like a beacon when they'd been driving out of the city and followed it through the forest directly to the omega.

Yoongi is just thankful it had been him who'd found Jimin in that state, because he doesn't even want to imagine what would have happened had it been a different alpha.

He’d also been able to detect a hint of jasmine under Jimin’s scent when he’d been standing before him, and he’d noticed he didn’t recognize the clothes the omega had been wearing.

“How come Jimin was wearing Jungkook’s clothes?” He asks a little petulantly.

Jin raises a condescending brow at him. “Because you weren’t here and no one wanted to go in your room without permission.”

Lips in a pout, Yoongi says, “I wouldn’t have minded. I don’t like-” he cuts himself off, blushing brightly.

“Yes," Jin sighs loudly, interrupting him. “He’s getting enough to eat. Yes, he’s settling in nicely. Yes, he seems to be coming out of his shell.”

The tips of Yoongi’s ears burn. Does he really ask the same things so much that Jin already knows what he’s going to say?

“Good,” Yoongi huffs, averting his gaze. “Can I go to sleep now?"

Jin chuckles at Yoongi’s subject change but otherwise doesn’t say anything about it. “Get some
rest,” he tells Yoongi as he heads for the door. “I’ll come check on you before breakfast.”

After Jin leaves, Yoongi pulls back his sheets and climbs stiffly into his bed, wincing as his injured arm gets jostled and pain shoots through his entire limb. After finding a semi-comfortable position, Yoongi reaches over to the switch for the fairylights strung around his walls and flicks them off, casting the room into darkness.

Yoongi tries to sleep, utterly exhausted from his long ordeal, but Jimin’s scent won’t leave him alone. The warm sugaryness of honey and the gentle aroma of sweet cream stirs something in Yoongi.

The alpha part of him.

Scoffing in disbelief, Yoongi nestles further into his bed. He barely knows Jimin and yet his alpha instincts are already reacting to the omega. He knows better than to feel this way about an omega. He lives with so many of them for fuck’s sake, it’ll be a disaster if he develops feelings for one of them. They might not trust him anymore and think he’s using his status as an alpha to take advantage of them when he promised he never would.

Groaning to himself in confused frustration, Yoongi rolls onto his uninjured side and forces himself not to think about Park Jimin until exhaustion finally pulls him into unconsciousness.

Jimin is awake and waiting on his bed when Taehyung comes to him the next morning. He opens the door after knocking and Jimin is a little confused when he doesn’t see the beta carrying any food.

“Hey,” Taehyung says with a smile. “If you want to stay here I’ll come back with some food, but I was wondering of you want to join us all for breakfast again?”

Jimin chews on his lip for a moment while he considers. He has to admit, eating with everyone was kind of nice and was a much needed break from his boring days. He opens his mouth to say yes but Taehyung speaks first.

“Also, I should warn you, Yoongi’s gonna be there,” he says, watching Jimin nervously.

Jimin’s stomach tilts a little at those words but otherwise he’s proud that he doesn’t react much. After last night the thought of seeing Yoongi again doesn’t scare him so much.

He gives a nod of his head and Taehyung’s eyes widen at him. “Really? You’ll come?”

Jimin nods again and stands up from the bed as the beta chuckles breathlessly. “Cool. Come on, hyung’s making omelettes.”

As Jimin follows Taehyung out of his room and along the familiar path to the main yard, he falls into step with the beta and looks up at him. “How come Sunhee isn’t with you?”

Taehyung snorts and a fond smile overtakes his face. “She got a huge glob of toothpaste in her hair while she was brushing her teeth and Jungkook is having to wash it out.”

Jimin giggles to himself, picturing it in his head as he and Taehyung walk together. By the time they’re nearing the main yard, Jimin can hear voices up ahead, and when they step out into the
clearing he sees that there’s more people than yesterday, taking up two of the picnic tables this time.

Jimin can’t help it when his gaze immediately focuses in on Yoongi sitting in between Ilseong and that beta who smells like smoky pine. Yoongi’s head snaps up when he scents Jimin approaching and their eyes meet across the distance.

A surge of heat runs through Jimin and his stomach swoops a little at the intensity of Yoongi’s dark eyes, his gaze burning into Jimin’s as he tracks the omega’s movements. Jimin feels a bit like prey being stared down by a hunter yet he surprisingly finds it doesn’t scare him.

“Jimin-ah!” Calls Jin when he sees him and Taehyung. “I’m glad you could make it.”

Jimin finally tears his gaze away from Yoongi’s and gives Jin a little bow as he stops before the table. There’s a few empty spots left at the table and Jimin sinks into the one directly across from Yoongi, keeping his eyes downturned. Taehyung slips in beside him and turns to introduce Jimin to the other two betas at the table.

“This is Kim Namjoon,” he says, gesturing to the one who smells like smoked pine. Namjoon is the one he saw with Yoongi going over the blueprints a few days ago. The dark haired beta smiles and nods at Jimin, who gives a shy nod back.

“And this is Jung Hoseok,” Taehyung says, motioning to the beta on Namjoon’s other side. Jimin recognizes him as the one who had been finger painting with Yoongi that day Jimin had his freak out.

“Hello, Jimin-ssi,” Hoseok says with a smile. “It’s nice to finally meet you. We’ve heard a lot about you.”

For some reason Yoongi’s eyes narrow and he looks over sharply at Hoseok, but the brunette beta just smiles serenely at Jimin and ignores him.

Jimin doesn’t have the chance to question Yoongi’s look when there’s a shrill scream and everyone looks up to see Sunhee racing towards them as fast as her little legs can carry her, Jungkook following behind.

“Woon Woon!” Sunhee shrieks, and Jimin watches as Yoongi twists around in his seat and reaches down to scoop her into his lap. She cups his cheeks with tiny, chubby hands and starts planting sloppy kisses all over his face. “I was so worried about my lil meow meow,” she says in between kisses, being careful of his injured arm.

Yoongi’s cheeks turn pink and his gaze flicks to Jimin for half a second before he looks away. Yoongi wraps his good arm tightly around Sunhee and hugs her close as she babbles about how much she missed him.

“Thanks, kiddo,” Yoongi says quietly, his cheeks still glowing. “I missed you too.”

As Jimin watches the exchange, a low warmth steadily fills his chest and his heart does something funny. He doesn’t know why the sight of Yoongi with Sunhee makes his tummy all fluttery.

Jimin drops his gaze to the table and tries not to look at them, but he can’t really help himself. The sight is so soft and so contrary of what Jimin has come to associate alphas with.

He thinks, maybe, that Yoongi might be the first alpha he could trust.
Heartsick

Chapter Summary

"In the back of his mind he realizes he's having a panic attack. He hasn't had one since he was a boy, long before he presented, and he's unprepared for the sudden onslaught of crippling panic that seizes his body in a vice-like grip.

It’s awful. God, it's fucking awful, and Yoongi groans in agony, feeling like he’s about to come apart."

Chapter Notes

Thank you so so much to everyone who waited so patiently for this chapter, I'm sorry it took so long.

Jin brings out a plate of omelettes and everyone helps themselves while they chatter amongst each other. Jimin spears a cheese omelette with his fork and tries not to sneak glances at Yoongi, who is now being fed his food by Sunhee.

A few minutes into eating, a disgruntled looking young woman with dark, chin-length hair and sharp cheekbones stumbles into the main yard, blinking blearily in the sunlight. She smells strongly of alpha, a sort of heady ginger scent. This must be Hana, Jimin realizes.

"Why didn’t you wake me up?” Hana grumbles, glaring at Eunyoung as she crosses over to them and sits down heavily beside her mate. Eunyoung smiles softly and passes the alpha an omelette.

“You needed your rest,” she says gently, and Hana’s face softens adorably.

“Jimin-ah,” Taehyung speaks up then. “You haven’t met Hana yet, have you?”

Hana looks over at Jimin for the first time, and he can’t help but feel like he’s being sized up as she looks him up and down with narrowed eyes. His hands twist together nervously and he thinks he sees Yoongi glaring at Hana in his peripheral. Finally, she gives him a smile and Jimin’s shoulders droop in relief.

“Nice to finally meet you, Jimin-ssi,” she says, and Jimin smiles shyly back at her with a small bow.

They all continue eating for a little while longer until Jin finally clears his throat and they all look at him. “So, what exactly happened yesterday?”

It goes silent at his words and everyone looks to Yoongi this time, who sighs and adjusts Sunhee on his lap. “They knew we were coming and were waiting for us.”

“How’d they know?” Ilseong snaps before anyone can say anything, looking at Yoongi with an expression close to anger.
“Security must have tightened up since our hits have gotten more frequent,” Yoongi explains, letting Sunhee play with a thin chain hanging around his neck as he talks. “Also…” the alpha glances at Jimin quickly before looking away, but Jimin catches it and his stomach drops in horrified realization.

“Because of me?” Jimin whispers, feeling sick. “My escape?”

Yoongi almost died because of Jimin?

Ilseong snaps his head around to glare at Jimin, his hands fisting on the table in rage, but Yoongi quickly blurts out, “No!”, and both omegas turn to look at him with wide eyes. “It’s not your fault, Jimin,” Yoongi says, much more gently. “Please don’t blame yourself. They were bound to upgrade their security because of us at some point, whether or not you escaped from one of their facilities.”

Jemin bites his lip and looks down at his plate, missing the way Ilseong crosses his arms and glowers at the table angrily.

“My guess it that security has been improved at all their facilities, and that it was just a matter of them waiting to see which one we’d hit next,” Hana adds over a loud mouthful of omelette that makes Eunyoung’s dainty nose wrinkle.

“We’re going to have to be really fucking careful with missions in the future,” Hoseok says with a sigh. That earns a little gasp from Sunhee, who glares at him from Yoongi’s lap.

“No bad words,” she reprimands sternly, waggling a finger at him, and everyone at the table tries to hide their smiles.

“Sorry,” Hoseok says seriously, pretending to look humbled.

“We’ll just have to be more prepared next time,” Yoongi continues after Sunhee settles back down and rests against his chest, her fat cheek squished against his collarbones. “We can’t be caught off guard like that again.”

There’s a hum of agreement before everyone goes back to eating again, but the mood is a little more subdued than before. Jimin can’t help it when he keeps glancing up at Yoongi and on more than one occasion catches his eye. They both look away, flustered and red-faced, and focus down on their food again.

More than once Jimin feels a gaze boring into him, but it’s not a friendly one. Ilseong is glaring daggers at Jimin when he glances up, sending goosebumps prickling along his skin at the look. Does Ilseong have something against him that he doesn’t know about? He’s never even spoken a word to the other omega.

Jemin tries to ignore the looks Ilseong keeps shooting him until everyone is done with breakfast and they start cleaning up. Yoongi sets Sunhee down on the ground and stands up, and immediately, Ilseong rises as well. Jimin watches as Ilseong offers to clean up Yoongi's plate, but the alpha shakes his head and politely says, "It's okay, don't worry about it."

Jemin cleans up his own mess, watching out of the corner of his eye as Ilseong stalks off, the first to leave the tables. He leaves his dirty plate where it was for them to clean up.

Eunyoung must notice how Jimin stares after Ilseong, because she comes up to him and bumps his shoulder with hers. "Don't let him get to you."
Jimin looks at her with a frown. "Did I do something to make him mad?"

"You're another omega," she says matter-of-factly, but when Jimin stares at her blankly, she continues. "In case you haven't already noticed, Ilseong likes Yoongi. As in, *wants-him-as-a-mate* like."

Something in Jimin's stomach drops and he gulps thickly as Eunyoung keeps talking. "He sees every omega as a threat to him. He was like that with me and Daejung at first, until he realized we weren't gonna go after Yoongi, and he calmed down his territorial omega act a bit." She turns and looks at Jimin closely. "But you are a threat to him, if the way Yoongi has been paying attention to you is any indication."

Jimin feels his cheeks heat up and he looks down at his feet. "It's obvious Yoongi doesn't feel the same way about Ilseong, and he craves the type of attention Yoongi has been showing you, so he must be super pissed right now," Eunyoung tells him.

Jimin twists his hands together in discomfort. What if Yoongi does like Ilseong back, and he's just good at hiding it? And what will Ilseong do to Jimin if he sees him as a threat?

A voice calls Eunyoung's name, interrupting Jimin's racing thoughts, and they both look around to see Hana waving her mate over. The female omega smiles at Jimin and pats his shoulder comfortingly. "Don't worry about Ilseong. He'll get used to you after a while."

Jimin watches her leave to go join Hana, biting his lip unconsciously as worry swirls in his stomach.

He really doesn't want to come between Ilseong and Yoongi. The last thing he wants to do is start drama, and he really doesn't want Ilseong to have a reason to hate him.

Clenching his fists in determination, Jimin decides in that moment to steer clear of both Yoongi and Ilseong. He's not going to cause any drama, even if Yoongi does pique a strange interest in him. He's going to mind his own business and hope the two of them can work things out.

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Slowly, Jimin falls into life with the Chain Breakers.

He starts to come out of his room more and more to join them for meals, becoming increasingly comfortable being around a lot of people. He finds he quite enjoys the company of Eunyoung, who is quiet and gentle, and he usually sits with either her, or Jungkook and Taehyung.

He's started sitting as far away from Yoongi as he can. When the alpha greets him, Jimin gives him a small bow and says a polite hello before going to sit on the opposite end of where Yoongi is.

He can't tell if he's imagining it or not when Yoongi's face falls slightly each time he does this.

After a few days of this, Ilseong seems to bring his weird territorial act down a notch when he notices Jimin actively staying away from Yoongi.

Jimin tries not to let Ilseong's slightly smug smile irk him.
Jimin is making his way to the main yard to get his bandages changed by Jin when he almost collides into someone after he turns a corner a little too fast. Jimin yelps in surprise and starts to lose his balance before a pair of strong hands are steadying him by the shoulders.

A too-familiar spicy musk overpowers him and Jimin freezes, looking up to see Yoongi staring at him in concern. "You okay there?" The alpha asks in worry, his voice deep and rumbly.

In the back of his mind, the last remaining instincts that scream at him to get away from an alpha—a danger—go wild, but Jimin ignores them easily. Yoongi would never hurt him.

Then he realizes Yoongi still has a grip on his shoulders, realizes how close the alpha is, can smell that spiciness coming off him in waves, and Jimin quickly jerks out of his hold. He stumbles back a few steps and crosses his arms in front of him and twists his hands together, effectively closing himself off.

"I'm okay," Jimin says, actively avoiding Yoongi's eyes.

Yoongi's arms drop to his sides and his shoulders seem to droop a little. He looks down at the ground and scuffs the sole of his combat boot against the concrete. "You settling in okay?"

The question is asked so quietly that Jimin almost doesn't hear it. But he does, and he gulps a little. He should get out of here before Ilseong sees them and gets the wrong idea.

"I am," Jimin says, looking up at the beginnings of the sunset above him. "Everyone is really nice."

"That's good," Yoongi says, glancing up at Jimin before looking away. "I'm glad you feel safe here."

Jimin bites his lip and nods. The awkwardness in the air is palpable and suffocating.

After a long moment of silence, Jimin clears his throat and takes a small step to move around Yoongi. "Uh, Jin hyung is waiting for me..."

"Oh, right," Yoongi blinks, moving aside so Jimin can pass by him. "Sorry."

Jimin gives him a small, awkward bow before scuttling past Yoongi and hurrying by the shipping containers until he rounds the corner and is out of the alpha's sight.

As soon as he is, Jimin feels like he can breathe again, and he claps a hands over his chest to calm his racing heart as he walks.

That was a close one. If Ilseong had come across them, it would have been bad news. Breathing a sigh of relief, Jimin pushes down the small swell of disappointment in his chest and continues on his way to the main yard.

It sucks that he has to act this way around Yoongi now, but he really doesn't want to cause any problems with the group's dynamics.

When he arrives in the main yard, Namjoon and Hoseok are sitting at one of the picnic tables, a checkers board laid out between them. They wave at Jimin when they see him and he smiles shyly back.

The lights of the RV are on, so Jimin opens the door and climbs inside. Jin is at the table laying out
his medical supplies, and he looks behind him when the door swings closed. "Jimin-ah," he smiles when he sees the omega. "Just in time. Go ahead and have a seat."

Jimin sits down at the table and allows Jin to unravel the gauze around his head, which he is beginning to grow sick and tired of. Jin tilts Jimin's head forward and dabs at the healing stitches with an alcohol soaked cotton ball, making Jimin hiss in pain at the burn.

"It looks great," the beta says as he finishes up and grabs a fresh roll of gauze. "I think just a few more days until we can stop with the bandages."

Jimin smiles at that as Jin rewraps his head. Finally! He gets to get rid of this annoying gauze that's always slipping down his forehead.

"All done," Jin says as he finishes up. Jimin watches as the doctor begins packing his supplies back into his signature medical bag. "How are things going? Are you settling in okay?"

Jimin nods and Jin glances at him out of the corner of his eye. "How are things going with Yoongi?"

Jimin freezes and he feels his face go pale. "W-what?" He croaks, looking at Jin with wide eyes.

"It just seems like things are weird between you two," the beta shrugs nonchalantly.

Jimin sinks his nails into the palms of his hands. "I'm not sure what you mean by that."

Jin hums to himself but otherwise stays silent, leaving Jimin to fidget in his seat.

"All finished," Jin says, turning back to Jimin. "You're free to go, but if you'd like to stay and help me with dinner, I'd appreciate it."

Jimin is about to decline when he realizes he literally has nothing else to do aside from napping in his room, so he says, "Okay," earning a huge smile from Jin.

"Great!"

Its homemade shepherds pie tonight, so Jin pulls a bag of potatoes out of the kitchen refrigerator and has Jimin set to peeling them at the sink while Jin starts chopping onions. The beta chatters while they work and Jimin listens to him in amusement while he peels the potatoes and drops them in a pot on the stove once he's done.

Soon enough, the smell of sizzling meat and vegetables is filling the RV and making Jimin's stomach rumble loudly.

After the two pies go into the oven to finish cooking, Jin gestures Jimin over to a cabinet above the sink with a finger pressed to his lips. "Don't tell Taehyung these are here," he whispers as he reaches into the cabinet and pulls out a little tin of chocolate covered cherries.

He holds it out to Jimin with a smile, so the omega gingerly picks one out of the container, but Jin makes a tsk sound and holds it closer. "Come on, take a couple, it's okay."

Jimin smiles and takes two more, popping one into his mouth and biting into it. Immediately, gooey cherry and melty chocolate explode in his mouth and Jimin sighs in delight. Jin grins at him and pops a cherry in his own mouth before snapping the lid of the tin on and hiding it back in the pantry.

"Good, right?" Jin grins at Jimin.
Jimin giggles breathlessly and sticks another in his mouth. He goes slower on this one, letting the chocolate melt and coat his tongue, savoring the sweetness before it gives way to tart cherry preserves.

By the time he gets to the third one, chocolate has melted all over his fingers, making a sticky mess everywhere. Jimin sucks off as much as he can before he gives up and rinses his hands under the sink, chewing slowly on the last candy to savor it.

"Those are so good," Jimin says after he regretfully swallows the last of it.

"Hoseok gets them for me when he goes into Greater Seoul sometimes," Jin tells him, peering into the oven to check on the pie. "Taehyung loves them though so I have to hide them from him or he'll eat them all."

They chat while they wait for dinner to finish cooking, and when Jimin mentions that he's kind of bored during the day because he finished the book Jungkook gave him a while ago, Jin disappears into the small bedroom of the RV and comes out a few moments later with a stack of novels in his arms.

"I'm not sure what you liked so I grabbed some of everything," the beta says as he deposits them on the kitchen table. "Namjoon loves to read so when he ran out of space in his room he started storing them in here."

Jimin lifts up the cover of a mystery novel and looks at Jin uncertainly. "He won't mind me reading them?"

"Not at all," Jin assures him warmly. "Namjoon is always happy to share his books."

With a smile, Jimin leaves them on the table to get after dinner and goes to help Jin wash the dishes while the shepherds pie finishes up. Once it's done, Jin pulls them out of the oven and steps outside to ring the bell he has hung above the RV door to announce mealtimes.

Within moments, while Jimin is setting up the tables outside, everyone starts arriving from different directions of the yard. Hoseok gets there first, announcing his arrival with a loud yell of, "I'm starving!" that startles Jimin and almost makes him drop a plate.

Jungkook, Taehyung, and Sunhee arrive soon after and Sunhee waves enthusiastically at Jimin when she sees him. They're joined by the other omegas and Hana, with Namjoon bringing up the rear.

Yoongi is the last to arrive, and Jimin keeps his gaze turned down as he sits in between Taehyung and Jungkook. Ilseong is quick to offer Yoongi a seat next to him that the alpha takes after a long moment. Jimin is sure he feels Yoongi's gaze on him but he is careful to keep his eyes on the table in front of him.

Jin serves dinner and Taehyung is kind enough to scoop a big helping of shepherds pie onto Jimin's plate for him. It turned out really good and Jimin can't help but be a little proud of himself for helping to create it.

While they eat, Sunhee regales them all with the story of how a seagull had swooped down and stolen Taehyung's granola bar right out of his hand earlier today when they'd gone on a walk. This causes everyone to laugh and Taehyung to turn red in embarrassment. "It's not funny!"

Jimin glances up and sees that Yoongi isn't laughing. He's poking at his food with his fork, and while there is a small smile on his face from Sunhee's story, it doesn't quite reach his eyes.
Yoongi happens to look up at that exact moment and his eyes connect with Jimin's. A jolt courses through Jimin's body at the contact, and he suddenly feels frozen, pinned in place by Yoongi's dark, unreadable gaze. A thrill runs up Jimin's spine and he realizes he's holding his breath as he and Yoongi stare at each other. He feels like he's drowning in the inky blackness of Yoongi's eyes.

They hold each other's gaze for what feels like eternity but in reality is only a few seconds, until the strong scent of spoiled milk distracts Jimin, burning at his nose. He finally tears his eyes away from Yoongi to locate the source of the smell, and he finds Ilseong glaring at him from next to Yoongi with such hatred that it sends a shiver running down his spine. The sour milk smell is Ilseong's anger and jealousy rising off him in waves and it makes Jimin's nose wrinkle in disgust at the acrid stench of it.

Jimin rips his gaze away from Ilseong's glower, from the way his top lip is curling back in a silent snarl and his hands are fisted on the table so hard that his knuckles are turning white, and stares down at his half eaten helping of shepherds pie. He suddenly doesn't feel so hungry anymore.

“So, we’re heading into the city tomorrow to restock on some supplies,” Yoongi says a few moments later, and Jimin looks back up at him curiously. “Jin needs a few medical supplies and we need more bullets.”

“Can I come?” Ilseong asks immediately, but Yoongi shakes his head firmly with a frown.

“We don’t take omegas to the city, Ilseong, you know that. It’s not safe for you.”

Ilseong juts out his bottom lip in an ugly pout and Jimin refrains from rolling his eyes.

“Hana will be staying here so you guys have an alpha here with you,” Yoongi continues after pausing to take a small bite of food. “Just Jin, Namjoon, and I will be going.”

Jimin doesn’t know why the hell Ilseong would want to go into the city. He shivers at the very thought of going back there. Either Ilseong is really stupid, or just really desperate to spend time with Yoongi. Jimin guesses it's probably a bit of both.

They finish up dinner and Jimin goes to help clean up, but Jin waves him away, telling him since he helped with dinner already that Jimin doesn't need to clean up. Not wanting to stay any longer than necessary, in case Yoongi tries to talk to him again, Jimin leaves the others to finish cleaning up and wanders away back to his room.

He’d just gotten to his quarters and is about to open the doors when the scent of spoiled milk hits him. Jimin turns to see Ilseong stepping out from behind his shipping container, arms crossed and eyes narrowed at Jimin as he stalks up to the other omega.

“Ilseong-ssi?” Jimin asks in confusion when he sees him.

“Let’s get one thing straight here,” Ilseong begins without preamble, moving in close towards Jimin, who steps back to try to get away from his sharp smell but ends up hitting his back against the door.

“W-what are you talking about?” Jimin gulps, not liking the mean way Ilseong is eyeing him from under his limp bangs.

Ilseong uncrosses his arms and he points sharply at Jimin’s chest with a finger, lip curling over his teeth in a silent snarl. “Stay away from Yoongi,” he growls lowly. “He and I are a thing and I won’t have some little omega tramp coming in and trying to steal him. Got it?”
Jimin’s eyes widen in shock at his words. “What? N-no, I’m not trying to do that, I swear!”

Ilseong’s sour milk scent is so sharp and unpleasant that it burns Jimin’s eyes as the other omega leans in so close they’re almost nose to nose. “Just stay away from Yoongi,” he whispers viciously, and Jimin feels a shiver run up his spine. “Or else you’re going to regret it.”

Then just like that, Ilseong pulls back and stalks away, leaving a shocked and confused Jimin cowering against his door.

What the hell just happened?

Yoongi wakes up early the next morning to pack up the truck with supplies before they head into Greater Seoul. Namjoon joins him about half an hour after Yoongi gets up, yawning and rubbing sleep out of his eyes, and helps him finish getting everything ready.

Jin appears just in time to leave, carrying one of those old fashioned wicker picnic baskets with the lunch he packed them for today, since getting food in the city is so expensive and none of them want to shell out the money for it. Jin doesn’t let Yoongi do anything more though until he cleans and changes the bandages on Yoongi’s arm, which the alpha finally allows with an annoyed sigh. The alcohol burns like hell but Yoongi is able to keep a straight face because he knows Namjoon would tease him if he didn’t.

They’ve all just piled into the beat up old pickup truck when Jungkook, Sunhee, and Jimin arrive in the main yard. Immediately, Jimin’s intoxicating honey and cream scent wafts over to Yoongi and he whips his head around to track his arrival, zeroing in on Jimin’s face, which is turned to the ground.

“We came to say goodbye,” Jungkook announces as the three of them stop before the truck.
“Sunhee wants to give you guys good luck stickers.”

Yoongi can’t seem to tear his eyes away from Jimin, even though the omega is carefully not meeting them and gazing down at his feet instead. Sunhee runs up to the truck and they each hold their arms out so she can take turns sticking little sparkly pink unicorn stickers onto the backs of each of their hands, followed by a wet kiss on top of the sticker that has Yoongi’s heart melting.

“Bye bye, Woon Woon,” Sunhee says, waving at him with her little hand after they shut the car doors.

“See ya later, kiddo,” Yoongi smiles down at her as he turns the key in the ignition. He glances over at Jimin one more time and is startled to find the omega already looking at him, but the second their eyes meet, sending tingles through Yoongi’s stomach, Jimin sharply looks away again.

Yoongi tries to ignore the hurt and confusion that fills him. Did he do something wrong? Why has Jimin been acting so cold towards him lately? He thought they were finally getting somewhere after that night Jimin came to see him, but now the omega is avoiding him at all costs and Yoongi doesn’t understand what he could have done.

“Hyung, you’re staring,” Namjoon whispers to him, the sound thankfully drowned out by the rumble of the engine so no one else can hear. Yoongi startles and finally tears his gaze away from Jimin, cheeks turning pink. He puts the truck into drive and slowly maneuvers out of the main yard as Jin and Namjoon wave goodbye to Sunhee.
It takes a good ten minutes of driving just to get out of the monstrously huge shipping yard, but once they’re out, Yoongi turns onto the dusty old road that eventually leads into the city.

It's silent for a little while as he drives until Jin leans around Namjoon, who is in the middle seat, and looks at Yoongi. "You want to talk about it?"

Yoongi's grip tightens on the worn steering wheel. "Talk about what?"

Jin readjusts his medical bag in his lap. "Jimin."

Jaw clenching, Yoongi keeps his eyes on the road in front of him. "Don't know what you mean," he says gruffly.

Out of the corner of his eye, he sees Jin and Namjoon exchange a look. "Do you have any idea why Jimin is acting so weird around you?" Namjoon asks tentatively, but Yoongi throws them both a sharp look that shuts them up.

"I don't want to talk about it, okay?"

It's silent after that, too silent, so Yoongi turns on the old, crackly radio onto an ancient blues channel. It's not exactly his type of music, but it's better than the deafening silence or Jin and Namjoon asking invasive questions.

They drive along the same abandoned road for over an hour until they start seeing signs of life here and there as they get closer to the city. An old, run down gas station on the side of the road with a man smoking out front, a few dirty little tents sheltering a band of homeless, a road sign announcing twenty miles to Greater Seoul that's been spray painted with a skull and crossbones. Every so often they pass broken down vehicles, rusted red and windows broken in, on the shoulder of the road. Once they pass a dead feral dog on the road, being picked at by a flock of huge, hungry vultures, and Yoongi has to steer the truck around them since the vultures showed no signs of moving for the oncoming vehicle.

For most of the drive, the only scenery is the ocean to the left of them, and rolling, flat plains of grass to the right, but the closer they get to the city and the further from the sea, the more trees there are, until they become dense and thick on all sides, and Yoongi swears he sees someone running through the foliage next to the car at one point, but when he does a doubletake, he doesn’t see anything.

Soon, the trees thin out a little and the skyline of Greater Seoul comes into view ahead of them. They start passing small, neatly kept farm houses that grow bigger and more grand the closer they get to the city. Roads from all different directions merge onto the main highway and now Yoongi is driving along other cars headed into the city, and he can’t help but wonder where they all came from.

Towering skyscrapers and gleaming white high rises greet them as Yoongi follows the other cars into the city. Greater Seoul is closely maintained and impeccably clean, all pristine store fronts and architecturally beautiful buildings. So different from the outside world. There are finely dressed people out and about, window shopping and drinking expensive coffee as they go about their day. All betas and alphas, Yoongi knows without even smelling them. The people who can afford to live in the city are sheltered and spoiled, living their days in blissful ignorance. They have no idea what it's like out there in the real world. Watching them, Yoongi’s grip tightens angrily on the wheel and he has to focus on the street in front of him instead.

Finding parking is a bitch, but they eventually find a spot along the street outside a pizza joint. The first thing Yoongi sees when he steps out of the truck is a holographic billboard rising between two
apartment buildings in front of him.

*Please report any suspected omega activity to your nearest law keeper.*

Flashes on the screen a few times before a generic picture of some meek looking male omega pops up, followed by;

*Do your part to keep the rest of the omega population safe. If you know of an omega who needs help, please contact this number;*

Yoongi turns away as a phone number flashes on the screen, feeling his stomach bubble with rage. “‘Keep the omega population safe’ my ass,” Yoongi growls to himself as he rounds the truck to join Jin and Namjoon.

He knows exactly how the government “keeps them safe”. By poking and prodding and slicing open and cutting up and stitching closed and all sorts of sick and twisted things doctors do to omegas in the name of “science” and trying to figure out a solution to the dwindling omega population.

This is exactly why Yoongi strictly forbids any of his omegas from accompanying him to the city. If anyone even got so much as a whiff of them, it would be game over.

“You okay?” Jin asks when he notices the stiff look on Yoongi’s face.

Yoongi shrugs and kicks at the curb of the sidewalk. “I hate coming here and being around these sick fucks. Half of them want to capture all omegas and experiment of them, and the other half are ignorant of what goes on in the real world.”

“Tell me about it,” Namjoon says darkly, staring warily around at the people walking by them on the sidewalk. “The biggest worry for most of these people is what sale their favorite store might be having.”

“And then there’s those alphas who go around looking for stray omegas to kidnap and use for breeding.” Jin continues, looking worn. “Then they fight amongst each other cause there’s only one to go around.”

Feeling a little sick to his stomach, Yoongi shakes those dark thoughts from his head and steps onto the sidewalk. "Come on, let's get what we need so we can leave this place."

They decide to split up so they can get things done faster and meet back at the truck when they're finished. While Jin heads off to a medical supply store a few streets down, Yoongi and Namjoon make their way to the general store.

They keep their heads down while they walk, and when they pass by two officers writing out a parking ticket on the side of the road, they pick up their pace a little. While they always hide their faces when they hit up a lab to free omegas, usually with camouflage paint and sometimes with bandanas covering their noses and mouths, there's still always the risk that they might be recognized in the city and arrested for their numerous crimes.
Yoongi doesn't even want to know what the law keeper would do to "criminals" like them.

They parked further from the general store than Yoongi thought, but after a while they finally arrive and head inside. Its big and clean and contains all sorts of items from fresh fruit to paper towels.

"I'll get the groceries," Namjoon tells Yoongi, who nods and heads to the front counter while Namjoon sets about getting the food on their shopping list.

Behind the clerk at the counter is a locked glass display case of a variety of different shotguns and handguns, as well as all the bullets that go with them.

"What can I help you with?" The man asks Yoongi, who pulls out a list from his pocket and hands it to the clerk. The man throws a weird glance at Yoongi's hand, where Sunhee's unicorn sticker is still pasted, and Yoongi blushes a little but doesn't remove it.

"I need two boxes of each," Yoongi says, and the man glances back up at him suspiciously, since the list of all the bullet he needs is extensive. "My brothers and I hunt a lot of game," Yoongi says in explanation, giving the clerk what he hopes it a sheepish grin.

The man watches him for a moment longer before he just grunts and turns around to unlock the display case. Yoongi leans against the counter and idly watches Namjoon browsing the vegetables on the other side of the store.

"Here you go," the man says, setting all the boxes of bullet on the counter in front of Yoongi. "Anything else I can get you?"

Looking around, Yoongi spots a little spinning display of different flavored lollipops next to the register, and he finds himself wondering if Jimin likes lollipops. Before he can stop himself, he grabs the first one he sees, a peaches and cream flavor, and sets it on the counter next to the bullets.

"This too."

The man rings him up and Yoongi reluctantly hands over the money. All the Chain Breakers' funds are pooled together and they don't exactly have much between them. Sometimes, when their funds get really low, they have to resort to pickpocketing, which Yoongi hates doing, but it's not exactly like they have a steady source of income.

Yoongi finishes paying and the man bags up his stuff, but Namjoon is still shopping so he goes to help. After grabbing a package of toilet paper, some dish soap, and a few boxes of pasta, they finish up and pay.

Arms loaded with plastic shopping bags, Yoongi and Namjoon start walking back to the truck, hoping that Jin is finished with his shopping by now. Once again, they keep their faces casually downturned, just enough to not call attention to themselves but not enough to look suspicious.

As they walk, Yoongi happens to look up at another billboard up ahead and freezes when he sees Jimin's holographic picture displayed on the screen. The photo is from the shoulders up and Jimin looks bedraggled and worn, dark circles under his eyes and gaunt cheeks on display.

Reward offered for any information or safe return of missing omega.
Please call the number below if found;
"Shit," Namjoon mutters, having noticed what Yoongi is looking at.

A sick, uneasy feeling settling in his stomach, Yoongi adjusts his grip on the shopping bags, wincing a little when they tug on his injured arm. "Come on, let’s get the hell out of here."

When they arrive back at the truck, Jin is already waiting for them, his medical bag in one hand and a shopping bag in the other. "Did you get my onions?" Is the first thing the beta says when he sees them, and Namjoon rolls his eyes.

"Yes, your highness."

After they load all their stuff in the truck, Jin pulls out the picnic basket and they sit down at a public bench across the street from their truck. Jin passes out the roast beef sandwiches and juice pouches he packed them all for lunch, and they talk idly while they eat.

Yoongi peers into the window of the clothing store in front of them and spots a grey cashmere sweater on a display mannequin. It looks warm and soft to the touch, and Yoongi can’t help but think it would look beautiful on Jimin. He just wishes he could afford it.

Realizing what he’s thinking, Yoongi quickly shakes the thought from his head. He shouldn’t be doing this. Jimin wants nothing to do with him, and besides, he shouldn’t be showing any of the omegas special attention over the others. It's not fair and might cause problems between them.

With a sigh, Yoongi goes back to eating, listening in on Jin rudely snarking to Namjoon about some lady’s skirt he just saw when she walked by them a moment ago.

The sun is shining and the day is warm, but a cool breeze keeps Yoongi from overheating. He wishes it were safe for omegas in the city, because he knows all the omegas at home would love it here. He feels bad that they’re cooped up at the shipping yard 24/7, even though it’s for their own safety.

A thought strikes him then, and Yoongi sits up straighter on the bench. "Hey, I have an idea," he says, and Jin and Namjoon pause in talking to look at him curiously. "Why don't we plan a trip to that beach? You know the one that's right by the shipping yard?"

Jin looks at him in confusion. "The beach?"

"Yeah," Yoongi nods excitedly. "It would be a great way to get the omegas out to do something without there being any danger of them getting caught."

Jin chews on his bottom lip in thought. "That could work."

"I think that's a good idea," Namjoon says, a slow smile spreading on his face. "It would be really good for them to get out."

Yoongi nods in agreement and they both look at Jin. Finally, he smiles and nods as well. "I don't see the harm in it. It'll be fun."

Yoongi grins and leans back in his seat, finishing off the last bite of his sandwich. He can't wait to go home and tell the omegas the news.

Once they're finished eating, they pile back into the truck to begin the long drive back home. Getting out of the city is just a slow as getting in, but eventually they make it out and begin down the highway that'll take them back to the shipping yard.
Yoongi turns on the radio again and rolls down the windows, ignoring Jin's protests about the wind. They pass the same landmarks that they saw before, and once again Yoongi drives around the vultures that are still picking at the remains of the dead dog in the road.

The drive home seems to go much faster and before they know it, they can see the shipping yard built over the ocean in the distance.

When they park back in the main yard next to the other cars, most everyone is waiting there to greet them. Jimin is sitting by himself at one of the picnic tables while the others are standing in excitement as Yoongi, Jin, and Namjoon get out of the truck.

"How did it go?" Hana asks, leaning against one of the other cars.

"Uneventful," Yoongi says as he helps get the bags out of the truck. "How about here?"

"Uneventful," she smiles back impishly.

Ilseong rushes forward to try to help Yoongi with the bags but kind of just ends up getting in the way, and Yoongi has to push down the little swell of annoyance he feels. He knows Ilseong is just trying to help but sometimes the omega can be too eager.

"Did you have fun?" Ilseong asks Yoongi with a flutter of his lashes.

Yoongi shrugs and pushes the driver's side door closed once he has the last of the bags. "Define fun."

Sunhee races up before Ilseong can reply and hugs Yoongi's legs. "You still have it!" She exclaims, taking ahold of Yoongi's hand and rubbing over the unicorn sticker.

Yoongi doesn't notice the scowl Ilseong throws Sunhee as the alpha sets down the bags and ruffles her soft black hair. "Of course I do, kiddo," he says, and Sunhee giggles happily.

Jimin and Eunyoung come up to help carry the groceries in while Ilseong takes the plastic bags he already has into the RV. Yoongi tries to make eye contact with Jimin as the omega takes some of the bags, his sweet cream and honey scent washing over Yoongi and making him have to bite back a sigh. Jimin’s bandages are slipping low on his forehead and Yoongi has the urge to reach out and gently re-adjust them.

"Hello, Jimin," Yoongi says quietly. Jimin glances up at him for half a second before he looks back down at his feet again.

"Hello."

Yoongi bites his lip and tries to think of something to say to break the awkwardness between them. “How, um...was your day?”

Jimin’s eyes flash back up to Yoongi’s face, a small pouty frown on his pretty lips. “It was fine.”

*God, why is this so difficult?* Yoongi groans to himself as he feels his cheeks heat up in both frustrations and embarrassment. He needs to say something, anything, to get Jimin to talk to him.

Taking a deep breath, Yoongi tries to catch Jimin’s eye. “Listen, so, um—”

Yoongi is interrupted by Ilseong coming back, and immediately Jimin scurries away, throwing a quick, odd glance at the other omega that makes Yoongi frown in confusion.
“Anything else I can help you with?” Ilseong asks him once Jimin disappears inside the RV.

Yoongi wants to ask him what that was about but he has a feeling he won’t get a straight answer out of Ilseong. He knows Ilseong has a habit of being weird and territorial with other omegas, the reason of which Yoongi still hasn’t figured out yet, and he hopes Ilseong’s not being mean to Jimin. He figures Ilseong just might need a little time to get used to Jimin before he cools down.

“No, thank you, though,” Yoongi tells Ilseong as he picks his bags back up off the ground. Sunhee, who’d been silently watching his exchange with Jimin, makes grabby hands to help, so Yoongi gives her the lightest bag to carry. The weight of the groceries tugs on his injured arm and Yoongi winces a little in pain.

Not waiting to hear Ilseong’s response, Yoongi walks off towards the RV with Sunhee toddling after him. He doesn’t know why, but he’s a little irritated with Ilseong. Jimin has been through enough shit without another omega being mean and territorial towards him.

He gets to the RV right as Jimin is coming back out, but as soon as the omega sees him, he veers off to avoid Yoongi and practically power walks away. Yoongi pushes back the sinking feeling in his stomach and climbs up the steps into the RV, pausing to make sure Sunhee makes it up as well without falling.

Yoongi sets the groceries with the others on the small kitchen table and watches in amusement as Sunhee follows suit, struggling to reach high enough to slide her bag onto the table. Jin is at the sink washing the tomatoes they bought today for dinner, and while he’s distracted, with the sound of the faucet running, Sunhee tugs on the hem of Yoongi’s shirt to get his attention. Yoongi bends down so he’s closer to her level to listen to what she has to say.

“Is Jiminie okay?” Sunhee whispers, her little eyebrows furrowed in concern as she peers up at Yoongi.

Yoongi’s eyes widen and his stomach flips at her words, caught off guard. He catches himself quickly though and clears his throat, which suddenly feels very dry. “Uh, why do you ask that? Is something the matter with Jimin?” He murmurs back to her.

Sunhee’s rosebud lips pucker as she thinks, face going all serious in contemplation. “Jiminie seems sadder than usual.”

It’s like a fast but sharp punch to the gut, and Yoongi sucks in a quick breath. If even Sunhee has noticed Jimin’s change in personality, it can’t be all in his head, right? Yoongi wasn’t sure this whole time whether or not he’s been imagining it, but now he knows.

Pulling a tight, forced smile that he’s pretty positive Sunhee sees right through, Yoongi straightens up and ruffles her downy-soft hair. “Don’t you worry about that, okay, kiddo?”

Sunhee studies him with an unreadable expression for a long moment before she finally nods and leaves to go see Jin at the sink.

Yoongi stands staring down at the grocery bags on the table, unable to shake the feeling that he somehow has something to do with Jimin’s odd behavior.
A week later and Jimin is still avoiding Yoongi like the plague, is acting subdued and quiet, and seems generally unhappy, and Yoongi feels like absolute shit. He truly doesn't know what he did to upset Jimin, and the possibilities are eating him alive.

Did he make his interest too obvious? Did he go too far by giving Jimin his clothes to wear? Perhaps it came off as too much alpha territoriality and scared Jimin off. Or could it be that Jimin doesn't feel safe around Yoongi because he is an alpha?

It's that thought more than any of the others that has Yoongi's heart twisting in pain. The one thing he wants all the omegas to feel around him is safe, and the fact that Jimin could still be afraid of him, could not trust Yoongi to not harm him, makes him sick to his very stomach.

He's never violated or harmed an omega in his life and the fact that Jimin might be afraid of him doing anything fills Yoongi with a horrible nausea that brings bile rising in his throat and sets his skin crawling in horror.

He really thought Jimin had begun to overcome his fear of alphas and was beginning to trust Yoongi. He wonders what he did to tip the scale and make Jimin start fearing him again.

For a full day after this realization, that Jimin doesn't trust him and may very well be in fear for his safety around him, Yoongi locks himself in his room and refuses to come out. Jin and Namjoon come by and try knocking on his door once he doesn't show up for breakfast. They try to ask him what's wrong through the door, if he's okay or if he's sick, but they get no answer. Hoseok joins them sometime midday and they all try to convince him to come out, but Yoongi just ignores them. He just stares up at the ceiling of his shipping container and tries not to let the suffocating feeling of guilt swallow him alive.

He feels like he's failed in his mission to make his omegas feel protected. The very fact that Jimin must think of him like all the other alphas he must have encountered in his life, the alphas who have turned him into his skittish, suspicious, and timid self, makes Yoongi curl up into the fetal position and shove his pillow over his head to try to block out the world.

Anxiety wells in the pit of his stomach and unfurls like some sadistic flower that slowly pushes up into his chest, expanding and expanding until it feels like he's about to burst at the seams. His heart starts beating a mile a minute and he finds himself sucking in sharp breaths, suddenly suffocated.

In the back of his mind he realizes he's having a panic attack. He hasn't had one since he was a boy, long before he presented, and he's unprepared for the sudden onslaught of crippling panic that seizes his body in a vice-like grip.

It's awful. God, it's fucking awful, and Yoongi groans in agony, feeling like he's about to come apart.

Yoongi doesn't know how long he's been suffering like this, just trying to keep his head above water, when there's more loud banging at his door.

"Goddammit, Min Yoongi, open this door right now!" Comes Jin pissed off voice from outside once again.

Sucking in a sharp breath, Yoongi rolls off his bed and shakily staggers towards the door, suddenly realizing Jin might be able to help him. He unlocks his door and throws it open, and the angry reprimand on Jin's tongue dies the second he takes in Yoongi's appearance.

"What's wrong?" Jin demands immediately, reaching out to feel Yoongi's sweaty forehead.
"Yoongi what's going on?"

Yoongi opens his mouth but all that comes out is a strangled gasp. The anxiety becomes too much, and he doubles over and curls in on himself, wrapping his arms around his seizing stomach and failing to calm down his ragged, rapid breathing. "J-Jim-" he tries again but his voice gets choked off while tears sting behind his eyes.

"You're having a panic attack," Jin discerns immediately, his sharp eyes instantly figuring out what's wrong. "Shit. Okay, hold tight, I'll be right back."

Then Jin is gone, racing away and leaving Yoongi to clutch desperately at his chest, trying to claw the bubbling, roiling sickness out of his ribcage. Yoongi sinks to the floor in front of his open door and draws his knees to his chest. He buries his face in his arms and tries to keep himself together until Jin gets back.

Even though it's only a few minutes, it feels like hours by the time Jin comes back, running up to Yoongi with his medical bag. Jin practically nosedives into his room in his hurry and reaches down to pull Yoongi up off the floor.

"Okay, come on," the beta says as he kicks Yoongi's door closed behind them and leads him over to sit him on the bed.

He opens his medical bag and pulls out a syringe filled with clear liquid, taking Yoongi's uninjured arm in his grip and uncapping the long needle. Yoongi lets out a hiss of pain when Jin plunges it straight into the meat of his upper arm.

"A mild sedative," Jin says in explanation as he quickly pushes down on the plunger and injects the serum into Yoongi's bloodstream.

Almost immediately, a calming haziness begins filling him, starting from the needle point in his arm and quickly spreading through his body. When it reaches his heart, Yoongi lets out a gasp of relief as it instantly starts beating slower, the frantic pounding dying down to a slow, rhythmic thumping. The sick tension in his stomach eases, releases its suffocating grip on his insides, and Yoongi's body droops in limp relaxation.

He doesn't even feel when Jin pulls the needle out because he's feeling so loose and calm and, frankly, exhausted. The beta waits a few moments for Yoongi to come back to himself before he crosses his arms and glares at him.

"You want to tell me what the hell that was about?"

His tongue feels a little fuzzy and heavy in his mouth, so when Yoongi mumbles, "It was nothing," it comes out slightly slurred.

Jin stares at Yoongi in disbelief. "It was 'nothing'? Are you serious right now?" He demands, but Yoongi stays silent and stares down at his hands. "What the hell just happened, Yoongi?"

Yoongi's eyelids are heavy with exhaustion as he gives a noncommittal shrug. Jin pinches the bridge of his nose and squeezes his eyes shut. "You just had a full blown panic attack you and you're not going to tell me why?" Yoongi gives a shake of his head and Jin literally growls in frustration.

"You're so damn infuriating, you know that, right?"

Yoongi gives Jin an apologetic look. "I just...don't want to talk about it, okay?"

Jin glares at him for a long, tense moment, but he finally gives a loud groan and throws his hands
up in surrender. "Fine, goddammit," he says in annoyance as he stands from the bed and puts the used syringe back in his bag. He pulls out a small white pill bottle from it as well and hands it to Yoongi. "Maybe someday you'll feel like telling me, but until then, if you start to have an attack again, take two of these, okay?"

Yoongi takes the bottle and nods gratefully at the beta. "Sorry to trouble you."

Jin rolls his eyes and walks back to the door. "Just get some sleep, alright?"

Yoongi nods quickly and waits until Jin has closed the door behind him before he rises on slightly shaky legs to sluggishly change into his pajamas. Fatigue is creeping over him and he can barely keep his eyes open from a combination of exhaustion from the anxiety attack and the calming effects of the sedative.

Yoongi clicks off his fairy lights and climbs under his covers, pulling them up close around his face and wincing in pain when he accidentally puts weight on his injured arm.

For the first time in days, Yoongi is able to put the thought of Jimin out of his mind and lets blessed sleep pull him under.

Having sort of come to terms with his situation and calming himself down as much as possible, now Yoongi can't decide if he should give Jimin his space, or if he should keep trying to talk to him. He really wants to show Jimin that he doesn't need to be afraid of him, but he also doesn't want to push the omega and scare him even more.

Yoongi sees Jimin at each meal time, sitting with Taehyung or Eunyoung, but like always, he carefully avoids Yoongi's gaze or sitting anywhere near him. It feels like a little stab to Yoongi's heart every time this happens and he tries not to let the pain show on his face.

What is happening to him? Why is he so invested in Jimin? Surely it can't be anything more than Yoongi wanting Jimin to feel safe and happy in his environment, and yet he can't help but feel like it's something more than that.

From the very first moment he saw Jimin, delirious in the middle of his heat, trying to crawl away from him on the forest floor, Yoongi had felt something. Something more than what he'd felt for any of the other omegas. It was like a tugging under his ribcage, a soft tickling in his stomach, very faint and barely there. He hadn't been able to place it at the time, all he knew was he had to protect this broken, helpless omega at all costs.

Now Yoongi thinks maybe it is something more. He thinks about the omega all the time, worries about him constantly. His intoxicating scent effects Yoongi in ways none of the other omegas' do.

Despite all he’s been through, Jimin still somehow manages to remain kind and considerate to others. He’s sweet and quiet and timid, has the cutest hands Yoongi’s ever seen, and looks really damn perfect in Yoongi’s clothes. Wearing his scent.

Yoongi doesn't know where he went wrong with Jimin. He tries to wrack his brain for anything he could have done to upset the omega. Try as he might, though, he keeps coming up blank. He wants to ask Jin what he thinks might be going on, but he really doesn't want to open that can of worms right now.
It's on one of these days, while Yoongi is still debating what to do, that he heads into the main yard in search of Jin to finally start planning the beach outing, where he happens upon Jimin hanging some clothes to dry on the clothesline strung up between the RV and the shipping yard office.

Jimin freezes in the middle of clipping one of Hoseok's shirts to the clothesline when he sees Yoongi. Immediately, Yoongi notices that Jimin has finally got the bandages wrapped around his head taken off. His ash blonde hair falls in gentle waves across his forehead, and it looks so soft that Yoongi resists the urge to reach out and touch it.

"Good morning, Jimin," Yoongi says, deciding in that moment to try the route of getting Jimin to like him again. "I see you got your bandages off."

Jimin gulps nervously and reaches up to touch his bangs. "Yeah," he says quietly, looking like he's a second away from making a break for it.

Trying not to let that hurt him, Yoongi takes in Jimin's appearance. With a steady diet of Jin's cooking, the omega has started to put some much needed weight back on. His cheeks, once hollow and gaunt, have started filling out and fattening up. Even with Jungkook's loose purple shirt and sweatpants hiding most of his frame, Yoongi can tell Jimin is starting to gain more fat in other areas too. Instead of the clothes hanging off his body like an emaciated skeleton, the folds of the fabric are gently molding to his soft, growing curves.

Jimin's skin, once pale and sallow from malnutrition and lack of sunlight, has taken on a more healthy color. He seems to be glowing from within, a healthy pink flush seemingly ever present on his cheeks and the tips of his ears. Even his hair, once limp and lifeless, has taken on a bright, gleaming sheen that glows even more under the midday sun.

His sweet cream and warm honey scent washes over Yoongi, a heavenly smell even though it's tinged with a little sour nervousness. Feeling his heart twist painfully, Yoongi tries to make himself as non threatening as possible. He opens up his body language and makes himself smaller, and he starts giving off the alpha pheromone that is known to make omegas feel calm and safe. He hasn't had to do it in such a long time, not since Eunyoung, when she was scared and skittish at first and needed extra help.

He watches as Jimin blinks a few times when Yoongi's scent reaches him. Yoongi really hopes he's not imagining the way Jimin's shoulders seem to relax just a touch.

"I was just coming to find Jin hyung," Yoongi breaks the odd silence that's fallen over them. He smiles at Jimin and excitedly says, "We're planning a trip to the beach for everyone soon."

Jimin's eyes seem to light up and his mouth falls open a little in awe. "Really?" Yoongi nods and Jimin smiles softly. "I've never been to the beach."

Yoongi's stomach flutters at the gentleness of Jimin's words. "You'll love it. There's a small beach right nearby that'll be perfect."

Jimin continues to smile softly as he fiddles with a button on Hoseok's shirt he's still holding. Heart racing, because now might be the only chance he gets to express himself genuinely to Jimin, Yoongi takes a step closer to him. "Jimin, listen--"

But Jimin sucks in a sharp breath and stumbles away from him when he gets too close. "I-I'm sorry, I have to go."

He drops Hoseok's shirt back in the laundry basket of damp clothes next to him, and before Yoongi
can say another word, Jimin is all but running out of the main yard.

Yoongi stands and stares after him, a pitiful, sinking feeling of disappointment in his stomach. His heart constricts painfully and Yoongi rubs at his chest, feeling defeated and miserable.

He wonders if trying to get Jimin to feel safe with him, let alone to like him, is a lost cause. The thought hurts like a bitch and Yoongi wishes he weren't so fucking sensitive. Then maybe this wouldn't all be so painful.

When Yoongi’s eyes begin stinging, he rubs at them viciously, cursing what he knows must be allergies. Spotting the abandoned laundry basket on the concrete next to the clothesline where Jimin left it, Yoongi picks up Hoseok's fallen shirt and uses some clothespins to clip it to the line. He doesn't want Jimin to get in trouble with Jin for not finishing his work.

Yoongi works methodically, ignoring the way his injured arm sometimes stings painfully at his movements, the task giving him something to keep his focus on. He pins all the freshly washed laundry up for the sun to dry them, snickering to himself when he comes across one of Hana's pink and white polka dot bras. He'll definitely be teasing her about that later.

It's been a little while and Yoongi is just about finished when Jin clambers out of the RV and walks around to find Yoongi doing the laundry. His eyes widen in surprise when he sees the alpha. "What are you doing here? Where's Jimin?"

Yoongi shrugs and finishes pinning up the last article of clothing. "He said he had to go."

Jin looks a little incredulous. "So you decided to finish his chores for him?"

Cheeks heating up, Yoongi shrugs again and scuffs his boot across the ground. "It wasn't a big deal," he mutters.

Jin crosses his arms and juts out a hip, pinning Yoongi with a look that has him squirming uncomfortably. "What's going on with you and Jimin, Yoongi?"

Yoongi's stomach flips and he carefully avoids the beta's gaze. "What do you mean?"

Jin sighs in exasperation and glares at Yoongi. "I mean, the two of you have both been acting super weird around each other and I want to know why."

"I just-" Yoongi begins but quickly stops himself in frustration. "I don't know, okay? I think he's still scared of me."

Jin frowns at him in confusion. "What? But I thought you two were finally starting to make progress?"

Yoongi sighs long and loud, running a hand through his light blond hair. "I thought we were too, but now I don't think so."

A look of concern crosses Jin face as he drops his arms back to his sides. "Well, do you have any idea what could be wrong?" Yoongi shakes his head miserably, and Jin purses his lips. "I could ask him for you, if you'd like," he says, and Yoongi immediately shakes his head frantically, his eyes snapping wide.

"Absolutely not!" He gasps, and Jin holds his hands up in surrender.

"Fine, jeez. I won't say anything," the beta says, sounding a little miffed. "But if you like him, you
need to work this out."

Yoongi crosses his arms and suddenly finds himself very interested in the back bumper of the RV. "I don't like him."

"Uh, yes, you totally do," Jin gives him a weird look, but Yoongi shakes his head again.

"I don't," he persists intensely, but when Jin just continues to look unimpressed, Yoongi groans and rubs a hand over his face. "I just...I can't like him, okay?"

Now Jin looks confused. "Why not?"

Yoongi really wishes Jin would just drop the subject and leave him alone, but it's obvious the beta has no intention of doing that. "It's just not proper of me, you know?" He tries explaining, having a hard time finding the words. "Jimin is under my protection and it wouldn't be right of me to have feelings for him. It's sort of like I'd be taking advantage of him. And it's not fair to the others, I don't want them to think he's getting special attention or something."

"Yoongi, I love you and I know you mean well, but that logic is just plain stupid," Jin deadpans, and Yoongi gapes at him. "It's perfectly okay for you to have feelings for him, as long as he feels the same way and you're not forcing him into anything. I really don't think the other omegas would suddenly be afraid of you or get jealous if you had feelings for one of them."

"But..." Yoongi tries to argue, feeling frustration welling inside him. "But Jimin doesn't feel the same way, okay? So it's not right of me."

"I highly doubt that," Jin says cryptically before continuing, making Yoongi frown in confusion. "But you really don't need to feel bad about liking him. Just admit you have feelings for him and go from there, alright?"

With that, Jin turns around and heads away, probably to go find Hoseok, and Yoongi is left staring after him, mind reeling.

It's not true though, is it? He doesn't like Jimin any more than the other omegas….does he?

Yoongi thinks back to the way Jimin's face had lit up when he'd told him about the beach, the way a shy yet excited smile had pulled at his pink lips and crinkled up his eyes into little crescents. He remembers the way his heart had raced at the sight.

Damn it. He does have feelings for Jimin.
Euphoria

Chapter Summary

“Something inside Jimin stirs and a content and fuzzy feeling comes over him at Yoongi’s words. It’s like the omega in him is responding to the alpha taking care of him.”

Chapter Notes

Once again, a huge thank you to my amazing beta readers, Laly and Tati <3

Jimin is lying on his bed reading one of the new books Jin gave him when the doors suddenly burst open with an ear splitting screech, making Jimin cry out in shock and shoot up straight. Taehyung explodes into Jimin’s room with a manic grin splitting his face.

“Did you hear about the beach?” He yells in excitement, making Jimin’s ears ache.

Jimin claps a hand over his chest, feeling his heart racing wildly underneath, and glares at Taehyung. “You scared the hell out of me.”

“Sorry,” Taehyung says with a sheepish grin, plopping down on the bed next to Jimin. “But did you hear? They’re planning a trip to the beach the day after tomorrow!”

“I heard,” Jimin mumbles, placing his book face down on the bed so he doesn’t lose his place.

Taehyung frowns at him and nudges his shoulder. “Why don’t you sound excited?”

Jimin isn’t about to tell him what’s going on with Yoongi and Ilseong so he just shrugs. “I, um...don’t know how to swim,” he comes up with instead, which works because it’s not a lie.

“Oh. Well that’s fine,” Taehyung assures him with a smile. “If you feel like going in the water, you just won’t go out far enough where you’ll have to swim.” Jungkook and I can teach you though, if you want.”

Jimin appreciates the offer, but he doesn’t really feel like trying to learn how to swim in front of all the others. “I’ll probably just stay on the beach and make sandcastles with Sunhee.”

Taehyung grins at him happily. “She’ll love that.”

Taehyung leaves shortly after that to go find Jungkook and bug him about the beach, leaving Jimin to lay back down on his bed. Pooh is propped against his pillow, so he picks the penguin up and squishes it against his chest in a tight hug.

He’s been miserable ever since his last encounter with Ilseong. He’s terrified of being caught talking to Yoongi, constantly fearing what Ilseong might do to him. He’s never been afraid of another omega before and it fucking sucks.
Jimin hates that Yoongi is the first alpha he’s never had to fear but he’s not allowed to be happy about that fact because of stupid Ilseong. It’s so unfair. Jimin kind of wants to punch Ilseong right in his ugly face.

Jimin growls to himself and squeezes Pooh's beak in anger. Why did the other omega have to be such an asshole about telling Jimin he and Yoongi are together? All he had to do was tell Jimin that in those exact words. That simple. There was no need for the threats, it's not like Jimin was planning on getting between them in the first place.

It is kind of weird, when Jimin thinks about it. Aside from the two usually sitting together at mealtimes, he's never seen Ilseong and Yoongi exchange any sort of affection. Jimin's never seen them hugging or holding hands or sneaking out of each other's rooms.

But then again, Yoongi seems like a private sort of guy and Jimin wonders if he might like to keep their relationship to himself instead of flaunting it in everybody's faces. Jimin can respect that honestly, but what he can't respect is Ilseong's macho and territorial attitude about it.

With an annoyed sigh, Jimin grabs his book again and tries to put Ilseong and Yoongi out of mind.

The days leading up to the beach trip are filled with excitement and anticipation, and when the day finally arrives, a warm and sunny Thursday, the entire camp is up bright and early to make preparations.

Everyone puts on shorts and tank tops and slathers on sunblock that Jin happened to have on hand. Jimin and Daejung help Jin prepare lunch while everyone packs supplies into the cars, and once everything is ready, they all pile into three different vehicles. Yoongi is driving the pickup truck, so of course Ilseong immediately clambers in next to him. The final space is occupied by Hoseok, whose nose is coated with sunblock.

Jin, Taehyung, Jungkook, and Sunhee climb into an old black SUV which Namjoon will drive, which leaves the final vehicle, a beat up off-roading jeep, driven by Hana. With Eunyoung in the passenger seat, Jimin and Daejung climb into the back seats.

One by one, the cars peel out of the main yard and drive around the outer edge of the shipping yard for a while until they exit out onto the road and pick up pace. There's no windows in the jeep and Jimin enjoys the wild wind that blasts at him as they drive. He leans back in his seat and closes his eyes, sighing happily as the sun shines down on him and the wind streams through his hair.

They've only been driving a few minutes when the cars slow down and pull off to the shoulder of the road, where the sand slopes down and leads to a small secluded beach, the ocean glimmering tantalizingly close.

They all climb out of the jeep and Jimin stands on the edge of the road, looking down at the water slurping up onto the white sand beach. The air is salty and damp and pleasant, and Jimin inhales deeply, feeling giddiness fill him up. Taehyung and Sunhee climb out of the SUV and race over to Jimin as everyone starts unloading the cars.

"Come on, Jiminie, I'll race you!" Sunhee squeals in excitement. She starts pelting down the sandy slope, her stumpy little legs moving with impressive speed. Taehyung gives a loud whoop and tears after her, flinging up sand as he goes, and Jimin laughs breathlessly and races after them.
They all run until they reach the waterline and splash in up to their ankles, where Sunhee shrieks because the water is so cold and Taehyung laughs and scoops her up into his arms. Jimin's flip flops sink into the wet sand and he shivers as the water sloshes over his feet, but it's an exhilarating feeling.

Seagulls caw and swoop overhead as the others join them, carrying all their supplies. Yoongi and Ilseong are carrying multiple rolled up beach towels, Eunyoung is helping Jin carry the large cooler filled with their lunch, and Hana and Hoseok each have a large sheet that they lay out on the sand and anchor down with some beach rocks to keep them in place. Jin and Eunyoung set the cooler down on the sheet and Jin sits down while Eunyoung rushes up to join Jimin, Taehyung and Sunhee at the water.

Taehyung sets Sunhee back down when she starts fussing and pointing at something in the sand. She bends down and picks up a small spiral seashell with a gasp, holding it out to show Eunyoung. "Unnie, look how pretty!"

Eunyoung gasps dramatically and sinks to her knees so Sunhee can hold out the shell proudly. "It's almost as pretty as you!" She exclaims, reaching out to gently pinch the little girl's tiny chin.

Sunhee goes all shy and giggly and tries to hide her face behind her hands, earning a coo from Eunyoung. Jungkook comes up with a bottle of sunblock and unknowingly saves a flustered Sunhee from Eunyoung's attentions. "Sunblock time," he announces, and Sunhee scowls up at him.

"I already put it on, daddy," she whines, but Jungkook just opens the bottle and squirts some sunblock into his hands.

"Can't be too careful," he says, reaching out for her, but Sunhee goes; "Nooooo!" And takes off, waddling away down the beach as fast as her little legs can carry her, the pony tail sprout on the top of her head bouncing as she goes. Jungkook sighs, long-suffering, and goes jogging after her with the bottle held in his hand like a weapon.

Jimin chuckles fondly and turns around to see what the others are doing to find Yoongi watching him.

Their eyes meet and Jimin's stomach flips upside down. He can't place the expression in Yoongi's eyes but for some reason it sends a thrill through Jimin.

Yoongi's icy blonde hair is parted and swooped over on a cowlick to reveal his forehead and a pair of sharp eyebrows. He's wearing a plain white tank top that reveals his toned arms, one still wrapped in a bandage, and he has on a pair of simple grey board shorts. The sun is shining down on him, turning his hair almost white and highlighting his sharp features, and Jimin finds himself gulping.

Yoongi is very handsome, Jimin reluctantly admits to himself. Probably the most attractive alpha he's met, along with being one of the kindest and most gentle.

If only--

No. Jimin forces his mind away from these thoughts and finally looks away from Yoongi, because Ilseong is sitting on the blanket next to Jin and if he were to look up, he'd see Jimin eyeing Yoongi and that would not be good.

There's a loud squeal and Jimin turns to see that Jungkook has caught Sunhee and is carrying her football style back to them. She's whining and complaining loudly, hammering at Jungkook with her little fists.
"Sunhee," Jimin says when Jungkook reaches them. "If you put on more sunblock I'll make a sandcastle with you."

Sunhee immediately quiets down and stares at Jimin with watery eyes. "Really?"

"Really really," Jimin smiles at her.

She seems to debate for a long moment, sniffing dramatically, before finally nodding. "Okay."

Jungkook sets her down and she allows him to slather sunblock all over her arms and legs and any skin that's exposed to the sun. When Jungkook finally seems satisfied, Sunhee grabs Jimin's hand and pulls him over to a smooth expanse of sand a good distance away from the water. "Come on, Jiminnie!"

They don't have any buckets or anything to mold the sand, so they make do with their hands. Jimin scoops up all the sand and Sunhee starts patting it into the vague shape of a tower. The two giggle together while they work on the sandcastle, taking their time on their masterpiece until it begins turning into an ugly but elaborate sprawling palace.

"What's that?" Jimin asks when Sunhee starts molding another structure next to the castle.

"It's the torture room!" She exclaims happily, and Jimin pauses in digging the mote.

"The torture room?"

She nods and viciously karate chops a pile of sand next to her. "It's where all the bad guys get punished!"

A bubbling laugh builds up in Jimin's throat but he tries to keep a straight face. "Oh yeah? Who would you put in there?"

Sunhee stops adding sand to the torture room and looks around quickly to make sure there's nobody eavesdropping before shuffling towards Jimin on her knees so she can whisper in his ear. "I'd put Ilseong in there."


Sunhee glances over across the beach where Ilseong is wading out into the water. "He gives me a funny feeling."

Swallowing past his dry throat, Jimin's eyes flick around to make sure there's no one nearby to overhear their conversation. "What do you mean?"

Sunhee purses her lips in thought. "Ilseong isn't nice."

Jimin frowns at her. "He's not nice to you?"

She shrugs and goes back to building the torture room. "He's just not nice."

Jimin glances back at Ilseong and wonders what Sunhee could mean by that.

After their sandcastle is finished, Sunhee insists they go in search of seashells to decorate it with. They scour the beach for a while until they amass a fine collection of pretty shells that they painstakingly add to their creation.

Once it's all finished, they call over Jungkook and Eunyoung to proudly show it off, basking in the
praise they receive for their efforts. It's while Eunyoung is admiring the torture room that Hana sneaks up behind her with a wad of slimy wet seaweed and dumps it over her mate's head with a gleeful cackle.

Eunyoung screams shrilly and flings the seaweed away, swinging around to try to lunge at Hana. "I hate you!"

Hana laughs loudly and takes off at a run when Eunyoung scoops up a handful of wet sand to throw at her. The omega goes chasing after her alpha, spitting profanities that scandalises Sunhee and makes Jimin cover his mouth to keep from laughing.

With the sandcastle finished and Jungkook now occupying Sunhee, Jimin wanders back to the water and wades in until about his knees, shivering with how cold it is. Jin has left the blanket on shore and is now swimming around with Hoseok in the ocean, where the two are seemingly trying to drown each other by repeatedly dunking the other's head underwater. Jimin thinks that's sort of a weird couples activity, but then again, he wouldn't exactly know what's normal and what isn't when it comes to things like that.

Jimin can't really stop himself when he glances around him in a casual search for Yoongi. He finds the alpha sitting on the blanket reading a book, lounging against a sand dune behind him sort of like a chair. Sure enough, Ilseong is sitting with him, seemingly trying to get Yoongi's attention by subtly tipping his head to the side to bare his neck. Jimin almost snorts at the desperation of the act, wondering how Ilseong can be so damn shameless in public.

Yoongi though, seems to be oblivious to Ilseong's behavior and serenely turns a page of his book. Jimin forces himself to keep a straight face and not smile meanly when Ilseong realizes his efforts are failing and he crosses his arms and glowers down at the sand petulantly.

Yoongi really must not be into PDA with the way he's pretending to ignore Ilseong like that. Snickering to himself, Jimin returns to watching Jin and Hoseok trying to kill each other, both of their ear splitting screeches drifting on the sea breeze towards him.

Taehyung joins Jimin and the two of them romp around in the shallow waters for a while, splashing each other and laughing happily. On more than one occasion Jimin catches Yoongi staring at him again, his expression slack with something akin to what Jimin can only place as awe. Wondering why in the world Yoongi could possibly be looking at him like that for, Jimin tries to ignore him, but its hard when he can feel the alpha's gaze boring into him.

Jimin has fun playing with Taehyung for a long time until the beta fishes out a long string of slimy seaweed and tries to wrap it around Jimin like a rope. He shrieks in disgust and takes off down the beach with a laughing Taehyung hot on his heels, swinging the seaweed above his head like a lasso.

Surprisingly, it's Namjoon who saves Jimin. He wades out of the water where he'd been searching for crabs right as Jimin and Taehyung are racing by, scoops a dripping handful of wet sand into his hand, and flings it at Taehyung, socking him right in the side of his head.

Taehyung trips over his feet and goes face planting in the sand with a loud squawk as Jimin and Namjoon crack up. Taehyung sits up, sputtering and wiping sand off his face. "Hyung!" Taehyung whines loudly at Namjoon, looking utterly betrayed.

Namjoon keeps laughing until he sees something scuttling along the sand and goes racing after it with a gasp. "A crab!"

Jin announces lunch soon after and everyone converges on the picnic blankets. Jimin is surprised to
see that Yoongi has fallen asleep in the sand, one arm pillowed under his head and the other resting on his chest. His white tank top has ridden up a little to reveal a flat, taut stomach and a faint trail of hair that leads down into--

Jimin quickly looks away, confused at why his cheeks suddenly feel warm.

Yoongi's mouth is slack and open in his sleep, and Hoseok and Namjoon snicker from behind Jimin. "How much would you pay me to sprinkle sand in his mouth?" Hoseok whispers, and Namjoon grins at him.

Jimin gasps and whips around to stare at them. "No, don't!"

The two betas both dissolve into laughter at the look on Jimin's face. Hoseok claps Jimin on the shoulder and wipes a tear from his eye. "We won't, don't worry."

Watching the two betas suspiciously, Jimin sits down next to Eunyoung and Hana as Jin starts unpacking the food. He glances at the slumbering Yoongi and then looks around at the rest of them. "So who wants to wake him up?"

Sunhee immediately jumps to her feet and raises her hand high above her head. "Me, me!"

Jin chuckles and gives her the go ahead, but instead of going to wake up Yoongi, she runs off into the sand, seeming to be searching for something. She finally comes back a moment later carrying a seagull feather and squats down next to Yoongi's head. She starts tickling inside Yoongi's ear with the tip of the feather while Hoseok and Namjoon struggle to keep their guffaws quiet.

Yoongi twitches in his sleep and turns his head away from the feather, but Sunhee just follows him, a little hand pressed over her mouth to quiet her giggles. She keep tickling until finally Yoongi startles awake with a snort, turning his head to see Sunhee crouched over him with her feather.

Yoongi narrows his eyes and reaches out to gently push Sunhee onto her bottom in the sand. "Brat," he grumbles, his voice low and gravelly with sleep. Sunhee breaks out into hysterical laughter and Jimin watches as Yoongi smiles fondly despite himself.

Jimin's chest feels a little warm as he watches them, and he accepts the sandwich Jungkook hands him without really noticing. Yoongi struggles into a sitting position and brushes the sand out of his hair sleepily while he looks around. Their eyes almost meet again but Jimin quickly averts his gaze right as Ilseong, who seemed to have given up trying to get Yoongi's attention when he'd fallen asleep and gone off to swim, comes back and plops down next to the alpha.

Jin passes around juice boxes and tupperware containers of fresh fruit. Everyone takes their time eating and joking around, enjoying the sun shining down on them and the sea breeze ruffling their hair.

When they’re done eating, Jin and Jungkook don’t let them go off before applying another coating of sunblock. Everyone, not just Sunhee this time, complaints loudly about it, but the two are adamant and determined in their sunblock mission.

With a new coat of oily sunscreen slathered all over his skin, Jimin runs away from his attackers and splashes back into the cold sea water. He wades up to his thighs before deeming it deep enough and stands there enjoying the gentle waves that lap against him and try to pull him deeper. He wiggles his toes into the wet sand beneath his feet, which is squishy and pleasant on his skin.

The betas start up a game of catch with a styrofoam football in the water and Jimin watches them in amusement by the shore. After a few moments of watching Hoseok and Taehyung fighting like feral
cats to get the ball, Jimin looks around and sees Yoongi helping Sunhee build yet another sandcastle in the damp sand nearby. Ilseong has planted himself in a seated position a few feet away and is glowering at them with his arms crossed.

Jimin wonders by the look on Ilseong's face if maybe he tried to jump in and join Yoongi, but the alpha told him no because Jimin doubts Sunhee would have been okay with the omega building her sandcastle.

Jimin doesn't like the way Ilseong is glaring at Sunhee.

After a long day in the sun, when evening rolls around and the air gets cooler and the sky starts getting a little darker, everyone is exhausted and ready to go home. Jimin, sporting some unpleasant new sunburns despite all the sunblock, helps Hoseok carry all the beach towels back to the cars. Sunhee has fallen asleep after such an exciting and busy day and Jungkook gently carries her back to the SUV.

Once everything is packed back up, everyone sluggishly piles into the vehicles. The atmosphere is mellow and worn and no one really does much talking as they all drive home. Jimin almost falls asleep in the back of the jeep next to Daejung despite the cool evening wind blasting him from outside. They arrive back at the shipping yard in what feels like a blink of an eye and Jimin looks blearily, trying to stay awake as Hana follows after the other two cars.

Night is beginning to fall when the vehicles are parked back in the main yard and everyone climbs out. Namjoon has the trunk of the SUV opened and Jimin drags his feet over to it to help carry the cooler back into the RV.

He goes to try to lift it up on his own as Namjoon walks away with some towels, but suddenly there are two large hands on the lid, pressing down on the cooler and not letting it move. Jimin looks up in confusion and sucks in a quick breath when he comes face to face with Yoongi, who has a cute little sunburn on his nose.

"Don't worry about this, Jimin. Go back to your room and get some sleep," Yoongi says, his voice just a quiet murmur. His spicy musk washes over Jimin and makes him gulp deeply as his senses start buzzing at the alpha's proximity. Jimin glances around quickly, but thankfully Ilseong is inside the RV from the sounds of it.

Jimin is about to protest, but he really is exhausted. "A-are you sure?" Jimin asks in uncertainty, and Yoongi nods.

"I'll take care of it."

Something inside Jimin stirs and a content and fuzzy feeling comes over him at Yoongi's words. It's like the omega in him is responding to the alpha taking care of him.

Realizing what he's thinking in horror, Jimin nods jerkily and quickly steps away from Yoongi. "O-okay. Goodnight."

Then he turns on his heel and walks as fast as he can away, trying not to flat out run.

That wasn't good. He can't be having these thoughts about a taken alpha. If Ilseong were to find out, Jimin is dead meat.

When he gets back to his room, Jimin quickly strips out of his sweat and sea water soaked tank top and shorts borrowed from Jungkook and pulls on his regular sweats and loose shirt. He flicks off his fairy lights, crawls into bed and snuggles under his covers.
His last thoughts before he falls into a deep sleep is that this was the very best day he's had in longer than he can remember.

Yoongi paces the confines of his room, over and over, his mind racing restlessly, until he starts to grow a little dizzy and has to sit down on his bed.

Now that he's finally admitted his feelings for Jimin, the thought of the omega being terrified of him hurts even more. Yoongi is debating whether or not he should cut his losses and just tell Jimin flat out that he doesn't need to be scared of him. He just doesn't know if that would make the situation better or worse.

He's going crazy with trying to think of things he can do to show Jimin that he has no reason to be afraid, but he really doesn't think anything would get through to the omega except maybe being direct.

Yoongi groans and buries his face in his hands. He can't decide if he should continue to stay silent or just go for it. He really doesn't want to make things even worse but he doesn't know if he can handle this much longer.

Suddenly, a burst of determination surges through Yoongi and he shoots to his feet.

He knows what he has to do.

A few days have passed since the beach and everyone seems to be happier and in better spirits. Jimin thinks that Yoongi and the older betas were right, they all, especially the omegas, really needed to get out and have fun and stop being cooped up for a little while. Even Ilseong seems a little more mellow than usual, and Jimin is enjoying the attitude change while he can.

Jimin's bright red sunburns have faded into a nice honey tan and while he's alone in his room he likes to hold his arms out in front of him and admire the pretty color.

It's on one of these nights, after getting back from a delicious dinner of Jin's homemade kimchi, where Jimin is doing just that, that there's a loud knocking at his door.

Jimin jumps in surprise and quickly hides his arms behind his back in the middle of the room. "Come in."

He's expecting either Jungkook or Taehyung, but when the door opens to reveal Yoongi, Jimin's breath stops.

"Y-Yoongi hyung? What--"

Yoongi quickly holds up a hand to halt Jimin's words as he takes a tentative step inside his room. Jimin notices that Yoongi looks odd. Wild-eyed, frazzled.

"Just--" Yoongi seems to take a deep breath as he lowers his hand. "Just...let me get this out, okay?
Confused out of his mind and yet curious all the same, Jimin gives a small nod. "Um, okay."

Yoongi takes another hesitant step into Jimin's room, his harried gaze fixed on the omega's face. Jimin suddenly remembers Ilseong's warning and he tenses, worry causing adrenaline to course through him. What if Ilseong sees Yoongi in Jimin's room?

Jimin's expression must change because Yoongi freezes, his hands lifting in surrender. "You don't need to be afraid of me, Jimin, I promise," he says urgently, almost frantically.

Jimin frowns at him in confusion. "Afraid of you?"

Yoongi doesn't seem to hear him though. The alpha looks worn thin, yet wound so tight that at any moment he might snap. "I swear I would never hurt you," Yoongi continues insistently. "You're safe with me, you know that right? I want you to know that. Please tell me you know that."

Jimin blinks at Yoongi, who is staring at him with wide, desperate eyes. What the hell is he talking about?

"You think I'm...scared of you?" Jimin says slowly, trying to wrap his mind around this. He hasn't been scared of Yoongi in a long time.

Yoongi has his mouth open to say something else but then he pauses, blinking right back at Jimin. They stare at each other for a long moment before Yoongi speaks. "Well...aren't you?"

Jimin's brows furrow. "No, not anymore."

Yoongi sort of stares blankly at Jimin for a long time, until the omega starts growing restless under his gaze. "You're not?" The alpha finally whispers, sounding like he can't believe his ears.

Jimin shakes his head, watching Yoongi in bemusement. "No. Why would you think that?"

Yoongi seems to swallow dryly, suddenly looking as confused as Jimin feels. "Because you've been avoiding me," he finally says slowly. "I thought..."

Jimin's breath hitches and he licks his lips nervously. "T-that's because of Ilseong."

Now Yoongi looks downright lost. "Ilseong? What are you talking about?"

Jimin's frown deepens as the conversation gets weirder. "Well, he told me to stay away from you, so I've been trying."

He can practically see Yoongi trying to put it together in his mind. "Why would he do that?" The blonde alpha asks, his eyebrows in a deep frown.

Jimin feels like he's in the twilight zone as he struggles to grasp what's going on. "Because...you're together?"

"What? No we're not," Yoongi says, eyes widening in shock. He's taken a couple of steps closer to Jimin without either of them even realizing it.

Jimin blinks blankly at Yoongi. "Wait, what? You're not?" Yoongi quickly shakes his head, which causes Jimin to frown deeper. "Then why would he say that?"

This causes Yoongi to look troubled for a long moment before he finally gives a slow shrug. "I
don't know, but I'll figure it out.”

Jimin tries to process what he just learned. Ilseong was lying? Is it possible?

"So..." he begins uncertainly. "You and Ilseong aren't together?"

Yoongi seems to shake himself out of his thoughts and his gaze zeroes in on Jimin's face, looking all of the sudden very determined. He takes another step closer and all at once Jimin is overwhelmed by his spicy musk. It clouds his head and makes him feel hazy.

"Jimin, I like you," Yoongi says quietly.

Jimin wonders if Yoongi can hear the way his brain record scratches, coming to a screeching stop. He stares at the alpha, wondering if he's hearing things. "What?"

Yoongi's eyes seem to go all soft and suddenly Jimin is feeling very odd. "You're the one I like, Jimin," Yoongi says again, taking yet another step, and all at once, Jimin becomes very aware of how close they're standing.

Jimin is finding it a little hard to breathe. Yoongi is looking at him, really looking at him, and his words start to sink in.

Yoongi…likes him?

Jimin can't talk, doesn't even know what he would say if he could. This can't be. This has never happened before. He doesn't know what to do.

Yoongi must be able to see Jimin's inner turmoil because he reaches out hesitantly and gently takes Jimin's hand in his own, giving the omega plenty of time to move away if he wants. Strangely, Jimin doesn't.

"I know you must not have had good experiences with alphas in the past," Yoongi continues in a low, soft voice as he strokes his thumb across Jimin's knuckles. "But I really want to date you."

Jimin blinks rapidly at him. Wait, what?

"We could go slow," Yoongi murmurs. "I won't even touch if that's what you choose. But I just ask that you give me a chance."

Jimin can hear his heart pounding in his ears. His skin tingles where Yoongi is touching him. He's not sure this is actually happening. Yoongi wants to date him?

But...he's an alpha.

Surely Jimin shouldn't want to. Surely he should say no.

Jimin opens his mouth to say so, but what comes out instead is a croaked, "S-slow?"

He sees hope light up in Yoongi's eyes. "As slow as you could ever want."

Jimin swallows thickly, his throat like sandpaper. He watches with wide eyes as Yoongi brings Jimin's hand up, cradling it in both of his own, and presses a gentle kiss to his knuckles.

"Jimin," Yoongi whispers against his skin, so soft Jimin almost doesn't catch it.

Jimin's heart goes haywire, beating like a wild drum in his chest, and suddenly he's tingling all over,
feeling strangely warm and jittery.

He finds that he does want to give Yoongi a chance, despite everything in his past that should be telling him no. He knows Yoongi would never hurt him and he'd be lying to himself if he said he wasn't interested.

Jimin knows it'll be slow going though. He's been through a lot of trauma that won't just suddenly disappear overnight. It'll be hard for him to open up to the alpha, but somehow he knows Yoongi will be endlessly patient with him.

"Okay," Jimin finally breathes, and Yoongi's eyes snap back up to his face.

"R-really?" Yoongi stares at him, Jimin's hand now being cradled against his chest by the alpha unconsciously. He can feel Yoongi's heart beating rapidly under his touch and it helps to know that he's not the only one freaking out.

Jimin gives a little nod, Yoongi's dark, shining eyes boring into his and making him feel breathless. "Slow, right?"

The brilliant smile that slowly lights up Yoongi's face almost knocks Jimin off his feet. "Slow," he confirms in a rumbly murmur.

Jimin takes a shaky breath and nods again. "Then, okay."

The pure happiness that takes over Yoongi's face blinds Jimin. "Okay."

They simply stare at each other for a long, long time. Yoongi doesn't try to kiss Jimin. He doesn't even try to hug him. He just gives Jimin's hand a long squeeze before he finally lets it go. "You should get some sleep," Yoongi tells him gently as he begins backing up towards the door. "I'll see you tomorrow?"

Jimin nods again and Yoongi smiles softly. "Goodnight, Jimin."

He stands in the middle of his floor for what feels like years after Yoongi had closed the door behind him.

Did that really just happen? Are Jimin and Yoongi together now?

Holy shit.

Jimin finally stumbles back to his bed and flops down on top of it. He tries to find sleep but ends up staring at his ceiling for hours into the night until exhaustion finally overrides his shock and he slips into a restless slumber.

The next morning at breakfast, Jimin arrives a few moments before most of the others do. He offers to help Jin set the table but the beta waves him off and tells him to go sit down, which makes Jimin pout. He was kind of hoping for a distraction from his racing thoughts. He knows he'll be seeing Yoongi any minute and he's sort of freaking out.

Daejung, Hoseok, and Namjoon are already there, so Jimin sits down next to Hoseok and listens to the two betas joking around with each other. Hana and Eunyoung arrive shortly after, with Ilseong
Yoongi is one of the last to arrive, coming in at the same time as Jungkook, Taehyung, and Sunhee. The three sit down with Eunyoung and Hana, and immediately Ilseong pats the spot next to him, smiling up at Yoongi in invitation.

But Yoongi completely ignores him and rounds the table to slide into the empty spot next to Jimin. "I'm sitting with Jimin today," Yoongi says matter-of-factly, and both Jimin and Ilseong gape at him.

Jimin would love to keep watching the way the color seems to bleed from Ilseong's face and the way his eyes bulge out of his head, but Yoongi is turning to look at him so Jimin turns as well, his heart beating a rapid rhythm under his ribcage. Yoongi’s scent engulfs Jimin and he forces himself not to lean a little closer to catch an even better whiff of it.

"Good morning," Yoongi murmurs, his eyes all soft as they rove over Jimin's face. "How'd you sleep?"

Jimin swallows thickly, his stomach feeling all weird and fluttery. "Good," he finds himself saying, even though that's not really true. "You?"

Yoongi smiles a little bit mischievously. "Not too great. I had a lot on my mind."

Blood rushes to Jimin's cheeks and he quickly ducks his head so Yoongi can't see, but he can practically feel Yoongi's grin and he finds himself biting back a small smile as well.

Thankfully, Jimin is saved by Jin coming out of the RV with two towering platters of waffles. He sets one on each table and everyone starts serving themselves. Jimin goes to help himself but instead Yoongi spears four huge waffles with his fork and puts them on Jimin's plate for him. Jimin looks from the waffles to Yoongi, his cheeks growing warm again.

"T-that's too much for me," Jimin tries to protest, but Yoongi just winks at him and hands him the bottle of syrup.

"You have to make sure you eat as much as possible."

A familiar spoiled milk smell reaches Jimin's nose and he glances up to see Ilseong looking positively murderous as he watches Jimin and Yoongi interact. For the first time, Jimin doesn't feel at all bad about it either. Ilseong was lying when he threatened Jimin about Yoongi, and Jimin can't help but be a little pissed off that he'd been living in fear for nothing.

Ilseong isn't the only one staring at them. Jungkook, Hoseok, Hana and Namjoon are all sneaking glances at Jimin and Yoongi, and Taehyung and Jin are outright grinning in glee. Blushing even deeper, Jimin focuses on cutting up his waffles to avoid their gazes.

All through breakfast Jimin can feel the rage and hatred radiating off Ilseong like heat waves, but he pointedly ignores the other omega and keep eating.

Jimin chooses to listen to the others talking instead of saying too much, because he's still in a little bit of shock. His and Yoongi's shoulders are touching and every time the alpha shifts while he's talking to the others it reminds Jimin of just how close he is.

Once breakfast is over, Ilseong is the first to leave, stomping angrily away like a petulant child and leaving his plate for someone else to clean up.
After Jimin has cleaned up his dishes, he comes out of the RV to see Yoongi waiting for him nervously, his hands crossed behind his back. "Did you maybe want to go for a walk with me?" Yoongi asks when Jimin comes up to him.

Jimin smiles shyly and nods, and the relief that spreads across Yoongi's face makes Jimin's tummy feel warm. They leave the main yard and begin walking along the edge of the platform, the ocean glittering to the right of them as they walk. Yoongi doesn't try to hold Jimin's hand or anything, they simply walk side by side in contentment.

"You're not--" Yoongi begins, but then pauses for a second. "You're not having second thoughts or anything, are you?"

Jimin looks at him with a frown. "No, why?"

A tension Jimin hadn't even noticed seems to leave Yoongi's shoulders and he relaxes. "I was just worried I sprung everything on you so suddenly last night that you'd have time to think about it and change your mind. Which is totally fine, by the way, I'd completely understand," Yoongi adds quickly, looking at Jimin nervously.

"Hyung, it's okay," Jimin smiles shyly at him. "I haven't changed my mind."

Yoongi smiles back at him, so warm and tender and full of something Jimin doesn't yet understand. So he just looks back to the front and they keep walking, the warm morning sun shining down on them, not a cloud in the sky.

Yoongi's sunburn still hasn't faded yet and his nose is tinged a cute baby pink. The sun brings out the undertones of silver in his glossy blonde hair and makes it glow almost white, and Jimin notices for the first time how soft it looks. He wonders what it would feel like under his fingers.

They walk in silence for a while, but it's not uncomfortable or awkward. They pass Jimin’s room and keep strolling until Yoongi finally breaks the silence. “So how are you liking it here? Honestly.”

Jimin looks over to see Yoongi watching him attentively, nervously chewing on his bottom lip. Jimin smiles softly and ducks his head. “I love it here,” he says quietly, and he can hear Yoongi’s audible sigh of relief. “Everyone is really nice to me. For the most part.”

He says the last part mostly under his breath, but Yoongi still hears him. He stops walking and it takes a second for Jimin to notice. He stops as well and cocks his head at Yoongi in question. “What?”

Yoongi’s brows are furrowed deeply as he takes a step forward to close the distance between them. “Jimin, has anyone been bothering you?” He asks seriously, and when Jimin doesn’t answer for lack of a response, Yoongi’s eyes narrow. “Is it Ilseong?”

The quick look that crosses Jimin’s face, even though he tries to hide it, is enough of an answer for Yoongi. The alpha’s face darkens and he goes to turn around the way they’d come. “I’ll deal with this,” he utters under his breath, but Jimin jumps forward and grabs Yoongi’s arm, tugging him back.

“No, hyung, it’s okay,” he says quickly, and Yoongi stops to look at him. “Don’t worry about it, really.”

Yoongi doesn’t look convinced in the slightest so Jimin tugs on him again, both hands wrapped tight around Yoongi's bicep. "Jimin--" Yoongi starts to protest, but the omega just lets out a soft whining noise, trying to pull futilely at Yoongi.
Yoongi's eyes widen a little at the sound and he stares at Jimin, who only just realizes the noise he made and immediately feels blood rushing to his cheeks. He finally releases Yoongi out of embarrassment and crosses his arms bashfully in front of himself, keeping his gaze fixed on his feet.

"Goddamnit, you're adorable," Yoongi says under his breath, and Jimin's eyes snap back up to him.

"What?"

"What?" Yoongi parrots immediately, and now Jimin isn't the only one flushing bright red.

"You said--" Jimin starts to say.

"Whoa, look at that seagull!” Yoongi interrupts loudly, pointing behind Jimin and promptly taking off at a run to chase said seagull, which lets out an indignant scream and bursts into flight when Yoongi charges at it.

Jimin covers his mouth to hide his flustered smile at Yoongi's words and also his giggle at the alpha's very obvious attempts to distract Jimin from what he said. Yoongi looks ridiculous racing headlong at a bird and Jimin feels an odd sense of fondness fill his chest.

Jimin catches up to a very embarrassed looking Yoongi who glowers when he sees the way Jimin is trying not to laugh at him. "I don't want to hear it."

Jimin tries to fight an even wider grin and motions locking his lips up with a key. He goes to pretend to throw the key away but Yoongi reaches out and "snatches" it from Jimin's fingers. He tucks the imaginary key into his jeans pocket and pats it in satisfaction. "I'll keep this safe for you."

"Hyung," Jimin giggles breathlessly, amused beyond words by Yoongi's antics. He's never met an alpha so willing to make a fool of themselves before.

Yoongi motions with his head for them to keep walking. "Come on," he says with a soft smile. Jimin falls into step with Yoongi again and they begin heading back the way they came.

They make some small talk here and there but it doesn't feel weird or forced or anything. By the time they get back to Jimin's room, he finds himself not really wanting to part ways.

"Thanks for the walk," Yoongi says as they stand in front of Jimin's closed doors. He looks just as unwilling to leave as Jimin feels. "Save me a seat at dinner?"

Jimin agrees quickly and watches Yoongi walk away after they both stand there and smile shyly at each other for a long moment.

Once he's back inside, Jimin flings himself onto his bed and cups his warm cheeks, feeling sort of breathlessly giddy.

Yoongi knocks loudly on the door of a rusted green shipping container, feeling anger boiling under his skin.

The door opens a moment later to reveal Ilseong, whose eyes bug out so far when he sees Yoongi that they look like they're about to pop out of his head. "Yoongi hyung? What are you doing here?"
"What have you been saying to Jimin?" Yoongi demands without preamble, and Ilseong turns visibly pale.

"W-what?"

"First of all, why did you tell him you and I were together? And secondly, why have you been bullying him?" Yoongi crosses his arms, jaw clenched with rage.

Ilseong's mouth gapes open and closed like a fish as he flounders for words. "I...

"I like Jimin, Ilseong. Not you. If that's why you were bullying Jimin you better stop before I get pissed," Yoongi growls, and Ilseong's pallor goes from white to vaguely green. "If I hear anymore from him about your behavior, we're going to have some serious problems."

Then, before Ilseong can even get another word out, Yoongi spins around on his heel and stalks away.

He can't believe Ilseong's nerve. Lying about being in a relationship with Yoongi and most likely threatening Jimin because of it. The thought of that little slimeball messing with Jimin makes Yoongi positively see red.

He supposes now it all makes sense; the way Ilseong seemed to always be glued to Yoongi. It had been a little annoying, sure, but Yoongi had never really given it much thought. Now he realizes not only has Ilseong been having a crush on Yoongi for a while, but that he also must have been trying to stake his claim in front of Jimin because Yoongi is sure Ilseong must have picked up on his attraction for Jimin and saw him as a threat.

Enraged and disgusted, Yoongi vows that if Ilseong even says one word out of place to Jimin, there's going to be hell to pay.

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It's been a few days since Jimin and Yoongi have become official, and Jimin is still a little shocked that Yoongi would choose him of all omegas. Yoongi is so amazing and strong and kind and capable, and Jimin is just, well, Jimin. He's nothing special.

Sometimes he gets a little worried that Yoongi is going to wake up and realize this, but that fear is always put to rest when Jimin sees Yoongi and is greeted by the softest smile and a look of pure tenderness in those dark eyes that has Jimin's heart fluttering.

Their daily walks have become a thing that Jimin much looks forward too.

They've just arrived back at Jimin's room after yet another, and Yoongi is getting ready to leave, when Jimin finally builds up the courage and blurts out, "Would you like to come in?"

Yoongi pauses in saying goodbye and stares at Jimin in surprise. "Really?"

Cheeks aflame, Jimin nods shyly and steps aside to grant Yoongi access to him room. The alpha steps inside timidly, looking back at Jimin to make sure that he's really okay with it. Jimin follows after him and his nostrils flare as Yoongi's scent almost instantly begins saturating the enclosed space.

"Oh wow," Yoongi says, spotting the pile of books on Jimin's bed that he'd been sorting through.
earlier. He walks over and picks one up, a boring looking novel that Jimin never even gave a second glance. "I can see you raided Namjoon's stash."

Jimin comes up behind Yoongi and peers over his shoulder. "I think I'd only try to read that one to put myself to sleep."

Yoongi smiles in amusement and picks up another book. It's an old dystopian novel that has been on Jimin's list to read ever since Jin gave him the books. "I've been wanting to start that one," he says as Yoongi opens the cover to read the summary out loud.

Jimin kind of zeroes in on Yoongi lips as he speaks, finding himself a little entranced by the way Yoongi's deep, rumbly voice sounds as he reads. It's gravelly and a little slurred and Jimin finds himself hanging on every word that comes out of Yoongi's mouth.

"Sounds good," Yoongi says, closing the cover and snapping Jimin out of his trance.

Jimin licks his dry lips and speaks the first words that pop into his head. "Can you read it to me?"

Yoongi turns to look at him and oh god, did he really just say that? Jimin feels his entire face go up in flames and he brings his hands up to try to hide his cherry red cheeks. "I mean--I don't--sorry, I didn't mean--I just..."

"Jimin, it's okay," Yoongi soothes his floundering. "I'd be happy to read it to you."

Jimin peeks at him from behind his fingers, wondering if he heard correctly. "Really?"

Yoongi nods and smiles at him reassuringly. "I'd love to."

Jimin smiles back at him shyly, trying to will away the color in his cheeks. He moves to clear off the other books on the bed to make space for Yoongi, and they both sit down on his comforter. It feels weird, having an alpha in his bed. It's even weirder still that Jimin is okay with it.

Jimin props up his pillows and makes himself comfortable as Yoongi opens up the book to the first page. "Ready?" Yoongi asks him with a quirk of his brow, and Jimin nods enthusiastically.

Yoongi begins reading to him and Jimin sighs to himself. The alpha has such a nice, soothing speaking voice. Jimin settles himself in and lets his mind imagine what Yoongi's words evoke.

Yoongi reads to him for a while, and his voice with the combination of the novel being just a little bit boring has Jimin in a sort of tranced out state.

"A curious emotion stirred in Winston's heart. In front of him was an enemy who was trying to kill him: in front of him, also, was a human creature, in pain and perhaps with a broken bone," Yoongi reads aloud, seeming more interested in the book than Jimin is by the way he's taking in every word printed on the page with hungry eyes. "Already he had instinctively started forward to help her. In the moment when he had seen her fall on the bandaged arm, it had been as though he felt the pain in his own body."

Yoongi's scent has seeped into every corner of Jimin's room and it's making him feel a little drunk. He's never encountered an alpha that smells so good before and he can't seem to get used to it. Jimin realizes that inviting Yoongi in might not have been the best idea because now he's going to be trapped with his scent for at least the next few days.

Yoongi reaches the end of the chapter and Jimin blinks back to attention when he asks, "Do you want me to keep going or do you want to stop for now?"
Truth be told, the book in combination with Yoongi's deep voice has made Jimin very sleepy. He stretches with a yawn and digs Pooh out from under his covers. "I think I wanna take a nap."

Yoongi's eyes go all soft and he smiles at Jimin fondly. Then his gaze flicks down and he notices the penguin in Jimin's arms. "Holy shit, what's Pooh doing here?"

Jimin squeezes the penguin's beak and blushes a little. "Sunhee gave him to me."

Yoongi reaches out and touches Pooh's little yellow bowtie. "Of course she did," he says with a smile.

Yoongi's fingers accidentally brush Jimin's and a little tingle runs up his arm at the contact. "U-um," he stutters as Yoongi takes his hand back. "Sunhee said he used to be yours?"

Yoongi nods and a wistful look crosses his face. "I've had him since I was a baby. When things went south and I realized I needed to get out of Daegu and actively try to help out with the omega situation, I brought him with me. It's silly, I know, but he was my comfort item even as an adult and I couldn't just leave him."

Jimin frowns at Yoongi and shakes his head. "It's not silly."

Their eyes meet and suddenly Jimin's breath is stuck in his throat. Yoongi's eyes are as dark as the night sky and so deep Jimin feels like they could hold entire galaxies in their depths. They contain an emotion as they look at Jimin that he just isn't quite ready to try to identify, and his whole body thrums as they maintain contact. The way Yoongi is gazing at him, like he's the most precious thing in the world, becomes too much for Jimin and he finally breaks the gaze, looking back down at Pooh while his heart hammers.

"H-how," Jimin tries to change the subject, stopping to clear his throat. "How come you gave him to Sunhee?"

Yoongi hums in thought and Jimin glances back up at him. "She used to get really bad night terrors when she was two and I thought maybe Pooh might help her," he explains. "As far as I know it seemed to work."

Jimin kind of wants to coo at that but he stops himself. Squeezing Pooh's squishy body between his hands, he reluctantly holds the penguin out to Yoongi. "You can have him back if you want."

Yoongi's eyes widen and he immediately holds up his hands to keep Pooh from coming near him. "No way, Jimin. He's yours now."

Jimin blinks at him in surprise. "Are you sure?"

Yoongi stands up from the bed and nods, stretching his arms above his head. "Of course," he says with a smile. "I'll leave you to nap."

He gets all the way to the door before Jimin speaks up again. "Could we...read again after dinner?"

Yoongi turns around to look at him, and expression of awe on his face. "Yeah, absolutely. Do you want me to come back here?"

Jimin bites his lip in thought for a long moment. "We could go to your room. I'm bored of mine."

The smile that takes over Yoongi's faces makes Jimin swallow thickly. "Sounds good," the alpha says. "See you tonight."
Once Yoongi is gone, Jimin crawls under his covers and hugs Pooh tightly against his chest as he drifts off to sleep.

When Yoongi gets back to his room after spending the afternoon reading to Jimin, giddiness making him feel like a little school girl, he instantly recognizes Taehyung's scent lingering in his room, still fresh in the air.

Pausing with a frown, Yoongi wonders what Taehyung was doing in his room. He glances around, trying to see if anything is out of place, but after realizing everything looks the same, Yoongi shrugs and decides to interrogate him at dinner.

Flopping down on his bed, Yoongi can't seem to wipe the dopey grin off his face. It really seems like Jimin is warming up to him and he couldn't be any more overjoyed.

The few hours until dinner pass by with excruciating slowness, but finally Yoongi hears the distance ringing of Jin's dinner bell and all but bolts out of his room.

Jimin is already seated when Yoongi arrives in the main yard, and the shy smile the omega gives him makes Yoongi's stomach swoop. He sits down next to Jimin as usual and the task of interrogating Taehyung, who is sitting across from them, completely flies out the window in Jimin's presence.

Ilseong doesn't show up for dinner and Yoongi can't find it in himself to feel bad.

After dinner, Jimin says he's just going to take a quick shower before coming over, so Yoongi heads back to his room to wait.

About half and hour later there's a timid knock at his door and Yoongi trips over his floor rug in his haste to get to it. He swings the door open and is greeted by Jimin wearing a knitted white sweater that Yoongi immediately recognizes as his own, one that's been buried at the bottom of one of his drawers for ages.

Then the scent hits him, Jimin's sweet honey scent combined with Yoongi's own darker, musky one from the sweater, and Yoongi feels his pupils dilating at the absolutely delicious smell of their scents combined. The sweater is too big on Jimin and he looks so fucking soft in it that Yoongi kind of wants to cry.

"W-where did you get that sweater?" He croaks, throat as dry as the desert.

Jimin's eyebrows furrow in confusion and he looks down at it. "It was on my bed when I got back from taking a shower. I thought you..." Jimin looks back up at Yoongi in question.

Taehyung. That explains his scent in Yoongi's room earlier. The little shit must be trying to meddle.

Now Jimin looks a little hurt as he tugs on the hem of the sweater with one hand while the other
clutches the book. "I-is it okay that I'm wearing it? I can give it back--"

"No, Jimin," Yoongi blurs out, jumping forward to wrestle Jimin's hand away so the knitted material falls back against his body. "It's okay, I want you to wear it. You look beautiful in it."

Yoongi watches in awe as Jimin's cheeks blossom bright pink and he gets all adorably flustered. "Oh."

Yoongi also becomes aware that they're sort of holding hands from where he's snatched Jimin away from the sweater, and that Jimin hasn't pulled back yet. Jimin is staring down at his feet but Yoongi can see even the tips of his ears are red and he sort of wants to pull Jimin into his arms and never let him go.

Licking his dry lips, Yoongi squeezes Jimin's fingers lightly. "You brought the book?"

Jimin's grip on the novel tightens even more and he nods, glancing up at Yoongi bashfully. Yoongi tugs gently on his hand and Jimin moves easily, following Yoongi inside and closing the door behind him.

Yoongi releases his hand reluctantly when they reach the bed and he sits down, patting the space next to him in invitation. Jimin toes off his flip flops and climbs onto the bed next to Yoongi, handing him the book once he's settled cross-legged on the comforter.

Yoongi thumbs through to the page he dogeared and leans back against the pillows he set up for the two of them. He waits until Jimin seems comfortable before he begins to read to him.

He reads for a while, until Jimin ends up curled up against the pillows, his shoulder pressing into Yoongi's. Out of the corner of his eye Yoongi can see Jimin plucking at a loose thread of the sweater while he listens. His honey and cream smell is overwhelming Yoongi, filling every corner of his room and making the alpha in him writhe in pleasure at the scent in his personal space.

Yoongi is in the middle of reading a paragraph when he feels little fingers gently brushing over the bandages wrapped around his wounded arm. His words die out and he watches Jimin trace the gauze with the tip of his finger, his lips puckered in a little pout.

"Does it hurt?" Jimin asks quietly, and Yoongi's heart does a complete summersault in his chest.

"Not much anymore," Yoongi replies, his voice sounding a little strained. "Jin says I'll be able to take them off soon."

"Will you have a scar?" Jimin looks up at his face in concern, and Yoongi feels his insides go all gooey.

"Probably."

Jimin's pout deepens and he lets his hand drop back to the bed. "That makes me sad."

Yoongi's heart throbs and he sets the book facedown on the bed before he turns to fully face Jimin. "Why does that make you sad?"

Jimin shrugs and rests his head against the pillows. "You got hurt because of me."

Yoongi frowns and has to resist the strong urge to reach out and brush his fingers across Jimin's soft cheek. "Jimin, stop blaming yourself for that. It's not your fault I got shot."
Jimin makes a noise of protest but otherwise doesn't say anything. That's when Yoongi realizes how close they are. Both of their heads are resting on the pillows, barely a few inches apart. Yoongi can feel Jimin's soft, sweet breath fanning across his face from the way his lips are puckered slightly open against the pillow.

Neither of them says anything, they just look at each other. The air around them is sort of heavy, charged, with what, Yoongi can't really name. Jimin looks so fucking perfect like this, lying on Yoongi's bed and wearing his sweater. His scent.

Yoongi really fucking wants to close the distance and kiss Jimin, but there's no way in hell he'd do that. Not until Jimin makes it explicitly clear that it's what he wants and gives Yoongi express permission to do so.

Finally it becomes too much and Yoongi breaks the moment by sitting up with a groan. "It's late," he says, glancing at his wristwatch. "We've been reading for a while."

Jimin rolls into a sitting position as well and yawns wide. "Yeah, I'm sleepy."

Fuck, Jimin is so cute it's going to be the death of him. "Come on, I'll walk you back to your room."

On the way back to Jimin's shipping container, they walk shoulder to shoulder. Jimin's fingers keep brushing Yoongi's but he doesn't know if it's deliberate or not so he refrains from just flat out holding Jimin's hand.

When they get back to Jimin's room, he smiles sweetly at Yoongi and gives a little sweater-pawed wave. "Goodnight, hyung."

Yoongi ignores the wild racing of his heart and waves back. "Goodnight, Jimin."

When he gets back to his room after dropping Jimin off, Yoongi is much too awake and sleep doesn't find him for many hours. When it finally does, he dreams of sweet eye smiles and an intoxicating honey and cream scent.
"'Hyung,' Jimin says, and Yoongi hums to let him know he's listening. "Kissing is supposed to feel nice, right?"

Yoongi stops folding his clothes and goes very still. He glances sideways at Jimin but doesn't reply for a moment. "Well, I mean, yeah. In theory," he finally says, voice sounding a little hoarse.

Jimin purses his lips and is silent for a few long moments. Then finally, he looks back at Yoongi. "Could you show me?"

Chapter Notes

This chapter contains mentions of non-con/rape.

Jimin lies curled up against Yoongi's pillows while the alpha reads to him, his smooth, deep voice never failing to make Jimin feel relaxed and content. He turns his face into the pillows and sniffs subtly, trying not to be too obvious in taking in Yoongi's scent, which drenches everything in the room and makes Jimin's pupils dilate at the intensity.

It's been about a week and a half since things became official and they haven't done anything more than just be in each other's company. As much as Jimin enjoys their time together, he worries that Yoongi will eventually become impatient with Jimin's slow pace and change his mind about him.

Deep down Jimin knows this isn't true, Yoongi isn't like that, and yet he can't help but worry a little. And he can't deny the part of him that wants to take this thing they have a step further. He feels like it's been more than enough time and there's a side of him that’s craving physical affection. Yoongi's affection.

He'd be lying if he said the realization didn't scare him a little, and yet it also sends a little thrill of excitement through his system. He never thought he'd want an alpha's attentions like this.

Yoongi's back is propped against the pillows next to him, so close their sides are touching, and Jimin is trying to think of a way to initiate something, perhaps wiggle a little closer, when the distant ringing of the dinner bell makes them both pause.

"Wow," Yoongi says, glancing at his wrist watch. "I didn't realize how long we've been reading."

He sets the book facedown on the bed and gets to his feet, forcing Jimin to hide a pout. He rolls off the bed as well and eyes Yoongi as the alpha slips on his shoes. Yoongi is wearing a loose pair of sweats and an old black tank top, revealing wide, broad shoulders and sharp collarbones. He’d finally gotten the bandages taken off of his arm and Jimin tries not to stare at the angry red scar left by the
Yoongi crosses to his dresser and pulls out two cardigans, a knitted grey one and a fuzzy brown one. He pulls on the grey one and walks up to Jimin with the other. "Here you go," he says, handing it to Jimin.

"Hyung, I don't need it," Jimin frowns, even as his hand takes the cardigan of its own accord.

Yoongi crosses his arms and gives Jimin a pointed look until the omega sighs and slips it on over Yoongi's white sweater he's wearing again. Satisfied, Yoongi smiles and opens the door for Jimin, a hand at the small of his back guiding him with the barest amount of pressure that makes Jimin preen just the tiniest bit.

When he steps out into the night air, Jimin immediately finds himself thankful to Yoongi for the cardigan. Fall is fast approaching and the air has begun to turn crisp and cool, especially at night.

"What do you think we're having for dinner?" Yoongi asks as they begin walking, the gentle breeze ruffling their hair and making them shiver.

"I think hyung said something about a casserole," Jimin replies, eyeing Yoongi out of his peripheral. Their hands brush each other gently every few steps just like usual, always on the verge of something more, but neither of them has ever made a move. Jimin knows Yoongi would never try anything without clear permission.

Jemin feels like it's time for him to make the first move.

Heart beating in his ears, Jimin swallows down the adrenaline rising in his throat and casually hooks his pinky finger around Yoongi's the next time their hands brush. Yoongi's step falters for a second and he looks sharply at Jimin, but the omega keeps his gaze fixed firmly in front of him, even though he can feel his cheeks blashing.

Yoongi begins walking again after a moment and Jimin falls into step with him, their pinkies still linked. After a few moments of silence while they walk, Jimin takes a deep breath and releases Yoongi's pinky to instead slowly slip all his fingers between Yoongi's so that their hands are completely entwined.

Yoongi's hands are large, rough and warm, and the calluses on his palm rub against Jimin's soft skin. The difference in their hand sizes is almost comical and yet it's perfect, they fit so well together; big and small, rough and soft.

Neither of them say anything, but Yoongi squeezes Jimin's hand and pulls him just a little closer, and Jimin's heart thuds heavily in his chest. Seized by a wave of courage, Jimin brings his other hand up and curls it around Yoongi's forearm so that he's basically hugging Yoongi's entire arm as they walk.

The silence stretches between them, a sort of charged electricity in the air that Jimin can't seem to place. Soon enough though, the sound of voices and the smell of food reaches them as they make it to the main yard.

Jemin sees Ilseong sitting at the corner of one of the tables and his first instinct is to release Yoongi's hand. He sometimes forgets that Ilseong has no claim to Yoongi and that he does. Jemin does.

Yoongi must feel the way Jimin's fingers go slack because he tightens his grip around the omega's hand a little. Jimin tears his gaze away from Ilseong and looks at Yoongi, gaining confidence at the alpha's unspoken words. 'Ilseong doesn't matter', Jimin can almost read in Yoongi's eyes, and he
gives a small smile that Yoongi readily returns.

Tightening his grip on Yoongi's hand once again, Jimin lifts his head high and all but marches the two of them up to the tables. He swears he can feel Yoongi's proud grin the whole way.

Jimin ignores the knowing smirks on Taehyung and Jin's faces as they eat, sitting so close next to Yoongi that their shoulders press together. He takes comfort in that spicy musk radiating off of Yoongi, making Jimin feel drowsy with contentment.

All throughout dinner Jimin and Yoongi keep exchanging shy looks and little smiles that never fail to make his heart race with how intimate they feel.

After dinner is over, Yoongi walks Jimin back to his room and this time the alpha initiates the hand holding, which is more than okay with Jimin. There's no odd silence this time and they talk as they usually do. The only thing different is the way Yoongi is gently rubbing his thumb across Jimin's knuckles as they walk.

When they get back to Jimin's room they reluctantly release hands so Jimin can go inside, he closes the door until just his body is visible, holding onto the metal as he looks at Yoongi. "Goodnight, hyung," Jimin says quietly, peering up at him from under his lashes.

"Goodnight, lovely," Yoongi murmurs, and Jimin's eyes widen.

He feels heat flood his face while his heart flips upside down in his chest. Letting out a flustered giggle, Jimin reaches up to try to hide his cherry red cheeks. "Hyung," he mutters breathlessly, feeling just about ready to burst with both embarrassment and giddiness.

Yoongi smiles tenderly at him and gives him a cheeky wink. "Sleep well."

Then he's walking away and Jimin is staring after him, heart beating like a drum, wondering if that just happened. Finally, he closes the door, flings himself onto his bed, and buries his flustered grin in his pillow.

Now that Jimin has taken the first step in initiating holding hands, it's all they ever do. When they're on walks together, when they're reading, even at dinner under the table. Their hands seem to always find a way to each other and Jimin can't get enough of it.

He's once again curled up next to Yoongi on the alpha's bed while he reads to him, and since one of Yoongi's hands is holding the book and the other is holding Jimin's, whenever he has to turn a page he just lifts up their joined hands to flip it before settling them back on his stomach.

They're reading a new book now, a Viking romance that Jimin has a hard time picturing Namjoon ever reading. He likes it so far, but as Yoongi is reading a new passage of the novel and says, "Then he presses her up against the wall and captures her mouth with his, rough hands trailing down..." the alpha fades off and both of them go a little stiff where they're pressed together.

Oh god, it's a love scene. Yoongi is about to read a love scene to Jimin.

"Um, I can skip it if you want," Yoongi says with an awkward cough as blood rushes into Jimin's face.
"Uh..." Jimin squeaks, staring intently down at Yoongi's deep red comforter. He suspects his face is probably the same color right about now. "N-no, it's okay."

He's not going to be a baby about this. He can get through Yoongi reading a sex scene. In that deep, raspy voice. Surrounded by his spicy musk that makes Jimin a little woozy. No problem.

Yoongi licks his dry lips and glances sideways at Jimin, who doesn't notice because his head is ducked to hide his flaming face. "Are you sure?" Jimin gives a quick nod and bites his lip. Yoongi is silent for a long moment before he clears his throat again. "Okay."

Listening to Yoongi read a sex scene is...interesting. Hearing his voice speak things Jimin never thinks about brings up odd feelings. Listening to that deep, slurred voice talk about wandering hands and hungry, desperate kisses and...

Jimin is feeling hotter than usual. He doesn't know if it's from embarrassment or...something else.

Finally, when the scene keeps going and Jimin isn't sure how much more he can take, Yoongi clears his throat again and lays the book on the bed. "H-how about we listen to some music? I have an old MP3 player."

Jumping at the saving grace, Jimin nods enthusiastically. "Music sounds good," he says quickly, voice cracking a little and making him wince.

"Okay," Yoongi says, releasing Jimin's hand and climbing off the bed. While his back is turned, it gives Jimin a moment to compose himself. He straightens up, smooths his hair back from his face, and cups his hot cheeks in his hands in an attempt to cool them.

Jimin drops his hands as soon as Yoongi comes back carrying a little silver MP3 player and a pair of earphones. He climbs back onto the bed next to Jimin and hands him one earbud while Yoongi sticks the other in his own ear.

"Any requests?" Yoongi asks as he scrolls through the music on the device.

Jimin shakes his head and settles next to Yoongi more comfortably. "Your choice."

So Yoongi chooses a few lowkey EDM songs that Jimin's never heard before. They're nice and soothing, and Jimin suspects Yoongi might be trying to defuse the awkward, overly warm tension lingering from the book.

They listen to music for a long time, lying side by side on the bed, hands once again entwined, and soon Jimin feels himself getting drowsy.

Before he knows it, Jimin is blinking awake in Yoongi's room. Realizing he must have fallen asleep, Jimin turns his head to look for Yoongi but doesn't see him.

Sleep-addled and not yet fully awake, a panicked whine escapes Jimin's throat.

Where is Yoongi? Why did he leave him?

Immediately, Jimin hears shuffling in the corner of the room and sits up on his elbows to see Yoongi rising from a floor cushion. It looks like Jimin's whine woke Yoongi from his sleep as well, and he crosses the room quickly and sits on the bed next to the omega.

"Jiminie? Are you okay?" Yoongi asks in concern, his hands fluttering uselessly around Jimin, not sure if he can touch.
Jimin's lips fall into a deep pout. "You were gone," he mutters, and Yoongi frowns down at him.

"Oh. I-I wasn't sure if you'd want me to..."

*Stay in bed with you.* Yoongi doesn't finish the sentence but Jimin already knows. But he's too sleepy to try to explain that it would have been okay, so he lays back down on the bed and grabs Yoongi's hand. "Can I stay?" He asks, voice slurred with sleep as his eyelids grow heavy again despite himself.

The last thing he feels is a cool hand on his forehead, brushing his hair back, before he slips into slumber again.

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They don't talk about that night. They just continue to act the same way around each other, though Jimin can feel a slight shift in their relationship from them on. It's odd, the tiniest bit awkward, but not bad. Not bad in the slightest. Jimin just doesn't really know how to handle it.

All these feelings are so new, so foreign, and sometimes Jimin feels like he's in over his head. But then Yoongi will smile at him, or squeeze his hand, and warmth spreads through Jimin's chest and he knows that he doesn't need to be scared.

They don't cuddle, per say, but when they lie on Yoongi's bed and listen to music, they're pressed close, shoulder to shoulder, side to side, hands linked together. Sometimes Jimin gets a little bit daring and hooks his ankle across Yoongi's while he fiddles with the elder's fingers. Yoongi never says anything but Jimin can always see him fighting a smile when that happens.

It's nice. Beyond nice. In fact, Jimin is quickly finding himself craving Yoongi's company. His scent. His touch.

One night after Yoongi walks him back to his room after they'd been hanging out for hours on the alpha's bed reading, Jimin crawls under his covers and clicks of his lights, a dopey smile on his face. He falls asleep quickly, but its not a peaceful dream he finds.

Jimin finds himself surrounded by harsh, sharp laughter, like the barking of a multiple dogs. Rough hands yank at his clothes, run over his body as he struggles to get free. There are mouths on him, on his neck and his face, wet with saliva and reeking with the vile scent of rancid breath. The air around him is ripe with the smell of burning tires. It chokes him, brings bile rising to the back of his throat. The laughter grows louder, the burning rubber scent grows stronger. Jimin wants to rip himself free of his skin and flee.

"No!" He screams in terror as the awful scent grows impossibly closer.

Jimin awakens with a cry, shooting up straight in his bed as he claws at his chest. His heart is racing like a thousand beating war drums and there are tears coursing down his cheeks. In the air of his room, he swears he can still smell the faint scent of burning tires.

Crying so hard its causing watery hiccups to choke his throat, Jimin throws back his covers and scrambles out of bed. He's just coherent enough to remember to slip on his shoes before he's pushing his doors open wide and racing out into the silent night. It's cold out, and the air bites at his exposed skin unpleasantly.
Jimin's flip flops slap loudly across the concrete as he runs through the winding maze of shipping containers, tears still flowing freely down his face.

He rounds a corner and up ahead, a familiar shipping container comes into view. Letting out a sob of relief, Jimin races the last few feet and grabs the handle of one of the doors, pulling it open with a loud squeak.

Inside, Yoongi jerks up in his bed and blinks around blearily, having been awoken by the sound. "Wh-"

But then his sleep-swollen eyes focus on Jimin standing shaking in the doorway and he sucks in a sharp breath. "Jimin? What's wrong?"

Jimin closes the door behind him and approaches Yoongi's bed, wiping at his wet eyes. "I had a bad d-dream," he hiccups pathetically, and Yoongi immediately throws the covers away from his body.

"Come here," he says, and Jimin kicks off his shoes and slides into bed next to Yoongi, trying to put a halt to the tears that just won't stop.

Yoongi pulls the blankets back up around them like a cocoon and wraps his arms tightly around Jimin, pulling him securely against his chest. Jimin buries his wet face in Yoongi's neck, breathing in his scent deeply as the alpha cradles the back of his head.

"Shhh, it's okay," Yoongi murmurs, his other hand running up and down Jimin's back, slow and soothing. "It's okay. You're safe now."

Jimin takes deep, trembling breaths as he tries to calm down, inhaling Yoongi's spicy musk deeper with each one. Yoongi rubs his back and hugs him tightly for a long time, whispering words of comfort into Jimin's hair, until the omega's shaking begins to calm down and his breathing starts to even out and slow.

Eventually, the tears stop flowing and Jimin hiccups weakly every so often against the warm skin of Yoongi's neck, where his face is pressed right under his scent gland. Jimin forces himself to resist the incredibly strong urge to rub his face over it.

Yoongi's tight, secure arms around Jimin grounds him, makes him feel safe, like nothing could break through the protection of Yoongi's strong arms and hurt him.

Finally, after what feels like forever, Jimin goes completely limp in Yoongi's arms and lets out a weak, shaky sigh. Yoongi's fingers curl in his hair, tugging just enough to get Jimin to move his head back so they can be face to face.

"Better?" Yoongi asks gently, cupping Jimin's face and wiping at his wet cheek with his thumb. Jimin nods minutely and leans into Yoongi's touch, his eyelids suddenly feeling like they weigh ten tons.

Pure exhaustion sweeps through him and Jimin finds himself struggling to stay awake. He wiggles back into Yoongi's space and re-tucks his face into the juncture of his neck. Jimin can feel the rumbling vibration of Yoongi's silent laugh through his chest, but the alpha just wraps Jimin back up tight in his arms and pulls him even closer.

Yoongi's spicy musk is so strong this close to his scent gland. It overpowers everything, short circuiting Jimin's brain. It's so strong that he can't even think clearly. Can't even remember what his nightmare was about.
All he's aware of is Yoongi. The alpha is everywhere around him, settled over his entire being like a safety blanket.

Jimin isn't afraid anymore.

He wraps his arms loosely around Yoongi's torso as he slips into a deep and complete sleep, at peace with the knowledge that he's safe.

Jimin wakes up wrapped in warmth, feeling well rested and utterly content. He's surrounded by that deep, spicy musk, and for a while Jimin keeps his eyes closed, simply basking in the scent, the safety and warmth around him.

Finally, he opens his eyes and finds himself face to face with Yoongi, who is already awake and appears to have been silently watching Jimin sleep. Jimin feels his cheeks growing warm under the look, and at the same time realizing their bodies are tangled together under the sheets.

"Morning," Jimin mumbles through sleepy lips, wanting to look away from Yoongi's gaze but finding he can't.

"Morning," Yoongi replies, his voice rumbly and groggy with sleep. The sound sends a little thrill through Jimin. "How did you sleep?"

Jimin un-snakes his arm from around Yoongi's waist and rubs at his droopy eyes. "Good."

His body turns warm when Yoongi brushes some hair away from Jimin's face with gentle fingers. "Do you want to talk about it?"

Jimin's eyelids flutter at the touch, but he shakes his head, to which Yoongi just hums thoughtfully. He can feel Yoongi's gaze on his face, trying to read him, but Jimin is finally able to avert his gaze and instead stares down at Yoongi's collarbones peeking through the neckline of his shirt.

This is so intimate, Jimin realizes. He's lying in bed with the alpha, legs tangled together and their heads sharing the same pillow while Yoongi plays with his hair.

Jimin blushes when he thinks about last night, of what a fool he made of himself. He wishes no one had seen him overreact like that, but if it did have to be someone, he finds himself grateful it was Yoongi.

"Oh," Yoongi suddenly says, shifting into a sitting position. "I keep forgetting that I got you something."

Jimin sits up on his elbows as Yoongi climbs out of bed, watching him curiously as he crosses over to his dresser. Yoongi returns and hands Jimin a big orange lollipop, peaches and cream flavor by the label on the wrapping.

"It's nothing much," Yoongi says, looking suddenly shy. "I just thought you might like it."

Jimin sits up fully and takes the lollipop with wide eyes. "Thank you, hyung!"

He starts peeling off the wrapper quickly and Yoongi realizes what he's about to do. "Wait, Jimin, you're gonna spoil your..." Jimin sticks the lollipop in his mouth and Yoongi sighs. "Breakfast."
The candy is sweet and creamy and Jimin hums happily around it, smiling up at Yoongi who just shakes his head in fond exasperation. "If you don't eat your breakfast Jin better not blame me."

Jimin giggles and takes the lollipop out of his mouth so he can speak. "Don't worry, hyung, I won't let him hurt you."

Yoongi scoffs, but Jimin sees the way the apples of his cheeks turn pink. Smiling to himself, Jimin goes back to sucking on the lollipop, not noticing the way Yoongi is watching the movements with wide eyes and his mouth slightly agape.

Somewhere in the distance comes the ringing of Jin's bell announcing breakfast, and Jimin pouts mightily as he pulls the lollipop from his mouth. "Just a few more minutes?"

Yoongi shakes his head and grabs ahold of both of Jimin's wrists, pulling him to his feet as the omega groans loudly in annoyance. "You can save it for later."

Jimin grumbles to himself but tucks the lollipop back into its wrapper and sticks it into the pocket of his sweatpants. Yoongi pulls a large hoodie out of his dresser and slips it over a protesting Jimin's head.

"It's chilly in the mornings, lovely," Yoongi tells him as Jimin slides his arms into the sleeves. Jimin's cheeks blaze with heat and tries to hide his pleased grin. Even though he's giving Yoongi crap, his inner omega is preening at the alpha's careful care of him.

They walk to breakfast hand in hand as usual, and there seems to be something different in the air around them, an unspoken shift. Jimin clings onto Yoongi's arm tighter and nuzzles his face against the alpha's sweater-clad shoulder.

Yoongi squeezes Jimin's hand and he doesn't need to look up to know Yoongi is smiling.

It's a few days later and Jimin is hanging out in Yoongi's room as usual, once again sucking on the lollipop that he's somehow gotten to last for an impossibly long time. They're lounging on Yoongi's bed, each reading a separate book instead of Yoongi reading aloud from one.

It's nice, Yoongi thinks, just being able to enjoy Jimin's presence without needing to do anything, as much as he loves reading to Jimin. He's just started some dark crime novel, propped against his pillows, while Jimin is reading some lighthearted fantasy, sucking incessantly on that cursed lollipop.

Out of the corner of his eye he tracks motion of the stick of it bobbing up and down with the movements of Jimin's mouth, hears the sucking and the small clatter of candy on teeth, over and over and over.

Finally, Yoongi sighs in exasperation and sets his book down. "Jimin, are you ever going to finally finish that?"

Jimin looks over at him with raised eyebrows. He removes the sucker from his mouth with an obscene pop that makes Yoongi die a little. "But it's so good, hyung, I'm just trying to savor it."

"I'll get you another one next time I go into the city." Yoongi promises, trying not to stare at Jimin's spit-slick mouth. "But you're killing me with that thing."
Jimin pouts impressively at him, and the next thing he knows, the omega has the wet lollipop pressed against Yoongi's lips. "Here, you try."

"Wh-" Yoongi starts to exclaim, but Jimin takes the chance to pop the sucker inside a startled Yoongi's mouth.

Yoongi doesn't even register the actual flavor of the lollipop. All he can think is, *holy shit, this has been inside Jimin's mouth*. He's indirectly *kissing* Jimin, tasting his saliva as if they were making out.

Yoongi stares in shock at Jimin, who is still holding the lollipop inside the alpha's mouth, and Yoongi swallows around the candy thickly, wondering if Jimin can smell the sudden spike in his scent.

Absently, at a loss of what else to do, Yoongi just sort of starts sucking on the lollipop, wondering if he's dreaming.

He's so caught up in his own thoughts of holy shit, what's happening, that he doesn't notice the way Jimin's eyes have dropped to Yoongi's mouth, watching the way he suckles at the lollipop with his lips slightly parted and his pupils dilated.

When Jimin starts to pull at the stick of the sucker to get him to let go, Yoongi releases it quickly. "That, was, um. Yeah. Good," Yoongi clears his throat, face burning as he licks at his lips.

He finally looks back up at Jimin's face when he feels the bed dip, and his eyes widen when he sees that Jimin has shifted to his knees and is leaning closer to Yoongi, his eyes fixed on the alpha's lips.

"J-Jimin?" Yoongi croaks, his heart suddenly racing frantically in his chest. Is Jimin about to *kiss* him?

His heart is beating in his ears and his throat feels so constricted its about to suffocate him as Jimin leans in even closer, his gaze so fixed on Yoongi's lips its almost unnerving.

Holy shit, holy shit, this is happening. Jimin's about to kiss him and Yoongi is woefully unprepared.

Fuck, okay. He can do this. He wasn't expecting it so soon but it's nothing to freak out over.

Yoongi swallows thickly and his gaze drops to Jimin slightly parted lips, heart thudding heavily in his chest. Yoongi begins leaning in as well, adrenaline coursing through his veins.

But then a look of horror crosses over Jimin's face and he pulls away with a sharp gasp. Before Yoongi can even process what's happening, Jimin is leaping up from the bed. "I-I don't-I can't..."

Then he's across the room and pulling the doors open with a harsh squeal, leaving Yoongi gaping after him as he disappears.

Horrified realization crashes over Yoongi like a bucketful of ice cold water.

What has he done?

What the fuck did he do? Why did he have to move? He should have sat perfectly still and let Jimin do whatever he wanted at his own pace.

Oh god, what if in one stupid, unthinking moment, Yoongi has ruined all the progress Jimin has made when it comes to alphas? When it comes to him?

Yoongi feels his life crashing down around him. He doesn't go after Jimin, as much as he wants to,
because he doesn't want to make things worse and trigger Jimin even more.

Yoongi stands shakily from his bed and begins pacing his room, a sickening knot twisting inside his stomach. His breathing is harsh and fast, labored. Nausea sweeps through him and he realizes he's broken out into a cold sweat.

Recognizing the beginnings of another panic attack, Yoongi staggers across the room and wrestles open the bottle of pills Jin had given him a while back. With violently trembling hands, Yoongi pops two in his mouth and swallows them dry with a wince.

It's been about ten minutes of Yoongi freaking the fuck out, trying to hold off a flow blown panic and hating himself so much he could die, when his door squeaks softly.

Yoongi whips around to see Jimin peering in at him, hidden halfway behind the door, sweater paws crossed apprehensively in front of his body.

"J-Jimin?" Yoongi gasps, wondering if he's seeing things. Did Jimin actually come back? "Oh fuck, Jimin, I'm so fucking sorry--"

"No, hyung!" Jimin exclaims, rushing into the room and startling Yoongi into shocked silence when he suddenly finds his arms full of omega. "I'm the one who's sorry."

Yoongi has to swallow a few times until he can get his voice to work, his arms tightening around Jimin's waist. "W-why would you be sorry? I was the one who shouldn't have--"

"No, it's not your fault. You didn't do anything wrong," Jimin interrupts yet again with a violent shake of his head. He pulls back to sternly look Yoongi in the eye. "I was the one who tried to...you know," Jimin blushes a little. "But I was suddenly hit with all my memories and I freaked out and ran."

Yoongi frowns at him. "What memories?"

Jimin lets out a long sigh and fiddles with the hem of Yoongi's shirt, pulling on it slightly to lead him back to the bed. Once they're sitting, Jimin stares down at his lap and plays with his fingers. "I want to tell you how I ended up in that lab."

Yoongi's frown deepens in confusion but he just nods. "Okay."

Jimin takes a deep, steadying breath before he begins speaking. "I was twelve when everyone finally realized how dire the omega situation had become and the government decided they needed to start seizing all the omegas before it was too late. That's when they started going from house to house and rounding them up, bringing these huge armored trucks to hold them inside."

"Yeah, I remember," Yoongi says. "That's when people began rioting too."

Jimin nods and seems to pause before continuing. "Well, my dads and I were living in Busan when they came to our neighborhood. I hadn't presented yet, but my papa was an omega, so my when my dad, who was an alpha, saw them coming down the street, he tried to get my papa out of the house before they saw him. B-but, they got caught trying to sneak out the backyard and my dad tried to fight them off. It got out of hand really fast and somehow my papa got s-shot."

"Jesus," Yoongi mutters, squeezing Jimin's hand.
"I got away and since I hadn't presented yet, I was able to live on my own for a few years and no one really bothered me. I just kept moving and never stayed in one place long as the omega situation grew worse over the years. I scavenged for food where I could and mostly slept under the stars. But when I was seventeen, I finally presented as an omega, and I knew I was in trouble. I knew now I'd have to stay away from civilization completely, because even without the government and rogue alphas always on the lookout for omegas, now any random person could turn me in simply for the reward money."

Jimin takes another deep breath before continuing. "I found an old, secluded lab in the mountains, which looked like it had been abandoned in the early stages of the revolution. It was mostly looted and trashed, but I set up camp there for a couple of years. It was so deep in the mountains I knew no one would likely stumble across it by accident."

"There was one airtight cell that was still functioning that I would lock myself in during my heats, and it would completely seal in any scent so I wouldn't have to worry about any alphas sniffing me out. It was miserable, but it kept me alive," Jimin continues, still gazing down at his lap. "Then, earlier this year, I thought it was safe to go looking for berries. I-I didn't smell them until it was too late..."

"Smell who?" Yoongi asks, feeling a sick sense of dread creep up on him.

"Alphas," Jimin whispers, and Yoongi's grip tightens on his hand, horror sweeping through him. "Four of them. They happened to be passing through the area and smelled me. I-I tried to run, but they were faster than me."

"Jimin," Yoongi says, not sure if he's ready to hear the rest of the story. "Are you sure you want to tell me this?"

Jimin nods and shifts a little closer to Yoongi. "They took me back to their camp and kept me locked up inside a dog kennel until they wanted to u-use me."

Yoongi feels like he's been punched in the gut. His vision goes a little red and he has to force himself to remain calm and continue listening to Jimin.

"They all lived together but that doesn't mean they got along. It was a constant power struggle between the four of them, and they'd fight over me like rabid dogs with a scrap of meat. Haecheol was the worst of them though, and he was sort of the leader. Whenever it was his turn with me, he made it h-hurt the most."

Yoongi realizes Jimin is shaking, so he does the only thing he can think of. He grips Jimin by the hips and pulls him smoothly onto his lap. Immediately, Jimin latches on like a koala. He wraps his legs around Yoongi's waist and his arms around his shoulders, hiding his face in the alpha's neck as Yoongi hugs him for dear life.

"Shhh, it's alright," Yoongi soothes, rocking Jimin back and forth gently.

Jimin sniffs against his neck and continues in a watery voice. "They only had me for two weeks, but it felt like a lifetime. Thank god it wasn't during my heat or else I would have gotten pregnant without a doubt." Yoongi's arms tighten around him. "But then, I don't know how, maybe they got a tip off or something, but an aircraft of soldiers landed outside one night. The alphas didn't want to let them have me, but they killed one of them and sent the other three running. Then they cut me out of the cage and sedated me, and that's how I ended up at the lab I escaped from."

"Fuck," Yoongi murmurs, feeling sick with horror and rage. He knew Jimin has been through a lot,
but he has no idea just how much. "Fuck, Jimin, I'm so sorry."

Jimin buries his nose deeper in Yoongi's neck and his voice comes out muffled. "But that's why I got scared when we almost kissed. T-the alphas would kiss me, and it hurt and didn't feel nice and when I would struggle, they'd laugh at me and kiss me harder."

If he weren't holding onto Jimin so tightly, Yoongi is afraid of what he might do. He's never felt rage like this before and he's never wanted anything more than to find those alphas and fucking rip them limb from limb.

Instead he clings to Jimin for all he's worth and releases the calming alpha pheromone that Yoongi is positive those alphas never used on Jimin, because from what it sounds like, they were sadistic fucks and liked the way Jimin fought them.

It seems to work, because Jimin goes limp in his arms and finally stops shaking, and he lets out a deep sigh, the breath tickling the skin of Yoongi's neck. "I'm sorry for running away."

Yoongi pulls back until Jimin untucks his head from the alpha's shoulder with a frown. He cups Jimin's face in his hands as if he's the most precious thing in the world. To Yoongi, he is.

"Jimin, don't ever apologize for the shit you've been through, okay?" Yoongi says severely, needing Jimin to understand. "Don't apologize for things that aren't your fault."

Jimin blinks at him with watery eyes and nods after a moment. Yoongi can't help himself and dips in lightning fast to peck a quick kiss on the tip of Jimin's nose. Jimin looks startled for a second before he lets out a flustered little giggle.

"Can I stay with you tonight?" Jimin asks, looking suddenly shy and uncertain.

Yoongi falls sideways onto the bed, bringing Jimin with him, and grabs a pillow for their heads. You're funny how you think I'd say no."

Jimin smiles and presses his face back into Yoongi's neck, right against the scent gland, and Yoongi almost thinks he's imagining it when Jimin starts purring softly. "Why are you so good to me, hyung?" Jimin asks, his voice muffled against Yoongi's skin.

Yoongi scratches lightly up and down Jimin's back. "Cause you deserve it, silly. And I'll always be here to remind you of that."

The smile that Yoongi can feel pressed into his neck warms his heart and he hugs Jimin impossibly closer.

It's been about a week since Jimin told Yoongi everything, making him the only person in the entire world who knows his story. Jimin thought, in his split second decision to spill his guts, that it would be awkward and embarrassing after. It's not. Yoongi still treats him the same; like Jimin's the most important thing in the world, like the omega is made of glass. It fulfills something deep inside Jimin that he never knew was missing.

Once again, Jimin is hanging out on Yoongi's bed, flipping through a magazine while Yoongi stands at his dresser, folding his freshly washed laundry and putting them back into the drawers.
A thought has been niggling away at Jimin's mind for a while. An idea that he can't get out of his head. He stops turning the pages of the magazine and silently watches Yoongi for a while, who seems to be off in space while he puts his clothes away, humming softly to himself.

Should he say something?

Finally, he takes a deep breath and closes the magazine, setting it to the side.

"Hyung," Jimin says, and Yoongi hums to let him know he's listening. "Kissing is supposed to feel nice, right?"

Yoongi stops folding his clothes and goes very still. He glances sideways at Jimin but doesn't reply for a moment. "Well, I mean, yeah. In theory," he finally says, voice sounding a little hoarse.

Jimin purses his lips and is silent for a few long moments. Then finally, he looks back at Yoongi. "Could you show me?"

The shirt Yoongi was in the middle of folding falls to the floor and he turns to stare at Jimin, wide eyed and looking like he’s seen a ghost. "I-I'm sorry?" He croaks, blinking rapidly at the omega.

Jimin can feel himself turning red but he refuses to back down. He's been thinking about this for too long. "C-could you show me? It's never felt nice before, so I was just thinking..." he trails off, suddenly feeling very embarrassed, and Yoongi must see it on his face, because the alpha quickly crosses over to him.

"A-are you sure?" Yoongi asks uncertainly, standing in front of the bed. "I don't want you to think you have to for my sake, Jimin--"

"I want to," Jimin interrupts firmly, his hands nervously kneading his knees as he looks up at Yoongi. "I mean, only if you're okay with it, of course."

Yoongi snorts and chucks Jimin under the chin. "You actually think I wouldn't want to kiss you?"

Jimin's blush intensifies and it takes a lot of work to keep meeting Yoongi's gaze. "S-so? Is that a yes?"

He watches Yoongi swallow nervously before he gives a tentative nod, and suddenly butterflies are swooping inside Jimin's stomach.

Holy shit, Yoongi is going to kiss him.

The bed dips as Yoongi kneels on it, and he knee-walks forward a step until he's right above Jimin, who is still sitting cross-legged. Jimin looks up at him and shivers when Yoongi reaches out and gently caresses both sides of Jimin's jaw. Yoongi's fingers move down until he has Jimin gripped with impossible gentleness by the chin, and his thumb ghosts over Jimin's bottom lip, parting it just the slightest.

Yoongi's gaze is focused on Jimin's mouth with such intensity that Jimin feels a little weak. The alpha begins lowering his head, and Jimin realizes his heart is beating frantically.

Jimin can feel Yoongi's breath on his mouth now, minty, when Yoongi whispers, "Stop me at any point, okay?" before closing the rest of the distance as Jimin's eyes flutter closed.

It's just the barest brush of lips, so slight Jimin almost doesn't feel it, before Yoongi is pulling back, his gaze quickly reading Jimin's face for his reaction.
Jimin gives a small nod as his eyes drop to Yoongi's pink, curved lips. "I'm okay."

Yoongi licks his lips once, maybe out of nervousness, before he's closing the distance again, slowly, giving Jimin all the time in the world to pull away.

He doesn't.

When their lips meet again, it's with a little more pressure. The first thing Jimin notices is how soft Yoongi's lips are. Soft and plush. Warm. He's drowning in Yoongi's scent, his mind going a little hazy with it. It's simple, just a press of lips.

Again, Yoongi pulls away after not nearly long enough and Jimin sighs in slight annoyance. "Hyung, it's okay. You can keep going."

Yoongi looks unsure for a moment before his hold on Jimin changes. One hand cups his jaw while the other slides around to the back of his neck, tilting his head back for a new angle as Yoongi moves in again.

Yoongi kisses him sweetly, softly, with so much tender emotion that Jimin's heart aches. Finally, Jimin starts to kiss back clumsily, not quite sure what he's doing. It's awkward for a moment, but he and Yoongi quickly find a rhythm.

They move together, a gentle push and pull, testing. While Yoongi isn't being as tentative and unsure now, he still kisses Jimin like he's delicate, about to break at any moment. As they kiss, Yoongi caresses Jimin's jaw, runs through the hair at the nape of his neck. His touch sends shivers through Jimin's body.

Again, Yoongi pulls away so they can catch their breath, and Jimin is about to protest when Yoongi's mouth is claiming his again.

This kiss is a little different. Yoongi starts with another press of lips, with a little more pressure than the last one, before he pulls back enough to peck Jimin's mouth, once, twice, three times. Each one is a little longer than the last, a little deeper.

Of their own accord, Jimin's hands find the hem of Yoongi's shirt, fisting in the material. His heart is racing in his ears as Yoongi kisses him.

It feel nice. Wow. Really nice.

With each deepening kiss, Jimin's mouth opens a little more, letting Yoongi take utter control. The blood is racing through his veins, making everything tingle. He feels alive.

At the first swipe of Yoongi's tongue across his bottom lip, Jimin gasps, feeling electricity run through him. Yoongi immediately pulls away, breaking the kiss with a small wet sound, worried he's crossed a line. But Jimin just whines softly and chases after his lips, his grip tightening on Yoongi's shirt, trying to pull him back.

"More," Jimin breaths, his gaze fixed on Yoongi's reddening lips.

Yoongi obeys. He ducks back in and claims Jimin's mouth with a growing hunger that Jimin matches, and this time the gasp he emits when Yoongi's tongue licks across his bottom lip again is eagerly swallowed by the alpha.

Yoongi's mouth is like velvet, smooth and hot and perfect. God, it feels good. Jimin didn't know it could feel this good.
Jimin needs to be closer. Without breaking the kiss, he rises up on his knees as well, bringing him and Yoongi chest to chest. He wraps his arms around Yoongi's broad shoulders and his breath hitches when Yoongi tugs him snug against the alpha's body with big hands on his hips.

The kiss grows deeper, harder, more intense as Yoongi licks into Jimin's mouth, tongue hot and demanding. It's searing, all consuming. Jimin feels like he's drowning and yet soaring at the same time.

He realizes he's panting, realizes his heart is about to beat out of his chest, about to break free like a bird from a cage. He can't breathe. It's too much, but he never wants it to stop. His head is swimming, clouded with Yoongi's scent, his presence, his touch. Kissing Yoongi is like embracing the sun. It's red and fiery and makes Jimin feel like he's going to explode, going to burn up in flames.

Finally, much to Jimin’s dismay, Yoongi is forced to pull away with a gasp when the need for oxygen grows too strong, but Jimin doesn't want him to. He does the only think he can think of and tugs at Yoongi's bottom lip with his teeth as he goes.

The soft groan Yoongi lets out at that does things to Jimin. Suddenly he feels hot, too hot, and now he's panting for different reasons as Yoongi kisses him again, deep and intense, nipping back at Jimin's lip this time. A full bodied shudder runs through Jimin and he whines into Yoongi's mouth. Yoongi's grip on his waist tightens at the sound and Jimin thinks he's going to kiss him deeper, but instead the alpha tears his mouth away from Jimin's again with a loud gasp.

They're both panting, lips red and swollen and tingling, as Yoongi plants a quick kiss to Jimin's jaw before pulling back enough to look at him. Jimin tries to follow his mouth again but Yoongi chuckles low, a little breathlessly, and dodges him.

"Let's not get too carried away, lovely," he murmurs, and his voice sounds raw, a little ragged. It sends a thrill through Jimin, makes his body thrum. He doesn't want to stop, but he thinks if he gets any more lightheaded that he might pass out.

Yoongi's pupils are blown wide and there's a flush of color high on his cheeks. He caresses the hair away from Jimin's slightly sweaty forehead with loving hands, and Jimin leans into the touch, trying to come down from the high of kissing Yoongi.

"Wow," Jimin breaths, licking at his sensitive lips as Yoongi lowers them back into a sitting position. "That was..."

Yoongi watches him closely, looking a little nervous again. "Was it okay?"

Jimin punches him lightly on the shoulder, still feeling a little kiss drunk or he probably wouldn’t be so bold in his answer. "It was amazing. I-I didn't know that it could be like that."

Now Yoongi is flushing bright pink. He coughs an embarrassed laugh and takes Jimin hand, bringing it up to his mouth to place a kiss on his knuckles. "I'm glad you thought so."

Jimin brings his other hand up and gently runs his finger over his lips, still feeling the ghost of Yoongi's mouth on his. Jimin can't believe he's been missing out on this for so long. If he had known it felt that good, he'd have been kissing Yoongi a lot sooner.

But he also appreciates how Yoongi waited until Jimin was ready. He knows without a doubt that Yoongi would have continued waiting, no matter how long, until Jimin was finally comfortable enough.

He's never met an alpha like Yoongi before.
Jimin has the sudden, intense urge to be close to Yoongi, so he does the only thing he can think of and promptly climbs onto Yoongi's lap. The alpha lets out a startled noise at finding Jimin suddenly on top of him, but his hands instinctively settle on the omega's hips anyway.

Jimin does something he's been wanting to do for a while and presses his face right against the scent gland in Yoongi's neck. He inhales the alpha's spicy musk deeply, open mouthed against his skin, and rubs his face back and forth, properly scenting Yoongi for the first time.

Yoongi's grip tightens on Jimin's hips and he tilts his head back a little to offer the omega better access when he realizes what he's doing. A soft purr starts rumbling in Jimin's throat as he becomes dizzy and lightheaded from the strength of Yoongi's intoxicating scent.

"You make me happy, hyung," Jimin speaks against Yoongi's neck, eyes closed happily and voice muffled.

Yoongi's arms wrap completely around Jimin's waist and he hugs him close, still letting the omega scent him to his heart's desire. "You're the best thing that's ever happened to me, Jimin."

Jimin's stomach swoops and his heart flips and he nuzzles deeper into Yoongi's neck. He has to resist the urge to start mouthing at his scent gland, because Yoongi is making him drunk and a little loopy and he knows he probably shouldn't be doing that yet.

He would like Yoongi to scent him back but he's too shy to ask so he just settles on this for now.

Eventually Yoongi's scent makes Jimin grow so drowsy and content that he starts to fall asleep in the alpha's lap. Yoongi chuckles fondly and gently lowers Jimin onto the bed, where he curls into a little ball. When Yoongi goes to stand up, Jimin quickly awakens with a whine, hand shooting out to grab Yoongi's wrist.

"I'm right here," Yoongi soothes him, gently detaching his wrist from Jimin's hold and reaching down to brush some hair away from his face. "I'm just finishing my laundry."

Jimin pouts and watches Yoongi return to folding his clothes through sleepy, droopy eyes, head resting on a pillow. His eyes zero in on a soft looking navy blue sweater Yoongi is about to stick in a drawer. "Can I have that?"

Yoongi looks over at Jimin with a frown, then down at the shirt. "You already own half of my clothes."

Jimin pushes his lips out into an impressive pout. "But that one looks so comfy."

Yoongi glares at Jimin for a long moment before he sighs loudly and tosses it unceremoniously at the omega. "You're kind of becoming a brat, you know that?"

Jimin smiles happily and hugs the sweater to his chest, burying his nose in the fabric and inhaling Yoongi's scent that clings strongly to it.

Jimin misses the fond smile on Yoongi's face as he watches him before returning his attention to the laundry.

He falls asleep shortly after that to the sound of Yoongi's humming and the scent of his alpha in his nose.
"Jiminnie!" Sunhee squeals as the rusted orange door Jimin just knocked on swings open. The little girl dives at his legs and hugs them tightly while Jimin smiles and ruffles her soft black hair.

Jungkook has invited Jimin to his, Taehyung's and Sunhee's room to play board games while they were eating breakfast, and the big puppy dog eyes Sunhee had given him was more than enough to get Jimin to say yes.

Sunhee lets go of his legs and reaches up to take Jimin's hand, leading him into the room. Looking around curiously, Jimin notes that while this shipping container is the same size as all the others, it seems much smaller due to the big queen sized bed against one wall and dozens of kids’ toys littered around the room. There's even a little wooden rocking horse squished in the corner next to an old dresser.

It smells strongly of jasmine, nutmeg, and milk, and the combined scents of Jungkook, Taehyung, and Sunhee, some of the first scents he encountered after being rescued, instill a sense of comfort and peace inside the omega.

"Hey," Jungkook smiles at him, standing from the bed where he's been lounging with Taehyung. "I'm glad you came."

"Sunhee said you have Jenga," Jimin replies with a sly smile.

"Jenga!" Sunhee crows excitedly, running off to pull out an assortment of game boxes from under the dresser.

"Just a fair warning," Taehyung drawls from the bed. "I'm the Jenga master."

Jimin crosses his arms and quirks a condescending brow at the beta. "We'll see about that."

Jimin ends up crushing Taehyung in the game and Sunhee convulses with laughter at the look on Taehyung's face when he loses. She keels over in Jimin's lap where they're sitting on the floor, and her laughter is so contagious he starts laughing as well.

Jimin spots something on Sunhee's ankle, a marking of some sort, and he reaches out to touch it. The skin is ever so slightly raised, and when Jimin peers closer, he's able to make out a sort of tattoo inked in a faded brown color.

C-17

Frowning, Jimin looks up at Jungkook. "What's this?"

Sunhee's laughter calms down a bit and she rubs the tattoo. "It's my birthmark!"

Sunhee keeps giggling in obliviousness but suddenly the atmosphere in the room changes. Jungkook and Taehyung exchange a weird glance and Jimin's frown deepens.

Then, Taehyung climbs to his feet and stretches languidly. "Sun Bun, let's go see if Jin oppa has any chocolate covered cherries."

Sunhee gasps excitedly and jumps to her feet. Taehyung takes her hand and the beta casts Jungkook another odd look before he's leading a chattering Sunhee out of the room. Once they're gone, Jimin looks back at Jungkook, waiting for an explanation.
Jungkook sighs and makes himself more comfortable by leaning back against the bed. "I guess it's about time you know how Sunhee was born."

Jimin draws his knees up to his chest while Jungkook seems to gather himself, taking a deep breath. He's silent for a few long moments and Jimin realizes what he’s about to tell Jimin might be really hard for him.

Finally, he begins speaking. "Three years ago I was captured from my home in Busan, where my beta brother had been keeping me hidden in our basement after our parents were killed rioting. One of our neighbors called the authorities on us though and they came for me and shipped me off to some lab in Incheon. Pretty soon after I got there, my heat came, and the scientists observing me inseminated me the first chance they got."

Jimin gulps thickly, feeling a sick sense of dread fill him as Jungkook continues. "The sperm took on the first try and I was pregnant within a week," Jungkook sighs again and his eyes go a little glassy, as if he's remembering something he rather wouldn't like to. "I never wanted to have kids. Even when I was little, the thought of being a typical submissive omega with an alpha mate and bearing them a bunch of children was never something I wanted. So I resented the thing that was suddenly growing inside me without my permission."

Jimin wraps his arms around his knees, his chest aching as Jungkook speaks. "All through the pregnancy, the nine months of being poked and prodded and tested every single day, of being watched constantly and having my diet restricted, I wanted nothing more than to get rid of the baby. I hated it, to be frank."

"All the doctors cared about was the fetus. They didn't care about my comfort or how I was doing. Jin was the only one who showed me any kindness. Seeing him every day when he came to take my blood was the only thing I looked forward to."

"When my water finally broke, I was in labor for thirty three hours. It was the most painful thing I've ever experienced, and I just wanted to get the damn thing out and be over with it already."

Jimin realizes his fists are clenched tensely, and he tries to relax them as Jungkook keeps going. "I had made up my mind that I wouldn't even look at it when it was born because I wanted nothing to do with the baby. B-but," Jungkook's eyes being to grow a little watery. "When she was finally born I couldn't help myself and I snuck a glance while the doctors were cleaning her off. She...was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen."

Jungkook takes a deep, shuddering breath. "She was so tiny and she was crying so loudly and it was the best sound I'd ever heard. She had so much dark hair and it looked so soft, and all I wanted was to feel it. I-I asked to hold her but it's like they didn't even hear me. Barely three minutes after she was born, they just whisked her out of the room and I never saw her again."

Jungkook is crying now, wiping futilely at his running tears, and Jimin crawls across the floor to sit next to Jungkook, pressing against his side and wrapping his arms around the weeping omega.

Jungkook cries silently for a long time while Jimin hugs him, rubbing his back and feeling his pain as if it was his own.

After a long time, Jungkook's tears finally slow enough for him to snuffle wetly and continue in a trembling voice. "S-shortly after that, Jin stopped coming to take my blood and I found out that he had quit right after she was born. Without Jin and without the baby I had nothing to live for, and for two months I slowly deteriorated."
"Kook-ah," Jimin murmurs, hugging his friend tighter.

Jungkook squeezes his hand to let him know he's alright. "One night while I was sleeping, there was an explosion somewhere in the lab. Next thing I know, the alarms are blaring and there's gunshots outside. I thought I was gonna die and I curled up in the corner of my room waiting for the inevitable."

"But then my cell door was swinging open and its Jin, and he's dressed in ragged clothes and he has black paint all over his face, but I'd recognize him anywhere. And he's with a blonde alpha holding a big gun. Yoongi," Jungkook looks at Jimin with a small smile. "They told me they were gonna get me out of there but I started crying and telling them I didn't want to leave without my baby."

"We were running out of time to escape but Jin told Yoongi to get me out of there while he went to look for her in the nursery section of the lab. Yoongi busted out the four other omegas that were being held there and he got us all out of outside after shooting down a couple of security guards."

He takes a deep, shuddering breath, and Jimin squeezes his hand tight. "We were waiting in the car, watching the lab slowly be eaten by flames and doctors escaping from the wreckage. Yoongi didn't want to wait any longer but then Jin ran out of the lab, covered in soot and shielding something against his chest."

Jungkook smiles wistfully and wipes at another tear. "When he put her in my arms for the first time and she looked up at me with those big eyes and smiled at me, I knew I would never love anything more than her."

Jimin coos softly and rests his head on Jungkook's shoulder.

Jungkook chuckles wetly and wipes at his wet nose. "Look at me, I'm a mess."

Jimin nudges his shoulder gently and smiles. "Is that how you met Taehyung?"

The other omega's eyes turn bright. "I met Tae when Yoongi and Jin and the others brought me back here. He was so kind to me, and he took to Sunhee right away; he absolutely adored her. It was the easiest decision in the world when he asked me to be his mate."

Jimin sighs softly and finally sits back up, giving Jungkook room to stretch after being hunched over for so long. "Jin said that they mark those tattoos on a baby born in a lab's ankle for identification purposes. I tell her its a birthmark but one day she'll need to know the truth."

As if on cue, they hear the approaching happy voice of a chirping Sunhee accompanied by Taehyung's deep tenor. Jungkook straightens up and quickly wipes the last traces of any tears from his face just in time for his daughter to come bursting into the room, melted chocolate smeared all over her mouth.

"Daddy, papa found Jin oppa's stash of treats!" She exclaims, running over to him and flopping into his lap.

Jungkook chuckles and ruffles her hair. "I'm sure he'll be happy to discover that."

Jimin looks at Taehyung, who has a sheepish smile on his face. "He won't get mad if I tell him it was Sunhee who ate them all."

Sunhee turns her face to Taehyung and glares impressively at him. "That's not true, papa! You ate more than I did!"
Taehyung chuckles nervously and glances back and forth between the three of them. "Please don't tell. He'll literally kill me."

Jimin stands up and rubs at his numb bottom. "I make no promises."

Taehyung blanches at him while Jungkook laughs gleefully. "What did I ever do to warrant this betrayal?"

Jimin just pats him on the shoulder as he passes by on his way towards the door. "See you guys at dinner."

"Bye, Jiminnie!" Sunhee calls after him over the sound of Taehyung spluttering in indignation.

Once outside, instead of going left through the maze of shipping containers to get to his room, he goes right. He maneuvers the twists and turns for a while until he rounds a corner and sees a familiar rusted shipping container in front of him.

Feeling suddenly giddy, Jimin skips the rest of the way and pulls the doors open just enough to slip inside before closing them behind him.

Yoongi is napping on his bed, dead asleep with his face squished against the pillow. Jimin is suddenly filled with so much warm fondness he doesn't know what to do with himself.

He tiptoes across the room and shucks his shoes off before climbing gingerly onto the bed next to Yoongi. The alpha grunts awake when Jimin lays down next to him, curling around him like a cat.

Yoongi has just enough coherency to smile dopily at Jimin and wrap his arms around the omega, pulling him snug against him, before he passes out again. Jimin giggles to himself and snuggles further into Yoongi, tucking his face into his neck and closing his eyes.

Yoongi's deep, overpowering scent soon lulls Jimin to sleep as well.
Repercussions

Chapter Summary

"Warning alarms ring in Yoongi's head as the gazes of all three alphas narrow in on Jimin cowering behind Yoongi.

Yoongi takes in the death grip Jimin has on his hand, the way he's trying to hide, the sudden shaking of his body, and the look of pure and absolute terror on his face. And suddenly it all clicks.

Jimin knows these alphas. And Yoongi knows exactly how he does."

Chapter Notes

This chapter contains mentions of non-con/rape.

Yoongi sits squished between Namjoon and Hana at the small round kitchen table of the RV. They're all watching Jin leaning over the table, drawing out a crude map on a large piece of paper.

"If I remember correctly, the security room is here," he says, sketching a small square with his marker. "And they keep the omegas on the ground floor level."

They're currently planning their next raid. They've chosen a lab in the outskirts of Seoul, one they've already hit up before, about a year ago, actually the same one they rescued Eunyoung from. Their hope is that since they've already raided this particular lab that the people running it won't be expecting another one and security won't be as jacked up as anywhere else would be.

Jin is having to redraw the map, because Yoongi barely remembers what he had for breakfast yesterday, let alone the layout of a place from a year ago.

Yoongi and the others have been talking about another hit for a while, trying to find the right target, and he hasn't said anything to Jimin yet. He's afraid how the omega is going to take it. He doesn't want to cause him any unnecessary anxiety.

"Do you remember how many security guards were there last time?" Jin asks, breaking Yoongi's worried thought process.

"Five, I think," Hoseok answers, and Jin hums, stroking his chin.

"I highly doubt they'll be anticipating another attack," the former doctor says. "They might have one or two extra guards but you should be safe."

They conclude their meeting after a few more minutes of discussion and all scoot out of the booth and get to their feet. Yoongi tells them to have the truck fully fueled up and all their supplies ready for when they leave in two days.
As Yoongi goes to exit the RV, Jin stops him with a touch to his elbow. "Have you told Jimin yet?"

Yoongi sighs and his shoulders droop a little. "Not yet."

"You need to," Jin says, giving him a pointed look. "You should have told him already. If he hears it from someone else he's not going to be happy."

Yoongi nods. Jin's right. The sooner Jimin knows, the more time he has to prepare himself.

The alpha leaves after Jin claps him on the back in approval, stepping out into the cool night time air with the stars twinkling above. All he'd told Jimin is that he'd had a Chain Breakers meeting to attend, and told the omega he'd come to him after.

Yoongi follows the familiar path through the maze of shipping containers towards Jimin's room. He's trying to decide if he should just cut to the chase and blurt out the news, or if he should be more delicate about it.

As he rounds a corner and sees Jimin's shipping container up ahead, a familiar scent drifts in the air towards him, like overripe berries and sour milk. As he watches, Jimin's door opens and Ilseong comes slithering out, a satisfied smile on his face. As soon as he sees Yoongi approaching though, the smile slips from his face and he goes scurrying away through the shipping containers before Yoongi even has a chance to yell at him and ask why he's coming from Jimin's room.

Terror filling Yoongi that Ilseong may have done something to Jimin, he picks up his pace until he's running the final distance to Jimin's room. He throws the doors open with a shout of, "Jimin?! Are you okay?" only to find Jimin standing in the middle of the room with his back turned towards Yoongi.

"What was Ilseong doing in here?" Yoongi demands as he hurries over to Jimin. "Did he hurt you?"

Jimin finally turns around and Yoongi is shocked to see he's crying. "W-why didn't you tell me you were going on another raid?" Jimin blubbers through his tears, wiping at his red eyes. "Why did I have to hear it from Ilseong?"

Yoongi's hands reach out to cup Jimin's face, but the omega jerks back a step, shaking his head violently, and Yoongi's hands drop back to his sides as guilt floods through him. "I was coming to tell you just now," he tries to explain, wanting nothing more than to cradle Jimin in his arms and kiss his tears away. Seeing Jimin cry because of him rips Yoongi up from the inside out. "I don't even know how Ilseong found out."

"That's not the point," Jimin exclaims, glaring at Yoongi despite the tears cascading down his cheeks. "Why wouldn't you tell me as soon as you decided you were gonna go?"

"Jimin--"

"Were you gonna leave without telling me?" Jimin drives on, wrapping his arms around himself in an attempt to self soothe. "And what if you get hurt again? Would I wake up one morning to find that you've left without a goodbye and I never see you again cause you got killed?!"

"Jimin, you're over exaggerating," Yoongi says in frustration, because this is getting out of hand and he doesn't know how to diffuse the situation. "I would never do that. Ilseong just told you before I could because he wants us to fight, just like what we're doing right now."

Jimin turns sharply away from Yoongi, shaking his head. "You should go, hyung. I want to be
alone tonight."

"Jimin, please--" Yoongi says desperately, trying to take a step towards him, but Jimin’s body tenses up.

"Just go."

Yoongi sighs, feeling like absolute shit, because he's never seen Jimin this upset before and he doesn't know how to make it better. "Okay," he finally mumbles, backing up towards the door. "I'm sorry, Jimin."

When Yoongi gets back to his own room he collapses onto his bed and buries his face in his pillow. Stupid fucking idiot, he growls at himself. Why didn't he just tell Jimin about the raid right from the moment the plan was first conceived? Then that little fucker Ilseong wouldn't have been able to use it against him like that.

Yoongi debates going to find Ilseong and let that shithead have a piece of his mind for meddling, but he finds he has no energy, the confrontation with Jimin having completely sapped him of everything.

Fuck, Yoongi wishes he could somehow make this better. The thought of Jimin being mad at him, of crying tears caused by the alpha, makes him want to shrivel up and die. He considers marching back there and explaining himself, but if Jimin needs space, he doesn't want to push the omega.

Yoongi's eyes feel wet and he roughly rubs at them. He deserves this. This is what he gets for not being honest with his omega and wanting to spare him any unnecessary anxiety. He can feel his heart tearing in two, not just for himself but for Jimin, who must feel like Yoongi's broken his trust after everything they've worked for.

God, he really doesn't deserve Jimin. Jimin, who is gentle and kind and optimistic despite everything he's been through. Every day since the day Jimin agreed to date him has been like a dream for Yoongi. He can't believe someone as perfect as Jimin would ever choose him.

And now he may have ruined everything. For someone like Jimin, honesty is everything, and Yoongi keeping the news from him, even though it was just to spare him any unnecessary worry, is a thousand steps in the opposite direction.

Cursing his existence, Yoongi kicks off his shoes and squirms under his covers to try to sleep, to try to numb the pain and guilt eating him alive.

About an hour passes and Yoongi just can't seem to fall asleep, too many thoughts racing in his head. Finally, with a sigh of frustration, he sits up and throws his covers away from his body. He can't leave things like this. He just can't.

The walk back to Jimin's room is freezing because he was in too much of a hurry to think to put on a jacket. He moves at a brisk pace to try to warm himself up, and before long he sees Jimin's shipping container up ahead.

When Yoongi opens his door and slips inside, the fairy lights are still on but Jimin is a lump under the covers. When he hears the door squeak though, Jimin shuffles and sits up, blinking around blearily as his blankets fall away. When his sleepy, tear-swollen eyes land on Yoongi, Jimin sucks in a breath and holds his arms out, a soft whine escaping him.

Yoongi rushes across the room and pulls Jimin into a crushing hug as the omega rises onto his knees to meet him. He buries his nose in Jimin's hair, squeezing him for dear life as Jimin wraps his
arms tightly around the alpha's torso.

"I was hoping you'd come," Jimin sniffs, voice muffled against Yoongi's neck. "I'm sorry for getting mad."

Yoongi kisses the top of his head, inhaling his beautiful scent, and shakes his head quickly. "No, I'm sorry for not telling you as soon as I started planning the raid. And I'm sorry you had to hear it from that little pig fucker instead of me."

Jimin bursts into laughter and finally pulls away enough to look up at Yoongi's face. He puckers his lips cutely and Yoongi lets out a coo, his heart going all gooey, and leans down to kiss Jimin. Its short and sweet and Yoongi ends it with a big wet smack that makes Jimin squeal and dramatically fall back onto the bed to get away from him.

Yoongi laughs and slips off his shoes before climbing in after Jimin, snuggling in close to the omega and pulling the blankets up around them. They lay curled around each other for a few long moments, just gazing at each other, until tears start welling in Jimin's eyes again and he lays a small hand across Yoongi's cheek.

"What if you get hurt again?" He whispers, bottom lip quivering. "What if you--"

"Hey," Yoongi interrupts him, scooting closer until their foreheads are pressing together. "Nothing is going to happen, okay?"

"Can you promise that?" Jimin counters, his fingers tracing Yoongi's jawline.

"No," Yoongi says, and Jimin starts to sniffle again before the alpha continues. "But you can rest assured that I'm going to do everything in my power to come back to you."

Jimin seems to consider this for a long, silent moment, before he finally nods. Yoongi kisses his cheeks and the tip of his nose before he moves in for his lips, and their mouths meet with a soft sigh from both of them.

The kiss starts out gentle at first, soft and slow, a rhythm of quick pecks and deeper kisses that have tingles running down Yoongi's spine and his heart beating out of his chest. He can feel Jimin's body temperature rising, can smell the way his scent is growing stronger as the omega mewls softly into Yoongi's mouth when the alpha nips at his lip.

They kiss until Jimin starts rolling off his side and onto his back, and Yoongi follows, never breaking the kiss. He settles on top of Jimin and the omega opens his mouth into the kiss, and Yoongi seizes the opportunity to lick inside. Jimin shudders against him and their tongues flick together, working off each other as they make out.

Yoongi is just about to deepen the kiss even more, but then Jimin is tilting his head up, breaking the kiss with a slick wet sound, and exposing his throat to Yoongi. He realizes what Jimin is silently asking, and the alpha in him howls in happiness as Yoongi buries his nose right into Jimin's scent gland.

Fuck, the smell of Jimin's honey and cream scent is so potent this close to his scent gland, so strong and overpowering as Yoongi scents him that his brain starts to turn hazy and foggy with the intensity of it, making him feel almost immediately drunk. He opens his mouth against Jimin's skin, breathing hot into it, as Jimin starts purring softly, the sound rumbling in his throat. Yoongi can practically taste Jimin, so sweet and delicious, and he can't help himself when he plants a hot, wet kiss onto his scent gland.
Jimin's breath hitches and suddenly his hands are in Yoongi's hair, fingers tightening in the strands as Yoongi's tongue flicks tentatively out to taste, and he can't muffle a soft moan at the flavor of Jimin's skin.

He smells the sudden spike in Jimin's scent, hears his shaky little exhale. Distantly, Yoongi thinks he might be going too far and goes to pull away, but Jimin's grip in his hair tightens, not letting him. So Yoongi starts kissing and licking at the hot skin of Jimin's neck, and its when he scrapes his teeth gently over Jimin's pulse point that the omega stutters a soft moan and suddenly his scent is stronger, much stronger.

There's a thick, sugary sweetness saturating Jimin's scent now that Yoongi hasn't smelled before and he realizes what it is the same moment that Jimin gasps and pulls away, hiding his flaming face in his hands.

Jimin is leaking slick.

The omega moans, this time in mortification, as Yoongi pulls back to look at him, pupils blown wide and his labored breath puffing against Jimin's face. "Oh my god, this is so embarrassing," Jimin whines, even the tips of his ears are cherry red.

"Hey," Yoongi says, reaching out to try to tug Jimin's hands away from his face as he regains some of his senses. "Don't be embarrassed."

Jimin just whimpered and shakes his head roughly. "I'm sorry."

"Jimin," Yoongi says sternly, his change of tone making Jimin fall still, though he's still hiding. "What did I say about apologizing for things that you have no control over?"

Jimin finally peek at Yoongi from between his fingers. He looks uncertain, but he finally lets Yoongi drag his hands away from his face. "Plus," Yoongi says with a sly smile. "Why would you be sorry? I'm very flattered."

"Hyung!" Jimin moans, slapping at Yoongi's chest as his face goes bright red once again. Yoongi quickly starts attacking his stomach with tickles though and Jimin squeals in laughter, trying to throw him off.

They wrestle for a few moments, Jimin's giggles like music to his ears, until they both settle down again with Jimin's head tucked against Yoongi's chest. The atmosphere quickly grows heavy with exhaustion, and Yoongi absentely fiddles with Jimin's soft hair.

Right as he's about to fall asleep, voice heavy with tiredness, Jimin murmurs, "Thank you for saving me, hyung."

Yoongi waits until Jimin's breathing has evened out and the alpha is positive he's asleep before he whispers, "You were the one who saved me, Jimin."

When the morning of the raid arrives, Jimin can't stop crying. He clings to Yoongi, who came to his room to say goodbye before they leave, and can't bring himself to let go.

"Shhh," Yoongi hushes him as Jimin blubbers into his shoulder. His arms are wrapped securely
around the omega, rubbing up and down his back soothingly. "I'll be back before you know it."

"W-what if you don't come back?" Jimin cries, his hands fisted in the back of Yoongi's shirt tightly.

"I will. And you wanna know why?" Yoongi asks, cupping Jimin's face and tilting it up so they're looking at each other. "Because I love you."

Jimin's crying stops abruptly and he stares at Yoongi, eyes widening.

What?

Did Yoongi just say he *loves* him?

Surely he didn't hear correctly. There's no way.

His stomach flips upside down and feels all tingly, and the blood sings through his veins, cycling through his rapidly racing heart. Could it be? Could Yoongi be in love with him?

Jimin blinks rapidly, vision slightly blurry with tears, and opens his mouth but finds himself at a loss for words.

"You don't have to say anything," Yoongi says, brushing the wetness off of Jimin's face with his thumbs. "I just wanted you to know."

Yoongi dips in and captures Jimin's lips in a soft kiss. It's wet due to all of Jimin's tears and a little shaky because Jimin himself is shaking, but he clings tight to Yoongi and kisses him back deeply.

Soon enough though, Yoongi pulls away with a small sigh. "I have to go," he murmurs, smacking another quick kiss on Jimin's lips when they begin to quiver. "Omegas to save, and all that."

Jimin nods shakily and finally releases his hold on the material of Yoongi's shirt, now all wrinkled from the force of Jimin's grip. "I'll see you soon."

Yoongi smiles at him, that beautiful gummy smile that makes Jimin's insides go all melty. "Yes, you will."

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Jimin doesn't come out of his room for many hours after Yoongi is gone. Not for meals, not even when Jungkook and Sunhee stop by to see if he wants to come over to their room and play games.

"Woon Woon will be okay, Jiminnie," Sunhee says when Jimin declines, laying forlornly on his bed. She climbs up next to him and plants a big kiss on his cheek, which has Jimin smiling despite how miserable and scared he feels. "He might even rescue more omegas and you can make friends with them!"

Sunhee is right. Jimin should be focusing on the good that Yoongi is trying to do, not on how awful he feels without the alpha. Every time he goes on a hit, more omegas are freed from their horrible existence. Jimin suddenly hopes they can get as many omegas out as possible.

After Sunhee's words of inspiration, Jimin feels a little better. After the plate of dinner that Taehyung brings to him in his room, Jimin heads to the RV to take a shower, hoping it'll take his mind off of things.
He stands under the hot spray of water, letting the soothing feeling comfort him and ease some of his worries. Yoongi knows what he's doing. He wouldn't walk into a dangerous situation if he didn't have a way to get out of it.

Jimin sways under the water for a long time until it begins to turn cold. He quickly shampoos his hair and washes his body before turning off the tap and toweling himself dry. Jimin finds some of Jungkook's fancy perfumed lotion under the counter and decides to pamper himself with it, knowing that Jungkook won't mind.

Instead of returning to his own room after his shower, he goes to Yoongi's. When he steps inside he's immediately enveloped with the alpha's scent, a smell Jimin now wonders how he ever went without. He opens the drawers of Yoongi's dresser and rifles through his clothes until he finds a big black hoodie. Jimin sheds his own shirt and pants and pulls the hoodie on over his head, sighing with pleasure at being wrapped up in Yoongi's scent.

Then Jimin picks up Yoongi's MP3 player off the top of the dresser and crosses the room to the bed. He crawls under the covers and pulls them tight around himself before sticking the earbuds in his ears and setting it on shuffle to play.

Nestled up in Yoongi's scent, Jimin finds the tension and nervous fear leaking from him slowly. He can't help but feel safe and relaxed in the presence of his alpha's scent.

Jimin drifts in and out for a while until Yoongi's scent finally lulls him into sleep.

He sleeps for most of the day and well into the night. He's vaguely aware of Yoongi's door squeaking open a fraction and Jin peering in to check on him, but no one bothers him aside from that, knowing he needs time to himself while Yoongi is away.

Some time in the middle of the night Jimin finally squirms awake, wincing when he rolls on his side and the earbuds still stuck in his ears throb uncomfortably after being worn for so long. He pulls them out with a groan and finds that he's completely drained the battery of Yoongi's MP3 player. He'll have to charge it in the RV, which has super weak wifi but its still better than nothing.

Sitting up in Yoongi's bed with a yawn, Jimin is just about to get up and head to the RV when there's a loud knock at the door before it flies open, making Jimin shriek in surprise.

"They're back!" Taehyung exclaims loudly. "They'll be pulling up any minute."

Jimin's heart surges into his throat and suddenly terror is sweeping through him. What is he going to find when he sees Yoongi. Another bullet hole? Two? What if...Yoongi didn't even come back at all?

Taehyung is still waiting for him to say something, so Jimin just nods and grabs one of Yoongi's pillows, hugging it tightly to his chest. He can't go out with the others to greet the returning members. They can't see his reaction if he finds something bad. "I'm gonna...wait here."

The beta gives him a long look, taking in the chalky pallor of Jimin's skin and his death grip on the pillow. "Okay. I'll let them know."

Then he's gone, closing the door behind him, and Jimin panics. He's terrified of what condition he's going to find Yoongi in. He doesn't know if he can handle if something has happened to the alpha.

Jimin remains sitting on Yoongi's bed as the minutes tick by with excruciating slowness. The suspense is killing him and he begins to grow antsy with the more time that passes.
Why hasn't Yoongi come yet? Is it because he's lying injured or dying in the back of the pickup truck?

Jimin's thoughts get out of hand and before he can stop himself, his eyes are filling with tears. He's so worried he actually feels sick. He feels it like a punch to the gut and he groans softly, burying his face in the pillow as nausea seizes his gut and causes a cold sweat to sprout on his clammy skin. His breathing begins to grow a little erratic and uneven and he presses a hand against his chest, trying to calm himself.

Then, he hears footsteps approaching Yoongi's room outside. Jimin freezes and looks up, and a moment later, the door opens.

Yoongi steps inside, looking tired and worn in combat boots and a bullet proof vest, but otherwise completely unharmed.

Their eyes meet across the room and they stare at each other for one long, tense moment before Jimin gasps sharply and jumps off the bed, racing across the room to Yoongi. The alpha catches him easily when Jimin throws himself into his arms.

"You're okay," Jimin is crying once again, burying his face in Yoongi's neck and scenting him deeply, desperately. "You came back."

"I told you I would," Yoongi says, his voice muffled from where his face is pressed into Jimin's clean hair. "I'll always come back to you."

They hug for a long time, Yoongi rocking them back and forth gently until Jimin's sobs eventually turn into watery little sniffles. Jimin notes a sharp, unpleasant smell clinging to Yoongi, and he finally pulls back enough to look at him.

"You smell like gunfire," Jimin says, looking Yoongi over properly for the first time. "You're not shot again, are you?"

Yoongi cups Jimin's face with one of his hands, running his thumb over the flesh of his soft cheek. "I'm okay. It was a close call, but I'm okay."

Jimin reaches up and splays his hand over Yoongi's face, keeping him there. "Did you rescue any omegas?"

"Two," Yoongi smiles happily. "Jungkook and Jin are with them now."

Relief washes through Jimin and he melts into Yoongi's touch, tilting his head up for a kiss. Yoongi chuckles and gladly gives him what he wants.

Jimin's breath trembles when their lips meet, soft at first, testing like how Yoongi always starts their kisses. Yoongi’s tender touch makes Jimin’s stomach swoop and his whole body tingle. But Jimin thought he might never see Yoongi again and he needs more. He needs Yoongi's mouth to ravage him. To make a mess of him, claim him and show the whole world who he belongs to.

Yoongi must sense the desperation in Jimin as the omega whimpers into his lips, grips tightening at the bullet proof vest, trying to pull him closer. Yoongi's kiss turns deeper, more insistent as he tilts the omega's head back for a better angle, and Jimin immediately opens up for him, shivering when Yoongi licks his way inside.

"I thought," Jimin gasps against Yoongi's lips in between hard kisses. "That you weren't," another kiss, so intense it has Jimin's knees buckling. "Coming back."
"Have a little faith in me, baby," Yoongi's breath huffs against Jimin's mouth and he mewls, sparks running up his spine at the pet name.

Yoongi's hands travel slowly down Jimin's back until they come to rest at his hips, the material of the hoodie bunching under Yoongi's tight grip.

Heat is building under Jimin's skin, making him itch and sweat, suddenly too hot in Yoongi's hoodie. Yoongi's mouth on his feels so good, so perfect, and his big, capable hands squeezing the flesh of Jimin's hips has the omega rocking softly against him, writhing in search of something.

When Yoongi finally breaks away from the kiss with a gasp and starts sucking at Jimin's neck at the same time that Yoongi's hands lightly brush over Jimin's ass, he feels the first traces of slick leak out of himself.

He gasps loudly as Yoongi nips at his neck and Jimin clings to his shoulders desperately. "Hyung, please, I need..." he doesn't know what he needs though. All these feelings are so new.

Yoongi pulls back from Jimin's neck, and the omega shivers when he sees how wide Yoongi's pupils are blown, how red his lips are and how his scent is even stronger than usual, saturating the air and making Jimin's head spin.

Yoongi's thumbs massage the crests of Jimin hips. "Baby, can I make you feel good?" His voice is low and husky and the sound has a little more slick leaking out of the omega.

Jemin doesn't really know what Yoongi could mean by that, and while a little apprehensive, he also really wants to find out. So he gives a shaky little nod and Yoongi smiles.

Yoongi releases his grip on Jimin's hips to quickly unbuckle his vest, shrugging out of it and letting it drop to the floor. Then he kicks off his heavy combat boots before taking both of Jimin's hands and starting to lead him back to the bed.

Jemin's heart is going crazy and he wonders what Yoongi is going to do. He doesn't think he's ready for...*that*, just yet.

When they reach the bed, Yoongi lifts a hand and brushes his fingers over Jimin's cheek. "Do you trust me?"

Jemin nods immediately and the smile that sets Yoongi's face aglow has Jimin's chest blooming with warmth.

When Yoongi begins pressing him back onto the bed, Jimin goes with relative ease, only just a little bit shaky. Yoongi presses down on top of Jimin, claiming his lips in another hungry, heated kiss. Jimin is already half hard in his boxers from hardly anything at all and he fights the small feeling of embarrassment trying to bring him down. Yoongi's wouldn't want him to be embarrassed about the way his body is reacting.

Jemin gasps into Yoongi's mouth when he feels the alpha's very obvious hard on pressing against his hip. It makes something inside of him preen, that he's able to make Yoongi react this way.

Yoongi breaks away from Jimin's lips and starts kissing down his neck, and the omega stutters a soft moan when he sucks at his scent gland. Jimin fingers thread into Yoongi's blonde hair as he tips his head back to allow Yoongi better access to his neck. Jimin can't swallow a moan when Yoongi bites at his neck, sharp but not hard enough to break the skin, and Jimin writhes against him, the omega inside him howling, begging to be claimed.
Yoongi drags his teeth over the bite mark once, causing Jimin to spasm, before pulling away and sitting back up on his knees. He looks down at a flushed and panting Jimin, his eyes hungry and dark but also so full of tender love that Jimin feels his cheeks going red and his heart flipping upside down.

"You're so beautiful," Yoongi murmurs, starting to run his hands down Jimin's torso, the feeling of Yoongi's touch so intense even through the layer of thick hoodie fabric.

"Hyung," Jimin breathes in embarrassment, trying not to shy away from Yoongi's gaze.

When Yoongi reaches the bottom of the hoodie bunched around Jimin's thighs, his hands sneak under the material and Jimin jolts at the feeling of Yoongi's big, warm hands splayed across the bare skin of his stomach.

"Will you roll over for me, lovely?" Yoongi asks, his voice low and raw, and Jimin shivers at the sound of it.

Jimin obeys a little nervously, rolling onto his stomach while he wonders what Yoongi is doing. He rests his head on his arms and jerks in surprise when Yoongi starts rolling his hoodie up his back, exposing his skin. He stops when its bunched under Jimin's armpits, and then, before Jimin can ask what he's doing, there are warm lips pressing kisses onto his back, down along his spine.

Each touch of Yoongi's lips sends shocks tingling through Jimin's body and his eyes flutter closed, focusing on the sensation. More slick drips out of him the more Yoongi kisses, the further down his back he gets.

Jimin thinks that all Yoongi is doing is kissing his back, which he is more than okay with because it feels so nice, but when Yoongi licks into each of the dimples of his back before sitting back up and running his fingers beneath the waistband of Jimin's boxers, the omega freezes.

"Baby, just relax," Yoongi says gently, noticing the way Jimin has tensed up. "I'll stop the second you tell me to, okay?"

Jimin gulps and glances back to look at Yoongi, whose fingers are still teasing his waistband, and finally nods. Yoongi smiles and dips down to give Jimin's spine another kiss before he straightens. Then, Jimin has to look away as Yoongi begins pulling down the grey boxers, exposing Jimin's bare bottom to the alpha for the first time.

Yoongi shimmies them all the way down Jimin's legs and tosses them on the floor while Jimin hides his burning face in his arms. He has no idea what Yoongi is doing, but he trusts the alpha enough to see where this goes.

Jimin sucks in a breath when both of Yoongi's big hands start kneading the soft flesh of his ass cheeks. He knows Yoongi can see the slick glistening between them and he tries not to die of mortification.

He can feel Yoongi change positions behind him but he can't see anything from where he's hiding.

When he feels Yoongi suddenly spreading his cheeks wide, exposing the most secret part of himself, Jimin jerks in shock. "What are--"

But then, something warm and wet laves over his slick-drenched entrance and its like liquid fire sweeping through his veins. "Oh!" Jimin cries out as his body goes rigid. "What--"

But then Yoongi licks again and the touch sends fireworks crackling along his spine. Oh god, it
feels good. Yoongi is tasting him there and it feels so good.

Yoongi pulls back and when he speaks its so close to Jimin's entrance that the vibrations sends shivers through Jimin's body. "Is this okay?"

"Mmmm," Jimin nods quickly, not trusting his voice to work. More slick is leaking out of him and he wants to feel Yoongi's tongue again. He pushes back a little in Yoongi's grip and the alpha seems to get the hint.

He spreads the omega's cheeks again and before Jimin even has time to prepare himself, Yoongi dives back in. Jimin cries out when Yoongi drags the flat of his tongue over the raised ring of muscles, over and over, just long, torturously slow licks that have Jimin panting into the sheets until he's arching his back in search of more, eyes squeezed shut and bottom lip caught between his cheeks.

"Hyung, please," he pants as Yoongi teases him. He doesn't know exactly what he's asking for but he knows he needs something.

"God, you taste amazing." Yoongi groans against him. "Like honey. Fuck, I could do this for hours."

Jimin doesn't think he'll last for hours. When Yoongi moves back in and sucks on his rim, Jimin cries out, seeing white. His body jerks wildly but Yoongi holds him still with the grip he has on his cheeks. Yoongi does this again and again, sucks harshly on Jimin's rim, until the omega is whimpering into the sheets, arching his back deeper and trying to push back on Yoongi's mouth.

"F-feels so good." Jimin mewls breathlessly, going easily when Yoongi lifts him up onto his knees for better access, pressing his chest deeper into the mattress.

Jimin is oozing slick now and Yoongi hungrily laps it up, alternating between sucking and licking and little kittenish kisses, and the sounds he's making, all enthusiastic wet slurping and harsh breathing, makes Jimin feel weak and woozy.

Yoongi eats him like his life depends on it, jaw hinged wide as he sucks and licks and laves and flicks at Jimin's rim. It's like he's a man dying of starvation and Jimin's ass is the last meal he'll ever get.

Yoongi has to pull back to catch his breath for a moment and Jimin cries out in loss. "No! N-no, don't stop," he whines, looking back at Yoongi in desperation. The whole bottom half of Yoongi's face is glistening with slick and saliva and Jimin's stomach swoops at the sight.

Yoongi chuckles breathlessly but obeys and dives back in for more, punching another moan from Jimin's lungs when he sucks so hard on his rim that Jimin almost blacks out.

Jimin's mouth is hanging open as whine after whine escapes him, cheek pressed against the bed and his hands clenched tight in the sheets, and he feels drool start to dribble out of his slack mouth.

Then Yoongi circles his tongue around Jimin's entrance, once, twice, three times, before he starts working it inside, and heat curls in the pit of Jimin's stomach as he cries out, feeling pleasure rock through him. It's so hot and wet and slick that Jimin feels like he's about to pass out. "A-ah! God!"

Yoongi dips his tongue in and out, in and out, quick and fast until Jimin is brokenly begging for more. But Yoongi just keeps doing this, lapping in and out shallowly, testing and teasing. Jimin's entrance is fluttering around Yoongi's mouth, clenching down on his tongue, trying to draw him deeper. There's a throbbing ache in his body, a need for something to fill him.
The only other time he's felt like this before is when he's in heat.

He's not in heat right now, yet his body is still craving for something to fill him.

No, not just something. Yoongi.


Yoongi hums against him and the vibration has Jimin thrashing violently, a high pitched moan ripping from his throat. But then Yoongi digs his tongue in, deep, and magma races through Jimin's veins. "Oh!"

Yoongi starts to fuck Jimin with his tongue, working it in deep and curling it as he drags it back out, and Jimin's body spasms violently, more white hot heat pooling in his groin. "Yes, yes, just like that," he gasps, eyes rolling into the back of his head.

He can feel Yoongi wiggling his tongue, rolling it in circles, trying to get even deeper, dragging against his insides, slowly and smoothly, working it all the way in until Jimin is writhing and gasping, wiggling his ass back for more, for anything.

His forgotten cock is throbbing between his legs, leaking precome onto Yoongi's sheets, but the alpha pays it no mind as he moans at the taste of Jimin, and the omega chokes on his tongue as his body goes rigid at the almost vicious vibration that sends shocks of pleasure through his body.

"God!" Jimin cries, tears beginning to prickle at his eyes. There is drool smeared all around his mouth but he can't bring himself to move to wipe it away.

Then, there's a finger pressing in alongside Yoongi's tongue, slow, tentative, as if he's waiting for Jimin to pull away. But the added stretch feels so good, the slight sting of it, that Jimin groans, long and low.

Yoongi begins working his finger in with his tongue, licking and kissing away the burn until he's knuckle deep inside Jimin. The omega's eyes squeeze shut, pushing out the tears gathering in his eyes, as Yoongi starts to drag his finger back out, the glide easy from all the slick Jimin is producing.

Yoongi thrusts his finger in and out of Jimin, dragging against his tight walls, stroking every inch of him, all while his tongue keeps lapping up the slick, flicking in and out.

Jimin's body is clenching around Yoongi and he's shaking, feeling his groin begin to tighten, to coil and constrict until Jimin feels like he's about to explode.

His body is glistening with sweat and he knows he must look like an absolute mess, all covered in drool and tears, skin red and body trembling from pleasure and exertion.

When Yoongi picks up the pace of his thrusting, driving his finger in and out of Jimin with squishy wet sounds, his tongue licking and sucking up all of Jimin's slick, his body goes tense as he feels his release building.

"H-hyung, I'm gonna...'m gonna..." Jimin tries to articulate, but his mouth just isn't working. He can't think straight. It's too much. It's all too much. He's never felt this good before.

Yoongi hums against him and it finally tips Jimin over the edge.

He wails as pleasure unlike anything he's ever felt crashes into him like a tsunami. His limbs lock up and his body goes rigid as waves of ecstasy rock through him. His eyes roll into the back of his
head as he spurts his release all over his stomach and Yoongi's sheets.

Jimin feels like he's floating, light and free and yet heavy with drunkenness at the same time. His orgasm feels like it's never going to end and endless little whimpers leak from his slack mouth. Yoongi stills his finger as Jimin clenches tight around his digits, but keeps licking and sucking at Jimin through his release, lapping up the new pumps of slick that comes oozing out of Jimin with his orgasm.

Finally, the pleasure fades away and leaves Jimin exhausted and drained but so sated. He whines at the feeling of Yoongi still tasting him, suddenly aching with oversensitivity. Yoongi slowly withdraws his finger and places one last kiss on Jimin's fluttering hole before he sits back up and runs his hands gently over Jimin's slick-wet cheeks.

"Baby?" He asks, his voice raw and gruff, and Jimin whimpers softly at the sound of it.

Yoongi gingerly rolls a completely limp Jimin over onto his back, away from the mess he made in the sheets. The alpha crawls back over him and presses down onto his body until they're face to face, both wet with different fluids. "How was that?" Yoongi asks, genuine concern lacing his voice.

Jimin smacks his lips and smiles drunkenly up at Yoongi, feeling wonderfully sated, his whole body glowing despite the tiredness. "So good."

Yoongi smiles in relief and kisses Jimin gently. He tastes his own slick on Yoongi's mouth, sweet like honey, just as Yoongi said.

When they both pull away from the kiss, Yoongi sits back up and reaches down to pick up Jimin's discarded, slick ruined boxers. He wipes up the mess Jimin made on his stomach before pulling the hoodie back down around his torso to cover his nakedness up again. Then he maneuvers them both under the covers, away from the puddle of Jimin's come on the comforter.

Jimin is already on the verge of sleep, cuddled up against Yoongi's warm body, enveloped by his scent, when a thought hits him. "Wait, what about you? Did you..." his hands starts to wander down under the covers but Yoongi quickly snatches it back up and presses a kiss against his knuckles.

"Don't worry about me, lovely," Yoongi whispers as he reaches out to turn off the lights. "Go to sleep."

Jimin doesn't need to be told twice. He burrows deeper into Yoongi and starts purring softly when his alpha begins threading his long fingers through Jimin’s hair.

He falls asleep wrapped up in his alpha’s arms, warm and sated and safe.

The next morning Jimin and Yoongi arrive to breakfast before most of the others and find Namjoon and Hoseok at one of the tables, fiddling with some sort of piece of equipment.

“What’s that?” Jimin asks curiously, peering over Namjoon’s shoulder.

"It's a walkie talkie we snatched off an unconscious guard yesterday," the beta replies, using a small screwdriver to unscrew the back of the device. "I thought maybe we could use the parts for the truck's radio."
"Did you check for any tracking device in it?" Yoongi asks, sitting down at the bench.

"Last night when we got back," Hoseok says. "It was clean."

"Hey," Namjoon suddenly perks up and looks at Yoongi. "We should make a trip to the junkyard. We can look for a few things to repair the radio, and the jeep's battery is also on its last legs. Maybe we'll get lucky and find a replacement."

Yoongi hums to himself and reaches out to rub Jimin's back when the omega sits next to him. "I guess it's worth a shot."

"What junkyard?" Jimin asks, looking between the three of them curiously.

"There's a huge one a couple of miles from here," Yoongi explains. "A crew only comes in once a week to drive new stuff out so it's always usually safe to go there. We've found some cool stuff there before."

"Can I come?" Jimin surprises himself by asking, and judging by the look on Yoongi's face, he's just as surprised.

"Well, I mean," Yoongi considers Jimin closely. "I don't think it'd hurt."

Jimin grins at him and claps his hands happily, causing Yoongi's expression to go all soft and tender. "When can we go?"

"Tomorrow," Yoongi says after a moment of consideration, and Jimin giggles joyfully right as the others begin to arrive for breakfast.

He's excited to get out of camp and go exploring with Yoongi.

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Yoongi is awoken by little hands patting excitedly at his cheeks. He groans and opens his eyes to find Jimin almost nose to nose with him, a wide grin splitting his face. Jimin is straddling Yoongi's waist and is bent over so their chests are pressed together.

"Morning, hyung," Jimin says when he sees that Yoongi is awake.

Yoongi chuckles sleepily and raises his head to he can brush the tip of his nose back and forth across Jimin's. "Morning, cutie."

Jimin giggles and rolls off of the alpha, sitting back on his haunches in Yoongi's bed, his small hands clasped in his lap. "Are we gonna go soon?"

Yoongi smiles and sits up with another small groan as his joints, still sore from the vigorous raid, cry in protest. "After breakfast."

Jimin urges Yoongi to dress quickly so they can get to breakfast, and Yoongi rolls his eyes in fond exasperation but obeys.

They're the first two to arrive for breakfast so naturally Jin ropes them both into helping him finish the food and setting the table.
By the time Yoongi is setting the last fork down at the table while Jimin and Jin chatter inside the RV, the others have begun to arrive. Hana and Eunyoung are first, followed by Daejung and Ilseong. Hoseok's loud, boisterous laughter precedes his arrival with Namjoon, and everybody sits down while they wait for Jungkook, Taehyung, and Sunhee.

Yoongi is pouring himself some juice when Jimin and Jin come out of the RV carrying trays of rice, soup, and multiple side dishes. It’s when they’re setting the bowls down in front of everyone and Ilseong pointedly looks away from Jimin as the other omega gives him his bowl that Taehyung, Jungkook, and Sunhee arrive.

They’re not alone, though. There are two other males with them, both being led along by Sunhee’s grip on their hands. Yoongi immediately recognizes the two omegas they rescued during the raid. Both look nervous and jittery, wary of all the people gathered at the tables.

"Hey, guys," Jungkook says in greeting as everybody looks up. "I want you to meet Kiyeon and Jaehoon."

Kiyeon has black hair and pale skin, is as skinny as a stick and also appears to be quite tall, but it’s hard to be sure with the way he hunches into himself in an effort to appear smaller. His scent reminds Yoongi of oranges and lemons.

Jaehoon is short and slight and has much the same body type as Jimin. He’s got wavy caramel curls and a smattering of freckles across his cheeks and nose. Jaehoon smells of vanilla and coffee, a pleasant omega scent that would surely attract most alphas.

"They wanted to join everyone for breakfast," Jungkook continues as Sunhee leads them over to opens seats at one of the tables.

Everyone gives the two new omegas friendly greetings and they tentatively sit down side by side, their eyes flicking to Yoongi every few seconds.

He doesn’t take it personally. He’s used to the looks of distrust and fear on omegas' faces in the beginning and he doesn’t let it bother him like it used to.

Everyone starts eating and Yoongi watches out of the corner of his eye as Jimin begins scarfing down his food, impatient to leave. "Baby," Yoongi murmurs, and Jimin looks at him, his mouth filled with rice and his cheeks puffed full like a little chipmunk. "Slow down, you'll get a stomach ache."

Jimin swallows the huge mouthful with a wince and shakes his head. "I'm fine, hyung. I just want to go."

"We will once we're done eating," Yoongi soothes. "The junkyard isn't going anywhere."

Jimin pouts a little but seems to listen and slows down his eating, taking dainty spoonfuls of soup instead of the giant hungry slurps from before.

Finally, Yoongi finishes up the last of his food and Jimin pops to his feet. "Is it time?"

Yoongi looks at Namjoon and Hana, who are also coming, and sees they’re just about finished as well. Yoongi stands up and ignores the glare Ilseong is boring into the side of his face. "We’ll get the car started."

Yoongi sits behind the wheel of the SUV while Jimin bounces excitedly in the passenger seat. Before long, Namjoon and Hana climbs into the back, and they all wave at Sunhee as Yoongi pulls
out of the main yard.

The drive is quick and smooth, and not fifteen minutes later they pull into a dirt parking lot outside of a huge junkyard spanning at least the size of a football field with the ocean in the distance.

"Wow!" Jimin exclaims as he jumps out of the car and closes his door. "It's huge! How many people know about this place?"

"The work crew only come on Mondays, and I've never seen anyone else here since it's so far out in the middle of nowhere," Yoongi says as he turns the ignition off and steps out of the car. "You and I can look around while Namjoon looks for parts."

Yoongi takes Jimin's hand and leads him into the junkyard. Its sectioned off in huge, towering piles of old cars and metal parts, leaving small dirt walkways to maneuver through. Yoongi spots dented washing machines and mangled bicycles and flat tires and all sorts of other junk.

Jimin seems thoroughly impressed, gasping at every new sight, and Yoongi has to bite back multiple coos. Namjoon and Hana are conversing as they follow behind them, seemingly arguing over the type of battery the jeep needs.

It's as the cool fall breeze wafts through the piles of junk that it brings strange voices along with it, and a moment later, the stench of burning tires carries on the breeze.

Next to him, Jimin suddenly freezes, going absolutely still as he stares straight ahead as the voices near. His grip on Yoongi's hand tightens so much that the alpha winces but instead of looking at Jimin, he stares straight ahead as around a corner walk three men.

Alphas, Yoongi can immediately tell. The burning tire stench is coming from the one in the lead.

Jimin gasps and shrinks behind Yoongi as the alphas stop talking when they see them and stare in surprise.

Fuck. This is bad. Really bad.

Warning alarms ring in Yoongi's head as the gazes of all three alphas narrow in on Jimin cowering behind Yoongi.

Yoongi takes in the death grip Jimin has on his hand, the way he's trying to hide, the sudden shaking of his body, and the look of pure and absolute terror on his face. And suddenly it all clicks.

Jimin knows these alphas. And Yoongi knows exactly how he does.

The lead alpha--Haecheol? If what he remembers from Jimin's story is correct--looks exactly how he does.

"Well, well, well," the alpha says in an ugly drawl, and Yoongi's grip on Jimin tightens at the way it grates his ears. "This is a surprise. If it isn't our favorite little omega."

Jimin whimpering softly and clings to Yoongi's arm, and Yoongi starts to see red. He can sense Jimin's terror, can feel it like a horrible twisting in his gut, writhing and roiling until Yoongi feels sick. Behind them, Namjoon and Hana come up to stand on either side of Jimin, staring at the alphas warily.

Yoongi didn't have the foresight to bring a weapon and now he regrets it.

The alpha--Haecheol? If what he remembers from Jimin's story is correct--looks from Jimin and
back to Yoongi again. He's got greasy brown, slicked back hair, sharp cheekbones and slanted, beady eyes that are much too bright for Yoongi's liking.

"Looks like he's found a new alpha to please, boys," Haecheol says, looking back at the two alphas flanking him, who snicker and look Yoongi up and down greasily. "Tell me," Haecheol says, gaze once again focused on Yoongi. "You having as much fun with him as we did?"

Behind him Jimin muffles a sob and Yoongi's whole field of vision goes crimson with rage. It bubbles up inside him, filling him, expanding until it feels like he's about to burst. He's never felt anger like this before; fiery, all consuming, eating him alive.

The sound of the three alphas' barking laughter tips Yoongi over the edge, and he takes a step forward towards them until a large hand closes around his upper arm and stops him.

"Don't," Namjoon mutters under his breath as Haecheol wipes a tear from his eye and his laughter calms down. He once again tries to catch a glimpse of the quivering omega behind Yoongi's body but Jimin hunches into himself and presses into the blonde alpha.

Yoongi takes a few deep, calming breaths that don't do much before finally speaking stiffly through a clenched jaw. "We have to get going now."

Haecheol cocks his head and eyes Yoongi up and down. Then, he smiles greasily and spreads his arms in a mocking little bow. "Of course, we wouldn't want to keep you," he says, once again trying to catch a peek of Jimin. "Goodbye, Jimin. I'm sure we'll be seeing you around."

Yoongi's whole body vibrates in fury at the obvious threat as he turns around and wraps an arm around Jimin's shoulders, pulling the omega along as Namjoon and Hana bring up the rear, watching the alphas to make sure they don't try anything. He shields Jimin as best as he can as the omega hides in Yoongi's neck, shaking violently and stumbling along as Yoongi guides him away at a brisk pace.

They leave the way they came, until the alphas are out of view and their scents fade. They pick up a swift jog and hustle back to the car right as Jimin starts crying violently into Yoongi's shoulder.

"T-they know I'm here," he gasps around his sobs. "They're gonna come find me and take me away now."

"No," Yoongi says sternly, throwing Hana the keys as he opens the back door and lifts Jimin up, climbing in after him and slamming the door closed. He pulls the omega into his lap and wraps his arms around him as Hana starts the car and throws it into drive, peeling out of the parking lot at a breakneck pace.

"They'll never hurt you again, Jimin," Yoongi says fiercely as Jimin clings to him for dear life, sobbing into Yoongi's neck, on the verge of hysterics. "Never again, I promise you."

It takes hours for Yoongi to calm Jimin down enough to get him to fall asleep, having had to give him a couple of the anxiety medication Jin gave Yoongi for his panic attacks. After that, it takes a good ten minutes for Yoongi to untangle himself from the stranglehold Jimin has of his body under the covers. The omega is so desperate for Yoongi even in his sleep that it takes a while for him to struggle free.
The last thing he wants to do is leave Jimin when he needs him the most, but there’s business that needs to be taken care of.

It’s the middle of the night when Yoongi calls a meeting of his usual raiding crew, but they all show up to the main yard incredibly fast. Hana and Namjoon must have told them what happened because Hoseok is ready and waiting and even Jin is there, sitting beside his mate with a stoic expression on his face.

The night air is cold but the rage flowing through Yoongi’s blood is more than enough to keep him warm.

"Do you all know why I called you here?" Yoongi begins, looking around at his crew.

"The alphas," Hana says, and Yoongi nods.

"They know Jimin is somewhere around here and they'll come looking for him. And if they find him, they'll find all the other omegas too."

Jin looks very grave. "So, what are we going to do?"

Yoongi had grabbed his gun from the lockbox in the RV. At Jin’s question, he picks it up from the table and cocks it. "We're going after them."

No one seems surprised. They all nod and stand, a look of determination on their faces.

"There's three of them and four of us, so--" Yoongi starts to say, but Jin interrupts him.

"Five," he says, and they all look at him in surprise. "I'm coming too."

Yoongi looks at Jin for a long moment, takes in the determined set of his shoulders and the stoic look on his face. Finally, Yoongi nods. "Let's go then."

Yoongi crouches behind an old rusted car, listening to the chatter from somewhere up ahead out of view.

They'd driven the SUV back to the junkyard, the headlights off and pace slow so as not to alert the alphas of their arrival. All five of them have covered themselves in mud from head to toe to mask their scents, and its beginning to dry and tug uncomfortably at Yoongi's skin. They'd crept through the junkyard on silent feet until they'd come upon the alphas' camp, just a few pitched tents around a fire in the middle of the junkyard.

Yoongi had told the others to hide while they listen. It sounds like the alphas are about four hundred feet ahead of them, and Yoongi can make out their sharp, barking laughter and the crackle of the fire. They’re downwind of them and the breeze brings Haecheol’s burning rubber scent to Yoongi, prickling his nose at the stench.

Hana and Jin are crouched next to him while Hoseok and Namjoon are across the way hidden behind a rusted and dented school bus. They're all watching Yoongi, waiting for the signal.

His heart is beating wildly in his ears, adrenaline pumping through his veins and making him feel jittery and fluttery.
Yoongi hand brushes over the gun holstered at his hip to make sure it's still there before he rises from his crouch, still bent over and hidden behind the car. He raises his fist, pausing to listen as his friends tense, then brings it down in a sharp chopping motion.

As one, the five of them burst around the corner into the alphas' camp with loud shouts.

The alphas yell in shock as a gunshot rings in the air, fired by Hana, and one of the alphas scream and falls over, clutching at his leg.

Yoongi's gaze immediately zeros in on Haecheol leaping to his feet across the fire, staring around wildly as Yoongi's crew attacks.

Yoongi leaps across the fire, feeling the flames lick his feet, and slams right into Haecheol, tackling him to the dirt. Hitting the ground jostles Yoongi's brain and sends pain jolting through his body as Haecheol groans, trying to struggle free from Yoongi's hold. He stinks of burning tires and it makes Yoongi's eyes water.

Yoongi grabs both of his arms and pins them to the ground and then leans in close, until he's almost nose to nose with Haecheol. "Remember me?" He spits venomously.

Haecheol's searches Yoongi's mud encrusted face until his eyes widen in recognition. "You? What-
"

He's interrupted by Yoongi rearing back and bringing his fist down on Haecheol's face with all his might, rage coursing through him. It turns his vision red and roils in his gut, fire licking through his veins.

Haecheol cries out in pain and tries to hit back, swinging his fists at Yoongi wildly, but the blonde alpha dodges him easily and slams his fist into Haecheol's jaw with a rabid grunt.

Haecheol spits blood with a moan and struggles wildly to throw Yoongi off. Yoongi grabs the other alpha by the throat and slams his head back against the ground, fingers constricting around his neck as he pins him there.

Behind him, Yoongi hears the wild sounds of struggling and fighting and yelling, but it all fades away as he begins punching Haecheol's face, over and over and over again as his vision clouds, turning a hazy crimson as if he's peering through smoke.

Yoongi channels all his rage, all the fury and horror and disgust he feels towards Haecheol for what he did to Jimin, channels it into beating him as the alpha's face turns bloody and swollen and undistinguishable under Yoongi's fists.

Yoongi doesn't even register Haecheol's blubered please for him to stop, muffled and spluttered as one of his teeth goes flying and his eyes begin to swell shut from the force of Yoongi's hits. His face is turning to mush and the frantic kicking of his arms and legs begins to slow, turning jerky and erratic.

Yoongi is grunting and growling like some wild thing, completely losing himself as he beats the life out of Jimin's abuser. It feels good. Fuck, it feels so good.

He slams down, again and again, getting lost in the monotonous motion and the horrific satisfaction he feels every time his fist connects with flesh.

Finally, Haecheol is just a quivering mass of bruised and beaten flesh, gurgling on his own blood. Behind Yoongi, the sounds of struggling have ceased and he knows the other two alphas are dead.
Yoongi stops hitting Haecheol and sits back up so he's straddling the alpha's torso. "You're headed to the deepest pits of hell, you piece of trash," Yoongi says, his voice raw and hoarse.

Then he pulls out his gun from his holster and cocks it, watching the fear in Haecheol's blackened and bruised eyes as his gaze alights on the gun.

Then, Yoongi presses it against Haecheol's forehead, enjoying the way his rattling and wheezing breathing hitches in terror, and pulls the trigger.

The gunshot rings through the air as Haecheol's body jerks once and blood explodes everywhere, splattering across Yoongi's face.

The silence that follows is loud, terribly loud as it rings sharply in Yoongi's ears. All he can hear is his own ragged, gasping breaths as he rises slowly to his feet and steps away from Haecheol's body.

He holsters his gun and as he does, his hands catch his attention. They're an angry, violent red in color and bruised and covered in blood. His knuckles are split open, all of them, big jagged cuts ripped into his skin by the force of his punches. Yoongi is still so hyped up on adrenaline that he doesn't even feel the pain, but he know as soon as it fades it'll come in full force.

He finally turns around and looks up to see the others standing around the camp. The bodies of the two other alphas heaped in the dirt.

They all take in Yoongi's wild and bloodied appearance but nobody says anything.

"We should hide the bodies," Jin finally breaks the silence of the night. "If the junkyard crew find them it'll be reported and this place will be crawling with investigators."

So they drag the bodies away from the small camp and bury them under piles and piles of metal junk, deep down under pounds of car parts and tires. It takes another two hours of them digging and lifting and dragging and burying, and by the time they're done, exhausted and weary, the sky is beginning to lighten above them.

The drive back to the shipping yard is silent and heavy. The pain of Yoongi's fists is starting to set in and he's tired right down to the bone. He doesn't think he's ever been so tired in his life.

When they get back to the main yard and park the car, it's still the early hours of dawn and much too early for any of the others to be awake.

They all take turns taking quick showers to wash themselves clean of all the mud and blood dried to their skin. Yoongi would love to stay under the water forever, eyes closed as it pours over him and washes all the pain and horror away.

But Hoseok and Jin still need to take their turn, and the water is already growing cold, so with a sigh, Yoongi rinses the last of the soap from his body, wincing as the spray makes his bruised and ripped knuckles sting.

The walk back to Yoongi's room seems to take ages. He's so tired and his feet are dragging and all he wants to do is collapse in his bed and curl around Jimin and sleep for years.

When he opens his door though, Jimin isn't asleep. He's pacing the room, back and forth, and when the door open, he swings around with a gasp. Jimin looks wild-eyed and frantic, and the second he sees Yoongi, his eyes fill with tears.
"You weren't here when I woke up," Jimin cries immediately as Yoongi closes the door.

Despite his exhaustion, Yoongi is horrified to see Jimin's distress. He hurries across the room and pulls the omega into his arms. "I'm sorry, baby," he soothes and Jimin clings to him. "There was something I had to do."

Jimin pulls back and looks at him accusingly, but then his eyes hand on Yoongi's hands and he gasps. He grabs them both gently and stares down at them in horror. "What happened?"

Yoongi gently shakes him off and cups Jimin's face. "I promised you those alphas would never hurt you again, didn't I?"

Jimin stares at him in confusion for a moment until his eyes widen in realization. He gapes at Yoongi, mouthing popping open in a silent 'O'. "You..they--" Jimin struggles for words as Yoongi leans in and kisses his forehead.

"Can we talk later? I'm about to pass out," Yoongi murmurs, and Jimin observes his face for a long, silent moment before nodding. Stepping back from Jimin, Yoongi strip off his mud encrusted clothes and leaves them in a heap on the floor. He grabs his soft pajamas off the foot of the bed and slides them on sluggishly, his eyelids growing heavy.

Yoongi collapses on the bed and Jimin immediately slides in next to him under the covers. "Poor hyung," Jimin whispers as he takes one of Yoongi's mangled hands and presses a feather light kiss to the shredded knuckles.

Yoongi smiles softly even as his eyelids close. The last thing he's aware of is Jimin wrapping around him and that sweet cream and honey scent soothing Yoongi to sleep.
Hunger

Chapter Summary

"'Say you love me again," Jimin gasps as he and Yoongi rock together, their bodies moving in tandem.

Yoongi mouths along Jimin’s jaw, stopping to kiss a spot behind his ear that has his toes curling. Then he pulls back just enough to look the omega in the eye. “I love you, Park Jimin,” he murmurs, ghosting a kiss across Jimin’s lips. “With everything inside of me, I love you.'"

Long fingered hands are running down his bare body, caressing his sensitive skin. Jimin arches into the touch, chasing the warmth of those hands. They feel so good on his body, so right. His senses are flooded with the smell of spicy musk. It clouds his head and makes him feel like he's drowning in it. But it's so good, so delicious that all Jimin wants to do is remain submerged in the scent for the rest of his life.

Then there’s a mouth latching onto one of his nipples and Jimin cries out at the shock of pleasure that shoots through him. He pushes up into the touch, mewling softly when those big hands squeeze his hips while a skilled tongue flicks over his nipple, back and forth teasingly.

Jimin reaches up and tangles his hands in icy blonde hair, pulling down on his lover's head, moaning softly at the feeling of his sensitive nipple being tortured like this.

One of the hands gripping his hip begins sliding down his body, around his thigh, and then Jimin gasps loudly when there are fingers teasing at his slick-drenched entrance. Shocks of pleasure run through his body and Jimin spreads his legs, wanting more.

Jimin jerks awake with a sharp gasp, awoken by the feeling of warm slick slipping slowly out of him. He's half hard in his sleeping pants and his heart is racing a mile a minute. He feels much too hot, and upon reaching up, he feels that his forehead is covered in sweat and his hair is sticking to it damply.

Jimin looks behind him at Yoongi, holding his breath. He really hopes the smell of his slick hasn't woken Yoongi up. But the alpha is dead to the world, fast asleep on his stomach with his face squished against the pillow. He has one arm slung across Jimin's waist and is none the wiser to the sudden scent of stifling omega slick in the air.

Jimin breathes a sigh of relief and roughly wipes at the slick leaking out of him with the back of his sweatpants. He lays back down next to Yoongi and snuggles in close. His eyes land on one of Yoongi's hands, on the bruised and torn knuckles. Jimin reaches out and gently, light as a feather, traces his fingertips across the marks. Yoongi twitches a little in his sleep but otherwise doesn't react.

Jimin still can't believe what Yoongi did for him with Haecheol and the other alphas. He promised they'd never hurt Jimin again but he had no idea how far Yoongi was willing to go to keep that promise.

Never in his life has Jimin had someone so willing to go to such lengths to keep him safe. Sure, he
had his parents, but that was a long time ago, before the world went to shit. Since then, its felt as though every decent person on earth has just disappeared.

But now, Jimin has found not just one amazing person, but many. So many people who care about him and want to keep him safe, and it's so foreign to him. Foreign, but wonderful. So, so wonderful, and they're all slowly breaking down all the walls he's built over the years.

No one more so than Yoongi. Jimin didn't think that alphas like Yoongi could exist anymore. The thought of a genuinely good and kind alpha in these times just wasn't something Jimin thought was possible.

And yet, here he is, sleeping peacefully next to Jimin with his cute cat lips puckered against the pillow.

And this alpha, this amazing alpha, is in love with him. With Jimin. He still can't comprehend that.

Of all the omegas in the world, why would Yoongi be in love with him?

At first he didn't understand it. Love. But he thinks he might be starting to. Is what he feels for Yoongi love? He doesn't know. He's never experienced these feelings before and he doesn't know how to sort through them. But he knows what he feels for Yoongi is real.

He wonders if it might actually be love?

The next day while Yoongi is helping Hana and Hoseok repair a part in one of the cars, Jimin heads over to Jungkook's shipping container. When he arrives the door is already open and Jimin hears childish babbling from inside. When he pops his head in, he sees Jungkook sprawled across the bed with a book while Taehyung and Sunhee are on the floor drawing with crayons.

Damn, he was hoping Jungkook might be alone.

Sunhee is the first to see him and she leaps to her feet with a joyful cry of, "Jiminie!"

Jimin ruffles her downy soft hair when she strangles his legs in a hug. Jungkook looks up from his book and immediately notes the uncomfortable stance of Jimin's body and the slightly pinched expression on his face.

"Hey, you two silly butts," Jungkook address Taehyung and Sunhee as he sits up on the bed. "Why don't you let me talk to Jiminie for a little bit?"

Sunhee starts to pout but Taehyung gets the hint right away and rises to his feet. "Come on, Sun Bun," he says taking Sunhee's hand. "Let's go for a quick walk and chase the seagulls."

Sunhee giggles a little manically and nods, practically tugging Taehyung from the room and leaving the two omegas alone.

Jungkook waits until their voices fade away before he looks at Jimin in concern. "You okay?"

Jimin bites his lip and nods. "I just...need your advice."

The other omega pats the bed next to him and Jimin crosses the room, almost tripping over some of Sunhee's toys, and sinks down next to Jungkook. "What's up?"
Jimin looks down at his lap for a long moment, fiddling with his fingers. "How do you..." he takes a deep breath and tries again. "How do you know if you're in love with somebody?"

That's obviously not what Jungkook was expecting because his big doe eyes widen and his lips pop open like a little fish. "Oh. Um, well, it's this sort of this, like, feeling?" Jungkook purses his lips in thought. "In your chest, I guess. It feels like your heart is going to explode from your body and you’re just filled with so much warmth and affection for that person. Every time you see them your tummy fills with butterflies and it's like you’re seeing them for the first time. All you want to do is see them smile and make them laugh. And you’d do anything for them. You’d take a bullet for them. It’d be the easiest choice in the world, to choose their life over yours."

Jimin is silent for a long, long time after Jungkook finishes, trying to sort through all the emotions swirling around in his head.

"Is this about Yoongi?" Jungkook asks gently after a while. Jimin blushes and nods shyly, still looking down at his hands. "So, you're in love with him, or you're not sure?"

Jimin twists his fingers together. "I just...I've never been in love before, so I don't know what it feels like. I don't know if what I'm feeling is love or not."

Jungkook hums in thought. "Does Yoongi make you happy? Does seeing him make your entire day?"

"Yes," Jimin says immediately.

"Do you want to be with him all the time and being apart for even a little bit is torture?"

Jimin glances up at Jungkook and nods.

"Can you imagine your life without him in it?"

At this, Jimin quickly shakes his head.

"Does your heart race and your insides feel all funny when you're with him?" Again, Jimin nods. "And would you do anything to keep him safe? Even give your own life for him?"

Jimin looks at Jungkook for a long beat before he gives a slow nod. He would gladly give his life for Yoongi, if it meant keeping his alpha safe. It's not even a question.

The other omega smiles softly at Jimin and pats his knee. "You, my friend, are in love."

Jimin blinks at him. Could it be? Is he in love with Yoongi?

The more he thinks about it, the more he thinks Jungkook might be right. Everything he said about love is exactly how he feels about Yoongi.

Holy shit. Jimin covers his mouth with his hands as the realization sweeps through him.

He's in love with Yoongi.

______________

*Roaming hands, a hot mouth dragging wet kisses across his skin. His blood is coursing through his*
veins, pumping heavily as he moans softly and arches into the mouth suckling on one of his nipples.

Then there’s a finger pressing against his slick-drenched hole, light and teasing, and he tries to push back on it, his whole body on fire.

When the finger sinks all the way inside him, he chokes on a gasp when sparkling pleasure shoots up his spine.

A solid body is pressing down on him, grounding him as the finger moves inside him, testing. He’s surrounded by that spicy musk, so mouthwatering and overpowering that his head spins.

Jimin awakens quite suddenly with a whimper, his whole body throbbing with need.

Yoongi jerks awake beside him, pulled out of sleep by Jimin’s distressed sound. “Baby?” He slurs, rubbing at his eyes and sitting up. “What’s wrong?”

Jimin rolls over in bed and turns to Yoongi, just now realizing there are tears slipping down his cheeks. Yoongi eyes widen in alarm, and the scent of Jimin’s slick doesn’t seem to register over his panic.

“What is it?” Yoongi asks urgently, gripping at Jimin’s shoulders. “Baby, what’s wrong?”

Jimin whimpers again and reaches out for Yoongi. “Hyung,” he whispers as Yoongi engulfs him tightly in his arms. Yoongi’s touch is like electricity on his skin and Jimin gasps. “W-want you so bad.”

Yoongi freezes, and Jimin notes the exact moment the smell of Jimin’s slick, which has gathered so thickly between his cheeks that the back of his pants are wet, registers in his mind.

He feels Yoongi suck in a sharp breath. “Jimin? What—”

“Please,” Jimin breathes, pressing his face to Yoongi’s scent gland and gulping in his smell, his panting breathing puffing wet and warm against Yoongi’s neck. He can’t help himself when he starts mouthing at the hot skin needily, and he feels Yoongi shudder at his touch.

“What are you sure?” Yoongi whispers as Jimin kisses sloppily at his neck.

“’M sure,” Jimin sighs, his senses swimming with nothing but Yoongi. “I’m ready, hyung. I trust you.”

Yoongi gulps thickly and Jimin smells his scent spike. “Okay. Okay,” Yoongi says, as if he’s trying to fortify himself. “Okay.”

When Yoongi kisses him, it’s not desperate or rushed or heated. It’s soft and gentle, so achingly sweet Jimin’s stomach flips. He cups both sides of Jimin’s face, holding him so delicately, as if he were made of glass.

They kiss for a long time until Jimin starts to grow impatient, whining into the kiss as he tugs at Yoongi’s shirt, but the alpha just chuckles and continues to kiss him deeply. When Yoongi’s big, warm hands slip under Jimin’s shirt and start pushing the material upwards, Jimin lifts his arms and breaks the kiss momentarily to allow Yoongi to pull it completely off.

Then Yoongi’s mouth is back on his and his hands are roaming over Jimin’s bare torso, leaving a trail of fire wherever they touch.
When Yoongi begins pressing Jimin back down on the mattress, he goes easily, watching as Yoongi pauses just enough to pull off his own shirt and throw it to the floor.

Jemin is presented with the sight of strong, broad shoulders and sharp collar bones and a toned stomach. Jemin can’t help himself when he reaches out to touch as Yoongi settles on his elbows over him.

His fingers trail over the smooth, pale skin of Yoongi’s chest, along his collar bones and down into the dip. Up over the strong contours of his shoulders and the sinewy muscles of his upper arms. His fingers seem to find the bullet scar of their own accord, and Jemin pauses here for a second, brushing his fingertips over the raised and puckered skin.

Yoongi lets Jemin explore his body for as long as he wants. The alpha simply gazes down at Jemin, moving his ashy hair away from his forehead with a tender smile on his face.

Jemin’s fingers walk up the column of Yoongi’s throat, feeling the way it contracts when he gulps, and along the sharp curve of his jawline.

With his finger, he taps it on the tip of Yoongi’s adorable nose. “Boop,” he whispers with a smile.

Yoongi’s eyebrows shoot up into his hairline. “Boop?” He narrows his eyes down at Jemin. He moves in until their noses are touching. “I’m the only one who does the booping around here.”

Then he smacks a big, wet kiss on Jemin’s nose, causing the omega to squeal. Yoongi then starts pressing sloppy wet kisses all over Jemin’s cheeks, not relenting even as Jemin shrieks in laughter for him to stop.

Yoongi makes sure to lick at each spot he kisses, until Jemin’s face feels wet and he struggles to push Yoongi off while he convulses with laughter. “Hyung!” He wheezes, trying to shield his face with his hands. “Stop!”

Yoongi is laughing too, that cute silent one where his shoulders are shaking. After a few more seconds of torturing Jemin, he finally ceases his attack, instead nuzzling his nose into the soft flesh of Jemin’s cheek. It tickles but feels so nice, and Jemin finds himself purring softly.

“My baby,” Yoongi hums into Jemin’s cheek, and the omega’s heart positively bursts. He whines softly and clings to Yoongi, wrapping his arms around the alpha’s shoulders to keep their bodies pressed flush together. He wraps his legs around Yoongi’s hips and curls his fingers in his icy blonde hair.

“Hyung,” Jemin sniffles wetly, realizing there are tears in his eyes again. He didn’t know he could ever feel this way about someone. He needs to tell Yoongi. He needs to tell him how he feels. He opens his mouth to do so but all that comes out is a soft whimper.

“Shhh,” Yoongi soothes, kissing away the wetness gathering on Jemin’s cheeks. “Don’t cry.”

Their lips find each other naturally again, a little wet from Jemin’s tears, tasting of salt and tenderness; perhaps the most beautiful thing Jemin’s ever tasted.

Jemin kisses Yoongi like his life depends on it, clings tight to him as though if he lets go he’ll lose him forever. “Yoongi hyung,” Jemin whispers in between kisses, opening up to let Yoongi kiss him deeper.

Much too quickly though, Yoongi sits back up again, smiling at the way Jemin tries to follow his lips. His straddles Jemin’s hips and leans down, beginning to pepper kisses down his body, starting at
his jaw and his neck, causing Jimin to whimper when he sucks harshly at his scent gland. He trails
kisses across Jimin chest, teasingly avoiding his nipples, unlike in Jimin's dream. Yoongi continues
down, his lips leaving fire in their wake, until he gets to Jimin's slightly chubby stomach.

"Beautiful," Yoongi whispers into the skin of his belly, and Jimin blushes.

His stomach flutters under Yoongi's touch as the alpha pays extra attention to his tummy, ghosting
kiss after kiss across his skin until Jimin starts to grow a little weak from the attention.

"Hyung," he begs softly, needing more. His body is aching for more.

Yoongi hums against his belly, the vibration causing Jimin to giggle, before sitting back up and
shimmying off Jimin's body. His fingers dip under the waistband of Jimin's sweats, a question on his
face, and Jimin hurriedly nods.

Yoongi begins sliding the pants down Jimin's legs, the omega helping by lifting up his bottom so
Yoongi can pull them down. His small cock pops free, hard and already leaking with precome as
Yoongi tosses his pants on the floor.

Suddenly embarrassed at lying so utterly exposed under Yoongi, Jimin tries to hide his flaming face
in his hands. But Yoongi quickly tugs them away, planting a gentle kiss on Jimin's forehead.

"Don't hide from me," he whispers. "You're perfect."

Jemin's stomach swoops and he nods shakily, closing his eyes as Yoongi kisses his cheek tenderly.
Then Yoongi is moving down again, and Jimin's eyes fly open when the alpha lifts up his right leg
and begins kissing it, starting at the inside of Jimin's ankle and slowly moving up.

Jemin grows hotter the further up Yoongi moves, taking his sweet time as he gives Jimin's leg the
occasional lick or suck. He's moving so horribly slow to the place Jimin wants him the most, and he
feels like he's going to pass out from the anticipation.

When Yoongi reaches Jimin's inner thigh, the alpha moans softly at the taste of the slick coating the
skin. The vibration of his moan is so close to Jimin's hole that he moans too, body jerking.

"You have no idea how good you taste," Yoongi murmers, sucking a harsh mark onto the sensitive
skin of Jimin's inner thigh. Jimin blushes crimson, but thankfully Yoongi is too busy kissing his
thighs to notice.

"Hyung," Jimin says, reaching out to take a gentle fistful of Yoongi's hair, feeling suddenly
nervous. "I-it's not gonna hurt, right?"

Yoongi looks up at him and gently lays his leg back down. He crawls over Jimin's body until
they're face to face. "I'd rather die than hurt you, sweet baby," Yoongi says, looking Jimin deep in
the eye. "I'll make you feel so good," he kisses Jimin's chin. "And we can stop whenever you say.
Just say the word."

Jemin nods shakily, curling his fingers in Yoongi's hair and releasing a deep breath as Yoongi
gently kisses along his collar bones. "Okay, I'm okay. You can keep going."

Yoongi observes his face for a long moment, as if to make sure Jimin actually means it, before he
nods. He stands back up on the floor for a moment while he removes his pants, and Jimin's eyes
widen at the hard, thick cock that bounces free from of his sweats. The practical side of him thinks
there's no way it'll fit, while the omega in him starts whining in need, and Jimin squirms on the bed,
making grabby hands at Yoongi.
Yoongi chuckles low in his throat and climbs back onto the bed. His hands ghost over Jimin's body, feather light, running over his nipples and making Jimin gasp.

Jimin's whole body is throbbing in need and he's leaking slick all over Yoongi's sheets. "Please, hyung," Jimin whimpers, feeling like he's about to go crazy.

"Shhh," Yoongi hushes soothingly as he spreads Jimin's legs, bending them at the knee and planting them on the bed.

When his finger circles Jimin's slick-wet hole, the omega shudders violently, his hips bucking of their own accord. Yoongi teases him like this for a while, just circling his rim, over and over, until tears of desperation are forming in Jimin's eyes as each touch sends tingles through his body.

"Please," Jimin begs brokenly, and he finally gets his wish when Yoongi starts to push in his finger.

He goes impossibly slow, letting Jimin get used to each inch before going deeper. It doesn't hurt, but the stretch is a little uncomfortable. When Yoongi's finger bottoms out inside him, he waits patiently while Jimin gets accustomed to it.

It takes a few long moments, but finally, Jimin nods at Yoongi, who begins to move his finger. Still, he goes incredibly slow, dragging it in and out at a snail's pace. The stretching sensation soon fades as Yoongi patiently works him open. When Yoongi sinks his finger in again, he starts wiggling it around, as if in search of something. Jimin is just about to ask him what he's doing when Yoongi's finger brushes against something deep inside him that has Jimin seeing stars.

"Oh!" Jimin cries out, his body seizing up.

Yoongi smiles in triumph and begins stroking Jimin's prostate relentlessly until Jimin is crying and thrashing on the bed. "Ah! M-more, hyung, please!"

So Yoongi slowly begins working in a second long, thin finger. The burn is more intense this time, but Yoongi distracts Jimin by leaning down and latching his mouth onto one of the omega's nipples. Jimin gasps loudly and shivers, so overwhelmed by all these different sensations.

Once Yoongi is two fingers deep, he waits again, lazily laving at Jimin's nipple until once again, the burn fades, and Jimin wiggles his hips tentatively.

Yoongi begins to work Jimin open, the glide easy with all the slick he's producing. He pumps slowly in and out, in and out as discomfort slowly gives way to pleasure. A low warmth begins buzzing in Jimin's stomach and he closes his eyes and bites his lip as Yoongi's skilled fingers open him up.

When Yoongi starts scissoring his fingers inside Jimin, his eyes fly open on a gasp when not only one, but now two digits are stroking against his prostate. "O-oh!" Jimin moans, rolling his hips in time with Yoongi's movements. "Hyung, it feels s-so good."

Yoongi smiles and kisses Jimin's hips while he continues fingerling him open. He keeps going and going, teasing and brushing against Jimin's prostate with every couple of thrusts as pleasure builds and Jimin grows hotter and hotter.

Finally, he can't take it anymore. He needs Yoongi.

"H-hyung, please," he begs, rolling his hips frantically on Yoongi's fingers, desperate for more. "I'm r-ready. Please."
Yoongi watches Jimin closely, eyes narrowed, before he finally hums and pulls his fingers from Jimin, earning a displeased whine at the sudden emptiness. It makes his whole body ache.

Jimin watches with wide eyes as Yoongi brings the fingers that were just inside Jimin up to his lips. Yoongi maintains eye contact with Jimin as he begins licking off the slick, making Jimin squeak in mortification.

Yoongi laughs at the expression on Jimin's face and leans down to smack a quick kiss on his lips. "So cute," he murmurs before sitting back up. Yoongi gulps, looking suddenly nervous. "Are you ready?"

Jimin nods and spreads his legs wider as Yoongi settles between them. It feels so strange letting in alpha in like this, actually choosing it for himself. And yet it feels so right.

Jimin feels like he's burning up, and when he feels the head of Yoongi's cock press against his slicked up hole, he stutters a gasp.

Then Yoongi begins to press in. There's some resistance at first, as if Jimin's body is pushing back, but then in an amazing moment, Jimin feels his muscles give way and Yoongi's cock pops inside with a slick wet sound.

A gasp is punched from Jimin's lungs as Yoongi slowly sinks inside. Fuck, he's big, stretching Jimin to what feels like the limit. But it feels so good, the burn, the feeling of Yoongi inside him. The feeling of finally being claimed by his alpha.

Yoongi moans low as he bottoms out, but he's watching Jimin, searching his face for any sign of discomfort. It takes a few moments for the burn to fade away, and when it does, Jimin wraps his legs around Yoongi's hips and draws him in for a kiss as the alpha takes it as his cue to begin moving.

He starts slow at first, dragging out and then easing back in as they moan into each other's mouths. The last of the burn fades away and now each drag of Yoongi's cock inside him has pleasure sparking up Jimin's spine.

His fingers clench in Yoongi's hair and he tries to pull Yoongi in closer with his legs, pull him in deeper. Yoongi must get the hint because he starts to pick up the pace, pumping in and out of Jimin faster.

They have to break the kiss when their panting becomes too loud, and instead Yoongi buries his gasps and low groans into Jimin's neck as the omega throws his head back and closes his eyes, biting his lip as he focuses on how good it feels.

Their sweat covered bodies press flush together as Yoongi works into him. On one particular thrust, the head of his cock rubs directly against Jimin's prostate, and he cries out, eyes snapping open. "There!"

Yoongi obeys, slanting his hips up so he can keep hitting that swollen bundle of nerves inside Jimin. Fuck, it feels so good. It feels better than Jimin ever imagined. White clouds his vision each time Yoongi hits that spot.

He's hot, hotter than he's ever been in his life. His whole body is on fire and magma is racing through his veins. Every touch of Yoongi's body, every kiss and every drag of his cock lights Jimin's body up in fireworks.

Jimin rolls his hips, countering each of Yoongi's thrusts, trying to pull him in harder, deeper. The glide is so smooth, so easy from all Jimin's slick, and the squishy wet sounds filling the room add to
Jimin's arousal.

"H-hyung," Jimin gasps, tightening his hold on Yoongi, not sure what to do in the face of such pleasure. "I-I-you...I--"

"Shhh," Yoongi shushes his incoherent babbling with gentle kisses. "You're doing so good. So amazing."

Jimin preens at the praise, a moan ripping from his throat at Yoongi's words. Yoongi thrusts into him achingly slow and mind numbingly deep, and the warmth building in Jimin's groin has him crying in need. Need for more, need for release, a need more something he can't name.

Yoongi takes Jimin's arms and pins them above his head, weaving their fingers together as he thrusts with slow, deliberate force into the omega. Jimin squeezes tight to Yoongi's hands, using them to ground himself. Tears are slipping down his cheeks and he only realizes it when Yoongi kisses them away.

The alpha trails his lips down until he's suckling at Jimin's neck, and he tilts his head back and offers Yoongi a better angle, presenting himself, submitting to his alpha. Jimin whines loudly when he feels Yoongi's teeth scrape across his scent gland, right where a mating bite would go.

It's a thought that's been in the back of his head lately; mating, and now it surges to the forefront of his mind. The omega in him wails, begging to be claimed by his alpha, a feeling so primal and instinctual that it completely blindsides Jimin.

Jimin's swirling thoughts short circuit when Yoongi drives in at a particular angle that hits Jimin's prostate so perfectly that his whole body goes rigid and he cries out, stars spotting his blurred vision.

Then, Yoongi surprises him by scooping an arm under Jimin's back and easily lifting the both of them up into a sitting position. Yoongi settles Jimin in his lap and he gets over his shock quickly, sinking back down on Yoongi's cock, a high pitched whine spilling from his throat as he bottoms out.

Jimin wraps his legs tightly around Yoongi's waist, and this new angle is so much deeper than before, so deep that Yoongi's cock is pressing incessantly against Jimin's prostate. Jimin shudders violently as Yoongi hugs him close, whispering words of encouragement as he rubs up and down Jimin's sweaty back.

In this position they can't do much more than rock together, but even that is almost too much with the way Jimin's prostate is being abused. Its too much, it's all too much. Jimin feels like he's burning alive.

He rests his cheek on Yoongi's sweaty forehead as they roll and grind together, gasping into Yoongi’s hair. That heat in his stomach is growing hotter, so hot it almost hurts. It feels like something is tightening, beginning to build and build in anticipation. He begins rolling his hips in slow figure eights, earning electricity sparking through his whole body as Yoongi moans throatily into his neck.

Then something begins to swell at the base of Yoongi's cock, growing wider and pushing Jimin open almost to the point of pain. Then he realizes; it's Yoongi's knot. Yoongi is going to knot him. That realization throws the omega inside of him into an absolute frenzy of need. He's never wanted to take an alpha's knot before.

In his overwhelmed, incoherent vulnerability, Jimin needs Yoongi's reassurance. He needs to hear
that he's really the one Yoongi's chosen.

Jimin pulls back enough to cup Yoongi's face in his hands, whining at the relentless attack on his prostate as Yoongi grinds up into him.

“Say you love me again,” Jimin gasps as he and Yoongi rock together, their bodies moving in tandem.

Yoongi mouths along Jimin’s jaw, stopping to kiss a spot behind his ear that has his toes curling. Then he pulls back just enough to look the omega in the eye. “I love you, Park Jimin,” he murmurs, ghosting a kiss across Jimin’s lips. “With everything inside of me, I love you.”

Yoongi's words have tears pooling in Jimin's eyes. He paws at Yoongi's cheeks, forcing him to look the omega in the eye, feeling desperate to get Yoongi to understand. "I love you too," he says breathlessly, watching as Yoongi's eyes widen. "I love you too, Min Yoongi."

Now Yoongi's eyes are filling with tears and he envelopes Jimin in a crushing hug. They sniffle together until Yoongi shifts and his cock rubs against Jimin's insides, and he moans, loud and high pitched.

"Please, please," he pants, clawing at Yoongi's shoulders as he's thrown right back into desperate need. He's delirious with pleasure and he's about to tumble over the edge.

Yoongi grips Jimin's hips tightly and pulls him down at the same time he bucks up, pushing in as deep as possible before grinding against his prostate. "Come for me, my baby," Yoongi whispers into Jimin's ear as his knot locks them in place.

Yoongi finally tips over the edge. His orgasm crashes into him with all the force of a wrecking ball. It punches the breath out of his lungs and his eyes roll into the back of his head as pleasure wracks through his body violently, causing him to seize up, limbs going stiff. His vision goes completely white for a long moment, turning him temporarily blind. He spurs his release all over his and Yoongi's stomachs, his walls clenching spastically around Yoongi’s cock.

Jimin can feel Yoongi pumping his release inside Jimin as the alpha moans, burying his face in Jimin's scent gland as they both ride out their climax. The feeling of being filled up with Yoongi's seed, with his alpha's seed, has his inner omega preening happily. Never before has Jimin been happy to be filled up with an alpha's come.

Slowly, so, so slowly, they both come down from their high. They are breathing harshly, ragged gasps pulling from their lungs, and they’re both drenched in sweat. The last sparks of pleasure fades away and Jimin goes limp in Yoongi's arms, slumping against him and breathing heavily.

With a final few spurts of come, Yoongi's cock goes still inside of him. But the knot still has them stuck together, so Yoongi gingerly maneuvers them back until Jimin is lying down and Yoongi is sprawled on top of him.

Yoongi brushes away Jimin's sweaty hair and looks Jimin's face over in concern. "Are you okay? Did I hurt you?"

Jimin smiles dopyly up at him, feeling so warm and sated as a pleasant afterglow settles over his exhausted body. He smacks his kiss swollen lips a few times before answering. "I'm just peachy," he slurs, popping the P.

Yoongi snorts in amusement and kisses gently across Jimin's ruddy and flushed cheeks. "Did you mean it?" He whispers when he pulls back and looks Jimin in the eye again.
It takes Jimin's addled mind a moment to figure out what Yoongi's talking about. When he does, he smiles and reaches up to stroke Yoongi's cheek. "I did mean it. I love you."

Yoongi sucks in a deep, shuddering inhale and closes his eyes, as if absorbing Jimin's words.

Yoongi wraps around him, head pillowed on Jimin's chest, and they cuddle together until Yoongi's knot finally goes down after a long time. Once it does, Yoongi shifts onto his knees and gingerly slides out of Jimin, who whimpers at the aching loss. Slick and come immediately start to leak out of him, much to Jimin's disgust, but Yoongi quickly grabs his discarded shirt from off the floor and uses it to wipe up the mess. He also cleans off Jimin's stomach, sticky with come, as well as wiping himself off before he tosses the soiled shirt away.

He lays down and scoops Jimin into his arms, rolling them away from the mess they'd made on the comforter, and pulls the blankets up around their cooling bodies. Jimin latches around Yoongi, tucking his head under the alpha's chin as an intense wave of exhaustion hits him.

"Go to sleep," Yoongi whispers as he kisses the top of Jimin's head.

Jimin doesn't need to be told twice. He drifts off to sleep safe in Yoongi's arms.

Yoongi wakes up when he feels the bed shift. His forehead scrunches up in displeasure for a moment before his eyes open to find Jimin sitting on the bed next to him, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes. He's wearing a huge oversized sweater that had been lying in a heap of freshly washed closed by the bed. The hem hangs almost completely off one shoulder, exposing soft honey skin and sharp collarbones.

Yoongi sits up behind Jimin and leans in, wrapping his arms around the omega's waist and leaning in to press a soft kiss to his bare shoulder. "Morning," he murmurs against Jimin’s skin.

Jimin giggles sweetly and turns his face to peck a quick kiss to Yoongi’s cheek. “Morning, hyung.”

Yoongi hums softly, running his nose along the curve of Jimin’s shoulder, breathing in his cream and honey scent tinged with sex. “How do you feel?”

Jimin’s smile makes his entire face glow, and the pink that colors his cheeks makes Yoongi’s heart swell. “Good,” he says softly.

“Good,” Yoongi says back, gazing at Jimin with stars in his eyes. “I’m glad.”

Jimin’s blush deepens and he has to look away from Yoongi with a small breathless laugh.

Yoongi mouths gently along the love bites he’d left across Jimin’s neck last night, admiring his work. Jimin shivers and leans into Yoongi’s touch with a soft sigh.

They dress slowly, joking around and teasing each other, and Yoongi tries his very hardest to say things that’ll make Jimin blush even darker, like commenting on how those hickeys look good on him or about how cute his wild sex hair is. Jimin whines in mortification for him to stop, but he can’t seem to hide his pleased grins.

While Yoongi is trying to decide what shirt to wear, Jimin's tentative voice comes from behind him.
"Hey, hyung. Would you be my…" he pauses a moment and seems to take a deep breath. “Can we be mates?"

Yoongi feels his heart stop and he spins around to stare at Jimin, who has his sweater paws crossed nervously in front of his body. Yoongi blinks rapidly at him. Did he just hear correctly? Jimin wants to mate with him?

"D-do you know what that means, Jimin?" Yoongi asks shakily. "Being mated?"

"I think so," Jimin says, scratching cutely at his nose. "When two people love each other they become mates, right?"

Yoongi moves forwards and takes Jimin's hands in his. "It's more than that. A person can only have one mate in their entire life. It's an incredibly deep connection, and should be considered thoroughly before making any decisions."

Jimin cocks his head at him in thought. "But I want that. With you," he says shyly.

Yoongi licks his suddenly dry lips. His heart is thumping wildly in his chest as he stares at Jimin. "You really want me as a mate?"

Jimin's eyebrows furrow in confusion. "Why wouldn't I?" Then his face falls. "U-unless you don't want me to be your mate."

"No!" Yoongi says immediately, pulling Jimin into a tight hug. "Are you kidding? That's all I've wanted from the moment I first saw you."

Jimin peeks up at him tentatively. "Really?"

Yoongi feels his cheeks go pink and he clears his throat. "I mean, yeah."

Jimin smiles sweetly and flutters his pretty eyelashes at Yoongi. "You're such a big softie, hyung."

Yoongi scoffs, cursing the way his cheeks are burning, and ruffles Jimin's messy hair. "Am not."

Jimin giggles and nuzzles into Yoongi's neck, pressing his face against the alpha's scent gland and purring softly. Jimin's warm honey and sweet cream smell envelopes Yoongi, making him feel like he's floating on a cloud.

Heart thumping loudly in his chest, Yoongi kisses along the shell of Jimin's ear. "Jimin, would you be my mate?"

Jimin pulls back enough so he can look at Yoongi. "Yes," the omega murmurs into his skin, his warm breath tickling Yoongi's neck.

Jimin can feel the curve of Jimin's smile against his neck. "Yes," the omega murmurs into his skin, his warm breath tickling Yoongi's neck.

Jimin pulls back enough so he can look at Yoongi. "So what do I need to do?"

Yoongi blinks rapidly at him. "W-wait, you want to do it now?"

Jimin cocks his head at him again. "Why not?"

Holy shit, this is happening. He's about to mate with Jimin.

"O-okay," Yoongi says shakily, starting to lead Jimin back to the bed. He sits down and pulls Jimin into his lap. "Do you know how it works?"
Jimin wraps his arms around Yoongi's shoulders and hums in thought. "You have to bite my neck, right?"

Yoongi nods and gently massages Jimin's hips. "The bite will bind us together and permanently combine our scents."

Jimin bites his lip nervously. "Will it hurt?"

"At first," Yoongi says, pulling Jimin closer. "But from what I heard it starts feeling good pretty fast."

Jimin takes a deep breath and nods. "Okay."

Yoongi is not nearly as calm as Jimin. He's freaking out. He's going to mate Jimin. They're about to be bound together for life. Jimin will be his.

Yoongi never ever thought he'd give his heart away to one of the omegas he's rescued. He always saw it as unprofessional, like he'd be taking advantage of his position and they'd have no choice but to agree or risk being thrown out of safety.

But now, Yoongi can't imagine his life without Jimin. He fell hard and fast for the omega, faster than he would have thought possible. There was just something about Jimin the first time Yoongi saw him, something that completely drew him in and captivated him.

When he saw him on the forest floor that morning in the woods, delirious in the middle of his heat, screaming at them to stay away and quivering in fear, smelling so incredibly amazing it almost knocked Yoongi off his feet, he knew in that moment he'd do anything to protect this helpless and abused omega.

The more Jimin came out of his shell and opened up, the harder Yoongi fell. And now here they are, with Jimin sitting in his lap and playing with the hem of Yoongi's sweater, smelling of happiness and anticipation and contentedness.

Realizing just how fucking lucky he is, Yoongi dives in and claims a surprised Jimin's lips in a deep kiss. Jimin sighs into it and sags against him, opening up easily when Yoongi licks inside.

The kiss for a while, deep and slow and perfect, until Yoongi finally pulls away reluctantly. "Are you sure about this?" He whispers, cupping Jimin's face.

Jimin takes the hand on his face and kisses the back of it. "You're the only one for me, hyung."

Yoongi's heart almost explodes out of his chest and he takes a deep, shaky breath. "Okay," he says, tilting Jimin's head to the side. The omega presents for him immediately, exposing the long, elegant line of his throat, and Yoongi's mouth goes dry.

Yoongi lowers his lips to Jimin's neck, right over his scent gland, breathing in his beautiful smell. He places a gentle kiss there, feeling Jimin shiver in his arms, before he opens his mouth and sinks his teeth into the soft skin, breaking it easily.

Jimin gasps in pain, but almost immediately, a sense of completeness floods through Yoongi's body. It feels like a warm blanket settling over him and he can smell how their scents are mingling permanently even at that moment. He can feel something settling deep in his chest, and the only way he describe it is Jimin. He can feel Jimin inside him, like his living, beating heart. It's a feeling unlike anything Yoongi's ever experienced in his life. Jimin must feel it too because he sighs softly and sags against Yoongi, a soft purr rumbling in his throat, tickling Yoongi's lips where they're still latched to
his neck.

Only when it feels like everything has settled does he gingerly pull his teeth out of Jimin's skin. He quickly licks away the few drops of blood that start dripping down, tasting the metallic tinge on his tongue.

Yoongi pulls back and Jimin reaches up a hand to gently finger the fresh bite mark. "Wow," his omega breathes. His omega! Yoongi can hardly believe it.

"Does it hurt?" Yoongi asks in concern, pulling Jimin closer in his lap.

"It's a little sore," Jimin says, tapping at the bite again. "But it mostly tingles."

Yoongi hums and has to resist the urge to place a kiss on the fresh mating bite. "It’ll heal, but the connection will always remain."

Jimin smiles softly and looks up at Yoongi. "It feels really good. It feels like I have a part of you inside me."

Yoongi coos and cups Jimin's face, bringing him in for a sweet, soft kiss. Jimin's stomach takes that moment to rumble and he whines in embarrassment into the kiss. Yoongi laughs silently and breaks the kiss, loving the pink stained across Jimin's cheeks.

Yoongi shuffles Jimin off his lap and climbs off the bed, and his omega follows suit. "Come on, breakfast is probably almost ready."

Yoongi bundles Jimin up in warm clothes and they hold hands as they walk to the main yard. They're both feeling light and giddy and they keep randomly giggling, bumping into each other's shoulders playfully.

They're the last to arrive at breakfast, where everyone has now squished themselves inside the RV. It's gotten too cold to eat outside anymore, and the fit inside the RV is always a little tight and uncomfortable. They’ve set up a small square card table to add some extra room for seating.

Everyone is already sitting at the tables when they get there. The change in Yoongi and Jimin's dynamic, the mixing of their scents, must be immediately apparent because Jin leaps to his feet as they climb into the warm RV.

"Oh my god!" He all-but shouts. "Congratulations!"

"About time!" Taehyung exclaims, a huge boxy grin on his face. He claps Jimin on the back when he sits down next to him. Across the table, Jungkook is beaming at Jimin, looking like a proud parent.

At the other table, Namjoon and Hana whoop loudly and Hoseok digs in his pocket. He comes up with 5,000 won and begrudgingly hands it over to Eunyoung, who is smiling in triumph. Did the two actually bet on when Yoongi and Jimin would mate? Yoongi is going to have to have a stern talking to.

"What?" Sunhee yells, looking around at all the adults in confusion. "What's going on?"

Blushing crimson under all this attention, Jimin ducks his head and leans into Yoongi. The alpha coos and wraps an arm around him, shielding him from all the excited looks.

Across at the other table, Ilseong is watching them with narrowed eyes. He looks like he just
sucked on something sour, face pinched and pale and lips settled in an unpleasant, puckered line. His spoiled milk scent wafts over to Yoongi in the small space and the alpha forces himself to keep his features neutral. He can't show any dislike towards the other omegas or serious problems could arise. But after learning Ilseong's true colors, Yoongi can't find it in himself to forgive the omega.

Somehow, Yoongi and Jimin survive breakfast over the lighthearted teasing and Sunhee's frustrated questions. Sipping on hot tea and munching on Jin’s cinnamon rolls with his omega nuzzled into his side, Yoongi doesn't think he's ever been so happy.

A few days later its decided that they need to make a run into the city to stock up on supplies. Yoongi is loathe to leave Jimin so soon after mating, since omegas become incredibly clingy in the first week after receiving the bite. He wants to ask one of the others to take his place so he can stay with Jimin, but it's one of his duties as leader to spearhead any missions into Greater Seoul.

Hana and Hoseok are coming with him, and they're leaving at the crack of dawn before the others wake up. Jin packed them a breakfast the night before to eat along the way.

Yoongi kisses a whiny and half asleep Jimin goodbye in their bed, gently extracting himself from his mate's clingy arms with a coo. "I'll be back in a couple of hours," Yoongi whispers as he kisses Jimin's forehead.

Jimin can barely keep his eyes open yet he still somehow manages to pout impressively at Yoongi. The alpha chuckles fondly to himself and tucks the blankets securely around Jimin to keep him warm.

Hana and Hoseok are already waiting at the truck when he arrives, all three of them still blinking sleep out of their eyes as the dark sky begins to lighten faintly above them. They all pile into the truck and Yoongi turns the key in the ignition, having to try it a few times because the cold weather is affecting the engine a little.

Yoongi pulls out of the main yard with Hana in the middle seat and Hoseok in the passenger. The truck chugs out of the shipping yard and once they're out on the lone, main road, Yoongi presses on the gas and they pick up speed.

The sky is still mostly dark and the road ahead of them looks like it spans forever. The ocean is calm this morning, just an endless expanse of velvety black that disappears off into the horizon.

Winter is fast approaching and Yoongi turns up the heater in the truck, his fingers freezing from holding the cold leather steering wheel.

They're driving for quite a while in sleepy silence as the sun slowly begins to make its appearance, turning the sky a watery purple. Hana seems to deem it time for music, and she starts fiddling with the different stations. She settles on some bubble gum pop music channel, and both Yoongi and Hoseok groan.

"Shut up," Hana gripes at them, leaning back in her seat. "I know you secretly like this kind of music."

They complain for a little while longer, but every time one of them tries to change the station, Hana smacks their hands away until they finally give up.
About an hour and a half into the drive, as they leave the ocean behind and start heading into the more wooded areas, Hoseok pulls out the picnic basket Jin packed them and hands out the breakfast sandwiches he'd made. Yoongi grabs his with one hand and takes careful bites of it while he keeps his eyes focused on the road, steering with the other hand.

They gain more energy as the sun finally makes its appearance and the light turn bright and cheery. They pass through the forested highway and see dirty tents pitched between the trees and the occasional small fire around which homeless and grubby people are hunched. Yoongi feels bad for them, stuck out in the cold like this.

The skyline of the city comes into view ahead, and the closer to Greater Seoul they get, the more roads converge together and the more cars they join, driving alongside in four different lanes, caught up in the morning rush hour of everyone heading into the city to get to work.

They drive into the heart of the city, and Yoongi starts looking for parking. It's a bitch to find and it costs way too much for only two hours, but they finally park and get out of the car. A gust of cold air hits them and Yoongi shivers, zipping up his coat and pulling on the gloves he has stuffed in his pocket.

Jin sent them with a list of all the things they need, and Yoongi breaks off from the other two with the plan to meet back at the car in two hours. He's tasked with finding the medical supply store to stock up on some things Jin's been needing.

He passes the people on the sidewalk, keeping his head down and hoping no one recognizes him. He's passing a clothing store when he happens to look in the window and stops walking. Wrapped around one of the mannequin’s necks is a dark pink scarf, looking like its made of the softest wool.

Yoongi stares at it through the window for a while, imagining how nice it would look on Jimin. Reaching into his pocket, Yoongi pulls out his wallet and counts his bills.

Holy shit, he might barely have enough to buy it after all the other groceries.

With a grin, Yoongi heads inside the heavily perfumed clothing store.

Jimin fully wakes up a long time after Yoongi has left. He whines loudly when he finds Yoongi's side of the bed empty and cold. The omega in him has gone insane with need ever since they'd mated, but Yoongi told him its normal at first and the feelings will calm down in a few days.

Climbing out of bed, Jimin bundles himself up in one of Yoongi's thick, warm hoodies, breathing in the familiar and calming scent of his mate. He pulls the hood up over his head and shoves his hands in the pocket, stepping outside of Yoongi's shipping container into the cold. He shivers at the blast of icy sea breeze that hits him and keeps his head down as he hurries towards the main yard for breakfast.

He crosses paths with Eunyoung on the way, and they immediately cling to each other for warm, walking arm in arm as they scurry through the maze of shipping containers. "Fuck, it's cold," Eunyoung mutters through chattering teeth, and Jimin nods in agreement.

When the arrive in the main yard, they run the last few feet and clamber up the steps of the RV before throwing the door open. Its blessedly warm inside and Namjoon, Daejung, Jungkook,
Taehyung, and Sunhee are already squished in at the tables awaiting breakfast. Ilseong is surprisingly helping Jin out at the counter with the food.

"Just in time," Jin says when Jimin and Eunyoung enter. "Go ahead and sit down."

Jimin and Eunyoung squish themselves in next to Namjoon and Daejung at the small cards table. A moment later, Jin starts serving plates of food, and Jimin salivates at the sight of vegetable omelettes, soy sauce seasoned tofu, and rice cooked with red and black beans.

Everyone starts serving themselves as Ilseong speaks up. "I've got drinks," he says, starting to hand out cups of apple juice to everyone.

Jimin takes the cup Ilseong offers him, and they make extremely awkward eye contact for a split second. Ilseong seems to narrow his eyes at Jimin when he takes a sip of the juice. It's a little tangier than the apple juice Jin usually buys from the city, but it's still good.

Jimin feels Ilseong's eyes still on him, but when he looks up, the other omega has already moved on to hand Namjoon a cup of juice too.

Breakfast is delicious as usual, but Jimin finds himself in a bit of a foul mood without Yoongi. He's the first to finish breakfast and he downs the last of his apple juice before standing and bowing quickly to Jin in thanks.

"Jiminie, come cuddle with me if you need to!" Sunhee calls as Jimin opens the RV door. Despite his sour mood, his heart still melts a little, and he blows her a kiss, earning a loud giggle as he steps down and the door closes behind him.

Jimin stomps moodily all the way back to his and Yoongi's room. He misses his mate so much he feels it like a gnawing, aching emptiness in his chest.

By the time he gets back to their room and collapses on the bed, his stomach is hurting a little. He feels slightly nauseous, and he wonders if some of the food didn't agree with him. He closes his eyes and takes deep breaths, hoping it'll pass, but it doesn't. Instead, his head starts throbbing dully too, and Jimin moans, rubbing at his temples.

He wonders if these are some weird side effects from being away from Yoongi after being so newly mated. Yoongi didn't warn him about this, and now he really wishes his mate hadn't left him today.

He just continues to breathe evenly and tries to get comfortable on the bed, hoping he'll be able to just wait it out until Yoongi gets back and he gets better again.
wanted criminal.

The clerk barely spares it a glance though before he starts ringing up Yoongi's items. Yoongi sighs in relief and tucks the license back into his pants pocket to give back to Jin later.

With all his purchases in a bag, Yoongi heads back outside and turns up the collar of his coat against the cold. Around the city, Christmas decorations are beginning to go up, and Yoongi hopes the scarf he got Jimin will be a good present.

Checking his watch, Yoongi finds he has some time to kill before he has to meet the others back at the truck, so he wanders around for a little bit, always careful to keep his face down. He checks his wallet and finds he has just enough money to buy a steaming hot cup of black coffee from a cute café he passes by.

He cups the coffee with both hands and holds it close to his face to feel the warmth of the steam, sighing in pleasure when it wafts over his cold nose. He sips his coffee leisurely as he begins walking back to where the truck is parked. He passes a billboard advertising the number to call if anyone were to find any stray omegas, and Yoongi shivers in disgust.

When he gets back to the truck, Hana is already there waiting, munching on a churro. She has a box full of warm fleece blankets from the furniture store and a tiny mini Christmas tree adorned with miniscule lights and ornaments.

"Cute, right?" Hana says over a mouthful of churro, tapping at the tiny star on top of the tree. "We can never afford a real one so I thought this might do."

Yoongi has to admit it is kind of cute, even though it was probably a waste of money. He hopes the omegas will at least get a kick out of it.

Hoseok arrives soon after laden with bags full of groceries, his nose red from the cold. "Can we go now? I'm about to freeze my ass off."

They all bundle back into the truck and turn the heat to full blast when Yoongi starts the ignition. He follows the one way streets until they're out of downtown and into the suburbs of the city. Soon, they're leaving it all behind as they zoom down the highway back the way they came.

Yoongi is incredibly impatient to get back to Jimin. He misses him so bad he feels like he's going to go crazy. He can feel a clenching in his gut and an emptiness in his chest. He can't wait to get back home and wrap Jimin up in his arms and kiss his adorable face and hear that sweet giggle.

Maybe Yoongi drives a little faster than necessary in his haste to get home, but neither Hana or Hoseok seem to be complaining.

The drive back seems to take double the time than it was getting there, but soon enough they see the shipping yard in the distance. Yoongi puts the pedal to the metal and speeds the rest of the way there, turning into the sideroad of the shipping yard and following it to the main yard.

When they get there, Jungkook is in the middle of the main yard, and the second he sees them pull up, he starts flagging them down, waving frantically. The terrified look on his face has Yoongi's blood running cold.

Yoongi throws the truck in park and leaps out. "What's wrong?"

"It's Jimin," Jungkook gasps, tugging desperately on Yoongi's arm. "Something's wrong with him."
Yoongi feels the floor get swept out from under him and he staggers against Jungkook, who quickly steadies him. Fear unlike anything Yoongi's ever felt seizes his body, throwing him into icy shock, sending his senses into overdrive. He realizes he's gasping, sucking in desperate breathes as Jungkook starts running, yelling at Yoongi to follow him.

Yoongi doesn't ever think he's run so fast in his life. He even overtakes Jungkook, knowing exactly where he's supposed to be going. His heart seems to be beating in slow motion in his ears, throbbing loudly. He's scared, he's so scared. He needs to get to Jimin.

Yoongi flies around a corner and sees his shipping container up ahead. Taehyung, Sunhee, Namjoon, and Eunyoung are all waiting outside, shivering in the cold. Yoongi can smell their fear and worry and it makes his stomach churn.

Yoongi throws his door open wide and bursts inside, looking around frantically.

Jimin is in their bed, rolling around and clutching his stomach, moaning in pain. He's scarily pale and drenched in sweat, eyes squeezed shut as Jin crouches over him, taking his blood pressure. There's a metal pot on the floor next to the bed filled with what looks like vomit.

"Jimin!" Yoongi gasps, racing across the room and flying onto the bed, clutching his mate's sweaty, sallow face. Jimin whimpers in recognition at the sound of Yoongi's voice, but he doesn't open his eyes. Yoongi looks frantically at Jin, cradling Jimin against his chest. "What's wrong with him?!"

"I don't know," Jin says, looking worried. Yoongi tries to quell the panic rising inside him. Jin isn't supposed to look worried! "He's been having seizures and vomiting like crazy, his blood pressure is extremely high and he keeps complaining of stomach pains and headaches."

"Well then do something!" Yoongi cries, holding a violently trembling Jimin tight.

"I've given him a couple shots of saline to flush anything that might be causing this out of his system. With luck, whatever this is will pass soon."

"And what if it doesn't?!" Yoongi demands, voice going shrill and hysterical. "What if you're wrong and he dies?"

"Yoongi, trust me," Jin begins, trying to calm the alpha down. "Whatever this is, it looks more like it might have been caused by something chemical, not natural. When Jimin gets better I need to ask him if he accidentally got into any of my medical supplies."

Jimin moans in pain and curls into Yoongi, panting raggedly as he clutches his stomach. Yoongi feels tears coursing down his cheeks at seeing his mate in so much pain and not being able to do anything about it. "So he's going to be okay?"

"He should be," Jin says a little shakily.

Yoongi looks down at Jimin, who looks like he's in agony. "But he's in so much pain. Can't you do something?"

Jin bites his lip before grabbing his medical bag off the floor. "I can sedate him. It should calm him down and stop any seizures."

"Do it!" Yoongi gasps, holding onto Jimin for dear life. He watches a Jin fishes a syringe filled with blue liquid from his bag and takes Jimin's clammy arm in his hand. He pierces the needle deep into the vein in his elbow, and almost immediately, Jimin begins to calm down and go still in Yoongi’s arms as Jin releases the sedative into his bloodstream.
"Shhh," Yoongi rocks Jimin gently, holding the omega securely in his arms as he falls still. "It's okay. I'm here now."

Jin stands back and brushes a hand through his hair wearily. "I'm going to stay in here tonight to keep an eye on him until this leaves his system."

Yoongi barely hears him as Jin heads outside to inform the others of Jimin's situation. Then he comes back inside and collapses on the bean bag, his medical bag in his lap. Yoongi maneuvers himself and Jimin onto the bed and pulls the covers up over them.

He curls around Jimin, releasing as much of his calming alpha pheromones as he can. Jimin murmurs softly in his sleep, clinging onto Yoongi tightly even while he's unconscious.

Yoongi lays there for so long that his eyes eventually begin to droop and he falls asleep with Jimin safe in his arms.

It must be a few hours later when Yoongi is awoken by Jimin thrashing violently, spasming uncontrollably on the bed as he makes horrible, guttural sounds from his throat.

"Hyung!" Yoongi screams, climbing to his knees and trying to hold Jimin down. Jin awakens with a grunt and processes the situation immediately, leaping from the bean bag and racing over to them.

Yoongi holds Jimin down as Jin quickly takes his pulse. "It's gonna be okay," Yoongi whispers to a spasming Jimin, tears filling his eyes as fear envelopes him. Jin pulls out another syringe of sedative, and Yoongi lays down next to Jimin, his arms wrapped tight around the omega in an attempt to keep his movements still.

"It's going to be okay," Yoongi murmurs in Jimin's ear.

Please, god, let it be okay.
"Yoongi takes the thing before he actually looks down at it. When he does, he goes absolutely still and stares at it for what feels like years.

"This..." Yoongi's voice is just a whisper. He looks back up at Jimin, uncertainty on his face. "Is this what I think it is?"

Chapter Notes

This chapter contains themes of mpreg.

By the time the next morning rolls around, after a long and exhausting and fear filled night, Jimin’s sickness has mostly passed and he lets Yoongi and Jin fret over him tiredly.

“Are you sure you’re feeling better?” Yoongi asks for the thousandth time, petting Jimin’s limp hair away from his forehead as Jin takes his blood pressure again.

“Yeah, hyung. I’m just tired,” Jimin says, his voice a little hoarse and raw from all the vomiting he did as he nuzzles into Yoongi’s touch. Yoongi takes the cup Jin passes him with one hand and holds it to Jimin’s lips. He keeps feeding Jimin sips of water because Jin says he’s extremely dehydrated after everything, and Jimin dutifully drinks some down.

“Everything looks good,” Jin says as the blood pressure monitor beeps and he tears the velcro away from Jimin’s arm. He sits on the edge of the bed and looks at the omega seriously. “Jimin-ah, you really can’t remember getting into any of my medical supplies? Anything that might have caused this?”

Jimin shakes his head, bottom lip caught between his teeth as he worries it. “No, I really can’t think of anything, hyung.”

Jimin looks so weak and tired, still a little pale and clammy, and a sudden surge of protectiveness fills Yoongi at the sight. He curls his body around Jimin and holds him close, releasing as much of his calming alpha pheromones as possible.

Jimin sighs softly and his eyelids droop, turning into Yoongi and burying his face in the alpha’s scent gland.

Jin stands back up and rubs tiredly at the back of his neck. “Okay, we’ll talk about it later. I’m gonna have some food sent into you guys and then I want you to catch up on your rest, alright?”

Jimin mutters an affirmative from his hiding place in Yoongi’s neck. Jimin doesn’t sound too excited to eat, but Yoongi on the other hand, is starving after such a long and difficult night trying to care for Jimin.
When Jin leaves, closing the door behind him, Yoongi buries his nose in Jimin’s hair. He still smells faintly of sickness and Yoongi hates it.

“You scared the absolute shit out of me,” Yoongi says shakily. “I thought I was gonna lose you.”

Jimin presses harder against Yoongi, fistng the alpha’s shirt in his small hands tightly. “I’m sorry, hyung.”

Yoongi clucks his tongue and cradles Jimin closer. "You really don't know how this happened?"

Jimin shakes his head minutely, the motion rubbing his forehead against the skin of Yoongi's throat. "I just started feeling sick and nauseous out of nowhere. Jungkook and Sunhee stopped by to see if I wanted to play, and when Jungkook saw how sick I was, he went and got Jin hyung."

Guilt and horror and anger sweep through Yoongi and he growls low in his throat. "I should have been here. I shouldn't have left."

Jimin shakes his head and pulls back enough to press a gentle kiss to Yoongi's chin. "It's not your fault," he says, his eyelids half-closed and voice slightly slurred. "You had no choice but to leave."

Yoongi finds he has no words to reply, so he just hugs Jimin tighter and peppers kisses all over his face that make the omega purr sleepily.

Jimin has just fallen asleep when he's awoken again by the door opening and Jungkook carrying two bowls of porridge inside. Jungkook doesn't say anything as Yoongi takes them from him, but reaches down and tenderly smooths Jimin's hair away from his face before leaving them alone.

Yoongi quickly scarfs his down before trying to coax a complaining Jimin to eat. He presses the spoon against the omega's lips and tries not to smile when Jimin grumpily accepts it. He's able to get Jimin to eat half the bowl before he refuses anymore, saying his stomach still feels a little funny and if he eats takes another bite he'll be sick again.

After that, Yoongi tucks them both back under the warm covers and holds Jimin closely as his mate nuzzles into him. Within moments, he's fast asleep, utterly exhausted from his ordeal. Yoongi, extremely tired from such a long and trying night as well, drifts off to sleep almost as quickly.

A few days have passed since Jimin's bizarre ordeal and he's completely back to normal. No one still knows what happened to him, but Jimin has chalked it up to a random--though insane--bought of sudden sickness. Yoongi and Jin are still obsessed with what could have caused it, but Jimin has already moved on, just happy that it's passed and that he has Yoongi back at his side.

Jimin is getting changed in fresh clothes in his room, which he barely uses anymore, after breakfast. He’d pointedly ignored Ilseong’s piercing gaze on him the whole time, wondering what crawled up the other omega’s ass that had him in an even weirder mood than usual.

Putting it from his mind, Jimin buzzes with excitement at the thought of seeing Yoongi again, even though they’d been together less than fifteen minutes ago. Ever since he and Yoongi mated, the two have been glued together and Jimin has basically already moved into the alpha's shipping container. Jimin thinks to himself that he should just move all his meager possessions into Yoongi's room permanently.
There's a knock at his door just as Jimin is pulling a new pair of sweats on. He smooths his sweater down—Yoongi's, as usual—and turns to the door. "Come in."

Jimin is surprised to see Yoongi shuffle inside when the door opens. He was just about to head over to the alpha's room, so he's confused why Yoongi is here. He notices Yoongi seems to be hiding something behind his back as he approaches Jimin.

"Hyung?" Jimin asks, cocking his head in bemusement at Yoongi as he stops before him, looking strangely shy.

"I, um," Yoongi clears his throat awkwardly. "I wanted to wait until Christmas to give this to you, but I decided you deserve something nice after getting so sick."

Jimin watches as Yoongi pulls a package wrapped in light pink paper from behind his back. Giddiness sweeping through him at the thought of a present, Jimin gasps in excitement and takes the package from Yoongi's hands. It's something soft, Jimin can tell when he feels it, perhaps something made of fabric. He starts tearing the paper off eagerly as Yoongi watches him fondly.

Jimin gasps when he pulls out a long, thick scarf of the most beautiful magenta wool yarn. It's sinfully soft and fluffy, and Jimin rubs it against his cheek, sighing in pleasure at the lovely feeling. "Hyung, it's beautiful!" Jimin exclaims, holding the folded up scarf tightly against his chest. "I love it, thank you!"

Jimin surges forward and wraps his arms tightly around Yoongi's waist, the scarf pillowed between their chests. A laugh rumbles in Yoongi's chest and he hugs Jimin back, cradling the base of his skull as the omega nuzzles into him, purring happily.

"I'm glad you like it," Yoongi says, kissing the top of Jimin's head.

Jimin rubs his face against Yoongi's scent gland, eyes rolling into the back of his head and his brain going all foggy and woozy with the intensity of Yoongi's spicy alpha musk. Jimin breathes it in deeply, feeling content and safe wrapped up in Yoongi's arms—in his scent.

"What am I supposed to get you for Christmas?" Jimin asks, voice muffled against the skin of Yoongi's neck as he continues to scent his alpha.

Yoongi scratches lightly up and down Jimin's back. "You're the best present I could ask for."

Jimin slaps slightly at Yoongi's chest. "You're so corny," he says, but he secretly preens at Yoongi's words.

Yoongi just laughs and buries his nose in Jimin's hair.

It's the first snow of the season when Jimin wakes up feeling feverishly hot and sweaty.

He looks around the bed for Yoongi before remembering that his mate had gotten up a few hours ago to attend to leadership stuff with Namjoon. Jimin had woken up briefly when Yoongi kissed his forehead goodbye, but the alpha whispering for him to go back to sleep had done the trick and he'd drifted off again.
Jimin sits up in bed, feeling a little woozy at the movement, and wipes at the sweat beading on his forehead. Sudden panic fills him and he wonders if he's getting sick again.

But this feels different from his episode a week and a half ago. He doesn't feel sick, per se, just extremely hot and slightly itchy.

Then it hits him, and Jimin freezes as he counts in his head.

Shit. It's been almost three months to the day since Yoongi and the Chain Breakers rescued him from the forest.

He's going into heat.

With a gasp, Jimin throws the sheets back and climbs out of bed, having to pause a moment and steady himself when his head swims. He quickly shrugs on the thick winter coat Yoongi had found in his closet for him, and wraps his new scarf around his neck.

It's way too fucking hot under all the layers and he feels like he's about to roast alive before he steps outside.

He gasps when he sees a layer of powdery white settled over everything. The sky is cloudy and grey, and soft little snowflakes are floating down around him.

The freezing temperature of the outside is an instant relief to Jimin's overheated body, and he takes in a long, deep breath of icy air, feeling a little more relaxed.

He stands out in the snow for a moment, simply enjoying the cold, before he refocuses on the task at hand. He needs to find Jin. He needs to be sure.

It's too early for the beta to be in the RV making breakfast, so Jimin decides to try for his and Hoseok's shared shipping container.

Jimin would enjoy the walk through the maze of towering shipping containers, now covered in white, if he weren't so damn uncomfortable. It's too early in the preheat for slick production to begin, but he knows in about three days the heat will fully hit and he'll be incapacitated.

Jimin crunches through the fresh snow in the sturdy boots Jungkook had found for him, leaving small footprints behind him as he walks. Soon, he rounds a corner and sees a yellow shipping container stacked under two others in front of him, and hustles through the snow to it.

When he knocks on the freezing metal, he hears soft voices inside pause. It opens a second later and Jimin finds himself face to face with a surprised Hoseok.

"Jimin-ah?" Hoseok asks, eyes wide. "Is everything okay? What are you doing out in the cold?"

"Could I talk to Jin hyung?" Jimin asks, feeling a wave of stifling heat run through his body.

"Alone?"

Hoseok blinks at him a few times before nodding and opening the door wider. "Of course, come in."

Jimin shuffles inside and immediately shrugs off his jacket and scarf, feeling like he's inside an oven. Jin and Hoseok seemed to have been in the middle of getting ready for the day, and Jin pauses in buttoning up his cardigan to look at Jimin in concern.
"Jimin-ah? Is something wrong?"

Jimin bites his lip and looks at Hoseok, who jerks into motion and grabs a coat from a hanger nailed to the metal wall. "Right. Alone. Sorry."

Jimin waits until Hoseok has pulled on his winter clothes. "I'm gonna go meet with Yoongi and Namjoon," the beta says as he opens the door and a gust of icy wind blows in, causing Jimin to sigh in relief and Jin to shiver violently.

Once Hoseok has closed the door behind him and they're alone, Jin approaches Jimin. "What's wrong?"

Jimin wipes away the sweat coating his upper lip. "I think I'm about to go into heat," he says a little shyly, and Jin's eyes widen. "Could you make sure?"

"Of course," Jin says, motioning for Jimin to sit on the bed while he grabs his medical bag from the chest at the end of the bed.

He sits down next to Jimin and presses the back of his hand against the omega's sweaty forehead. "You're burning up, that's for sure," he says as he removes his hand and digs around in his bag. He comes up with a thermometer and has Jimin open his mouth. Jin places it under Jimin's tongue and has him hold it there until it beeps after a few moments. When he removes it and looks down at the results, his eyebrows shoot up.

"Your temperature is extremely high," he says, looking at Jimin in confusion before he pulls out a small pen-looking instrument with a light at the end. "Look straight at me," Jin says as he shines the light in Jimin's left eye. Jimin obeys, trying not to blink as his eye waters slightly, and Jin repeats the same thing to his other eye before lowering the light.

"This is the first day you're feeling heat symptoms?" He asks, voice serious, and when Jimin nods, he frowns. "It's unusual for preheat symptoms to hit this suddenly and intensely."

Jimin frowns as well, shifting uncomfortably in the bed as sweat trickles down his back. "Well, when they had me captive in the lab, the doctors there did all sorts of things to try to induce my heat."

Jin looks at him intensely. "Like what?"

"A lot of injections," Jimin says. "Most of them made me feel really sick."

Jin's eyebrows pucker and he rubs at his chin. "That might be why your heat is hitting so suddenly. Maybe some of the stuff they injected you with had a lasting effect and has changed your heat cycle. If I knew exactly what they used on you, I could be certain."

Jimin feels a swell of anxiety. "They didn't do anything bad, did they? Is my heat going to be ruined or something?"

Jin purses his lips as he looks Jimin over. "I don't think so. If anything they've affected the pace of how your heat progresses, but I doubt they'll have caused any other abnormalities."

Jimin allows himself to relax a little at Jin's words. He slumps his shoulders and winces when his skin pulls tightly at the movement, feeling taut and prickly.

"Is Yoongi going to help you through your heat?" Jin asks as he cleans the thermometer.
Jimin's head snaps up and he stares at Jin with wide eyes. "W-what?"

The beta pauses in his movements and looks at Jimin in surprise. "I mean, I just thought...since you're mated and all, that you'd want him to help you through your heat."

Jimin blinks a few times, letting Jin's words settle in. He's never...had an alpha help him through a heat before. He's always suffered through it alone, praying to god that no alpha would happen upon him.

The thought was completely foreign to him before. He's never even once considered the idea. And yet...Yoongi is his mate. He would never in a million years hurt Jimin.

And the thought of actually being taken care of during his heat...having something that not only takes the pain away but replaces it with pleasure is...comforting. Almost exciting.

Jimin licks his dry lips, heart thumping in his chest, the heat coursing through his veins and the sweat beading on his forehead temporarily forgotten. "Do..." he begins, voice sounding a little hoarse. "Do you think he'd agree?"

Jin quirks a brow at him. He opens his mouth to perhaps say something snarky, but then pauses a moment before he replies, suddenly serious. "I think Yoongi would do anything in his power to take any sort of pain away from you."

Jimin's stomach flips and he knows Jin is right. He knows beyond a shadow of a doubt that Yoongi will do anything he can to make Jimin's heat bearable for him.

The omega stands up on shaky legs, fighting the whoosh of dizziness that hits him. The look on his face must be one of resolve because Jin smiles up at him. "Good luck."

Jimin awaits Yoongi back in their room, lying on the bed, sweat soaking through his clothes and needles prickling at his tight, uncomfortable skin. Fire is bubbling inside his veins and he's absolutely miserable. He forgot how much heats fucking suck.

He knows it's about time for breakfast, but the thought of food makes his stomach turn. He just wants his heat to come already so he can get it over with.

Outside, he hears footsteps approaching and he struggles to sit up in bed. The door swings open and Yoongi's worried voice precedes his entrance into the room. "Jiminnie? Why aren't you at breakfast? Is everything ok--"

When he steps inside though he freezes and his words die, eyes going wide, and Jimin knows the entire room is permeated with his stifling heat scent. Jimin stands up shakily and approaches Yoongi, and when the alpha's smell hits him, he almost whimpers at the wave of need it sends through him.

"Hyung," Jimin gasps when he reaches his mate, who is standing and staring at Jimin like a deer-in-headlights. "My heat is coming," he says, as if it weren't obvious. He takes a deep breath, heart racing and cheeks turning red. "W-will you help me through it?"

Yoongi remains frozen though, lips popped open, pupils blown wide, and nostrils flaring at the
smell of Jimin's heat. He stays quiet for so long that Jimin whines in annoyance. The sound seems to
snap Yoongi out of his trance and he blinks rapidly as he reaches out to cup Jimin's cheeks. The
omega gasps when the touch sends electricity through him.

"Of course I will, baby," Yoongi says, sounding a little awed. "I'm honored you would ask."
Jimin rolls his eyes but nuzzles into Yoongi's touch with a soft sigh. "Who else would I ask?"

By the time his heat hits full force after another day and a half of pure torture, Jimin is about ready
to claw his way out of his skin.

When it comes, they lock themselves inside of their room with enough food and water to last them a
while, and over the next four days, Yoongi takes a delirious and begging Jimin every which way,
bending to the omega’s every need. Jimin only calms down when he takes Yoongi’s knot, and when
the alpha needs a break, Yoongi uses his tongue and fingers on Jimin, licking up the copious
amounts of slick that ooze out of him, leaking down the backs of his thighs and drenching the covers.

Each time Yoongi’s knot locks them in place, swelling so big, so perfectly, and Jimin feels himself
being pumped full of his alpha’s come, the primal need inside him calms and sates for a little while,
subsiding long enough for him to fall into a short, exhausted nap before the agonizing aching in his
body wakes him up again.

By the time his heat comes to a slow end, Jimin and Yoongi are filthy and exhausted, covered in
sweat and slick and come. When Yoongi pulls out of Jimin for the last time after his knot finally goes
down, Jimin feels the last of the heat fade from his body and he sighs in relief, going absolutely limp
on the bed.

He thought it would be weird, having an alpha take care of him through his heat, thought it would
bring back bad memories, but to his utter surprise, having Yoongi with him made this the most
bearable heat Jimin's ever experienced. He can't believe he went his entire life after presenting as an
omega struggling through his heats alone. He doesn't know how he ever went without Yoongi.

Jimin is lying on his stomach on the bed, utterly boneless and not even caring about the dried come
and slick on the sheets he’s laying on. Yoongi rubs his hand up and down Jimin's sweaty back
slowly, soothingly.

"All better?" He murmurs, and Jimin nods faintly, his cheeks squished against the mattress and his
eyelids fluttering closed. He starts purring softly when Yoongi begins scratching his back lightly.
Fuck, it feels good.

But he's tired. He's so, so tired, and he can barely stay awake. He feels Yoongi press a gentle kiss to
his shoulder blade. "Go to sleep."

It's as if his subconscious was waiting for Yoongi's approval. The last thing he's aware of before he
drifts off to sleep is his mate kissing the nape of his neck tenderly.
Things are different between Jimin and Yoongi after his heat. They've become even closer, if that's at all possible. There's an intimacy between them that wasn't there before, something Jimin wasn't even aware of before it developed. It's as if their mating bond has gone even deeper now, touching something inside Jimin that he's never felt before.

He thought he'd be embarrassed around Yoongi after his heat, because no one, no one, has ever seen him that vulnerable before. And yet, he's not embarrassed in the slightest. If anything, he's actually grateful that Yoongi had seen him like that, that the alpha had been the one to help Jimin through it.

It was the first heat spent with a partner for both of them, and it's somehow brought them closer.

A week and a half has passed since his heat ended and Jimin is just glad to be back on his feet and back to normal, not a drooling and whimpering mess covered in slick on the bed.

He wakes up one morning to the feeling of Yoongi scenting his neck. Jimin cracks an eye open to peer at his mate sleepily, and is surprised to see a frown on Yoongi's face.

"Hyung?" Jimin slurs, reaching up to rub at his tired eyes. "What's wrong?"

Yoongi presses his face into Jimin's scent gland again and inhales deeply. It tickles and Jimin giggles, trying to squirm away a little. But when Yoongi lifts his head, the frown is still there and Jimin's smile slips. "What is it?"

"You smell different," Yoongi says, looking at Jimin with furrowed brows.

Confused, Jimin rolls onto his side so he and Yoongi are face to face. "Different? Different how?"

Yoongi shakes his head and sniffs at Jimin again. "I don't know."

Over the next few days, Yoongi simply will not stop scenting Jimin. It's like his new obsession and while usually Jimin loves being scented by his alpha, he's been feeling a little nauseous the last few days and it's starting to annoy him slightly.

"Hyung, enough!" Jimin exclaims one morning when they're getting dressed to head to breakfast and Yoongi has Jimin caged in a back hug, nose buried in his neck.

"I'm sorry, it's just," Yoongi voice is muffled against the skin of Jimin's nape. "I can't figure out what it is."

Jimin wiggles out of his hold and turns around, crossing his arms as he glares at Yoongi. "Well, it's starting to get a little annoying, so stop it."

Yoongi bites his bottom lip, eyeing Jimin warily. "Will you go see Jin?"

Jimin's eyebrows shoot up. "What?"

The alpha sighs and rubs at the back of his neck. "It's just, your scent has changed a little and I can't figure out why, and I'm worried."

"But--" Jimin starts to protest, but Yoongi hits him with his best puppy dog eyes, a look that almost rivals Jimin's.

"Please? For me?"

And, well. Shit. How can Jimin say no to that?
He begrudgingly agrees to see Jin after breakfast, and Yoongi says in relief. Jimin doesn't get what the big deal is but if it gives his mate some peace of mind, of course he'll do it.

Ilseong stares at Jimin all through breakfast, an odd look on his face that Jimin can't seem to place. He ignores it the best he can and tries to focus on eating, but the food on his plate makes him feel sick and he has to shove it away. Yoongi notices immediately and starts to fuss over him, but Jimin tells him he's fine and not to worry about it.

Once breakfast is finished and everyone has left the RV, Jimin and Yoongi remain behind with Jin. The beta has to run back to his room to grab his medical bag when Yoongi asks if he can check up on Jimin, and when he returns, he shoos Yoongi out of the RV for some privacy. Grumbling, Yoongi shoots Jimin one last concerned look before he steps out of the RV and closes the door behind him.

"What seems to be the problem, Jimin-ah?" Jin asks once Yoongi is gone.

Jimin shrugs in disinterest. "Yoongi says I smell different and he's all worried about it."

Jin hums in thought and reaches out to feel Jimin's forehead. "I can't smell anything different as a beta, unfortunately," he says. "You don't feel hot or anything. Have you had any other symptoms?"

Jimin purses his lips and shrugs again. "I guess I've been feeling a little nauseous lately."

The beta frowns at his words. "Nauseous how?"

"Uh, I guess just a little sick? Like my stomach feels a little upset sometimes and food makes me kind of nauseous."

Jin is looking at him intently. "What time of day do you feel most sick? Is it in the mornings?"

The omega pauses in thought. Now that he thinks about it, he does feel most icky in the mornings. "Yeah, actually."

Jin takes a deep breath and stands from the table to rifle in his medical bag. "Jimin, I need you to try something for me," he says, pulling something out of the bag and extending it to Jimin.

It's a long white stick made of plastic.

Jimin recognizes it immediately.

A pregnancy test.

Jimin feels like the floor was just swept out from under him.

Surely not...he can't be...

But he just has his heat...which he spent with Yoongi...in which he took Yoongi's seed countless times...

Jimin covers his mouth with a hand. Could it be? Is he...

Jin must see the way Jimin is panicking on the inside because he places a firm, calming hand on Jimin's shoulder. "Don't freak out just yet. First take the test and then we'll go from there."

Jimin nods mechanically and finally takes the pregnancy test from Jin, allowing the beta to lead him to the bathroom while he tells Jimin how to use it.
Once inside, Jimin locks the door and takes a deep, shaky breath.

He can do this.

Jemin follows the steps Jin told him about and once he's done he stares down at the white stick. The words 'pregnant' with a picture of two vertical lines next to it followed by 'not pregnant' and a single line seem to taunt Jimin as he waits the allotted time with bated breath.

Soon, far too soon, an image begins to appear in the small space where the results are supposed to show.

Jimin's heart is beating frantically in his throat, in his ears. It's so loud he can't hear anything but the rapid drumming of his heart.

One line appears and Jimin starts to let out a breath before a second, fainter line appears next to the first.

Two vertical lines.

'Pregnant'.

Pregnant.

Jemin's knees suddenly go weak and he has to catch himself against the counter.

He's pregnant...

Jemin's never given any thought to children. He's never been able to afford to. All his life he's been on the run, scared and afraid of everything. Why would he want to bring a child into a world that is so cruel to omegas? What if the child itself grows up to be an omega? Jimin feels nauseous at the thought of the same thing that happened to him happening to any child of his.

The only time he'd thought about it, it had been forced into his mind during his days of captivity in the lab. All they wanted him for was to impregnate him, to use him as a human incubator and them whisk the child away right after birth, just like what they'd done to Jungkook. The thought of having a baby forced on him, against his will, made him sick to his stomach.

And yet.

It's not being forced on him this time. And it wouldn't be just his child. It's Yoongi's too. Yoongi's. Yoongi, the love of Jimin's life, his source of safety and happiness, the reason he is where he is today.

He knows Yoongi would die to keep any child of theirs safe. He knows Yoongi would kill.

And Jimin thinks...maybe it wouldn't be so bad. Maybe together the two of them could keep it safe.

Looking down, Jimin places a tentative hand over his belly.

Maybe, just maybe...

its own accord, the thought of Yoongi holding a giggling baby enters Jimin's mind. He seems to watch from a distance as the alpha holds the baby close and blows raspberries into its fat cheek, causing it to squeal with laughter. Yoongi laughs as well and cuddles the baby, pressing soft kisses all over its face.
In his head, the baby has Yoongi's sleepy eyes and his round, cute nose.

Then there's a knock at the door and Jimin startles out of his reverie. "Jimin-ah? Everything okay? Did you do it?"

Taking a deep breath, feeling like he's in some sort of dream, Jimin opens the door to find Jin waiting nervously outside.

Silently, he hands over the pregnancy test.

Jin takes it and his eyes widen. "Positive," he breathes. He looks up at Jimin and his expression is one of pity. "I'm so sorry. I'll need to make a trip to the city to get the supplies but--"

"Wait, hyung," Jimin interrupts him, understanding what Jin is talking about. A weird sense of horror fills him at the thought. "I think I wanna..."

Jin's eyes widen. "You want to keep it?"

Jinmin doesn't reply, busy staring at the pregnancy test in Jin's hand. The beta blinks a few times as he gapes at Jimin. "Oh, wow. I just didn't think...with what you've been through..."

Jinmin swallows dryly. "Yeah."

The doctor looks at Jimin, expression serious. "Are you sure about this? Maybe you should take a few days to think about it."

Jimin looks down once more and finds that his hand is on his stomach again, as if it has a mind of its own.

The thought that there's a little life growing inside him at this very moment makes Jimin feel like he's in some sort of daze.

There's a little life inside him, the product of his and Yoongi's love for each other made tangible. How could he ever want anything else?

Looking back up at Jin, Jimin sets his shoulders and holds out his hand in determination. The beta stares at him in shock for a moment before he places the pregnancy test in Jimin's palm.

"Are you sure?" Jin asks again, voice quiet, and Jimin takes a deep breath.

He feels a strange rush of warmth inside him, an odd sense of excitement. "I'm sure, hyung," Jimin says, voice coming out a little shaky.

Jin lets out a small laugh and shakes his head as if in exasperated amusement. "Okay then. Congratulations, Jimin-ah."

Jimin looks from his hand, where he'd gripping the positive pregnancy test, to his other hand that is touching his belly. Jimin feels a small smile pull at his lips.

When he steps out of the RV with his hands hidden behind his back, an icy gust of wind hits him and he shivers. The snow has melted but the air is still freezing, and Jimin's eyes widen in shock when he sees Yoongi huddled at one of the tables, hand shoved deep in the pockets of his coat and the collar popped to try to protect his face. Has Yoongi been waiting out here for Jimin this whole time?

The second Yoongi sees Jimin he jumps up and rushes over to him. "What did Jin say? Is
everything alright? How are you feeling?"

For a long moment, Jimin simply stares at Yoongi's face; taking him in. His ruffled blonde hair, his cheeks and the tip of his adorable nose tinged bright pink from the cold. His droopy eyes alight with worry, fixed on Jimin warily, his pouty lips curved down in concern. His alpha scent, that spicy musk that Jimin wonders how he went his whole life without, dispersing in the air from the wind.

This is the man who has his heart. This is the man who is the father of the life growing inside him.

Jimin stares at Yoongi so long that the alpha's face changes to one of horror. Jimin guesses that Yoongi is jumping to the very worst conclusions.

So, silently, without a word, he takes the pregnancy test out from behind his back and holds it out to Yoongi.

Yoongi takes the thing before he actually looks down at it. When he does, he goes absolutely still and stares at it for what feels like years.

"This..." Yoongi's voice is just a whisper. He looks back up at Jimin, uncertainty on his face. "Is this what I think it is?"

Jimin nods, watching Yoongi's face closely. The alpha swallows thickly a few times, as if he's trying to speak. "Do you..." Yoongi licks his dry lips. He looks scared. "Want it?"

Jimin continues to look at Yoongi for a few more seconds before he smiles softly and gives another small nod. "I think I do."

Yoongi makes some sort of choking sound and Jimin is shocked to see tears filling his eyes. His mate moves closer, takes him by the shoulders and draws him in until they're almost chest to chest. He reaches up and cups Jimin's cheeks, his gaze intense, yearning. "We're having a baby?"

Jimin smiles wider and nods once again. A choked off sob comes from Yoongi's throat and then he's pulling Jimin into a crushing hug. It's said with a disbelieving laugh when Yoongi whispers, "We're having a baby," again into Jimin's hair as they embrace.

Jimin finds himself swept up in Yoongi's mood and he laughs as well, breathless.

Holy shit. They're having a baby.

They try to wait a little while before they tell the others, but by the odd looks the other omegas and even Hana keep sending Jimin, it's pretty obvious the cat's mostly out of the bag.

Jungkook keeps flashing knowing smiles at Jimin every time he sees him, and Jimin sort of really needs to talk to the other omega. He needs to talk to someone who's had experience with pregnancy and everything that comes with it. So Jimin hunts him down one day and finds the omega carrying a basket of laundry back to his and Taehyung's room. He's alone, fortunately, and he stops walking when he sees Jimin jogging up to him in the cold afternoon air.

"Hey," Jimin says a little breathlessly when he stops before Jungkook. "So, I have news..."

"I know," Jungkook beams at him when Jimin trails off. "I can tell by the way your scent's
Jimin's cheeks heat up but he can't help the smile that pulls at his lips. He rubs absently at his belly before looking back up at Jungkook. "I'm scared," he admits in a whisper, something he's kept from Yoongi. "What if I don't do it right? Or what if something happens to it or I can't keep it safe--"

"Hey," Jungkook interrupts him, setting the basket down on the ground and pulling Jimin into a hug. "You're going to be an amazing parent," he says soothingly, and Jimin buries his nose in Jungkook's neck, scenting him, inhaling his comforting gentle jasmine smell. "You're going to be okay. Everything is going to work out. You just gotta take it one step at a time."

"But--" Jimin sniffs, but Jungkook shushes him.

"You'll freak yourself out by thinking too far into the future. For now you just have to put one foot in front of the other."

Jimin nods, taking a deep breath to try to calm himself down. He and Jungkook finally separate, and Jimin tucks his cold hands into his jacket. "Was it scary?"

He doesn't elaborate, but Jungkook seems to understand. "Yes," he says, but quickly continues when Jimin's expression starts to change to one of panic. "But, your situation is completely different than mine was. First of all, you're actually choosing this. And second, you have so much support, so many people who will help and guide you through this. Jin hyung will take care of you and I'll be here if you have any questions or need anything. Plus, you have Yoongi."

Jimin looks down at his feet. "But what if..." his voice is hardly more than a shaky whisper. "What if I'm making a mistake?"

Jungkook places both of his hands on Jimin's shoulder, forcing Jimin to look him in the eye. "Hyung, trust me on this. If there's one thing I know for absolute certain, it's that the second you lay eyes on your baby for the first time, everything else in the world will fall away. You'll realize in that moment there's no one you'll ever love more in your entire life."

Jimin considers arguing, because how could he ever love someone more than Yoongi? But he stays silent and instead gives a shaky nod, smiling gratefully at Jungkook.

Jungkook is right. He can do this. He just has to take it one day at a time.

They decide to just come clean with the others before one of the omegas lets the news slip by accident.

So at dinner a few nights after Jimin's talk with Jungkook, Yoongi taps his knife against his glass of juice and clears his throat for everyone's attention. The chatter around the tables in the warm RV dies down and everybody looks at Yoongi, who smiles proudly and takes Jimin's hand.

"We have some news," he begins, looking at Jimin with an expression so soft the omega aches. "Jimin and I are having a baby."

Hana, Eunyoung, and Daejung, who have surely already smelled the change in Jimin's scent, whoop loudly, and the two new omegas sitting next to them clap politely. Sunhee starts screeching in
It's Taehyung, Hoseok, and Namjoon who are the most shocked. Being betas, they hadn't been able to notice any change in Jimin's scent, so the news comes as a huge surprise to them.

"What?!" Taehyung yells, almost deafening Jimin as Hoseok and Namjoon start clamoring and hollering. "Oh my god!"

"Congratulations!" Hoseok shrieks, slapping roughly at Namjoon's shoulders in his excitement.

Namjoon is smiling so wide his dimples look bottomless. "A baby Min!" He exclaims, clutching at his chest. "We're going to have a baby Min!"

Mixed up in all the happiness and excitement, a foul odor reaches Jimin's nose. He looks over to see Ilseong staring at him with something unreadable in his eyes. His face, though, is deathly pale and pinched, thin mouth pulled taut. The grip he has on his fork and knife is so tight his knuckles are turning white. He looks seconds away from actually bending the metal.

For a moment that seems to stretch into eternity, Jimin and Ilseong lock eyes. A weird tremor of unease runs through Jimin by something he sees deep inside Ilseong's gaze, but he can't pinpoint what it is.

But just as quickly, the spell is broken when Ilseong looks down at his plate, and suddenly Jimin feels like he can breathe again.

He doesn't know what the hell that was, but he decides not to think about it for now. Instead he returns his attentions to everyone's excitement and feels their collective mood seep into him as well. Soon he's grinning happily and squeezing Yoongi's hand tight, so happy he and his mate can share in this moment together.

The days following their announcement are filled with excitement for the baby, and Jimin finds himself swept up in the feeling. Each day that passes has him growing more and more in anticipation, even though he still has a long time to go before the baby is here. Sometimes he'll just lay awake in bed after Yoongi's fallen asleep and simply rub his belly. It's far too soon to be showing and yet he can't help himself. Even just the thought of his and Yoongi's baby growing inside him is enough to make him want to touch constantly. Yoongi seems to feel the same way because even in his sleep his hand somehow finds its way to Jimin's stomach, and the omega looks over at him fondly, laying his own small hand across the big one splayed wide across his belly.

Jin is planning to make a run into the city tomorrow with Hoseok for some supplies, most prevalent being prenatal vitamins and supplements Jimin needs to start taking as soon as possible.

Usually Yoongi heads any missions into the city, but he'd actually growled low in his throat and pulled Jimin into a protective embrace when the subject was broached. Jimin knows Yoongi is loathe to leave him after last time, and he especially refuses to move an inch from Jimin's side now that he knows about the pregnancy. The omega in Jimin preens at this, at being so well taken care of by his mate at such a time.

One morning at breakfast, Eunyoung presents Jimin with a tiny hat knitted from the softest yellow
yarn Jimin's ever felt before. "I made it for the baby," she beams at him when Jimin takes it with a gasp. "Since we don't know if it's a boy or girl, I chose a neutral color."

Jimin presses the hat to his cheek and sighs out how beautifully soft it feeling against his skin. "Thank you, Eun-ah, I love it."

Jimin ignores the gaze he can feel burning into him from Ilseong across the table as he hands the hat to Yoongi, who coos and strokes it lovingly. Ilseong has been extra weird in the few days since they'd announced the pregnancy, but Jimin can't tell if it's hostile or not. He's just been odd and its throwing Jimin for a loop.

After breakfast Yoongi tells Jimin he'll meet up with him in a little bit because he has to go over some things with Jin and Hoseok before they leave for the city.

"See you in a few," Yoongi says, leaning in to kiss Jimin's cheek. Jimin nods with a smile and stays behind the RV to help clean up from breakfast as the others leave.

About ten minutes later he steps out of the RV and waves goodbye to Eunyoung and one of the new omegas who'd helped him clean up. Jimin turns to head back to his and Yoongi's room but stops dead when he sees Ilseong stand from one of the outside tables hands shoved inside his big winter coat as he approaches Jimin.

Jimin goes tense, looking around for help but finding that Eunyoung has already disappeared inside the labyrinth of shipping containers.

Jimin thinks about making a run for it, remembering the last time Ilseong cornered him. But as he approaches, the other omega has his head bowed and shoulders slumped forward, appearing to make himself smaller. Jimin frowns in confusion because he's never seen Ilseong display such meek body language before.

"Hey," Ilseong says when he stops before Jimin, peeking up at him almost tentatively. "I think I owe you a serious apology."

Jimin's eyes widen and his mouth actually drops open. What? Did he just hear right?

"Huh?" Jimin says intelligently.

Ilseong shrugs and takes his hand out of one of his pockets to brush back his limp, mousy hair. "I've been a huge asshole to you for no reason and I just want to say I'm sorry."

Jimin blinks at Ilseong a few times, trying to register his words. Is he actually saying what Jimin is thinking? Ilseong is apologizing?

"Oh," he stares at Ilseong. "Um, thanks."

Ilseong smiles at him, actually smiles, though it's small and uncertain, and holds his hand out to Jimin. "Can we start over?"

Jimin stares down at Ilseong's hand for a little too long, still trying to recover from shock, long enough that Ilseong's smile slips and he starts to pull his hand back. Snapping out of it, Jimin darts his hand out and takes Ilseong's. It's ice cold and sends a small shiver through Jimin.

It's sudden and completely unexpected, but the thought of him and Ilseong finally making peace is something Jimin can't pass up.
"Yeah," he smiles back at Ilseong. "We definitely can."

The other omega sags in relief. "Great."

Even though it's cold outside, the two of them sit down at one of the tables and start getting to know each other. Jimin learns that Ilseong has two older sisters, both omegas as well, who he hasn't seen in years. He's not even sure if they're still alive and Jimin's heart aches for him when he says that. He also finds out Ilseong is from Busan as well and that he wanted to go to school for business and open his own health food store after he graduated.

They talk for quite a while and Jimin is surprised to find out that Ilseong really isn't that bad once you get to know him.

Soon enough though, Jimin stands up from the table and stamps his boots on the ground to try to get some blood back into his numb toes. "I should probably get back. Yoongi might be waiting for me."

Ilseong stands as well and zips up his coat with a shiver. "Before you go, could I show you something real fast?"

Curious, Jimin cocks his head at him. "Show me what?"

"Just about the greatest view of the ocean you can get around here," Ilseong says with an excited smile.

Jimin is really cold and he wants to get back to Yoongi, but he and Ilseong have just made peace and he doesn’t want to be rude by turning him down. "Sure," he finally agrees, shoving his freezing hands deep into his coat pockets.

Ilseong leads him away from the main yard and into the shipping containers into a direction Jimin hasn't really gone before. They talk as they walk, about their lives when they were younger and how things might have been different. It's extra cold in the shadows of the containers and Jimin shivers, pulling the hood of his coat over his head.

Soon enough, Ilseong stops before a tower of shipping containers, stacked ten high, and stares up at it. Jimin looks up as well, his eyes widening. It's perhaps one of the tallest stacks in the whole shipping yard, and he notices a small metal ladder welded into the side of each container, leading all the way up.

"Wait," Jimin gasps. "We're going up there?"

Ilseong nods. "It's completely safe, don't worry. Yoongi and the others used to use this as a lookout spot when they first moved into the shipping yard and were paranoid about being discovered."

Jimin gulps and looks up again. He's getting dizzy just looking at how tall it is. He's never been afraid of heights, but this one makes his stomach drop.

Ilseong must notice the look on his face because his smile fades and his shoulders droop. "Hey, it's okay, we don't have to go up if it makes you nervous."

Jimin looks between the tower and Ilseong's defeated face. Dammit, Ilseong seems to really be trying to mend things between them. How can Jimin be a dick and say no?

"I-it's okay," Jimin's voice stutters a little bit. "You said it's a really good view?"
Ilseong smiles hopefully at him. "The best I've found so far."

Jimin licks his dry lips and nods. "Okay. You go first though."

Ilseong nods excitedly and turns around to deftly begin climbing the ladder. Jimin takes a deep breath and sets his foot on the first rung to follow.

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When Yoongi gets back to their room after seeing Jin and Hoseok off once they were done with their meeting, Jimin isn't there. Yoongi frowns, because when he was in the main yard a few minutes ago watching Jin and Hoseok drive away in the pickup truck, Jimin wasn't in the RV either. He hadn't smelled Jimin because its almost impossible to pick up a scent in the open air, especially with the cold wind picking up a little and dispersing everything even more.

It's possible Jimin might have stopped at Jungkook's to hang out for a little bit before coming back to their room, so Yoongi decides to keep himself busy by fussing around the room, picking up discarded clothes off the floor and putting them away, making the bed, and fishing out an extra quit to add to the blankets since it's gotten so cold recently. He wants everything to look nice when Jimin gets back.

By the time Yoongi can't find anything left to do and Jimin still isn't back, Yoongi starts to grow a little worried. Even though he knows its irrational, his protectiveness over Jimin has grown exponentially ever since Jimin became pregnant, and Yoongi worries about him 24/7.

Yoongi lays down on the bed and tries to stay calm. Sunhee has most likely roped Jimin into a some board game and that's probably why he's taking so long.

Yoongi waits for as long as he can, staring up at the rippled roof of his shipping container until the worry in his chest has expanded so much it feels like he's about to burst. With a frustrated grunt, Yoongi sits up and climbs out of bed, throwing on his heavy winter coat and a pair of gloves before throwing the door open and shivering at the blast of icy air that hits him.

After stopping once more to check the main yard and see if Jimin is back in the RV, Yoongi heads directly for Jungkook and Taehyung's room. Once he arrives, he knocks on the door and waits in the cold for a moment before he hears shuffling inside. He hears childish babble and then the door squeaks open to reveal Sunhee with her arms stretched up to the handles.

"Woon Woon!" Sunhee exclaims in excitement when she sees him.

"Hey, kiddo," Yoongi says, reaching down to tickle her little chin, earning a squealed giggle as she bats his hand away.

Jungkook appears in the doorway behind her. "Oh, hi, hyung," the omega says, looking at Yoongi in surprise. "What brings you here?"

Yoongi tries to peer around them into the room. "Is Jimin here?"

Jungkook frowns at him in confusion. "No, he's not. I thought he was with you?"

Worry spiking, Yoongi shakes his head. "He was supposed to come back to our room after breakfast."
Jungkook bites his lip in thought before his eyes brighten. "You could ask Eunyoung? She and Jaehoon stayed behind to help clean up too."

Yoongi nods and turns around, all but running in the direction of Eunyoung and Hana's shipping container. He hears Sunhee ask what's wrong with Woon Woon as he leaves, but he can't hear Jungkook's reply as Yoongi turns a corner at a run.

When he gets to Hana's room, he's panting, much warmer now that he's warmed up by running. When Hana opens the door after he knocks loudly, she looks him up and down with a quirked brow. "What's up with you?"

"Is Eunyoung in there?" Yoongi asks immediately, ignoring Hana's question. He hears movement from inside and a moment later Eunyoung pops her head over Hana's shoulder.

"What's up?" She asks, her long hair pulled back in a loose, messy bun.

"Have you seen Jimin? I can't find him anywhere," Yoongi says, twisting his hands together nervously.

Eunyoung frowns in confusion. "I think I saw him talking to Ilseong when I left the RV."

A warning alarm rings in Yoongi's head and he sucks in a breath. Could Jimin be with Ilseong?

Yoongi doesn't even bother saying anything else as he turns and sprints away. He thinks he hears Eunyoung and Hana call out to him in concern, but he can't be sure over his heart pounding in his ears.

Surely Ilseong wouldn't do anything to Jimin.

Something deep inside Yoongi's gut tells him otherwise.

He races back to the main yard, the last place anyone saw Jimin, and closes his eyes. He breathes in deeply, trying to find any hint of Jimin's scent that could indicate where he's gone.

It takes a few moments but finally he catches a whiff of Jimin's honey and cream scent on the breeze. But its mixed with the smell of spoiled milk and Yoongi's eyes snap open in alarm.

A sick feeling seizes his stomach and Yoongi takes off in the direction the scents came from. Once he enters the maze of shipping containers rising on each side, the scents become stronger, held in in the confined space.

He runs, focusing solely on the scent of his mate getting stronger as he takes a few twists and turn deeper into the shipping yard. Jimin's scent doesn't smell scared or worried, and Yoongi prays that this is a good sign.

Fear pushes Yoongi faster, nose wrinkling at Ilseong's rancid smell that mixes with Jimin's sweet one, the one recently tinged extra milky with pregnancy.

The scents lead him to the old lookout tower, and here they end. Yoongi looks around in confusion, wondering where they could have gone, when he hears faint voices. His gaze is drawn to the top of the stacked shipping containers, up and up and up, and Yoongi's stomach drops into his feet.

Fuck, Jimin is up there with Ilseong.

Pure panic rises like bile in Yoongi's throat and he rips his gloves off, letting them fall onto the
concrete as he grips the icy metal rungs of the ladder and begins climbing at fast as he can.

Yoongi doesn't exactly like heights and he finds himself gasping, both from fear for Jimin and also from the way the ground is steadily dropping away from his as he climbs like his life depends on it. He shakes his head and keeps his eyes locked on the top of the stacked containers, focusing on the sound of the voices growing louder as he gets closer to the top.

He can hear Jimin talking and the quieter sound of Ilseong responding. Trying to control the pure terror seizing him, Yoongi reaches the top of the tower and pulls himself up, looking around wildly.

The sight that greet him is so horrifying Yoongi almost loses his grip and falls back the 600 feet he just climbed up.

Jimin is standing at the other end of the very top shipping container, right on the edge as he looks out onto the glistening blue ocean. Ilseong is standing behind him, but as Yoongi watches, the other omega creeps closer, hands reaching out to push Jimin off. If Jimin falls to the concrete below at this height, there's no surviving it.

"Wow, it really is beautiful," Jimin says, gazing out at the water, completely unaware to Ilseong behind him.

It feels like Yoongi moves in slow motion as he races across the rippled metal. It's like trying to move through mud and it feels like it takes years to run across the length of the shipping container.

Ilseong must be so focused that he doesn't even hear Yoongi's thudding metallic footsteps approaching. He's directly behind Jimin now and brings his arms back to gain momentum, a split second away from pushing Jimin off.

"No!" Yoongi shouts. He sprints the last distance and grabs Ilseong by the hood of his jacket, yanking it back with all his strength, pulling him away from Jimin.

Ilseong cries out in shock and crashes onto his ass. Then Yoongi leaps forward and wraps his arms around Jimin's waist, pulling him back and spinning him around so Yoongi's back is to the edge instead. Jimin squeals in shock as Yoongi moves them away from the edge.

"Hyung, what's going on?" Jimin yells as Yoongi sets him down and turns Jimin to face him, frantic as he looks him over.

"Are you okay? Are you hurt?" Yoongi asks urgently, fear and adrenaline coursing through him.

"I'm okay," Jimin frowns at him. Yoongi pulls him into a crushing hug, trying to calm himself.

Jimin is okay. He's okay.

"Hyung, what is it?" Jimin asks again, voice muffled against Yoongi's coat.

He finally pulls away but keeps a tight grip on Jimin as he turns around and snarls viciously down at Ilseong, who's still sprawled on his ass and is staring up at them with wide eyes. "He was about to push you off."

Jimin's eyes widen with a gasp and he flips around to stare at Ilseong. "What?"

Suddenly, all the pieces click into place and Yoongi's feels his blood go cold. "It was you, wasn't it?" He says, voice low and dangerous as he looks down at Ilseong. "You were the one who poisoned him, weren't you?"
The way Ilseong's face twists into something nasty alarms Yoongi. Ilseong stands up and brushes himself off, staring at Yoongi with a wild look in his eye. The smell of spoiled milk suddenly becomes overpowering and Yoongi's nose stings at the intensity.

"You were supposed to fall in love with me," Ilseong says shrilly, and Yoongi's eyes widen. "We were supposed to be together! But then you had to go and find him," Ilseong's voice is rising in pitch as he points violently at Jimin. "And you chose him over me! This wasn't supposed to happen!"

Jimin clings tightly to Yoongi as he gapes in horror at Ilseong, and Yoongi can smell his fear and shock. The alpha holds Jimin tighter, feeling rage and hatred and also a sick sense of surprise fill him. He had no idea Ilseong felt that way about him.

"So because of that you thought the answer was to kill him?" Yoongi growls dangerously.

Ilseong's fists clench at his sides. "I thought I might still have a chance, but then you two mated," the last word he spits out venomously. "Even then, I thought maybe..." Ilseong trails off, but then shakes his head roughly. "So I tried getting rid of him so we could be together. But it didn't work!"

"Ilseong..." Jimin breathes, staring at him in horror.

"But you survived," Ilseong interrupts, spittle flying from his lips as he points at Jimin, eyes alight with something manic. "Not only did you live, but then you had to go and get pregnant," he turns to Yoongi again. "I was supposed to be the one who had your children! Me! Not him!"

Jesus. Yoongi had no idea. He also had no idea how fucking crazy Ilseong is.

"You realize I can't let this slide, right?" Yoongi says, deep and dangerous. "You've tried to kill Jimin twice. You're dangerous and can't be trusted.

Ilseong's eyes widen and he suddenly looks alarmed. He stares between Yoongi and Jimin, mouth gaping open. "W-what are you gonna do?"

Yoongi pulls Jimin closer, one arm wrapped around his mate's waist and the other cradling the back of his head. He can feels Jimin shivering, probably both from the cold and also fear and shock.

Yoongi wants nothing more than to throw Ilseong over the edge like he was going to do with Jimin, but he has to control himself. He can't do that. He's the leader and therefore he can't do anything rash. He has think this through.

"I'll discuss it with the others," Yoongi says coldly. "And until then, you're to be confined in your room with a guard so you can't try to sneak out and kill Jimin again."

Ilseong sucks in a sharp breath. "You can't lock me in my room!"

A deep growl rumbles in Yoongi's throat and Ilseong flinches. "Watch me."

Now Ilseong looks scared, as if he just now is realizing the consequences of his actions.

Yoongi has Jimin climbs back down first and himself second so Ilseong can't try to somehow push Jimin off again.

Once they get to the bottom, Jimin curls into Yoongi’s arms as they both stare up at the tower. Yoongi yells for Ilseong to come down but he doesn’t listen, so they wait.

Soon enough, after about fifteen minutes, the icy wind and freezing temperatures finally forces
Ilseong to climb down the ladder.

Yoongi grabs ahold of Ilseong’s forearm and marches him away, his other hand entwined with Jimin’s.

They deposit Ilseong back at his room, and with a fierce warning that makes Ilseong cower, Yoongi tells him if he leaves his room there will be hell to pay.

After that, Yoongi and Jimin return to their room. As they cuddle on the bed, both calming down from the ordeal, Yoongi’s hand on Jimin’s belly, Yoongi knows action against Ilseong must be taken.

He decides he’ll call a meeting tomorrow after they’ve recovered from today, and once Jin and Hoseok are back from the city.

Yoongi forced down the bubbling rage he feels towards the omega and focuses on soothing a spooked Jimin. He can’t believe they had a snake living in the nest all along.

Tomorrow he’ll worry about it. Tonight Yoongi will hold Jimin and thank whatever god is out there that he found his mate in time.
"Distantly, in the quiet night, Yoongi becomes aware of an odd sound.

He pauses to listen, trying to figure out what it is. It sounds mechanical and choppy, and its growing louder.

Yoongi's blood freezes in horror when he realizes what it is.

A helicopter."

This chapter contains themes of mpreg.

Then next morning, Yoongi had quickly given Hana the lowdown about Ilseong and asked her to guard the omega's shipping container while he called a meeting with the others. Though shocked and appalled by the news, Hana had readily agreed, quickly bundling herself up in her winter clothes and giving Eunyoung a kiss on the cheek before leaving their room.

Left alone after Hana leaves, Eunyoung stares at Yoongi with wide, horrified eyes. "Ilseong tried to kill Jimin?"

Yoongi nods gravely, knowing this news must come as a terrible shock to the sweet and trusting omega.

"I can't believe this."

Yoongi would like to stay and try to console Eunyoung, but he has business to take care of. Bidding the omega a goodbye, Yoongi sets out to round up the rest of his crew.

Half an hour later, Hoseok, Jin, Namjoon, and Taehyung are gathered around the RV table, listening to Yoongi break the news with faces full of shock.

"He did what?" Taehyung exclaims, staring at Yoongi as if he's grown two heads.

Yoongi feels rage sweeps through him at the memory of what Ilseong did, and clenches his fists under the table. "If I hadn't have gotten there in time, Jimin would be dead right now."

There's a litany of curses let out from all of them except Jin, who Yoongi notices is silently rubbing his chin and staring intently down at the table, as if deep in thought. Yoongi wonders what's going through his mind.

"So, what are we going to do?" Hoseok asks.
"He can't stay here anymore," Yoongi says. "Not when there's a chance he might try to kill Jimin at any moment again."

Namjoon frowns at him. "We couldn't just kick him out though. He wouldn't be safe out there."

Yoongi doesn't give a rat's ass about Ilseong's safety anymore, but he keeps that to himself. "We could set him up with some supplies and drive him far away from any well populated areas. Give him a decent chance at surviving."

"Couldn't we just like, I don't know, keep him locked up in his room from now on?" Hoseok tries, looking uncertain.

"A prisoner, you mean?" Yoongi asks, and Hoseok frowns guiltily. "We don't have the resources to keep an unnecessary mouth fed, and there's always the risk that he'd get out and come after Jimin again."

Namjoon rubs at the back of his neck. "But, hyung," he begins quietly. "Wasn't the whole reason we started the Chain Breakers to keep omegas safe?"

Yoongi understands where Namjoon is coming from, but he's reached his limit where Ilseong is concerned. "And what happens when one of those omegas we're keeping safe murders another? Won't that blood be on our hands?"

Namjoon's gaze drops to the table and he goes quiet.

Jin finally speaks up for the first time, looking up at them. "I agree with Yoongi. Ilseong has to go."

They all look at him in surprise, even Yoongi. He was expecting the doctor to be against his plan.

"We can't keep someone that dangerous here with us," Jin says by way of explanation, noting the looks on all their faces. "What if he doesn't stop at Jimin? What if he targets the other omegas too?"

Namjoon's face falls and after a long moment he gives a single, slow nod. Then Yoongi and Jin look to Hoseok, who bites his lip uncertainly but finally gives a nod as well.

"Hana agreed with me too when I talked to her," Yoongi says in place for their missing member before looking to Taehyung.

The beta sighs a low sigh before he nods. "Whatever we have to do to keep the other omegas safe."

"So it's settled," Jin speaks up. "We'll send him away."

They all finalize what they need to do and decide to gather supplies for Ilseong and drive him away after breakfast tomorrow. The sooner he's out of camp and away from Jimin, the better in Yoongi's opinion.

Hoseok and Jin agree to drive Ilseong away because Yoongi tells them he might not be able to stop himself from strangling the omega to death if he were to do it himself.

Yoongi returns to his room after stopping by Ilseong's container to tell Hana the plan. He can't help glaring at the door as he speaks, imagining Ilseong cowering inside. Hana fully supports the decision and waves Yoongi away when he tells her Taehyung will be by soon to relieve her of guard duty soon.

The second Yoongi opens the door to his room, he finds himself with an armful of anxious Jimin.
"What'd you decide?" His mate immediately demands, giving Yoongi no time to gather his bearings.

Yoongi closes the door behind him and kisses Jimin on the cheek, who huffs impatiently and wriggles in Yoongi's hold. "Well?"

"The others agreed to send him away," Yoongi tells him, and Jimin's eyes widen in disbelief.

"Send him away? But what if he tries to come back? Or what if he rats us out?"

Yoongi brushes Jimin's hair back soothingly. "He wouldn't do that," the alpha says. "Ratting us out would just rat himself out too; a lone omega without any protection."

A dark look crosses Jimin's face and he grips tightly at Yoongi's arms. "We should kill him."

Although Yoongi shares the same sentiments entirely, he's surprised to hear them come from Jimin. "What?"

Jimin's eyebrows furrow in fury. "He didn't just try to kill me, hyung," Jimin says fiercely, placing a hand over his stomach. "He tried to kill our baby."

Yoongi presses his own hand on top of Jimin's. "Trust me, I'd like nothing more than to rip Ilseong's throat out, but you know there's no way in hell the others would have agreed to that."

Jimin seethes silently, and Yoongi can smell the rage and hatred emanating off him in waves, like an acrid burn in the back of his throat. Yoongi clucks his tongue and leads Jimin over to their bed, sitting down and pulling his mate with him.

He's somehow able to coax an unwilling Jimin into lying down, and soon enough they're curled up together, limbs entwined with Jimin's head tucked under Yoongi's chin. Yoongi's thumb massages Jimin's hipbone as they lie together.

"He'll be gone tomorrow, and then we can finally be at peace," Yoongi says, smiling to himself when he feels Jimin huff angrily into his shoulder.

"I hope he dies out there," Jimin mutters darkly, his fingers fiddling with the hem of Yoongi's shirt. "I hope he freezes to death in the cold."

Yoongi hums in agreement and buries his face in Jimin's hair. "Believe me, so do I."

Breakfast is tense the next morning. No one speaks much and Jimin barely touches his food from the nerves. In the middle of eating, Jin stands up and starts preparing another plate of food.

"I'm going to go take Ilseong breakfast and relieve Namjoon of guard duty."

Jimin watches Yoongi gives a curt nod before turning back and spooning another scoop of rice onto Jimin's plate despite his protests.

They all eat in silence for a while, focusing down on their plates as the heaviness in the air grows suffocating. Eunyoung and Daejung in particular look extra sad, and Jimin knows it's because they were the closest things to friends Ilseong had.
Everyone is almost finished eating when there's a loud shout from outside and the sound of pounding footsteps. The door to the RV slams open and a wild-eyed Seokjin bursts in.

"He's gone!" Jin gasps, breath coming heavy as if he'd run all the way here.

Yoongi surges to his feet, knocking his chair backwards with a clatter. "What?!"

Namjoon stumbles up the stairs as well, looking horrified. "I-I never even bothered to check if he was in his room when I overtook guard duty."

Hoseok claps a hand over his mouth. "H-he must have gotten out when Namjoon and I were switching shifts."

Jimin feels his gut drop in horror as Yoongi whips his head around, pinning Hoseok with fire in his gaze. "How long ago was that?"

Hoseok's face screws up in thought. "A few hours before dawn."

Yoongi curses loud, causing Sunhee to look scandalized. "He could be anywhere by now."

While Yoongi orders everyone to fan out and search the entire shipping yard, Jimin stays still in his seat. Ilseong escaped? He's out there somewhere right now? Jimin tries to swallow down the bile in his throat. What if the other omega comes after him again? What if he succeeds in his efforts this time?

Yoongi must have the same fears because once everybody is out searching, he escorts Jimin back to their room with an iron grip on his arm, head on the constant swivel for any sign of Ilseong lurking in the shadows.

Once they reach their room, Jimin’s pregnancy emotions go haywire and he starts crying when Yoongi tells him he's going out to look as well.

"Hey," Yoongi tries to soothe Jimin, cupping his face in his hands and kissing his forehead. "It'll be okay. Just lock the doors when I'm gone and don't open them for anyone but me."

Jimin tries to calm himself down as he clings to Yoongi, desperate for him to stay. "B-but, what if--"

"I'm gonna keep you safe, Jimin," Yoongi interrupts him sternly. "I promise."

Jimin sniffs pathetically and finally gives a small nod. Yoongi kisses his forehead again, releasing that calming alpha pheromone, and Jimin immediately feels better as he inhales it deeply.

"I'll be back soon," Yoongi says once Jimin tears have stopped.

Once he's gone, Jimin locks both doors behind him and retreats back to the bed. He grabs the pillow Yoongi sleeps on, which is drenched in his scent, and hugs it to his chest. He buries his nose in the pillow and inhales his mate's smell, trying to keep himself calm in the absence of Yoongi's pheromones.

Jimin doesn't know how long he lies on the bed, curled around Yoongi's pillow, balancing right on the edge of full blown panic. He prays with everything inside him that they find Ilseong lurking in the shipping yard somewhere, and then punish him accordingly.

Some time later, maybe minutes or possibly hours, Jimin can’t really tell, there's a loud knocking on
the door that startles him so bad he yelps.

"It's me," Yoongi's voice comes from outside. "Let me in."

Jimin leaps to his feet and rushes to the doors to unlock them. It must have started snowing while they were searching for Ilseong because an icy blast of air hits Jimin when he opens the doors and a flurry of snow comes flying in.

"Did you find him?" Jimin asks immediately as Yoongi hustles inside and closes the doors.

"We can't find him anywhere," Yoongi says gruffly, rubbing his hands together to try to warm them up. "But none of the cars are gone, so he's on foot somewhere and can't have gotten that far."

Jimin watches as Yoongi puts on proper winter clothes. "What are you doing?"

"We're all going to take the cars and search for him," Yoongi replies, pulling on a pair of woolen gloves. He pauses briefly and looks at Jimin. "It looks like he stole some supplies from the RV, including the radio."

Jimin cocks his head in confusion. "Radio?"

"Remember the one we took during the last hit? We were gonna strip it down for parts but never got around to it."

Jimin's eyes widen in realization. "What's he going to do with it? Is he going to call someone and rat out our location?"

Yoongi must sense Jimin's rising hysteria because he pulls the omega into a tight hug and rubs his back soothingly. "I don't know, but we'll find him before he can do anything, don't worry."

Jimin buries his nose in Yoongi's neck and tries to assure himself of his mate's words. Ilseong is alone, on foot, ill-prepared, with a blizzard coming on. Yoongi and the others will find him easily.

They don't find him. Hours pass and afternoon bleeds into evening and yet neither Yoongi nor any of the others return. Hana, who stayed behind just in case Ilseong came back, gathers up all the omegas into hers and Eunyoung's room so she can keep an eye on all of them at once.

Jimin sits with Jungkook and allows a concerned Sunhee to play with his fingers as the other omegas talk amongst themselves. While the room is pleasant and warm, the mood is tense and somber and fearful.

"Don't worry, Jimin," Jungkook says quietly so only the other omega and his daughter can hear. "We'll figure this out."

Jimin can't find it in himself to believe his friend.

Finally, once night has completely fallen and the blizzard is raging outside, the others return.

Jimin leaps to his feet when the door to Hana's room opens and Yoongi and Taehyung enter. Jimin can immediately tell by the look on Yoongi's face that they didn't have any luck. Still, he dives into his mate's arms and clings to him with everything he has.
Yoongi holds him tightly, almost bruisingly so, and buries his nose in Jimin's hair. "We'll look again tomorrow when the blizzard has blown over."

The run back to their room is awful. Jimin hides his face in his coat against the biting wind and allows Yoongi to lead him through the snow, the cold seeping down into his very bones.

Once they're back in their room with the door closed to keep out the blizzard, Jimin and Yoongi simply stand in the middle of the floor for a few moments, a somber silence falling between them as they both try to process everything.

Finally, after about five minutes, Yoongi finally moves. He pulls off his gloves and begins removing the rest of his winter clothes, movements slow and mechanical.

Once Yoongi is stripped down to his regular clothes, he moves to stand in front of a numb Jimin and begins unzipping his heavy coat for him. Jimin remains silent as he allows Yoongi to continue removing his warm clothes until all that's left is the maroon scarf that Yoongi gifted him.

Yoongi starts to unwind it from around Jimin's neck, and as the last loop comes undone, Jimin finally speaks. "Hyung," he whispers, looking at Yoongi in fearful uncertainty. "What if--"

"Don't," Yoongi interrupts him gently. The alpha cups Jimin's face in his hands and brushes his thumbs tenderly over the sharp cut of Jimin's cheekbones. "I promised you, remember? I'll keep you safe."

Jimin's bottom lip quivers at Yoongi's words and he gives a small nod. Yoongi pulls him in for a hug that Jimin gladly accepts. They stand like that for a long time, in the middle of their room embracing each other with everything they have.

After a while, Jimin feels Yoongi sag against him a little, and he runs his fingers through his mate's blonde hair. "You must be exhausted."

From where his face is hidden in Jimin's neck, Yoongi just grunts noncommittally. Jimin finally pulls away from the hug and takes Yoongi's large hand in his own and leads him over to the bed. He pulls back the covers and sets up their pillows before pulling Yoongi down onto the mattress.

They both kick off their boots before laying down, and Jimin pulls the blankets back up over them. He reaches up to click off the fairy lights, casting the room into darkness. Yoongi squirms into his space, nuzzling into Jimin and letting out a tired sigh of contentment when the omega wraps his arms around his mate.

Even though Jimin is scared out of his wits, he cares more about Yoongi's health right now than his own concerns. He kisses the top of Yoongi's head tenderly. "Go to sleep, hyung."

It seems Yoongi doesn't need to be told twice, because within minutes, he's fast asleep, clinging to Jimin with his head tucked under the omega's chin.

Jimin doesn't think he'll be able to fall asleep, too afraid and keyed up, but eventually the sound of Yoongi's peaceful, even breathing lulls Jimin to sleep as well.

The blizzard must have passed in the night because the next morning is calm and peaceful. The
skies are a clear, crystalline blue, and the sun reflects off the four feet of white powdery snow that covers everything.

Jimin and Yoongi have just finished getting dressed when there's a knock at their door. Jimin quickly pulls his purple sweater down over his head as Yoongi goes to open it.

Seokjin is standing outside, dwarfed by a huge winter coat with a red hat pulled down over his head. His hands are shoved deep into the pockets of his coat and his teeth are chattering from standing in the freezing cold.

"Jesus, come in," Yoongi says when he sees Jin, whose nose is bright red from the frost.

Jin shuffles inside quickly, knocking the snow off his boots on the welcome mat inside the door as he lets out a disgusted noise. "Damn, it's cold out there."

"What are you doing here?" Yoongi asks as he swings the door closed behind the beta to shut out the weather.

Jin turns to look at the two of them and lets out a sigh. "I think it's time I told you more about Ilseong."

Jin slides off his boots and crosses the room to sink down into the beanbag chair. "I'm the only one he ever told about what happened to him before we rescued him. It was told to me in confidence and I could never bring myself to break his trust and tell anyone else."

Jin frowns down at the beta. "Tell anyone else what?"

Jin sighs again and rubs the bridge of his nose as both Jimin and Yoongi sit down on the edge of the bed to wait for him to continue.

Finally, Jin's hand drops to his lap and he looks at Yoongi. "I never told you this, but the lab we rescued Ilseong from wasn't government funded because of the...things they did there."

"Experiments," Jin says in a low voice. "Awful experiments unlike anything we're used to."

The two of them don't say anything, so the beta continues. "I think the reason Ilseong is the way he is, is because of what he went through when he was held there. He told me they would keep him isolated in a cell until his heats came around, and then when they did, they'd pump alpha pheromones into his cell for the entire duration of his heat. They'd taunt him with the scent of an alpha when he was most delirious and in need of relief, and they'd deprive him of an actual alpha to help the excruciating pain. He said the doctors there would also talk to him through a speaker in his cell while he was in the middle of it and tell him how all omegas need an alpha, that they're useless, less than nothing, if they haven't mated with an alpha. Apparently it was some sort of conditioning exercise to record his reactions."

Jimin's eyes are wide in horror as he listens to Jin.

"They'd talk to him all while filling his cell with the overpowering pheromones of an alpha. Ilseong would sob and beg for relief but they'd just keep going. Ilseong told me he'd never been in more pain in his life than he was during his heats in the lab."
"This went on for five years before we finally rescued him. By that time, he'd undergone so much psychological torture he was changed forever."

"Jesus," Jimin whispers, reaching out to squeeze Yoongi's hand, needing something to ground himself.

"I think that's why he immediately latched himself onto Yoongi, who was the first alpha he encountered after having the notion of needing an alpha to survive drilled into his very psyche," Jin sighs and takes his hat off so he can run his hand through his hair. "I knew he was unstable because of his trauma, I just never thought that that he would ever slip this far out of sanity and try to kill someone he sees as a rival."

"This is my fault for not sharing this information sooner. If I had told you, Yoongi, then maybe we could have seen this coming and prevented it," he says, looking at Yoongi sadly.

Yoongi is silent for a long moment, playing with Jimin's fingers idly, before he shakes his head. "It's not your fault, hyung. You didn't want to betray his trust. I understand that."

Jin shakes his head in disbelief. "So that explains why he's like this. I never would have guessed."

Jin lets out a long, low sigh. "I know it doesn't excuse what he's done, but I just thought the two of you should know why he did it."

If it were just him that Ilseong threatened to kill, Jimin might be able to find the compassion inside himself to forgive the other omega. But it wasn't just Jimin Ilseong tried to kill. It was his baby, too. Jimin can't forgive that. He won't.

Yoongi thanks Jin for this new information and walks the beta back to the door. Once he's gone, Yoongi looks back at Jimin. "What do you think?"

Jin crosses his arms. "I think Ilseong, no matter how fucked up his life was, deserves to answer for what he did."

Yoongi nods and walks over to sit back down on the bed. "I agree."

Jin links their fingers together again. "Do you think there's any way he survived the blizzard?"

"I don't know," Yoongi says. "But of there's even the slightest chance he did, we'll keep looking."

Soon after that, Yoongi heads out to gather up the others and continue the search. About half and hour after Yoongi leaves, Jungkook and Sunhee come by to keep him company, both bundled up in winter clothing to stave off the cold. Sunhee is practically being eaten alive by her bright pink coat, and with the hood pulled up over her head, all that can be seen of her face is her big, round doe eyes.

"Jiminie!" She cries as she toddles inside, voice muffled by how high her zipper is pulled up, covering her mouth.

Jungkook closes the door behind them as Jimin bends down to give Sunhee a hug. Once they separate, she steps back and pulls something out of her coat pocket. "This is for the baby," she says excitedly, handing it to him.

It's a little pink pig, fuzzy and soft and worn from use and love, just the right size to fit perfectly in Jimin's hand.
Jimin's stomach goes all gooey with affection and he pushes Sunhee's hood off her head so he can ruffle her soft black hair before ducking in to kiss her fat cheek. "Thank you," Jimin says as Sunhee giggles shyly and looks down at her feet. "The baby will love it."

Jungkook watches the whole exchange with a fond smile on his face.

Sunhee and Jungkook spend most of the afternoon with Jimin, playing board games and doing facial sheet masks that Taehyung bought in the city for Sunhee a while ago. Jimin allows Sunhee to apply his for him, enjoying the feeling of her little hands patting and smoothing the wet mask to his face.

"You gotta do this to keep your skin nice, you know," she chatters as she works. "It helps to keep skin young and wrinkle free."

"You're three," Jungkook deadpans from where he's lying on his back on the bed, his own face mask in place. "You're too young to be worrying about wrinkles."

Sunhee throws him a dirty look that he doesn't catch from his angle. "It's never too early to start worrying about skincare, daddy."

Jimin fights back a smile because it'll move the mask and he doesn't want to get reprimanded by Sunhee.

By the time evening rolls around, Sunhee has fallen asleep curled up around Pooh the penguin on the bed while Jimin and Jungkook talk quietly so as not to wake her. Jungkook is shocked and horrified when Jimin tells him what he learned about Ilseong.

"That's awful," Jungkook says in a whisper. "I can't even imagine what that must have been like."

"Me neither," Jimin says, but then shakes his head. "But that doesn't excuse what he did."

"No, of course not," the other omega says immediately. "What he did to you is unforgivable."

Not long after, the others return home. Both Jimin and Jungkook jump to their feet when the door to the shipping container opens and Yoongi steps inside. They both press their index fingers to their lips to indicate silence before Yoongi can even say anything. The alpha frowns in confusion until he spots Sunhee asleep on the bed.

"Anything?" Jimin asks in a whisper as he walks up to Yoongi, but deep down he already knows the answer. Its confirmed when Yoongi shakes his head, a somber expression on his face.

"The blizzard blew away any trace of where he might have gone. But if he were caught outside during it, there's no way he would have survived."

Jimin's eyes widen. "You think he might be dead?"

"It's a big possibility," Yoongi replies, unzipping his coat and kicking his heavy snow boots off. "Any place he might have found in the surrounding areas for shelter, we already checked. No sign of him."

Could it be true? Ilseong might actually be dead?

Jimin doesn't know whether he should hope to believe it, but he still shuffles into Yoongi's space for a hug, which his mate gladly gives him.
Behind them, Jungkook gingerly maneuvers a passed out Sunhee into her coat and zips her up before gently picking her up. Jungkook whispers a goodbye as he passes them, and Yoongi reaches out to open the door for him.

Once Jungkook and Sunhee are gone, Jimin's and Yoongi's voices return to normal volume. "Jin's tired from searching all day so I said everyone can fend for ourselves for dinner tonight," Yoongi says, and Jimin nods in agreement.

Yoongi looks just as tired as he takes Jimin's hand and walks them over to the bed. He flops down on his back with a loud sigh and Jimin climbs on next to him, laying down on his side and curling around Yoongi.

Yoongi finds the pig Sunhee brought sitting by their pillows and picks it up. "What's this?" He asks curiously.

Jimin smiles fondly at it. "Sunhee gave it to us for the baby."

Yoongi smiles as well and plays with the pig's curly tail. "I love that kid."

"Me too," Jimin says with a dopey grin. "What do you think she'll present as?"

Yoongi and Jimin both answer at the same time. "Alpha."

They stare at each other for a beat before dissolving into laughter.

Jimin loves this; the feeling of safety. If Ilseong really is dead, he can finally breathe easy again and feel safe all the time.

The search for Ilseong continues for a few more days, but after the fourth day of looking, still with no sign of him, Yoongi finally calls off the search. Everyone is relieved that it's over and they can finally rest easy again.

After dinner on the day Yoongi called off the search, he eats quickly so he can take a plate of food back to Jimin, who was suffering from pregnancy nausea and didn't feel up to coming to dinner. He'd left his mate to rest after promising he'd be back as soon as possible.

"Finished already?" Jin asks as Yoongi rises from his seat and quickly puts together a plate of rice, meat, and vegetables for Jimin.

Yoongi nods and scoots his chair back in once he's done. "Jimin is waiting for me."

They all wish him a good night and tell him to give Jimin their regards as Yoongi climbs down from the steps of the RV. It's viciously cold out and he shivers at the blast of icy air that hits him when he steps out into the night.

The night is quiet save for his boots crunching in the snow as he walks. He tries to hurry so Jimin's food doesn't grow as cold as the air. He realizes he probably should have put it in some sort of container to maintain the temperature.

Distantly, in the quiet night, Yoongi becomes aware of an odd sound.
He pauses to listen, trying to figure out what it is. It sounds mechanical and choppy, and its growing louder.

Yoongi's blood freezes in horror when he realizes what it is.

A helicopter.

The plate of food drops from Yoongi's grip and splatters into the snow.

He looks from the direction of his room where Jimin is, back to the RV, heart beating frantically in his chest as he tries to figure out what to do. Finally, as much as it tears his heart out of his chest to do it, Yoongi races back the way he came towards the RV.

"Kill the lights!" He yells as he approaches, the sound of the helicopter growing terribly loud. It must be just seconds away. "Kill the ligh--"

His words are cut off when an explosion rips through the shipping yard, knocking Yoongi to his feet as a stack of containers in the middle of the yard go up in flames, the destroyed pieces bursting everywhere. The entire yard shakes violently, toppling over another tower of shipping containers by the force of the blast alone.

Yoongi struggles to his feet as the helicopter finally comes into view, flying low over the smoke of the section it just destroyed.

No. No, this can't be. They can't have been found.

Yoongi is shaken from his reverie when another rocket is fired off from the helicopter, rocking the very foundations of the yard with the force of the explosion that sends flames and debris flying everywhere.

Jimin.

Terror, pure and absolute, seizes Yoongi's body.

He has to get back to Jimin.

"Yoongi?! What the hell?!" The door to the RV flies open and Hoseok comes tumbling down the stairs, wild-eyed.

"We've been found," he croaks. "Follow the evacuation protocols."

Then he turns and races away, the pounding of his heart so deafening in his ears that he almost doesn't hear the third explosion rip through the night, but he certainly feels it. The whole shipping yard platform groans dangerously, shaking violently from the force of the explosions, and Yoongi staggers with the blow before catching himself.

"I'm coming, Jimin," he gasps to himself as he runs. He doesn't think he's ever felt fear like this before. "I'm coming."

A fourth explosion jars Yoongi's body, and this time, a whole entire shipping container, bent and broken and on fire, soars through the air towards him. With a cry of horror, Yoongi leaps forward as hard as he can, throwing himself down on his stomach, causing his whole body to flare in pain.

Narrowly missing him, the container crashes into another tower and Yoongi watches with wide, horrified eyes as it begins to waver dangerously. He gets back to his feet and starts running again as
the towers begins to fall down one by one behind him, a horrible, ear splitting screech of metal on metal that makes his ears want to bleed.

Half of the shipping yard is on fire by now, and off towards the back end another explosion goes off, sending a ripple through the entire yard again.

In the back of his head Yoongi hopes that the others are getting to safety, but all he can really think of is Jimin.

Jimin, Jimin, Jimin. He has to get his mate out of danger.

Then, he hears the helicopter approaching again, the deafening whirring of the blades getting closer.

Next thing he knows, its appearing through the rising smoke above the destroyed yard, directly above him.

He watches as another rocket is shot off and this time the containers in front of Yoongi are blasted to bits.

The force of the explosion hits Yoongi like a tsunami and sends him flying back through the air.

All his shocked mind can really think is what the fuck before he's send over the edge of the platform and right into the water below.

Cold. That's all Yoongi feels.

It seeps through his skin, down into his muscles and bones and even his very soul. It eats into his mind, curling around him like a snake constricting around its prey. It paralyzes Yoongi. Yoongi who is too shocked to process what's happening.

His ears are ringing from the force of the blast, and the silence of the water only makes it louder.

He floats like this for a while, trying to wrap his mind around what's happening. Debris is floating in the depths around him, pieces of metal and wood from the shipping yard blown into the water as well.

Its somewhat peaceful in here, Yoongi thinks dully, mind all fuzzy. Even as he floats motionless in the water, his body begins to grow numb, starting to block out the vicious cold of the ocean mercifully.

Finally though, his lungs begin to burn with the force of holding his breath that he hadn't even realized he was doing, and it serves as the nudge to finally get his limp body to move again.

Yoongi starts swimming towards what he hopes is the surface of the water. Lungs on fire, Yoongi works his frozen limbs as hard as he can until his head finally breaks the surface with a loud gasp.

He sucks in deep lungfuls of air, groaning in pain when the freezing air he inhales burns his sinuses and makes his eyes water.

The night is alight with the orange of fire.
The entire shipping yard is in flames, utterly and completely destroyed. He can't hear the helicopter anymore over the roaring of the fire and he treads water for a moment as he looks for it, searching in all directions. He doesn't see it anywhere, and he hopes its left for good.

Yoongi wades through the water until he gets to one of the beams supporting the foundations of the platform. It takes him a while, but he's able to latch around it and climb up, slipping occasionally due to the slickness of the beam from the water. He pulls himself up onto the ground and collapses onto his stomach in the snow.

His breath is coming out in puffs of white and he's cold, so fucking cold. His lungs rattle painfully with the force it takes to suck in the icy air, and he coughs, the sound deep and harsh from the cold.

He lies there for a moment as the shipping yard blazes around him, grey smoke billowing high into the sky. He wonders what he had been doing before he was blasted into the water.

Then, his eyes fly open as a name pops into his head.

Jimin.

Fear kickstarts Yoongi's heart and he gasps in pain as he struggles to his feet, his freezing, sopping wet clothes sticking to his body.

Everything has been blown apart and out of place by the explosions, and Yoongi struggles to figure out which way his room is. Maybe Jimin got out. Maybe he found the others and they got him to safety.

Yes. Yes, that's what happened. Yoongi can't afford to think otherwise.

He starts limping in what he thinks is the right direction, the heat of the flames eating up the yard doing nothing to raise his ice cold temperature.

"Yoongi!" A voice shouts behind him, and he turns slowly, trying to get his body to work.

He sees Jin and Namjoon running up to him, covered is black soot but otherwise unharmed. "Thank god you're alive!"

He waves them off and turns around again. "I have to find Jimin."

"Wait, hyung," Hoseok grabs his arm to stop him, and Yoongi looks at him again.

The look on Hoseok's face tells Yoongi everything he needs to know, but he refuses to think it. He shaking his head even before the beta starts talking.

"They took Jimin, hyung. I saw it."

"No," Yoongi mutters, refusing to believe his ears. He tries to pull out of Hoseok's grip and turn around again. "No."

"They're gone, Yoongi," Jin says solemnly. "They left with him."

The flames rage around them, a roaring sound of vengeance.

Yoongi just keeps shaking his head. "No. No."

"You're in shock," Jin says with a frown. "Plus, you're freezing. We need to find the others and get you warm before you get hypothermia."
Yoongi just keeps shaking his head as Jin and Hoseok start leading him away. "The RV and main yard didn't get damaged as bad. We'll head back there and see if we can find the others."

Yoongi's mind tries to come to a realization as he shuffles along. Jimin is gone. He's gone.

A cry rips the night and all three of their heads shoot up to see Jungkook running towards them with tear tracks making marks through the soot on his face, eyes red and swollen. Taehyung runs after him, looking just as bad as his mate.

"They took her!" Jungkook screams, sounding downright hysterical. His legs seem to give out and he falls to his knees in the snow. "They took Sunhee!"

Yoongi's mind finally snaps back into focus.

They took...Sunhee?

"This was Ilseong!" Jungkook shrieks as Taehyung falls to his knees beside him and tries to calm him down. "Ilseong did this! Sunhee is gone because of him!"

Yoongi steps forward, becoming aware of the fact that he's shivering violently. He forces himself to think clearly, to calm down and take a deep breath. "T-they took Jimin, too," he speaks between chattering teeth. "F-find the others and make a quick sweep of the yard. Try to find as many undamaged supplies that you can, and then we need to leave. We'll come back when the fire has died down."

"Hoseok, go with them," Jin says, his hand wrapping around Yoongi's upper arm again. "I'll take Yoongi back to the RV and get his temperature up as fast as I can."

Hoseok nods and goes to help Jungkook and Taehyung to their feet as Yoongi shuffles along after Jin. Everywhere they walk, the fire is raging, and smoke burns Yoongi's eyes, making it difficult to see too far ahead of him. He coughs violently when he accidentally inhales some and it burns his lungs something fierce.

They have to traverse and skirt around smoking piles of metal debris and busted shipping containers, but finally they get back to the main yard. The RV has been knocked out of its original position and blasted back by the explosions, but it's only singed and appears to have no other signs of damage.

"It's not what I would recommend if we had more time, but you need to take a quick shower with the water turned as high as possible to get your temperature back up," Jin says as he helps Yoongi inside. "I'll try to find you some clothes and see if any of the cars are still able to drive, and then we have to leave."

Yoongi agrees, and once he's inside the bathroom, he strips out of his soaking wet clothes and lets them drop into a sopping heap on the floor.

His eyes widen when he looks in the mirror. He's horribly pale, skin tinged almost blue, and his lips are almost as dark as blueberries. His hair is flattened to his head and is dripping icy water down his bare skin.
He turns the shower onto the highest heat setting and steps under the stream. He gasps in pain as the sudden heat shocks his frozen body. He’d allow himself more time to adjust, but they can’t stay in the shipping yard for that much longer. It’s not safe, and there’s a chance the helicopter could come back to look for survivors.

Gritting his teeth, Yoongi lets the scorching water stream over his body until his blood begins to thaw and feeling returns to his fingers and toes again. It feels fucking amazing and he’s love to close his eyes and relax, but he can’t.

He turns off the tap and steps out of the shower, grabbing a towel off the rack to dry himself quickly. He opens the bathroom door and peers out to see a stack of dry clothing sitting on the floor outside the door.

They must be Jin’s because they’re too big for him, but Yoongi is just grateful for dry clothes.

He dresses as quickly as he can, and when he steps out of the bathroom once more, vigorously towel drying his hair, Jin is waiting for him.

"How do you feel?" The beta asks him the second he sees him.

"Warmer," Yoongi says, dropping the towel on the floor and catching the winter coat Jin tosses at him.

"Good," Jin replies. "Cause we have to go. The smoke outside is getting almost too thick to see through and shipping containers keep collapsing from the fire and damage."

Yoongi nods and slips on the coat, following Jin out of the RV and back into the flaming shipping yard. Smoke immediately assaults every one of Yoongi’s senses and he coughs violently, lungs feeling singed with fire and tears springing to his burning eyes.

"Two of the cars are drivable," Jin says, and through the smoke Yoongi can see Hoseok, Namjoon, Daejung, and the two new betas huddled by the SUV next to the completely destroyed and overturned jeep.

Looking around, Yoongi notices that they’re still missing four of their members. "Where are Jungkook and Tae?"

"I think they’re still looking for the others. They probably don’t know most everyone is already back here," Hoseok says. "I split up from them to look for the omegas."

The question of where Jungkook and Taehyung are is answered by a call through the smoke. Everyone’s heads whip around to see Jungkook jogging up to them, the tear tracks still visible through the soot on his face.

His face is grim and somber as he stops before Yoongi. "Hyung, you need to see this."

Stomach dropping at his tone and what it could mean, Yoongi, joined by Jin and Hoseok, follow Jungkook as he turns around and heads the way he came.

The path through flaming shipping containers and smoking debris soon becomes familiar to Yoongi. They’re headed in the direction of his and Jimin’s room.

Through the smoke up ahead, bodies start to come into view. One is standing, the tall stature and broad shoulders Yoongi recognizes as Taehyung. Another seems to be kneeling in the snow.
The closer they get, the better Yoongi can make out the silhouettes. He realizes the one on the ground is Eunyoung.

And when Yoongi finally stops behind her and everything comes into focus, Yoongi feels the ground get swept out from under him and his body go cold, as if he were just pitched back into the icy water.

Because Eunyoung is holding a motionless Hana. The omega is sobbing uncontrollably, rocking her mate in her arms and whispering sometimes too quietly for Yoongi to hear over the roaring and crackling of the flames.

Hana's eyes are closed and her torso is drenched in blood. The snow where Eunyoung is kneeling is stained red. Hana is utterly limp in the omega's hold.

Dead.

"They shot her when she saw them dragging Jimin out of your room," Jungkook says quietly to Yoongi. "She tried to save him."

Yoongi closes his eyes slowly, feeling like he's been socked in the gut. Hana is dead because she tried to save Jimin. She's dead because she tried to do what Yoongi couldn't in time.

He jolts violently when a shipping container crashes down next to them from its stack, causing them all to cry out in shock. Steeling himself, Yoongi steps forward and places a gentle hand on Eunyoung's shoulder.

"Eun-ah, we have to go. It's too dangerous to stay here any longer."

Eunyoung shakes her head violently, tears going flying at the movement. "I won't leave her here," the omega speaks through a thick and trembling voice.

"We won't," Yoongi says. "We'll bring her with us."

It takes a little more coaxing but Eunyoung finally releases her death grip on Hana and allows Jungkook to help her up as Taehyung kneels down and gently picks up Hana's body.

Giving the blood stained snow one last glance, feeling his heart rip to shreds, Yoongi turns and leads the others back the way they came towards the main yard.

When they arrive, Namjoon and the omegas are waiting for them. Their eyes all widen in horror when they see Taehyung carrying Hana's limp and bloody body.

"What supplies were we able to find?" Yoongi's voice breaks slightly when he asks Namjoon.

"Uh..." Namjoon has to tear his gaze away from Hana, looking pale. "We found some blankets, a flashlight, some matches, two sleeping bags in the RV, and we packed all the food from the pantry and fridge into a cooler we found. We also got all the weapons from the lockbox."

"Good," Yoongi nods, unlocking the bed of the truck. He turns to Taehyung, still holding Hana. "Put her in here."

Once Hana's body is lying on the cold, hard metal, Eunyoung climbs up next to her and moves her mate's head onto her lap, still crying violently. Yoongi drapes one of the blankets around her shoulders to keep her warm while they drive. Daejung also climbs into the bed to keep Eunyoung company, joining her under the blanket and wrapping an arm around her shoulders.
Namjoon gets into the driver's seat of the truck and is joined by the two new omegas, and Yoongi gets behind the wheel of the SUV. Taehyung, Jungkook, Jin, and Hoseok seat themselves in the back, and Yoongi immediately blasts the heat in the car.

Namjoon follows in the truck as Yoongi maneuvers out of the debris littered main yard and onto the road that leads out of the shipping yard. Its slow going because their path is blocked in many places by flaming metal and hunks of shattered containers, and they have to work their way around them, but finally they make it out.

Yoongi knows of a small, ramshackle rest stop close by. They searched there when they were looking for Ilseong and found no signs of life, but the roof had seemed to be intact, which means it can shelter them from the snow.

They keep their headlights off to make them harder to see should the helicopter return in search of them. Yoongi leads the way down the long, lonely road towards the rest stop, leaving the shipping yard in their wake. It blazes with light in the rear view mirror, like a beacon in the darkness, smoke billowing high into the sky. Yoongi knows the smoke will probably be able to be seen all the way in Greater Seoul.

It breaks his heart to see their home completely and utterly destroyed. He doesn't know what they're going to do now.

He can't think about that yet. One step at a time. Right now they just need to find shelter and survive the night. Then, they'll focus on how they're going to get Jimin and Sunhee back.

Finally, the rest stop comes into view and Yoongi and Namjoon pull off the road next to it. They all climb out of the cars and unload their supplies while Taehyung jumps into the bed of the truck and carries down Hana's body. Daejung leads a sniffling and shivering Eunyoung out gently, the blanket clutched tight around her body.

They all head inside the vandalized and dead leaf-littered rest stop. Taehyung sets Hana's body in a far corner as everyone else shuffles inside and deposits their supplies.

Eunyoung sits down against the wall opposite Hana, eyes blank, and Yoongi squats down next to her. He smooths her messy hair away from her face tenderly. "We'll bury her tomorrow."

The omega just gives one, slow nod, and Yoongi's heart aches for her as he stands back up. He turns to see Namjoon and Daejung rolling out the sleeping bags on the floor. "There's only two," Namjoon says when he straightens.

Yoongi looks around at a numb Eunyoung and a quivering Jungkook in Taehyung's arms. "Eunyoung and Jungkook should take them."

Everyone readily agrees, even the other omegas. Taehyung leads Jungkook over to one of the sleeping bags and coaxes him inside before somehow squeezing himself in next to his mate.

Jin and Daejung finally convince Eunyoung to get inside hers as well after a few moments.

Exhausted and drained from both their different traumas, both omegas are asleep within minutes.

The others are careful to be quiet as they lay out a few blankets on the floor. They don't have any supplies to make a fire, nor should they risk it, so they'll all have to huddle together for warmth to stave of the bitter cold. Yoongi takes one end while Namjoon takes the other. They settle the three omegas in the middle with Jin and Hoseok on their other sides to keep them as warm as possible. They pull the rest of the blankets over their bodies and all press together underneath them.
It takes a long time, but finally the warmth of his thick coat, Jin's body huddled against his side, and the blankets finally seeps into Yoongi's body and his shivering comes to a slow stop.

All he can think about is Jimin, if he's okay, if he's hurt, how they're going to save him, but finally, the adrenaline fades away and pure exhaustion creeps over him. He doesn't think he's ever been so tired in his life.

Yoongi drifts to sleep on the hard, uncomfortable ground with a broken heart and his head full of Jimin.

The next morning is quiet and somber. A box of cereal and some bananas are handed around and everyone digs their hand into the box and takes a handful before passing it on. Jungkook will only eat after Taehyung begs him for a while, and Eunyoung refuses altogether.

After they have a little something in their stomach, they search the small rest stop and find a supply closet containing a few shovels.

Yoongi and Taehyung head outside into the bitter cold and around the back of the rest stop. The ground is free of snow but the earth is hard and frozen, and it takes great effort and almost two hours of working to dig a hole deep and wide enough for Hana's body.

Once they're finished, Jin comes out carrying Hana, who has been wrapped up in one of the blankets. Everyone else follows behind, and Eunyoung is crying again, having to be led along by Jungkook and Daejung.

The wind blows harshly as they lower Hana's body into the hole behind the rest stop. Eunyoung wails loudly as Hoseok and Namjoon take the shovels from Yoongi and Taehyung to begin covering her up with dirt again.

Once the grave has been completely refilled, they all stand around it in heartbroken silence.

Finally, Eunyoung reaches up around her neck and unhooks a thin chain. Hung from it is a metal, heart shaped pendant. She steps forward and kneels down next to the grave, laying the necklace on the fresh dirt.

"Hana gave me this when she asked me to be her mate," Eunyoung says, her voice quiet and tremulous. "It was the happiest day of my life."

The female omega breaks down into tears again and no one has the heart to try to get her to stop.

They stand over Hana's grave for what feels like hours, until Yoongi is so cold he can barely move and his fingers are about to fall off. Everyone finally heads back inside, all except for Eunyoung, who they leave to mourn in private.

Yoongi, Namjoon, Taehyung, and Hoseok all get ready to take the SUV back into the shipping yard to scavenge for supplies since the fire must be out by now. Jin says he'll stay behind to keep an eye on the omegas and make sure everyone is safe.

So the four of them pile back into the SUV with Hosek driving this time and head back down the road towards the shipping yard, which they can see as just a smoking husk in the distance.
"I can't believe this," Namjoon finally breaks the silence by muttering. "Everything's gone to shit."

Yoongi's throat feels dry and scratchy and his chest hollow and empty. "We'll survive this. We always do."

No one speaks again after that, and soon they're pulling into the road leading into the shipping yard. The fire has indeed gone out and now everything is just smoking, everything in sight blackened and burnt.

The SUV works its way through the debris until they're back to the main yard. They all climb out of the car and Yoongi quickly sends them off in different directions to scavenge for supplies. Namjoon takes the RV and the surrounding area, Taehyung heads off to where his and Jungkook's room used to be in the east, Hoseok takes the south side, and Yoongi's heads towards his and Jimin's room.

On his way there, he passes the blood-stained snow where Hana died, and feels bile rise in his throat. He quickly looks away and picks up his pace, feeling tears prick at his eyes.

He can't believe Hana is dead.

Yoongi finally arrives at his room, which is singed and knocked out of place, but is surprisingly untouched, and he has a sinking suspicion in his gut that the soldiers in the helicopter knew exactly where Jimin was and were careful not to hurt him. The door is hanging off its hinges, a sign that they probably had to blast their way through a locked door.

Inside, everything is a mess. It looks like Jimin put up a mighty fight, and Yoongi feels sick at the thought.

It still smells of Jimin's beautiful honey and cream scent, though the smells of the gunfire and metal-tinged soldiers almost overpowers it.

Yoongi finds his two old, giant duffle bags under the bed and goes about shoving everything he possibly can inside them. He fits as much of his and Jimin's clothes as he can, winter apparel, Jimin's prenatal vitamins, and even two pillows, as well as all the blankets off the bed in them. He finds Jimin's maroon scarf and the little baby hat Eunyoung knitted them in one of the drawers of the dresser. He holds the scarf to his nose and closes his eyes, inhaling Jimin's scent deeply. Tears well in his eyes again and he has to fight back the surge of panicked sadness and fear he feels at the thought of Jimin.

No, he tell himself. Hold yourself together.

He folds up the scarf and hat and tucks them into the duffle reverently.

On the floor, most likely knocked over from the bed in Jimin's struggle, are Pooh the penguin and the little pig Sunhee gave Jimin for the baby. He quickly shoves them inside after holding Pooh in his hands and staring down at him for a little too long.

Once he's stuffed the bags as full as they'll go, Yoongi stops in the middle of the room and looks around one last time, his chest throbbing painfully.

Then, he turns and leaves, closing the doors behind him for the final time.

He meets back up with the others in the main yard. It seems like Namjoon stripped everything else of importance from the RV, Taehyung packed up lots of supplies from his and Jungkook's room, though everything smells like smoke and Yoongi guesses their room probably had more damage than
Hoseok is the last to return, carrying a large duffle bag and a small laundry basket full of blankets. "I hit up my room and also Jimin's old one," he says as he sets the basket down. "He didn't have much in there other than the blankets on the bed."

Yoongi stops himself from squatting down and burying his face in Jimin's old blankets. He doubts they'd even smell much like him anymore since his mate hadn't been in his original room in so long.

They all load up their findings in the trunk of the SUV and climb back inside to leave. Taehyung looks out the window at the smoking remains of their home, and Yoongi's sees moisture in his eyes. "This is so sad," the beta speaks, deep voice quiet, barely much more than a whisper.

Yoongi finds himself agreeing. The shipping yard has been their home for almost six years, a place of safety that they were able to make their own. And now its gone. Just like Hana. Just like Sunhee. Just like Jimin.

When they arrive back at the rest stop, everyone save for Jungkook and Eunyoung comes out to help bring everything inside.

Blankets and pillows, which are now in abundance, plus a space heater that Namjoon found in the RV, are handed out, and within half an hour, the inside of the ramshackle rest stop becomes warm and cozy with a nest of blankets and pillows and comforters all over the floor.

Hoseok hands Eunyoung a blue sweater, and the omega takes it with a small sob, holding it to her face and inhaling deeply. Yoongi can smell Hana's scent coming off of it and he assumed Hoseok stopped at Hana and Eunyoung's room as well.

While Daejung, Kiyeon, and Jaehoon are curled comfortingly around Jungkook in the middle of the blanket fort fast asleep for an afternoon nap, Jin, Namjoon, Hoseok, and Taehyung gather around Yoongi in the corner of the room.

"Do you know who took Jimin and Sunhee, hyung?" Yoongi asks quietly, so as not to wake the omegas up.

"I think I saw an emblem on their gear when Hoseok and I saw them take Jimin," the doctor says. "I could be mistaken, but it looked like the logo of Plasma Labs."

"Do you know where that is?" Taehyung asks.

"Well, from what Jimin described when we first took him in, I think it's the same lab he escaped from."

Yoongi's eyes widen and his stomach drops into his feet. Taehyung sucks in a breath and Hoseok curses quietly.

"If it is Plasma Labs that took Jimin and Sunhee, I know exactly where they are. And," Jin pulls up a small notebook and pencil they'd found in the RV. He begins to draw what looks like a map of a building on it. "I just so happened to work there for a few weeks right after I graduated college."
Its silent for a moment while Jin draws, until Yoongi breaks it. "Will we be able to rescue them?"
He has to ask what they're all thinking. "Just the five of us?"

Jin purses his lips in thought. "Well, I'm sure they've improved security since Jimin escaped, but
they won't be expecting us, and the security booth is right by the front doors on the first floor. If we
can take them out first we should be able to work our way into the lab. The omegas are kept on the
second floor, if I remember correctly, and the children's ward is on the fourth floor."

Namjoon suddenly grabs Yoongi's arm tightly, eyes wild and bright. "Can I use Gracie? Oh,
please, can I use Gracie?"

Despite the awful situation they're in, Yoongi finds himself smiling in amusement. Gracie is
Namjoon's rocket launcher that he only ever gets to use occasionally when they go on missions to
rescue omegas.

"I think Gracie might come in handy," Yoongi replies, and Namjoon grins a little manically.

"I'm coming too," a voice speaks up behind him, and they turn to see Eunyoung watching them, her
expression somber and determined.

"What?" Yoongi stares at her. "Eun-ah, you know I can't allow that. Omegas don't come on rescue
missions, that's the rule. What if you got captured instead?"

Eunyoung's hands fist at her sides. "They killed her, Yoongi. They killed her. I have to do this."

Yoongi wants to protest, but something about the set of Eunyoung's small shoulders and the clench
of her jaw stops him. He knows that no matter what he says, she won't back down.

"You don't know how to shoot," he finally says.

"So show me."

Yoongi and Eunyoung stare each other down for a tense, silent moment until Yoongi's resolve
finally slips. He knows its a bad idea, but he can see how much Eunyoung needs to do this. "I guess
six is better than five."

Eunyoung gives the first hint of a smile that anyone's seen since Hana died.

Turning back to the others, Yoongi takes in the determination on each of their faces.

"Let's go get Jimin and Sunhee back."
Extraction

Chapter Summary

"That cooling, calming effect that has become familiar sweeps through his body, and try as Jimin might to stay conscious, his yelling slowly gets quieter until it trails off completely and his wild struggling goes still as his body goes heavy and numb like a stone.

His eyelids droop and his consciousness begins to fade, swimming in and out as the wild clamor in the room drifts away.

Blackness envelopes him, and Jimin slips into it."

Chapter Notes

This chapter contains themes of mpreg.

"No!" Jimin screams at the top of his lungs, but the sound is mostly drowned out by the ear-splitting whirring of the helicopter blades. There's five men in the back of the Blackhawk with him and two more in the cockpit piloting the helicopter.

He's squeezing Sunhee to his chest, holding onto her with everything he has while she clings to him and sobs into his shoulder as two of the soldiers try to rip her from his grasp. "Jiminnie, don't let them take me!"

"Get away from us!" Jimin shrieks, kicking wildly at the soldiers, desperate to keep Sunhee away from them. The helicopter jolts slightly and Jimin staggers, almost losing his balance.

It had all happened so fast. One moment he'd been napping in bed, waiting for Yoongi to come back from dinner, and the next the shipping yard had been shaking and trembling with explosions. Then the door to his room had been blown open and he'd been dragged screaming from bed by two heavily-armored soldiers and manhandled into the grounded helicopter, where he'd been shocked out of his mind to find Sunhee wailing and rubbing her streaming eyes, crouched in the far corner of the helicopter while another soldier loomed over her on guard. He'd darted past the soldier and scooped Sunhee up, cradling her to his chest.

"Hand the child over," one of the soldiers says to Jimin, trying again to grab at her, but Jimin swings out of the way. "She's the property of the government."

"No! Stay away!"

"This is pointless," the man says to the others, pulling something out of his belt. It's a syringe filled with blue liquid, and before Jimin can think to escape, one of the men sneaks up behind him and grabs him by the scruff of the neck to hold him still.
"No!" Jimin wails as the one with the syringe steps forward and plunges the needle into his neck as Sunhee screams at the top of her lungs.

Immediately, a cooling feeling starts to spread through his body and his limbs begin to grow heavy. Jimin fights against the calming effect trying to pull him under, but he feels his eyelids slipping closed. Still, he tries with all his might to hold onto Sunhee, but finally, with his arms growing too weak, they're finally able to rip a sobbing Sunhee from his grasp.

"No! Jiminie!"

Jimin tries to lunge for her, but his movements are slow and sluggish. "G-Give her back!"

Then, his consciousness goes black and he feels himself falling.

The first thing Jimin becomes aware of are garbled voices fading in and out and the sharp smell of antiseptic burning his sinuses.

When his eyes flutter open, it takes him a moment to figure out what he's looking at. He's in a large, metal room full of beeping computers and medical equipment. People in white lab coats are rushing about, their faces covered by breathing masks.

He realizes he's strapped to a medical table, bright lights blaring down on him, and he sucks in a gasp, struggling against the leather straps bindings his wrists and ankles as strength returns to his limbs.

"Subject B-29 is awake," comes a horrifyingly familiar voice, and a person Jimin never thought he'd see again steps into his line of sight.

Dr. Kim, the one who was going to inseminate him on the night of his escape.

"Start decontamination procedures," she says to the other doctors. "He's been out in the wild for a long time and could have picked up any number of nasty things."

Horror floods through Jimin and he stares down at his stomach. Oh no. No. They're going to find out about his baby.

He jumps when he feels something cold and wet on the inside of his elbow and he looks to see a doctor wiping at his skin with an alcohol pad. Then, he has to look away when the man lifts a needle to his arm to take Jimin's blood. He winces at the prick of pain when the needle pierces his skin.

"W-Where's Sunhee?" He gasps, looking around at the gathered doctors, but they promptly ignore him. "Hey! Where's the little girl I was with?"

Instead of answering, they just start sticking on those little sensors all over his skin, and his stats start popping up on display on the screen in front of him, as well as the tracking of his racing heart and all his vitals and hormones.

Dr. Kim is looking at the screen, reading what looks like gibberish to Jimin. She frowns and steps closer to get a better look. "That's odd. Progesterone levels are abnormally high."

Jimin feels like he's been punched in the gut. His skin is cold and clammy with a nervous sweat.
Any second now, they're going to figure it out.

The doctor who took his blood is now examining it under a microscope while another man jabs a needle filled with murky grey liquid into the crook of Jimin's other elbow, causing him to hiss in pain. He's about to ask what the hell it is they just injected him with when the man inspecting his blood speaks.

"Dr. Kim, you should come look at this."

The woman walks over to him and the doctor vacates the stool so she can sit. She peers into the microscope for a long moment until lifting her head and looking at Jimin. "Well, I'll be damned. B-29 is pregnant."

A hush falls over all the doctors as they all turn to stare at him. Dr. Kim walks back over and looms down on him. "All this effort we spent trying to impregnate you and you go and do it by yourself."

"Fuck you," Jimin spits venomously at her, and her eyes widen. Then, she turns back to her colleagues.

"This will be most interesting. We've never cultivated an unassisted conception and pregnancy before," she looks at a young woman holding a clipboard and pen. "Dr. Gu, schedule the removal of the embryo from B-29 for manual incubation."

Dr. Kim's words wash over Jimin and he feels the world tilt on its axis.

They're going to...

No. No.

"Don't you dare," Jimin gasps, drawing Kim's attention. "Don't you dare take my baby. I'll kill you, I'll fucking kill you, I swear to god."

Dr. Kim raises an eyebrow in what can only be amusement, and Jimin feels his blood positively boil with rage. Then she nods to the man who took Jimin's blood, and the next thing he knows, the doctor is plunging a syringe filled with blue liquid into Jimin's arm.

For the second time in just as long, Jimin's limbs go heavy and limp and calmness washes over his consciousness, pulling him under despite how hard he fights it.

He doesn't know how long he's been unconscious by the time he starts to wake up once again. It takes a while to regain his senses, the last one coming back to him being sight, fighting against heavy eyelids. When he's finally able to open them, he's greeted with a sight he'd hoped he'd never have to see again; glass walls on all sides, cameras peering down at him from the white ceiling. He's back in his old holding cell, the one he used to live in before he escaped the lab.

Jemin surges up from the small, stiff cot and staggers across the room. He slams his fists against the glass door with enough force that his arms almost go numb. "Let me out!" He screams at the top of his lungs. "Let me out of here!"

A doctor who is standing out in the hall a few cells down, scribbling something on a clipboard,
startles so bad she drops it on the floor with a loud clatter. "God!" She gasps, clapping a hand over her chest, turning to stare at Jimin with wide eyes.

"Hey!" He yells at her. "Let me go!"

She just bends down to pick up her clipboard, pushes her glasses further up her nose, and turns around to stride away. "Wait!" Jimin calls after her, feeling hysteria creep up on him. "Please, let me go!"

But then she's gone, disappearing through a door under an 'EXIT' sign at the end of the hallway.

Jimin slides slowly to his knees, shaking his head back and forth as fear clogs his throat and makes it hard to breathe. This can't be happening. It can't. They can't take his baby away from him. He can't let them steal it.

Tears burn at his eyes and he digs the heels of his hands into them to stop them, but they have a mind of their own. Tears begin spilling past his hands and his whole body begins shaking violently. He doesn't know what he's going to do. How can he save his baby? How can he save Sunhee?

All Jimin wants right now is Yoongi. He's so scared, and the only one that can soothe him, make him feel safe and protected, is his mate. And Jimin might never see him again.

That thought sends Jimin into full on, gut-wrenching sobs, the harsh, gulltural sounds ripping through his throat, filling the small room.

"Hey, are you okay?" A small voice startles Jimin, and he looks up from his hands to see a young woman peering at him through the glass walls of a holding container two cells down. Jimin hadn't noticed her before in his panic. She must have been what that doctor was looking at before.

"No," Jimin hiccups through his tears. "T-They're going to take my baby."

The omega's brows furrow in confusion for a moment, but then she sees Jimin clutching at his stomach and her eyes widen in realization. "Oh," she says softly. "I'm sorry."

"My mate will come for me," Jimin blubbers hysterically. Because of course Yoongi will. But will he be in time? In time to save their baby?

The female omega doesn't look at all convinced of that but she doesn't say anything. "I'm Haemee."

Jimin wipes futilely at his flowing tears. "J-Jimin," he replies shakily. "How long have you been here?"

"A few weeks."

Jimin turns around so his back is against the door and hugs his knees to his chest. "My mate will save us, Haemee. He will, you'll see."

Haemee's lips purse but she is kind enough not to voice her doubts. She turns over on her cot and the two of them lapse into silence.

Yoongi will come. Jimin just prays with all his might that it'll be in time.
Over the next few days, Jimin is subjected to test after test. He's poked and prodded like a piece of meat. Vials of blood are taken every day and he receives a daily ultrasound of his belly to check on the "embryo," as they keep calling his baby. They keep talking about the manual extraction for incubation, but no one will tell him when exactly it's scheduled, and he's going out of his mind with terror and worry.

Jemin looks for every chance to escape, but after last time, no one ever takes their eyes off of him for a second, and he's watched like a hawk at all times. They even have guards patrolling the halls of the omega ward at night now, just to pass by him and make sure he's still there.

The days pass by with horrifying quickness, seeming to flash right before his eyes. Jimin knows that every passing second is closer to them taking his baby and he wishes there was something he could do to stop it.

He falls into a sort of routine: wake up, eat the bland breakfast chemically tailored to providing the perfect amount of nutrition for him and his baby, get taken to the lab, stuck with all sorts of needles, have vials of blood drawn and then examined under a microscope. From there he's taken back to his cell, forced to stew in fear and anxiety with nothing to distract him from his fate but Haemee, who isn't the most talkative. Then he's served an equally bland dinner with a side of prenatal vitamins that Jimin takes out of habit because of the ones Jin got him.

He's allowed to take a shower at one point, though there's two male guards posted on either side of the shower to make sure he doesn't try to escape. It's incredibly awkward for him and he tries to ignore them as best as he can and just clean himself as quickly as possible.

At night Jimin is plagued by horrible nightmares of clawed fingers ripping into his stomach and pulling out his baby, fully formed and perfect, screaming at the top of its lungs as the monster with the face of Dr. Kim then devours the baby in one gulps.

Jemin wakes up screaming every morning, covered in a sheen of sweat. After the third time it happened the guards stopped rushing in to sedate him and just let him scream it out until he realizes it was just another nightmare.

Every morning Jimin wakes up screaming, and every night he cries himself to sleep.

On his fifth day of being held captive, Jimin begins to wonder if Yoongi is coming for him. He knows, without a shadow of a doubt, that his mate would save him if he could, but what if he doesn't even know where Jimin is? What if Yoongi and the Chain Breakers are looking in the completely wrong place for him and Sunhee?

What if Yoongi can't save him and they take their baby?

Jemin can't bear that thought. He simply can't. He tries to keep his mind off what is quickly becoming the inevitable, but during his check up that morning, he finally finds out when the removal is supposed to take place.

"Dr. Gu, is Bedical Bay 3 prepped for the embryo removal procedure tomorrow night?" Dr. Kim's question sends ice cold panic filtering through his body, causing the machines hooked up to his vitals to go haywire.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Good," Dr. Kim says, looking down at the doctor drawing yet more blood from Jimin's arm before
looking at the omega himself. "Don't worry too much. The procedure is relatively safe for the carrier and you should be back on your feet within a few days."

*Carrier?* Is that all he is to them? The *carrier* of the *embryo*. Jimin's stomach roils in disgust and bile rises in the back of his throat, causing his eyes to sting.

"Please don't do this," Jimin begs her, not for the first time. "Please."

Dr. Kim just turns away to walk over to the wall of computers, completely ignoring him as usual.

This can't be happening. They can't do this to him.

Jimin begins hyperventilating as the horrifying reality sets in. He begins to struggle against the straps binding his wrists and ankles to the medical table, desperate to get away. He begins shrieking at the top of his lungs, screaming for them to let him go as the machinery goes wild with his spiking vitals.

"Sedate him!" Jimin hears Dr. Kim yell over his own wailing.

"Let me go!" Jimin screams, thrashing wildly against his bindings. "Don't take my baby, you monsters! I'll kill you! I'll kill you all!"

The machines are freaking out, warning lights are flashing in the lab, and the doctors are running around in chaos, trying to regain some sense of order. Jimin feels an iron grip clamp down on his upper arm and he winces in the middle of his freak out. Next thing he knows, there's a sharp sting of pain as the needle of a syringe is plunged into his arm, and Jimin watches as the liquid is pushed into his body, burning painfully at the speed it's injected with.

That cooling, calming effect that has become familiar sweeps through his body, and try as Jimin might to stay conscious, his yelling slowly gets quieter until it trails off completely and his wild struggling goes still as his body goes heavy and numb like a stone.

His eyelids droop and his consciousness begins to fade, swimming in and out as the wild clamor in the room drifts away.

Blackness envelopes him, and Jimin slips into it.

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When Jimin comes to, he can't tell how long he's been out. He sits up in his small cot groggily, rubbing at his throbbing temples. He looks over through the glass to see Haemee sitting on her bed with her back against the wall.

"How long have I been out?" He asks her, voice raw from all his yelling, and she looks over at him.

"Um, I think about a day," she replies, and Jimin gasps, shooting to his feet and stumbling across the room to slam his fists against the glass.

"A day?!" He yelps in horror. "But I'm never usually out that long!"

Haemee stares at him with wide eyes. "Well, they came in two or three times during the night to inject you with a sedative again."
Feeling suddenly woozy, Jimin sinks to his knees and buries his face in his hands. That means the procedure is tonight. They're going to cut him open and steal his baby away from him tonight and there's nothing he can do about it.

Jimin hears footsteps approaching from down the hall, but he just assumes it's a guard and doesn't bother looking up.

"Wow, you look really pathetic," a familiar voice speaks from outside his cell, and Jimin's head shoots up.

Ilseong is standing outside his door, dressed in a white t-shirt and grey sweatpants, his greasy, mousy hair pushed away from his slim, weasel-like face, which is fixed in a twisted sneer.

"You," Jimin breathes, realization dawning on him. "You did this."

Ilseong smiles smugly and shrugs. "I used that radio from the RV and got in touch with someone on the other end. I was able to cut a deal with them. My immunity for the location of the rebels, an escaped omega, and a stolen child of the government."

Jimin climbs to his feet and races full-speed at the door, slamming his fists against it so hard the glass shakes. He screams at the top of his lungs, so loud it almost rips his throat to shreds. Ilseong stumbles back, eyes going wide in shock. "You fucker! You piece of pathetic trash! I'll kill you, I swear to god, I'll fucking kill you!"

Ilseong seems to regather himself, straightening up and replacing the shaken expression on his face with the sneer again. "Oh yeah? That might be difficult with you in there and me out here."

Jimin stares directly into Ilseong's eyes and speaks his next words with a deadly sort of quietness. "Even if it's the last thing I ever do, I'll end your life myself."

Jimin can't tell if he's imagining whether or not Ilseong goes a little paler than usual. The other omega takes a few steps back and clenches his jaw. "We'll see if you still feel that way after they rip your bastard baby out of you."

Then he turns on his heel and strides away. Jimin watches him go, an anger unlike he's ever felt before boiling under his skin. A white hot rage that has him seeing red and wanting nothing more than to pin Ilseong to the ground and gouge his eyes out with his fingers, then rip his tongue and out shove it so far down Ilseong's throat the rat fucker chokes to death on it.

The 'EXIT' door at the end of the hall swings shut behind Ilseong and Haemee lets out a low whistle. "Whoa. You must really hate that guy."

Jimin finally steps away from the door and clenches his fists, which are throbbing and aching from being slammed against the glass. "He's the reason I'm here and why they're taking my baby away from me. He's the reason why my home has been destroyed and an innocent little girl has been taken from her father. He's the reason I'll probably never see my mate or my family ever again."

Tears are streaming down Jimin's face by the time he finishes, and Haemee looks distressed. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said anything. We don't have to talk about it."

They end up talking about it. In fact, Jimin tells Haemee all about his life with the Chain Breakers, his relationship with Yoongi, and his rivalry with Ilseong.

"You life with them sounded great," Haemee sighs dreamily a while later after Jimin is finished. He tries to ignore her use of the past tense when describing his life.
"But now it's ruined," Jimin says miserably, rubbing at his belly, imagining what it would have been like to hold his baby. He'll never find out now. "All because of Ilseong."

Haemee frowns at him. "There's still a chance your mate could come for you. He might still be able to save you."

Jimin shakes his head, blinking away the tears welling in his eyes. "It's too late. He'll never make it in time to save our baby."

They lapse into a miserable silence after that, and the hours fly by faster than Jimin can stop them. Before he even knows it, in what feels like the blink of an eye, the entire day has passed and a duo of doctors arrive to retrieve him for the procedure.

He fights them tooth and nail, kicking and screaming and battling against them as hard as he can, but they come prepared, jabbing him with the syringe of a sedative. Unlike the usual one they give him, this one doesn't make him lose consciousness. Instead it just instills him with a sense of utter calm and has him going lax and loose enough for the doctors to manhandle him out of his cell.

In the back of his mind he is aware of the pure terror and bone-shattering panic, but in the forefront of his mind he just feels calm and a little sleepy.

Jimin droops in the hold of the doctors as they drag him down the hallway and to the elevators. He vaguely notices when they press the button for level 3, and their hold on him in the only thinking stopping him from lurching forward when the elevator begins to rise quickly.

When the elevator doors open, the two betas lead Jimin down the a hallway that looks eerily familiar, and he realizes with a jolt this is the ward he escaped from all those months ago.

They pass the five examination rooms and round the corner to the medical bays, where the serious procedures and surgeries take place. They stop before Medical Bay 3 and one of the doctors presses the automatic button next to the big metal door, which slides open with a hiss.

Inside is more activity than Jimin has ever seen in one room at the lab. He sees Dr. Kim and Dr. Gu giving orders to almost twenty other people adorned in white lab coats and breathing masks. The medical bay is huge, a domed room made entirely of metal and harsh, bright lights.

Jimin doesn't put up a fight as he's led to a metal screen in the back of the room for privacy and forced out of his standard white uniform and into a thin cotton gown by the two beta doctors.

There's a white surgery table in the very center of the room under a flood of artificial lighting, and Jimin is led over to it after he's dressed. They lift him onto the table and strap down his wrists and ankles as the sedative slowly begins to wear off. Jimin is once again becoming aware of the distress coursing through his body, the ice-cold fear and gut-wrenching panic. It's as if he's slowly resurfacing for air, fighting the calming effect of the sedative.

More lights are turned on and blare down at him, blinding Jimin as all the doctors gather around the table. Dr. Kim steps up to his side and pulls a tray of surgery instruments closer to the table. "Today we are performing the first ever extraction of an embryo of a wild cultivation for manual incubation," she address the ring of doctors. "Many of you are residents in training, so this will be a treat for you to witness."

A treat? Jimin's anger begins bubbling up, building and rising to the surface as the sedative continues to leave his system.

A big machine with an oxygen-mask type apparatus is wheeled over and Dr. Kim picks up the face
piece. "Subject B-29 will be put under with nitrous oxide and then the procedure will begin."

Jimin begins to struggle against his restraints as he regains control of his limbs. "N-No!" He yells, voice coming out hoarse. Dr. Kim barely spares him a glance before turning on the nitrous oxide machine. "No!" Jimin cries again as the machine begins chugging ominously.

Dr. Kim begins lifting the mask up to a wildly thrashing Jimin's face, and two doctors are forced to hold his held still so Dr. Kim can place the mask over the lower half of his face. "No! Stop it!" Jimin screams, voice muffled by the mask. The odorless gas begins filling Jimin's nose and he screams again, trying with all his might to shake his head free, but the hold on his head is too tight. He holds his breath, refusing to breath in the gas.

But soon enough he's forced to suck in a breath when his lungs begin to burn. Immediately, his body begins to feel heavy and his eyelids droopy.

Then, from somewhere in the lab, an explosion rips through the building, shaking the very foundations. The doctors cry out as they're knocked off their feet and the mask falls from Jimin's face when Dr. Kim loses her grip on it.

He sucks in deep gulps of clean air as wailing alarms begins ringing through the building. Red lights begins flashing in the medical bay and Jimin looks around wildly.

"What's going on?!" Dr. Kim shouts over the alarms as she climbs to her feet.

Before anyone can reply, another explosion rocks through the lab. All of Dr. Kim's medical equipment clatters to the floor and a few tiles from the ceiling fall onto the ground with white puffs of dust, startling the doctors.

Dr. Kim runs across the room and grabs a white phone on the wall. She jabs in a number and holds it to her ear. "Get me security!" She yells after a moment. What must be said on the other line makes her face go pale. "W-What? What do you mean we're under attack?"

As if on cue, there’s a spray of bullets from somewhere in the building.

Yoongi? Could it be?

The phone drops from Dr. Kim’s hand with a bang and she takes a step back, skin chalky and sallow. She turns back to the other doctors and smooths her shaking hands down her lab coat. “Take B-29 back to his cell, please.”

Jimin's straps are quickly undone and he's being pulled off the table and dragged roughly across the room by the same two doctors as before. He struggles against their hold though. "Give me my clothes back," he demands loudly, and Dr. Kim looks about an inch away from physically strangling Jimin.

"For the love of god," she growls, jerking her head at the two betas. "Fine."

He's once again taken behind the privacy screen and forced to dress as quickly as possible under the impatient gazes of the doctors. There's another loud spray of bullets followed by a shout of pain, closer this time, and his two guards whip their heads around, eyes wide.

As Jimin pulls on his pants, he makes a split second decision.

He ducks under the two guards and makes a break for it across the room. He dodges through the crowd of panicking doctors, who shriek as he streaks by them. He zips by Dr. Kim, who lets out a
guttural roar.

"Stop him!"

Jimin reaches the door and slams the automatic button as all the doctors nearby make a grab for him, but he slips through too quickly as the door slides open.

Jimin races down the call and careens around the corner as he hears the yelling and pounding footsteps behind him over the wailing alarms. Jimin passes the exam rooms and continues pelting down the hall as fast as he can, his bare feet echoing like gunshots themselves across the cold tile floor.

An odd sense of deja vu fills Jimin and he realizes this is exactly like the first time he escaped, the exact same hallway and everything. He spots the bathroom where he killed Dr. Nam all those months ago up ahead.

Jimin makes a beeline for it and slams the door of the men's bathroom open with all his might, before pushing it closed and locking it right as multiple bodies collide with it on the other side. The doctors in pursuit of him are yelling and banging on the door as Jimin backs away, heart in his throat and breathing heavy.

He doesn't know what the hell he's doing, trapping himself like this, but he's just hoping that Yoongi will get to him before the doctors can.

He looks around for some sort of escape, a window, perhaps, but there's nothing. All there is is a vent above him that Jimin has no hope of reaching due to his height.

"Open the door, you little shit!" Someone yells at him from outside as the banging gets louder and more insistent. "Don't make us break it down."

Jimin doesn't move, just stands in the middle of the bathroom, right in the spot where he'd left Dr. Nam's bloody body, and stares at the door, body coursing with fear and adrenaline.

The banging stops and Jimin hears the doctors say something to each other before a pair of footsteps walk off. All is silent for a long time, too long, long enough that Jimin starts sweating in terror and suspicion, when he hears the footsteps returning.

Jimin shrieks when there's a deafening, metallic clang outside and the handle of the bathroom door crumples slightly. Realizing they are indeed breaking down the door, Jimin backs into the furthest corner of the room and wraps his arms protectively around his belly to meet his fate.

There's four more clangs before the handle busts completely and then the door is being pushed open. A quartet of doctors swarms in and seizes Jimin roughly from his corner as he screams at the top of his lungs, punching and kicking wildly at them.

"You little fucker," one of them growls, backhanding Jimin across the face. "Try that again and you'll be sorry."

The slap shocks Jimin enough that he stops fighting, reaching up to cup his cheek as they drag him brutally from the bathroom.

"You two head back and tell Kim we got him and we're taking him to his cell," the one who slapped Jimin tells two of the betas, who nod and run off, leaving Jimin with just two of them.

Each of his guards clamps a hand like iron around his forearms to keep him from making a break
for it again as they escort him quickly and jerkily down the hall towards the elevators. All the lights are still flashing red and the wailing alarm is beginning to hurt Jimin's head. His face stings where he was slapped.

They reach the elevator and jerk Jimin roughly inside. One of them jabs the button for level 2 and Jimin wants nothing more than to break from their hold again and run to find Yoongi, but both men are much taller and stronger than he is and are now expecting him to try something, so he wouldn't stand a chance escaping a second time.

The ride down to the second level takes seconds, and the moment the door opens, they pull him out and down the hallway of the glass cells where the omegas are kept. A security guard, dressed all in black with a Kevlar vest and an automatic rifle in his grip, runs up to them as they're passing Haemee's cell.

"Dr. Kim sent me to watch the omegas," the guard says as he stops before them, speaking loudly over the ringing of the alarms.

"Just you?" The doctor who didn't slap Jimin asks with wide eyes.

"I'm all they could spare. The intruders attacked the security room and surprised us."

They continue to drag Jimin to his room, pausing to key in the code to open his cell before pushing him inside with enough force to send him crashing to his knees before sealing it behind him. "How many are there?"

"I don't know. I don't think there's that many, but they've completely taken over the other guards and destroyed half the first floor with explosives."

"Shit," the doctor hisses. He turns back to look at Jimin, and then Haemee. "If they're here for the omegas, you're going to need backup."

The guard nods. "I've sent for some. If they're not indisposed or dead already, they'll come."

The two beta doctors exchange a look before nodding. "Very well." Then they're gone, jogging off down the hall and leaving Jimin with Haemee and the security guard, a giant burly man with the squarest jaw Jimin's ever seen.

"Jimin, what's going on?" Haemee asks him, eyes wide in confusion and fear as she stares at him through the glass.

Jimin grins at her from the floor, rubbing at his aching knees. "It's Yoongi. I told you he'd come."

"Whoever that is, he won't make it far enough to reach you," the guard snarls at him, and Jimin swings around towards him and flips him off.

"Fuck you."

The guard looks like he'd like to smash through the glass and throttle Jimin, but finally turns around so his back is towards the omega, rifle held at the ready.

The alarms are still wailing and the lights are still flashing red, and the combination is making Jimin sick to his stomach. He settles on the edge of his bed and buries his head in his hands, eyes closed as he focuses on his breathing and staying calm.

Yoongi is here. He's here to rescue Jimin. He made it in time to save their baby.
Every few seconds, in the distance but growing closer every time he hears it, there's loud sprays of bullets. He can make out screaming too, shrill and high pitched like women's, and Jimin assumes the Chain Breakers are gunning down the doctors too. Jimin's mouth twists into an unpleasant smile at the thought.

The guard outside his door grows more and more agitated the closer the gunshots get and the longer he goes without backup. He reaches up to press at a small radio in his ear. "Command, this is Lee. Backup requested on level 2 in omega sector. Do you copy?"

Jimin assumes he doesn't get a reply by the way he curses under his breath after a moment. Jimin grins at his back. "You're screwed now. Yoongi's gonna kill you."

Lee whips around, eyes wild. "You better shut your mouth before I come in there and shut it for you."

Jimin, feeling high on adrenaline and reckless, just rolls eyes and sneers at the man. "Ooh, good one."

"You little--" Lee growls, aiming the nose of his rifle at the keypad of Jimin's cell. "All this is happening because of you, isn't it? I should just rid us all of the trouble." Realizing the guard is about to shoot his way inside and make good on his threat, Jimin scurries backwards on his bed.

"Y-You wouldn't. I'm government property!"

Lee gives him a twisted smile. "Just another casualty of the rebels' attack, of course."

Jimin sucks in a breath as Lee's finger begins to press down on the trigger.

From down the hall, the 'EXIT' door swings open.

"Hey!" A voice shouts over the alarms.

Lee spins around, lifting his gun, but he's too slow. Jimin yelps as a deafening spray of bullets fires down the hall and their mark of Lee's unprotected head. The guard falls to the ground in a heap as blood sprays all over Jimin's door.

"Jimin?!" A voice Jimin would recognize anywhere yells, and he hears footsteps thundering down the hall.

"Yoongi!" Jimin cries, leaping to his feet and racing to his door right as his mate careens into view. "Oh my god!"

Yoongi is dressed in black and camo, wearing a Kevlar vest that looks like it was taken from a guard, a rifle slung across his chest. He's got a heavy duffle back across his back and a pistol holstered on his belt. There's black paint streaked across his cheeks and his blonde hair is pushed off his face by a bandana tied around his forehead. There's specks of blood across his skin and splattered over his clothing and combat boots, but he looks otherwise unharmed.

"Jimin, thank god." Yoongi gasps when he sees him, placing his gloved hand against the glass. "I thought-I though--"

Jimin places his hand over Yoongi's on the glass, realizing there's tears coursing down his face. The sight of Yoongi is like a gulp of fresh air after holding his breath for years. His heart swells so large in his chest Jimin feels like his ribcage is going to crack open and his knees go weak.
"I knew you'd come for me," Jimin cries, clawing against the glass, desperate to touch Yoongi, you feel his embrace again.

Yoongi takes a step back and lifts his rifle towards the keypad of Jimin's cell. "Stand back."

Jimin scurries across his room and ducks down next to his bed. Yoongi fires off a whole round into the keypad, which gives an electrical spark and starts smoking. The door to his cell swings open and Yoongi rushes inside, dropping his bag on the floor with a loud thunk.

Jimin leaps into his arms and buries his nose in his mate's neck, inhaling that musky scent, that wonderful, comforting smell of home like his life depends on it. He's sobbing wildly, clinging to Yoongi for all he's worth. Yoongi hugs him back just as hard, and when Jimin's weak knees finally give out, the two of them sink to the floor, grasping and touching everywhere they can get their hands.

Yoongi's hand cups the back of Jimin's head to his neck, fingers tangled in his hair while his other arm constricts around Jimin's waist. Yoongi is crying too - Jimin can feel his tears on his skin.

"I'm sorry it took me so long," Yoongi is saying, mouth pressing against Jimin's scent gland and sucking in deep puffs of air. "We had to train and get ready, come up with a plan--oh my god," Yoongi pulls back enough to look at Jimin with horrified eyes. "The baby?"

"It's okay," Jimin says, reaching out to touch Yoongi's face, wondering if this is actually happening or if he's really dreaming. "They tried...tried..." Jimin shakes his head. "But you made it in time. You saved us."

Yoongi lets out a small sob before bringing Jimin in for a crushing kiss. It's just a hard press of lips, the clack of teeth and heavy panting, but it's perfect. It's so perfect.

They finally break apart and Yoongi helps Jimin to his feet. "Come on. We have to go."

Jimin clings to Yoongi's arm as they exit his room and step over the guard's bloody body. Yoongi stops before Haemee's cell and repeats the same thing to her keypad with his gun. "Are there any other omegas in the facility?" Yoongi asks as her door slides open.

"No, it's just us right now," Jimin says, turning to look at Haemee cowering behind her bed. "Haemee, this is Yoongi. Come on, it's okay. You're safe now."

After a moment, Haemee climbs slowly to her feet and walks shakily over to them, reminding Jimin of a skittish baby deer. She's regarding Yoongi with wide, suspicious eyes, no doubt wary of an alpha just as Jimin originally had been. "You're getting us out of here?"

Yoongi nods and offers her a calm smile. "All the security has already been taken out and now it's just the doctors left," he takes a step back, holding Jimin's hand tightly, and gestures to her. "Come on, we have to hurry."

Jimin gasps and tugs on Yoongi's arm to get him to stop. "Wait! Sunhee! They have her--"

"Jin is getting her," Yoongi says. "Don't worry."

A weight Jimin has been carrying since Sunhee was taken from him is finally lifted off his shoulders.

He and Haemee wait as Yoongi retrieves the duffle from Jimin's room and bringing it back out. The two of them gape when Yoongi opens it to reveal that it's full of semtex explosives. Yoongi grins
when he notices the expressions on their faces. "We're going to blow this place sky-high."

Jimin and Haemee wait as Yoongi rigs up the hallway of the omega sector as the occasional sounding of bullets rings from different parts of the lab. Once Yoongi is done, he takes Jimin's hand again and the three of them race down the hallway to the 'EXIT' door Yoongi came in from. They pound down the stairs as Yoongi tells them they're meeting the others at the SUV parked outside the lab.

When they come out on the first level, they open the door right as a trio of doctors is making a break for the lobby, and Yoongi quickly raises his gun to strike them down as they scream in shock and fear. The whole front side of the first level has been blown wide open with some sort of explosive and chunks of stone and scattered debris fills the entire lobby.

"Jimin," Haemee whispers as Yoongi finishes off the last doctor, and Jimin turns to her to see she's looking off down the hall in the opposite direction of the blasted-open lobby. Jimin is just in time to see Ilseong slip through a door down at the end of the hall, obviously thinking he's gone unseen.

Hatred churns and bubbles in Jimin's stomach and he turns to Yoongi. "Hyung, do you have a knife?"

Yoongi's eyebrows furrow in confusion but he reaches into his combat boot anyway and pulls out a large hunting knife. "Why?"

Jimin turns away from him and begins walking down the destroyed hallway. "Wait here for me."

Jimin's silent, bare feet leaving little footprints in the layer of thick dust settled over the hallway as he makes his way to the door Ilseong went into. It's cracked open when he reaches it and Jimin sees that it's a large supply closet.

He pushes the door open all the way, flooding it with flashing red light, and Ilseong, who'd been crouched, cowering behind the mops, looks up, startled. "What--" he stops though when he sees Jimin, eyes widening as his face goes pale. "J-Jimin."

Jimin reaches up and clicks on the single light bulb in the closet before closing the door behind him. "I said I would, even if it was the last thing I ever did, remember?" Jimin asks, voice calm and quiet. "Kill you?"

Ilseong's eyes catch on the knife in Jimin's hand and he swallows thickly, rising shakily to his feet. "Come on, Jimin," Ilseong says, raising his hands in surrender. "You don't want to do this."

Jimin barks out a humorless laugh. "Actually, I really, really do."

Ilseong plasters himself to the wall as Jimin begins walking towards him. "P-Please! Please don't do this! I'm sorry!"

"No you're not," Jimin snarls as he bears down on Ilseong. "Monsters aren't capable of feeling sorry."

Ilseong screams in pain when Jimin swings at him with the knife and cuts through the skin of his arm. The other omega tries to dart around him to escape but Jimin grabs him by the throat and pushes him with all his might to the floor. Ilseong crashes onto the tile, sending buckets and spray bottles clattering everywhere. His face is twisted in terror as he tries to kick at Jimin, desperate to keep him away.

Jimin is somehow able to straddle Ilseong, punching the other omega in the gut when he struggles
violently. Ilseong gasps in pain and curls in on himself, but Jimin slams him back down on the floor by his shoulders.

Jimin grips the knife tightly, ready to use it, but somehow Ilseong is able to squirm out of his grasp and the two of them end up wrestling on the ground, fighting for the knife, kicking and punching each other in their struggle. Jimin receives a hit that he knows will result in a black eye, but he barely feels the pain. Jimin gains the upper hand again when he sinks his teeth into the meet of Ilseong's upper arm, drawing a shriek of pain from the other omega.

Jimin rolls Ilseong back to the ground, spits the blood from his mouth, and punches the omega right in the nose when he tries struggling again. Winded, with a broken nose, Ilseong lies there, dazed, as Jimin can't help himself and rains down a few more punches on the little rat, finally taking out all his pent up rage and hatred. He nails Ilseong in the gut again, then the side of his jaw, which makes the most satisfying crunching sound when Jimin's fist connects. Ilseong is moaning in pain, begging for Jimin to stop as blood from his broken nose leaks into his mouth, turning his teeth red.

Distantly, Jimin feels the aching of his knuckles, but he couldn't give a fuck. There might not be any feeling better in the world than beating the ever-loving shit out of Ilseong. Jimin wishes he had done this a long time ago.

Finally, Jimin readjusts his grip on the knife and raises it high above his head, hands shaking.

"Jimin, please," Ilseong says weakly, voice nasally and choked with blood. His face is swollen and red from the force of Jimin's punches.

"I should have done this a long time ago," Jimin growls, then brings the knife down on Ilseong with all his strength.

Maybe if he had decked Ilseong in the mouth the first time the little fucker ever pissed him off and stepped out of line with him and Yoongi, they wouldn't be in this situation.

Somehow, Jimin highly doubts it.

It plunges deep into Ilseong's chest, bursting his right lung with a small pop, and Ilseong gasps in pain as blood bubbles from his mouth. The material of his shirt around the knife begins to bleed red, quickly eating up the fabric like wine on snow.

Jimin pulls the knife out with some difficulty and does it again. And again. Over and over he stabs Ilseong, sending blood spraying everywhere, all over Jimin's face and clothes. Each time Ilseong's reaction gets weaker and weaker until, with his chest a mutilated, bloody mess and so much blood on the floor that it's leaking out from under the closet door, Ilseong lets out one last rattled exhale before his head lolls to the side and his eyes roll back into his head.

Jimin remains straddled on Ilseong's torso for a few long, deathly silent moments, his hands and arms covered in blood up to the elbow, beginning to shake violently as Jimin releases his iron-grip on the knife. It clatters onto the ground next to Ilseong's head with a sound loud enough to jolt Jimin back to awareness.

He stares down at Ilseong, trying to process that his enemy is actually, truly dead. Jimin is finally free of him.

Jimin is staring down at Ilseong in quiet shock for so long that there's finally a soft knock on the closet door. "Jimin?" Yoongi's voice calls gently. "Is everything okay? We have to get going."

On shaky legs, Jimin rises to his feet and backs away from Ilseong's body, treading in the wide pool
of blood across the floor. With one last long glance, Jimin turns around and opens the door to find
Yoongi waiting on the other side. His mate's eyes widen when he takes in Jimin's bloody appearance
and the bruise starting to form around his eye before looking behind Jimin to where Ilseong is lying.
A hard expression overtake Yoongi's face and he reaches out to take Jimin's bloody hand. "Good
job."

Then he pulls Jimin out of the closet and tugs him towards the blasted-open building, Haemee
hurrying behind them. When they step out into the night, the air clouded and heavy with smoke from
all the explosions, the cold air hits Jimin like a truck and he sucks in a sharp breath of shock.

There's a loud shout and suddenly Jimin finds himself engulfed in a pair of strong arms and a
wonderfully familiar scent. "Jimin!" Taehyung cries as he proceeds to squeeze the life out of him.
"We were so fucking worried!"

Jimin hugs Taehyung back with everything he has, clinging to his friend desperately. "I missed you
all so much."

They finally pull apart and Jimin sees the beat up old pickup truck and the SUV in the far corner of
the parking lot. Namjoon, Hoseok, and Eunyoung, of all people, are running towards them, the two
betas yelling in excitement over the continuous wailing of the alarms inside the lab. Namjoon is
l lagging behind the others a little bit due to the giant rocket launcher he has propped over his
shoulder.

"Jimin!" He can make out their shouting as they get closer, and once again he pulled into a crushing
hug from both Hoseok and Namjoon at the same time. Jimin allows himself to be manhandled by the
two of them, laughing tearfully when they finally pull back and Hoseok ruffles his hair fondly.

Jimin's gaze lands on Eunyoung, and he's confused to see a rifle slung across her back. She's
smiling at him, though it's small and somewhat sad. "Eun-ah?" He asks her. "What are you doing
here? I thought omegas weren't allowed to come on missions?" Jimin scans the parking lot again,
eyebrows furrowed. "Where's Hana?"

Eunyoung's shoulders droop and her gaze drops to the pavement. Jimin looks around at the others
in confusion. "What?"

Yoongi reaches out and brushes Jimin's hair away from his face. "Hana was killed in the raid."

Jimin feels the earth tilt on its axis and he suddenly feels very dizzy, sick, even. "W-What?" Yoongi
just nods solemnly and Jimin turns to Eunyoung again. "God, Eun-ah. I'm so sorry."

He pulls her into a hesitant hug, giving her the chance to pull away if needed, but she accept it after
a moment of standing stiffly. She wraps her arms around Jimin's torso and the two of them embrace
tightly. Jimin pretends not to notice when he feels the warm wetness of tears seeping into the fabric
of his shirt.

When the two of them finally separate, Yoongi's eyes are shifting back and forth between his watch
and the lab restlessly. "Come on, come on," he's muttering quietly to himself.

Two doctors suddenly run out, lab coats stained grey with rubble and smoke, and Jimin
immediately recognizes one of them as Dr. Kim. He grabs at Yoongi's sleeve with a sharp gasp.
"Kill her, hyung," Jimin breathes. "Kill her."

Yoongi doesn't stop to question him. He just raises his rifle and guns down Dr. Kim and her
companion with a deafening spray of bullets. Dr. Kim doesn't even have a chance to scream before
she's dead, dropping to the parking lot ground in a burst of blood.

Jimin lets out a breath and it takes a moment for him to relax his grip on Yoongi's sleeve. Now the last of his demons are finally gone.

A feeling of lightness unlike Jimin's ever felt before fills up his body and he sags against Yoongi, nuzzling his nose into the alpha's neck. Yoongi lets his rifle drop back to his side and wraps his arms around Jimin, holding him close, the warmth of his body offering a reprieve from the cold.

They stay like that for a while until Taehyung gives a shout. "There they are!"

Jimin's head whips up to see Jin emerging from the smoke billowing out of the lab, clutching a large wrapped-up blanket in his arms. Jimin hears a shrill scream and then the blanket is squirming, turning so that Jimin can see Sunhee's face peeking out of it. "Papa!"

Jin sets her on the ground, removing the blanket, before letting her run across the parking lot to Taehyung on chubby little legs. Taehyung sinks to his knees and opens his arms wide for her to jump into, tears streaming down his face. He holds her impossibly close as Sunhee sobs into his neck, her little hands grasping at his neck. "Papa! Papa, I missed you so much."

Jimin wipes away his own tears at the sight of their reunion and kneels down next to Taehyung to wrap his arms around the both of them. Sunhee turns her face towards him and her little bottom lip quivers. She reaches out to pat at his cheek. "Is Jiminie okay?"

"Jiminnie's okay, sweet girl," Jimin says, his voice choking up, sinuses burning. "I'm so sorry I let them take you from me."

"It's not your fault, Jiminnie," she says to him, smiling fondly at him as Taehyung peppers kisses all over her face. Jimin dips in to peck his own kiss against her cheek before he and Taehyung rise to their feet.

"Alright," Yoongi says, and they all look at him. He pulls a detonator out of the pocket of his camouflage pants. "Let's blow this place to high hell."

They all pack up in the two vehicles with Yoongi driving the SUV and Jimin in the passenger, and Hoseok driving the truck. They pull out of the parking lot, rolling over chunks of cement and debris and drive down the rural road leading to the lab until they're about half a mile away and can see the lab on a hill in the distance. They park the cars again and Yoongi turns to Jimin, holding out the detonator.

"Care to do the honors?"

Jimin smiles as he takes it from him with a hand encrusted with Ilseong's drying blood. Jimin looks back at the lab, taking in the smoke rising in the night sky and the fires alight in the broken windows.

Taking a deep breath, Jimin presses the button.

There's a slight delayed reaction before the entire lab explodes in a brilliant eruption of orange and red, completely blowing the building to smithereens in all directions. Even though they're far away, Jimin still feels the ground shake violently with the explosion, the SUV jolting on its tires, a tremor running through the earth.

Jimin watches the display with wide eyes and an unconscious smile on his face.

It's finally over. It's done.
Jimin slumps back in his chair as Sunhee cheers in the backseat between Jin and Taehyung. "Now the bad guys can't hurt us anymore!"

They all watch the spectacle for quite a while longer until the lab is nothing but a smoking pile of rubble. Finally, Yoongi puts the car in drive and begins driving away, the truck close behind them.

Jimin settles back in his seat, paying no mind to the blood crusted on his arms and sticking to his clothes. He closes his eyes and lets out a soft sigh, feeling more at peace than he has in a long time. He doesn't know where they're going but he finds he doesn't really care. All that matters is that his family is back together again and he's never going to lose them again. Not ever.

Jimin must have fallen asleep because the next thing he knows he's begin gently shaken awake by Yoongi. The sun is beginning to rise in the distance, turning the sky a pale, watery pink. He blinks around blearily and finds that they've parked behind what appears to be a ramshackle old rest stop on the side of the long, lonely road.

"Where are we?" Jimin asks, sitting up straighter and wincing in disgust when Ilseong's dried blood pulls uncomfortably at his skin.

"This is where we've been staying until we can find a better place," Yoongi tells him, speaking low because Sunhee has also fallen asleep in the backseat.

They all climb out of the SUV while Hoseok, Eunyoung, Namjoon, and Haemee get out of the truck. Taehyung carefully lifts Sunhee out of the back and carries her in his arms as they begin walking around to the front of the rest stop.

As they reach the front, Jungkook bursts through the front door, wild-eyed, and lets out a wounded, pained sob when he sees Sunhee in Taehyung's arms. The sound wakes her up and she begins to wail when she sees him, reaching out her arms for him.

Jungkook scoops her out of Taehyung's hold and cradles her close, sinking to his knees as tears spill down his cheeks. "Oh, my baby," Jungkook is gasping hysterically, burying his face in her downy hair. "My baby."

Once again, Jimin eyes get wet at their reunion and he goes to wipe at them but pauses when he remembers they're caked with blood. Yoongi notices and pulls him inside of the rest stop, which is blessedly warm, the whole floor covered in layers of bedding and pillows.

The others trickle in after them as Yoongi gets Jimin cleaned up, until Jungkook comes in last, clutching Sunhee tightly to his chest.

Once Yoongi has wiped off the last fleck of dried blood off of Jimin, he gets him a change of clean clothes, which smell so heavily of Yoongi that Jimin sighs happily and presses them to his face for a long time before putting them on.

After that, Yoongi makes Jimin eat a can of peaches and a few handfuls of dry cereal to get some food in him before ushering him into a far corner of the room stuffed with blankets and pillows. Jimin crawls under the comforter, feeling exhaustion finally catch up with him as Yoongi lays down next to him. He curls in close to his mate, tucking his chin under Yoongi's head and twisting his fingers in the alpha's shirt to keep him from going anywhere.

Yoongi reaches under one of the pillows and pulls out none other than Pooh the penguin. Jimin gasps and takes the stuffed animal from him, squishing it tight against his body as Yoongi wraps his arms around Jimin and pulls him in as close as he can get.
From what Jimin can tell by the hushed whispers and ruffling of blankets in the room, everyone else is settling down to get some sleep as well.

"I was so fucking worried about you," Yoongi breathes to Jimin, his breath ghosting across the shell of the omega's ear. "I was so scared I'd never find you."

"But you did," Jimin whispers back, tilting his face up to press a kiss to Yoongi's chin. "I knew you would. I knew it."

Yoongi just squeezes him tighter. "I'll never let anything like that ever happen to you again."

Jimin tucks his face back against Yoongi's scent gland, breathing him in deeply. "I love you, hyung," he says. "Forever and always."

Jimin feels Yoongi place a kiss to the top of his head. "I love you more than I could ever put into words."

The two of them lay curled around each other as Jimin's eyelids begin drooping and he feels himself slipping closer to sleep. "What are we going to do now?" He asks quietly, voice thick and slurred with tiredness.

Yoongi rubs his back soothingly. "We'll figure it out. We always do," he buries his nose in Jimin's hair. "We'll survive this."

Jimin just hums sleepily, eyes finally falling closed, and the last thing he hears is Yoongi murmuring, "Sleep now."

He drifts off wrapped up in his alpha's arms, knowing that everything will be okay.
Epilogue

Chapter Summary

"The End."

Chapter Notes

This chapter contains themes of mpreg.

Thank you so much to everyone who has followed and supported this story, it means the world to me. I hope you all enjoy this last chapter as AHIY comes to an end. <3

The cold waves of the sea lap up the white sand and slurp at Jimin's ankles, whose feet are buried in the squishy wet sand. He gazes out across the ocean, at the serene blue sea, the sun glinting off the surface as it begins to descend in the horizon, casting the sky a brilliant orange-pink. The springtime air is still cold, and the salty, damp sea-breeze kisses at Jimin's skin, ruffling through his hair.

In his arms, his daughter stirs from her nap with a soft grunt. Jimin looks down at Hana as she peers blearily up at him with big, round eyes, bundled up in blankets to keep her warm in the cold. She wrinkles her little button nose, an exact clone of Yoongi's, and makes a little cooing sound when she sees him. The sight of her has Jimin's heart swelling a thousand times its regular size in his chest. He didn't think it was possible to love someone as much as he does his baby.

Jimin hears footsteps approaching from behind him, the soft slurp of feet in wet sand, and the breeze brings Yoongi's scent to him. His mate appears at his side and Jimin looks at him. Yoongi is gazing down at their little daughter, the usual look of silent awe on his face whenever he looks at her, as if he can't believe she's actually real.

"Hey," Jimin says softly, smiling when Hana reacts to the sound of his voice with a little grunt.

"Hey," Yoongi says back, his smile growing wider when he looks at Jimin. Yoongi brushes a hand over Hana's head, ruffling her mop of static-straight black hair, each strand standing on end. She squirms into Yoongi's touch and Jimin feels every part of himself melting.

"I thought I'd find you here," Yoongi says, brushing a gentle thumb over their baby's fat cheek.

Ever since the Chain Breakers had found the abandoned retirement home on a cliff overlooking the ocean, Jimin has spent most of his time after Hana's birth down on the beach, watching the waves and soaking in the salty air.

The retirement home had been the blessing they were searching for. After almost six months of moving around, looking for a permanent home after losing the shipping yard, they'd finally stumbled upon the building on the edge of the ocean by chance. It had everything they needed; separate rooms with beds and furniture, bathrooms, a kitchen still full of canned foods and non-perishables. After cleaning it up a little bit, it had become the perfect place for Jimin to spend his final trimester in.
The others had spent the final months gathering baby supplies, everything they could need, and by the time Jin delivered Hana one bright July morning, everything was ready for her. After thirteen hours of labor, Jimin was holding his baby in his arms with Yoongi by his side, tears coursing down his cheeks at the sight of the most beautiful thing in their lives.

In the months since everything had happened, while Jimin nursed Hana into a chubby little thing, Yoongi and the others had continued their work as the Chain Breakers, and have freed almost fifteen more omegas in that time. A few have decided to stay with them, in the safety of the retirement home, full of light and laughter and the giggling of Sunhee and Hana as the older child teaches the baby how to play with stuffed animals. It's apparent that Sunhee is fiercely protective of Hana and would do anything for her. The thought warms Jimin's heart, knowing his baby will always have a companion to look out for her.

Of course, the rest of the group are completely smitten with Hana, but Eunyoung especially seems to have a special soft spot for the baby. When Jimin and Yoongi had announced her name, Eunyoung had broken down in tears and accepted Hana with trembling arms when Jimin passed her over to hold her.

Everything is perfect. Of course, they're always careful, but the retirement home is so out of the way it's hard to imagine anyone finding them. In all the months they'd been there, not another soul has stumbled upon them, and while they're always alert, the fear of discovery has slowly faded and they've settled into the safety of their new home.

Gazing at Yoongi and Hana, his mate and his child, Jimin truly never thought he'd be standing where he is right now. He never would have thought he could have this, a family, a place to belong. Freedom.

Jimin can't imagine his life any other way. It's as if this is where everything had been leading to. All the hardships he's faced in life were so he could be in this moment, right here, with the people he loves most in the world. Jimin knows just how lucky he is, and he will forever be grateful. He'll never stop counting his blessings.

Yoongi steps behind Jimin and wraps his arms around Jimin and Hana, hooking his chin over Jimin's chin so he can gaze down at their daughter. Yoongi's scent overwhelms Jimin, that wonderful alpha musk. Hana's scent mixes with them; a soft baby smell, like warm milk and powder.

Hana looks like so much a combination of Jimin and Yoongi it's startling. She has Yoongi's button nose and sleepy puppy eyes, and Jimin's plump, puckered lips and chubby cheeks. She looks like a little cherub, and Jimin falls more in love every time he looks at her, if that's even possible.

"She's perfect," Yoongi's low timbre rumbles against Jimin's ear, echoing his own thoughts. "How is she so perfect?"

Jimin smiles and adjusts Hana in his arms more comfortably. She has some drool on her chin, and Jimin wipes it away fondly. "I didn't know I could love someone this much," Jimin says.

"Me too," Yoongi replies, placing a kiss on Jimin's shoulder. "I can't imagine my life without you two in it."

Jimin turns his head to the side so he can share a sweet, tender kiss with Yoongi.

Standing here with his family, wrapped up in Yoongi's strong embrace and Hana lying against his chest, Jimin closes his eyes and smiles against his alpha's lips.
Everything is perfect.

_The End._

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