**Bite Me**

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**Bite Me**

by Curionenene, YeonAh

**Summary**

“Ho… Hoseok… my na-Ju-Jung Hoseok. Who—what...?”

*On hindsight, maybe it wasn't the best idea to reveal your name to two lunatics who had fed you something from a blood bag at 11.54 pm in the middle of a quiet, isolated alleyway.*

"Hoseok? Nice to meet you, Hoseok. I'm Kim Namjoon, and this is Kim Seokjin. Do you remember what happened to you?"

"I—"

"Seriously. Just tell him like I did you. It's like pulling off a band-aid, better fast than slow."

*A heavy sigh was Namjoon's response to Seokjin's interjection. "I think this is a bad idea, but alright, Hoseok, you nearly... well... you did die. I saved your life the only way I could. By turning you into a vampire."

*On hindsight, maybe it was a really, really, really bad idea.*

****
One unfortunate near-death later, Hoseok finds out a few things: One, vampires are real. Two, they don't sparkle. Three, a war is brewing and he's landed in the middle of it.

Or: AU in which Hoseok screams a lot
Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Coming back to life was the weirdest feeling ever.

It was like being pulled through the eye of a needle after having gone through once, but this time backwards and inside out. His organs felt a little funky and his brain like it’d been through a blender, and overall he would rate it -10/10 would not ever try it again.

One might think that this review about coming back to life would be a little harsh, after all, the result was that… he was coming back to life after all. But, an important thing he forgot to emphasize, was that coming back to life seriously hurt.

Which was the reason why he was screaming.

“Fuck. Oh my- fuck. Ahh… Ah… shit. Shit. Why does it hurt? Why does it fucking hurt?!?” It seriously felt as if the very structure of his DNA was reforming. And fuck his teeth were really aching for some reason. His stomach was screaming a riot, and shit— that burger he'd eaten for dinner felt like a terrible stone in his stomach. His tummy was really not happy about needing to house it right now, and—

Yup. There went his dinner.

He didn’t know how long the pain lasted, but he had a vague impression that there were people beside him, saying… stuff. But it was all quite muffled and hazy, like his eardrums hadn't quite remembered how to work. So when the pain finally started to die down and his hearing kicked in again, the first thing he heard was:

“You're an idiot, Namjoon. You can barely take care of yourself even after 50 years and you go and sire a fledgling. Seriously? You know this is going to end up as my responsibility instead, right?”

"What else was I supposed to do?" a voice that had to belong to 'Namjoon' replied back in a low whisper. "The fucking lamppost fell on him. You know he wouldn't have made it to the nearest hospital, he wouldn't have even made it till an ambulance got here. His head was a blood-covered pancake.” There was a hand smoothing up and down his back in steady circles, a cool touch massaging the back of his neck to lessen the pain.
“You could have not been an idiot and let fate take its course?” The other voice said tersely, and he blinked as his brain slowly processed what had been said.

The lamppost fell on him... yeah... that. That sounded about right. He had been taking out the trash, and when he'd opened the lid to the dustbin, there had been the sound of something falling and then —

But wait. Why was he alive then? And wow. What. His throat was really, really dry. Was it from vomiting his dinner out?

"Like you should have done with me, right?" Namjoon sighed. It was Namjoon’s fingers smoothing gently through his hair and the back of his neck. Namjoon sounded the closer of the two. "Do you have a bag on you?"

The other person was now sighing as well, but there was no real irritation in his voice. "Yeah. I always carry around a few because someone inevitably ends up getting hurt and can't hunt for his life so he can get blood to heal himself up."

Blood? Fuck. What? What were they talking about? It was really hard for him to concentrate with his throat as dry as it was and his canines aching like a toothache on steroids.

"Good... okay. Er... I don't even know your name... hey, can you hear me?" The fingers against his hair moved to shake his shoulder lightly. "I'm going to sit you up and Seokjin will give you something to drink. It will help you feel better. Alright? One, two..." Arms circled carefully around his torso and eased him up into a sitting position, leaning back against a lanky frame.

He made some sort of noise that was... well, could have been anything: agreement, disagreement, panic — because what were they giving him to drink?

But then a really delicious smell started wafting through the air, and his mouth was already beginning to water and—

Oh. There's a straw to his lips, and whatever it was that they'd shoved to his face was actually really nice? It tasted like honey actually, even though there was a little bit of a metallic tang... and a bit of saltiness. Salted caramel, perhaps?
There was a bit of a relieved sigh from the guy holding him up, Namjoon. "Good… okay. Drink it all. Starting to feel better? Don't give me that look," he protested, presumably to this Seokjin person.

“I'm not giving you any look.” The person presumed to be Seokjin replied. “I'm just waiting to see when this spell of calm is going to an end and he ends up going into a panic.”

What? Why would he go into a panic? He really was feeling better. What was this liquid? Some sort of energy drink?

"Don't jinx us please," Namjoon sighed, those fingers going back to massaging his neck and shoulder as he drank whatever it was.

“I'm not jinxing us. Just being brutally realistic.” A pause and then, “ah. He's opening his eyes.”

He was? Oh, yeah. He was. Whatever was in the bag made him feel, well… alive again. He wanted to thank these Namjoon and Seokjin people for helping him. And he opened his mouth, only for the words to stick in his throat because—

Was that… A blood bag? Dangling in between the fingers of the man squatting down in front of him?

"That's… not a good noise." The guy behind him shifted a little, a face topped with short, messy purple hair coming into view. "Hey, uh… it's okay. Just try to breathe?"

“He doesn't need to breathe anymore though.” The man squatting in front of him added in unhelpfully.

He barely heard the man, eyes trained on the blood bag. “T-t-t-that… b-b-b-blo-blo-blo-”

“I think he's trying to say 'blood'."

"Seokjin, not helping," Namjoon (Namjoon?) groaned. He moved again, putting himself between
Seokjin (and the blood bag) and blocking them from sight. "Hey… look at me. Listen, you were in an accident, but you're okay now. What's your name?"

Seokjin muttered something about Namjoon having no respect at all for his sire, and so stunned as he was, he answered Namjoon's question thoughtlessly. “Ho… Hoseok… my na- Ju-Jung Hoseok. Who— what…”

On hindsight, maybe it wasn't the best idea to reveal your name to two lunatics who had fed you something from a blood bag at 11.54 pm in the middle of a quiet, isolated alleyway.

"Hoseok? Nice to meet you, Hoseok. I'm Kim Namjoon, and this is Kim Seokjin. Do you remember what happened to you?"

“I—"

“Seriously. Just tell him like I did you. It's like pulling off a band-aid, better fast than slow.”

A heavy sigh was Namjoon's response to Seokjin's interjection. "I think this is a bad idea, but alright. Hoseok, you nearly… well… you did die. I saved your life the only way I could. By turning you into a vampire."

On hindsight, maybe it was a really, really, really bad idea. Maybe he should gotten up and ran when he had a chance.

But because he's the way he was, what Hoseok did instead was freeze.

“...I would say he stopped breathing and possibly died,” Seokjin said after a few moments of no response, “but you and I know that's both not possible.”

"That's why I told you this was a bad idea," Namjoon retorted, leaning in a little closer. "Hoseok…? You still with us?" He shook Hoseok's shoulder again.

It was as if the shake to his shoulder had jostled something loose. And a high pitched scream ripped out of Hoseok’s mouth as he tried to struggle out of Namjoon’s grip.
"Shit—" Namjoon immediately let Hoseok's shoulder go, both hands up. "Hey, it's okay, neither of us want to hurt you. We're just here to help."

Hoseok’s response was to just continue screaming, backing up with his hands until he hit the wall.

“...Wow. Those are a set of lungs on him.” Seokjin commented as if he was talking about the weather and not someone literally screaming in his face.

Namjoon just sighed heavily over Hoseok’s continuous screaming. "Please, Seokjin. He finished the bag, right? Could you get rid of it? It's not really helping." He leaned back to wait for Hoseok to run out of air.

Seokjin raised an eyebrow, “I'm not about to just dispose it like this. There's proper procedure. And I'm not putting a used bag back into my jacket. Blood is hard to get off clothes. You know that.”

In the midst of Seokjin’s rant, Hoseok had run out of breath. It wasn't like he had time to take a big one anyway, not with two freaking vampires in front of him. Two vampires he had decided was a good idea to pointing accusingly at the both of them. “You two! You are! Ah! No, no, no! Don't hurt me! I don't taste good!”

"..." Namjoon rubbed his temple. "Listen, I— you were turned. Into a vampire. Vampires don't drink from other vampires. It's just disgusting."

“I don't think he's listening.” Seokjin sighed. Not that Hoseok was listening. He had started screaming his head off. Again.

Seokjin made an affronted sort of noise before he said, “oh Elders. He's so noisy. Let me—”

And without waiting for Namjoon’s reply, Seokjin stepped in front of Hoseok before giving the fledgling a hard slap across the face.

It worked. Hoseok stopped screaming. Instead, he stared at Seokjin with a look of shock on his face.
“Good. You stopped. Now, listen. We're vampires but we're not going to hurt you. Heck, we saved you from a potentially embarrassing end to your life. Well, no. That's not right. It still happened. But, the important thing is that now you can continue with your life, just with some minor changes of which Namjoon will explain.”

Namjoon looked like he wasn't sure if he should be amused or not. “…Thanks I guess?” He shook his head. "But he's right. It was either turn you, or let you die of a brain haemorrhage or whatever else happened after the lamppost took you out. But we're sort of out in the open right now, and you made a lot of noise. Will you follow us back to our place? I promise, you'll be completely fine.”

Hoseok’s mouth opened and closed a few times, and a few small sounds escaped it, as if he was attempting to say something. Seokjin tilted his head, waiting in anticipation.

“AHHHHHHHHHMMMMMM—”

“Oh for fuck’s sake.”

"Why don't you go back?” Namjoon said, pushing Seokjin away. "I'll wait for him to calm down and follow behind."

Seokjin rolled his eyes, “sure. Push away the person who potentially will stop you two from getting killed.” But he was starting to walk away, reaching out into his jacket and pulling out another blood bag. “For when he gets thirsty again.”

"Thanks.” Namjoon took the blood bag, sitting down on the gravel. He watched Seokjin go before turning back to Hoseok who was still screaming. With a sigh, he put his head in one hand and waited for an opening to talk.

The opening came when Hoseok’s breath finally ran out again, and it finally seemed to dawn on him that there was only one of these weirdo vampire guys in front of him now. “Ah- I'm- tired... you… you…? You haven't killed me yet.”

"Like I was trying to say, we aren't going to," Namjoon said, a gentler note in his voice. "Sorry about Seokjin. He was turned so long ago he kind of forgets how terrifying it can be."

“Turned? But you're… you're really vampires?” Hoseok was still somewhat wide-eyed. “But why…
oh fuck. I really died?"

"You did," Namjoon nodded. "By a poorly secured lamppost to the head. If it makes you feel any better, I slipped and fell down two flights of stairs. Not all of us get picture-perfect endings."

Hoseok stared at Namjoon, hand gently lifting up to his head. It felt whole, and yet, there was the damaged lamppost lying to the side, blood splatter and what looked like brain matter smeared on the side of the galvanised metal.

In the light of such evidence, what else could he do but accept it? “Okay… okay… but now what?”

Namjoon looked sympathetic. "Whatever happens now is up to you. You can follow me back to where Seokjin and I live, and I can explain everything. What you are now, how it'll affect your day to day life, answer any questions you have. Or, you can walk away and pretend none of it happened. That's what I did when I was turned. But speaking from experience, I wouldn't recommend it. It's a scary world out there for a newly-turned vampire, especially if you don't even know the rules you'll have to live by. Seokjin and I can make it a lot less scary, if you let us."

Hoseok swallowed, unable to help but whimper a little. A vampire… he was… he was really a vampire? And experimentally, he ran his tongue over his teeth, only to whimper again when the taste of blood flooded his mouth:

He'd pressed too hard and now there was a sizeable cut over his tongue. And he hadn't needed that cut to confirm the truth anyway - his canines definitely hadn't been this sharp just hours before. So unless Namjoon had opened Hoseok’s mouth to file his teeth down while he’d been unconscious, then he really was a vampire.

Shit.

Namjoon winced. "Yeah… you'll learn to stop doing that too." He sighed, looking down at the blood bag in his hands. "Whichever you decide, you should drink this before moving. We're alone right now so you won't notice it, but out on the crowded streets it'll, er… be a bit hard to control yourself if you're thirsty. And being turned usually makes fledglings very, very thirsty."

Hoseok stared up at Namjoon before looking at the blood bag in Namjoon’s hands and making a face. “Do-do I have to? It looks… it looks so gross.”
"Did it taste gross a few minutes ago?" Namjoon raised an eyebrow with a small smile.

Hoseok's face scrunches up even more. "N-no… but… you really shouldn’t be saying things like that, looking so cute and innocent."

Namjoon chuckled, "you get used to it." He removed the straw from the side of the bag, puncturing the plastic to slide the straw into the thick red liquid. "It's easier to use a straw. Sure you could break the bag open with your teeth, but we're not savages." He held the bag out to Hoseok.

That mouth watering smell was back again. But part of Hoseok’s mind was still rebelling. This was fucking blood from some human somewhere and shit… he didn’t even particularly like blood sausage. The very idea of it had creeped him out, and yet, here he was, about to drink straight up blood from a packet.

He couldn't really keep his hands from shaking as he took the blood pack from Namjoon, and he made a face as he brought it to his mouth, screwing his eyes shut as he tried to tell himself that he was just… drinking juice from a packet. Yeah. That worked—

Fuck. Now that he knew it was blood, he could tell that it tasted like it, even though his taste buds were singing and his stomach was settling nicely. Namjoon hummed in approval, absently licking a bit of spilled blood off his thumb as he leaned back to wait for Hoseok to finish.

Hoseok finally finished off the last of the blood in the pack, but not before making one final face as he tried to use his saliva to wash away the taste. "Ungh… you don't happen to have any water on you, do you? Wait… Can I still even drink water?"

"You can drink water, but I'll do you one better." Namjoon fished around inside his jacket and pulled out a stick of gum, holding it out. "Blood gives a very… unusual smell to your breath. You can eat and drink human food, but you don't need it for nourishment, and honestly most of it will just give you a horrible stomachache. So I'd stick to only eating or drinking to keep up appearances."

Hoseok silently took the piece of gum, slowly unwrapping it as he processed what he'd been told. "...That kind of sucks. But I— it doesn't taste like dirt, right? Food?"

"It doesn't taste the same way it used to," Namjoon admitted. "And you might find your tastes leaning more towards… rare than well-cooked." He took the blood back from Hoseok, carefully folding it up to carry without being too obvious. "So… will you follow me?"
That really sucked. Hoseok quite liked eating. It was going to have to take some getting used to, declining invitations to buffets. “I- I don't think I'd survive like… A second on my own. So I don’t think I really have a choice.”

Namjoon stood up, offering a hand. "I wouldn't leave you on your own anyways. I sired you, so you're my responsibility."

“So that letting me go off on my own was a lie?” Hoseok raised his eyebrow, eyeing the hand before gingerly taking it.

"Oh, I would have let you go. I didn't say I wouldn't follow." Namjoon pulled Hoseok up to his feet. "Not just for your sake either. Seoul has been a no-kill zone for over a century now. If I sired a fledgling and let him run off with no control, all three of us would be in trouble."

“No-kill zone?” Hoseok blinked as he dusted off his pants before he let out a shriek, “holy shit, my clothes—”

Looking down, Namjoon winced. "Right… lamppost. Blood splatter. Er… do you live nearby? Better to change out of that or else someone's going to have a fit if they see you."

Hoseok groaned. “No, not really. But I have my uniform inside the cafe— ugh. I just… really liked this outfit…”

"Sorry to say, but blood stains can be a pain to get rid of." Namjoon rubbed the back of his head. "A uniform is better than walking around like this."

The frown on Hoseok’s face was thick with sadness and disappointment, making him look more a caricature of sadness than an actual human. “I guess… you… Gonna come inside with me or wait out here?"

"I'll go in with you, I guess. Is it just you closing up, or were others inside?"

“I lost a bet, so I had to close up on my own today,” Hoseok sighed, running a hand through his hair before beginning to walk to the door. “Do I need to invite you in or something?”
"No," Namjoon laughed at that, following Hoseok. "That rumour is completely untrue. You won't
die if you eat garlic either, though you may gag because it really does taste disgusting. And you don't
sparkle in sunlight."

Hoseok paused, making a face. “Well, thank god. I was hoping that last one wasn’t true.”

"No, but you might have preferred it over 3rd degree burns in ten minutes flat," Namjoon shrugged.

Hoseok stared at Namjoon, “3rd degree burns? ”

Shit, that meant, “fuck? I have afternoon shift tomorrow. And class. I have class too. Fuck. What am
I going to do?”

Namjoon winced, then sighed. "It's for direct sunlight only. Walking around indoors won't affect you
besides some instinctive discomfort, as long as you stay away from windows. So you just have to
make sure whenever you step outside, you're fully covered. Face mask, cap, sunglasses, gloves,
everything. You'll get some odd looks in the middle of summer, but better than roasting."

Hoseok groaned, leaning against the door. “This is gonna be so weird. My friends know I love the
sun. They’re all gonna be so suspicious when I suddenly start avoiding it—”

Fuck, this also means no more suntanning, no more picnics, no more basking in the sunlight, curled
up on the floor in front of a warm spot in front of a window like a cat—

Namjoon clasped his shoulder in sympathy. "Sorry… it was a matter of life or death. It's better if you
start switching your classes and work hours to evening wherever possible."

Hoseok rubbed his face. “Any chance I could say I got some kind of sudden skin disease or
something? I just… want to curl up somewhere and not go anywhere for awhile.”

"One step at a time," Namjoon urged. "Get your clothes changed, we'll go back to mine and
Seokjin's place, and talk more there. Alright?"
“Right. Right.” Hoseok needed to calm down. Like Namjoon said. He just needed to take in a deep breath and—

Not choke on the breath and nearly die again clutching a door handle like was doing now.

"Ah… yeah. You don't need to actually breathe. Try not to inhale any flies." Namjoon was trying not to laugh.

Hoseok let out a strange, thin sound, turning to look at Namjoon with a sad look in his eyes. This wasn’t funny.

Well it was, but still.

Finally, Hoseok managed to catch his breath and open up the door, and he silently made his way over to the employee’s locker room. The cafe always felt weird to Hoseok at night, so silent and cold when it was so warm and bustling in the day. It always scared Hoseok a little. Namjoon followed him at a leisurely pace, nostrils flaring a little.

Then Namjoon’s foot snagged around a table leg and he went down with a yelp, the sound of the table and chairs scraping on the floor echoing inside the shop.

Hoseok jumped, letting out another shriek and spinning around so fast, he nearly toppled over as well. “Omo! What? Namjoon-sshi? What are you doing?”

"…Nothing," Namjoon groaned, slowly getting back to his feet. "Wasn't watching where I was going."

Hoseok still looked a little spooked, “don’t scare me like that. I- I’m going to go change. You wait here?"

"Yep." Namjoon pulled out a chair to sit down where he couldn't injure himself again.

Hoseok eyed Namjoon warily, and before he went off to the changing room, he said, “please don’t break the chair too.”
"I won't," Namjoon protested after him.

Luckily, by the time Hoseok was back, dressed in his uniform, his ruined clothes in a plastic bag, everything still seemed to be intact. “Okay, I—I’m ready. Er—by the way, where are we going? I—my roommate might worry about me. I should probably text him to tell him if I won’t be making it back any time soon.”

"Yeah, go ahead. We might be a while, it's a lot to explain. And I'll give you my number at the same time," Namjoon said, standing up and fishing his phone out of his pocket.

Hoseok sighed before nodding and holding out his phone to Namjoon. “I can text on the way… as long as… we’re not flying right? Not turning into… bats…?”

Namjoon choked on a laugh. "Uh... no. No bats. We're walking.” He took Hoseok’s phone, calling himself before handing it back. He fiddled with his phone to save Hoseok’s number, walking slowly to the door. "Let’s go?"

“Yeah.” Hoseok licked his lips after be quickly saved the number, moving on to fire a quick text to his roommate. “You live around the area?”

"Not too far, about a 15 minute walk. Thankfully it's my day off work, we were just running errands." They headed back outside, Namjoon waiting for Hoseok to lock up before heading towards the main streets.

“You work?” Hoseok wondered aloud as he checked all the doors to make sure they were secure. “Vampires need to work?”

"If you want to afford rent, yes," Namjoon snorted. "This is the 21st century, Hoseok. Vampires are just like everyone else, with a few caveats."

“Caveats?” Hoseok didn't recognize the word. “And that… kinda sucks. Like there's no… Central vampire providence fund or something? Vampires in stories are always super rich from money just piling up.”
"...You're going to find a lot of what you read in stories isn't true," Namjoon said. "Some vampires are rich, mostly the older ones. Most are working class and just trying to get by. The older the vampire, the more experience."

Hoseok wrinkled his nose. “Well ok. What other things should I take note of?”

"The biggest thing to know is the no-kill rule,” Namjoon said, hands jamming into his pockets. "The Elders declared Seoul a no-kill zone, which means when we hunt, we hunt smartly. Don't take so much blood they die, and definitely don't end up on the news as some blood-crazed psycho. We don't need the media attention, or hunters coming after us."

“Hunters?” Hoseok gulped, that didn’t sound any sort of good. “You mean the people in Hollywood movies going around and killing vampires with crosses, garlic, silver bullets and stakes?”

"...Those... first two things, no. But silver is dangerous, and stakes or anything through the heart will kill you."

Hoseok winced, “why of all things do hunters have to be the thing that's real? Vampires don't have like… some kind of fast healing factor or something?"

"Only if you've fed recently, but we do." Namjoon tilted his head, smiling wryly. "That cut on your tongue hasn't been hurting for a while, has it?"

Hoseok paused, “oh... What? That's... oh wow. I guess that's kind of cool— ow! Fuck!"

"...you'll learn," Namjoon sighed. He looked up, turning onto a more crowded street. "Just walk beside me."

Hoseok was distracted enough by his again cut tongue that he didn't realize why Namjoon said what he did. And it was only a few minutes after that Hoseok realized there was an absolutely mouthwatering smell permeating the air, making his stomach rumble hungrily.

He didn't realize that he'd already started to wander off from Namjoon's side, listing towards the nearest source of that smell.
Except Namjoon had clearly been expecting it, one hand reaching out in a steel grip to hold Hoseok by his arm. "Keep walking straight," he said, voice calm. "And try not to freak out? We're a little visible here."

Hoseok was jerked out of his daze when his body suddenly met with resistance, clarity coming back to his gaze after a moment, and with it, fear and panic as he realized what had just happened. But at Namjoon's words, he pressed his lips together, naught but a tiny whimper to show the distress he was going through.

"It's alright. You can hold your breath, it'll help. You don't need the oxygen anyways." Namjoon's fingers lightly squeezed Hoseok's arm. "We're almost clear of the crowd."

Hoseok swallowed, shaking his head. Now that he was aware, the internal panic and sudden disgust at himself was more than enough to ward off the instincts screaming at him to just sink his teeth into the neck of the ahjumma passing by. She would be weak, wouldn't struggle much, and easy to pick off—

God. He just threw up in his mouth a little thinking about it.

Namjoon didn't let go of Hoseok's arm, whether to control him or to comfort him it wasn't clear. But it was five minutes before they turned off the main streets and headed down towards an apartment complex.

"Seokjin and I share one of the larger units. It's just easier that way, we end up seeing each other every day anyways," Namjoon said, letting them into the building and steering Hoseok to the elevator. "We'll talk more once we're inside. Still with me?"

Hoseok looked up at Namjoon before nodding, but he looked like he was struggling to contain tears. "I'm just… I'm… okay. Just…"

"I know." Namjoon's voice was gentle. He pulled Hoseok into the elevator, before drawing him into a loose hug. "I know."

Hoseok made a small whimpering noise, burying his face into the crook of Namjoon’s neck, and taking in a deep breath. Somehow, Namjoon's scent was calming. It smelt like coffee and pistachios, and it eased the ball of panic that had settled in his stomach. "I was looking at them like food, Namjoon-shshi… I saw one of the regulars passing by, a college student from Hongdae, and she's
nice, working hard to get into a firm she's always wanted to work in. And I just… I just… I just saw her as fucking food."

"You're smelling their blood," Namjoon said, smoothing his hand along Hoseok's back. "It's what's going to keep you alive, so your instinct draws you to it. But it's an instinct you can control. It'll get easier with time."

Hoseok sniffled a little, "I- I know. We're not… we're not supposed to kill people, right?"

"Right. Seokjin and I will help you learn to control it. And I can tell you're a good kid. You don't want to hurt anyone, so you won't."

Hoseok nodded, as if trying to convince himself what Namjoon was saying was true. "T-thank you… Namjoon-sshi."

"You're going to be alright," Namjoon said, a firm note in his voice as he squeezed Hoseok's shoulder. They rode the elevator up to one of the top floors before he finally pulled away to lead Hoseok to a door at the end of the hallway, entering the keycode and letting them in.

For a vampire lair, the inside of the apartment was… surprisingly normal. Clean living area, with plenty signs of life in the papers strewn over the table, an abandoned laptop and a sweater bundled on one end of the couch. The only difference really was the heavy-duty blackout curtains by the windows, currently pulled back for a view of Seoul at night.

It was also a lot nicer than the hovel of a student dorm Hoseok lived in with his roommate. For all said and done, it seemed like this vampire pair did have a little bit of money.

Hoseok was still admiring the area when he suddenly felt a slight displacement of air behind him, and he screamed when he felt someone whisper into his ear, "boo."

Jeebus. Hoseok never thought it possible, but he was so tired of screaming.

Jumping, Namjoon turned around. "…Was that really necessary?" he asked, a faint smirk on his lips as he pulled Hoseok away.
Hoseok just stared, wide-eyed in alarm, and Seokjin couldn't help but snort. "Yes. Well, no. But yes. I was just testing his senses. They're as shit as yours. Did you really not notice me as you came in?"

"I was a little preoccupied, and the whole apartment smells like you so why would I have noticed?" Namjoon patted Hoseok's shoulder before letting go. "What were you up to while we were gone?"

"Nothing." Seokjin sighed, before going over to the fridge. "Hunted a bit since it's gonna be awhile before I can increase our blood bag supply, so my share is going to have to go to our new fledgling."

"And our other potential source of blood bags has decided to vacation in the Bahamas for some unknown reason," Namjoon gave a long-suffering sigh. "I guess we can always ask Jongdae if he has extra. Sit down anywhere," he said to Hoseok, dropping down onto the couch. "Feeling a little better now that we're off the streets?"

"Erm. I guess." Hoseok still looked a little wide-eyed. And the reminder about the streets made his stomach rumble a little, which honestly made him feel a little sick again.

"You don't look a little better. You're probably hungry again." Seokjin noted, "and probably still getting used to the idea that humans are now a food source. I'll go get another blood pack."

"You said you had an afternoon shift tomorrow?" Namjoon asked, watching Hoseok.

Hoseok was still looking a little green, but at Namjoon's question, he seemed to get distracted from his discomfort a little. "Er- yeah. And class in the late morning. It's just a lecture so I think I can skip and just watch the webcast. But my afternoon shift… it's a little late to shift it about— wait. Hang on. Maybe I can ask Yoongi."

"If you can ask someone, that would be best," Namjoon said. "It'll give us an extra day to get you used to being around humans before throwing you back in the thick of it. If not, you could pretend to be sick?"

"Nah. Best is to switch. Me pretending to be sick might end up with my manager showing up at my dorm with a care package and a lot of questions." Hoseok was pulling out his phone. "Just… Gimme a minute. He should be awake still."

And pressing a few buttons, he lifted his phone up to his ear, waiting for his coworker to answer his
The phone rang a few times before there was a click. "Yeah?" Yoongi's voice was a mumble. "What do you want, Hoseok."

"Uh? Oops. Sorry, Yoongi. I thought you were still awake." Hoseok said apologetically, “anyway, I was just wondering if you'd be able to switch shifts with me?”

"Trade shifts?" Yoongi yawned on the other end of the line. "Don't you have afternoon tomorrow? Don't you normally kill to have afternoon shifts?"

Hoseok flushed. It was true. He loved afternoon shifts. The people that came in during that time… it was just so different. It was warm… and happy. And people came in because they wanted to hang out inside, not come in, grab a coffee and rush off. “Something came on and I couldn't switch it. Just — please, Yoongi-yah? For me?”

"…" A sigh came over the other end of the line. For all that their coworkers were scared of Yoongi and his sharp tongue, he wasn't a bad guy. And he wasn't heartless, especially when Hoseok still sounded wibbly (a fact Hoseok tended to misuse a little more than he should). "Fine. I close up day after tomorrow. You want that one? Tomorrow was supposed to be my day off."

“Yeah. That's… That's what I was hoping for. I'm so sorry Yoongi! I owe you a meal, okay?”

"Yeah, yeah. " There was a pause. "You alright, kid? You sound like someone stole your ice cream cone."

“Huh?” Hoseok blinked, swallowing back a few sudden tears. And the urge to just tell Yoongi was so strong. “Eh. Nah just… tired. Sorry for bothering you so late.”

"…Alright. Get some sleep." Yoongi said goodbye and hung up.

Hoseok sighed as he pulled his phone down, and Seokjin sighed as well, seeing the downcast expression on Hoseok’s face as he announced softly, “okay, it's done. I won't have to work until Thursday.”
Namjoon clasped Hoseok's shoulder lightly. "This is just temporary. We'll help you get back to your life with minimal interruptions."

Hoseok smiled weakly at Namjoon. "Thanks." He took in a deep breath. "Ok. Ok. I'm ok. Right. Where do we start?"

“Well, you can have your blood pack first. You're going to be thirsty a lot for at least the first few months. It'll be like puberty again. But as you grow older, you'll need less and less blood to survive.” Seokjin held out the blood pack he'd gotten out of the fridge to Hoseok. "I'll also stock you up with some blood packs and it'll probably be good to carry some around with you until you learn how to control your thirst.”

Namjoon nodded to what Seokjin was saying. "You can come back here every other night to restock, and you have my number so if you ever find yourself in trouble, don't hesitate to call."

“Ah…” Hoseok looked at the blood pack before swallowing. “I— right.”

“Mmm… I'm also thinking… I probably should train you to hunt—”

“Hunt?” Hoseok’s eyes widen in alarm, “but I don't want to hunt!”

“Wait. Hold your panic. Yeesh.” Seokjin sighed, “I never said you need to. We'll set you up with the blood packs and take care of you as much as we can, but in case you somehow end up alone, I'd at least like you to be able to survive without getting found out by hunters. I gave Namjoon this same training, even if he flunked all of it.”

"I didn't flunk out of it, I just have horrible luck with targets,” Namjoon grumbled. "And he's right. Would you rather know how to get blood when you need it safely and without killing anyone? Or wait until you're so hungry you can't control yourself?"

What they said made sense, but. “Can't that be an intermediate session or something?”

“Well. It won't be today. But it should be soon.” Seokjin glanced at Namjoon. “You said your shift is two days later right?”
“Uh. Yeah.”

“Then the night before. But don't worry. We'll prep you well for it.”

Hoseok didn't really like the sound of that still, but what could he really do at this point?

"Drink," Namjoon motioned towards the blood bag. "So... hm. We went over the no-kill rule... and hunters, right. There's plenty of hunters in Seoul. Some are reasonable, some will stake anyone who even jokes about being a vampire. A good rule of thumb for avoiding them is don't kill anyone and don't cause a panic, which we'll be showing you how to do anyways."

Hoseok was staring at the blood bag as if it was a bag full of insects, and Seokjin didn't hide his annoyance. “Just drink it. Seriously.”

"Seokjin, you remember how well I took having blood shoved at me,” Namjoon said dryly. "A little more patience?"

Seokjin sighed, folding his arms and looking up at the ceiling.

Hoseok swallowed, looking down at the bag. And after a moment, he quietly tore open the bag and stuck a straw in it.

Namjoon rested his hand on Hoseok’s shoulder again, a comforting presence. "Take your time with it if you need to. What else... there's a decently-sized vampire community in Seoul. Seokjin and I usually keep to ourselves with a couple exceptions, but I meet up with some friends every other month to see what's going on in the community."

“Well. He does. The hospital keeps me pretty busy. So I generally am just super active in my whatsapp groups,” Seokjin shrugged.

“Right.” Hoseok swallowed, looking at the blood bag in his hands. His mouth was watering again, but he still felt nauseous at the thought. Fuck.

But he did have to get used to this. Blood bags was the lesser evil. He could do this.
And as Seokjin continued talking about his whatsapp groups, Hoseok put the straw to his lips, trying to will away the disgust his mind as he took his first sip.

Namjoon watched sympathetically. "It'll take a while for you to get used to your new senses, but you'll be able to tell vampires from humans. They... well... smell different. Besides the fact you won't be attracted to their blood, vampires have a more earthy smell than humans do."

“Senses?” Hoseok repeats, nearly spraying out some blood from the straw. “What do you mean senses?”

“We have sharper senses.” Seokjin explained. “A sharper sense of smell, sight... ah. If you were wearing glasses before, congrats. You have a free lasik session. Wow, actually, Elders bless whoever invented lasik. Suddenly having good eyesight when it was bad once used to be such a pain to hide or explain.”

"Yes, not needing the bottle-thick glasses anymore was a hard sell for my parents," Namjoon sighed. "Your night vision is as good as your daytime as well, though sunlight will give migraines if you're not careful."

“And you can move faster now. Which, for Namjoon, translates into crashing into things and breaking them.”

"I've... gotten a little better about that," Namjoon wrinkled his nose. "Your speed increases, but not necessarily your coordination. So keep that in mind before you try any stunts."

Hoseok’s eyes had widened quite a bit, and Seokjin had to hide a small laugh at his expression. It seemed like their new fledgling had quite the rubber face. “How much... better and faster is better?”

“Well,” and suddenly Seokjin became a blur before appearing at Hoseok’s side. “About this fast?” And the poor fledgling let out another scream, nearly falling out of his chair.

But he also squeezed his blood pack far too hard in his shock, and seconds later, blood flew out of the pack through the straw, squirting onto his face.
Namjoon blinked owlishly at the mess, before snorting and doing his best to hold in the laughter trying to escape. "Er... you okay?" He stood up, heading into the kitchen and coming back with a damp paper towel to wipe the mess off Hoseok’s face.

Hoseok whined a little, the side of his lips pulled all the way down. “D-don’t... suddenly do that. I had the shock of my life.”

Seokjin snorted, “well. Next time I'll be more subtle then. You won’t notice when I'm beside you even.”

“That'd be even worse!”

Namjoon cleaned up the mess before sitting back down. "Finish your bag. Was there any other questions you had?"

Hoseok sighed, deflating, “I… probably? I don't know. Everything’s just kind of overwhelming…”

"Why don't you hang out here for a bit, then I can take you home,” Namjoon suggested. "Or you could even stay here overnight? You mentioned a roommate."

“Yeah. His name’s Jimin. Sweet boy. He even made me dinner and all— Er. Fuck. I probably should stay here actually.” He really didn't want to risk the possibility of attacking Jimin. “I don't have… Anything to wear—oof.”

“Namjoon has too many clothes that's too small for him that he can't bear to get rid of.” Seokjin said as Hoseok picked the pajamas he'd gotten thrown at him off his face. “Feel free to keep them. They look about your size.”

"Stop giving away my clothes," Namjoon protested, making a face at Seokjin. "Sunrise is still a while off, but your sleep cycle is going to be a little screwed for a while." He pulled out his phone, checking his emails.

“You don't wear them anyway.” Seokjin shot back, even as Hoseok wondered, “sleep cycle?”
“Vampire instincts are to sleep through the day.” Seokjin answered simply, “oh, I should go dig up some clothes for you when you wake up, huh?”

"That means stealing from my closet again," Namjoon sighed. He looked to Hoseok. "We'll just take this a day at a time. It'll be easier that way."

Hoseok nodded slowly before looking down at his hands. So many things were happening, all at the same time. “I-I guess. I'm… I'm sorry to impose…”

“Nah. It's his duty as your sire to train you anyway. Even if it's annoying.” Seokjin yelled from… Somewhere. Hoseok hadn't even noticed him leaving.

Namjoon just shook his head. "And yet somehow he's probably going to take over half your training himself."

Later, as Hoseok found himself lying on the couch, having been practically tucked in by Namjoon himself, he finally allowed himself to feel all the dread and apprehension that had been building up all throughout the night.

He was a vampire now.

What the fuck .

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! Yeonah here <3

Curi and I are back! This is a story we've been writing on-off for over a year now, so we're beyond happy to finally get it up for you all to enjoy! It's going to be another long one, but with regular updates either once or twice a week (still ironing that out).

Hope you're as excited for this as we are! Let us know what you thought of the first chapter in the comments <3

If you're not already, follow us on twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene
Hoseok ended up staying in their flat until the following night. Once the sun had come up, the massive blackout curtains were drawn to block out even the tiniest shred of light from peeking through. They used a weather app to tell when sunset was, Namjoon making some quip about wishing technology had been this advanced when he was a fledgling.

(“What did you do when you were a fledgling?” Hoseok asked, “poke a tiny part of your hand out and see if you get third degree burns?”

He was met with telling silence.)

Namjoon was up before Seokjin that evening, wandering out of the bedroom checking his phone and rubbing one eye. He lifted his head, and blinked. "You're up early."

Hoseok jumped, and his hand retracted from where it was fingering the thick curtains to turn around, staring at Namjoon with eyes wide before his shoulders slumped. “Oh. Well… it was a little hard to sleep. Everything just… Was so loud…”

He'd been able to hear everything. While he was awake and talking, it was still bearable, almost unnoticeable. But lying on the couch, left with nothing but his thoughts, there was nothing to distract him from hearing the hum of the fan above, the sounds of the streets outside… heck. Hoseok had nearly screamed when he heard the sound of a mosquito flying by on the other side of the room as if it was right by his own ear.

Namjoon’s expression was sympathetic. "Yeah. It'll take some time, but you'll get used to it. It'll be like white noise after a while." He walked closer. "I wouldn't move the curtain just yet. Sun is still too high to sneak a look. Give it a few more minutes."

Hoseok reluctantly let his hand fall off the curtain again. Had he been that obvious? “Oh...okay. What were we going to do today?”

"Well, I wanted to stop by your place and make sure there's nothing there that could kill you," Namjoon said, hands in his pockets as he leaned against the wall. "Silver, inefficient window covers, the like. Other than that, I believe Seokjin wants to take you hunting."
Hoseok made a face, one finger tracing against the curtains. “Am I going to get curtains like this? It's going to be really hard to explain to my roommate…”

"It would be even harder to explain away the massive burns you'd get if sunbeams got through," Namjoon pointed out. "I don't know what your finances are like if you're at school… but I do want to suggest moving out if possible. Unless your roommate is never around during the day, it'll be hard hiding your change in sleep schedule."

Hoseok winced, “definitely don't have enough to move out right now. I work at a freaking cafe. But the sleeping schedule thing is fine. I've worked night shifts at the cafe before, and Jimin is mostly at class out during the day. I just… don't know how I'm going to settle classes. Not all of them have evening slots…”

"It's manageable to have a few day classes. You'll just… need to be careful. Wear sunscreen, it'll offer a minimal amount of protection for parts you can't fully cover like your face. And you'll need extra caffeine to stay awake, since to us the middle of the day is the best time to sleep," Namjoon said.

Hoseok sighed, “guess it's time to fully utilize my employee discount, huh?” He never particularly liked coffee, but he supposed out of all the things he had to get used to, this probably would be the easiest.

“…Do you think I could open the curtains now?” Hoseok asked after a few minutes, looking at the thick black curtains longingly.

Namjoon glanced towards the window, eyes narrowing a little. "…Yeah. Sun's too low to the horizon for the rays to harm us now."

Hoseok’s eyes shone for the first time that evening as he pulled open the curtains, letting out a shaky gasp as he instinctively flinched even at the low rays of sunset that touched his skin.

But that didn't deter him from pressing up against the window, trying to catch as much of the last rays of the sun as possible.

Namjoon watched from farther back, a sad smile on his lips. "…You're really a day person, huh," he murmured. "I'm sorry."
Hoseok turned and looked back at Namjoon with a small smile. “You have no need to be sorry. You saved my life. It was just my own bad luck that I ended up this way.”

The fledgling turned back to look at the window, watching as the sun slowly dipped lower beyond the horizon. “I'll just… Take whatever I can get at this point.”

"I understand the feeling." Namjoon watched him for a minute longer before heading off into the kitchen.

He came back with two glasses of red liquid, holding one out to Hoseok. "Here. A little more civilized than drinking straight from the bag."

“So I can pretend that I'm drinking wine?” Hoseok asked dryly, hesitantly taking the glass from Namjoon.

"If that's what you want to pretend, don't let me stop you,” Namjoon snorted, going to sit down. He sipped from his own glass. "I never liked drinking straight from the bags, but when you need blood fast it's better that way."

“That's because you like to pretend you have class.” Seokjin's voice suddenly sounded, making Hoseok jump. “And don't you two dare drop those!”

”…Good evening to you too," Namjoon said, gaze flicking up to Seokjin with a wry smile. "It has nothing to do with class and everything to do with maintaining a sense of normalcy."

Seokjin groaned as he opened his own blood bag while trying to shrug on a coat. “After you cross some hundred years, you realize normalcy is overrated. Then again, I'm a doctor, I see some of the weird shit humans do, so what is normalcy really?”

"I'm pretty sure it's not chugging down a blood bag," Namjoon pointed out with a smirk. "Message when you're out of work. We'll be sun and silver-proofing his apartment."

“Mmm…” Seokjin hummed in approval. “I should be done by ten anyway. Hoseok, can you text me your address? If I'm early I'll do some scouting on my way there too.”
“Er— I don't have your phone number?” Hoseok said as he automatically pulled out his phone.

“Of course Namjoon wouldn't have thought about giving you my number.” Seokjin rolled his eyes before rattling off a series of numbers, Hoseok scrambling to key them in.

Namjoon held back a long-suffering sigh. "Have a good evening at work. I'll keep him alive while you're gone." He finished his glass, heading into the kitchen.

“Mmm…” Seokjin clicked his tongue. “Well, ok. But make sure you keep yourself alive in that process too.”

"I've been doing that for half a century, I thought it was a given at this point," Namjoon called back out.

“And how long of that half a century was me saving your ass from hunters or eviscerating yourself?” Seokjin yelled back as he started to wear his shoes, Hoseok wincing a little as he covered his ears. Oh… He really wasn't used to his hearing being so much more sensitive.

"Not nearly as much as you like to claim," Namjoon huffed, returning to lean in the kitchen doorway. "Oh, sorry Hoseok."

Hoseok shook his head even as Seokjin shot his own apology. “Anyway, I packed a week’s worth of blood packs for him. It’s in the cooler bag on the table. Remember to bring it along okay?”

"Will do. I'll get you a mini-fridge, unless you want your roommate finding a whole stack of blood bags,” Namjoon said to Hoseok, making notes on his phone.

“A- I can't afford that!” Hoseok protested in alarm even as Seokjin snorted, “don't worry about it. Just take it as a welcome gift — and Namjoon don't get those which are too cheap. The temperature control is shit. If the blood is frozen and then unfrozen it spoils the taste and makes it go bad quicker.”

"Again, I wasn't turned yesterday," Namjoon retorted. "You're going to be late at this rate."
“Aish. You seriously have no respect for your sire.” Seokjin lifted up his hand to check his watch. “I'm about to leave anyway. Oh! Remember to check with Tae when he's coming back? I think Jungkook’s school term should be starting soon so they should have no choice but to come back soon?”

"Knowing Taehyung he'd wait to the last possible day.” Namjoon nodded though, typing on his phone. "It's morning over there, but somehow I doubt they’re not still awake."

“Jungkook is probably exhausted.” Seokjin said with a small smirk. “Keeping Tae out of trouble. Anyway, gotta go. See you later. And don't worry Hoseok, as much as I tease Namjoon, you're in good hands.”

"See you, Seokjin.” Namjoon watched him disappear out the door. Then his eyes went to Hoseok. "We'll give it another half hour before heading out. You should have another glass before we do, it'll keep you sated until hunting."

Hoseok wrinkled his nose, shoulders slumping in defeat. “How often do I have to drink on a normal basis?”

"For the first few months, you should have blood on you all the time," Namjoon replied. "And drink whenever you're thirsty, or have to be around humans. Fledglings go through roughly 2 to 3 blood bags a day in their first week, then 1 to 2 in their first half year."

“That… Doesn't sound too bad I guess?” Hoseok chewed on his lip. “I assume it's more if I'm awake in the day?”

"Right. Depending on how long you're awake, you can easily burn through another full bag. And it might not seem that bad because we're talking about blood bags, but before those became a viable option it would have meant up to three or four human targets a day,” Namjoon pointed out. "And fledglings usually make the mistake of trying to control their hunger, not getting as much blood as they need. That makes them unstable and likely to attack without thinking, even kill from taking too much blood from a single human. I'm not trying to scare you, Hoseok, but it's very important you listen to what your body is telling you and drink whenever you're thirsty."

Hoseok squirmed a little at the thought. “R-right… so, whenever I'm thirsty, I should drink. But… what if I'm in the middle of work or school and need to drink. Do I… run to the toilet and drink there or something?”

"You could, or you could carry the blood around in something inconspicuous. A thermos or something,” Namjoon shrugged. "Drink it on your breaks if you absolutely can't do it that second."
But don't put it off too long."

“Right.” Somehow, all this made Hoseok feel so nervous, feeling as if slouching on keeping a regular drinking habit would result in Hoseok becoming a rabid monster who would kill without discrimination. “Anything else I should take note of? Like… around humans. Should I… not breathe if I get the urge to bite them?”

"If you can do it without being obvious, yes," Namjoon tilted his head a little. "Hm… hang on." He headed into his bedroom, coming back a few minutes later with a small bottle of what looked like some sort of fragrance. "You can use something like this, or cologne. Something strong-smelling, and if you find yourself slipping, take a good whiff. It won't be fun considering how strong our sense of smell is, but it'll clear the smell of blood from your nose."

Hoseok took the bottle before taking an experimental whiff—

—before nearly dropping the bottle. He reeled back, feeling like his sinuses had gotten shot with acid. “Oh my god—!”

Namjoon grinned. "How's that for clearing the bloodlust from your head. When I was a fledgling, I doused one of my scarves in something like this and covered my nose with it whenever things got too much."

Hoseok whined, pinching his nose. “Yeah… Well. It cleared bloodlust by literally lancing my brain through my nose. I'm in the service industry. I can't be screaming in pain every time I have the urge to bite a customer."

"Would you rather have no sense of smell for a few minutes, or be caught lunging across the counter to get at someone's neck?"

Hoseok sighed, shoulders slumping. “I guess a scarf wouldn't look too weird with our uniform.”

"It'll get easier after the first couple weeks. Right now, everything is so new your senses are being assaulted from all sides." Namjoon clasped his shoulder lightly. "Let's get some more blood in you, then head out."

“Life is so weird now.” Hoseok complained as he gestured for Namjoon to lead the way. “Let's go
They left the apartment shortly after, heading to Hoseok's place. Thankfully, Hoseok's roommate was out when they got there. Not that they stayed for very long, Namjoon doing a quick check around the place and lingering on the windows in particular, taking measurements and notes with his phone. It seemed he was serious about looking after the kid he'd saved from an unfortunate death.

The two vampires popped back out to a nearby department store, picking up a mini-fridge, new blackout curtains, and an assortment of light clothes and accessories Hoseok could use to cover his sun-sensitive skin during the daytime. Along with a ton of clear sunscreen, which wasn't a long-term solution but would help avoid very sudden and noticeable burns.

They got everything back up into Hoseok's apartment without mishap, Namjoon using a dolly for the mini-fridge up until they were out of view of other people. Then he just picked it up like it was an empty box, carrying it into Hoseok's room. "I'm going to set this up in the far corner, alright?" He'd gotten a fridge with a lock, because nothing was more awkward than roommates or friends searching for a beer and finding blood bags.

Hoseok gaped after Namjoon. It had… been quite an interesting departmental store trip. Or rather… interesting mostly because Namjoon was so efficient, while Hoseok had mostly been struggling along, trying not to get distracted by the smell of blood everywhere. He'd been glad he'd brought Namjoon's bottle of cologne along, even if his nose felt like it was five seconds from falling off — it was so fucking numb.

But yes. He was gaping because that fridge hadn't looked light and Namjoon was just… "isn't that at least 10kg?"

"Yeah, at least. It's one of the better models, which always means heavier for some reason."
Namjoon placed the fridge down in the corner, sitting down and snapping the zip tie keeping the door closed with his bare hands.

Hoseok's eyes were wide, his voice squeaky. "And that's… you snapped… a zip tie!"
Namjoon blinked up at Hoseok, before realizing what the problem was. "You can do it too, you know. Here, break the second one." He motioned for Hoseok to come over.

Hoseok blinked, shuffling over obediently before he'd processed what Namjoon had said. “Wait. What? Me?”

"Yes, you. You're a vampire now. Added strength. None of the control yet, so try not to punch a hole in the fridge by accident," Namjoon chuckled.

Hoseok stared a bit before he held the zip tie gently, like just prodding it would snap it. And daintily, he tugged on it, seeing if it would give.

Nothing happened.

Namjoon shook his head. "You're not that much stronger. Some effort is still required."

Hoseok flushed a little. “Sorry.” But as he ducked his head, he accidentally pulled the zip tie with more strength than he intended and it gave with a snap, Hoseok nearly falling over.

Hoseok probably looked ridiculous to Namjoon. His eyes had gone wide with shock as he held the two pieces of zip tie between his fingers with reverent awe like he was holding two sacred objects instead. But, whatever, he had just snapped a zip tie with just his fingers. He was allowed to act out how surprised he felt.

"What did I tell you?" Namjoon chuckled, pulling the protective covers off the mini-fridge and plugging it in. Then he pulled the blood out of the cooler they'd brought, stashing them carefully inside the fridge. "You'll have to get more blood from us regularly, this will only last you four to five days."

Hoseok was still staring at the two pieces of zip tie and so took a while to respond. “Huh? Oh. Ok. Erm. Should this be like a routine thing? Or do I gotta like do it spy style. Secret time, secret place, don't want hunters to get whiff of a habit they could exploit?”

"...just stop by our apartment," Namjoon smirked. "Or I'll come by here if you're busy. If you try to be covert about something, it just draws more attention than, say... a visit to a friend.”
“Oh. Right.” Hoseok flushed a bit. “I guess you're right. Erm. Do you need help with anything? I can go hang up the curtains.”

"I'm good here if you want to get started on that," Namjoon nodded, turning back to what he was doing.

“Right.” Hoseok ducked his head excusing himself to go get the curtains from outside.

They worked in efficient silence for a while, even if Hoseok started sneezing a little while replacing his curtains. College students didn’t particularly have the interest or time to do something like change their curtains regular, so you could imagine the dust that had gathered on the material.

But, it was all fine and dandy up to the point where Hoseok went to go put his old curtains in the wash. And in his absentmindedness, mostly concentrating on not tripping over the curtains dragging over the floor, Hoseok didn't pay attention to the amount of strength he used when opening the door.

There was the sound of wood ripping, and then a pause.

“Oh… fuck.” Hoseok cursed in alarm, dropping the curtains on the ground as he realized that the smooth metal of the doorknob was still in his hand even though the door had already swung open. “Fuck…”

Blinking, Namjoon stood and walked over to see what had happened. "…Well, wouldn't be the first time," Namjoon chuckled, amused despite himself. "I'll place an order for a new door too."

Hoseok whined, shaking the doorknob in his hand at Namjoon, “but my roommate is coming home soon. What am I going to say when he comes home—”

“I'm back!”

In the midst of the chaos, Hoseok hadn't heard the door being unlocked. And now, he stared blankly as footsteps approached and his roommate appeared in the hallway, pausing to stare at Hoseok. “...Hoseok? What are you… is that a door knob?”
Namjoon held back a wince, able to see the vampire he'd sired was on the verge of a panicked meltdown. Standing, he made sure the fridge was closed and locked before walking over to join Hoseok at the door. "Hello? Ah... sorry, that was my fault. Damaged the door while bringing the mini-fridge in. I'll pay for it to be replaced."

Hoseok spun around to stare at Namjoon before looking back at his roommate. “Er—”

“Fridge?” His roommate blinked at him before looking over at Namjoon, a hand running through his light brown hair. “Why is there a fridge?”

"I got a new one, and this one was just going to get chucked," Namjoon shrugged. "Hoseok wanted it. Ah... sorry, my name's Namjoon. You're his roommate?"

“Oh... are you from work?” the roommate smiled curiously but warmly at Namjoon, holding out his hand. “And yeah. I’m his roommate: the one who makes sure that Hoseok doesn’t end up with his electricity and water cut. Name’s Jimin.”

"Nice to meet you," Namjoon said, shaking Jimin's hand. "I suppose you could say that? I'm just a customer, but we got to chatting. I work as a night guard nearby. You're in school too?"

“Oh!” Jimin smiled back politely. “I see. Yeah, I go to the same school as Hoseok, but we’re in different years and different specialities. So you met at his workplace then? And... you decided to give Hoseok your fridge...?” Jimin looked over a little curiously at Hoseok, who seemed to have transformed into a statue.

"A bit of a time skip between those, but yeah," Namjoon chuckled, letting go of Jimin’s hand after a moment. "Anyways, I'll order a replacement for the door, sorry about that." He pulled out his phone to take a picture of the damage and make a note, like any ordinary person would.

Jimin chewed on his lip, a strange look crossing his face. But it disappeared as soon as it’d appeared. And he turned to Hoseok, frowning at how stiff the other was. “Eh. You gonna hold onto that the whole day, Hobi-hyung? Have you had dinner? I was going to cook some ramyeon for myself so I don’t mind cooking some for you while I’m at it.”

“H-huh?” Hoseok jumped a little, and in doing so, took an involuntary breath and—


There was only so many times Namjoon could answer for Hoseok without it looking suspicious, but
Hoseok was doing a good job of acting shady by himself. "Oh… we were going to meet up with someone for dinner," Namjoon said. "Unless you wanted to do that another day, Hoseok?"

"Huh?" Hoseok squeaked, looking over at Namjoon with wide eyes. “I- No. Dinner’s good. We-ahh… We should go—"

His voice nearly cut off to a whimper when he felt a strange sensation in his mouth — his canine teeth felt like they were swelling. “—ah. Our friend probably is waiting for us.”

Jimin frowned, expression crossing over with more concern. “…You sure you okay, hyung? You don't look so well. Maybe you should rest and I can go get you some soup from the place down the road?”

“No!” Hoseok glanced at Namjoon in alarm. Fuck. He really didn't want to be left alone with Jimin right now. “No… I'm. I'm alright. Right?”

"We should get going now if so, Seokjin will have both our heads if we're late," Namjoon said, pretending to check the time on his phone. "It was nice meeting you, Jimin-sshi, I'll make sure to have him back in one piece." He gave Jimin a smile that was all dimples, one hand against Hoseok's back to gently steer the fledgling around his human roommate and to the door.

“Nice… meeting you too…?” Jimin was still looking on in concern as Namjoon led Hoseok to the door, and Hoseok could feel his gaze all the way up to after Namjoon closed the door behind them.

They walked down the hallway before Hoseok sagged, letting out a sigh of relief. “Oh my god.”

"You forgot about the bottle of cologne," Namjoon murmured in a small tease, hand smoothing at the tense muscles in Hoseok's shoulders. "And you can let go of that now," he reached out to ease the broken doorknob out of Hoseok's hand.

“I was panicking,” Hoseok whimpered, letting go of the knob. “Jimin knew I was lying for sure. I'm a terrible liar. Fuck. He's going to interrogate me when he catches me alone. Which is like, a majority of the time.”

"I'd say you could spend the day at our place again, but that would probably make it worse," Namjoon sighed. "The only alternative is to make sure you've fed enough that being around him all
day won't affect you. Which means lots of blood bags, and lots of hunting."

Hoseok groaned, “ugh. I'll think about it later. Let's just… go.” He still could smell Jimin a little. His roommate's scent was oddly… potent.

Namjoon steered Hoseok back down the elevator and out onto the street. "I'll get Seokjin to bring a couple extra bags since your apartment is now off-limits," he murmured, steering Hoseok into the alleyway before pulling out his phone and sending a text. "And we can't have you with your fangs out before hunting even starts."

“...Shit.” So that was what the swelling sensation was. Hoseok just felt like curling up in bed and not moving for… centuries. “This is so hard.”

"It's hard because it's your first week," Namjoon said gently, not removing his hand from Hoseok's back. "Get past this week, and you've survived the toughest part of the transition. We'll help you get through it so you can move on with your life."

“Ok… ok…” Hoseok let out a slow breath, “right. I guess. I guess we should go? The longer I stay here the more I'm going to fret.”

"Alright, but before we do… you'll thank me for this later." Namjoon slipped the bottle out of Hoseok's jean pocket, uncorking it. With a grip on Hoseok's sleeve, he dabbed some of the liquid onto his cuff. "If you feel your fangs coming out or the smell gets too much, cover your nose with this for a moment. Less obvious than the bottle." Namjoon corked and replaced the bottle in Hoseok's pocket.

Hoseok whined instinctively at the strong smell. But he knew Namjoon was right. “Thanks. Ok. The eye watering should die down in a bit too, right?”

"Right." Namjoon smiled at him sympathetically, patting Hoseok's shoulder. "Let's go."
The place Seokjin had told them to meet was a seedy-looking bar in Seongsu. It was far less crowded than those on the main streets, and the music blaring through the building was something different from the typical Top 40 countdown. They met Seokjin in a quiet alley behind the bar where Hoseok could gulp down a couple blood bags unnoticed.

"Sorry we're late," Namjoon apologized as they found the older vampire. "Had to take some side streets." Hoseok was far too jittery still around crowds.

Hoseok had pretty much buried his nose in his sleeve. A day later and his senses seemed to be far more sensitive than the day before, and he looked particularly like a very lost child right now.

Seokjin had a raised eyebrow as he handed over the bags. “He looks like a whipped puppy.”

"It's overwhelming," Namjoon said, holding onto the bags and poking a straw through one before handing it to Hoseok. "Here, drink."

Hoseok took the blood bag gratefully, albeit with shaky hands. “I don't think I can learn to hunt today.”

“Don't be silly.” Seokjin sighed. “Looking at you, I think the sooner you learn the better. The longer you put it off, the longer you'll have to suffer.”

"He's right," Namjoon said apologetically. "Hunting helps you learn control. Something you're going to need if you want to act normal around your roommate."

Hoseok winced at that, deciding not to say anything about that, but Seokjin raised a curious eyebrow. “You met the roommate already? And how did that go down?”

"About as well as expected?" Namjoon chuckled. "I'll tell you after. Hoseok, Seokjin's going to take over from here. He's much better at hunting than I am. But I'll be nearby to help if things go south."

Hoseok’s lips turned down into a frown even as he continued to sip at his blood pack, the liquid calming the antsy feeling that had begun to build up since the disastrous meeting with Jimin, but Seokjin didn't seem to notice.
“Right. I think you should be able to follow what I say even while you drink?” Seokjin asked, but continued without waiting for an answer. “Hunting is a pretty simple concept anyway, and there’s usually two ways most vampires use to hunt. The first is using seduction — get the human distracted enough by their hormones that they don’t notice you biting them during sex, and the second is using speed. Pick someone who probably won’t remember the day after, and go for them. Usually drunk people are a great choice for this. Drunk or sleeping people on the subway.”

Hoseok pulled the blood bag out of his mouth to stare incredulously at Seokjin. “Sleeping people on the subway?”

Seokjin didn’t look deterred. “Yes. It’s still less creepy than sneaking into people’s room and drinking from them while asleep. That got semi-banned some fifty years ago due to privacy laws. You can’t do it anymore unless under extenuating circumstances.”

Namjoon looked a little amused by Hoseok’s reaction. He had such a wide range of facial expressions. "You do what you have to do. And if you do it properly, the actual biting doesn’t hurt. Our saliva has a numbing agent, and can help blood clot so the marks stop bleeding. One good lick before and after biting is usually enough. Obviously you’ll get better with practice."

“A-a-a… a good lick.” Hoseok’s expression twisted even more, which obviously, Seokjin didn’t seem to notice. “Yeah. Like good foreplay. But anyway, I thought you’d be the most comfortable drinking from a drunkard, and so that’s why we’re here.”

"And this place is less crowded than the main spots. You don’t have enough control yet to handle a club’s crowd,” Namjoon added. "But before we go in…” Namjoon took another blood bag from Seokjin, and tore it open before offering it to the fledgling. "Close your eyes, and without looking drink only half."

Hoseok blinked up at that, still having yet only finished part of the blood pack he was drinking. “Eh?”

“It’s to help you practice control.” Seokjin explained, “to be honest I think you’ll be able to do this well. Namjoon did the first time, and you seem kind of similar. So I don’t think it’ll be too much of a problem for you.”

"Still, it’s better to test your control on a blood bag and not a living person,” Namjoon shrugged. "You can only take about a third of a blood bag’s worth at once without there being negative effects. That percentage can change depending on several things, but it’s a good range to aim for. And unlike a clear blood bag, you can’t tell as easily how much you’ve taken and how much is left."
Hoseok swallowed, looking down at the new blood bag in his hands, feeling somewhat nervous. He hadn't understood very much of what Namjoon had said, but he understood that if he couldn't do this, he might end up killing someone, and that put a hard stone in his stomach.

“Hey. You're starting to look constipated,” Seokjin commented. “Just relax. You can do it. It usually is more satisfying and easier to gauge if you do smaller mouthfuls. Safer for the human you're drinking from too.”

"Right. Take your time.” Namjoon leaned back against the wall, waiting for Hoseok to give it a try.

Hoseok looked down at the blood bag before looking up at Namjoon and Seokjin as if they could provide a way out. But none was forthcoming and so after a few minutes, Hoseok sighed, opening the blood pack up.

Half. Half the pack. That was… About… maybe about two minutes of drinking? If he took small sips, maybe longer? Shit. Were ten mouthfuls too much? Maybe five was better?

Argh. This was too nerve wracking. But he should just get it over and done with. He'd be here all night otherwise.

And so scrunching his face up, he put the straw to his mouth, slowly beginning to drink. It was a split second later that he remembered to close his eyes.

He wasn't sure how much he drank. All he knew was that his hands were shaky, and he knew he definitely wasn't breathing. And he dared not look at the blood bag as he finally pulled it away, thrusting it in the direction where he thought Namjoon and Seokjin were standing. Namjoon and Seokjin hadn't instructed him to open his eyes yet, so he kept them screwed shut as he asked, “how did I do?”

There was a pause, before Seokjin's voice sounded. “...Not too bad.”

"Open your eyes and take a look," and there seemed to be a pleased tone to Namjoon's words, which Hoseok thought should be a good thing. "When you're hunting, you'll want to aim for less than that. Taking less is better than taking too much... and you'll have a harder time stopping with warm, fresh blood. So be conservative in your estimates."
Hoseok opened his eyes, and staring at the bag, the smallest and yet brightest smile crosses his face. “Oh… I didn't do too bad?”

“No, you didn’t.” Seokjin smiled a little. And glancing at Seokjin, Hoseok thought he even looked a bit proud. “Now I want you to try with another bag before we go try with a live one. Try to get it less than half this time round.”

Namjoon got the next bag ready, motioning for Hoseok to finish the one in his hands. "No sense in wasting blood, and the more we fill you with now the easier your first time hunting will be."

“Oh. Erm… ok.” Hoseok did as asked, finishing up the bag. Even if Hoseok was beginning to feel like he was gorging, like he tended to do at a buffet. This was quite a lot of blood.

Maybe that was why the second bag was easier, Seokjin even commenting he might have taken too little even. But well, Hoseok would take whatever victory he could get.

Unfortunately, doing so well also had the effect of Seokjin clapping his hands in satisfaction before pointing at the back door of the bar. “I think we can proceed to the live exercise then.”

Namjoon nodded, flashing Hoseok a reassuring smile. "Yeah. You're ready. I'll leave you both to it, then?" He stepped towards the bar door. "I'll be around in case you need me."

“Mmmhmm. It'll probably be fine though.” Seokjin gently but firmly took Hoseok's arm. “When we go in, what we're going to do is we'll source around for someone who'd be a most likely target. We're looking for someone who’s alone, tired looking, and also quite drunk. And we'll need to get someone moving off to somewhere quiet. Coming out here would be the best, but if the person goes to the bathroom or some dark corner that would also work.”

Hoseok stared at Seokjin, wide eyed, before he realized that Seokjin was waiting for some kind of response. “R-right. Lonely drunk guy who's coming out here or going someplace quiet. Okay.”

“Good. Come on, let's go in.”

And before Hoseok could protest more, he was being marched into the bar without much of a
The first thing that hit him, was the smell.

The scents he'd smelled while walking through the human crowds earlier had been bad enough with the way it had made his stomach growl. But now, the scents he was smelling were on a whole different level altogether:

The humans here smelled heady. Not just blood, but sweat and salt and meat. It was the alcohol, maybe, oozing and permeating into their pores, solidifying the emotions trapped in the skin; because that's what it smelled like to Hoseok: that man in a booth seat, there was a seething scent even as he slammed the glass down onto the table, that was anger; the woman at the counter, there was a saltiness to her scent, the smell of her tears as they trickled down her cheeks and that was sadness; the couple in the corner smelled sticky and sweet, humping each other — that was obviously arousal.

He felt so overwhelmed that he nearly forgot what he was here for, and it was only a tightening grip around his wrist that he realized he'd nearly drifted off towards the bar, where the smells were the strongest.

“Hey. You have cologne on your sleeve yeah? Smell it. You need your wits about while you hunt.”

And Hoseok did as Seokjin advised, nearly sagging in relief at the now all too familiar sharp smell. But it was still overwhelming, overwhelming enough that he forgot that he was supposed to be looking around for a target, not just standing there, looking pretty.

Seokjin moved the both of them to the bar, ordering them both drinks, and that was when a possible target was spotted. And he nudged Hoseok. “That guy, in the black cap, getting up to leave. He looked pretty red. Excuse yourself by pretending to take a call and follow him.”

The nudge to his side propelled him into action more than the words, and he found himself just kind of following after the black capped man, belatedly pulling his phone up to his ear.

Fuck. What was he supposed to do?

Luckily, his phone rang then, and after nearly dropping it as he tried to pick the call up, Hoseok put it to his ear to hear, “just wait for him to go outside, and then check if there's anyone about. If it's clear,
just follow your instincts and pounce him. A good whiff of his scent should set you off.”

The black capped man pushed through the back door and into the night air, rolling his shoulders. He didn’t go too far from the door, sighing to himself and leaning back against the wall as he scrubbed one hand over his face. A moment later he was reaching into his pocket to pull out a pack of cigarettes, moving to light one and oblivious to Hoseok’s presence.

Hoseok wasn’t really looking at the man, too busy trying not to be conspicuous. “I— he stopped for a smoke, Seokjin-sshi. Do I—?”

“Yeah. Perfect. You might want to get him before he lights up. Smoke makes the blood taste a bit gross. Good luck!”

And with that the line went dead.

Hoseok swallowed, putting the phone back into his pocket. The cap man had already started smoking. Maybe he should wait until the guy finished smoking. He didn’t want to cause a fire if the cigarette fell onto something flammable.

But maybe he should take an experimental whiff first. Just to see how this should work. And he did, only to be utterly surprised because—

Fuck? This guy smelled pretty good. He smelled really sweet despite the smoke, and he also smelled oddly familiar… and reassuring… and…?

Hoseok didn’t even realized he’d already moved forward, the fangs in his mouth lengthening, and he’d already reached out for the guy’s wrists, grabbing them and pinning them to the wall—

"The fuck?!!" The cigarette fell out of his target's hand, one foot reflexively kicking Hoseok in the shin before— "Hoseok? What the fucking hell—"

Because, apparently, Hoseok's random target wasn't so random after all.

Hoseok barely registered the kick, but the voice jolted him out if his daze. And for a moment, he just
stared blankly at the familiar squinty eyes staring daggers at him from under the locks of fluffy blonde hair poking out from a cap. All the while, Hoseok's lengthened teeth were displayed in all their glory in his slack-jawed mouth for everyone to see.

“Oh fuck.” Hoseok said as he realized exactly who it was he was pinning against the wall. “What the fuck are you doing here, Yoongi?!”

Chapter End Notes

Curi here. And obviously I'm not as nice as Yeonah is in the notes.

/cackles. Suffer the cliffhangerrrrrrr

So for now, the update schedule is twice a week, once on Wed night and once on Friday night (GMT). But that might change as betaing this chapters are going a bit slow.

If you're not already, follow us on twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene. Or you can check out the fabulous moodboard thread and give it a like and maybe a retweet. Recently did up Hobi's character moodboard and there'll be more on the way!
“What the fuck are you doing here, Yoongi?!”

For a long moment, Hoseok and Yoongi just stared at each other — Hoseok pinning his coworker to the dirty brick wall, Yoongi’s hands grabbing the vampire fledgling’s forearms in an effort to push him off.

"I could say the same thing— why the fuck are you holding me, let go," Yoongi hissed. He couldn't quite budge Hoseok's hands. "Why are you… holy shit." His eyes became the size of dinner plates as he stopped and stared at Hoseok’s open mouth.

Hoseok stared back at Yoongi, registering the horror on Yoongi’s face with a squeak of alarm. Fuck. His fangs.

Letting go of Yoongi with a whimper, Hoseok quickly used his hands to cover his mouth. “Fuck. I'm so sorry.”

"What the fuck are those? Some Halloween prop? It's May, Hoseok," Yoongi rubbed his sore wrists, eyeing the younger man.

“I— er. Yeah!” Hoseok said urgently, “yeah! Halloween er… Testing it… out?”

"...is this why you asked to switch shifts?” Yoongi's eyes narrowed. "Let me see."


Maybe it was because Yoongi was kind of tipsy that he reached out, pulling Hoseok back by one arm. "Let me see," he tugged on the hand hiding Hoseok’s mouth. It was more out of surprise that Hoseok let Yoongi tug his hand away — the human wasn’t the strongest to begin with, and certainly now he wouldn't have been able to overpower Hoseok.
Blinking in alarm, Hoseok stared blankly at Yoongi. “What the fuck?”

Yoongi was staring at Hoseok's fangs. “…Shit. They look real. Are those your actual teeth?”

“No…” Hoseok immediately replied, staring down at Yoongi with something akin to terror. His mind was utterly blank right now.

“You're a bullshit liar,” Yoongi mumbled, still staring. ”And what were you doing just now? Trying to take a chunk out of my neck?”

“Erm.” Hoseok's lip was beginning to wobble. “I-I wasn't… I… I didn't mean— mean it. I just— You smell really good and I—”

It was clear Yoongi was thinking hard; the man wasn’t an idiot. And he knew Hoseok wouldn't be getting this emotional over a prank, let alone on the verge of tears. That left only one possibility, even if it was insane. “…You're a vampire,” Yoongi concluded, narrowed eyes widening.

“Huh?” Hoseok's mouth opened and closed for a moment, the panic starting to overwhelm him. His brain was screaming at him to deny it… But this was Yoongi. How could he lie to Yoongi? “I— Y-Yoongi… please…”

“...How the hell…” Yoongi was still letting that sink in, arms falling limp to his sides. He just stared for a good moment. "Okay… you're a vampire. When did that happen? I saw you a few days ago."

With his human senses, Yoongi had no idea that they were being watched, Namjoon's figure leaning against the corner a little farther down and keeping a careful eye on them. Seokjin was beside him, a deep frown on his face, even as he watched Hoseok take a careful step back, watery eyes eyeing Yoongi warily.

“I… just y-yesterday. You… you're not freaking out?”

"Oh I'm screaming in my head right now," Yoongi said blankly, with all the emotion of a dead man. "What happened— Shit, I need to sober up," he rubbed his face with one hand before stomping out the cigarette lying at his feet. "Can't talk about something like this in a dirty alley— My place isn't far, if we head there can you keep your fangs to yourself? Vampires, fucking hell…”
“Erm-” Hoseok fidgeted before looking to the side where Namjoon and Seokjin were waiting. “I- I'm kind of… Not alone though…”

And then he winced, because he could hear Seokjin say in a carrying whisper, “I swear. We need to stop bringing back people with head wounds.”

Yoongi followed Hoseok's gaze and immediately shuffled away a step when he noticed their company. "…More vampires? What the hell is going on, Hoseok.”

Hoseok winced, “they're… They're mentoring me. I- I… They brought me here to practice hunting — but they're nice people! I swear! We were practicing so that when I drink from people I don't take too much blood—”

"So you were planning to bite me," Yoongi hissed.

Namjoon decided now was a good time to step out of the shadows. "Hoseok? Is this a friend of yours?"

Hoseok flinched backwards at the hiss, head turning to look at Namjoon with a helpless expression on his face. “N-N-Namjoon-sshi…”

"Who the hell are you," Yoongi was staring warily at Namjoon.

"I'm a friend of his too," Namjoon said, both hands up to show he didn't mean any harm. "He can vouch for me. So… you two know each other, obviously. Hoseok, do you want to leave? We can pick this up another time." Hoseok looked about to fall apart.

“Erm, I.” Hoseok looked nervously from Namjoon to Yoongi. “Will I be okay with him alone? I don't wanna… I just don't wanna hurt him…”

"Hey. C'mere," Namjoon motioned Hoseok to come over to where he and Seokjin were.
Hoseok looked over at Yoongi before shuffling over to Namjoon’s side.

Seokjin had his arms folded, and before anyone could say anything, he said, “don't be silly. You'll be absolutely fine.”

Namjoon's lips quirked as he glanced towards the older vampire, before nodding. "…Yeah. You held yourself well just then, stopping because he's a friend. And we stuffed you with enough blood to keep you from losing control. If you want to go with him, then go. Keep fresh cologne on your sleeve and excuse yourself if you find your control slipping."

Hoseok glanced back at Yoongi, before swallowing. “I- if you two are sure…”

“Very. Not every fledgling could do what you did.” Seokjin was smiling warmly at Hoseok for once. “So don't worry. You'll be fine.”

"You have us on speed dial if you need anything," Namjoon clasped his shoulder before stepping back. "Meet up with us before sunrise, alright?"

Hoseok didn't realize how much Namjoon’s and Seokjin's approval had meant to him until now. It was strange, since he'd only known them but two days before, but some instinctive part of him was soothed by their encouragement, like how he used to be by his parents. “I… Right.”

“You better go. Your friend looks like he's about to murder us.” Seokjin glanced over to where Yoongi was standing.

“Nah. He always looks like that.” Hoseok automatically reassured. “I'll see you… tomorrow?”

"Technically, it's today," Namjoon snorted, glancing at his phone; it was past midnight. He squeezed Hoseok's shoulder before pulling away.

Yoongi's wary eyes remained on the two other vampires until they were gone and Hoseok had returned to his side. "…So… what were those, your… vampire parents or something?"

“Er… more like father and grandfather actually.” Hoseok fidgeted, “I'm… I'm sorry by the way.”
Yoongi adjusted his cap, a small frown marking his expression. "…If you think you can avoid drinking my blood, let's go. My place is this way, we'll talk more there." He stuffed his hands in his pockets, turning to walk.

Hoseok shrunk a little on himself, pulling his sleeve up to his nose and taking in another sharp breath before catching up to Yoongi. "Yeah. Er. I won't. Drink your blood. I mean. I swear."

Yoongi didn't really say anything as they walked through the alleyway and back onto the side streets. From the expression on his face he was using the time to absorb what had just happened, the fact that vampires existed, and that one of his coworkers had been turned into one. But Hoseok knew that Yoongi was the sort who needed that silence to properly process things. It tended to unnerve other people who waited far longer than they wanted for an answer. Unnerved Hoseok at first too, in fact, but he'd since realized that Yoongi didn't mean any harm.

Yoongi's apartment was in a large complex that while not run down and infested, was definitely the sort of place someone living alone and on a budget would stay. He unlocked the door before Hoseok before pausing, glancing back at him. "…Do I have to invite you in or some shit?"

Hoseok was quiet the whole way, knowing that he'd probably get snapped at if he tried to talk. Instead, he'd decided to concentrate on his own thoughts, and try not to obsessively think about what he would do if Yoongi told him to get lost and never to come find him again. He didn't realize when they'd reached Yoongi's place. And he blinked owlishly at the question. "Huh? Oh. No. That's a myth apparently."

"Okay. Got it." Yoongi sighed, stepping inside and turning on the lights. His place was small and typical of a single male living alone, though some effort had been made to keep the place from turning into a garbage heap. Better than Hoseok's apartment at least. Hoseok tried, but Jimin had a bad habit of leaving things around whenever he was in a hurry. He did get to it eventually, but Hoseok would have cleaned up before then, too bothered by the mess.

Anyway, Yoongi had slipped off his shoes and walked in, tossing a sweater off the couch and dropping down. "Okay… vampires." He scrubbed one hand over his face. "You said yesterday?"

Hoseok nervously entered, glancing around the place. This place… smelled entirely of Yoongi. It was… strangely calming actually.

It took Hoseok a while to realize Yoongi was talking to him. "Huh? What? Oh. Er. Yeah."
Yesterday… I was out throwing the trash and er. Well, the lamp post fell on my head apparently.”

”… The lamp post fell on your head,” Yoongi repeated blankly.

Hoseok winced, “I know it sounds incredible, but it’s the truth. The lamp on the lamppost was probably loosened by that dumb lady tossing her trash down from the window all the time. And so… Yeah. Apparently, I was dying. And Namjoon, that’s the guy who came over, turned me to save me.”

”…Okay,” Yoongi leaned back on the couch, pulling his cap off and freeing his dyed blond hair. ”So… what’s your game plan now? Switch to a night shift job and hunt at clubs for drunks?”

Hoseok winced at that, “I- well. I’ll have to for the first one. I apparently will burn to ashes in the sun. But the second one… No. Namjoon and Seokjin supply me with blood packs. I was only out h-hunting because they were trying to train me to do it without killing anyone, in case I ever really need to.”

”Huh… blood packs? Where are they getting them?” Yoongi raised an eyebrow. ”Are you going to sit, or stand there all night?”

“Huh? Er.” Hoseok blinked before looking back at Yoongi. “I can sit down?”

Yoongi just gave him a look.

Hoseok flinched again, “I don't know. I'm kind of… never mind…”

And he went and plonked himself a safe distance away from Yoongi on the couch.

”So… you didn't answer my question.”

“Oh. Blood packs? Right. Erm. Seokjin’s a doctor, so he get access there. From the sound of it, he supplies quite a few people.” Hoseok explained.
Yoongi frowned at that, but just nodded. "…And you trust those two. They're not going around killing people."

Hoseok hadn't even thought about that. "I- I don't think they're that sort of people? They seem nice… even bought me a fridge and blackout curtains to put on my dorm."

"…Why do you need a fridge," Yoongi's eyes had narrowed again in confusion.

"Er— to store blood bags." Hoseok quickly explained, "'cause I'm supposed to visit them weekly to get my supply. And er— I can't put it in my kitchen fridge because... Jimin."

Which reminded Hoseok of the mess that had happened earlier in the dorm. Shit. He still didn’t know what to tell Jimin.

Yoongi blinked at him. "Right." He sighed, folding his arms across his chest and leaning back on his couch. "Wait… what are you going to do about work, and school? If you burst into flames in the sun, you're going to be in a hell of a lot of trouble."

Hoseok scratched his head. "Well, apparently we can go out as long as we're properly, erm— covered. So like face mask, cap, sunglasses… gloves. Obviously I'm going to have to request more night shifts for work…"

Saying that second part pained Hoseok a little. He was going to miss afternoon shifts.

And Yoongi seemed to know it, from the way he looked at Hoseok. "…At least you're alive," he said finally, looking away. "That's what's important, right? You're alive and managing this, and we won't have to write 'killed by a light post' on your tombstone."

Hoseok looked up at that before offering Yoongi a weak smile. "Yeah… That would be pretty lame, huh?"

"Somehow, it suits you. Doesn't mean I'd want to see it." Yoongi wrinkled his nose a little. "So… your next shift is the one you took from me? Closing tomorrow? Or I guess… today."
Hoseok nodded, rubbing his arm a little. “We- yeah.” He deflated. He wasn't looking forward to working around a lot of people. “That’s going to be fun.”

“…So you just… keep a blood bag in your locker or something?” Yoongi couldn't help the small snort of disbelief at his own words. "And actually lock your shit up cause if one of the others opens your locker by mistake they may call the cops."

Hoseok whined, covering his face. “Shit. I forgot about that. But yeah, I'm going to have to do that… And maybe stuff one under my shirt or something. But…”

“It's still going to be super distracting. Fuck, Yoongi. It's really weird. Like the smell of a human now is like smelling a pizza baking. It's so weird.” Hoseok still hadn't lifted his face from his hands.

"…That's not making me feel better," Yoongi said dryly, but there was no malice in his voice. "But hey, then the solution's easy right? We keep you so stuffed you don't fucking care if there's twenty baking pizzas around you or not."

Hoseok whined, “gonna have to. And I'll just have to keep my sleeve on my nose… Forever I guess.”

And then Yoongi was lost again. "…Sleeve on your nose. Is that some vampire habit they never wrote about?"

“Huh? Oh. No.” Hoseok finally lifted his head, gesturing to his sleeve. “Neat trick to make sure I don't get caught up in the smells and bite someone on accident. Dabbed some cologne here and it helps kill off the smell of… any other thing I'm smelling really.”

"Got it." Yoongi looked a little amused by that, the corner of his lips quirking. Then he groaned and rested his head back. "Vampires, huh. I need another drink. Can you still drink? Alcohol, not blood."

“Apparently,” Hoseok shrugged. Alcohol wasn't a big loss. He used to be able to hold his own pretty well, but he was a social drinker more than anything. “I can still eat too. Normal food. Just it's not that great for my gut is all.”

"So at least you can fake it without losing your lunch."
Yoongi pushed himself to his feet, wandering off into the kitchen. He came back with two bottles of beer in his hands, holding one out to Hoseok. "If there's one thing you need after the past two days, it's a fucking drink."

Hoseok raised an eyebrow, a genuine smile finally gracing his face as he took the beer. "You sure that's not more for you?"

"I always need a drink. And a smoke. Working a coffee shop and retail is going to kill me one day." Yoongi sat himself down next to Hoseok, not across the couch like he had been, and popped the cap off his bottle. "Here's to being a vampire," he clinked his bottle against Hoseok's.

"Cheers." Hoseok snorted, but his grin widened as he pulled the bottle back, taking a big gulp before making a face. "Ugh. Thank god I never really drank for the taste."

"I wonder if you can still get buzzed," Yoongi mused, leaning back on the couch and taking a swig of his bottle. "If not, you could win a shit ton of drinking contests."

"I'm not going to win money for you. Seriously." Hoseok snorted, lips curling. "And really, I'm a vampire now and all you can think of is drinking contests?"

"Why not?" Yoongi shrugged. "There's gotta be some perks besides having your halloween costume set for life."

"Possibly because Namjoon and Seokjin might freak." Hoseok paused, "and that seems like a situation to attract unwanted attention. And hunters."

"…There's hunters too?" Yoongi frowned. "If you're just sipping blood packs, why would they care?"

"I… haven't exactly gotten that far to ask." Hoseok said after a pause. "I just know that there's hunters, and some of them are okay? Others aren't."

"Sounds… fun." Yoongi made a face, taking another swig. "Okay, point taken, no drinking contests. Damn."
Hoseok chuckled, shaking his head. “If you didn’t drink so much, you might save more money.”

"And lose my one joy in life? Fuck that," Yoongi said empathically.

They ended up just hanging out for a couple hours at Yoongi's place, chatting with Yoongi asking random questions about vampires every now and then ("do you show up in mirrors?") But as much as Yoongi was a natural night owl he valued his sleeping time greatly, and some time around 3am he kicked Hoseok out the door, even though Hoseok had barely touched his beer, stopping after feeling queasy from a couple of sips.

"You going back home?" Yoongi asked, leaning against the doorway and rubbing one eye. "You okay with that roommate of yours?"

Hoseok winced, before sighing. “I'm going to meet with Namjoon and Seokjin first. Then probably going home. To be honest, I don't know what I'm going to do with Jimin. It was… Really, really awkward.”

"You didn't try to bite him, right? So you're not outed yet. Just walk in there like you normally do and don't overthink it," Yoongi said. "You act hella suspicious when you overthink things."

“No. Just. Erm. I kind of broke a doorknob. And Namjoon told him really good lies. But yeah. I'm so shit at lying, Yoongi… how do I not overthink things? He's going to corner me for sure.” Hoseok wrinkled his nose.

"Well, whatever lies your vampire dad said, remember what those are and just repeat them. Say you're tired and want to sleep and get away from him," Yoongi said. "Just don't go deer in the headlines, alright?"

Hoseok whined, rubbing at his face. “Easier said than done. Argh. I'll... I'll try. You should go sleep. I'll see you... Saturday for night shift?”

"Yeah. See you then," Yoongi nodded, giving him a lazy smile. "You've got this, Hoseok." He lifted a hand in farewell and closed the door.
Hoseok let out a small sigh after saying goodbye to Yoongi. That had gone… Much better than expected, even though Hoseok hadn't managed to keep his secret at all.

“I've got this.” Hoseok repeated to himself, trying to will himself to believe it. “I've got this.”

****

The rest of the night went as expected. He met up with Namjoon and Seokjin as agreed, and after they’d confirmed Yoongi hadn't called the cops or media or the mental asylum, Seokjin threw a total bomb at Hoseok, making him feed on some passed on drunk guy in the alleyway that they'd found.

Hoseok had no problem stopping. As much as the blood was filling, it also tasted gross — the taste more like vodka than anything else. Plus, the man smelled really gross — like stale sweat and alcohol.

Thankfully, the confrontation with Jimin never happened, his roommate fast asleep by the time Hoseok had come back, and when he woke, Jimin was already out. Not that Hoseok had time to really think about Jimin. He was more concerned about making sure he had everything necessary to survive his first day at work.

Despite his nerves, he managed to remember everything. He didn't manage to get out of cashier duty, his manager looking at him oddly at his request to stick to coffee making since Hoseok was one of the few who actually liked cashier duty. But he managed to get two hours in without jumping anyone, even if he had to cop out to take a blood bag after the first hour, and he'd pretended to sneeze into his sleeve at least a few hundred times already. His manager looked about ready to send Hoseok home in concern, except they were understaffed today and couldn't afford to.

It was around the two and a half hour mark when the front door chimed, and a familiar head of blond hair walked up to the counter. But hidden behind customers, Hoseok didn't notice him till he was stepping up to the cashier. "Hey."

Hoseok blinked, before his mouth widened in the biggest smile as he realized who it was standing behind the counter. “Yoongi? What are you doing here?”

"Just checking up on things,” Yoongi shrugged. He looked infinitely more awake and sober than
he’d been when Hoseok had left, hands jammed in his pockets and a wry smile on his lips. "One large black coffee. Did you have your break yet?"

“Yeah, I—” and Hoseok made the mistake of taking a big breath in. “Oh. Yeah. And… You smell really good.”

"…Now I’m not sure if that’s a compliment or if I should start running,” Yoongi snorted. "So you’ve got a couple hours left till closing? You doing okay?"

Hoseok blinked before his eyes widened, and he immediately squeaked, putting his sleeve to his nose. “Y-yeah. Getting used to things. Just. Sorry— you. Maybe it’s your cologne or something-”

Fuck, it wasn't. Yoongi just smelled really good for some reason.

Shit.

“Anyway. One black coffee?”

"Yeah," Yoongi nodded, adjusting the backpack he was wearing. He glanced towards the nearest window, where the sky outside was getting darker. "…You got here without hurting yourself?"

“Oh. Mostly…?” Hoseok’s hand twinged a little, the tip of his finger had been bandaged, having opened the curtain up a little too early.

The twitch got Yoongi’s attention, eyes narrowing a little at the bandage. "…Be careful," he said as he fished out his wallet and held out some change to pay for his coffee.

“Nah. It's on the house.” Hoseok grinned, “for coming to visit me. You made my day.”

Yoongi raised an eyebrow, before pulling his hand back. "Alright then. I'll be hanging out for a while, to get some writing done. You got any plans after you're done here?"

“Er. No? Well, I need to call Namjoon, tell him about my day. But other than that, no plans.”
Hoseok smiled, “but I need to get some chores done. My night time is my day time now.”

"Got it. Well, I don't have any early shifts tomorrow so if you want an excuse to get out of your apartment for a bit I'm around.”

Hoseok blinked, “sounds great. Or like. If you want we could hang out at my place? Then you can just stay around until you need to go. We'd have more time. I kind of am stuck in my room once the sun comes up. We could get booze on the way back? Got some extra money now that I don't have to eat food so much.”

"You won me at booze,” Yoongi snorted. He made his way over to a free table in the corner of the cafe, sitting down and pulling his laptop and headphones out of his bag to get some work done.

Hoseok couldn't help the silly smile on his face as he went to make Yoongi's coffee. They'd hit off really well after sharing a few shifts together — to the point where Yoongi waved off any attempts of Hoseok trying to call him hyung. The older man was amazing in Hoseok's eyes. Despite not being able to find a proper job with his degree, he was still going strong, working two part time jobs to support himself while writing music in his spare time.

Hoseok brought Yoongi’s coffee to him once he was done, but didn't have time to do much more after that: the night time rush hour having come in from the part time university down the road. And it wasn't until nearly closing time that Hoseok finally had the chance to breathe — metaphorically and literally.

Yoongi stayed all that time, headphones over his ears and scribbling things in his notebook, sometimes switching to the laptop. He seemed oblivious to what happened around him, but Hoseok would catch him glancing at the counter every once in a while. But maybe that was because he'd picked a seat facing the room. Odd, he usually hated distractions when working, and would be more likely to pick something facing the street. But maybe there hadn't been any free when he first sat down.

Anyway, Yoongi didn't move until the last customer was out and the front door locked, starting to slowly pack up. Standing and stretching, he slung his bag over one shoulder and made his way into the back where Hoseok was cleaning up. The other two on shift with Hoseok had left already. "Hey. You made it."

Hoseok looked up at Yoongi as he put away the last of the cups with a small, tired smile. “Yeah. I did. Not without needing that second bag though… And I feel like I'll need another one once I get back.”
Yoongi nodded, hands in his pockets. "I have no clue how much blood is considered normal intake, but sure. You said your vampire dad and… granddad? Are keeping you stocked? Do you have enough?"

“For now. But I might need to go find them earlier than I expected. I'm drinking a bit more than I should.” Hoseok sighed, “anyway. Gimme a few minutes, I'll be done soon.”

"Yeah." Yoongi moved to the back door. He pulled out his phone to occupy himself while Hoseok was busy, leaning against the wall.

It didn't take too long before Hoseok was done locking up, with some good natured ribbing about Yoongi just standing there and not helping (but of course why should Yoongi help? He'd have to do this exact thing tomorrow).

“My place is just 5 minutes walk away.” Hoseok announced cheerfully as he locked the front door. “Actually I'm surprised it took you so long to come over.”

"I don't make a habit of inviting myself over to coworkers' apartments," Yoongi snorted, waiting for him. He glanced overhead at the clear sky. "And your roommate sounds like a headache."

“Really?” Had he been complaining about Jimin that much? “He's not that bad. Just a bit naggy sometimes, and a tiny bit messy. And he keeps odd hours… and he's a bit touchy about privacy. But he helps keep the bills paid so…”

"Could be worse, I know. But that's why I got out of needing a roommate as soon as I could,” Yoongi said, following along beside Hoseok as they started walking. "You have a one out of ten chance of landing a decent one who pays their bills, doesn't eat your food, doesn't try to have sex in your bedroom and isn't a sociopath."

“Sounds like you've had a bad history with roommates.” Hoseok coughed, “I guess it's a good thing you don't room with me. I keep forgetting to pay bills. Which is why Jimin does it.”

"That's what automatic deposit is for," Yoongi rolled his eyes. "So you don't get your hot water shut off one day."
Hoseok laughed sheepishly. “Well. I didn't know that. Jimin got it all settled for me now. So in the scale of things, he's not that bad.”

"That just fills one out of the four basic requirements to being a decent roommate," Yoongi glanced at him with a smirk. "Let's not get ahead of ourselves."

Hoseok shook his head in amusement. “He does have this odd love for silver things. I don't think I can go anywhere near his room anymore.”

“So the whole silver thing is true then? Silver does what, burns on contact?" "It starts off feeling like an allergic reaction from physical contact. And I guess it'll burn after too long. But it saps our strength apparently. And if we get stabbed by it, the wound isn't going to heal for a long while. So we'd probably die from that.”

"Huh… so what… kills vampires exactly? The sun, stake through the heart? Blood loss if what you just said is any indication… need to know if I should be keeping you away from pointy objects at work," Yoongi said.

“Well. Essentially you just got to kill me faster than I heal I think.” Hoseok scratched his head. “So I guess stabbing me anywhere after I don't drink blood for a while would kill me too.”

Yoongi wrinkled his nose. "So you can still die from most of the same things, just takes more effort. I thought vampires were immortal or something.

“Well… longer lifespans in that sense?” Hoseok shrugged. “As long as we don't get stabbed I guess.”

Just as Hoseok had said, his apartment was barely five minutes away from the cafe. So it took them no time at all to reach it, taking the elevator up to the right floor. As Hoseok unlocked the door and let them in, Yoongi glanced around the inside of the small apartment. "Looks like your roommate isn't in?"

“Seems like it?” Hoseok shrugged, “like I said, he keeps really odd hours. Anyway I'm going to put the booze in the fridge. Want some water first?”
"Sure." Yoongi slipped his shoes off and wandered in. "You going to have one of those bags?"

"Yeah. It's in my room. I don't think Jimin will be back soon so I can probably pour my blood in a cup and come out here and drink with you." Hoseok said as he put away the drinks.

"A sophisticated vampire?" Yoongi snorted, going to the window and looking out. "Better than straight out of a blood bag I guess."

"It helps me keep some semblance of normalcy." Hoseok shrugged as he went to pour the water for Yoongi. "Take a seat in the kitchen or something."

"So do your fangs come out when you're drinking blood from a cup?" Yoongi wondered even as he made his way back into the kitchen, hopping up onto a bar stool.

"Yeah. It's hella uncomfortable." Hoseok sighed, "apparently I'll be able to control it after a while. Just not now."

Yoongi hummed in understanding, watching Hoseok bustle around. When he was offered the glass of water, he took it with a mumbled thanks. "Well… I guess you're only, what, three days old?"

"Essentially." Hoseok shrugged, "gimme a bit I'll go get my bag from my room."

"Yeah." Yoongi watched him go, taking a few sips from the glass of water.

Hoseok was back in the kitchen with a bag soon enough, and he put it down on the table while his rummaged for a cup and a pair of scissors. "Are you hungry? I could heat something up for you?"

"Nah, I'm good," Yoongi watched Hoseok with a raised eyebrow, placing his glass down. "You good with that?" Hoseok didn't always have the most steady hands.

"Er. Guess you could help me open the blood pack." Hoseok handed the scissors to Yoongi.
Yoongi wrinkled his nose but slid off the stool to walk over. Handling a blood bag wasn’t exactly something he wanted to do, but he was far less squeamish than Hoseok so after a sigh he took the scissors. "You got it?" He held one corner, snipping off the end so that it was easy to pour out.

“Mmm.” Hoseok nodded, prompting Yoongi to let go.

Unfortunately, Hoseok’s grip wasn’t as secure as it should have been on the sloshy bag, the vampire underestimating the weight of it.

Next thing he knew, Hoseok was staring wide in alarm, seeing Yoongi basically blood splattered, his arms and shirt covered in cold blood. "Fuck, Hoseok!"

Hoseok blinked, only just noticing that he too was covered in blood “What? Shit— oh my god, I— what the fuck happened?”

"You fucking squeezed the shit out of it." And it was then that Hoseok noticed that he had the once full bag in his hands clutched in a death grip. Yoongi took a step back, blood dripping onto the kitchen tiles.

“Shit.” And Hoseok quickly dumped the bag in the sink, wincing. “Sorry. I just reacted on reflex.” He really hadn’t gotten used to his new strength yet. “Lemme, erm—” Shit, there was so much blood everywhere; and mixed with the fact that Hoseok was getting thirsty, it was inevitable that his fangs had come out. “Fuck these fangs.”

"You have another bag, right? Suck on that one, not me." Yoongi shuffled to the sink in an effort to wash the blood off his arms. "This is fucking gross."

“I know, I know. Just. Erm— lemme wash my hands first.” Hoseok moved closer to Yoongi to try to get his hands under the spray. “I—”

“What the fuck?”

Unfortunately, Hoseok recognized that voice.
Hoseok whirled around in alarm to see Jimin standing at the doorway to the kitchen. “Holy shit—”

Yoongi swore under his breath. They both looked like a murder scene, then there was Hoseok's fangs. Which he probably had on display right now because he'd turned around like an idiot. Yoongi yanked on Hoseok's arm to turn him back around. "Close your mouth dipshit," he hissed, glancing back at Jimin.

There was very little way to explain this.

Hoseok quickly closed his mouth, deciding not to argue with Yoongi. And he watched nervously as Jimin blinked warily at them, carefully putting the bags of groceries in his hands down. "...So... what the fuck is this? Is this some weird vampire kink that you have, Hoseok?"

Hoseok couldn't help himself. “What the fuck? No!”

Yoongi sighed heavily. So much for keeping his mouth closed. Those fully-extended fangs were hard to miss. "...Look, we can explain in a minute," he said gruffly, nudging Hoseok's side. "Get changed and I'll clean this up. Let me borrow one of your shirts while you're at it."

Hoseok blinked at that, still staring at Jimin indignantly, but he swallowed, then nodded. “I'll— I'll be right back.”

Jimin eyes Hoseok warily as he walked past, giving the other boy some space, which was a little hurtful actually. But Hoseok didn't want to think about it right now.

He'd just go clean up and then get Yoongi a shirt. Maybe a towel or something, and just... not think about it..

Unfortunately, that would be harder than he would have thought, since he now had a vampire's heightened sense of sound.

He could hear everything the other two were saying even though he wasn't really trying to.

Once the door to the room had close, Jimin started talking again. “So you're not his one night stand?”
"Hell no. Coworker." And Hoseok could totally imagine Yoongi making a face. And then, there was a pause before there was the sound of something like a cloth hitting the floor, and then the sound of water running. "Fucking gross."

“Right.” Jimin was speaking again. “So. Co-worker. I presume at the cafe? How come you're all covered in blood? And Hoseok has some really realistic looking fangs in his mouth?”

Jimin nagged like a mother, and his intuition was also like a mother's — sharp whenever there was any sign of mischief going on. Hoseok knew it would be hard to try to pull the wool over Jimin's eyes, especially since he'd walked in on them (literally) redhanded.

It seemed like Yoongi had come to this same deduction and just decided to cut the crap.

"Your roommate's a vampire," he said blankly. "Newly turned a couple days ago or something like that. He's a fucking clumsy vampire who squeezed the shit out of the blood bag he was supposed to be drinking and now it's all over me."

A pause. “I… was not expecting that.”

And after another moment, he said, “I think I need a drink.”

Yoongi laughed, the sound loud in the quiet kitchen. "Yeah. That's what I said too. We just brought back a case, it's in the fridge."

The sound of the fridge door opening — Jimin must have made a beeline for the fridge. Then he said, “that seriously smells really gross.” The clank of a metal can hitting the side of the fridge as it's taken out. “It really is real blood, huh?”

"Yes, and it is gross, be thankful you weren't the one wearing it." The sound of water had stopped. Yoongi must have turned off the tap. "I liked this shirt too. You got garbage bags anywhere?"

“Yep.” There was the sound of a drawer opening, then the rustling of plastic. “So that's really not your blood, right?”
"No. I don't like him that much," and Hoseok snorted as he dumped his shirt into a stray plastic bag he'd found in his room at Yoongi's reply. "Apparently he gets it from another vampire. You're taking all this pretty well."

Jimin let out a small laugh. "To be honest, I'm not at all. I'm still in the middle of processing…. Whatever this is."

The crack and hiss of a can being opening. Jimin must have cracked open his beer. "That really is real blood. Fuck."

"Uh-huh." Yoongi sounded like he was doing something, from the way he was moving. But Hoseok wasn't sure what. "Real blood, real vampire. Makes me wonder if I should be worrying about werewolves or some other shit too."

"It does make you wonder huh." There's the sound of a can clicking against the counter. "Here, lemme help you."

There wasn't any more conversation after that, and Hoseok realized he hadn't done very much at all while eavesdropping, only having taken off his shirt. He quickly sped up, grabbing an old towel to wipe the blood off after wetting it with some water from a water bottle he'd found. (He was not going out to brave the questions until he was fully dressed again, even to go to the bathroom.) Once he was done, he went back out, the towel and shirt Yoongi had requested in his hands. "Hey."

"If it isn't the boy wonder." It seemed they were mostly cleaned up. And Yoongi was just finished scrubbing off the blood from his neck, tossing the used paper towel in the garbage back. He walked up to Hoseok, taking the offered shirt. "Thanks. We got most of the mess off the floor… and cabinets… and counter." And then, right in front of Hoseok, he pulled the shirt over his head and bare chest.

Hoseok was not expecting that. It was a little bit disorienting, because one second, Yoongi was in front of him, and the next thing he knew, Hoseok was peering at Yoongi behind the doorway — which Hoseok wasn't sure was better, because even though Yoongi's bare chest was further away, it also meant he could get a proper, full view instead of just the impression of pale white skin. He's vaguely aware of Jimin saying amusedly, "well… there goes any way of foisting this off to me as some kind of weird sex thing."
Yoongi blinked over at Hoseok, before he pulled the shirt down the rest of the way. "...Well what the fuck did you expect me to do, walk around looking like a serial killer?" he grumbled, pushing one hand through his blond hair. "I saved you the trouble of going deer in headlights and told him. He hasn't run out screaming yet."

"No— just. Use the bathroom to change or something!" Hoseok yelled, looking over to Jimin. "He just pulled the shirt over his head!"

"Yes." Jimin agreed dryly, "we’re also all dudes here. I mean. Sure. I'm bi— so are you, but still."

"Things I didn't know about my coworker. Are you done hiding, or am I that hideous?" Yoongi called over to Hoseok. "For a fucking vampire you're a hell of a chicken."

"It's a lot of bare skin exposed to the air!" Hoseok yelled back. His cheeks felt warm. Was that normal for a vampire? "Lots of bare skin I can skin my teeth into!"

Jimin raised an eyebrow. "Somehow it sounds like he's lying though."

"You suck, Jimin!"

"No, apparently you do." Jimin replied airily. He'd seemed to have gotten over the shock of Hoseok being a vampire, picking up his can of beer to drink again.

"The shirt is on, so grow a pair and get out here. Did you do the smart thing and drink while you were in there?" Yoongi walked back into the kitchen to tie up the garbage bag and carry it to the door.

"Er... yeah. That's why I took so long." Hoseok did look a little less pale and tired than earlier. "But the kitchen still smells like blood..."

"You'll probably have to go at it with disinfectant for the smell, but we got the worst of it off," Yoongi said. "Gonna toss this, gimme a sec." He stuffed his feet into his shoes and stepped out of the apartment with the bag.
But that also meant that Jimin was left alone with Hoseok for a moment. “So… Vampire.”

Hoseok looked back at Jimin, his expression blank, and despite his best efforts, there was still a slight tremble in his hands. “Y-yeah.”

“And this happened how long ago? Because I'm pretty sure you were human at least last week.”

“Just…three days ago.” Hoseok sighed.

“And you told your co-worker there?”

“He found out by accident.” And he winced at Jimin’s look of amusement.

“Seems to be a trend with you.” Jimin snorted, “at this rate I'll whole apartment will know at the end of the month.”

Hoseok groaned.

Yoongi came back in a minute later, kicking his shoes off and going to wash his hands. "Definitely need that beer now," he sighed, going to the fridge. "You want one Hoseok?" He called over even as he heard Hoseok's phone go off.

“Nah. You guys go ahead. I gotta take this text.” Hoseok looked over at his phone before wrinkling his nose. “Ugh it's Namjoon.”

“Namjoon?” Jimin piped up. “The guy who gave you the fridge?”

"That's your vampire dad, right?” Yoongi walked over to the couch with a beer in hand, dropping down. "What's he want?"

“Eh? Just finding out how my day was. Did I bite anyone on accident.” Hoseok paused looking up
at Jimin. “I should probably tell him Jimin found out, huh?”

"Probably," Yoongi said blandly, looking around the apartment. "…Question. What the hell happened to your bedroom door?"

Jimin blinked, “that Namjoon guy broke it with the fridge, didn't he?”

“Eh. Oh. That was me.” Hoseok paused in his texting. “Like I said. I don't really know my own strength yet.”

There was silence from Yoongi for a moment. "…You ripped the doorknob off your door."

Hoseok paused, flushing a little. “Erm… ye-yeah…?"

Jimin had already moved to the fridge to get them both another can of beer each.

"Super strength. Right." Yoongi slumped down further on the couch and drank half his can of beer in one shot. "Got any other parlour tricks up your sleeve?"

“Er. I heal pretty fast if I've been drinking blood regularly?” Hoseok blinked, “and you saw that I could move pretty fast. Just… No enhanced reflexes, so… That's how you got me squeezing everything out of a blood bag when trying to grab it.”

"So you're a clumsy vampire. Got it." Yoongi sighed. "How many bags do you have left?" And how long would they last?

Hoseok made a face. “Not that many. I think I'll need to visit Namjoon in a few days.”

"I'll go with you, if I'm not working," Yoongi shrugged as he lifted his can back to his lips.

Jimin looked on with interest. “You're going with him to possibly meet more vampires?”
"Have you met your roommate?" Yoongi raised an eyebrow. "I'm just going to make sure he doesn't accidentally eviscerate himself on a pole on the way there."

"Uuhh." Jimin still had that calculating look on his face as he threw back the last of his beer before opening a new can. "Sure."

"You don't have to go with me if it's too much trouble though." Hoseok's lips were turned down into a frown.

"I said if I'm not working, I'll go," Yoongi shrugged. "So just text me when you're planning on heading out. Besides. I gotta see these other two vampires aren't serial killers or something."

"If they were you'd probably be going to your death." Jimin pointed out.

"They're really not. Namjoon's really, really nice. And Seokjin-sshi is kind of grumpy but he's pretty nice too."

"I'll judge that for myself when I see them," Yoongi made himself comfortable, finishing his can of beer and reaching out for the second one Jimin had brought over. "What about you, huh?" That was directed at the roommate. "You gonna keep this idiot from frying his ass in the sunlight?"

Jimin shrugged, "I can't handle rent on my own. So yeah. I kind of have to, don't I?"

"Hey, I'm not going to fry my ass in sunlight."

"Your finger," Yoongi deadpanned. "What happened to it, again? Repeat it louder for the new folk in the room."

Hoseok pouted, even as Jimin peered at it. "Huh. Did you burn it opening those new curtains of yours too early?"

"Oh my god." Hoseok covered his face. "You both suck."
"Nope. That's just you," Yoongi quipped easily.

"Oh my god—"

“Welp.” Jimin finished up his beer before pushing himself away from the counter. “If the two of you are just going to continue to be cute, I'm going to head to bed. Remember, cover your stump before you hump, kids.”

“Jimin!”

“Night, night!” Jimin smiled beatifically as he breezed back into his room.

"...I change my mind," Yoongi mused, glancing over at Hoseok with a smirk. "I do like your roommate."

Hoseok covered his face. “I hate you both.”

Chapter End Notes

Yeonah here~~ We're switching off on posting responsibilities.

Some more characters are now in the know. Hoseok really isn't good at this whole 'secret' thing.

Let us know what you thought of this chapter in the comments, and leave us a kudos if you liked it! Or say hi over on Twitter, @yeonah and @curionenene!

Check out our moodboard thread, a new moodboard should be going up sometime soon!
Chapter 4

Sure enough, Yoongi wasn’t working a couple days later when Hoseok was down to his last two blood bags and really couldn’t put off making a trip to his sire’s place any longer. Yoongi had meant it when he said he’d go with Hoseok; he wanted to get a better read on these two older vampires. Meeting Seokjin and Namjoon had been brief, and as much as Hoseok said they were both good people, Hoseok could be a little gullible at times. Yoongi didn’t know what exactly he could do if the two of them ended up being mass murderers, but he’d figure that part out later.

So it was after closing the cafe when he met up with Hoseok, hands jammed in his pockets and kicking a pebble around until the other man showed up.

"Yo," Yoongi glanced at the vampire with a small smile, as he turned to follow Hoseok down the street. "How was the shift?"

Hoseok groaned, rubbing his face. “Too many grumpy office workers to deal with, too little pay. And finished my last blood pack so let’s go before I decide you’d make a really nice snack.”

"You even try it and I'll shove smelling salts so far up your nose you'll be smelling it for months,” Yoongi threatened. And he would too. He’d already showed off his smelling salts purchase to Hoseok the day before with a surprise shove in the face. Hoseok’s reaction alone had been worth the price of the tiny bottle.

Hoseok winced and covered his nose, memory of that incident clearly still fresh. “You're so mean to me.”

"Says the guy who threatened to turn me into a snack," Yoongi quipped.

It didn’t take them very long to reach what he assumed was Namjoon’s place, heading up the elevator of a nice, well-off building. Trailing behind Hoseok, Yoongi watched as his coworker knocked on a door.

It slid open, Namjoon greeting Hoseok with a dimply smile. He was dressed comfortably in a long-sleeved shirt and trousers, looking fairly ordinary for a blood-sucking vampire. "Hey. Come in," Namjoon said as he moved aside to let them in. "How are things?"
“Hey.” Hoseok returned Namjoon’s smile with a wane one of his own as Yoongi closed the door behind them. “It’s been mostly good. I’ve just been using up my blood bags really fast, so I needed to come over early.”

“Is that Hoseok?” Seokjin’s voice called out from the kitchen. “Who’s his friend?”

Namjoon peered at Yoongi. Yoongi saw the subtle flare of his nostrils, the vampire smelling the air. "...ah... the smoker?"

"The smoker has a name, thanks,” Yoongi grumbled, eyeing him warily. "Yoongi. I’m just keeping Hoseok company.” Namjoon raised an eyebrow at that, looking at Hoseok.

"Apparently he’s worried about me.” Hoseok rolled his eyes. “He’s taken it upon himself to become my human in shining armour.”

"Apparently I have reason to be worried if you can be killed by a fucking lamppost,” Yoongi retorted.

Namjoon chuckled, turning to walk further inside. The large blinds had been drawn back after the sun had set. "Well, come in. We’ll get those bags ready. Are either of you thirsty?” It was clear he was really asking Hoseok, and only extending the question to Yoongi out of courtesy.

Hoseok had been wrinkling his nose at Yoongi, but turned away when the question was asked. “Yeah. I ran out during the middle of my shift earlier and even this ass smells really good right now.”

“We have juice, wine, soju and water.” Seokjin called out. “Has your friend eaten yet?”

"...Yeah. Water's fine," Yoongi said with a shrug. Namjoon’s nostrils flared again, but he was quiet as he wandered into the kitchen.

Hoseok turned to Yoongi a moment after Namjoon had disappeared, a mystified look on his face as he listened to something Yoongi with his human ears couldn’t pick up. “I think they're gonna make food for you anyway.”
"...I said I was fine," Yoongi grumbled. "Thought you said vampires can’t eat, why would they have food here—"

He was cut off by the doorbell going off.

Hoseok blinked, glancing at the door. The fledgling hesitated for a moment, looking at the kitchen when Seokjin yelled at Hoseok to answer it.

An apprehensive look on his face, Hoseok did as told, pulling the door open.

"We're back!" Hoseok was suddenly accosted by someone in a gaudy Hawaiian shirt, shorts and large sunglasses, the stuffing squeezed out of him. "Did you miss us— you're not Jin."

Yoongi leaned around the couch to see the guy who'd tackled Hoseok sniffing at his collar. It wasn't that the Hawaiian shirt looked bad on him, in fact he made the outfit look far too good. Like a model on vacation. He wasn't alone, someone else hovering behind him but the first guy was taking up all the room in the doorway.

Hawaiian Shirt Guy then made a noise of delight. "Whaaa you're a fledgling! Seokjin!" He wrapped his arms around Hoseok's thighs and picked him up, carrying the unfortunate fledgling to the kitchen like he weighed nothing. "Seokjin! There's a fledgling in your house!"

Hoseok on his part, looked entirely alarmed. Yoongi had a clear view of an expression like a terrified and constipated pigeon as the fledgling was carried into the kitchen entrance, Hoseok staring at Seokjin in abject terror as if pleading the older vampire to save him. Not wanting to miss out on whatever was going on, Yoongi stood and followed them.

Seokjin slowly put down the bowl he was holding, turning to look at the new arrival with an exaggerated expression of patience. “Taehyung, put the fledgling down. You’re scaring him.”

Hawaiian Shirt Guy obediently set Hoseok back on his feet, arms remaining around his waist. "He smells like Namjoon. Oh my god. Namjoon had a baby!"

Namjoon for his part had put his forehead against the fridge door and was trying very hard not to laugh.
Hoseok was spun around, and the new arrival — Taehyung — gave him a wide, boxy grin. "Hello. I'm Taehyung, what's your name?"

Hoseok looked like his mind had escaped somewhere safe from the weirdness. “H-Hoseok?”

“Oh gosh you're so cute,” Taehyung poked Hoseok's cheek. He looked younger than the rest of them but not by much. Still, his voice was deceptively deep for such a cute face. "You still got a human smell hanging around, you gotta only be a few days old!"

"…The fuck?” Yoongi thought to say as he watched the chaos unfold.

Seokjin sighed, rolling his eyes. “Always so noisy. Yah, Taehyung. Stop bothering Hoseok and take care of your own responsibilities. Jungkook looks like he's either going to pee himself or punch something.”

Yoongi was reminded of the other person who had shown up with this… whirlwind of a vampire, a rather tall, broody looking young man wearing a white shirt and long black pants, who looked like he was in pain when all eyes suddenly swivelled to him.

"Kookie's just jet lagged,” Taehyung said, patting Hoseok's hair back down after a few locks had flown in random directions. "So cute." He turned around to tell Jungkook something, and was distracted by Yoongi in the doorway. "Ohhhh the human smell was coming from him. Hello! Which are you, friend, conquest or midnight snack?"

"Fuck you," Yoongi said adamantly.

"Friend then," Taehyung concluded. "Wow, we missed so much while we were gone."

Hoseok still had a pretty much terrified look on his face, and he turned to look pleadingly at Namjoon and Seokjin for help.

Seokjin finally took pity on him. “Hoseok, Yoongi-sshi. This is Taehyung. Resident troublemaker and loudhailer. Don't worry about him, he's just an idiot. A very weird eccentric idiot.”
"And the other one is Jungkook," Namjoon offered, finally turning away from the fridge. "His babysitter."

"We were in the Bahamas," Taehyung said cheerfully. "Just got back. Though Kook wouldn't let me tan."

“What do you mean wouldn't let you tan?” Seokjin rolled his eyes. “You'd die in the sun.”

For someone who'd gone on a vacation to the Bahamas, Jungkook looked strangely exhausted.

"You haven't been to the Bahamas if you haven't tanned on the beach," Taehyung said, beelining around Namjoon and Seokjin to peer into the fridge. "Kookie, what do you want to drink? They got juice, soju, red wine…. ooo that's a good year."

“Er— juice is fine.” Jungkook said quietly, even as Seokjin called out to Jungkook. “I was just getting started on cooking some dak kalbi. That okay with you?”

Jungkook nodded, and suddenly why Seokjin had human food in their home made a little more sense.

“Erm. So. I- I think maybe I should just. Get the blood packs and go?” Which made Yoongi narrow his eyes in confusion. Hoseok wasn't normally squirmish of social situations. Glancing at the fledgling, Yoongi thought Hoseok looked weirdly anxious, and he wondered why. Was it because of Taehyung?

"Why?" Taehyung straightened, container of juice in his hands as he grabbed a clean glass and poured some out. "I wanna hear all about Namjoon's childbirth."

"…Can't you call it something else," Namjoon sighed.

"Why? It's what it is. You're his sire, you basically gave birth."
"Go, sit down, and be weird away from the fledgling," Namjoon took Taehyung by the shoulders and steered him out of the kitchen. Taehyung was happy to go, passing Jungkook the glass of juice on his way by.

Hoseok let out a breath, Seokjin looking over with a sympathetic look on his face. "He's a little overwhelming at first, but he's harmless. I think you'd probably get along well with him after a while."

Hoseok winced, rubbing his forehead. "I don't know. He— he makes me a bit nervous for some reason."

There was an odd flicker in Seokjin’s eyes before he shrugged. "Like I said, he's harmless. Go outside and join the rest. You too, Jungkook."

The younger man jumped before he nodded, scurrying off towards the living room, and Yoongi noticed Hoseok's nostrils flaring, like he was trying to smell something.

Which explained why the next thing he said was, “he… he smells a lot like Taehyung. Are he and Taehyung…”

Seokjin snorted, rolling his eyes. "He wishes. He just spends too much time with Taehyung. Anyway, go out. You haven’t drank your glass of blood yet right? Better do it before you get tempted to sink your fangs into your friend.” And Yoongi raised an eyebrow when Seokjin glanced over at him.

“R-right.” Hoseok nodded, and he flushed upon meeting Yoongi's eye, quickly gesturing for the human to exit the kitchen as Seokjin'd ordered.

Namjoon had sat Taehyung down on the couch and the new vampire was happily chatting with him, sitting on the back of the couch with his feet where his ass was supposed to be. "The sand was so clean and the water, man, you could see for miles underwater. On the nights the moon was large anyways. The constellations were all upside down."

"They're not upside down, they're entirely different," Namjoon said with all the patience of a kindergarten teacher.
"I thought Leo looked a little constipated." Taehyung fished what looked like a lollipop out of his pocket, ripping the wrapper off and popping it into his mouth. "Kookie! Come sit with me."

Jungkook obediently went over to Taehyung’s side, while it was clear Hoseok was deliberating a little as to where to sit. He finally settled the both of them beside Namjoon, careful to make sure Yoongi sat at the end, keeping himself between Yoongi and anyone else. Which was sweet. It was clear he was trying to think about Yoongi's comfort.

There was silence for a moment before Hoseok chipped up. “Erm. So… The Bahamas?”

"Yeah!" Taehyung's eyes lit up and Namjoon stifled a sigh. "Two weeks of doing absolutely nothing but playing on the beach and getting sand everywhere. It was fun. Right Kookie?” He looked down at the human, his fingers absently massaging one of Jungkook's shoulders.

Jungkook hesitated for a moment, which was kind of interesting to Hoseok. “Well. It was fun. At night. I guess.”

"…Don't tell me you tried to go out during the day," Namjoon raised an eyebrow at Taehyung, who shrugged.

"Beat hanging around inside in such gorgeous weather. And it threw off the hunters for a while to see us up and about."

“The hunters?” Hoseok blinked, sounding a little alarmed, even as Jungkook made a sound of distress.

“I practically had to cling onto him while trying to put on his cap, face mask and glasses. He wanted to go out topless Namjoon-hyung.”

"…I'm more surprised topless was all he wanted to go out as," Namjoon sighed.

"If I'd been allowed to tan there would have been no tan lines," Taehyung said around the lollipop in his mouth. It wasn’t clear if he was joking or not.
"You mentioned hunters?" Namjoon asked, moving on.

"Oh? Yeah. We had a grand time. One of them tried to sneak up on Kookie so I played soccer with his face," Taehyung said cheerfully.

Jungkook sighed, covering his face. "He was having too much fun. We were nearly caught by the police. He didn't want to stop."

"Why did the hunters sneak up on Jungkook?" Hoseok frowned, "isn't he human?"

"Well yeah, but they don't know that," Taehyung said.

"...When they're out, Jungkook is the one usually mistaken as the vampire," Namjoon explained with faint amusement. "And Taehyung is assumed to be human for as long as he behaves himself."

Jungkook sighed at that, looking a little mournful, like it was a source of consternation to him. Yoongi could sort of see why though. Jungkook was tall, dark and handsome, and he looked pretty strong, like he could crush Yoongi's head with his hands like a watermelon. Meanwhile Taehyung, despite his height and deep voice, seemed like the physical embodiment of sunshine.

Plus Jungkook’s human smell was covered with Taehyung’s, so it was a little hard to distinguish between them by scent.

“Didn't use to be that way though. Jungkook was so tiny and cute.” Seokjin’s voice suddenly called, and along with him, he brought along the smell of spicy grilled chicken.

“I hate puberty.” Jungkook said glumly.

"Why? Puberty did good on you, look at those arms," Taehyung said, leaning down to pat Jungkook’s arm. "Still got your bunny teeth too. If you'd lost your bunny teeth I would have cried ugly tears. That smells good, Jin."

Jungkook mumbled something under his breath Yoongi couldn't quite catch. Meanwhile Seokjin placed two bowls of rice down, one in front of Yoongi, the other in front of Jungkook. "I'd hope so.
Let me know how it is. If it's too salty or something. I cut down the amount of spice since the last time.”

Yoongi paused, eyeing the bowl. "Go ahead and eat," Namjoon said with a tired smile. "Seokjin's a great cook."

Glancing at Hoseok, Yoongi picked up the bowl and placed some chicken on the rice, trying a piece. It was leagues above and beyond anything he'd ever managed to cook (i.e. burn) for himself. "It's good," he agreed. "Thanks."

Curiously, Hoseok leaned over to sniff at the food, and Yoongi looked up in time to see a strange expression cross the fledgling's face before he pulled away from Yoongi.

“Yeah-” Hoseok squeaked, quickly picking up the glass of blood that had been sitting on the table for him. “Yeah. Smells good, Seokjin-sshi."


"Or eomma. But I don't envy a fledgling's hunger," Taehyung said, rolling the lollipop around his mouth as he dropped down to sit next to Jungkook properly. "Especially the needing blood bags bit. Blood bags are disgusting. Much better fresh." Yoongi eyed him.

“Call me eomma and I'm going to make sure you get the most stale blood bags I can get.” Seokjin threatened before rolling his eyes. “And don't mind Taehyung. He might drink straight from the source but it's usually with consent.”

"Usually," Namjoon sighed, before looking at Hoseok. "So.. I wanted to ask how your first couple shifts at work went. And school, have you gone to class yet?"

Hoseok made a face. “I made my friend help me take notes. Felt a little tired out by the shifts so I thought I'd deal with them one at a time.”

"Good call," Namjoon nodded. "Go with whatever pace you're comfortable with. You're doing great, you know. In a couple more days, you'll be through your first week, and without a single incident."
Hoseok wrinkled his nose. “I'm not looking forward to going to school though.” He absentmindedly rubbed his finger. The burn had really hurt.

"Is it too late to switch your courses to evening or online?” Namjoon asked, a sympathetic expression on his face.

“Yeah. Middle of the sem. And it's not like I'm sleeping with the professors or teaching assistants,” Hoseok joked.

"I can help with that,” Taehyung said matter-of-factly, then winced when Namjoon knuckled him on the head.

"Well, give it a few classes once you feel up to it, but if it's too much all at once maybe consider taking the rest of the semester off,” Namjoon said, looking at Hoseok. "Or dropping a couple classes to make it more manageable."

Hoseok groaned, “I can't really afford to though. I'm on partial scholarship, so I gotta hit a certain quota or they'll drop me.”

"We'll hit that problem when we get to it,” Namjoon reached over and squeezed his shoulder reassuringly.

Jungkook had somehow found a way to worm onto Taehyung’s lap despite the tight space of the couch. “Can't you just drop the scholarship or drop university? I mean you'll have much longer to do it now. No— ow! Jin-hyung what was that for?”

Seokjin retracted his fist from Jungkook’s head. “I somehow always forget how you growing up as Taehyung's companion screwed with your sense of reality.”

Taehyung pouted, lifting his hands and smoothing them over the top of Jungkook's hair. "He’s so mean to us."

Yoongi had been mostly quiet, busy eating and watching them all with narrowed eyes. "… Don't you have one 4pm class?” he asked Hoseok. "Try that one first, next week. It's late enough the sun
won't be high in the sky, more shadows to walk in. And it'll be near sunset by the time you finish.”

Hoseok blinked at that before smiling at Yoongi. “Yeah. I guess that would probably be best. Luckily most of the lecture theatres in campus feel like bomb shelters cut off from the rest of the world.”

"Even better. And you've had to walk outside in the sun for your shifts, so you've got this," Yoongi smirked lazily at him, nudging his side.

Hoseok sighed again. It was clear those short walks hadn't been fun at all for him, even though the evening sun wasn't as bad as the rest of the day. But Hoseok still smiled back. “Yeah. Thanks.”

Seokjin was staring curiously at them. “The two of you are coworkers?”

Yoongi nodded. “We usually do opposite shifts since he's a fucking morning person and I don't function earlier than two.”

"It's hard being a morning vampire," Taehyung said, reaching over to steal a small piece of Jungkook's chicken. "But not impossible, I mean we don't need as much sleep as humans."

Jungkook frowned, pouting at Taehyung. “You're going to end up puking again.”

Hoseok blinked at that, “people stare a lot though. When I go out on the street. And it's actually still really warm to put on so many layers of clothes.”

"I gotta get you a session with my stylist," Taehyung said to Hoseok, ignoring Jungkook's warning as he took the lollipop out of his mouth and replaced it with the chicken. "She's wicked at finding all the fashionable, light outfits with full sun protection. Gimme a night you're free and I'll hit her up.”

Hoseok blinked at that. A stylist…? Taehyung sounded like he was some kind of actor or something, “I can't afford a whole new wardrobe though.”

"Don't worry about it," Taehyung said around his chicken. "Consider it a present for surviving your first week without breaking the no-kill rule. Not that Joonie or Jin would let you."

Hoseok stared at Taehyung. “What? I couldn't possibly—”
“Just let him.” Seokjin suddenly cut in. “The more you reject him, the more ridiculous his proposed gifts get. He offered to buy me a chain of restaurants once if I cooked him some blood sausage because he was peckish.”

"What foot size are you?" Taehyung moved Jungkook out of his lap to scoot off the couch, lifting one of Hoseok’s feet up to check. "Hmmm could use some new shoes too."

Hoseok yelped, nearly kicking Taehyung in the face. “Give me some warning at least!”

"My question was my warning," Taehyung tried to measure Hoseok’s foot with his hands. "So? How about it?"

Hoseok whined, caught off guard. “Let go of my foot first!”

Taehyung obediently dropped Hoseok’s foot before looking up at him with wide puppy eyes, looking as opposite from vampire-like as someone could get.

Seokjin shook his head as Hoseok stared at Taehyung in alarm. The fledgling also, interestingly, turned over to Yoongi for advice.

"The fuck you looking at me for?" Yoongi blinked at him. "Do you want to take his offer or not?"

Hoseok whined, “I don't know. I'm tempted to but I think I'd feel guilty.”

"Why guilty?" Taehyung was blinking up at him in confusion. "I offered. It's not like you're demanding I buy you things, cause that's just rude."

“I-” Hoseok hesitated, “I don't know. I just feel like I'd owe you.”

“You don't need to feel guilty.” Jungkook piped up. “Hyung buys lots of people lots of things. He never asks for anything back.”
"And you're the baby of the family, the baby gets to be spoiled a little," Taehyung grinned up at him. "Come on, it'll be fun."

“I-I guess…” Hoseok hesitated, noticing Jungkook pouting at that statement. “Just… You and me?”

"Your sweet-smelling friend can come along too if he wants," Taehyung said, Yoongi scowling at him. "What? You smell half smokey, half honeycomb. It's a compliment!"

Hoseok blinked. “He smells more chocolatey to me,” he said before he could think better of it.

"Why are we discussing my smell," Yoongi hissed, elbowing Hoseok.

"Oh? Well to each their own. And it's interesting how each human smells so different." Taehyung crawled back up onto the couch next to Jungkook. "Kookie smells like cinnamon. He's my cinnamon bunny."

Hoseok winced at the elbow nudge, sheepish expression indicating that he’d realized how careless his words had been. And Yoongi huffed before he settled down, watching as Jungkook snuggled into Taehyung's side, gently poking the vampire’s tummy as if reprimanding him for calling him a bunny.

“Stop cuddling.” Seokjin rolled his eyes. At some point he'd gotten out his phone and was typing on it. “Jungkook, eat before your food gets cold. And I’ve got to go. Hospital’s calling me back for an emergency.”

"Aw," Taehyung pouted even as he wrapped one arm around Jungkook's shoulders, ignoring Seokjin's reprimand. "But we just got back."

"You'll see him again soon enough, you're always here anyways,” Namjoon said, looking up at Seokjin. "Good luck?"

“Yeah. I'll need it.” Seokjin sighed, cracking his neck. “Sounds like a tough surgery. Nice to meet you, Yoongi-sshi. I guess we'll be seeing you around again.”
“…Maybe,” Yoongi said gruffly, watching them. "Thanks for the food.” He'd already finished his bowl.

“No problem. If you're ever hungry feel free to come over. I like cooking and I always end up making too much anyway. You'd save that one from spending too much time with the porcelain throne.” Seokjin nodded over to Namjoon.

"Vampires aren't meant to eat human food regularly, but it's hard when Jin's a good cook and finds ways to make it taste good even for us," Namjoon sighed. "Then there's this one who doesn't even try to keep the proper diet," he jabbed a thumb at Taehyung who was happily sucking on his lollipop again.

Jungkook wrinkled his nose, poking Taehyung's tummy again. “I swear, he keeps making himself sick just to make me worry.”

"Gotta live it up a little," Taehyung shrugged, batting playfully at Jungkook's hand. "It tastes good. Especially candy. Sugar shouldn't count as human-only food."

Jungkook rolled his eyes, “yes, except you get sick from too much sugar too. Spare a thought from the one who worries about you?”

"Right, how selfish of me." Taehyung fished a second lollipop out of his pocket, holding it out to Jungkook. "Want one?"

Namjoon shook his head at them in amusement, standing up. "Hoseok, I'll put together that cooler for you."

Jungkook punched Taehyung’s arm but took the lollipop, even as Hoseok nodded. “Yeah. Thanks. I nearly forgot about that.”

"Are you leaving too?" Taehyung pouted at Hoseok as Namjoon wandered into the kitchen. "Gimme your phone, I'll add my number. You let me know when you're free, kay?"

“Er- sure.” Hoseok handed Taehyung his phone. “And yeah. I guess it's time to go back. Got some homework to do.”
Taehyung made a humming noise at that, tapping at Hoseok’s phone before handing it back. "Fair enough. I think we're leaving soon too anyways. Kookie needs to sleep off the jet lag."

“No I don’t.” Jungkook snorted, “I need to sleep because I exhausted myself running around after you.”

Hoseok was staring at his phone in some perplexity. “...Vampire… Sugar Daddy?”

"At your service," Taehyung leaned back comfortably against Jungkook and the couch.

Hoseok opened his mouth to say something before thinking better of it and closed his mouth. “...Right.”

Where was Namjoon with that cooler?

As Hoseok was looking for a way out, Namjoon returned from the kitchen. "This should keep you going for another five days at the pace you're drinking," he said, placing the cooler beside the couch. "Don't wait until the last day to pick up some more, alright?"

Hoseok nodded sheepishly (and thankfully). “Yeah, I won't. Didn't mean to hold off so long. I just finished the packs much faster than I realized I would.”

"It's to be expected. First week and all. But you're doing great." Namjoon clasped his shoulder as he sat back down.

“Thanks.” Hoseok smiled back shyly at Namjoon before he turned to look at Yoongi. “You ready to go?”

Yoongi had been ready for a while, right when this visit started turning weird, but he bit his tongue and nodded as he stood. "Yeah, let's scram."

"See you around!" Taehyung waved from his comfortable position.
Jungkook waved as well, even as Hoseok gathered up the cooler bag, waiting for Yoongi to follow. There were more pleasantries, but soon enough, they were both out of the door.

Once they'd walked some distance away, Hoseok rubbed his face. “Well that was… weird.”

"Which part?" Yoongi said dryly. "Because that whole thing was weird from start to finish, but I'm going to assume you mean your new sugar daddy."

“Well—” Hoseok closed his eyes, rubbing his face at that. “I suppose I've gotten used to the blood drinking part. But yeah… that new guy was… weird.”

"You, used to drinking blood," Yoongi snorted. "Are those three all the vampires you've met so far?"

“Well. Now I kind of have to. And it tastes nice to me…” Hoseok wrinkled his nose. “And yeah. Those are the only three.”

"Wonder how many there are in Seoul." Yoongi shook his head. They took the elevator down to the ground floor, stepping out into the night air. "Anyways. I'm off. Got stuff to do. See you at work?"

“Yeah. See you at work.” Hoseok smiled. He always enjoyed shifts with Yoongi. Somehow the other man always made time go by quickly with his snide remarks and interesting conversation topics. “Get home safe, yeah?”

"Hey, if any vampires try for my neck, I'm armed,” Yoongi snorted, patting the pocket with the smelling salts. "See you around,” he lifted a hand in farewell as he started down the street.

****

It happened a street away from a couple of hot, up-and-coming clubs. It was pretty late — around 2
a.m. in the morning, and there were more than a few drunk people roaming around in the streets, trying to get home, or getting hopelessly lost looking for the next club to crash.

It was presumably one such person, who had clung onto Namjoon as he passed, light brown hair a mused mess, loose shirt slipping to reveal shiny collarbones and a slender neck as he babbled something about Namjoon being so pretty and wouldn't Namjoon take him home?

It wasn’t that Namjoon had never dealt with drunk people in his fifty-six years of life. It was just that he was usually good enough at getting around unnoticed that it didn’t happen too often.

Which is why it took him a little longer than it should have to realize he recognized the face covered in makeup and looking like walking sex. "Er... sorry. I'm not really interested," he tried to brush off the clingy person, ignoring the smell of their blood. He left the hunting to the vampires who enjoyed it. Namjoon was more than happy with his blood bags, except for very rare occasions.

But the person clinging on didn't let go, letting out a pitiful whine. “Aww… aren't I pretty enough?” They smiled languidly and reached up to trail fingers across Namjoon's cheek. “Please?”

"Not that you're not pretty, I just... no," Namjoon said, removing the hand from his face, a little flustered by the persistence (and trying not to exert too much strength on the human accidentally). Then he squinted a little more at his assailant. "...Aren't you... Hoseok's roommate?" What had been his name again? Hoseok talked about him often enough... "Jimin-sshi?"

“Mmmmm...?” The person was indeed Jimin. And he looked like he'd downed a year’s worth of soju in one sitting. “Do I know you...? Hee... but you don't want to take me home with you... That's... mmmm... That's sad...”

Well, at this rate Jimin was going to end up either in a dumpster somewhere or going home with a less savoury character than Namjoon. "No, but I think your roommate will have my head if I don't escort you back to your place," Namjoon sighed, looking around for a taxi.

“Mmmm... taking me home?” Jimin happily wrapped his arms around Namjoon's waist, nosing his neck. Or he tried to. He had to go on unstable tiptoe to do so. “Yay!”

Namjoon tipped a little to one side, his vampire strength keeping him mostly upright despite his surprise and the grown man now attached to him. "Er... yeah. Sure. Just let me...” He managed to flag down a taxi, one arm going around Jimin's shoulders to steer him to the curb.
He helped the drunken man get inside, crawling in after him and rearranging his long legs awkwardly as he gave the driver their address.

Once inside, Jimin seemed to decide this was the perfect time for a nap, and Namjoon was a suitable bolster. And so, once the vampire had seated himself, Jimin snuggled into his side before seeming to fall fast asleep.

For his part, Namjoon just sighed and let him, leaning his head back against the cab seat and closing his eyes. He could hear the thrumming of blood in Jimin's veins, and knew it would be extremely easy even for a clumsy vampire like him to just take a few pints of it. He knew how to bite without pain, even if he wasn't as good at hunting as Seokjin and Taehyung.

But he had his own rule about not feeding from friends without permission, and well, that extended to his fledgling's friends too. So he stayed exactly where he was until the taxi pulled up to the front of the apartment building.

"Jimin, wake up," he nudged the human's shoulder as he leaned forward to pay the driver. "We're here."

Jimin slowly and groggily opened his eyes. He looked a little less drunk now, a sliver of recognition entering his gaze. “You… fridge guy…? I… where are we?”

"Outside your apartment," Namjoon said, sliding his card back into his wallet before opening the door. "Let's get you inside, can you stand?" He could smell alcohol off Jimin, but man, the guy must be a lightweight to be drunk off so little.

Jimin groaned a little, letting Namjoon pull him out of the door. “Sleepy… Why… what happened?”

"You had a few too many drinks. Here," Namjoon secured one arm around Jimin's waist to keep him upright, walking slowly to the door. "I'll need you to stay awake, I don't know the passcode to your apartment."

“Hmmmm… Hoseok's not in?” Jimin mumbled, leaning into Namjoon's side. “You're nice to hug.”

"Er… thanks? And no… he… mentioned he'd be out tonight." More like Taehyung had discovered where Hoseok worked and proceeded to drag the fledgling off right after his shift ended. Namjoon
would have heard from Jungkook if one of them had killed the other by now, so he figured they were okay.

“Ohhh… empty apartment…” and Jimin somehow managed to go from flirty to sad and forlorn in the space of 5 seconds, “I don't want to be alone…”

"I can call Hoseok and find out where he is," Namjoon suggested, somehow getting them both through the front doors and wincing as he half walked into a railing in his attempts to keep Jimin walking straight.

“Mmm… stay with me? Easier…” Jimin happily nuzzled into Namjoon's side, nearly causing them to both careen into the wall.

Namjoon winced again, straightening. "I'll do both." He'd have to stay with Jimin till Hoseok got back just in case he was sick.

Making it to the elevator, they took it up to the right floor. Jimin took about three tries to key in the passcode, and once they were inside, he seemed to want to just sink to the ground there and then to fall asleep, and he wanted Namjoon to join him.

"Come on, just a little farther," Namjoon sighed, easily keeping the man that had become dead weight up on his feet. He steered Jimin to the couch, sitting him down. "I'll get you a glass of water, you're probably dehydrated." Making sure Jimin was leaned back and not about to topple off the couch, Namjoon wandered into the kitchen to find a glass.

By the time Namjoon would get back with the water, Jimin would be lying down languidly across the couch and staring up at Namjoon. He looked a little less tired, but he also had the lazy smile from earlier. “Hello there.” He giggled flirtily.

"Hi," Namjoon held back another sigh, a tired smile on his face as he held out the glass. "Here, drink."

Jimin’s eyes centered on a somewhat lower-middle part of Namjoon’s body and licked his lips. He definitely wasn't looking at the glass of water. “Sure.”

Namjoon liked to tease Seokjin that he was the older vampire's more patient half. And he definitely
needed that patience dealing with a drunk Jimin. "Sit up, c'mon," he crouched down beside the
human and slid his free arm behind his shoulders, easing Jimin up into a sitting position. "You gotta
drink, you'll regret it in the morning otherwise." Jimin was going to have a hangover either way, but
might as well not make it worse.

Jimin pouted a little up at Namjoon. “Make me.”

Sighing, Namjoon held Jimin upright with one arm and set the rim of the glass against Jimin’s pouty
lower lip. "You gotta help me a bit here."

Jimin wrinkled his nose, but opened his mouth finally, showing a little obedience and starting to
drink from the glass that Namjoon placed at his lips.

For a moment, all seemed well. Then suddenly Jimin pulled away, spraying the water into
Namjoon’s face and collapsing into helpless giggles.

Namjoon yelped, coughing and closing his eyes to avoid getting water in them. "...Really?"

The door opened then, loud laughter echoing inside the apartment. Namjoon wiped his eyes as best
as he could, the rest of his face still dripping as he looked towards the entrance.

Hoseok blinked at the scene that greeted him, tilting his head as he surveyed the dripping wet
Namjoon and the hysterically giggling Jimin. “O...kay?”

Taehyung leaned over Hoseok's shoulder, then grinned widely. "Eyyyy Namjoon! You look like a
drowned puppy."

"...Hi Tae, Hoseok," Namjoon groaned, placing the glass of water down and wiping his face with
his sleeve as he stood up. "Hoseok, your roommate is drunk. I brought him home before he ended up
in some stranger's car."

“Oh.” Hoseok looked down at the multitude of bags he was carrying before looking at Jimin.
“That's... I never knew he got drunk outside too. Er. Lemme go put this down and then I'll take
over.”

Jimin on his part had reacted to the sound of Hoseok's voice and had sort of hoisted himself onto the
edge of the couch. “Seokie-hyung… Eh… You're not Seokie-hyung..”
And the reason for that was mostly because Hoseok wasn't in his usual loose slacks and college T-shirts, but was instead dressed like a model, in tight black pants, some white t-shirt with a weird English slogan branded across, and a really nice silk bomber jacket. His hair also had been cut and dyed, glowing a nice fresh orangey brown.

"Doesn't he look rad?" Taehyung grinned, placing some bags he was carrying off the one side before resting one arm on Hoseok's shoulder. "Who knew he had such a great body under all those baggy clothes?"

Namjoon blinked at them both, and had to admit Hoseok looked rather good. With Taehyung, it was usually a 50/50 chance whether his escapades were going to end well or with someone buried in a dumpster. And a lot of thought had gone into the outfit to make sure Hoseok could cover up when he needed to without drawing weird looks. "Not bad, Tae. How are you feeling, Hoseok?"

“Pretty good.” Hoseok had to admit that he'd been taken aback by how different he looked. He wondered what Yoongi would think about this. “Trying not to think about how much money was spent.”

"I said not to worry about it," Taehyung waved one hand. "My present to the new baby."

His eyes went to Jimin then, and he kicked his shoes off before wandering into the living area. His nose twitched, then he grinned and extended one hand. "Hello! I'm Taehyung, you're Jimin? Hobi talks a lot about you."

Jimin squinted at Taehyung before wrinkling his nose. "Who's Hobi? I don't know any Hobi. I only know Hoseokie-hyung."

And he slid back onto the couch, seeming to ignore Taehyung.

Watching the exchange, Hoseok winced, “sorry. I— he isn't usually like this. Even drunk. Erm… I'll just put these away and then I'll get him to bed.”

Taehyung pouted at that, sitting down on the couch's arm. "You don't wanna show them your other outfits? Do a catwalk for us!" Namjoon sighed and moved to help Hoseok bring the bags into his room.
"You don't have to do anything of the sort."

Taehyung watched them go, grinning. "So Hobi said you know," he hummed, not looking at Jimin. "You're lucky Namjoonie's sense of smell is shit."

Jimin cracked open an eye — and it was strange, but that look in his eyes wasn't drunk at all, instead weirdly alert. "...You're a vampire too. An old one."

"Age is but a number," Taehyung sang, fishing one hand through his pocket. He took out two wrapped candies, offering Jimin one. "Candy? It's strawberry."

Jimin’s eyebrow rose. “Don't have a habit of taking candy from strange men unfortunately.”

"More for me," Taehyung shrugged, unwrapping one and popping it into his mouth. "So you're Hobi's roommate, huh? World is just full of ironies, ain't it."

“Hmmmm? How so?” Jimin’s expression is still carefully blank, “I'm a good roommate, take care of the groceries… The bills... Make my rent on time.”

"That's what Hobi says," Taehyung laughed, smiling at the bedroom door. "And you keep an eye on him, huh? It's great to know he's got a good friend."

“Mmmm… he's a good guy.” Jimin shrugs. “So is that other one.”

“You though….” Jimin fixes Taehyung with an evaluating look. “I'm not so sure.”

"I can be a great guy to my friends," Taehyung grinned, talking around his candy. "You should stop by Jinnie's and Joonie's place with Hobi sometime. You'd fit right in."

Jimin raised an eyebrow, “...you obviously can guess what I am, and you're trusting me around all your friends?”
Taehyung shrugged. "Make love, not war."

He tilted his head to give Jimin a boxy smile. There was something oddly feral in it, tiny fangs just barely showing. Both a friendly grin and an animal baring its teeth in warning. "Don't you agree?"

Jimin's eyes narrowed just that little bit. "I don't make anything, not unless the other party starts it first."

"Well then, we'll get along just fine," Taehyung winked. "I have no beef with you... as long as the blood you reek of doesn't belong to any of my friends. Lovely hunter-sshi."

Jimin probably would have replied, but he was interrupted by Hoseok and Namjoon coming back into the room, Hoseok saying some kind of excuse or another for taking so long — his room not having enough space for so many bags or something.

In that space of a second, Jimin the drunkard was back, and he reached out, grabbing Taehyung's collar and almost coquettishly giving Taehyung a smooch on his nose.

Namjoon blinked, and sighed over Taehyung's giggling. "...what are you two doing? He's drunk, Tae."

"Oh I realize that," Taehyung chuckled, giving Jimin a wink. "Very, very drunk. You'll have to come find me when you're sober again, peppermint." He tapped Jimin's lower lip with one finger before lounging back on the couch like a lazy cat. "Ahh all that shopping tired me out."

A flash of a look that was both incredulousness and amusement crossed Jimin’s face. But it was gone as soon as it came, and now Jimin was reaching out to Hoseok, "hyungggg... bed...."

“Aish.” Hoseok sighed as he went over to the couch, trying to move around Taehyung. “Sorry about him again.”

"Nah, he's cool," Taehyung said, comfortable. "Right Namjoonie?"

"I've dealt with much worse drunks," Namjoon shrugged.
“...One day I'll get a story of those life experiences. For now. Up.” And Hoseok easily lifted Jimin off the couch - it had been easy even when Hoseok had been a human, Jimin a tiny sliver of a thing. Now as a vampire, it was like lifting a soft toy really.

"Good night Jimin~" Taehyung waved at them, watching Hoseok help his wobbly friend to his bedroom. He turned back to see Namjoon raising an eyebrow at him.

"I can never tell if you're behaving weirdly or not... you're always weird."

Taehyung gave him his bright, beaming grin in return. "Catch." He tossed his spare candy at Namjoon who fumbled, dropped it, and banged into the table with a yelp.

Hoseok turned around to snicker at his sire. “Be more careful on the way back, alright? Namjoon-hyung.”

Jimin, on his part turned around to stick his tongue out at Taehyung.

Taehyung stuck his tongue out back. Namjoon just sighed, straightening. "Come on Tae, let's go."

"Go? We're leaving already?" Taehyung whined, pouting.

"Jimin needs sleep, and pretty sure Hoseok needs time to recover from spending all evening with you," Namjoon drawled with a wry smile as he walked to the door. "Night, Hoseok."

"Fine. Night Hobi!" Taehyung yelled as he hopped to his feet and followed Namjoon. "Enjoy your presents!"

Hoseok yelled his goodbyes even as he brought Jimin to his room, dumping his roommate onto the bed. “Gimme a sec I'll see you out!” He yelled from the room as he tucked Jimin in.

He didn't notice Jimin opening his eyes, waiting for Hoseok to go out before sitting up, hand going to the thin silver necklace he wore. “...Kim Taehyung, was it? Seems like I'll be watching you more
in the future.”

Chapter End Notes

I totally forgot today was sat morning RIP

The whole gang are out now \o/ and now the shenanigans will begin.

Also for those that realized Jimin was a hunter. Congrats xD you were right!

If you're not already, follow us on twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene. Or you can check out the fabulous moodboard thread and give it a like and maybe a retweet. Yeonah recently did up Namjoon's character moodboard and rip it's my turn now dnalanalak.
Chapter 5

Taehyung was late.

Jungkook wasn't a kid anymore. He was old enough to take care of himself, wash himself up and put himself to bed. He didn't need Taehyung to cuddle against to go to sleep.

But Taehyung was late.

It wasn't exactly unusual for a vampire to be late coming back home. But Taehyung rarely strayed too close to sunrise, or at least warned Jungkook when he would be out till dawn.

It was nearly 4am when the penthouse door unlocked, entranceway lights turning on as a quiet figure slipped in and closed the door behind him. Taehyung’s soft humming could be heard from the entrance hall as he removed his shoes.

Jungkook was on the couch, half dozing off as he scrolled through Twitter, trying to stay awake. He'd already dropped his phone on his face several times already, having fallen asleep while looking at his phone.

There was silence for a long moment, the humming coming to a stop. The figure that slipped across the living room was silent, just a shadow against the walls, a trick that in a different place and time could have carried far more weight but now was used as a parlour trick for his human companion.

"Hey Kookie," Taehyung whispered close to Jungkook's ear.

And it never failed to get Jungkook. And once it might have resulted in cute shrieks and laughter, now it resulted in a loud curse and Jungkook nearly lobbing his phone at Taehyung's face. “Fucking hell, hyung. Don't do that.”

Taehyung giggled helplessly from where he'd planted his ass on the floor next to the couch, eyes small half-moons and lips stretched into his boxy grin. "Sorry, sorry. But you were so cute I couldn't help it," he laughed, waving his hands in apology. "Why are you still up?"
Jungkook wrinkled his nose before saying casually. “Couldn't sleep. And why are you so late?”

"Mmm… had some work to do after taking Hobi shopping for a new wardrobe," Taehyung pouted sadly at him. "Didn't even manage to get a snack in. Don't you have class tomorrow?"

“Yeah. But not being able to sleep just means not being able to sleep.” Jungkook mumbled, before jabbing his thumb in the direction of the kitchen. “I heated some blood for you in the microwave. But you're late so it might be cold again.”

Taehyung's beaming smile was back. "Awww thank you Kookie. You're the literal best." He poked Jungkook's cheek before hopping to his feet and heading into the kitchen. "You want anything while I'm up?"

“Mmm… no. Just want cuddles, so hurry up and come back here.” Jungkook sniffled, flopping back onto the couch.

Chuckling, Taehyung disappeared and the sound of the microwave floated out into the main room. He appeared at the kitchen door a minute later, sipping daintily from a small glass of blood with the smallest of wrinkles to his nose. Taehyung was very fussy about his blood. If it wasn't fresh, he whined and pouted and only drank the small amounts needed to stave him over till he could go hunting. "You had a good evening though? Homework and games?"

“Mmmm…” Jungkook nodded. To be honest, he'd been bored the whole night without Taehyung. Sure the homeworks and games part had been okay - normal even. But as the hours stretched, and Taehyung hadn't come back, even looking for drama on SNS sites had been such a bore. Half of the fun was sharing those things with Taehyung and seeing his reaction. “Things as per normal.”

Taehyung made a humming noise, downing the glass of blood. He went to wash out the glass and put it away, licking the red off his lips as he returned. "I need to hunt tomorrow, but I shouldn't be out all night again. We can play some games together, huh?"

Jungkook had to push down the excitement he had at the promise. “Sure.” He said, voice carefully neutral. “You haven't been playing for a while though. You sure you won't drag me down, hyung?”

"Eyyyy your hyung is a fast learner," Taehyung grinned, crouching down next to the couch. "Gimme a bit to remember the controls and I'll be the best player two ever."
“Promise?” Jungkook held out his pinky, in their usual method of sealing promises.

"Promise," Taehyung immediately hooked their pinkies. "Sealed with a kiss," he pressed their thumbs together. "But it's time for bed for you, cinnamon bunny."

“Mmm…” Jungkook couldn't help the giggle and smile that crossed his face, and he held out his arms “Carry me to bed, hyung!”

Wide, dorky grin in place, Taehyung reached out to grab the remote from the side table and tap one of the buttons. The large blinds at the edges of the room slowly slid to cover the large, floor to ceiling windows offering a beautiful view of Gangnam district, blocking out the sun that would rise soon.

Then Taehyung stood up, hooking his arms under Jungkook's back and legs and lifting him up like he weighed nothing. Which was a funny sight, considering Jungkook was built solid muscle and Taehyung looked like a scrawny kid. "Shouldn't you be carrying me, with all these muscles?" he laughed, walking slowly to Jungkook's room.

“I could. But I'm sleepy. And you're late.” Jungkook pressed his face into Taehyung's neck after loosely wrapping his arms to pull himself up. “So you should carry me. And snuggle with me to sleep.”

"Okay, okay." Taehyung hummed happily, maneuvering past the doorway without banging Jungkook's long legs against them. He stepped at the edge of the bed to gently lower the human down. "I gotta change, I'll be back."

Jungkook made a small sound of protest, but didn't move to stop Taehyung. He was just registering his dislike of the idea of being apart from Taehyung at any given amount of time.

Taehyung wasn't gone for very long. A couple minutes later he was back in a pair of shorts with a bear-patterned shirt three sizes too big that hung off his thin frame and made him look even less like a powerful vampire than usual. He crawled into the other side of the bed, snuggling close to Jungkook in the darkness. "You're not asleep already?" He whispered.

Jungkook cracked open an eye, happily snuggling into the vampire, wrapping his arms around his waist. “No. Was waiting for my goodnight kiss.”
Taehyung grinned, leaning up and nosing Jungkook's bangs aside to press a soft kiss to his forehead. "Good night Kookie," he whispered, cuddling close and letting Jungkook settle against him. "Wake me up before you go to class tomorrow, hm?"

"You sure? You'd be all sleepy though?" Jungkook frowned, "I thought I'd just let you sleep."

"I can nap later, I wanna see you off."

Jungkook sighed, shaking his head. "What will I do with you, hyung? You keep doing things that are bad for you."

"I know my limits, silly," Taehyung closed his eyes, humming. "Life gets so boring playing it safe all the time."

"I just worry about you." Jungkook pouted, poking Taehyung's side. "I know you're this strong and scary vampire and all, but I can't help but worry about you."

"You think I'm scary?" Taehyung pouted back at him in the dark with wide, puppy eyes. "Kookie, I'm hurt. Look at me, I'm the cutest thing."

Jungkook chuckled, nuzzled his nose into Taehyung's cheek. "Yeah, yeah. Sure. Cute until you kick someone's head off."

"Hey, he deserved it," Taehyung whined, hand smoothing up and down Jungkook's back as he tangled their legs together. "He went after the only person cuter than me, and there's no forgiveness for that."

Jungkook sighed at that, "I'm nearly twenty, hyung. I'm not that kid you met fifteen years ago any more. So I'm definitely not cute."

"Twenty or not, you're still adorable," Taehyung smiled at him, giving Jungkook a peck on the forehead. "Want me to sing you to sleep?"
Jungkook mumbled something under his breath before he said, “you know I love your voice hyung.”

Grinning, Taehyung tucked Jungkook’s head under his chin, like he’s done for well over a decade and even if Jungkook had grown to tower over the vampire. He closed his eyes and thought of an old, old lullaby before starting to sing in his low, husky voice.

Jungkook closed his eyes, heart swelling with happiness. He loved hearing Taehyung sing, loved being in his arms, and being so close to the vampire like this. He knew that this was something special he had, that no one else in the whole world would get. And he always consoled himself with that whenever he felt that twinge of jealousy — knowing that whenever Taehyung went out to hunt, he would most likely be having sex with the people he bit as well.

Jungkook told himself that was alright. His hyung did that with all sorts of people and Jungkook had no place to tell Taehyung not to do otherwise.

Because Taehyung only saw Jungkook as a little brother. And Jungkook told himself that he was okay with that as long as he got to stay with Taehyung like this.

Jungkook didn’t know when he’d gotten so good at lying.

****

Yoongi was early, as he always somehow was despite his many vocal complaints about the job. He was lounging in the back area of the cafe waiting for the shift to start by the time Hoseok had arrived.

Hoseok didn’t notice Yoongi at first, sagging in relief when he came into the room. Today was harrowing. And that wasn’t counting the weirdly high amount of stares he’d gotten down the street even in his new clothes. Coupled with the still super tiring experience of walking out in the sun, Hoseok was ready to go back home and spend the day watching K-dramas.

He sighed, leaning against the wall tiredly before he finally saw Yoongi. “Oh! Hey. Didn't see you there.”
Yoongi had an odd expression on his face, almost as if he didn't recognize the vampire fledgling in his new and decidedly *expensive* clothes.

"Well, I saw you," Yoongi said, eyeing him. "So that kid really followed through… how much does that outfit even cost?"

Hoseok looked down at himself — at the form-fitting jeans, leather jacket, cap and celebrity-style glasses — before sagging even more. "Oh. Erm. I don't know. Probably more than I'll ever earn in my lifetime. And that 'kid' is some kind of super wealthy, probably centuries old vampire you know? He didn't even pay. He has a *tab* at a fashion consultant’s place."

"…The kid who makes himself sick gorging on candy is a centuries old vampire," Yoongi repeated blankly, before shaking his head. "At least you won the vampire lottery, your grandsire has constant blood bag access and some weird vampire likes spending money on you."

Hoseok sighed again. "You're right. I guess it could be worse. I'm just… ugh. My classmates were being unbearable today, so I know I should be grateful for all the new clothes. But just…. Ugh."

"You went to class finally? How did it go?" Yoongi angled his phone, probably trying to take a picture of Hoseok's distress. Bastard.

Hoseok sighed again. "Class was… fine I guess. But my classmates were all being dicks. They're all convinced my absence was because I found a sugar daddy and was engaged in deep sin for the past week and all these new clothes I have are payment for that."

"Well…. they're not *entirely* wrong," Yoongi snorted, tapping something on his phone.

Hoseok was about to reply when he heard the soft sound of the phone’s shutter sound effect. "Wait, you really just snapped a picture of me?"

"I wanted to see if you show up in photos," Yoongi shrugged nonchalantly.

“What the fuck, hyung?” Hoseok shook his head as he moved closer into the room. “Seriously, I’m all distressed and you snap a photo because you want to see if I show up in photos.”
"It's a valid question," Yoongi retorted, tucking his phone away. "The answer is yes, by the way. And who cares what your classmates think? Let them gossip, they'll find something new to latch onto next week."

“Except I’m going to be wearing a different set of expensive clothes next week and they’re going to talk about it again.” Hoseok looked out the window, sighing in relief to see that the sun had mostly set. He moved over to his locker, pulling off his jacket. "But fuck, these are so comfortable. I can’t bear the thought of going back to my stuffy jacket and dealing with overheating.”

"Then don't." Yoongi watched him for a moment before standing, tucking his cap over his blond hair. He was already in uniform. "…It looks good on you."

Hoseok blinked at that, turning to squint at Yoongi. “I don’t think I heard that right.”

"I said it looks good on you, dipshit," Yoongi rolled his eyes, tossing his phone into his locker (because their boss would gladly throw it out the window if given the chance) and locked up, heading off. "See you out front."

Hoseok blinked again, before his smile widened. His actions had a little spring in them again, even as he changed into his uniform, bouncing out of the cafe. Once out, he practically went up to Yoongi’s side, excitedly nudging him. “Ooohhh…. So you think I look good?”

Yoongi shoved an empty coffee pot into Hoseok's arms. "Did I fucking stutter? Make a new pot."

Hoseok grinned. Yoongi was so adorable sometimes. And he rarely praised anyone, so Hoseok was going to milk this for all it was worth. “Yes, sir. But only because you said I look good~”

The shorter man rolled his eyes, going to take over cash from someone just finishing their shift. "Whatever gets you moving, we've got a lineup."

“Yes, sir!” Hoseok saluted, nearly dropping the coffee pot, but he quickly did as Yoongi ordered.

He really loved shifts with Yoongi the most.
"Why are we here again?"

Namjoon wasn’t sure what to be more exasperated with. The club they were standing in front of, or the outfit Seokjin had thrown at him and made him wear. Hunting or no, clubs weren’t the younger vampire’s idea of a fun night off. Too many bodies, too much alcohol and sweat burning his nose, and too many possibilities for injury.

“Because I realized that for the past ten years I’ve been a fucking deadbeat housewife, going to work and coming back home and cooking for a spiritual husband and two kids. I’m having a lowkey midlife crisis and need to get laid.” Seokjin shrugged, looking devastating in his red velvet suit and choker. Already, there were people walking into things staring at him. “You’re here because I felt the urge to dress you up.”

"I look ridiculous." Namjoon knew it wasn’t as bad as he claimed, that he actually looked rather stunning in his silk suit with hair styled to fall in loose waves around his face. But he would much rather be checking out an art gallery or something than be at a club. "Why didn't you call up Tae to come with you? This is his thing." Taehyung loved parties and people (and sweaty clubs where he could easily feed) and would have never turned Seokjin down.

“Stop whining, you look hot. I might not have put myself out for ten years, but I still know how to be society’s darling and how to dress my friends, so. And Taehyung is a terrible wingman,” Seokjin rolled his eyes. “Plus, he’s the one who told me I needed to get laid, you know how insufferable he’ll be if I affirm that he was right.”

"You know he'll find out eventually somehow." Taehyung was very well-known in the Seoul vampire community, after all. Everyone knew him, and most of everyone liked him. "...Alright, let's get this over with," Namjoon sighed, heading for the doors.

“Stop being overly dramatic.” Seokjin rolled his eyes, even as he smiled politely at the bouncer. It didn’t escape Namjoon’s notice how the bouncer’s eyes followed Seokjin’s ass as they walked past. From the way Seokjin’s chin lifted smugly, it didn’t escape his notice either. “You sound like you’re heading to your death, but hey, maybe you’ll get lucky tonight and head home with someone who’d fuck you while discussing philosophy.”
Namjoon rolled his eyes, but didn't retort with what was on the tip of his tongue: he doubted he'd find the kind of person he'd be interested in bringing home in a club. A library, more likely. Or sketching the Han river. Something that didn't involve getting drunk and grinding on people.

Not that he had much hope in ever finding anyone like that. Being a vampire and all.

"If you abandon me, I'm leaving," he said simply.

"Then stop looking like such a wet blanket." Seokjin rolled his eyes. "At this rate, I will leave you because you're killing all my game."

There was a girl at the side of the room watching him. Namjoon pretended not to notice. "Are we getting drinks? Or are you jumping straight out into the masses?" He nodded to the crowd on the dance floor.

"Drinks first." Seokjin licked his lips, smiling a little at a rich looking dude who was looking appreciatively at Seokjin's ass. "Unless you'd like to dance with me. Otherwise, I prefer to have someone buy me a drink first before they take liberties with me on the dance floor."

Well, at this rate it wouldn't be long before Seokjin was swept away for the night and Namjoon could make his escape. "Drinks. I don't dance."

"Neither do I, which is why drinks first." Seokjin chuckled, "then they don't care how bad I'm dancing."

They headed for the bar, Namjoon leaning his elbows against the counter and flagging down the bartender. One plus of being a vampire was high alcohol tolerance. In a way. High alcohol content couldn't get them more than slightly buzzed, but a high *quantity* of it would surely make any vampire regret their poor life choices soon after...

And as per Namjoon's prediction, it really wasn't too long before Seokjin had been bought a couple of drinks, and he finally settled on someone to drag out to the dance floor — a slightly older, sugar daddy looking, handsome man wearing tastefully expensive clothes and expensive cologne. This was pretty much Jin's MO for his flings. So no surprises there.

Namjoon watched Seokjin go, a smile of amused exasperation on his lips. Well, mission
accomplished he supposed. His sire was getting some tonight, which meant Namjoon could disappear and spend his night in peace and quiet.

Finishing the drink he'd ordered, Namjoon ignored the flirty looks of the girl at the other end of the bar as he turned towards the entrance.

“Well, I finally worked up the courage to talk to you, but it seems like you're leaving. That's pretty disappointing.”

Blinking, Namjoon turned a little bit more to see someone had slid up to his side in Seokjin's absence — and it wasn't one of the girls who'd been eyeing him. "…Jimin sshi?" He recognized Hoseok's roommate, who at least didn't look wasted out of his mind this time. "Ah… hey. I didn't see you."

“Yes well, got outshone by you and your friend there.” Jimin tilted his drink towards Seokjin. “I must say you clean up really nicely.”

So much for slipping away. But Namjoon gave Jimin a pleasant smile either way, leaning back against the bar. "I'm just here to be his wingman, but thanks. So do you." And Jimin did look pretty good in that tight outfit.

“I try.” Jimin smiled, “I intended to pick up someone tonight, but I don't think I'll have any luck with you and your friend around. So… how about some pleasant conversation and drinks instead?"

"I won't say no. Sorry to spoil your evening plans." Namjoon apologized. "Can I get you your next drink to make up for it?"

“It's fine.” Jimin winked at Namjoon. “I go with the flow and maybe this is even better? But no, I should be the one buying you a drink. Apparently you sent me home safe when I was drunk?"

"Any other person would have done the same," Namjoon said. "I just had the advantage of actually knowing where you live."

He paused, thinking over his choice of words before a tinge of red passed through his pale cheeks. "...that sounded less creepy in my head."
Jimin let out a soft laugh, his eyes crinkling, making him look much younger than he'd dressed. “Well, I'll let it slide since, to be honest, most people would have just pushed me off and let me get picked up by someone who would have taken advantage of me. So as much as you deny it. I do owe you a drink. Would you like to order, or would you want me to guess?”

"I'm curious what you'd guess," Namjoon mused, lounging comfortably beside Jimin.

“Mmm…” Jimin tapped his fingers against the bar for a moment before waving the bartender over. “A whisky, neat, for the beautiful man beside me.”

"Not bad," Namjoon chuckled, smiling wider at the compliment. "You come to this place often?" It couldn't have been too far from here he'd ran into Jimin last time.

“The whole area.” Jimin shrugged, “unfortunately, it's my hobby. Bar hopping, clubbing, getting laid.”

"Unfortunately?" Namjoon raised an eyebrow at that. "One would think a hobby is something you enjoy, no?"

“It was.” Jimin laughs again, but this time the sound is duller, more self-deprecating. “But now… it's more like I can't find something more interesting to occupy my time with.”

The vampire’s lips quirked a little. "...a bit young to be bored of life already, no? There's plenty of interesting things to do around Seoul besides clubbing."

“Mmm… But they don't interest me. Especially since I have no one to do them with.” Jimin sighed, “I'd love to go to a library or a concert or an art exhibit, but most of my friends at school are just interested at getting shit faced at college frat parties, so.”

"...If you're looking for someone to go with, I find all of those options way more entertaining than clubs and frat parties," Namjoon said honestly as the bartender was returning with his whisky.

Jimin raised an eyebrow, turning to look at Namjoon. “Are you offering to go with me? My, my… we've barely talked. What if I'm really boring? Or offensive? And I spoil those things for you?”
"I don't think you would. Unless you think I'd be boring?" Namjoon asked, taking a slow sip of the whiskey. "The offer's open."

“Mmmm…” Jimin looked appraisingly at Namjoon, giving him a slow, long look. “I think I wouldn’t mind taking a chance. There’s an art exhibition just two streets down happening right now.”

"I noticed the signs on our way here. Let's finish our drinks and head over?" Seokjin was probably halfway into that human's pants by now; he no longer needed Namjoon around.

“Abandoning your friend?” Jimin smirked, but he tilted his head back, kicking back his glass and draining it at a rather alarming rate. When he was done, he placed the glass lightly back onto the counter, closing his eyes at the burn. “Mm… okay. I’m ready when you are.”

"He's already found what he's here for," Namjoon laughed. "He didn't need me coming along.” He finished his glass of whiskey quickly, humming in appreciation as he placed the glass down and pushed away from the bar. "Let's go."

Jimin hopped off the bar stool, neatening his shirt before looking back up at Namjoon before holding out his arm. “Indeed, and hopefully we won’t get lost on the way.”

Namjoon held out his arm as well, letting Jimin hold on as they maneuvered around the drunken crowd. It wasn't exactly flirting; Namjoon wouldn't go so far as to say he was flirting with Jimin. But practical strangers didn't link arms walking down the street either. He decided not to think about it too much and just enjoy the evening.

The art exhibition was a small indie pop-up, but Namjoon had a fun time regardless. It really wasn't just about the exhibit, but the company made the night more entertaining. Namjoon could get lost in his own head for hours, but Jimin was fun to discuss ideas with (or chuckle to themselves about some of the more ridiculous concepts even Namjoon thought was pushing the limits of creativity a little)

All in all, it was more fun than Namjoon would have had either at the club or in the apartment by himself, even if he was fully aware Jimin was flirting with him at some points. After they had passed through the exhibition, Namjoon suggested grabbing some hot cider from a nearby stand before they stopped to listen to a group of buskers perform.

Halfway, while the buskers had paused in between songs to change to a different set up, Jimin
leaned over to say, “I'm surprised. I never expected to enjoy myself this much.”

Namjoon looked down at Jimin, dimples showing in his wide smile. It had been pretty obvious that Jimin only had a pedestrian level of interest in what they’d been doing at best, and probably wouldn’t have sought them out on his own. But at the same time, Namjoon hadn’t caught any signs of boredom or forced interest from the human, all his comments and curiosity genuine. “Well, I'm glad you are or else this would be really awkward. Let me know if you want to leave though, I'm... obviously a bit of a night owl. So I won't take it to heart if you've had enough for the night.”

Jimin chuckled, looking up at Namjoon through his lashes. “Oh. No worries. I don't have class tomorrow. Plus, I'm a little of a night owl too. Although, it probably would be nice to sit down somewhere are this.”

"Agreed. Anywhere you want to go?" Namjoon saw someone trying to get around them and rested one hand against the middle of Jimin's back, drawing him out of the way.

“Ermmm…” Jimin seemed a little distracted. “Well. There’s a nice little cafe around the block, or well... hmm... unfortunately I mostly only know the locations of good love hotels in the area.”

"A cafe sounds nice," Namjoon chuckled. "You mean the one this way?" he pointed down the block, other hand not leaving Jimin's back.

“Yep.” And Jimin didn't stop him, leaning gently into his hand. “It's a cozy little thing, and I know the owner, so he'll give us some snacks on the house probably.”

It wasn't too far a walk to the cafe as Jimin had promised. And like Jimin said, it was a cozy little shop tucked away in a corner, looking like it’d been transported out of a pretty little picture book. The owner wasn't there when they stepped in, but the employer greeted Jimin, recognizing him and grinning when Jimin insisted on buying Namjoon another drink, since he'd paid for Jimin’s spiced cider.

Namjoon protested Jimin buying him another drink, but ultimately lost. He didn’t have as much of a sweet tooth as Taehyung, but he did enjoy the hot chocolate much more than what he’d had at the club once they’d sat down by the windows. From their seats they had a nice vantage point of those walking past outside.

"There aren't many things I still enjoy like I did before, but hot chocolate is one of them," he mused,
sipping the beverage.

Jimin himself was drinking a cafe latte, raising an eyebrow at that. “You don't enjoy many things in life like you did before?”

"Well... I meant mostly food-related," Namjoon chuckled. "Hard to enjoy things that make you sick, though I know some vampires who try."

Jimin paused, raising an eyebrow at that, his expression carefully blank. “...Did you just out yourself as a vampire to me?”

But Namjoon wasn’t fooled. "I know Hoseok told you," He snorted. "He outed himself rather spectacularly from what I heard."

Jimin wrinkled his nose in disappointment. “Dang. I was hoping to see that adorable flustered expression again.”

Namjoon blinked. "...I wouldn't call my expressions any sort of adorable." Adorable and vampire didn't usually mix.

“Then I guess you don't stare in the mirror much whenever you smile.” Jimin replied easily, “you do look pretty menacing when you're not, I agree. But the moment you do, your face just… Kind of turns into this adorable teddy bear that I have to keep myself from hugging.”

A tinge of red appeared in Namjoon’s cheeks. "Er... thanks, I suppose?" He chuckled, sipping his drink slowly. "I'm not really opposed to the idea. Being someone's Teddy Bear."

Jimin’s eyebrows rose. “Moving a little fast, aren't we? Unless... You're actually a cuddle therapist or something.”

"I don't see how being a personal Teddy Bear is moving any faster than picking up someone in a club," Namjoon mused. "Society is funny that way; the one that's actually moving faster is the one that's been normalized."

Jimin tilted his head, “mostly because picking someone up at a club is prelude to a one night stand
with no strings attached. You're unlikely to see the other person again. Cuddling, however, seems to imply that you'd like to date. Long term, dedicated relationship sort of thing.”

"There could just as easily be no strings attached cuddling," Namjoon pointed out. "Like people with 'free hug' signs. Sex is arguably the more intimate of the two, but it's lost a lot of its meaning."

“Mmm… I guess what we associate with each action is determined by our lifestyles.” Jimin hummed, “the fact I immediately associated sex with one night stands and cuddling with dating does say quite a bit about me, doesn't it?”

"I suppose it does... as it does about me," Namjoon said. "I probably sound old-fashioned to say I'd share a hundred cuddles before having sex once."

“Mmm. Is this old fashion values speaking, or just personality?” Jimin asked curiously. “How old are you anyway?”

"I know it's hard to believe, but teenagers were just as horny 40 years ago as they are now," Namjoon laughed. "Just my personality, I suppose. Probably why I don't go to clubs often. I'm only 56, which is just past fledgling age for us."

Jimin raised an eyebrow, “56. I'd be old and wrinkly by 56. That's pretty depressing actually. Meanwhile, you don't look a day past 25. Maybe I should ask Hoseok to turn me into a vampire too.”

Namjoon’s lips curled a little sadly. "I turned Hoseok because he would have died otherwise. If you have the choice, choose to live in the sun. It's not as fun on the other side, even if we do age well."

Jimin tilted his head. “Do you miss it? Being human?”

"I do. You wouldn't think it, but after a couple decades you really do start to miss the simple things," Namjoon said. "But it's better not to think about it too much, because that's how vampires go mad. Though I think once they hit a certain age madness becomes part of the package, all of the Elders are at least a little off their rockers," he added with amusement.

“Elders.” Jimin repeated, putting his cup down. He'd finished the cafe latte, and now propped up his head with his hand, gaze centered on Namjoon. “Explain that to me?”
"Elders are... I suppose our form of government?" Namjoon said thoughtfully. "There's some criteria to being named an Elder, and there aren't many. There's currently 6 in all of South Korea, and most vampires know them by their nicknames: The Commander, the Merchant, the Temptress, the Bloodhound, the Fox, and the Phantom.” He ticked each name off on his fingers as he went, before lowering his hand. “They handle politics, declare states of emergency, among other things. The last big change they implemented was declaring Busan and Kwangju no-kill zones 40 years ago, and Seoul 60 years before that."

Jimin tapped his finger against the table. “Hoseok mentioned that. No-kill zones. What does that mean actually?”

Namjoon had no problems describing various parts of their society to Jimin. "It's basically what it sounds like. Vampires can hunt, but killing is forbidden. The punishment is, nineteen times out of twenty, death."

Jimin paused. “So... You're saying. There's a law for vampires that if they... Hunt? That is.. Feed from humans? They're not allowed to kill them? And if they do... They're punished? By who?”

"By the Elders themselves if there's one around, or the vampires designated as their enforcers," Namjoon explained. "The Elders take the no-kill laws very seriously."

Jimin hummed, “right.” A long pause, and then. “So if the Elders themselves are corrupt, or they fall, then you guys are essentially fucked?”

Namjoon blinked. "I suppose it would make our lives a lot more difficult. But either possibility is pretty unlikely. A corrupt Elder would be struck out by the others right away. And they're some of the strongest vampires in the country, they've each been alive for over five centuries. It wouldn't be easy to take them out."

“Mmm...” Jimin didn't look entirely convinced, “I guess you would know better than I do. Have you ever met them though? The Elders?”

Those dimples appeared again as Namjoon smiled. "...I've met one. And let's just say I have full faith in him."

Jimin raised an eyebrow, “huh. You sound a tiny bit in love with him.”
Namjoon choked on his drink. "Uh. No. No," he coughed, wiping his lips with his thumb before laughing helplessly at the idea. "I just look up to him, even if I seriously wonder why some days."

Jimin smiled in satisfaction that he'd managed to get a rise out of Namjoon. "Oh? Why is that so?"

"Elders… automatically command authority over other vampires. Just the way they hold themselves, speak, look at people, most vampires can hardly stand looking them in the eye when they're fully projecting. This one flies so low under the radar of 'may be a possible Elder' that vampires usually think he's a fledgling instead. But I've seen him project once and… it's quite the sight. If you… well. If you ever meet him, you'd understand."

Jimin hummed, "mmm. I guess I'll have to see it to believe it."

"But enough about them." Jimin chuckled, "I'd like to know more about you. What do you do when you're not being an adonis wingman for your adonis friend?"

"I haven't bored you with all my talking yet?" Namjoon laughed. "I'd rather hear more about you. A question for a question?"

Jimin tilted his head, "I'm just a normal college kid. But sure. Answer my question first though."

"Alright… well… I'm not that interesting. I work as a night security guard for a nearby campus," Namjoon said. "I'm mostly at work, or at bookstores and libraries." He would much rather be reading than at a club. "What are you majoring in?"

"Psychology." Jimin chuckled, "and a side minor in business. It's a really strange combination, I'm told. But campus. Which campus?"

"Um… University of Seoul. And I think it's an interesting mix," Namjoon mused. "Can I ask why those two in particular?"

“Oh wow.” Jimin blinks, you're the night guard there? I go there. And er. Well, psychology is my area of interest. Business is the compromise.”
"Ah." Namjoon's smile was soft. "I've heard stories like that before. For what it's worth, I think psychology is far more interesting than business. I wanted to major in sociology."

"Yeah it is, although it's sometimes interesting to see how psychology can be applied to business as well." Jimin tilted his head. "Wanted to major? You didn’t?"

"Well, becoming undead tends to throw a wrench in plans," Namjoon shrugged. "I was turned almost 40 years ago, and back then you didn't exactly have online classes or even many night ones to choose from. Fledglings dropped out quickly. I could have tried picking it up again a couple years ago, but I'm finding I'm learning just as much about human and vampire societies out of school these days."

"Well yes. I find school only useful for the paper you get at the end." Jimin chuckled, "it's a silly thing. Enduring three or four years of study so you can get a qualifications pass that doesn't guarantee you can get a job, just allows you to get invites to the job. But without it, you don't even get a chance in some cases."

"That's the problem of this decade. It's no wonder most young adults become disillusioned easily." Namjoon's lips quirked sadly. "And how do you fix a broken system when those with power don't even notice it's broken?"

"I wonder if anyone in the human government is a vampire." Jimin suddenly wondered. "Or is that not allowed?"

"Oh, no, it's completely allowed, but given our lack of aging... positions out in the public eye aren't really for us," Namjoon said with amusement in his voice. "I'm sure there's a couple, and a handful of vampire celebrities out in the world, but the vast majority of us live under the radar in regular 9 to 5 jobs and just try to stay out of trouble."

"Sounds a little boring." Jimin hummed, "sounds like a setup that some people would actually rebel against."

"It's been tried," Namjoon said. "Before my time. Seokjin's told me stories. Apparently that's when most of the current Elders were sworn in... during the old uprisings. And enough of the older vampires remember how poorly those went to not want it repeated. Vampire memories tend to last longer than human ones."
“Mmm…” Jimin made a small sound at the back of his throat. “So, again. It's all up to those mysterious Elders to keep everything in balance. But then. You said there were only three major kill zones. So outside of Seoul, Busan and Kwangju, everything else is a free for all?”

"For right now… yes," Namjoon sighed. "Other laws are in place, but the Elders are working with local vampires to add more no-kill zones across South Korea. Vampires… change slowly. But as more younger vampires are turned and grow up with no-kill zones in place, the easier it is to add more of them."

“Another curious thing. What makes you decide to turn someone into a vampire?” Jimin asked again. “I mean, even Hoseok-hyung… like sure. He was about to die. But people still die from accidents everyday.”

Namjoon rubbed the back of his head. "I guess it's different for every vampire, but I was turned in similar circumstances to Hoseok. An accidental death. For my part, I felt like he was too young to die so suddenly, and I just... acted."

A slight pause, “an accidental death?”

That earned a small wince. "Don't laugh. I fell down a set of stairs and cracked my head on the cement."

Jimin blinked, staring at Namjoon for a measured amount of time before he turned his head, trying to hide his expression but shoulders obviously shaking.

Namjoon just sighed forlornly, taking a long drink of his hot chocolate.

“So-sorry. But that… hehe… that's so… that's so… you. Oh gosh, you're adorable.” Jimin giggled, “I'm-hehe-I'm so-hehehehee…”

Namjoon shook his head in resigned amusement. "I'm not sure how to take that, but okay. Taehyung’s already made it clear he's never letting me live it down."

“I mean. It suits you though.” Jimin finally calmed his giggles down to a minimum. “And… I guess
I'm glad you got turned. Otherwise, I wouldn't be talking with you now.”

"That's... one way of looking at it I suppose," Namjoon chuckled. "What, wouldn't try picking up a middle-aged man at the club?"

“The question is… Would you have accepted?” Jimin threw back. “To be honest, I think you'd make an attractive middle aged man. Pity we don't get to see it.”

"That would require a lot of makeup." Namjoon blinked, glancing at the time. It was past four in the morning. "You must be getting tired, night owl or not. Er… I can walk you back, if you want."

Jimin raised an eyebrow. “It's a bit far isn't it? Although, I'm not going to turn down the company.”

"It's no trouble," Namjoon smiled. "I'm up for a couple more hours either way, and you've been great company. Not many people indulge my ramblings, and Seokjin's gotten very good at tuning me out."

“Mmm?” Jimin blinked as he stood to leave. “But why would anyone do that? You're fascinating.”

"I think way too hard about things," Namjoon laughed, standing as well. "You'd think you'd find more intellectual vampires given how much time we have, but there are surprisingly few differences between human and vampire. Most prefer not to make their brains hurt."

“Pity that.” Jimin agreed as he moved over to Namjoon's side, hooking his arm around Namjoon's. “I guess the desires of the flesh are more appealing.”

They left the cafe, a gentle breeze blowing through. For a brief moment with his nose clear of the cafe's many scents and Jimin so close, Namjoon caught a faint whiff of something he couldn't recognize, an odd metallic edge to Jimin's smell. But when he breathed in again the strange scent was gone. He wasn't about to do the creepy thing of sniffing his neck (only Taehyung was that unsubtle), so he put it out of his mind. "I suppose so. Which do you prefer?"

“Mmm? Why not both.” Jimin peered up at Namjoon through his lashes. “Someone whispering philosophical thoughts against my lips sounds pretty sexy.”
Namjoon's face flushed a bit. "I, um… I suppose so." He was so distracted by that he ran smack into a telephone pole, staggering a little as he ducked around it.

Jimin staggered along, but somehow managed to keep them both upright, laughing when he realized what had happened. “Oh dear, I'm sorry. I didn't realize I was so distracting.”

"It's alright," Namjoon gave a tired but reluctantly amused sigh, rubbing his forehead with his free hand. Jimin still had his arm in a tight grip, and the vampire couldn't bring himself to make him let go.

They reached the apartment half an hour later, the sky still pitch black overhead for another couple hours at least. They stopped outside of the building, Namjoon looking down at Jimin with a small smile. "Er… want to exchange numbers? If you're ever in the mood to raid an art gallery or something again."

“Sure. Gimme your phone.” Jimin held out his hand for the phone, waiting patiently for Namjoon to pass it to him. Fishing out his phone, Namjoon unlocked it and passed it over.

It was a few moments later, and Jimin had called himself to get Namjoon's number after saving his own contact inside. “So… Are you the sort to hold out for the third date before a goodnight kiss?” Jimin asked as he passed the phone back.

Not looking at his phone just yet, Namjoon’s lips curled as he looked down at the human. He wasn't really sure what was going on between them at this point, if there was actual attraction past physical or if Jimin was just too polite to say he had no interest in Namjoon who would rather hug than have sex. But for once, he didn't care to overthink things.

"I'm not that conservative," he said, one hand lifting to frame Jimin's soft cheek. He leaned in, eyes closing as he pressed a gentle kiss to the human’s warm lips.

Taehyung had been right in his casual observation. Jimin did smell faintly like peppermint.

Jimin’s lips curled as he leaned into Namjoon’s hand, letting the vampire lead. He did take a step closer, one hand gently resting on Namjoon’s waist, but only so to steady himself. The kiss was chaste, filled with curiosity and gently searching. And when it was done, Jimin didn’t pull away, breath ghosting over pink skin.
“You’re warmer than I thought you’d be.” Jimin whispers, but his tone is teasing, lips curled into a mischievous smile.

Namjoon chuckled lowly, tasting Jimin's breath on his lips. He had to focus on the peppermint rather than the smell of the human's blood, or else his fangs would show. "Vampires aren’t cold. Another myth." He snuck in another kiss, unable to help it, before pulling away. "I'll give you a call sometime?"

Jimin had leaned forward, almost to chase but finally fell back to the balls of his feet, giving Namjoon a small wink. “Well. You have my number.”

"Right. Have a good night... morning? Have a good morning, Jimin," Namjoon’s dimples came out as he smiled with a nod, turning to walk down the street.

Jimin only waved, watching Namjoon walk away. And once the vampire was out of sight, Jimin sighed leaning against the nearest wall. “Rest well, Mr Nice Vampire.”

Then after a pause, Jimin began to play with the silver necklace around his neck. “Elders, huh? I guess that’s something worth checking out.”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Leave us a comment with your thoughts? ゚(¯‘▽‘¯) ゚

If you aren't already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene. We also have a moodboard thread. We’re very friendly people who love to talk!
Yoongi had taken to hanging around the cafe even when it wasn't his shift. He claimed it was because the small shop had a better atmosphere for composing than his tiny apartment, and while that may be partly true it was more due to the fact coffee was readily available than anything; once he was zoned into his work, nothing short of an earthquake was getting him out of it. He didn't even try to claim it was because he liked being around people, because if Min Yoongi could be a hermit and still be considered a functioning adult, he would. People were annoying.

So then, what could Min Yoongi be doing hanging out at a cafe? A cafe where someone might even have the audacity to ask if they could share their table with him during peak hours when he could be in the comfort of his own home?

Perhaps, it could be because the one person who didn't annoy him had transferred almost exclusively to night shifts, the time in which Yoongi did the bulk of his composing. And in those last couple hours before closing when the shop was dead, it was nice to glance towards the counter and see Hoseok bustling around washing up and whistling a tune Yoongi had to remove his headphones to hear. The fact Hoseok regularly walked over with a fresh cup of coffee didn't hurt either.

“Mmm… so this is the coffee shop the new fledgling works at.”

Yoongi jumped and nearly socked the sudden face beside him in the nose. "Fucking hell—" He pulled his headphones down around his neck and squinted up at the stranger. Once his vision adjusted to something that wasn't a computer screen, he realized he actually knew this kid. The tall, gloomy guy who had been following that peppy vampire around. What had his name been again?

"…Jungkook? The fuck you doing here?"

Jungkook paused, pulling away from the straw he'd been drinking his iced Americano through rather deliberately like an asshole. “Well. This is awkward. You remember my name but I don't remember yours.”

Yoongi scowled at him. "You're the one in my personal space, answer first."

Jungkook gave Yoongi a strange look. “I'm like sitting one chair away. But sure. I'm here
because…” and Jungkook shook the drink in his hand, ice rattling in the plastic cup. “Coffee.”

Yoongi raised an eyebrow back. "…And out of all coffee shops, you picked this one."

“Do you believe in fate?” Jungkook said dramatically before chuckling. “Honest to god though. I literally came here because some girlfriend of a friend of a friend recommended this place. Hoseok-hyung was surprised to see me too.”

A low grunt was Yoongi's answer before he leaned back in his chair, scrubbing his face and glancing at the time. Almost closing. "Not with that vampire headache of yours?"

Jungkook gave Yoongi a leveling stare for a moment before snorting. “He's not a headache… and no. I came here after bowling classes. Plus he's hunting today, so I have free reign.”

Those eyebrows rose again. "…Bowling classes."

Jungkook shrugged. “It looked interesting and I'm pretty good at it. Although if my instructors start pushing me to go for competitions like my kickboxing instructors did I might quit.”

Yoongi just blinked at him. "…Okay." Either Jungkook's family was rich, or Taehyung was funding all this. "Well, nice seeing you and all that, I'm busy." He looked back at his laptop.

“Retreating back into your shell, turtle-hyung? I came all the way to sit down and talk to you and now you ignore me.” Jungkook had put the straw back into his mouth and was talking around it. “Are you composing music right now? Hoseok-hyung said you were. That's pretty cool.”

"Uh-huh." Yoongi made another grunting noise in acknowledgement, squinting at the lines on his laptop. Maybe if he ignored the brat for long enough he'd go away.

But the ‘brat' didn't budge, continuing to squint at the screen. “Turtle-hyung, you play an instrument?"

"...Piano," Yoongi replied, not looking up even if his eye twitched at the nickname.

“Mmm? Then wouldn't it be easier if you composed where there is a piano? Why here?” Jungkook took a very, very loud sip from his drink.
"Because pianos are expensive. Now fuck off."

“But a keyboard or something?” Jungkook grinned, pretending not to hear. “I heard from Hoseok-hyung you like coming to this cafe to work. Why this this cafe though? It's pretty far away from your house right?”

"Because people here know not to disturb me while I'm working," Yoongi gave him a sidelong glare. Maybe hanging around that vampire had dulled this kid's sense of danger; most people went running at one of Yoongi's looks.

Jungkook raised an eyebrow. “Really? Well I suppose you do look like a grumpypants. But you always look vaguely less grumpy whenever Hoseok hyung talks to you.”

"Because Hoseok knows how to take a hint." Yoongi leaned back, turning his head towards the counter where the vampire was 'working'. There were no customers so he was mostly just putzing around cleaning things for closing. "Yah, Hoseok! You don't care if I kick this kid out, right?"

Hoseok had to cover his face to hide a laugh. “He's a paying customer though. Every right to use the facilities.”

“Yep, turtle-hyung. I have every right to be here unlike you mooch who comes here for the free coffee.” Jungkook glanced over to Hoseok suddenly realizing that this spot had the clearest view of the counter. “And… the view. Huh.”

"For fuck sakes," Yoongi grumbled. "It's Yoongi, now take your pubescent ass elsewhere." He stuck his headphones back on, shutting Jungkook out properly.

Jungkook chuckled, taking a satisfied sip of his drink. He clearly was having too much fun disturbing Yoongi — which was even more annoying, because the entire time they'd first met, that peppy vampire hadn't stopped disturbing Yoongi the whole time, so he knew full well how annoying it was. “I guess I'll go flirt with Hoseok-hyung instead, huh? Bye, turtle-hyung.”

Yoongi's reply was a single middle finger, not looking up from his screen as he got back to work.
Jungkook only grinned, hopping over to where Hoseok was as he promised, and from where Yoongi was sitting, it probably did look like Jungkook was flirting a little, the younger man oddly confident in his actions. But after a while, Hoseok was waving goodbye, and Jungkook was carrying his iced Americano out while waving to both Hoseok and saying a very loud, “see you around turtle-hyung” before he left.

Yoongi didn't look up until well, well after Jungkook had left, not even noticing. It was only once he had saved his progress that he glanced towards the counter, leaning back as he slid his headphones off. "…Huh. The brat finally left."

Hoseok had mostly finished cleaning up, and he looked up when Yoongi spoke, ears flexing a little, and he laughed. “Yeah. He did, not before giving me his number though. I think he wanted me to pass it to you too.”

"Why would I want that little shit's number," Yoongi wrinkled his nose, slowly starting to pack up. He glanced at the time, it was almost closing. "You heading home after this?"

“Yeah.” Hoseok smiled a little tiredly, stretching a little. “Was a long, long day today. And he was pretty cute, he was probably annoying you just to get your attention. And you were being quite a rude fart so I guess he gave it as good as he got.”

"I'll leave getting along with the whole world to you," Yoongi drawled. He zipped up his bag, slinging it over his shoulder and walking to the counter. "Not running out of blood? It's got to be almost time to restock."

“Yeah. I'm visiting tomorrow,” Hoseok confirmed. “Oh, Seokjin-hyung asks if you want to come over for dinner again?”

Yoongi blinked. "Er… sure. Why do they want me to come over?"

“Huh? They…” Hoseok paused, tilting his head, “they didn’t say. Felt like they assumed you’d want to?

"I... guess. Still not sure why they'd invite me." Yoongi adjusted his beanie. "But I'll go if you want me there."
“I mean, sure. When do you ever not want you around?” Hoseok wondered innocently. “And besides, I think maybe Seokjin-hyung just likes to cook for people, so he’d be pretty disappointed if you said no.”

The corners of Yoongi's lips curled into a small smile. He glanced at his phone. "...Quitting time. I'll lock the door before any last-minute assholes run in." He pushed away from the counter, heading for the door.

“Thanks!” Hoseok called out as he put away the last of the things on the counter. “I should be ready to go in 10. Just gotta put some stuff into the fridge and change out. And probably should go drink up another blood pack.”

"Good idea, cause you're not getting my blood," Yoongi called back at him, smirking to himself as he locked the door.

Hoseok wrinkled his nose. “You’re so mean Yoongi. I apologised for that day so many times. You keep making it seem like being bitten by me is the worst thing on earth.”

"I didn't say that," Yoongi muttered to himself, flipping the sign on the door to 'closed' and starting to put the chairs up on the tables.

“It sounds like it.” Hoseok pouted, “Taehyung said that actually, if you know how to do it right, biting is really good for sex or something like that.”

"...Taehyung is older than you, and has had practice" Yoongi pointed out. "And he also tried to fucking suntan so maybe confirm with your sire before following anything he says."

“Seokjin hyung said something along the same lines.” Hoseok’s pout became even more pronounced.

"What are you pouting at me for," Yoongi raised an eyebrow when he saw Hoseok's expression. "Are you put out I won't let you bite me?"

Hoseok blinked before he shook his head wildly. “Huh? No! No. I wouldn't bite you… I’m just... offended. You seem to hate the idea of me biting you so much.”
"I don't appreciate the idea of being a main course." Yoongi turned his back to the counter as he continued placing chairs up. "But if you needed blood and couldn't get to your bags, I suppose I'd volunteer as tribute."

Hoseok blinked at that before flushing. “Oh. Okay. Er—” He looked oddly flustered now that the possibility of actually drinking from Yoongi was opened. “I— nah, don’t think that’s such a good idea.”

"Well obviously not, we're talking about sucking blood out of my neck," Yoongi snorted. "Just saying if you were desperate, I'd do it. Try not to be desperate. I need my blood where it is."


They finished cleaning up for the night, Yoongi waiting for Hoseok by the side door with his hands stuffed into his hoodie against the small chill in the air. "So… I guess text me when you plan on heading to their place tomorrow," Yoongi said as they started to walk.

“Uhuh.” Hoseok hiked his bag higher as he followed. “You’ll be at home tomorrow after your shift? Hey… wait you have morning shift tomorrow yeah? Someone needed to switch urgently.”

"Yeah." Yoongi wrinkled his nose. He hated morning shifts, preferring to sleep in. "So I'll be crashing right after. Thankfully I don't have any hours for the other job tomorrow."

“Do you just wanna, crash at my place? Our sofa can unfold into a futon?” Hoseok offered, “then you won’t need to wake up so early to get to work.”

Yoongi blinked in surprise. "Er… it's fine. I don't sleep well in others' apartments."

Hoseok tilted his head. “O-oh. Are you sure? It really is no trouble. And our futon is pretty comfy?”

"I'm sure. Thanks though." Yoongi gave Hoseok a wry smile. "You still getting along okay with your roommate now that he knows?"
“Yeah. Things haven't changed. He still keeps to himself mostly. Keeps all the odd hours. He's actually suspiciously chill about it.”

"Maybe he kept all the freaking out for when you weren't around," Yoongi shrugged. "But if he hasn't filed to move out by now, then that's a good sign."

“Always a good sign when someone doesn't move out.” Hoseok agreed, “if he did though, I'd be roommate-less and I wouldn't be able to afford rent. So it's a good thing he hasn't.”

”...” Yoongi didn't say anything to that, just shrugging. "Suppose so."

They kept up the light conversation till Hoseok's apartment. Yoongi wasn't one for talking so he mostly just nodded or hummed in agreement to whatever Hoseok said, interjecting every now and then with comments that showed he was definitely paying attention.

When they reached outside Hoseok's apartment, he adjusted his bag on one shoulder. "So. Text me?"

“Yeah. I will.” Hoseok agreed, before he tilted his head towards the door. “Last chance to take my offer.”

Yoongi wrinkled his nose a little, glancing between Hoseok and the door before sighing. "Ah... what the hell. Why not."

And it was interesting how the area seemed to brighten a little as Hoseok let out a wide, wide smile. “Oh! That’s... that’s great. Well then, come on in. I think I even have some beer leftover in the fridge, so you can be even more comfortable.”

That earned a snort of amusement, even as Yoongi glanced sidelong at Hoseok with a small smile as they walked inside. "Well why didn't you say so earlier."

“Is that what I should have said earlier?” Hoseok grinned, “I thought the pleasure of my company would have been enough.”
"You know cheap alcohol is the way to my heart," Yoongi said, following him past the doors. He didn't say it, but Hoseok's company was definitely more than enough.

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The sound of his phone alarm going off startled Yoongi out of sleep, and for a long minute the only thought in his head was where the fuck am I? It took a few blinks for his vision to clear enough to realize he was lying on his stomach on Hoseok and Jimin's futon, unfolded in the middle of the living room. Right. He'd slept over.

Groaning, he reached out and grabbed his phone, turning the alarm off. For a long minute he debated just going back to sleep. Then he reluctantly rolled onto his back… and jumped when he saw a figure on the bed beside him.

Hoseok was K.O.ed on the other side of the futon. When the fuck had he crawled out of his bedroom and onto the futon with Yoongi?

Yoongi blinked blearily at Hoseok's sleeping face. Apparently vampires still drooled in their sleep. It was a little cute.

Reaching out, Yoongi tapped on Hoseok's smooth forehead.

Hoseok didn’t seem to respond other than to groan a little, turning over in his sleep. It was already morning after all, and Hoseok had pretty much adapted to a much more nocturnal sleeping schedule.

Yoongi wrinkled his nose, and debated leaving Hoseok there. It wasn’t like the vampire had to be up for another several hours. But then Yoongi’s gaze fell to a bit of skin showing where his shirt had hiked up along Hoseok's side. The vampire was already getting so pale, but to a half-asleep Yoongi that patch of skin was… okay, pretty tempting.

It was also getting red very, very fast.
Shit, there was a crack in the window curtains. Yoongi cursed, sitting up and shoving Hoseok right off the futon into the shaded area by the floor.

Hoseok yelped, eyes opening when he was suddenly dumped unceremoniously to the floor. And for a moment, he hissed, eyes flashing in the darkness, still half asleep and acting on instinct.

But it didn’t last for more than a moment before Hoseok was suddenly aware of a lacing pain along his midriff, and he let out a small whimper, curling up. “W-what? What’s… ow… fuck. What just happened?”

Yoongi leaned over the futon's edge to look down at him. "What the fuck are you doing out here? The sun's out, dipshit." The curtains in the living room were decent enough, but they weren't the blackout curtains of Hoseok's bedroom. Yoongi's body had to have been shading Hoseok's exposed skin until they both moved.

Hoseok glanced upwards and winced at the gleam of light peering in through the curtains. “I…? Oh… What? Why am I in the living room? Shit… ow… that really stings.”

"I don't know why you're in the living room, I woke up to you drooling all over the pillow next to me," Yoongi grumbled. "How bad is it?"

Hoseok stared at Yoongi for a moment, expression as if he was trying to recall why he was out of his bedroom, but then, he seemed to remember that Yoongi had asked him a question and he should probably answer.

Blinking, he looked down at the very red patch on his skin and winced. “It looks like I poured scalding water on myself. Ugh. I’m gonna, go… treat it… shit. Could you go to the kitchen for me? I can’t get the first aid kit without frying myself. There aren’t any curtains in the kitchen.”

"Yeah. Yeah." Yoongi crawled out of bed, pulling his slipping boxers back up his narrow hips (it was either that or sleep in jeans) before heading into the kitchen. He came back with the first aid kit a minute later. "I'll hold the curtains closed and you get your ass back in your bedroom, we'll deal with this there.”

Hoseok took the first aid kit from Yoongi, nodding. He’d noticed the boxers certainly, but there were more pressing matters at hand. “Y-yeah… got it.”
And once Yoongi had closed the curtains, Hoseok quickly got up, scurrying into his room, trying not to wince with the way the burnt skin pulled.

Once Hoseok was safe in the darkness of his room, Yoongi followed after him and turned on a light. "Shirt off, let me see."

Hoseok blinked before flushing. "It's fine. I can take care of this myself. You should go get ready for work."

"It's in an awkward spot, just let me take care of it," Yoongi rolled his eyes, taking the first aid kit from the younger man and opening it.

"You're gonna be late for work." Hoseok grimaced, still continuing to resist a little, and he turned to try to look at the spot before wincing again.

"Then I'll be late for work. You're going to make me more late for work if you don't stop whining and take off your shirt."

"If you wanted to see me without my shirt you could have just asked." Hoseok mumbled, but there was no heat to the tease. And after a moment, he gingerly pulled his shirt off, sighing with each wince he made.

Yoongi didn't allow himself to get distracted, critical eyes on the burn mark marring Hoseok's side. "Doesn't look like it's blistering. I'll put some cream on and bandage it up, and you'll have to keep it iced for a few hours. A blood bag will help it heal faster, right?" He sat down next to Hoseok, opening the jar of cream and starting to spread it along the burn with surprisingly gentle fingers.

Hoseok let out a small hiss at the initial contact, but he slowly relaxed before nodding. "Yeah. Yeah… Blood helps me heal faster. But burns from the sun take a lot slower to heal even then."

"You got enough here?" Yoongi asked, expression pinching. "You said you needed to get more tonight."

"Ugh. Right. I have one or two extra packs. Guess they'll have to do. Or I'll just… power through. Don't worry. I'll handle it." Hoseok smiled wanly at Yoongi. But Yoongi knew that smile. Hoseok probably knew that he needed more than just two bags and was planning to call Namjoon and ask
after Yoongi had left for work.

"…Alright." Yoongi wasn't convinced, but he focused on patching up Hoseok's side. Taping a gauze over the burn, he stood to get ice. He returned a moment later with a bag of ice cubes from their freezer, holding it out to Hoseok. "Here. Try not to fry yourself again, alright?"

Hoseok gratefully took the bag, pressing it to his side. “Ahhh… yeah. Yeah. I mean, I probably won’t be moving from here until night.” He wrinkled his nose. “I really will be fine. You should go before someone blows a gasket with you being late.”

"Yeah, yeah," Yoongi sighed, scratching his shoulder before turning to grab his bag and head into the washroom.

He showed up at Hoseok's doorway fifteen minutes later, face washed and fully dressed again. At least he always carried a spare toothbrush with him. "I'm off. See you tonight."

Hoseok had his eyes closed, pressing the ice pack onto the burn silently and trying not to scream at the pain. “Ah… yeah.” He paused for a moment, forcing himself to look up at Yoongi and smile. “See you tonight. Have a good day at work!”

"I'll just try surviving, how about that. You do that too.” Yoongi’s eyes were narrowed with worry as he glanced down at Hoseok's side, before he turned to leave. The apartment door opened and closed with a click.

Once Yoongi was out of the room, Hoseok sighed, moving to get his phone. Namjoon was probably asleep but he needed to try.

While he waiting for his sire to pick up. Hoseok stared a little wistfully at the door. Well, there went a possibly peaceful morning with Yoongi. Knowing the guy, Hoseok could have possibly had lost all future opportunity of Yoongi staying over again.

He'd be a little more upset later about all the lost opportunities. But for now, he'd focus on getting Namjoon to pick up the damn call.
Whistling to himself, Taehyung had a skip in his step as he made his way down the sidewalk. It was still early in the night, plenty of people out and about with street stalls open and delicious food smells wafting through the air. Both human food and his food. Some of the humans he walked past smelled really good, the ones that weren't wasted on alcohol already.

But it was still early. Plenty of time to hunt, and he wasn't desperate for blood if nothing struck his fancy.

To anyone walking by, he looked like an average, stylish university student in comfortable brand clothes and sneakers, a small amount of eyeliner highlighting his bright eyes. Glancing at himself in the reflection of a shop window, Taehyung grinned and brushed one hand through his newly styled and dyed hair, a short blond ombre that fell in wisps in front of his eyes. He wondered if Jungkook would like it more than the dark brown he'd been sporting for a while.

He'd also had a shadow for a while. A shadow who was very good with keeping out of sight, looking inconspicuous as he mingled with the crowd. And to anyone standing back and observing from a distance, it would seem as if Taehyung hadn't noticed his shadow.

Taehyung diverted from the street into a 7Eleven. He reappeared a couple minutes later, a bag of snacks slung over his arm. Rummaging around inside, he started up the whistling again as he meandered down the sidewalk and into an alleyway.

He had to admit though, his shadow was a professional. To the casual observer, it would seem like he was just using his phone. But those observant enough would notice the camera app open, being used to keep an eye on Taehyung. And when the vampire had come back out, his shadow waited a few minutes before following.

Too bad that his shadow had decided to target Taehyung though. And it wasn't that hard to lose him, Taehyung easily slipping back against the wall and into the darkness. He watched with un concealed amusement as the stranger rounded the corner and paused, cursing under his breath at losing his quarry — only to realize that Taehyung was right there.

“Well. Fuck.”
"That's not very nice," Taehyung said, head tilted to the side. He pulled a can of ice coffee out of his bag, offering it. "Want one? You've been working hard, lovely hunter-sshi."

“Again. Not used to accepting food or drink items from strange men.” Jimin scowled, making him look even more adorable as he ran a hand through his hair. “Most vampires wouldn't have noticed me.”

Taehyung just grinned, wiggling the can a little. "C'mon, we're friends. You smooched me on the nose while pretending to be drunk off your ass. What's this 'strangers' talk."

Jimin chuckled, “I've been far more intimate with others whom I've not even talked with before. But it's always been because it's served a purpose. It serves me no purpose to take your coffee.”

"I can give it to you mouth to mouth," Taehyung laughed. "No? Okay, your loss." He tucked the can back into his bag. "So what purpose does tailing me serve?"

“Tailed every one of your friends if you were feeling special.” Jimin shrugged. “I'm just… not sure of you yet.”

"Not sure of me how?" Taehyung pulled out a can of soda instead, popping it open with a hiss.

“What kind of threat you pose, Kim Taehyung.” Jimin folded his arms, moving to lean against the opposite wall. “You seem harmless, but my instincts tell me otherwise.”

"I always do say for people to trust their instincts," Taehyung hummed, taking a long sip from the can. "Instincts get you pretty far. But I'm not a threat to humans unless they start shooting at me or my friends."

“And so you say. But I still prefer seeing with my own eyes.” Jimin tilted his head. “Besides, you're the only one of your friends who doesn't seem to drink from blood bags at all. So pardon my skepticism.”

"Cause blood bags are disgusting," Taehyung stuck his tongue out. "Imagine surviving on nothing but month-old fridge leftovers for your entire life."
“I've survived on rations for six months before.” Jimin shrugged, not saying any more on the matter.

But maybe it was because Jimin finally noticed they had other company. About time — otherwise Taehyung would have been utterly disappointed in him.

But still, Taehyung didn't let his expression of disdain fade, even as he lowered his can. He pushed away from the wall and crossed to Jimin's side, slinging one arm over his shoulders. "Try this, new flavour," he touched the can to Jimin's lips.

It also gave him an excuse to lean in, whispering into Jimin's ear. "The hunter's been hunted for five blocks now. We're too close to the main streets, if you don't want innocent people to get caught up then play along."

Jimin paused for a moment, sighing. Probably annoyed at himself. Taehyung knew his type.

And finally, Jimin tipped his head back, drinking from the can as Taehyung wished. It seemed like the vampire had finally given him a reason to drink.

“Well. I suppose we can take this further in.”

Taehyung grinned, not releasing the hunter's shoulders as he pulled the can away and they started walking. "I love all these new flavours they keep coming out with. Jin says I should stop eating and drinking things that'll make me sick. But then I'd never have the delight of trying green tea cola. Or cola in general. Talk about a sugar rush."

Jimin snorted. “Well, just don't expect me to clean up your sick if you puke. And geeze. Just because I drank your cola doesn't mean we're best friends now.”

"What does a vampire have to do to be your friend, Jiminnie?" Taehyung pouted. "You're so cruel."

“Stop drinking from people so much maybe.” Jimin chuckled, before looking around. “Do you think maybe here is far in enough? Our friends are getting antsy.”

Taehyung's eyes wandered around the alleyway. "Mmm… sure. And I make no promises on that, but don't worry, I'll make it worth their while," he winked at Jimin before pulling away and coming to a stop, tossing his bag of random snacks to a corner as he turned around. "Yah! You assholes
Jimin shook his head, even as five figures emerged from the shadows. And he raised an eyebrow when one of them spoke. “Are you a hunter too, lanky human? Otherwise scram, we only have beef with the hunter.”

Jimin raised an eyebrow, glancing at Taehyung. He was obviously confused about the human comment. Taehyung himself raised an eyebrow, subtly sniffing his sleeve. He was wearing Jungkook’s clothes, true, but these vampires had to have a lousy sense of smell to not get even a whiff of the vampire underneath. They were young, impulsive.

“Well. They’re more civilized than I’m used to,” Jimin said “So, well, this is technically my fight. I think I killed one of their friends last week. Idiot accidentally drained some Triad girlfriend. I got paid pretty handsomely to hunt him down.”

"If their friend drained someone, they broke the no-kill law and deserved what they got," Taehyung replied, lowering his arm as he regarded the five other vampires with a raised eyebrow. "An eye for an eye, a life for a life. If you five are smarter than said friend, you'll walk away and let 'an eye for an eye' end here."

“It was just a mistake.” One of the others hissed, “one time.”

Jimin snorted, “yeah no. I always vet my jobs. Your friend had quite a body trail. He just hid it well.”

Taehyung’s eyes had narrowed a little, head tilting as another scent reached his nose. "Mmm… And he's not the only one, is he?"

He took a few steps forward, the vampires stances shifting in warning. Taehyung's nostrils flared, before he pointed without looking at the two vampires on the far left. "You… and you. Fresh blood, about… eight pints worth each. Jeez, you must have just stopped before you poisoned yourself with dead man’s blood, didn’t you?"

He looked straight at them. "Humans die after more than five. In case you baby fledglings forgot basic biology."

The two vampires started, and Taehyung saw Jimin's eyebrows rise even further. If Jimin knew
anything about vampires, he could probably guess that Taehyung’s sense of smell was… above average, to say the least. What Jimin did with that information, he wouldn’t have the chance to find out — because one of the other vampires had stepped forward, fangs bared. “Are you threatening us?”

"Oh, no. I'm threatening those two. You three are clean. Dumb as bricks, but clean," Taehyung smirked, waving a hand at them. "You're free to go."

"So, you're a vampire, huh? Suck up to hunter filth? And what makes you think we're going to do that," one of them scoffed. "We've got you outnumbered."

"Suit yourself," Taehyung hummed, glancing over his shoulder at Jimin. "I gave them the option. Shall we?"

Jimin shrugged, “I said before. I don’t do anything unless someone else does anything to me first. And I'm not being paid for this. If they're just going to stand there looking pretty, then I'm probably gonna go.”

*That* seemed to set them off for some reason. Maybe the utterly flippant way it was said, as if they weren't worth Jimin's time, and one of them lunged at Jimin. “You fucking asshole!”

To get to Jimin, the vampire had to lunge past Taehyung. But Taehyung let him go; Jimin could handle that one, and Taehyung’s attention was on the two he'd singled out. They seemed to realize that their best option was to kill Taehyung before he killed them, and had leapt the same moment the other vampire did.

But Taehyung was faster than them.

Weaving between the extended arms, Taehyung socked one vampire hard in the face, slamming him back against the wall. The other was inches from his throat when there was a sickening squelch that stopped the younger vampire in his tracks. Taehyung’s arm was elbow-deep in his stomach, eyes gleaming dangerously as he met the gaping expression.

"Good night." Taehyung ripped his hand back out and let the vampire fall, blood dripping down his sleeve and fingers.
“That’s so messy.” A comment came from behind, even as Jimin let the body of the vampire who had lunged to him fall to the ground, what looked like a thin spike made of silver in his hand. And then without warning, a tiny gun appeared in his hand and he aimed it, shooting straight into the forehead of the vampire that Taehyung was still pinning to the wall.

"Not all of us—" Taehyung started, ducking away from a punch and tossing one of the remaining two vampires over his hip. "— carry toys." He turned to face the vampire as she scrambled to her feet, grabbing her head and twisting sharply to snap her neck.

Jimin seemed to be watching the fight with some amusement, before suddenly falling onto the ground and twisting upwards when the final vampire tried to lunge for him, possibly trying to grab him to use a hostage. A small blade slid out from the toe of his shoe, jabbing itself into the vampire chin and causing the other to let out a choking sound. “I can show off too.”

Taehyung looked back in time to see Jimin's target crumble. "Nice shoes," he whistled, looking around them at all the dead bodies. "Well, that didn’t last long."

Then he looked down at his blood-soaked sleeve, pouting. "Guess I’m buying Kookie a new sweater."

“Cookie?” Jimin raised an eyebrow, tapping his foot to gently slide the blade back into the shoe. He was completely clean of blood, unlike Taehyung.

"Kookie. Jungkook. The reason why they thought I was human." Taehyung was still making a face, pulling the sweater off over his head. He was wearing a tank top underneath, a flash of stomach showing before he tugged it back down.

“Human. Right. There was a human supposed to be living with you.” Jimin raised an eyebrow. “Grooming him to be your lover and donor?”

"Neither. He’s my best friend, I don’t feed from him." Taehyung wrinkled his nose at Jimin, balling up the sweater and going to pick up his bag. "We should scram. You still tailing me, lovely hunter? I don’t mind the company."

“If you're heading back to your ‘friend' then probably not.” Jimin chuckled, leveling Taehyung with a gaze. “I think I found out something interesting about you today.”
"Oh? And what's that," Taehyung tilted his head as he started to walk back towards the main streets.

“That you might be part of a group of interesting people Namjoon told me about.” Jimin slid the thin silver spike back into a pouch sewn into his sleeve, leaning back against the wall as he stared at the dead vampires. “Mmm… I hate leaving such a mess.”

"Don't worry about them," Taehyung said, smiling that boxy smile of his. "I can call in a favour or two. C'mon. I'm not heading back yet, wanna grab a drink?"

“I hope you're not doing it from my neck.” Jimin chuckled, “but if you're paying, I don't see why not.”

"Not unless you're consenting to it," Taehyung hummed, pulling out his phone and unlocking it to type out a short message. "I have no desire to end up with a stake in my throat."

“Fine then.” Jimin’s lips curled, “one drink. I know a bar that serves a good whisky.”

"After you then, lovely hunter-sshi," the vampire said, sending the text and tucking his phone away. As they passed a dumpster he opened it and tossed the ruined sweater inside.

Taehyung noticed Jimin shaking his head in amusement, maybe tickled by how Taehyung seemed to be intent on flirting with him. But he didn't seem like had any intention to stop Taehyung, and well, if Taehyung wasn't going to be stopped, he didn't see why he shouldn't try to get Jimin to agree to a fun session they both could benefit from.

Maybe tonight Taehyung would get lucky. But he had the feeling that Jimin wasn't that easy.

All the more fun for him then.

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Taehyung was late.
Jungkook stared at his phone in frustration, struggling with himself on whether to call Taehyung or not. He was worried, but he didn’t want to be annoying. It wasn’t like he had a right to. He was the one in Taehyung’s debt, not the other way around. He had no place to make demands of Taehyung at all.

But…

Jungkook stays awake. He tells his friends he wants to gain a little extra exp when they all log off. And he continues to play, badly. Eyes sliding from where he sat in the living room towards the door every few seconds.

He barely reacts every other time his eyes go to the screen and he sees that the screen has turned dull, his character sprawled in ungainly fashion in death. Just sighs and waits for the game to restart again.

It was an hour away from sunrise when Taehyung finally came home.

Jungkook tried not to immediately pause his game the moment Taehyung came in. He waited until he heard the door opening, Taehyung pottering around at the entrance. Waited until he heard call out to him, a cheerful, "you still up, Kookie?" sounding.

Even then, he still waited, counting to three in his head before hitting the pause button, turning around as casually as he can.

And then, he sees it.

“I - what the fuck did you do to your hair, hyung?”

Taehyung was blinking at his reaction. He looked a bit taken aback, like any normal person would have been, brushing the dirty-blonde locks out of his eyes only for them to fall back into place. "I was bored of the brown so I got it styled. You don't like it?"

No. Jungkook fucking loved it. Taehyung looked even more gorgeous than before. But Jungkook had been up all night, worried and sleep deprived and he just didn’t need a shock to his system like this.
But he couldn’t just say that to Taehyung, because that would invite too many unwanted questions. So, he decided to focus on something else. And the next noticeable thing was that Taehyung had been wearing Jungkook’s sweater when he’d left, but now— oh fuck, that was a lot of skin.

“Where…. Where’s my sweater?”

Taehyung’s lips had formed a sad pout at Jungkook’s lack of response. "Er… there was an issue with a bunch of asshole vampires and I got it covered in blood. I’ll buy you a new sweater, I promise.”

Jungkook didn’t care about the fucking sweater. What he cared about was the fact that a bunch of asshole vampires had probably attacked Taehyung and they fought and shit. The sweater was the last thing he cared about. But what came out of his mouth instead was a tight squeak of: “I liked that sweater.”

The kicked puppy look deepened. "I know, I'm sorry," Taehyung whined, shuffling over to get down on his knees in front of Jungkook, fully prepared to beg for forgiveness the rest of the night. "I'm really, really sorry Kookie, I'll stop stealing your stuff, promise."

Jungkook wanted to do something. Say something. Or… just… something. Because, fucking hell, it was just a sweater, there really was no need for Taehyung to get down on his knees and beg for forgiveness, especially since Jungkook actually really loved the thought that Taehyung was wearing his clothes.

But fuck.

Taehyung was in a tank top with that fucking gorgeous hair. And he was on his knees.

Fuck him.

Literally.

He really wished.
Unfortunately, it seemed that Taehyung had taken Jungkook's silence to mean he was really, really upset. A pitiful whine left the vampire's mouth and he rested his forehead against Jungkook's knee. "I'm sorry… I'll buy you ten new sweaters. Twenty. And five new pairs of shoes. Please don't be mad."

Jungkook wanted to scream at the touch. It was all he could do to just freeze instead. And stiffly, he finally managed to squeak out, “I’m not… you don’t need to… hyung.”

"I'll do anything you want," Taehyung said, tilting his head so his cheek was against Jungkook's knee instead and he could pout sadly up at the human. "Please don't be upset."

Jungkook swallowed, “aanything?” He repeated.

Oh god, no. The mental images.

And gasping, he suddenly pushed himself away from Taehyung violently, running to the bathroom.

"…Kookie?" he could hear Taehyung calling after him. "Jungkook?" And Taehyung's voice drew closer until it was right outside the toilet door. "Jungkook, I'm sorry, please don't hide from me…"

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck. Jungkook’s brain had completely shut down, and he whimpered a little, trying to get his burgeoning hard on under control. Fuck. He couldn’t get hard in front of Taehyung. What was his ungrateful ass trying to do? Taehyung had given him everything and Jungkook was repaying him by giving him a probably unwanted crush and a thousand and one problems that would result from it.

“Fuck.” Jungkook whispered as he sank to the floor, curling up into a ball.

There was a quiet sigh from outside, and Jungkook’s guilt only deepened when no other sound followed. Taehyung must have walked off thinking that Jungkook was truly angry at him. What a mess.

Because Jungkook was mad — not at Taehyung, but rather, himself. And he lay on the floor for the longest time, just trying to… breathe and not think about how hot his guardian of ten years was. This
was Taehyung. His pretty much father, mother and brother rolled up in one. He shouldn’t be having feelings for him.

Except, the problem was, Jungkook had always had those feelings for Taehyung, ever since the first day Jungkook had set eyes on him.

He’s five years old, and he doesn’t really understand what’s happening. But what he does understand is that the person standing in front of him is awfully pretty, especially with the way his lips gleam a beautiful red, even in the dim moonlight.

It felt like almost an eternity before Jungkook could gather the strength to push himself off the floor. And when he did, the first thing he did was to wash his face, wiping it dry with his dark red face towel.

Red. It’s his favourite colour.

Finally, Jungkook cracked the door open, trying to hide the shaking of his hand, and he peered out, wondering where Taehyung was.

It took moving over to the living room to find him. Taehyung had taken the time to change into one of his ridiculous animal print pajamas. He was standing in front of one of the large windows, phone hanging limp in his right hand as he stared out, left hand pressing his fingers against the window. He must have heard Jungkook come out of the bathroom, but didn't turn around, leaving Jungkook to sneak back to his own bedroom if he wanted.

But the sight of Taehyung against the slowly brightening sky caught Jungkook’s breath; the vampire’s silhouette with just an inkling of his features showing made him seem almost otherworldly.

He didn’t deserve that. Taehyung was just…

Jungkook just didn’t deserve that.

But almost as immediately as the melancholy had come, it was replaced by a panic, because the sun was coming up and Taehyung still hadn’t pulled the blinds closed.
“Hyung!” Jungkook hissed, practically stumbling over to the windows, going over to get the blinds. “It’s already sunrise!”

Taehyung looked a little surprised when Jungkook scrambled for the remote to close the blinds. His lips curled softly. Jungkook didn't know what Taehyung was surprised for. Even upset, Jungkook would still try to look after Taehyung.

"It's only civil twilight," Taehyung had the cheek to say, looking back out across the city. "The sun's still below the horizon, it's not harmful yet. Isn't it beautiful?" The warm yellow starting to line the horizon. Their penthouse was high up enough to get a good view of it above the cityscape. It was the reason why he'd picked this building, after all.

“It is but… hyung.” Jungkook sighed, hand still clutching the remote for the blinds. “I… I’d rather see you safe and sound than the view, okay?”

Taehyung didn't reply right away, eyes on the lightening horizon. When he turned and smiled at Jungkook, the boxy smile didn't seem as bright as usual. "I'm sorry for upsetting you, Kook. I'll be sure to replace your sweater tomorrow.”

Jungkook blinked before he shook his head. “It’s… it wasn’t your fault. I’m… I’m sorry for reacting the way I did. I was just—”

Madly in love with you and angry with myself because I shouldn’t be.

“—just tired.” Jungkook finished, because what else could he say? “I’m not upset. And you don’t need to replace the sweater. It’s fine.”

Taehyung didn’t reply to that, because they both knew he was replacing it anyways. And probably getting five more sweaters at least for good measure. That was just how Taehyung was. "You should go to sleep then. You've got evening classes today, hm?” Taehyung stepped away from the windows.

“Yeah.” Jungkook pressed the button for the blinds, and the lights automatically came on as the blinds closed over the windows, sealing away the sunlight. Taehyung looked even more off under the artificial lighting. Shit.
Jungkook reached out, gingerly grabbing onto Taehyung’s sleeve. “I couldn’t sleep without you around.” He said quietly, in the way of an apology, and an invitation.

Taehyung looked at the hand on his sleeve, before looking up at Jungkook beside him. The smile on his lips relaxed into something more natural, eyes crinkling a bit. "Well then, let's fix that," he said, patting Jungkook's hand. "Go get changed, I'll be right there."

Jungkook nodded, and squeezing Taehyung’s sleeve on more time, he let go before going off to get changed as Taehyung requested.

It didn’t take him too long. The night hadn’t been too hot and Jungkook still felt pretty clean. And so he simply changed into a long-sleeved shirt and a pair of loose lounge pants before padding over to Taehyung’s room, crawling into the vampire’s massive king sized bed.

Taehyung closed off all the lights and put everything away from the living room before heading into the bedroom. He smiled fondly when he saw Jungkook.

Maybe he was remembering when Jungkook had first come to live with him. He'd snuck into Taehyung's bed almost every night. Taehyung had teased him, saying he'd have to send out a search expedition when Jungkook woke up because Jungkook had been swamped in his bed. (Jungkook remembered seeing Taehyung's bed for the first time and then had promptly asked if Taehyung was rich like an idiot.) But now Jungkook's long limbs took up proper space, more space than Taehyung did. He missed it — the feeling of being smaller than Taehyung, being able to be snuggled easily in his arms. These days, Jungkook was the one who could envelope Taehyung in his arms. He didn't mind that either. But…

Taehyung turned off the last light, placing his phone by the bed to charge before climbing up next to Jungkook. "Hi cinnamon bunny," he whispered, settling in next to him.

“Hi, hyung.” Jungkook mumbled, not even protesting the use of the nickname. And he immediately snuggled up into Taehyung, burying his face into Taehyung’s chest.

After a moment, his hand lifted up, gently teasing the ends of the hairs resting on the nape of Taehyung’s neck. “I forgot to tell you. I think your new hair is really cool.”

Blinking, a wide, warm smile appeared on Taehyung's face. "I was hoping you'd like it," he admitted in a soft whisper, skinny arms circling around Jungkook in return to cuddle him close. "Night,
Taehyung had no idea how much Jungkook really liked it. And he felt his heart clench a little, even as he felt Taehyung hugging him back. “Night, hyung.”

(On the stand, unseen by the both of them, Taehyung's phone buzzed with a few new messages.

**Jongdae, 6.45 a.m.** Cleaned up your little problem. Do you have to make such a mess?

**Gyuri, 6.47 a.m.** Found another fledgling nest in Incheon. No sign of the sires.)

Chapter End Notes

Reading all your conspiracy theories is so interesting. Please leave us more.

If you aren't already, follow us on Twitter! [@yeonah](https://twitter.com/yeonah) and [@curionenene](https://twitter.com/curionenene). We also have a moodboard thread. We're very friendly people who love to talk!
Yoongi actually didn't go out to bars very often. The time Hoseok had stumbled upon and tried to bite him had been the first time in well over a month he'd had alcohol somewhere other than his apartment. This was for multiple reasons: he hated noise, beer from a 7Eleven was cheaper, and he liked the freedom of falling asleep immediately after without worrying about having everything on him stolen. Plus with two jobs and now spending most of his time off with Hoseok, he didn't really have the free time to lounge around bars.

But he had needed a drink — something harder than beer — and had all night to sleep off whatever hangover resulted. So he found himself at the small, lesser known bar he frequented, sitting on a stool and browsing through news on his phone while he waited for the bartender to get him a new drink.

Another problem with drinking at a bar however, was that there were other people there. And one such other person sat down on the stool next to him, pasting what was probably a friendly smile on his face before tapping Yoongi on his shoulder. “Well, hello there.”

Yoongi glanced to his side, raising one eyebrow at the stranger. No, he definitely didn't know this guy and his creepy-ass smile. “…Yeah?”

“Mmm…” the creepy stranger stared at Yoongi for a while longer, nostrils flared. “I was right. You do smell like one of us was all over you.”

Yoongi's eyes narrowed further, a chill going down his spine. He'd seen all four of the vampires he knew smell the air like that too many times to mistake it for anything else: a vampire getting the scent of their prey. “…What's it to you?”

“Oh no.” The vampire grinned, a slight hint of fang in his smile. “I just have a proposition for you.”

"Not interested. Fuck off." Yoongi turned back towards the bar, still hyper-aware of the vampire. He couldn't leave the bar; there were plenty of people around right now, and witnesses kept him safe. If he tried to get away from this guy, that would just land him somewhere alone.

“Oh hey. Don't be so hasty. I'll pay you.” The vampire hadn't given up despite the cold reception.
“Besides, you're already a donor for one vampire, what's another?”

"...I'm no donor," Yoongi said through clenched teeth. It was true. He probably smelled like Hoseok from the amount of time he spent around the fledgling, but not once had any of the vampires he knew drank from him, thank you very much. "And I'm not interested in being one."

“What? No. There's no way you've spent so much time around a vampire and not be a donor.” The vampire frowned. “Come on. I swear I'm older than I look. And I'll make it feel way better than whatever the fledgling you have is doing.”

"If you're as old as you claim then you're old enough to take no for a fucking answer," Yoongi looked at the vampire with a scowl. Most humans would probably be cowering around now, being faced with a known vampire. But Yoongi was just ticked off. "I came here to get drunk, not have my blood sucked out."

“Hey, no—”

But before the vampire could say any more, a large hand came down onto the vampire's shoulder. “Hey. Didn't you hear him? He said no.”

Yoongi's gaze lifted to see another vampire standing behind the first one... this vampire more familiar to him. "Seokjin?"

Seokjin smiled brightly at Yoongi. “Hey, Yoongi. Just... gimme a second with this guy okay? And then let's have a drink together.”

And Seokjin hauled the other vampire away, a grim look on his face.

It was ten minutes later when Seokjin returned to the bar. The other vampire was nowhere to be seen. “Evening, Yoongi.”

"Did you toss him in a dumpster or something?" Yoongi asked, blinking at the vampire.

“What?” Seokjin blinked back at him in return. “No. I had a nice civil talk with him. It also helps that
I help distribute blood packs, so I have a little sway over at least most of the vampires of Seoul.”

"Well, I owe you. What do you want?" Yoongi waved the bartender over.

Seokjin waved the offer away. “Just water. I already had drinks earlier. Anymore and I'm gonna puke. I just wanted to talk to you.”

"Alright, well you have my attention," Yoongi said, though he did order another whisky for himself.

“Mmm… so I get that you're probably going to continue spending more time with Hoseok around.” Seokjin started off with that. “That's fine. Just… The situation just now… there's probably going to be repeats of it.”

"Why?" Yoongi's lips twisted into a small scowl. "What does it matter if I hang out with him or not? I'm not a blood bag."

“You're not, but there's a lot of stupid vampires with assumptions,” Seokjin sighed. “One is that if you're constantly around another vampire, then you're probably a donor. Jungkook gets it all the time too.”

"So what am I supposed to do about it?" Yoongi asked. "I'm not changing what I do so those assholes don't come after me."

Seokjin chuckled. “I'm not asking you to. Well ok. Maybe I am. But I'm just gonna advise you to tell a little white lie. Just say that Hoseok doesn't like to share instead.”

Yoongi blinked, expression flat. "…How is that going to get a vampire to lay off? That one wasn't going to take any sort of no for an answer."

“Vampires are surprisingly territorial. If you're a donor and have an exclusive contract with a vampire, most others would respect that.” Seokjin shrugged. “It works for Jungkook all the time. But then again, Taehyung's scent probably would be more intimidating than Hoseok’s since he's older.”

"And if they still don't get it, what do I do? Throw my smelling salts in their face and book it?"
“Most should.” Seokjin said, “but if they don't, call Hoseok to come down. Or if he can't make it, me or Namjoon. Did Hoseok give you our numbers?”

"Yeah. I got both of yours and Taehyung's," Yoongi nodded.

“Oh. Great. If they really won't leave you alone, call one of us. We'll talk to them. If they still don't believe it, we'll come down and escort you to wherever you need. Do not just leave. They'll probably follow somewhere and worst case we'll find you dead in a dumpster somewhere.”

Yoongi didn't look impressed, lips thinned. As great as having vampire guardians at his beck and call was, it had the potential to backfire if none of them were available — or if the vampire bothering him didn’t care to wait for others to arrive before trying for Yoongi’s neck.

There was one thing Yoongi was under no illusions about: the world Hoseok had landed himself in, and that Yoongi had followed him into, was a dangerous one.

"…Should I invest in a silver knife or something? That shit's expensive."

“Mmm. I actually have a few hunter contacts—” Seokjin cut himself off and chuckled, “before you ask, they're hunters who are friendly with vampires who keep to the rules. But I could set you up with something. Just… Try not to accidentally hurt Hoseok, yeah?”

"No worries about that," Yoongi grumped. "He's doing a good enough job accidentally burning his own ass all on his own. He doesn't need my help."

Seokjin blinked. “Oh right. He burned himself that time when he got lured out into the living room by your smell. That was pretty bad.”

"…Was that why he ended up snoring beside me?" Yoongi had to have words with Hoseok. He was not food.

“You look annoyed,” Seokjin shook his head in amusement. “You shouldn't be though. He didn't bite you right? He's doing fantastically well for a fledgling. Though I'm not surprised. He seems to have inherited his self-control from his sire.”
"Doesn't mean I can't be annoyed. I spend half my day annoyed," Yoongi snorted, finishing his drink. "I'd like to say he's also inherited the clumsiness, but Hoseok's always been that way."

“Yes.” Seokjin’s smile widened. “He nearly died in a similar way to Namjoon. I suppose that's why Namjoon decided to turn him.”

After a moment, Seokjin turned to look at Yoongi curiously. “You're pretty intent not to be fed on. Yet you seem to be spending more and more time with Hoseok.”

"I don't see what one has to do with the other," Yoongi said dryly, placing his glass down. "He's my friend, was before the whole near death experience."

“Technically he's undead now.” Seokjin tilted his head. “I'm just noting it because most of the time, most humans start to distance themselves. The world vampires see is a lot more dangerous than the ones humans dwell in.”

"I figured that. But..."

This was Hoseok. Bright, sunshiny Hoseok who always took the time to talk with Yoongi in a world where everyone was too preoccupied with their own lives to give a damn about anyone else.

Yoongi shrugged one shoulder. "Someone has to keep an eye on him during the day when you lot are hiding from the sun."

Seokjin smiled, “... and thank you for that. I wish more humans were like you.”

“Anyway, I guess since you’re protecting our little fledgling during the sunlight, I’d be a poor grandsire not to watch over you during the night. So... just be careful. Alright?”

"Noted," Yoongi said, sighing. "And... thanks, for telling that guy off."

“No problem. He was beginning to piss me off anyway.” Seokjin shrugged, “so... tell me more
about yourself? I only know that you’re Hoseok’s co-worker at the cafe, and you… have a retail job too?”

"Yeah. Probably accounts for my lack of soul," Yoongi snorted. He suddenly really wanted a cigarette, but he doubted the vampire would appreciate the strong smell of nicotine in his face. "Got some music degree no one's hiring for, but I get by on a handful of compositions for broke indie records who can't afford the big names. What about you?"

“Me? Right now? I’m a doctor, mostly out of necessity, otherwise I wouldn’t be able to get the blood bags Hoseok so relies on. But I suppose once, I wanted to be a singer. And I was, for a little while.” Seokjin’s smile had turned a little rueful.

Yoongi blinked; he hadn't seen that coming from the jaded, grumpy vampire. "Was that before or after you became immortal?"

“Well, both. I did a little stint as a pop singer back… in the 70s maybe? But… I was also training to be a singer of the Joseon court when I was still... human… That was how I got turned actually.”

"...Oh." Yoongi's brow furrowed. "You don't have to answer, but what happened? Doesn't sound like you were a victim of a clumsy accident like Hoseok and Namjoon."

“Nah, I don’t mind. It happened a really, really long time ago anyway.” Seokjin looked away from Yoongi, a slight faraway look in his eyes. “I… there were ambassadors from France. And well, the best singers couldn’t be paraded in front of barbarians. But we couldn’t totally anger them so the next best thing was sent: the best of those in training.”

“It’s something I’m still pretty proud of to this day.” Seokjin smiled, “even if some of it was more because of my looks than simply my voice. But still… anyway, one of the ambassadors was… very taken with me. Wanted to see me alone.”

Seokjin sighed, rubbing his arm, “back then, it wasn’t that uncommon for performers in the court to offer more than their skills to get ahead. And well, I wasn’t particularly in a position to refuse. Except I was expecting sex. Instead, I got the most serious hickey of my life instead.”

"…What did he even turn you for?" Yoongi frowned. "Or was it just for shits and giggles?"
“This was before the system of the Elders was put into place. Power was in the hands of those who could wrestle it for themselves, and this man… was powerful. And he wanted a trophy pretty thing to be by his side to show off his power.” Seokjin shrugged.

"Sounds like an asshole." Yoongi said, waving over the bartender for another drink. "I hope you staked him."

“Mmm… had to make sure all his assets were mine first.” Seokjin’s grin turned a little more sinister for a moment, “but yeah… he slowly but surely pissed off a lot of people over the years while I made more and more friends. It became almost natural after a while, that he got… disposed of.”

Yoongi raised an eyebrow at the vampire, a little impressed despite himself. "What did you do after that?"

“Lived the high life of a socialite. Lots of… things you could do back then. The Elders didn’t have the sway they had now and everything was still a little… crazy. Then the war happened, and I met Taehyung.” Seokjin wrinkled his nose. “Stupid brat.”

"By war, you mean with the North?" Yoongi asked. That was right; Namjoon had been born after the war, but both Seokjin and Taehyung were older than Hoseok’s sire.

“Oh. No.” Seokjin laughed a little, “I totally ran off during that war. No. This was maybe 200 or 300 years earlier than that. A vampire war. The humans in Korea were busy persecuting Catholics back then, I think.”

"A vampire war? What happened, and how did this not become public knowledge?" If there had been mass casualties, surely it would have caught the attention of humans, no?

“Like I said,” Seokjin smirked a little, “the humans in Korea were busy persecuting Catholics back then. A lot of the new vampires in Korea then were… sired by… Westerners who were visiting and who also brought their religion along.”

Yoongi rubbed the back of his head, nodding at the bartender as he was brought a new glass. “Fair enough… that doesn’t answer what happened though. You said you met Taehyung?”

“It was a standard thing. The council of Elders was just being established, some vampires didn’t
want their fun to be spoilt, so they rebelled. Created a shit ton of new fledglings and of course hunters got involved. I met Taehyung towards the end of the war. The Elders had mostly beat back the rebels but they still had to deal with the hunters. The idiot apparently agreed to do negotiations for a bunch of fledglings captured by hunters in broad daylight as a show of solidarity. On his own. Without backup. Idiot nearly died trying to return with the good news. I just happened to stumble across him and out of the kindness of my heart, nursed him back to health.”

"…" Yoongi didn't know what to think of that. He'd seen what just a couple seconds in the sun had done to Hoseok's skin. "He must have been fucking barbecued." It did give him a shred of respect for the weird vampire. “What were you doing during the war? Were you involved on either side, or just a spectator?"

“…" It was terrible.” Seokjin wrinkled his nose. “My house stank of burnt flesh for months after. As for your question. I slept around quite a lot back then. It's interesting, how people let their guard down when they're intimate with someone. And well, a lot of the rebels reminded me of my sire. So…”

"So not about to help them. Got it." Yoongi watched Seokjin's expression. "And these… 'Elders' are like council leaders or something? The government keeping vampire society from being complete chaos?"

“Essentially.” Seokjin nodded, “they're the ones who make the rules and then they have groups of people called their Enforcers to make sure their will is done.”

Yoongi nodded slowly. He wondered if Taehyung was an Enforcer then. Why else would he have nearly burnt his ass in a negotiation attempt? It was pretty hard imagining the silly vampire as the vampire equivalent to a police officer. "And things have been pretty calm since the war?"

“Well. A few bumps here and there but nothing as major. And well. I guess in the 90s, there was a sudden surge in hunters. But nothing else I guess.”

"Are hunters something Hoseok's going to have to deal with?" Yoongi asked, frowning. "He's a good kid, doesn't get himself into trouble."

“Hopefully not.” Seokjin frowned, “I mean. The Elders still continue to work with some hunter clans to enforce their rules, actually. But there's so many hunter families all across the country and not all of them follow the ideology that you only kill a vampire if they step out of line.”
That sent a shiver down Yoongi's spine. "Does he know? That he has to be watching out for hunters, I mean."

Seokjin nodded. “But me and Namjoon do have to train him on how to fight soon. We were waiting for him to get used to daily life as a vampire first.”

"Train him to fight?" Yoongi snorted despite himself. "I'd love to see that." Hoseok would rather scream and run the other way.

“If he doesn't want to end up with a silver stake in his heart he's going to have to learn. Just like drinking blood.” Seokjin shrugged.

"I still would pay to see it."

Yoongi looked at his watch. It was getting late even for him, though probably not for a vampire. "I should head off. Unless there's another vampire stalking me?"

“Not that I'm aware of.” Seokjin laughed, “would you like me to send you back to make sure?”

"I'm a big kid, I can handle myself," Yoongi chuckled, paying the bartender before sliding off the stool. "I guess I'll see you whenever Hoseok needs his next bag top-up."

“Mmm. Tell me what you'd like to eat next time.” Seokjin angled himself on the stool to face Yoongi. “Other than Jungkook, you're the only one who can really appreciate the food,”

"I'll eat anything that's not blood,” Yoongi replied with a drawl, lips curled into a smirk. "Night, Seokjin-sshi."

He headed away from the bar and out the door, into the cool night air. That conversation had given him a lot of food for thought, and he wondered how much Hoseok knew of what he'd just been told. Did he realize the world he'd been pushed into was far more than it had appeared on the surface?

Despite the dangers, he couldn't let Hoseok go through it all on his own. Yoongi ignored the traitorous voice that pointed out his reasons had nothing to do with being Hoseok's coworker.
(Little did Yoongi know, he had a silent, vampire shadow all the way home. Despite what they’d both said, Seokjin wasn’t about to let the human go home alone. Seoul could be a dangerous place once the sun set, after all.)

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Staring down the barrel of the wrong end of a shiny looking gun, Hoseok wondered why his luck was always this shitty.

It'd been a long day at work today — one made shittier by the fact that he had forgotten to bring an extra blood bag for work. The cafe had been busy for his whole shift, and he knew his manager wouldn't let him duck out even for like ten minutes. He'd spent most of his shift pretending to be sniffly and burying his nose into his sleeve half the time. And somehow he had managed to get through it, quickly making a few excuses and persuading a co-worker to close up for the night.

But somewhere along the five minutes walk home, Hoseok's hunger finally got the better of him, and he'd lost his mind for a split second as someone passed him on the street, walking into an alleyway. And the next thing he knew, this.

“Quite a daring move,” the girl who was pointing the gun at his face chuckled, tilting her head with a dangerous look gleaming in her black eyes. “Trying to drink from a hunter.”

Well.

“I- I swear.” Hoseok swallowed as he raised his hands. “I didn't know. I- I'm sorry. I didn't even mean to hunt. I- I was just so thirsty I… please don't kill me.”

The girl raised a deliberate eyebrow, annoyed expression turning amused. “If I had a penny for every time I heard that, and the vampire tried to attack me after I pretended to relax my guard, I'd probably have the money to buy that new gun I've been eyeing.”

Shit. Shit. Shit.
“I swear.” Hoseok closed his eyes, trying not to pee himself. “I really swear. I- I’m not— oh gawd, please.”

It looked for a scary moment like Hoseok was going to end up with a silver bullet between his eyes.

Until an unfamiliar voice rang out, high in pitch and very amused.

"Why are you scaring the poor fledgling, Minji-yah? Look at him. He's ready to faint. This is probably the first time he's ever seen a gun outside a movie theatre."

Hoseok started, biting back a scream at the sudden new voice. But the girl, Minji, sighed, the gun clicking a little as it shifted. “You always spoil my fun, Jongdae.”

"That's my job," the new arrival winked, a wide, cheshire-like grin on his face. "Hey fledgling, you okay? You didn't soil yourself, did you?" He leaned against the alley wall, all tight pants and leather jacket with his short hair styled into a mess.

Hoseok wanted to say ‘not yet’, but settled for numbly shaking his head. And he heaved a sigh of relief when the gun was moved away from his face.

“Geeze… you're making them more spineless than usual aren't ya?” Minji looked at Jongdae in amusement. “Well. I'll leave him to you then.”


Minji rolled her eyes. “You're terrible. She's retired already ya know? Means she's also retired from your cheesy advances.”

"But she'll forever be in my heart," Jongdae covered his heart dramatically.

“I will shoot you.” Minji snorted, hefting her gun at Jongdae before glancing at Hoseok. “I'm gonna
Hoseok's hand flew up to his mouth. Oh. Oh shit she was right.

"I've got this," Jongdae chuckled, lifting one hand in a casual wave. "See you around, sweetheart."

Minji didn't say anything to that as she left, simply shuddering before disappearing around the corner.

Right.

Hoseok stared blankly at the space where Minji had been. He vaguely recalling Namjoon saying he tended to always accidentally choose the wrong targets. Did Hoseok inherit this too? Did vampire genetics work that way?

"Hey, you okay kid? Damn, what was that name again… Ho… Hobi? Something like that…" Jongdae had pushed away from the wall and into Hoseok's field of vision. "What's your name, kid?"

Hoseok yelped, jumping back, and wincing when he nearly fell over an empty can. “Holy shit. Don't do that.”

"Do what? Move?" Jongdae snorted. "Name. I need to know what I'm texting Taehyung with. He's the closest location with blood bags, and you're too starved to hunt. You'll drain anyone you sink your fangs into."

“Er? What?” Hoseok blinked, “I'm— I'm Hoseok. You know Taehyung?"

"Yeah. He's the one who told me about you. Namjoon's kid, huh?" Jongdae grinned, extending one hand as he straightened. "Kim Jongdae. Please to meet you."

“Er—” there were so many questions swirling in Hoseok’s head but he took Jongdae’s hand, shaking it. “Same. I guess? Well thanks for saving me?”

"Eh, Minji wasn't going to kill you. Probably laugh her head off when you peed your pants. She's
one of the good hunters. Her clan works with us regularly. Her mom was a dragoness if I ever saw one," Jongdae let go and clasped Hoseok's shoulder, steering him along. "C'mon, we'll take the back alleys. Less chance of running into someone tasty."

“O-oh.” What? Good hunter? Right. Seokjin had said something about that but he didn't explain. “What do you mean by good hunters? Don't hunters kill vampires?”

"Ideally, they kill only vampires who step out of line. Vampires who kill humans, intentionally hurt, that sort of thing. Not all hunters are like that, no, but a couple of the clans in the Seoul area work with those rules. At least you picked a nice one to try biting. I probably wouldn't have been able to step in if the hunter hated my guts."

“Oh.” Hoseok blinked. Did that mean Namjoon had done the same too? “Thanks still. I guess. Erm. How do you know Taehyung anyway?"

"Oh, we go way back," Jongdae said with a laugh. "I owe him a debt so I'm stuck cleaning up his messes. He must have taken a liking to you, that outfit is definitely his handiwork."

Hoseok looked down at the hooded jacket he was wearing, and the surprisingly breezy but thick turtleneck and nodded. “Yeah. I was over at Namjoon’s place and was complaining about how uncomfortable my stuff was. Because all my long sleeves are mostly for autumn and winter. And he kind of… yeah.”

"Yeah," Jongdae snorted. "He's a whirlwind. But hey, you got proper clothes out of it. How old are you? You smell pretty young, still got that bit of human on you." It was clear he wasn't talking about Hoseok's physical age.

“Huh. Er—” it felt like a lifetime since Namjoon had turned him. But it was maybe about a month since this had all gone down. “A month. I'm about a month old.”

"Hey! You're just about through the nightmare months. Where everyone smells like dinner and you need like fifty blood bags a week to stop you from biting their throats out." Jongdae clapped Hoseok's back. "It's kinda like your body goes into hyperdrive for that first month, puberty all over again. Afterwards? Everyone will still smell like dinner, but the bloodlust will calm down."

Hoseok nearly stumbled forward at the clap at his back. “R-right. Guess I'm looking forward to not needing so much blood and accidentally going after hunters when I don't get enough.”
Then he blinked, “er. Where are we going?”

"We're gonna meet up with Tae," Jongdae said, looking down at his phone. "I was already on my way to see him anyways. He should be done hunting by now, then we'll catch a cab back to Gangnam for those blood bags."

“I— but I have bags in my house. And it's just 5 minutes away. I just forgot to bring them with me today.”

"Oh? Why didn't you say so," Jongdae wrinkled his nose. "He's going to pout horribly at me now. Where's your place?"

“Just down the street.” Hoseok pointed in the general direction. “And… Sorry. I was still a bit shocked from having a gun pointed at my head.”

"Oh, you'll get used to that," Jongdae said far too cheerfully.

Hoseok wrinkled his nose. “Doesn't sound like something I’d like to get used to.”

"Sorry, fledgling," Jongdae patted his hair. "At least you new fledglings have it easier than we did centuries ago. These days, people frown on killing your neighbours."

Hoseok didn't even know what to make of that sentence. Or the hair pat. Jongdae was acting awfully familiar for some guy he'd just met on the street. “Er… how does that make it easier?”

"Because the bad hunters have to be sneakier about it, and the Elders working with the rest of the hunters means safer streets for all of us," Jongdae shrugged, frowning down at his phone as it lit up. "Yep, he's pouting at me."

“Er… Sorry? I mean. I'm okay meeting. But—” Hoseok winced he cut his stupid bloody tongue on his fangs. Again. “Ow. Yeah. These fangs are a little uncomfortable.”
"Does he know where your place is? I'll tell him to meet us there." Jongdae tapped away at his phone.

“I think so? He's been there before.” That night when they'd bought all these clothes. Although, to be fair they had taken a cab back. “Maybe I should give him the address just in case.”

"Eh, don't worry about it. He got there once, he can get there again," Jongdae waved off Hoseok’s concern, putting his phone away after a minute.

That… didn’t sound very reassuring. But he guessed Jongdae would know best. And they walked over to the main street again, Hoseok pressing his lips closed tight and quickly putting his sleeve up to his nose.

Despite Jongdae's flippant attitude, the hand he kept against Hoseok’s shoulder hinted he wasn't about to let the fledgling steer off-course. He kept Hoseok on track whenever the younger vampire got too close to a human, until they finally reached the apartment building.

"You good, kid?" Jongdae asked as Hoseok worked on the door lock.

Hoseok’s hands were shaking a little as he unlocked the door. He knew there were blood bags behind that door and his instincts were urging him to get to it — faster, quicker. And it was all he could do not to just break the door down. “Y-yeah… just—” the door clicked open and Hoseok’s eyes widened, “u-uh?”

It was like the world had stopped. Hoseok’s eyes narrowing on the person standing in front of him. Standing in the living room, right in front of him, with a can of beer in his hand.

Jimin.

Now, there was nothing wrong with that. It was a normally, a very… normal thing. Nothing out of the ordinary. But unfortunately? Right now? Jimin being in the living room was also a very, very bad thing. “Hoseok?”

Hoseok didn't even notice Jongdae wrapping his arm around Hoseok's neck, physically holding him back even before he'd realised his body had lunged forward towards Jimin. "Oh no you don't."
Everything felt like it was happening very far away. Jongdae seemed to have grabbed him and was holding him back. And Jimin... Jimin was just standing there, looking a little stunned. And there was also the sound of someone hissing and snarling. Which was weird. Why would there be someone hissing and snarling?

("Mind telling me where this kid's blood bags are? And moving in the opposite direction, thanks."

“In his room. There’s a fridge. Er... I don’t think it’s locked.”

"Thanks love.")

For a moment, everything turned to static. Hoseok was vaguely aware that he was being dragged away and he was resisting. And they seemed to be moving away from a really delicious smell. But then, there was something pushed to Hoseok’s mouth and something cool and delicious flooded his mouth and—

“O...oh... hah...” Hoseok panted, his vision slowly returning from the weird red static to normal, the surroundings that was his room flooding back in. “W-what...?”

"Feeling better?" The tight pressure around his neck loosened. Turning around, Hoseok realized that Jongdae had been keeping tight hold of Hoseok’s neck to make sure the fledgling wasn’t going to run off and drain his human roommate. "Better have a second one for good measure." He pulled out a second bag and offered it to Hoseok, closing the fridge.

“Yeah. Thank... Thank you.” Hoseok took the blood bag a little shakily. His fangs had retracted, finally. The only good thing of this mess so far. “I... shit. Did I try to bite Jimin?”

"That your roommate? Yep." Jongdae popped the 'p'. "Don't worry, I didn't let you anywhere near him. Just finish that bag and take a breather."

But Hoseok's still felt terrible, even after finishing up the second blood bag — like there was a heavy rock in his stomach. He'd just pieced together everything that had happened. He must have lost control, tried to bite Jimin, and Jongdae must have stopped him. “Shit. Stupid. I fucked up.”

"Hey, it's alright. He knows you're a vampire, right? He knew where the bags were, anyways."
Jongdae patted Hoseok's shoulder, words meant to comfort. But Hoseok didn't feel all that comforted.

“...He knows, but I still fucked up. If you hadn't been here I probably would have killed him.”

Hoseok looked at the wrinkled bag in his hands before trying to loosen the tightened hold he had on it. He wasn't very successful. His fingers still shook.

"Then it's a good thing you had that run-in with Minji, isn't it," Jongdae smiled. "Hey. You didn't hurt anyone. Yah, human kid!" he called out of the bedroom door. "It's safe!"

Jimin must have been hovering around the living room with the speed in which he poked his head into the room right after Jongdae's shout. “Hoseokie-hyung’s alright?”

"Yep,” Jongdae gave him a lazy cat grin. "He was just starved. How's the throat, Hoseok? Want a third bag for good measure, or are you feeling stable again?"

“I think I'll be fine for now.” Hoseok said softly, unable to really look Jimin in the eye. “I'll drink one later.”

“What happened?” Jimin stepped into the room, looking worried. “Did you get injured or something?”

"Apparently just forgot to bring blood with him," Jongdae said. And then, there was an odd pause, Hoseok seeing Jongdae's nostrils flare open a little, but too defeated to figure out what it meant.

Whatever it was, Jongdae was acting a little strangely now, giving Jimin a rather odd look. "…Huh."

Something weird was happening now, because Jimin was grinning this gigantic bright grin and looking even more friendly than usual, if that was a thing. “Oh... hey. You helped me not become a total blood bag right? You look a little familiar.”

Jongdae's head tilted a little. "Hmm... really. Because you don't look familiar at all." There was something odd in his light drawl. "Kim Jongdae, and you are?”
“...Park Jimin.” Jimin's voice too was oddly tight. “You aren't a family friend right? 'Cause I got into a fight with them years ago. Haven't spoken to them since.”

Hoseok had been looking between the two of them, because what was going on. But at that piece of information, his head snapped towards Jimin, because that was the first time Hoseok had heard of anything of the sort. “Eh. Really? Is that why you don't go back for the holidays?”

And even under Hoseok's gaze, Jimin’s smile became a little more genuine. “Yeah. I don't really want to see them.”

But Jongdae was still eyeing Jimin with far too much interest. And it was a little disappointing that when he seemed to start saying something, he was interrupted by the doorbell going off. “…Aish, that brat and his timing.”

“Brat?” Jimin blinked as he went to answer the door. “Did you guys invite someone else over?”

Hoseok didn't know why he felt surprised when the answer became apparently the moment Jimin answered the door. He'd known this person was coming here after all. "Jiminnie!" Taehyung pounced on the human in an enthusiastic hug, nearly landing them both in a pile on the floor. "Fancy seeing you here! I could smell that peppermint on the other side of the door."

Jimin yelped as he was suddenly accosted. And he rolled his eyes, pushing Taehyung off. “Ugh. Should have guessed it was you.”

Taehyung flailed as he was pushed away, pouting at Jimin. "What is that supposed to mean?" The wild-spirited vampire looked even more chaotic today, all smokey eyeliner and styled hair looking like someone had been running their fingers through it. There was a warm flush to his cheeks and his clothes were a little messily pulled on.

"Well," Jongdae drawled, leaning against the doorway to Hoseok's room. "Someone's looking well fucked."

Taehyung's boxy grin just widened, looking far too pleased with himself. "You two have met each other already? Perfect. Where's our fledgling?"
“Recovering from his lack of blood.” And Hoseok felt Jongdae as he gave Taehyung a raised eyebrow as the vampire leaned on Jimin’s shoulder like they were best friends. When had that happened?

Jimin was wrinkling his nose, not exactly looking very happy with the idea that Taehyung was leaning against him after having some, even as Hoseok asked, “Eh? Jimin? You remember Taehyung?”

"Oh, we ran into each other some time ago. I remembered him and we had a good chat," Taehyung said easily. "How are you feeling, Hobi? You're still looking a bit pale."

Hoseok blinked again before smiling wanely. “I'm fine. Just… Feeling stupid. Definitely not going to forget my blood bag at work again.”

"Next time you forget one, you should phone one of us on your break," Taehyung said, tilting his head a little. "Dae, does he have your number?"

"…Not yet," Jongdae wrinkled his nose at Taehyung before fishing out his phone.

“Oh. But… That's a lot of trouble.” Hoseok knew he probably looked a little alarmed. And maybe he was overreacting a little, but he felt like he had already imposed a lot on Taehyung and Jongdae already. “I can just insist to duck out. Say I forgot meds or something.”

"It's no trouble," Jongdae waved off the concern, holding out his phone to Hoseok to enter his number. "We look out for each other around here. If your sire or this brat can't make it and you need blood, give me a call. I'm awake at weird times anyways cleaning up other messes."

“Erm… okay?” Hoseok wanted to protest more, but he didn’t really have the strength to. “Here. Uhm. Thanks, Jongdae-sshi.”

“Just Jongdae is fine.”

Jimin sighed, finally having enough of Taehyung hanging all over him. Pushing the vampire's arm off his shoulder, he stalked towards the kitchen. “I need another beer.”
"Can I have one?" Taehyung started to follow after him.

"No you can't," Jongdae snorted. "Beer makes you sick. *Everything* makes you sick, but alcohol is the absolute worst and Ryeowook will have my head on a pike if I let you consume any of it so get your skinny ass back here."

"... He's so mean to me," Taehyung whined at Hoseok, slinking out of the kitchen with his head down.

"It's my job," Jongdae retorted, before looking at Hoseok as well.

Hoseok shook his head, looking between the both of them. This was... a lot. “Actually, how do the two of you know each other?”

"I said on the way here, didn't I? I owe this brat a debt, which I pay off by cleaning up his messes and telling him when he's being an idiot." Jongdae squawked when Taehyung grabbed him in a playful headlock, the two vampires flailing around before falling over with a thud.

Jimin came out then, looking at the two, a bemused expression in his face. In that moment, Hoseok felt that he and Jimin were probably thinking the same thing. “Vampires are supposed to be older aren't they. How old are these two? Why are they behaving like they're five.”

Hoseok just shrugged in return. “I learned not to question too much.”

Taehyung had somehow managed to wrap both his arms and legs around Jongdae to keep him effortlessly pinned. "If you add up all the digits, I'm eight years old."

"That's not how age works," Jongdae groaned, hitting Taehyung's leg. "I give, get off of me. You smell like sex and it's gross." Taehyung let all his limbs flop to the floor, Jongdae crawling away.

Jimin sighed, taking a swig of his beer. “Well. I'll be in my room. Hoseok, should I set up a reminder for you to bring your blood bags out?”

“Eh? Oh no. I'll just be more careful. I forgot because I was in a rush is all.” Hoseok smiled
thankfully at Jimin.

“Mmm…” Was all the answer Jimin gave before walking off.

"You're leaving us already?" Taehyung asked, sitting up and looking after Jimin.

“Was never with you.” Jimin raised his beer before closing the door to his room.

"…Hobi, your roommate is mean," Taehyung looked up at him with a sulky expression.

Hoseok glanced at Jimin’s room door before shrugging. “He always comes off a bit cold. But he's actually really kind. I'd bet my savings that there's gonna be a little baggie with blood bags in it and my name written in marker on the counter tomorrow.”

Jongdae snorted. "Cute. Well, if you're alright, time for us to take our leave." He stood and held out a hand to Taehyung, hoisting the other vampire to his feet.

“Eh? Oh. Yeah. Ok?” Hoseok blinked at that. Taehyung had rushed all the way here after getting Jongdae’s text, so he'd have thought they'd stay longer. But it wasn't like he could offer to make them tea. And Taehyung didn't really drink from blood bags.

"Sorry, work calls," Taehyung sighed sadly, pouting at Hoseok. "I'll see you at Jin’s, huh?"

“Work?” Hoseok repeated, “er. Yeah. I should be going in about…” Hoseok thought about the stock in his fridge, and the fact he probably was going to comfort binge after the two of them left. “Maybe three days.”

"Alright! I'll probably be around." Taehyung wrapped his arms around Hoseok's neck in a friendly hug.

"You didn't scare him," he hummed into Hoseok's ear, patting his hair. "So don't be too upset, okay?"
Hoseok blinked at the sudden words, and it took a moment to realized that Taehyung was talking about Jimin. And he didn’t know why, but that suddenly made tears well up in his eyes. “Uh. Right…”

"Hey. You're okay. Everything's okay." Taehyung pulled back to smile widely at Hoseok, his hands cupping the fledgling's cheeks. "You had a scare, but it's over."

“Unh…” Taehyung really wasn’t helping to stop the tears. He hadn’t been fussed over like a child since… well… probably since he was a child. His mother was a lovely woman, but like a typical Korean mother, she wasn’t the most huggy of people. And he’d always been the one who fussed over others in friendship so… “Y-yeah… yeah… I’m fine. Thank you.”

Taehyung brushed the tears away with his thumbs, pulling Hoseok into another warm hug. Jongdae just watched by the apartment door, smiling fondly to himself as he waited for them to finish.

When he pulled away again, Taehyung gave Hoseok a dorky smile, tweaking his nose. "I'll see you around Hobi. Remember, if you need anything, you hit up every phone number you got. We'll help you."

“Yeah.” Hoseok was still a little sniffly, but his demeanor had shifted, shoulders more relaxed now. He hadn’t even realized he’d been tensed. “Thanks… a lot. For coming all the way over.”

"Nothing to thank me for." Taehyung headed towards the door and Jongdae. "Night Hobi. Night grumpy Jimin!" He yelled at Jimin's closed door.

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It was only when they were out on the streets again under the high moon that Jongdae broke his silence, interrupting Taehyung from singing trot songs in weird pitches. "So, he doesn't know his roommate's a hunter, huh? I don't remember a Park Jimin." A casual observation with much more serious undertones.

"Eh… don't worry about him. I already did the research. Family is fucking nuts, but Jiminnie's
alright." Taehyung smiled widely, stuffing his hands into his pockets to find his phone. "Don't burn any bridges by reacting unnecessarily."

"Right... we'll need all the help we can get if more nests keep popping up," Jongdae sighed, pulling out his phone and seeing the newest message. "Gyuri's waiting on us."

"Let's not keep her waiting any longer then." Taehyung typed out a short message to Jungkook.

_Taehyung, 12.07 a.m. Won't be home tonight. With Jongdae. Fighting on your test tomorrow <3_

Duty called.

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Except, Jungkook wasn't studying for his test.

Instead, he was somewhere, on the grounds of some university, trying very hard to squeeze through a tiny space in the fence.

“Hurry up, Jeon!” And Jungkook bit back a sigh. He _was_ hurrying. It wasn't his fault puberty decided to give him a much lankier, bigger body so fast that he couldn't squeeze into places he used to be able to easily.

But finally he got through, dusting himself off before creeping towards the small alleyway where the others were waiting.

“Finally, Jeon. We're gonna set off. You remember the plan right?”

Jungkook nodded — it wasn't much of a 'plan' anyway. Just go inside, cause as much chaos as possible. Run and meet back at the McDonalds a few streets down.
It was maybe about fifteen minutes of wandering later that Jungkook finally had an idea of what to do. Breaking into what seemed like a computer room, Jungkook decided an appropriately immature thing to do would be to hack into all the computers and change the wallpapers into images of dicks.

Jungkook was halfway through the rows of computers when the heavy boots of a security guard walked by the door. The boots paused before doubling back a few steps, a flashlight shining into the room's window.

Jungkook couldn't help the slight squeak he made before hitting the floor. Fuck. Had he been seen? The computer he'd been working on was turned on for sure, but maybe he could creep away before the guard saw him.

There was a pause, then the click of the door unlocking. The security guard walked inside, heading towards the glowing computer screen.

Then the boots stopped.

"...Jungkook?"

Jungkook blinked, incredulity crossing his face. Fuck. No point hiding if that was who he thought it was. “Namjoon-hyung?”

Sure enough, when the security guard came into view it was a very familiar vampire. "...What are you doing?" He raised one eyebrow at Jungkook half-under the table before lifting his gaze to the computer. The giant dick pic plastered on the wallpaper was pretty incriminating.

Jungkook sighed as he pushed himself off the floor, glancing at the computer before shrugging. “If I said nothing would you believe me?”

"...No," Namjoon said blandly, shining his flashlight towards the floor. "So you might as well give me the truth."

Jungkook sighed, dusting his hands off. “It's... just a prank. For fun. I got sick of studying is all.”
"Since when do you break into school property and deface computers for a prank? Does Taehyung know about this?"

Jungkook winced. “Please don't tell hyung about this? Look, it was just for a bit of fun. We don't mean any harm.”

"We. So there's more than just you running around this place," Namjoon raised an eyebrow at the human. "According to my job description I should be arresting you for mischief and breaking and entering right now. But if you fix every computer you messed with, I can let it slide and Tae won't be called in as your legal guardian. Sound fair?"

Jungkook sighed, looking down at the floor. He probably should be protesting this more like the angsty teenager he was supposed to be, but… Namjoon was going to tell Taehyung otherwise.

And Jungkook would rather die than disappoint Taehyung.

“Just my luck that we picked the university you're working at.” Jungkook sighed, sitting back down and began to undo all his hard work.

"I don't know what to tell you, you knew exactly where I work," Namjoon chuckled, leaning back against the wall and not helping. "Speaking of. Who are you with?"

“I just followed my friends here and didn’t catch the name of the place.” Jungkook sighed, wrinkling his nose. “And there are like… three universities in the vicinity. And they're… my friends.”

Namjoon raised an eyebrow. "Alright. Well, they might not be the best of friends if you're getting into illegal pranks with them."

Jungkook wrinkled his nose. “Seriously, are you policing my friends now?”

"They don't make it hard if they're breaking into a university campus for shits and giggles," Namjoon said dryly.
“It's just teenage shenanigans hyung. Can't do this kind of shit when you get older.” Jungkook rolled his eyes.

"Except you're not a teenager anymore. You just about done? How many computers did you mess up?"

“Er—” Jungkook looked down the row. “I did half of them. This might be easier if I didn’t need to rehack into all of them again.”

"I can log in to them," Namjoon pushed away from the wall, heading to the next row to boot up the computers.

“Thanks.” Jungkook sighed, closing off the one he was working on and moving onto the next. “To be honest, you can just change it back yourself, since you have the admin password.”

Namjoon raised an eyebrow over at him. "Hey, you were caught in the act, I'm not doing all the work for you." Besides, knowing Namjoon’s luck, he'd probably manage to break the computers more somehow.

Jungkook sighed again, wrinkling his nose. “Then gimme the password, so I can just change it easily.”

"…No," Namjoon smirked. "You went through the effort of doing it manually one by one, you can fix it one by one."

Jungkook turned to Namjoon with a huge pout on his face, very much like the one Taehyung sicced on others. “Hyuuuuuuuunngggg…”

"That hasn't worked on me since you were ten," Namjoon huffed, looking the other way. "This is your punishment in place of calling Taehyung, remember?"

Jungkook huffed, dropping the cute act. “You're going to be here a while then. Get comfortable.”

"I still have the rest of my shift," Namjoon shrugged, not phased. "Though you'll probably want to
hurry up unless you want Taehyung to get back home and find you missing."

Jungkook shook his head. “I got a text earlier. He's gonna be out the whole night with Jongdae. Doing ‘work’.”

That earned a blink, Namjoon's brow furrowing. The flippant way Jungkook said it made it sound like they were just out hunting and having fun all night. But Namjoon knew better than to assume that was the truth. “The whole night? Will he be back before the sun rises?”

Jungkook shrugged, “I mean Jongdae is with him so I doubt he'd end up staying out that late. But maybe he'll stay over someplace. With someone. Whoever catches his fancy.”

For all his club-hopping and tendency to have sex with those he bit, Taehyung rarely if ever stayed out past dawn. Not since Jungkook had come to live with him. The only other times Namjoon could remember him staying out all night and day was when something big was going down.

And with Jongdae to boot?

"…Alright." Namjoon couldn't hide the frown on his lips. He'd have to ask Seokjin when he finished work if he'd heard anything. Namjoon's sire was far more in touch with the rest of the vampire community than he was.

Jungkook's fingers paused, catching the frown on Namjoon’s face. Taehyung had never told him about the ‘work’ he did other than to complain about the stuffy meetings he had to endure. Jungkook had never really asked either, since Taehyung always rather seemed to want to forget about it. But the look on Namjoon’s face sent a spike of worry down Jungkook’s spine.

Turning back to the computer screen, Jungkook tried to ask as casually as he could, “what do you think Taehyung does with Jongdae while they’re out to ‘work’?”

Namjoon finished logging into the row of computers and moved on to the next, flashlight off by then and operating by the dim light of the screens. "…You're better off asking Tae that," he sighed. "But it's not hunting. Taehyung and Jongdae don't hunt together." They both preferred hunting solo.

Jungkook’s lips thinned. Well, there was no way that was going to happen. Jungkook didn’t really like asking things.
“You stupid boy! Why do you keep asking? Can’t you figure out yourself?!”

Jungkook tried to stop the flinch, but didn’t quite manage to, the clacking of keys stuttering a little before he smoothed it out again.

Namjoon didn’t really notice, lost in his own thoughts. He finished logging into the rest of the computers, sighing as he dropped into a chair to wait for Jungkook to finish. "So. Will you be doing this again anytime soon?"

Jungkook looked up at Namjoon before giving the most noncommittal shrug he could.

"I better not see you back here," Namjoon warned.

Jungkook gave another noncommittal shrug, moving onto the next computer.

Yeah, obviously he wouldn’t come back here again.

Chapter End Notes

Yeonah here! I forgot to post this yesterday, please forgive me (シ_ _)シ This week is crazy busy. How's everyone doing?

Leave us a kudos/comment with your thoughts!! <3

If you're not already, follow us on Twitter? @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!
This was the fifth nest rumour in as many months. It was a little unsettling, even to Taehyung as he walked slowly through the back streets with his hands in his pockets and eyes scanning the shadows. It was just a rumour at this point, a 'heard it from a guy who heard it from another guy' thing that didn't justify calling in any reinforcements. But he'd been in the area anyways, so why not check it out?

If there was a nest here, it was a problem that needed to be nipped in the bud before it spiralled out of control. They'd been lucky so far... the amount of human casualties had been minimal. But sooner or later, the media would start connecting the increase in random deaths across the metropolis. Sooner or later, they'd start asking questions about who or what could cause such gruesome attacks. And sooner or later, an out of control fledgling would be filmed in the act of tearing some poor pedestrian’s throat out.

And then they'd all be in trouble.

Nostrils flaring, Taehyung closed his eyes to focus on what the breeze was bringing him. Mostly the stench of garbage and piss that lingered around these gutters, but under it... under it, old blood. There was definitely something here. Only one question remained: how bad was it?

Movement nearby, downwind, caught his attention. His eyes snapping open, Taehyung easily slotted himself into an alcove as he listened.

The sounds of fighting.

There were maybe four, five people? And they were all brawling heavily — the thud of bodies hitting each other, feet slapping against the floor, metal slashing through the air. And they seemed to be running in Taehyung’s direction, although... Three now, two bodies hitting the floor, lifeless. And then two, and then—
Someone nearly crashed into Taehyung, eyes wild as they turned into the alcove. There was a flash of metal in the air.

Taehyung moved to the side just in time, hand darting up to snatch the wrist of the man who'd nearly shoved a silver knife into his chest. With a quick twist he had his assailant pinned against the brick wall, sharp eyes landing on a familiar face at the same time as peppermint laced with heavy blood flooded his nose.

"…Jimin?"

Jimin blinked, vision clearing for a moment as he stared at Taehyung. “You…? What— fuck. Watch out!”

And Jimin pulled Taehyung to the side as someone else came up from behind, their fist smashing into the wall where Jimin’s head had been. Taehyung had been so distracted by the blood, Jimin's blood overloading his senses that he hadn't noticed but a scuffle of shoes against the concrete. He pushed Jimin's body safely into the corner as he whirled around with an enraged, animalistic growl.

His fingers ripped into the attacking vampire's throat. The stranger made a low, gurgling noise as crimson red eyes flickered back and forth between crazed hunger and fear. It was a look Taehyung had seen often, and he breathed in sharply, smelling it then... human, underneath the vampire.

A fledgling.

Taehyung pulled his hand out of the fledgling's neck, watching the man slump to the ground. "…How many others?" He asked, unable to smell properly past the heavy amount of blood Jimin was losing.

Jimin was slumped against the wall, hand pressed against his neck where a huge bite wound was weeping. Swallowing, he tried to gather himself again despite the loss of adrenaline. “...Maybe 30, at least from what I saw. All blood-crazed. They’ve been locked in there a while. Starved.”

A nest… a large one at that.

Taehyung looked back at Jimin, taking in the pale skin, the sluggish thumping of his heart. Jimin was losing far too much blood. "You need to get somewhere safe.” He reached into his pocket, pulling
out his phone and finding Jongdae's number on speed dial.

He stuck the phone between his ear and his shoulder, tearing a long strip of fabric off the bottom of his shirt. A second strip Taehyung rolled up into a wad. "Here, let me." All childish mannerisms were completely gone, a hard edge to the youthful vampire’s eyes. He stepped up in front of Jimin, waiting for Jongdae to pick up as he removed Jimin's hand from his neck and pressed the wad of cloth against it instead.

“I'm fine.” Jimin mumbled, sighing. Buy he didn't have strength to do much else than mumble protests. “There's... A syringe in my pocket. Painkiller. Need to take care of the rest before they break out of their restraints.”

"By take care of, you mean kill," Taehyung translated, using the second strip to secure the wad to Jimin's neck, a makeshift bandage until they could do something better.

Jimin snorted. “I'm a hunter. What else would you have me do?"

Taehyung just wrinkled his nose, but was distracted by Jongdae answering his phone. "Dae. There's a nest over here, rough count 30 and starved. Bring Gyuri and Chanshik with you, Ryeowook too."

“Thirty? Shit... the sire?"

"I'll get back to you on that." Taehyung's eyes flicked up to Jimin's. "And I'll keep an eye on the nest till you get here." He pulled his phone away and shoved it back into his pocket as he addressed the hunter. "I can drug you, but we're only killing them if we have to."

Jimin sighed, looking down at his hands. “My job was to kill all of them. I'm going to lose my compensation if I don't.”

"From that bite on your neck you're lucky you're not losing worse," was Taehyung's reply, making sure the bandage was secure. "That leg too. Stand still." He tore off another strip, crouching down to bandage up the gash in Jimin's leg the best he could.

Jimin rolled his eyes. “I have a feeling you won't believe me, but I've had worse. Still got the job done. But I have a feeling that if I go behind you and kill them all I'd have much worse to worry about than 30 fledglings.”

"This pocket?" Taehyung reached in to take out the syringe, wincing a bit when his fingers met something silver. He felt the pads of his fingertips burn at the light touch. "Charming." He pulled the syringe out, shaking his fingers.

“Sorry.” And at least the apology was genuine as Jimin held out his hand for the syringe. “Kind of decked out in full silver right now.”

"I noticed that. You're a walking landmine," Taehyung chuckled as he passed the syringe over. "You going to last till my friends get here? You lost more blood than you can really afford to.”

Jimin waved away the concern, pressing the syringe into his arm before letting out a sigh of relief as pleasant numbness flooded his veins. “Yeah. This is great. Can go on that donut and hot chocolate binge without feeling guilty now.”

"I'll be very, very sad if I'm not invited," Taehyung said, but there was an absent tone to his voice as he leaned around the corner. His nostrils flared, breathing in deeply. "Let me know when you're ready."

“Always ready.” And true enough, Jimin was already standing up, pulling out a small gun from his jacket. “You'll have to excuse me though. Not going to be about to perform as well as I normally do.”

"No one's docking points," Taehyung said, starting to walk slowly. He could smell them now, a large cluster of fledglings nearby. "What are they being restrained with?"

“Chains that're probably mixed with some silver. But they're brittle chains. So when the fledglings get hungry enough, they'll just break out on their own. Didn't quite expect that. It feels like it's some kind of organized set up to release blood-crazed fledglings into the area.”

Taehyung wasn’t very surprised by that. His expression was unusually grim, the cheerful box grin nowhere to be seen as he followed the scent down through an open door into a mold-infested building that looked like it had once been a restaurant.
He could hear the fledglings, down in the basement. Snarls and groans, rattling chains. He stopped, one arm extended to stop Jimin from getting any closer. "Right here, they can't smell you still. But get any closer and the blood will set them into a frenzy, with more broken chains out of it. We can keep an eye for more escapes and wait for backup here."

Jimin sighed before nodding, leaning against the nearby wall. "Feels like a video game. So we're picking out the ones who break out?"

"I'll knock them out first," Taehyung hummed, head tilted to the side as he listened and gaze far away. "They're barely a week old, and bloodlust makes them stupid. Strong, but dumb as bricks."

Jimin tilted his head. "Is there some way you're going to care for them? Educate them so they're not going to do something stupid while living out in society?"

"Of course," Taehyung nodded. "They're not monsters, lovely hunter-sshi. They are people who just went through a traumatizing experience and have been starved to the point they have no control of their bodies anymore. I guarantee you, no one down in that basement is there because they wanted to be." There was a sadness in Taehyung's eyes as he watched the stairs. "They don't deserve to die because of some asshole's actions."

"Wasn't saying they were." Jimin shrugged, "I just never knew there would be a proper support system for them. So I believed it a mercy to kill them instead. Before they killed someone else."

"There wasn't always." Taehyung's eyes narrowed a touch, picking up on the shattering of chains down below.

By the time the fledgling had ran up the stairs, snarling and salivating, Taehyung grabbed him by the shoulders and spun him head-first into the wall. With a crash the fledgling was slumped on the floor, not dead but definitely not waking up anytime soon.

Jimin was still leaning against the wall, eyebrows raised at the quick action. "You're not going to leave me much to do aren't you? Except. Maybe. Being a lure."

"And you're very good at that," Taehyung glanced back at him with a small grin. "You're gonna make poor Dae's fangs pop out when he gets here. But nah, you did good, now rest a bit till I can get you patched up."
"'Dae' meaning the other five year old vampire that was with you?" Jimin fiddled with his gun, checking the mechanism. "If the two of you are pillars in this support system, I'm still a little worried."

Taehyung just snorted in amusement, making himself comfortable against the wall.

It wasn't long before the sound of footsteps echoed outside and a group of four people stepped inside. Jongdae was in front, and he wrinkled his nose a little when he was hit with the strong smell of blood, glancing at Jimin. "It's you again."

"They're all in the basement?" Gyuri, the only woman among them was more interested in the knocked out fledgling beside Taehyung. The two vampires bringing up the rear carried large backpacks.

Taehyung nodded. "Yep. I need to get our hunter friend somewhere safe, you four got this?"

"Course we do. The sire?" Jongdae asked.

"Long gone," the other vampire shook his head. "The scent's way too faint. He hasn't been back in days."

Jimin eyed all four of the other vampires before settling back down. He still had yet to tuck the silver gun in his hand away. "The way you guys talk about, it sounds like this has happened before. Often."

One of the other vampires, tall and lanky, had paused to sling the large backpack he had to the front, opening it up to reveal the shiny gleam of plastic instead — blood packs. And at Jimin's words, he frowned. "Well, yeah. Duh. It's been happening a lot recently. You've been hiding under a rock?"

"Chanshik," Gyuri shot him a warning look, waving one hand as she crouched next to the unconscious vampire. "Pass me a bag for this one."

"Let's go," Taehyung moved to Jimin's side, making a face at the gun. "And put that away, none of them are gonna bite."
Jimin sighed before reluctantly putting the gun away, even though not in the original location of which he'd pulled it out. "So where to? Not the hospital I hope. If it's the hospital, then I'd rather stick around."

"You really could use a trip to the hospital," Taehyung replied, offering his help to support Jimin on his injured side.

But Jimin ignored Taehyung, slowly walking off. "You're gonna end up hurt if you're gonna hold me. I'm carrying too much silver on me."

"And you're going to end up on your face when your leg collapses," Taehyung quipped, arm wrapping around Jimin's waist to support him despite his protests. A stinging sensation ran up his arm, ignoring it. "So, no hospital. You got a preferred location? Or I can take you to one of our safe houses. There'll be medical supplies there."

Jimin shook his head, and even though he didn't comment, he gratefully leaned into the hold. "I usually sneak back to my apartment. Hoseok-hyung usually sleeps like a rock so he never notices. So... anywhere is fine."

"Alright. I'll call us a ride. There's a safe house not far from here," Taehyung fished out his phone, pressing a few numbers and holding the device to his ear. "Give me a warning before you faint, yeah?"

"I'm not going to faint." Jimin grumbled, but his voice was quieter now, and his face more twisted into a grimace. "Unnh..."

The painkillers were probably wearing off. Taehyung spoke to someone on the phone, giving them a street corner as the pair slowly made their way through the alleys too narrow for a car to pass before reaching a large enough side street. He tucked his phone away before helping Jimin slowly sit down against the wall.

"They'll be here soon." Taehyung checked the makeshift bandages on Jimin's neck, fingers surprisingly gentle.

Jimin sighed, leaning into the touch instinctively before he froze. Swallowing, he looked up at Taehyung, a strangely vulnerable expression on his face.
Taehyung didn't notice right away, brow furrowed as he checked the bandages. The heavy stench of blood was starting to trigger his hunger, but he had more than enough practice in restraining it. Not so much as a twitch passed through his expression as he worked.

Once he was satisfied that the bandages were tight enough to prevent further blood loss for now, Taehyung's eyes flicked up to Jimin's and he gave the hunter a boxy smile. "Hm?"

Jimin blinked before looking away, the vulnerability crossing over into an uncomfortable expression. “...I haven't... I haven't let down my guard in front of anyone for ages.”

"Bet your family wasn't big on warm hugs or that sort of thing either," Taehyung hummed, thumb smoothing circles against Jimin's shoulder to distract from the pain of his injuries. "Shame."

Jimin snorted at that. “Is it sad to say my very first hug was actually from Hoseok?”

"Not surprising. But sad, definitely. So when did you cut ties?"

“Mmm… after I hit final year of high school. My family has this tradition: going on a solo hunt, like a quest to prove yourself. It's usually a long one, sometimes taking up to a year, to stalk, profile, and hunt down a known, high profile or powerful vampire. I went on my trip, and just never went back. I probably wouldn't be alive if I'd tried to leave any way else.”

Taehyung clicked his tongue. "If they ever find you again?"

“Probably try to draft me back in after… punishment. Probably. If I try to rebel or escape again, most definitely kill me.” Jimin closed his eyes.

"Sounds less like a family and more of a cult. Though not the first hunter clan I've run into like that. They're less popular these days, but still around."

Jimin chuckled, “cult is right. It was a scary place to grow up in. Especially when you didn't agree with them.”

He looked up at Taehyung, a complicated look on his face. “So yeah. You can tell why I haven't let
down my guard with anyone.”

Taehyung's eyes met Jimin's, smile growing. But before he could respond, a car pulled up and the driver got out, ducking around the side to pull the back doors open for them.

"There's our lift. And your legs are probably jelly by now, so hold tight and don't stab me." Taehyung easily slid his arms under Jimin's knees and behind his back, standing up with the hunter against his chest. It made for a rather funny sight given how skinny the vampire looked, Jimin definitely more muscular than him from the years hunting. Jimin didn't protest for once, other than making a slight sound of surprise. But after a moment, Taehyung felt the hunter’s arms wrap loosely around his neck for support.

Taehyung got them both into the car, giving the driver an address as he settled Jimin down on the seat. There was a very brief introduction — Jimin, this is Junhong, both of you play nice — and then they were off. Junhong for his part drove them in relative silence, entirely unphased by the hunter covered in blood in his backseat. As the car made its way down the street, Taehyung finally let go of Jimin to rub the large red splotches popping up on his arms and hands — angry burn marks from the silver covering the human's outfit.

Jimin sighed, leaning back into the chair, and even tired, his sharp gaze spotted the action and the red marks. His nose wrinkled. “I told you. What's your little Kookie going to say when he sees that?”

That earned an amused laugh, Taehyung's eyes crinkling fondly. "He'll probably nag me for trying on silver jewelry again. What can I say? It's gorgeous and goes well with my outfits.” He shook out his hands before leaning back against the seat.

“Somehow, I doubt you've ever actually tried on silver jewelry for fun.” Jimin snorted, before shaking his head. “You shouldn't coddle him so much. Not if he's living within this world as a human.”

"I don't coddle him. He's fully aware how dangerous this life is," Taehyung shrugged. "He's been targeted by both hunters and vampires, and I've trained him how to best both.”

Jimin looked up at the car ceiling, shaking his head. “I guess if you're both fine with it. And I suppose only hearing what Hoseok has to say isn't that great a way to judge character.”

“Also hah, shows what you know, cause I do own silver jewelry. Never know when it could come
“Seriously?” Jimin turned to look at Taehyung. “You're an idiot. You should take care of yourself more, especially with so many people caring about you.”

"Aww, that's almost sweet of you, hunter-sshi," Taehyung cooed. "Careful, or I might think you actually want to be my friend."

Jimin raised an eyebrow. “Sadly, I don't have a habit of making friends.”

Then his lips tilted upwards, “at least, not one without benefits.”

Taehyung's attention was caught and both eyebrows lifted, eyes dancing. "I like benefits. Though I do have to warn you, I'm a little prone to biting."

Jimin raised an eyebrow. “You think I've never let myself been bitten before?”

"Not by someone who knows what they're doing." Taehyung gave him a cheeky wink.

"…Hyung," poor Junhong finally spoke up then in protest. "Do you have to do this in the back of my car?" Taehyung dissolved into helpless laughter.

Jimin blinked before snorting at that. And then with no regard for his injuries and a grin that spoke of endless mischief, he pulled Taehyung close to press a hard kiss to his lips.

The kiss was both expected and not; Taehyung had certainly flirted with Jimin enough in the few times they’d bumped into each other to make his interest more than clear, but the hunter hadn’t seemed so keen on returning his desire for a little no-strings-attached hanky-panky with a potentially lethal semi-enemy. So this was a pleasant surprise. Taehyung was pliant in Jimin's grasp, letting the human pull him in close without fuss, as he wondered what had changed Jimin’s mind. Maybe a small amount of trust had been established with the lone hunter in the last half hour.

Whatever it was, he wasn’t complaining in the slightest.
Taehyung’s lips curled against Jimin’s and when the hunter leaned back to break the kiss, Taehyung chased him. His tongue swiped against the seam of Jimin's lips, pressing softer, tender kisses to his mouth as his hand found the thigh of Jimin's uninjured leg. Jimin moaned a little in reply, surging a bit before he seemed to restrain himself, pulling back. He chuckled, leaning his head against Taehyung before pushing him back a bit.

“Later. I'm covered in silver now and don't fancy hurting someone like that while kissing them. Unless you'd like me to undress now.”

"I can think of comfier places to be,” Taehyung grinned at him, letting Jimin push him back onto the other seat like an unruly puppy. "And maybe when you're not bleeding out.”

Thankfully they didn't have far to go. The car stopped in a side street that looked just as abandoned at this time of night, but much safer than the one they’d left, a quiet residential area lit by soft lamplight. Taehyung got out, tossing a thank you to Junhong before helping Jimin out of the seat.

The safe house turned out to be fairly nice residential building. It wasn't the fanciest. But it looked welcoming both on the outside and inside.

Not that Jimin would notice much until the morning — because the entire way, he was lightly nipping and nosing the skin at Taehyung's neck.

"You turning into a vampire now?” Taehyung asked in a low chuckle, carrying Jimin inside. He had the combination to an apartment inside the building, carefully entering it without dropping the other man. Once they were inside, he brought Jimin to a room and laid him on the bed. "Sit tight, I'll get the first aid kit." He heard Jimin sigh with something akin to frustration as he left the room.

When Taehyung came back a minute later, he raised his eyebrows when he saw Jimin sitting in only his boxers on the bed sheets, all his other clothes piled neatly on the floor and the hunter himself waiting with eyes on Taehyung. Taehyung was no fool; he knew full well how much trust something like this must be taking from a hunter who was far used to killing vampires than working with them — letting one tend to his injuries. But he didn’t say anything. He just smiled, eyes turning into happy half-moons as he crouched down next to the bed.

"I'm gonna start with your neck, then your leg. They'll need to be cleaned of infection so that's gonna hurt like a bitch."
Jimin rolled his eyes. “I usually just splash them with antiseptic and call it a night. I'm just more interested in this…” and he rolled over, hands carding into Taehyung's hair as he pressed a kiss onto Taehyung's lips.

Taehyung hummed pleasantly into the kiss, leaning forward. He broke the kiss after a moment, fingers trailing against Jimin's jaw.

"Let me fix your injuries," Taehyung breathed, nipping Jimin's bottom lip. "Then we'll see about a reward."

Jimin pouted, tugging at Taehyung's hair reproachfully. “Yah. Who's rewarding who?”

"I'm rewarding you for your patience," Taehyung teased. "No?"

“Shouldn't it be the either way round?” Jimin teased back. “You've been wanting this since you first laid eyes on me.’

"Can you blame me? Cute hunter, peppermint scent and thighs that could crush a coconut." Taehyung's hand brushed along one of said muscular thighs. "But what I like requires more blood in your dick than you can spare right now, so that'll have to wait." He pinched playfully before pulling away to open the first aid kit and get what he needed. Jimin sighed again but finally relented, leaning back against the bed and letting go.

Despite Jimin’s bravado, it was obvious that cleaning his injuries hurt. The wounds weren't neat, torn open with desperation and an angry weeping red with purple mottling the side. Taehyung was impressed by how well Jimin held it in, his hands clenching and unclenching against the bed sheets without a sound, but still it had to be an ordeal. And it wasn’t all that much fun for Taehyung either to be honest, so close to a sluggishly bleeding neck wound with no intention to drink. There was a faint gleam of hunger hidden in the back of the vampire's eyes, but his movements remained gentle and controlled as he cleaned out the nasty bite.

Once he had cleared away the mess of dirt and blood and could get a better look at the wound, he hummed faintly to himself. "...It's small enough... if you trust me, I can give it a few licks to help it close. And reduce the pain."

Vampire saliva had been on the black market for a while, and it really wasn't a surprise. From the numbing agents that let experienced vampires bite their victims without pain, to the blood clotting
and healing properties that closed bites quickly, vampires had a lot going for them. It was just a pity that few had the control to play nurse like this without draining their patient dry.

Jimin started a little, opening his eyes at that. And he eyed Taehyung, gaze careful.

Then after a moment, Jimin said. “If you want to bite me that's fine too. Just. If I lose too much blood everything will kind of end.”

"No," Taehyung wrinkled his nose. "You're already low on pints. And your neck looked like a war zone a minute ago. If you trust me, tilt your head as much as you can without it being painful."

Jimin squinted up at Taehyung before sighing, and doing what Taehyung asked.

It was an extremely vulnerable position. One slash of Jimin’s neck and that would be it. Taehyung could see Jimin's hand curling restlessly against the sheets, close to where he'd left his clothes and weapons.

Taehyung just nodded, shifting closer to the edge of the bed and half-standing to lean over Jimin. He didn't attempt to hold the human down, leaving his body free so he could move away if he wanted to, But his fingers brushed against the outside of Jimin's wrist, thumb smoothing against the soft skin in a reassuring gesture even as he lowered his head to the human's neck.

His tongue glided along the length of the bite, cleaning up the blood that had oozed from the wound. Taehyung had to pause after that first lick, swallowing and fighting back the bloodlust to keep his fangs from lengthening. Saliva started to pool in his mouth and when he gave Jimin's neck a second lick, it left a long, shiny strip in its wake.

Taehyung gave the wound a few more licks to cover it completely, moving slowly. He only pulled away when the flow of fresh blood had slowed to a stop, sitting back on his heels with a pleased if slightly strained smile. It wouldn’t take long for the wound to close now.

"There. By tomorrow's nightfall it should be good as new." He let go of Jimin's hand to get the bandages, taping a gauze gently over the bite mark.

Jimin slowly turned his neck, the pain in it mostly gone beyond a few tight twinges. And he stared at Taehyung a while before shaking his head wryly. “I've never come across a vampire with as much
control as you do. Are you sure you're alright?"

"Well… I'll probably need to hunt tomorrow night," Taehyung laughed tightly, wiping his mouth against the back of his hand before moving down to clean the wound on Jimin's leg. "And I don't think I'll be able to stand doing the same thing for your leg. It wouldn't work either way, the wound is too large."

“Figured.” Jimin chuckled. “It was partially my fault. I panicked and tried to kick the vampire off while he still had his teeth in me. Tore through my leg like a hot knife through butter.”

"Yeah, that wouldn't have worked," Taehyung wrinkled his nose, getting some disinfectant and cleaning away the blood and grime. "Better stay away from hunting till this isn't in danger of busting back open. I again recommend getting stitches done at the hospital, but if you're so against it, I can use medical tape as long as you promise to be gentle on yourself."

Jimin rolled his eyes, “I can stitch myself up you know. This isn't the first time I've gotten a wound this big. And I can't go to the hospital. That's the first place my family would look to check if I'd appear. Plus my parents are still my emergency contacts. I can't change them without someone finding out either.”

"So does that mean you're busting out the needles now, or letting me tape you up," Taehyung raised an eyebrow up at him.

Jimin looked up at Taehyung with a small smile. “Medical tape. I'd prefer to stitch myself with my own cocktail of painkillers thank you very much.”

Wrinkling his nose, Taehyung pulled out the tape. "Alright, here we go."

It didn't take too long for him to finish tending to Jimin's leg, taping it up and covering it with gauze for the small amount of blood still leaking out. Once he was done he put everything away with a relieved sigh, glad the heavy blood smell was no longer assaulting his nose.

Jimin was watching Taehyung’s expression carefully, and once he was done, he let out a small burst out laughter, covering his mouth. “Oh man, you look like my blood was the grossest thing you’ve smelt in a while.”
Taehyung's mouth hung open dumbly as he blinked at the human, before pouting. "It is not! It smells delicious actually, I'm just practicing my self-control."

Jimin raised an eyebrow at that. “Really? Because your expression is more like someone put a stink bomb under your nose.”

"More like I just licked a juicy piece of filet mignon before giving up on dinner the rest of the night," Taehyung snorted, placing the first aid kit on the floor beside the bed, nearby in case it was needed.

“Love the comparison to a piece of meat.” Jimin said dryly, before pushing himself up, leaning against the headboard of the bed.

"Does that mean you don't want me licking other parts of you tonight?"

Jimin raised an eyebrow before his own eyes matched Taehyung’s own amusement. “Well. I don’t mind you licking the sausage I have down here.” And he pointed lewdly to his own crotch, grin widening.

"Don't mind the meat comparison now, do you?"

Taehyung shifted forward to lean over the bed, hands pressing into the headboard on either side of Jimin's shoulders. "I do owe you a reward." He brushed his mouth over Jimin's in a kiss.

“Indeed you… Mmph…” Jimin paused, leaning into the kiss, entirely distracted as he deepened the kiss, arms going up to encircle Taehyung's neck.

Taehyung was more than happy to kiss Jimin, the human's taste just as delicious as his blood. The bed dipped as he joined Jimin on it, easily shifting to straddle the hunter's lap without breaking the kiss. He was conscious of Jimin's injuries even as he licked into the other man's mouth, hands settling against a bare chest.

As mindful of Jimin’s injuries as Taehyung was being, Jimin seemed to have other plans. A few moments of soft, sweet kissing later, Taehyung felt one of the hunter's hands travel down to pinch his ass. That earned a small hiss against Jimin's mouth, Taehyung's hips jerking forward and grinding into the material of Jimin's boxers. Nipping at the human's lower lip in retaliation, Taehyung broke the kiss to press his lips against Jimin's jaw, rolling his hips again.
Jimin moaned, dropping his head to Taehyung’s neck, his own hips rutting upwards to meet Taehyung’s. “Fuck, it’s been a while.”

Taehyung chuckled, his naturally low voice husky as he ground down into Jimin, starting a lazy pace. "What do you want? I can suck you off, or I can ride you. Either way, you get to sit back and enjoy."

“What I’d really like… is to flip you over and pound you into the mattress until you need to go hunt today.” And it was a little startling, Jimin’s sweet voice in contrast to his words. “But I’ll settle for whatever you can give.”

"It's not what I can give, it's what you can take. Think you can be gentle on that leg with your dick in me?” Taehyung eased Jimin's face away from his neck to press a heated kiss to his lips.

“Mmph…” Jimin moaned into the kiss before slapping Taehyung's ass lightly. “How am I supposed to reply you if you kiss me?” He hissed after breaking the kiss for a moment. “Mmm… and I just have to move my hips don't I?"

"Barely even that. And I can't help it. Your lips are like magnets. I'm caught in their orbit." Taehyung kissed him again, tongue sneaking out to run along the edge of Jimin's teeth.

Jimin snorted when he drew back again. “If that's the case you're going to have to…. Nghnnn… pin my hips down, and fuck, that's way too cheesy.”

"Is this cheesy?” Taehyung's hand slid down Jimin's chest, fingers dipping under his boxers to tease the hunter’s heated length.

The words Jimin were about to say cut-off into a choke, and he groaned, hips jerking a little to meet Taehyung’s touch. “Fuck. No. But you can bet it'll… Ah… Get… pretty cre-creamy soon.”

"Already? We've barely gotten started." Taehyung brought his hands back to pull his shirt off over his head, tossing it to the floor. He needed a new one, it was pretty tattered after he'd used pieces as bandages.
“Told you it's been a while. Mmmm…” Jimin paused for a moment. Taehyung watched the hunter’s dark gaze admire the expanse of bare skin in front of him. “Odd. You look kind of tan for a vampire actually.”

"What can I say, I'm a farmer boy at heart," Taehyung winked. Though the 'tan' was more from old burn injuries, healed over centuries ago but leaving his skin slightly off-colour in uneven splotches upon close examination. The burns had been so bad they'd never fade away completely.

"You want to help me with my pants?" He mused, leaning in to press kisses to Jimin's shoulder on his uninjured side.

“Sure.” And with a quick flick of his finger, the fly of Taehyung’s jeans popped open, Jimin's finger scraping lightly against the front of Taehyung's boxers as he pulled down the zip. “Like this?”

Taehyung groaned, legs tightening around Jimin's hips. "Yeah... like that,” he breathed, pulling back to give Jimin a messy, wild kiss, his fingers running through the hunter's hair as his hips bucked shamelessly into the touch.

Jimin’s fingers were light and firm, and after a moment, he used his hands to tug down the hem of Taehyung's pants, so that he got properly palm the vampire fingers curling around the burgeoning outline, but not yet pulling Taehyung's boxers down. “...Gucci, huh?” There was wry amusement in Jimin’s tone as he noticed the brand name sewn into the band.

"Hey," Taehyung gasped, eyelashes fluttering as he tugged lightly on locks of hair. "Gucci is amazing, okay?"

“Not saying anything against it. Does it feel good around your dick? The material feels nice.” Jimin continued to tease Taehyung through his boxers, smirk turning cheeky.

"Feels... unhh... feels like being swaddled in silk. Fuck... you tease," Taehyung whined lowly against Jimin's mouth. "But you know what would feel better around yours? My ass. Or my mouth. Or my mouth then my ass." Taehyung's jerk forward into Jimin's hand also ground him against Jimin's crotch.

“Well but— th-fuck.” Jimin's words stuttered when Taehyung jerked. And he growled, tightening his grip around Taehyung a little, “if that's your game then do it. Otherwise, I'm not going to hold back and just turn you over, and you're the one who wants me not to split open my wound again. “
"You can fuck me into the mattress next time."

Taehyung smirked, kissing him again before pulling away. He had to shift back on the bed so he could get his pants and boxers off without jostling Jimin's legs. He tossed them off the bed, the action leaving the vampire completely naked.

He settled himself between Jimin's legs, moving the injured one aside with such gentleness and care. It was at complete odds with the mischievous look sent Jimin's way before he lowered his head, mouthing the straining tent in Jimin's boxers.

Jimin groaned, clearly at the end of his patience with all the care and time Taehyung was taking. Taehyung saw the way the hunter’s hands curled into the sheets, muscles tensing. "Ahhh… Fuck. Tae…"

Taehyung just grinned, pulling Jimin's boxers down and freeing his length. "Yeah?" He licked a long strip up the underside of Jimin's dick, thumb smearing precum around the tip.

"You're an ass." Jimin bit out.

"Of course I am."

But Jimin had taken enough teasing, so when Taehyung’s lips met his length again it was to take the hunter into his mouth. His tongue swirled around the tip before he sank lower and lower, rewarded by the groans Jimin made and the way his body trembled as he forced himself to not buck upwards into the surrounding heat.

It seemed to be all Jimin could do to make a quip at the situation. "You better not bring the fangs out."

Taehyung held back a snort, not bothering to pull away for an answer. Instead he teasingly scraped the bare edge of a fang against the throbbing length, applying just enough pressure to let the hunter feel the thrill of getting head from a vampire — earning a hiss and a reproachful tug in his hair. His hand massaged Jimin's balls almost lazily as he bobbed his head up and down, the tip of Jimin’s dick hitting the back of his throat.
"Fuck." Jimin cursed at the tip of his dick hitting the soft palate of Taehyung's mouth, "the centuries of experience really do make a difference, huh?"

Taehyung's response to Jimin's observation was to hum cheekily around the dick in his mouth, throat constricting and sending vibrations down Jimin's length. This time, Jimin didn't manage to stop himself from bucking up into Taehyung's mouth, moaning loudly. But then, maybe he wasn't trying really hard this time either. Taehyung didn't stop him even if he easily could have, letting Jimin fuck into his mouth. He could feel the hunter was coming closer to the edge, the rocking of his hips getting erratic.

So Taehyung released Jimin's length with a pop, wiping the spit from his lips as he sat up.

Jimin let out a rather angry sound, hand pulling at Taehyung's hair a little before the strands slipped out of his hand. "Fucking hell. You fucking tease."

The vampire just grinned cheekily down at the flushed hunter. "My bad... do you not want to come in me after all?" Throughout the blowjob he'd been keeping a careful eye on Jimin's injuries, making sure the hunter wouldn't strain himself.

"We could have gone twice." Jimin rolled his eyes, "you'll find that I have a pretty quick refractory period."

"Your dick might want to go two rounds, but the rest of you is a little too blood-deprived." Taehyung patted Jimin's thigh before sliding off the bed to get the bottle of lubricant he'd found with the first aid kit. One of the upsides of being a vampire was that sexual diseases were as uncatchable as a cold, so he hadn't bothered with condoms.

Kneeling back onto the bed, Taehyung popped open the bottle to quickly prep himself.

"You're going to do that by yourself too?" Jimin raised an eyebrow. "Also, why do you have lubricant in a safe house?"

"If people are going to be having sex anyways, might as well make it comfortable," Taehyung shrugged nonchalantly. "You want to do this?"

"Mnhmm..." Jimin held out his hand for the lubricant, shifting himself up. "Can't be having you do
Taehyung passed over the lube with a grin, shifting on the bed so Jimin would have easy access to his ass. "Suit yourself."

Jimin poured some lubricant onto his fingers, waiting a moment for his body heat to warm it up. "So. I've been told I have frustratingly…" And he stuck one finger up Taehyung's ass. "...short fingers."

"I noticed," Taehyung shifted on his knees at the intrusion. "Is it payback time for teasing you?"

"Possibly."

"Depends on how deep your spot is."

"At least your dick is longer than your fingers. Speaking of," he reached out with one hand and curled his fingers around the length, giving him a few lazy pumps. "Can't have you losing interest on me."

"Your ass is still sucking up my fingers anyway. Geeze."

"Imagine how good it'll feel," Taehyung chuckled breathlessly, rocking back against Jimin's fingers to quicken the pace. "The longer you tease me, the worse it'll be for you."

"Mmm…" Jimin shrugged, as he seemed to be pushing his fingers as high as he could go, wriggling and pressing against the walls. "I have a high pain tolerance. We could play this… Nhnn… game all night long."

"Is that a challenge— oh fuck," Taehyung hissed, hips jerking as the tip of Jimin’s fingers just barely brushed against his prostate. He pressed his thumb against the tip of Jimin’s dick in retaliation, running against the slit.

Jimin chuckled, his moan almost happy as he joyfully wriggled his fingers against the spot. "Found it~"

The vampire's body shuddered at the abuse, Taehyung not even trying to contain the moans that spilled from his lips. "Jimin… unh… hurry up."
“Did you mean to move my fingers faster?” Jimin grinned, practically tickling Taehyung’s insides. But after a while, when he seemed satisfied that Taehyung was enough of a babbling mess did he pull out. “Alright. I think you’re ready.”

"Finally," Taehyung hissed, turning around to press a rough, needy kiss to Jimin's mouth. "You should know better than to tease a vampire." He wanted to get Jimin back for that but there were more urgent matters, and he pulled back from the kiss to grab the lube. He slicked up his fingers before giving Jimin's length a few hard pumps, covering it.

The vampire wiped the rest of the mess off his hand onto the sheets, straddling Jimin's lap. With one hand aligning them, he sank slowly down onto the hunter. Jimin’s hands found his waist and held on, keeping the vampire steady with perhaps a tighter grip than strictly necessary.

Taehyung was panting a little by the time Jimin was fully seated inside him, leaning forward to rest his forehead against the hunter's. Then with a low, guttural growl he started to move, pulling himself up until only the tip remained inside him before slamming back down.

Jimin let out a choked gasp and a curse. “Fuck. Why are you still so— ahh… Ahh… Fuck…” It was hard for the hunter to control himself now, and his hips began to move, rocking upwards as Taehyung came down and fingers digging hard into Taehyung's sides.

It was probably no surprise that Taehyung wasn't quiet during sex. He was loud at every other time, why would sex be any different? He shamelessly gasped and moaned against Jimin's mouth as he pressed haphazard kisses to the hunter's lips, arms wrapping loosely around his shoulders for balance as his pace quickened.

"Unh… mm… Jimin— a-ah! " His voice caught as Jimin's length rubbed up against his prostate.

Jimin let out a breathy chuckle, “there huh?” And he began to thrust upwards in earnest, trying to meet that spot as much as possible. “Do you...ngh… Oh… Fuck… Hah ... think you'll be able to come without me touching you?”

It was almost a pointless question, between the two of them they had the right angle to hit that spot almost every thrust and Taehyung's fingers threaded into Jimin's hair, tugging with each successful hit. "Don't… don't you… ahh— fuck … don't come too quickly, a-and I will," he panted, his own length trapped between them and leaking precum onto Jimin’s stomach.
“Then stop— fuck— clenching around me, you ass.” Jimin slapped the top of Taehyung’s right butt cheek even as he lifted his hips. “Fuck, you're so tight.”

Taehyung growled at the slap, grinding down even harder in retaliation. With each thrust they were brought closer and closer to the edge, until finally Taehyung couldn't hold it in anymore. He came all over their stomachs with a hoarse shout.

It only took two more thrusts before Jimin was following him over the edge, spilling into Taehyung. Just the act of coming once seemed almost too much for the hunter, his eyes rolling back and body going limp against the headboard. Taehyung kept them both upright with his arms on either side of Jimin’s body, regaining breath that he didn’t need as he stopped moving and let the endorphins wash over him.

Jimin waited until they were both down from their highs to whisper, “not bad… for a bloodsucker.”

Taehyung snorted a laugh at that, resting his forehead against Jimin's. "Not bad for a bloodbag,” he tossed Jimin's words back at him. "You alright?"

“I’m fine.” Jimin grumbled, despite the fact he really had to be feeling exhausted and achy right around now. “You?”

"I'm fantastic,” Taehyung grinned, pressing another kiss to Jimin's mouth before lifting himself off of the human.

He disappeared from the bedroom, and returned a minute later after cleaning himself off, holding a damp cloth. His touch was gentle as he wiped away the mess from Jimin's stomach. Jimin opened his eyes, amusement amidst the tiredness as he commented, “never figured you to be the one to clean up after sex. Would have figured you to just cuddle with the mess.”

"Oh, I could have happily fell asleep with your dick still in me," Taehyung quipped as he worked. "But this is nice too. Something tells me you haven't been with many people who bothered cleaning you up afterwards."

Jimin snorted, “to be fair. Most of them are usually too dead to do so anyway.”

"Ooo. And Namjoon thinks biting during sex is unfair. Should I count my blessings I have good
enough game to live through the experience?” Taehyung grinned at him.

Jimin snorted, “you're only alive because no one has paid me to kill you yet.” But the hunter was joking, smile a little indulgent.

Taehyung tossed the cloth at the wastebasket, making a small whoop when it landed inside. "So. Are you a cuddler? Or am I exiled to the other room now that sex is over?"

“I don't know.” Jimin rolled his eyes at Taehyung's antics. “Again, not a lot of my sexual experience left room for being sweet. And at this point I don't think I'd care either way.”

"Alright, grumpy." Taehyung didn't join Jimin on the bed right away, fishing his phone out of his jean pocket to check it. His eyes narrowed a touch at the messages that flashed across the screen before he shut it off, dropping the phone and climbing up onto the bed to flop down next to Jimin. "If you try to stab me in my sleep I will be very cross with you,” he pouted up at the hunter.

“Even if it was with my meat dagger?” Jimin smirked, even as he pulled Taehyung closer. “What was that look?”

"Your meat dagger is welcome any time," Taehyung grinned, happy to snuggle up against Jimin. He carefully avoided jostling Jimin’s injured leg. "What look?"

“When you were looking at your phone.” Jimin let out a small sigh of contentment. “Something happen?”

"Mmm… getting the fledglings to a safe location went well," Taehyung said. "They're understandably pretty panicked.”

“I can imagine.” Jimin sighed, “one day a normal human, the next, chained up in some dank basement and slowly going crazy with urges you can't control. I'm just glad Hoseok didn't need to go through that.”

"That makes two of us. No one deserves to go through that. We've made a lot of progress in the last few centuries, but there are still some asshole vampires who turn people for shits and giggles."
Jimin closed his eyes. “...And you're part of the authority that comes down on those asshole vampires, aren't you?”

"Mmm..." Taehyung hummed, arm wrapping loosely around Jimin's waist. "What makes you say that?"

“I mean the entire scene I just witnessed back there. You obviously have some kind of authority with the four back there,” Jimin replied, “plus, I happened upon Namjoon a while back and we talked a bit. He told me about the Elders and their Enforcers. And... Well. I think you fit the bill to be an Elder, despite how childish you behave most of the time.”

That earned a small curl of the vampire’s lips. He'd been wondering if Jimin would put two and two together.

"You got me. Elder Bloodhound, at your service."

Jimin paused for a moment before he let out a long sigh, burying his face into Taehyung's neck. “Somehow I'm not surprised you admitted it so easily.”

"It's not like it's a heavily guarded secret," Taehyung shrugged, tilting his head to give Jimin more room. "I just don't bother telling people until they've figured it out on their own. 'Elder' sounds so stuffy."

“It is.” Jimin snorted, “if I wasn't willing to suspend my disbelief I wouldn't have figured it out either.”

"Am I not a believable Elder?"

“You literally eat candy till you're sick.” Jimin retorted, “if not for the way you fight, and the way some of the other vampires treat your word as law, I'd have been none-the-wiser either.”

"Yah," Taehyung gaped in fake outrage. "Do you know how many new types of food have come by Korea since I was human? Why should I miss out just cause I wasn't alive in the right era? I've made it my mission to taste-test every single one of them. New candies are the best."
Jimin snorted, “Yeah. No. None of the gravitas that comes with the word ‘Elder’ at all.”

"I like it better that way," Taehyung replied cheerfully, lifting his hand to massage through Jimin's hair.

“Not that I have any room to criticize. My entire hunting repertoire mostly banks on…” Jimin's words trailed off for a moment, “…on. Unhm. On people underestimating… Me…”

Then he huffed, opening his eyes. “If you keep doing that I'm going to fall asleep soon.”

"Then fall asleep," Taehyung hummed, not stopping the slow motion of his hand. "I won't let any bedbugs bite."

Jimin wrinkled his nose. “I'm not worried about bedbugs.”

"I won't let anything else bite either.”

“I'll hold you to that then.” Jimin mumbled, “you're gonna stay here all night?”

"Technically, all day. Dawn is in an hour. Unless you're trying to get rid of me?"

“No. Just… won't your little human worry?” Jimin raised an eyebrow. Hoseok had insinuated that Jungkook had seemed quite protective of Taehyung.

"He already knows I probably wasn't going to be home tonight. Nest hunting can sometimes go well past dawn." Taehyung tugged teasingly on a few locks of Jimin's hair. "Sleep."

“If you say so.” Jimin closed his eyes again, poking Taehyung's tummy in retaliation for the hair pulling. “Goodnight or… good morning then. Elder Bloodhound Kim Taehyung.”

Taehyung whined petulantly. "Ew. Just call me Tae."
Jimin grinned sleepily, “if that's your reaction, I'm gonna keep... mmm... calling you that...”

"Oh yeah? Well, then I'm calling you Chimchim."

Jimin snorted, “sure. Why not? Sounds cute anyway... mmm...”

Taehyung blinked at the sleeping hunter, before his lips curled into a soft smile. "...Good night, lovely hunter-sshi."

Chapter End Notes

So, we've both been crazy busy to the point we've been forgetting to post orz, but yes. We'll still... Try out best to keep up this schedule, but we might have to slow to updates once a week during nov as we're both probs gonna be doing nano as well.

Anyway, leave us a kudos/comment with your thoughts! We'll try our best to reply. Even if we don't do so right away, we definitely read and love every single one of them!

If you're not already, follow us on Twitter? @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!
Namjoon opened the apartment door, smiling widely to see a familiar fledgling and his grumpy-faced human in tow. "Hey. How was work?" He stepped aside to let them in. Hoseok had called on ahead to let him and Seokjin know he was stopping by for a visit and more blood bags with Yoongi tagging along. It was good to see his fledgling childe in one piece, though he looked a little put out by Namjoon’s question.

Hoseok made a face. “A customer got prissy when she thought I was covering my face because she smelt bad. But other than that it was fine. I guess.”

Seokjin poked his head out from the kitchen as they stepped in, face brightening when he saw Yoongi. “Excellent. I tried a new japchae recipe. You can tell me how it tastes.”

"Er… sure." Yoongi still didn’t seem to know what to make of Seokjin stuffing him with food every chance he got.

Namjoon patted Hoseok's shoulder in sympathy. "You're getting there. Your control is getting much better."

Hoseok just winced. “Y-yeah…”

Seokjin stepped out of the kitchen, a pair of long chopsticks in hand. “Well, what's everyone standing around the door for. Come in. Oh! And I made blood pudding too so we can eat something different without killing our stomachs.”

"You'll like Jin's blood pudding," Namjoon said, steering them both further inside.

"Dumb and dumber aren't here?" Yoongi asked, hands in his hoodie pockets as he dropped down on the couch.

"They might join us later in the night. Taehyung wouldn't dare miss blood pudding."
Hoseok dropped the cooler bag he was holding onto the ground before following. And he stared as Seokjin came out, carrying a heaping plate full of japchae and another full of shining rounds of blood pudding. “Wow. That's… A lot of food.”

“Jungkook eats a small nation’s reserve whenever he comes over.” Seokjin explains as he puts the plates down. “At least, when he's not distracted by Taehyung.”

"Help yourselves," Namjoon said, picking up a blood pudding for himself. "There aren't many things we can eat without regretting it afterwards."

Despite his clear reservations about eating food prepared by a vampire, Yoongi took some of the japchae after a moment. Namjoon was secretly glad; Hoseok had hinted a couple times that Yoongi didn’t eat as well on his own, and there was plenty of food here. "Why do you like cooking so much when you can't eat most of it?" the human asked.

“I like seeing the look of enjoyment on other people's faces.” Seokjin shrugged, “also I had a phase of experimentation where I tried to make food other than blood suitable for vampire consumption. Blood pudding was one of the few successful results. Others… not so much.”

"…Do I want to know what the others were?" Yoongi eyed the blood puddings dubiously.

“Normal food, just with blood inside.” Seokjin shrugged, “it wasn't anything disgusti— eh?”

And at that moment, both Seokjin's and Namjoon's phones went off.

Namjoon blinked, glancing at Seokjin in confusion as he placed his food down and fished out his phone. That had been his priority notification, but neither of them had been expecting anything tonight.

"…” His eyes sharpened when he saw who the email was from. An address that only appeared in his inbox rarely, but whenever it did, could range from neutral to very, very bad news. "That can't be good." He tapped into it, scrolling through the message and reading as Yoongi asked, “what is it?”

“Announcement from the Elders. All vampires are banned from siring any fledglings.” Seokjin
answered as Namjoon read through the email. That was the rough gist of it. But there was no mention in the email as to why the sudden fledgling ban. It wasn’t like the Elders to just toss a sudden rule out there like this; there had to be a reason.

“So, you,” Seokjin was looking pointedly at Yoongi when Namjoon looked up from his phone.” Don’t get into an accident. No second chances like for him.”

Yoongi scowled. "Yah. Only this guy would be taken out by a fucking lamppost. The Elders have your email addresses?"

“Yeah. They tend to find out even if you don’t give it to them when they ask.” Seokjin scrolled down his own email, a deep frown on his face. “I guess we’ll have to ask Taehyung when he comes.”

“Taehyung?” Hoseok echoed, a small amount of understandable confusion in his voice. He didn’t know, after all… who Taehyung really was.

“Yea, he—”

Seokjin looked up and cut himself off, a deeper frown etched across his face as the doorbell rang. “...Alone?”

Eyes going to the door, Namjoon tried sniffing the air and frowned. He really needed to work on his sense of smell. Standing, he made his way over and opened the door expecting to find Taehyung and Jungkook ready to barge in and eat all their food.

Instead he only found Jungkook. "Hey. Where's Tae?" He stepped aside.

“He's not here yet?” Jungkook peered in before sighing, “I don't know. He told me he had work and to make my way on my own.”

"Seokjin made blood pudding, he'll show up sooner or later... Is he still out working often?"

Jungkook's shoulders slumped even more. “Every night. I barely see him.”
Namjoon glanced over at Seokjin at that, brow furrowing. Jungkook and Taehyung stuck to each other like super glue, with Taehyung frequently ditching responsibilities to spend time by the human’s side, or even bringing work back home if it meant making sure he was back before dawn. Taehyung suddenly being hard to reach just confirmed the suspicions brought up by the sudden email: something big was going on.

"Is that weird?" Yoongi asked, not understanding the significance of such behaviour from someone whose actions were sometimes considered too weird to follow anyways.

“It’s… unusual.” Seokjin tilted his head, glancing at Jungkook.

There was awkward silence for a moment. Then Namjoon sighed. "Well, not much we can do until he gets here. Jungkook, Seokjin's got a new japchae recipe and was looking forward to your feedback."

Jungkook blinked at that, staring a little blankly at the japchae. “Oh… I. I'm not really that hungry but… I guess. Since Jin-hyung made it.”

Namjoon blinked, and Seokjin's eyebrows shot up even further. In all the 7 years they'd known Jungkook, they'd never heard the young man utter such a lacklustre response to Seokjin’s food. Even when young and throwing a tantrum, he'd always been won over by a steaming plate of noodles or soup cooked entirely from scratch.

Namjoon put together a bowl of japchae for the youngest, holding it out. "Here. How's school going?"

Jungkook quietly took the bowl, seating himself down. “It’s… Going. Same old, same old. Boring as all hell.”

The conversation continued to be rather strained, despite best efforts. Seokjin and Hoseok did most of the talking, the others mostly speaking up when called on as Jungkook's mood seemed to dip lower and lower. It was clear from the looks Hoseok and Yoongi sent each other that they knew more was on everyone’s minds than what was being said out loud; whether because of the email from the Elders, or something else entirely.

It was half an hour later when the doorbell finally went off again. Namjoon stood and went to open it
against his better judgement.

"Namjoonie!" Taehyung glomped the younger vampire happily, Namjoon going down in a pile of flailing limbs. Namjoon hit the ground with a grunt, all 134 pounds of giddy vampire clinging to him.

Jungkook immediately perked up behind them. “Hyung?”

With the koala in his lap, Namjoon completely missed the second person standing awkwardly in the doorway and the exclamation of “Jimin?” that went up from Hoseok. "For fuck’s sake Tae, get off," he groaned, rolling Taehyung off of him onto the floor so he could sit up.

His eyes lifted, finding Jimin standing there looking very out of place and unsure. Namjoon startled, the human’s peppermint smell hitting him at once. "...Jimin? What're you doing here?"

Taehyung flailed on the floor where he’d been unceremoniously dumped before climbing back to his feet. "I found him wandering the streets and invited him along! He already knows half the people here anyways." He reached out, steering Jimin inside with an arm around his shoulder and a wide, boxy grin in place. "Chim, these are my friends. The ones you don’t know are Seokjin and Jungkookie."

The said ‘Jungkookie' had frozen in his seat the moment Jimin had made himself known. And Seokjin had paused as well, nose twitching even as he stared. "...This is… Jimin, huh? Hoseok, this means your roommate?"

Hoseok still looked terribly confused by Jimin’s sudden entrance. “Huh? Yeah. This. He is.”

Taehyung had gotten distracted. "Jin-hyung! Is that blood pudding?" He towed Jimin over to the couch before seating himself in Jungkook's lap, happily grabbing a piece with his fingers like a barbarian. Jungkook immediate wrapped his arms around Taehyung's waist, even if his expression was still frozen, not looking up at Jimin when he was pulled closer.

Seokjin, meanwhile, flung a pair of chopsticks at Taehyung. “Stop being barbaric and at least use chopsticks, Taehyung.”

Taehyung let the chopsticks bounce off his forehead with a whine. Namjoon knew for a fact he could have easily ducked, but then Jungkook would have been hit instead. "Hyung, you could put
someone's eye out like that." He happily munched on the block of blood pudding, making obscene noises.

Namjoon rubbed the back of his head, a little lost as he looked between Jimin and the others. "Er… have a seat? There's still some japchae left."

Jimin looked at Namjoon, and for a moment uncharacteristically looked a bit lost as well. "I— nah. I'm not that hungry."

"If you're sure," Namjoon gave him a kind smile. "But Seokjin's an amazing cook. And he likes hearing feedback on his recipes."

Seokjin had gone to retrieve the pair of chopsticks, looking up. For a moment, he seemed to want to say something before he changed his mind. "Yes. It's be great if you could help finish up. But I'd be more than happy to cook one more dish for you if it's not too your liking."

"Ah. No, no. Between those two options japchae is fine." Jimin raised a hand to scratch his head, "I just don't want to be a bother."

"You're no bother," Taehyung said, mouth full of blood pudding. "Seokjinnie loves stuffing people with food." He swallowed his mouthful before looking at Jungkook with a bright smile. "Is it good?"

Jungkook blinked. From the blank expression on his face, he hadn’t been paying too much attention to what he’d been putting in his mouth. "Uh yeah. Jin-hyung’s food is always good."

Seokjin raised an eyebrow again, but he was silent as he plated up the remaining japchae. "So… Jimin-sshi, right? What is it that you do?"


"Same program as Hoseok?" Yoongi raised an eyebrow. Everyone was on edge. Except for Taehyung, who had finished his blood pudding and was picking stray noodles off Jungkook's finished bowl.
“Hrmmm? No. We're not even in the same school.” Jimin explained, “but it was hard getting accommodation on campus, and Hoseok's university doesn't have attached dorms. So we met up via… an app? Was it?”

“Yeah.” Hoseok chuckled, “was pretty desperate back then because I didn't know anyone and couldn't pay for an apartment on my own. I think it worked out pretty well.”

Namjoon's lips quirked, watching Jimin for a long minute. When conversation fell, he glanced at Taehyung. "So… Tae… about the email."

"Email? Oh. Did they send it already?” Taehyung finished picking off Jungkook's plate.

Namjoon nodded. "Why the fledgling ban? There hasn't been one in… centuries."

"Too many new fledglings in Korea," Taehyung shrugged, leaning back against Jungkook and making himself comfortable. "The ratio's getting skewed. Too many vampires, too high a chance of discovery."

Watching the others, Namjoon barely caught a look of mild confusion Jimin sent Taehyung’s way before it disappeared. But then Seokjin was asking a question with a frown on his lips. “Have there really been that many new fledglings? What's with the sudden boom?”

"Only two possible ways," Taehyung clicked his tongue against his teeth. "A slow increase of many vampires siring new fledglings over decades… or a sudden increase of a couple vampires siring many, many fledglings." His eyes flicked to Seokjin's, eyebrows raising a little. “Either way, siring is off-limits for a while. And any vampires caught doing it will be in big, big trouble.”

Realization dawned in Seokjin’s eyes. “Ah. I see.” And Jungkook frowned when the older man didn't elaborate. “So… Is it the first or the second this time?”

"Unfortunately, second." Taehyung pouted. "Which means more work for me. I hate work."

Jungkook looked up at Taehyung. “Oh. So… That's what you've been doing?”
"Yep." Taehyung sighed dramatically, leaning back against Jungkook. "Hyung's sorry he haven't been around. Please forgive me?"

Jungkook was quiet for a moment. Then he said, “I couldn't ever get angry with you.”

Taehyung's expression brightened and he wrapped his arms around Jungkook's shoulders in a hug. "Thank you Kookie!"

Jungkook just quietly wrapped his arms around Taehyung, and Namjoon wondered if he was the only one who saw the rather protective, hovering way he did it.

Jungkook definitely had guessed there was something more dangerous going on than what Taehyung was saying.

Now it was just a matter of if they wanted to let the rest in on it.

Yoongi was wrinkling his nose at the vampire cooing over the human. "So this fledgling boom… nothing we have to worry about?"

“...Not for now. Unless Hoseok is planning to turn you into a fledgling.” Seokjin finally said, picking up the empty plate.

"He better not be," Yoongi snorted, the light nudge of his thigh against Hoseok's marking his words as nothing more than a tease. "Er… thanks for the food."

"Let us know when you're heading out, Hoseok," Namjoon said. "And I'll get your bags ready." He glanced at Jimin before busying himself helping Seokjin clean up.

As he moved about gathering empty plates and bringing them into the kitchen, he could hear the others talking. “Huh? What?” Hoseok sounded like he hadn’t heard Yoongi’s tease, probably too busy stuffing blood pudding into his mouth. Namjoon could understand what the fledgling was probably feeling; he must have resigned himself to only ever enjoying the taste of blood, so to find something solid that actually tasted proper and wouldn’t make him ill was quite a feat.
"…Glad you found something… semi… food-related to eat," Yoongi said.

"Jin makes the best blood pudding," Taehyung added, Namjoon coming back out of the kitchen to see the other vampire fishing some candies out of his pocket. Popping one into his mouth, he unwrapped another and held it against Jungkook's lips. "He makes the best anything, really. Hey hyung! It'll be halloween in a couple months, you should make your candy apples again."

Jungkook obediently ate the sweet, even as Seokjin sighed from in the kitchen, poking his head out the door. Namjoon maneuvered around him on his way back in. “I make those for Jungkook, not you, you brat.”

"I'm Jungkookie's official taste tester," Taehyung replied simply as Jimin tried to hide a small snort. "You know he only gets the highest quality food."

"…You literally stuffed him with Burger King two weeks ago," Namjoon leaned out of the kitchen, unable to resist chiming in.

"Like I said, only the highest quality food," Taehyung spoke louder like that would drown Namjoon out.

“You also fed me McDonald's last week while saying it was trash food but you wanted some grease.” Jungkook added on.

"What is this betrayal? Oh my heart," Taehyung clasped one hand over his chest, dissolving into a dramatic puddle in Jungkook's lap. "After all I've done you stab me in the back."

“Always, hyung.” Jungkook grinned, poking Taehyung's side.

Seokjin shook his head, heading back to the couch with a glass in hand and leaving Namjoon to start washing the dishes. He smiled to himself as he stacked everything neatly by the sink, glad that Jungkook’s spirits had lifted with Taehyung’s appearance. He seemed almost happy with how much attention Taehyung was giving him. He didn't always let Taehyung physically smother him like this nowadays actually; sometimes even pushed Taehyung off his lap. Probably just teenager angst and annoyance.

But then again...
Namjoon was brought out of his thoughts when he heard light footsteps behind him. Looking over his shoulder at the door, he saw Jimin standing there with his plate in hand, looking… strangely soft. Namjoon smiled at the human. “…Hey. Er… sorry if Taehyung dragged you up here. He doesn't understand 'no' very well."

“Hey.” Jimin smiled wanly. “Yeah. I figured that out the first time I met him. It's alright. I'm sort of the same way aren't I?”

"If you're talking about the first time we met, I'd be inclined to agree," Namjoon chuckled, filling up the sink with soapy water. It was a domestic sight, not one usually associated with vampires. "But... I mean, you're always welcome over. Whenever you're in the area. Seokjin always has human food at the ready."

Jimin glanced outside, tilting his head as he stared at the broad-backed vampire. “I wonder about that. But hey. Didn't think I'd bump into you like this. How are you? Sorry I haven't asked you out. Been a bit busy.”

"That's alright, I've been busy too," Namjoon glanced back at him with a small smile. "School, or work?"

Jimin paused, tilting his head. “Did I tell you that I worked?”

"I just assumed," Namjoon shrugged. "Most university students moved out of their parents' places have a part-time job."

Jimin chuckled at that, shoulders relaxing just a fraction. “Yeah. Yeah... I mostly do ad hoc stuff. So it's not really consistent, but yeah… work's been killing me. What about you? How's the security job been?"

"About as interesting as usual, which is to say not at all," Namjoon replied with a small smirk. "But, um… would you be free this weekend? We could do something."

Jimin paused for a moment, a rare, slightly shy smile crossing his face. “I don't think I have anything during the weekend for now. Any idea what you want to do?”
"Anything with you sounds nice, really," Namjoon admitted. "But there's a few street performers I've been following out that night, if you're interested in catching their show?"

“Sounds great. Maybe we could grab a cup of hot chocolate too. As long as it doesn't upset your system too much.” Jimin teases a little.

Namjoon shrugged with a wry smile. "A little human food and drink every now and then doesn't hurt. We just don't follow Taehyung's definition of 'a little'. I'll text you more details?"

“Sure thing.” Jimin couldn't help the slight step closer, staring at Namjoon's face. "You know. You have the most adorable dimples when you smile.”

That earned a surprised blink from the vampire, before red dusted across his cheeks and the tips of his ears. "U-uh… thanks?” He moved to get the next dish to wash and accidentally knocked a bowl into the sink, splashing water and soap bubbles all over his shirt and face.

"And the god of clumsiness strikes again!” Taehyung yelled gleefully from the other room.

Namjoon sighed heavily, wiping bubbles off his cheek. "Nothing's broken, it doesn't count."

“God of clumsiness?” Jimin asks as he goes over to Namjoon's side. “Here. You wash I'll rinse?”

"Thanks," Namjoon smiled gratefully, unsticking his damp collar from his skin and shaking it a bit to air out before turning back to what he'd been doing. "That's their nickname for me. You would think turning into a vampire would cure clumsiness, but no."

Jimin ran one of the soapy dishes under water, looking amused. “Sure. But… is it that bad that you got a nickname about it?”

"…I was turned because I fell down stairs and nearly died of a head injury.”

Jimin blinked, “yes. You kind of told me that before… but I'm guessing the clumsiness… Shouldn't be a one off thing if they actually nicknamed you a 'god' of it.”
"It's not," Namjoon shuffled uncomfortably, not really wanting to recount all the instances. "I break things regularly. Or injure myself for stupid reasons."

Jimin raises an eyebrow. “Well. The breaking things regularly I can sort of see. You move like your arms are too long for your body. Although… you've been a vampire for… what. Fifty years? Shouldn't you have gotten used to your strength?”

"Perhaps. But I broke everything as a human too, so I think it's just my curse at this point." Namjoon scrubbed at a dish carefully to avoid cracking it in half. "The vampire strength just doesn't help any."

Jimin blinked again, before he ducked his head, shoulders shaking, barely keeping a grip on the plate he was holding. “Oh my god. You're too adorable. How… hee… how are you even real?”

Namjoon blinked repeatedly at him, clearly flabbergasted. "I… sorry?" But his lips curled into a sheepish smile, expression warming. "I don't think I've ever been called that."

Jimin was still laughing even as he shook his head incredulously, “really? Because… hehehe… You really are too adorable. I- you're so careful with the… ahhahaha… The dishes. I've never. It's just too cute!”

"Because if I didn't I'd break them in half," Namjoon flushed. "I've already broken too many of Seokjin's things."

“Well, that's understandable. But doesn't change the fact that it's adorable.” And Jimin looked up, eyes sparkling in mirth as he reached up to push a strand of hair behind Namjoon’s ear.

Namjoon turned his head at the touch, blinking at how close they were standing. His eyes dipped down to Jimin's lips so close, and he leaned in a bit…

Only to startle at a peal of laughter from the other room, remembering they had company. Ears bright red, he straightened again and turned back to the dishes. He'd been washing the same spot for the last couple minutes.

Jimin paused, before pulling back, looking a little disappointed. But before he could say anything,
Seokjin suddenly appeared at the doorway of the kitchen, tutting. “Oh no, this won't do. You're a guest, Jimin-sshi. You shouldn't be washing the dishes.”

“Ah. It was no problem.” Jimin bowed politely, taking a step back from Namjoon.

“Next time, please leave the cleaning up to us.” Seokjin said, almost hostile in his politeness. “Anyway, I think Hoseok and Yoongi are about to leave. I've already passed Hoseok his next stash.”

“Oh.” Jimin glanced at Namjoon before shrugging. “I suppose I should go with them. Thank you for the food, Seokjin-sshi. It was really good.”

Namjoon placed the plate to rinse off, turning to smile sheepishly at Jimin. “…It was nice seeing you again, Jimin.” He could hear Taehyung whining in the other room, protesting the group leaving so soon.

“Mmm. Yeah. And I hope it won't be the last.” Jimin smiled, sort of ignoring the narrowed look Seokjin was giving him, although that look was gone when Jimin turned to look at the older vampire, the polite smile back in its place.

Once Jimin was gone, Seokjin moved over to Namjoon’s side. “Are you kidding me, Kim Namjoon?” He hissed.

Namjoon blinked at his sire in confusion, most of his attention on washing the dishes with damaging any of them. "About what?"

“That guy. Jimin. You can't—” Seokjin closed his eyes. “Of course you can't smell him.”

Namjoon heard calls of goodbye from the next room before the apartment door opened and closed. "What do you mean?"

Seokjin sighed, running a hand through his hair. “I mean, that Jimin guy. He's dangerous!”

"… I'm not following." Namjoon's brow furrowed at the older vampire. "He's Hoseok's roommate. How does that make him dangerous."
Seokjin looked up at the ceiling. “There’s only one way he’d be dangerous to us vampires, Namjoon. Sometimes, I really wonder how you’re so book smart but your EQ is so amazingly bad sometimes.”

Namjoon continued to stare at Seokjin's profile for a moment before he realized what the other vampire was implying. “…Are you saying, he’s a hunter?” He asked lowly, disbelief obvious in his voice.

“Yes.” Seokjin rolled his eyes. “And a pretty active one too. He smells like death, although he was trying to hide it.”

Namjoon's heart sunk even if he tried to hide it. “…Why would Taehyung bring a hunter here?”

“I don't know. That's what I'm planning on asking him.” Seokjin sighed before shaking his head. “Maybe he's one of the hunters working with the Elders.”

"Maybe.” Namjoon turned back to the dishes, eyes conflicted. "I'll finish up here, if you can pry him away from Jungkook."

“Mmm.” Seokjin sighed at the mention of the young human's name. “Another thing I need to talk to him about actually.”

"Well… now's your chance." Taehyung and Jungkook were undoubtedly leaving together, and who knew when they'd catch Taehyung on his own. He was always with someone, whether it was Jungkook or Jongdae.

“Yeah.” Seokjin nodded, absentmindedly patting Namjoon’s arm before moving out of the kitchen. Namjoon turned back to the dishes, wincing when his thumb chipped a hole in one edge.

He put the damaged plate aside, taking a moment just to stare down at the soapy water and figure out what exactly he was supposed to do now.
Taehyung and Jungkook were still in the living room when Seokjin walked back out. “Hey. Taehyung. Can I talk to you for a second?”

Taehyung had moved out of Jungkook’s lap to sit beside him, animatedly asking the human about his day and how school was going. He looked up at Seokjin with a confused smile. “Yeah?”

“Alone.” Seokjin sighed, glancing at Jungkook. “Jungkook can you go help Namjoon with the dishes? Make sure he doesn’t break anything.”

Jungkook frowned, “but I’ve barely seen Taehyung-hyung for a week!”

“It’ll just be for a while, Kook.” Seokjin sighed, “could you just… please?”

Taehyung was pouting, but sighed and patted Jungkook’s knee. “Sorry Kookie, looks like I’m getting a Jin scolding.” He stood up, stretching his arms out above his head as he wandered towards Seokjin’s bedroom on the other side of the apartment.

“So one second?” Jungkook couldn’t help but add on, getting a long suffering look from Seokjin. “No. As long as we need. Now go help Namjoon.”

Seokjin made sure they were out of hearing before he said as he closed the door behind him. “So. Jimin. Why did you bring him here?”

Taehyung shrugged, hands in his pockets as he wandered towards the window. “We were already together, and I knew Hobi and Yoongi were here. So why not?”

“He’s also a hunter.” Seokjin let out a sigh, “now even if he’s working with the Elders, you know I’d prefer not to have any hunter know where me and Namjoon live. And what do you mean you were already together?”
"He's helping me with the fledgling problem, sort of," Taehyung hummed. "He was going to end up here eventually anyways, especially with Hobi being his roommate." He tilted his head to the side, a small glint in his eyes. "We're gonna need all the hunters on our side we can get."

“…” Seokjin folded his arms, leaning against the wall, “you know I hate getting into all these politics, Taehyung.”

"If it's any consolation, I hate it too," Taehyung laughed, glancing out the window. "But is it still 'just politics' if it's keeping everyone safe? You made the decision to stop being a lone wolf when you turned Namjoon. Politics involve you too now."

Seokjin rolled his eyes, “I swear that childe of mine is more trouble than he was worth.”

Then he looked back at Taehyung. “So from what you said, Jimin obviously isn't from one of the regular Hunter families. But you decided to recruit him anyway?”

"Mhm. I've got a good feeling about him. And I lasted this long trusting my instincts, so…” Taehyung gave Seokjin a cheeky grin. "Guess we'll see where this leads. Kind of exciting."

“Your instincts led you very nicely toasted and stinking up my house the very first time I met you. And then, most recently, picking up a human kid and spoiling him, and making him pretty much infatuated with you.” Seokjin snorted.

Taehyung tilted his head a little. "What can I say, I'm good with kids for a millenia-old bloodsucker."

Seokjin closed his eyes. He could sense that Taehyung probably was too busy and in no mood to deal with more than one thing at once, so he pulled back. “Nevermind. Anyway, what's really going on? Is the situation really that bad that you're pulling random hunters off the street to help?"

"It's more of a… pre-emptive measure." One fang pressed down on Taehyung's lower lip. "We haven't been able to catch the sires responsible, and there's multiple of them. Making a coordinated effort to turn fledglings and starve them into insanity. Sounds familiar, doesn't it?"

Seokjin raised an eyebrow. “Someone's been at their history books that's for sure. It didn't work back then though, why would someone think it would work this time around?”
"The world's changed," Taehyung waved one hand towards the window at all the skyscrapers dotting the skyline. "What was a couple raving madmen without proof last time, is a viral video today. All it takes is one, Seokjin. One attack to make the news, and then what?"

“And then our existence makes the light of day.” Seokjin sighed; he might not engage that much in the internet beyond private chat groups, but even he knows the damage that today’s information network could deal. “Ugh. I'm so glad no one ever offered to make me an Elder, it sounds so annoying. But I suppose you'd want me to go get my feelers out, see if I can't get any information.”

"It can't hurt," Taehyung gave him a tired smile. "The name of the game is proactivity. We can't afford to let it break into full war like last time. So it's time to play nice with every hunter we can. Ultimately, we want the same thing… a safe community. Even if our methods are different.”

“Ugh. If this ends up blowing in your face, I'm blaming you.” Seokjin shook his head, “anyway, even if you're busy you shouldn't leave Jungkook alone alright. He's at the age to do stupid things.”

Taehyung's expression dropped back into a childish pout. "I know… but I can't really bring him along when Dae and I are scouting nests, he'll get hurt. I miss him.”

Seokjin rubbed his face. “The two of you… are insufferable.”

"Eh?"

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Meanwhile, the current subject matter of their conversation was being as insufferable as Seokjin had predicted.

“Namjoon. Why is your hearing so bad?” Jungkook asked as he put the last plate into the drying rack.
"Sorry?" Namjoon wiped down the sink. "I wasn't gifted with sensitive ears or nose like the other two." More like he was still young for a vampire and aside from a few gifted individuals, such skills tended to come with age and experience only.

Jungkook sighed, “I just… You could eavesdrop on them all. Aren't you curious? They're probably talking about that guy— Jimin? You know?”

"Probably," Namjoon shrugged. "If you want to know what they're talking about, just ask Taehyung when they're done. He'll probably tell you."

Jungkook made a sound that was very much like a whine. “He'll tell me maybe, but he's gonna leave out a shit ton of details. PG version you know.”

"Probably, he is your legal guardian after all," Namjoon chuckled, drying the counter. "But he's soft for you, a couple pokes and he'll cave like a stack of cards."

Jungkook frowned, “I know he might seem like that, but he can be surprisingly stubborn about protecting me from scary information. But anyway… You were talking with that Jimin guy….you looked kind of close in the kitchen earlier.”

Somehow Namjoon doubted Jungkook had ever bothered Taehyung for information. Or else he'd know the vampire was too eager-to-please to withhold information from Jungkook for very long.

But he could sense Jungkook was trying to steer the topic to something else, and let it be. "We, uh… went on a date a while back," he shrugged, walking out of the kitchen into the living area.

Jungkook blinked. “A date? Woah! Really? You did? Then what was he doing here? How does hyung know him?”

"Well, Tae's been by Hoseok's place several times by now," Namjoon said. "He would have ran into Jimin then, and he's always been quick to make friends." Even with hunters… or especially with hunters, Namjoon amended mentally. The Bloodhound was weird that way. But it still didn't sit well with him to know Jimin was a hunter.

“That's true.” Jungkook sighed, as if that fact was a source of great pain for him. “And you? How did you know Jimin-sshi?”
"Same way as Taehyung," Namjoon sat down on the couch. "Then we ran into each other later on at a bar. Why?"

“No reason. Just… Curious.” Jungkook furrowed his eyebrows for a second. “Wait. You go to bars? Aren't you ‘Mr. Bars are Boring’?”

Namjoon wrinkled his nose. "They are, I was dragged by Seokjin. Jimin wasn't very much interested in alcohol either, so we left Seokjin to his hunting. It makes things a lot easier on Hoseok that his roommate knows about vampires, sneaking around was getting too much for him."

Jungkook tilted his head curiously, “haven't talked to Hoseok-hyung that much yet. But he seems like a nice guy. Too nice to be stuck in this world. But it's good he's surrounded by lots of nice people… is… Jimin-sshi a nice person?"

That was a loaded question, given what Namjoon had just learned. But he settled on an answer after a moment. "I find he is. And Taehyung wouldn't have brought him in if he disagreed."

Jungkook seemed to deflate a little at that, “I suppose so,” he finally said, “who hyung wants to make friends with isn't really my business, right?”

Namjoon blinked. "I would disagree. You're family, your opinion matters. Do you have an issue with him making friends with Jimin?"

Jungkook blinked before looking down, an immensely guilty look on his face. “N-no… no it's nothing. I'm just being stupid. As usual.”

The vampire wasn’t convinced. Jungkook’s ten-mile long crush on Taehyung was obvious to everyone except Taehyung himself, after all. It wouldn’t be too far out of left field for Jungkook to feel jealous or possessive over Taehyung’s sudden and easy friendship with another human. "Jungkook… you know you can talk to me if something's bothering you, right?"

Jungkook swallowed, shaking his head. “It's… really nothing. I'm just…. Being irrational. And stupidly possessive. I… I don't know… I just feel like a kid who doesn't want to share my favourite toy. It's stupid. I'll get over it.”
Namjoon watched him, eyes knowing. But before he could say anything the bedroom door opened and the other two vampires returned.

"I'm free!" Taehyung rolled over the back of the couch to flop down next to Jungkook, all gangly limbs.

Jungkook jumped before he schooled his expression. “What did Jin-hyung want to talk to you about, hyung?”

"Inviting people in without warning him to make more food first." Taehyung tilted his head back to see Jungkook with a tired grin. "You good to leave soon?"

Jungkook immediately nodded, “you don't have to go anywhere else, right?”

"Nope. I'm all yours for the night," Taehyung smiled at him upside-down, lifting both hands straight into the air to be helped up. "Homeward bound!"

Jungkook laughed before he shook his head, and shoved his arms under Taehyung's armpits to lift him off the couch instead. “Promise?”

"Promise." Taehyung was happy as can be as he was set on his feet, draping one arm around Jungkook's shoulders. "Night Jin-hyung, Namjoonie!"

Seokjin had reappeared in the doorway to the living room and raised an eyebrow, shaking his head at how happy the two were at the prospect of some time alone with each other. Seriously. The both of them were clueless. “Yeah sure. Stay safe, and Kook, make sure that the idiot doesn't do something stupid again.”

“Always, Jin-hyung.” Jungkook grinned, encircling Taehyung's wrists with his fingers.

"No faith in me," Taehyung gave a long, morose sigh that wasn't reflected in his boxy grin as he tugged Jungkook out the door.

Namjoon watched the door click shut behind them. "And?" He looked up at his sire. "You were in
Seokjin sighed, “well, apparently we weren't worried for nothing. It seems like someone's trying to make a repeat of the last vampire war. They're taking large bunches of innocent humans and turning them into fledglings.”

Namjoon blinked, then paled. "…That… doesn't bode well. What are we doing about it? Just sitting around hoping the Elders take care of it?"

“You are. I'm probably gonna go search around my usual information circles.” Seokjin shrugged.

"…There must be something I can do to help," Namjoon frowned at his sire.

“Stay safe and not go on dates with hunters?” Seokjin raised an eyebrow. “I swear you're trying to give me a heart attack.”

"… if Taehyung's already vetted him, I don't see why I can't meet up with him at least one more time,” Namjoon said after a moment, a thoughtful note in his voice.

Seokjin paused, before he sighed. “I guess so. But you meeting with him one more time might mean you’ll be tempted to continue whatever suicide thing this is. And Taehyung can be wrong sometimes, you know. And whenever he is, he is spectacularly wrong.”

The corner of Namjoon's lips twitched. "As he would probably say, 'all or nothing'. I guess we'll have to see which it is."

Seokjin wrinkled his nose, before he sighed after a while, reaching out to pull Namjoon into a hug. “Just be careful okay?”

That earned a surprised blink. Seokjin wasn't a very touchy sire, and tended to show he cared through griping more than hugs.

"Of course," Namjoon lifted one arm to return the hug. "Let me know if you find anything out from your circles."
“I will.” Seokjin pulled away after a while, eyes suspiciously watery. “And if you see or hear anything suspicious, you better run the other way.”

Namjoon wisely chose not to call the older vampire out. Instead he just smiled, nudging his shoulder.

"Of course. The night is still young, let's find something to do."

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As he'd warned Seokjin, that wasn't really the last time Namjoon spoke to Jimin. Apparently the human was plenty busy, and it wasn't as if Namjoon was free every night either with his job. But five nights later they managed to align their schedules for a small meetup by the river.

Namjoon found a spot where he could sit and watch the small band playing by the water's edge, pulling his jacket tighter around himself at the cooler air. He hadn't spotted Jimin anywhere, so with one last look at his phone to make sure the human hadn't texted to call things off, he settled back to enjoy the music.

It was maybe another five minutes later that another warm body settled down besides Namjoon. The band had yet to stop playing, and so Jimin only smiled at Namjoon, nodding his head to the music, and leaning back to listen to the tune that was playing. It was only when they took a break that Jimin turned to Namjoon properly with a small smile. “Hey there.”


Jimin chuckled, “yeah. Work kind of pounding my ass. But it's fine. I feel better after seeing you already.”

"Is that so?" Namjoon hummed softly at that, eyes going to the others milling around the area. They were seated far enough away from the main crowd, but still close enough to enjoy the music. "You said you do ad hoc stuff? Like what?"
Jimin blinked at that, “oh. Freelance stuff. People request me to do something and I do whatever.”

Namjoon chewed on his lower lip, one sharper than usual canine just barely visible. Finally he decided to just be out with it, a soft sigh escaping.

"Seokjin told me you're a hunter."

Jimin paused, his playful smile slowly tightening into a more serious, indescribable expression. He looked away for a moment, seeming to gather himself.

Then he finally said, “I never knew I was so obvious to older vampires until I met Taehyung. Must be because I keep only having to meet young and foolhardy vampires in the course of my work. So my hunch about Seokjin-sshi guessing what I am was right.”

"My sense of smell is nowhere near as strong as Seokjin's or Taehyung's," Namjoon said. His hands were clasped tightly together in his lap, muscles tense. "One of the reasons I stopped even bothering to hunt for food like they do. Somehow I always end up picking up hunters. I guess this isn't that different after all. I suppose my only question is why bother spending time with me."

Jimin sighed, rubbing a hand against the back of his neck. “I figured when you didn't say anything about it to me… That you didn't realize. But would you believe if I said I just thought you were sweet that first night I threw myself at you, pretending to be drunk, and I just wanted to get to know you better.”

"You were pretending to be drunk… what was your intention, that night?"

“I was checking all of you out after finding out Hoseok-hyung had been turned.” Jimin shrugged, “I do it with any vampire I know or am contracted to kill. None have literally shoved me in a cab to bring me home before you.”

"…Then you haven't known the right kind of vampire," Namjoon murmured. "If someone contracted you to kill me, would you?"

Jimin shook his head. “Even if I didn't know you before then, like I said, for every vampire I am
contracted to kill, I check them out first. And if they seem like they've not done anything wrong, or killed anyone, then usually I send an anonymous note to tell them someone's out for them. It's only happened twice so far, but it happens.”

Namjoon rubbed his forehead, looking out across the river. "I guessed that Taehyung wouldn't have brought by a hunter who killed indiscriminately. He's not that much of an idiot. But I still had to ask."

Jimin gave Namjoon a wane smile, “not to say I haven't got innocent blood on my hands. My current way of working didn't start until recently.”

Namjoon wanted to ask more about that, it was sitting on the tip of his tongue. He wanted to ask about a lot of things, but after a moment of silence he just drew in a deep breath before straightening. "I won't press if you don't want to talk about it… I can understand why you didn't want me to know. I guess my only concern was if you're interested in… this, for the same reasons I am. And not as some elaborately drawn out hunting method."

Jimin couldn't help but laugh at that. “No, Namjoon. If this was me hunting, I would have somehow found a way to drag you to bed with him that very first day. No… I went to find you at the bar that night because I find you, very, very, very cute.”

The tips of Namjoon's ears burned. He gave Jimin a sheepish smile, more real than the ones he'd worn since the human had appeared. "I'm pretty sure that makes you the first human and hunter who's ever thought that." There was a small pause before he reached out, hand covering Jimin's on the bench.

Jimin smiled back, looking down at Namjoon's hand and how it pretty much swamped his own, and after a moment, the smile became a complicated frown. “Namjoon… I have to admit though, when I saw you at the bar and decided I wanted to know you better, I wasn't really thinking what this could be in the long term.”

"That's… that's alright. If you're interested in testing the waters, seeing how things go. If that isn't something you want, then I'll understand." Namjoon couldn't really expect someone, let alone a hunter, to want to waltz right into a relationship with a vampire.

“It's more… of… I wish I could do this. This… dating thing. Having fun just knowing each other. Hot chocolate and slow walks, kissing each other under an umbrella while it rains.” Jimin sighed wistfully. “Waiting until both of us are ready and dedicated before we have sex. But… even if I stop sleeping around right now, my method of hunting relies very much on seduction and distraction of a
sexual sort, and It's not going to be something I can change so easily.”

"…That would be an understanding between us," Namjoon said softly, looking back out across the river. "I understand that's what you need to do for your job, and… if we decide to try for more, I would be okay with that. But we can take this slow. Never know, you might get fed up with me well before then," he chuckled.

“Are you sure?” Jimin worried his lip, “it isn't very fair to you after all. And… I'm not too sure if I can handle this monogamy thing either, at least not at first.”

"Jimin, this is the second date. Or first, if you count the last one being more accidental than planned." Namjoon turned his head to smile at Jimin. "I'm not expecting you to drop everything when we're still getting to know each other. I'm a vampire, not a drama lead."

Jimin flushed a little. “So I'm guessing drama’s aren't a portrayal of actual real normal life?”

"No? Though I know my friends act like a comedy most days.” Namjoon laughed.

“Isn't that just Taehyung? Although I must say. Hoseok acts like the male lead of a romcom. Or the female lead. I'm so done with his pining.”

"Pining?” Namjoon blinked. Jimin had obviously known Hoseok for a lot longer than Namjoon had.

“Haven't you noticed how he looks at Yoongi? It's even worse now that he's a vampire to be honest.” Jimin rubbed his face.

"I've noticed the looks, but that's not all uncommon for a fledgling. It's a harsh transition to suddenly viewing every human around you as a potential food source. But you're saying this has been going on since long before he was turned?"

“Oh yes. It was always ‘Yoongi this’ and ‘Yoongi that’ and I kind of er. Stalked Hoseok at work the first time we became roommates just to make sure he was clean. And the two of them were already starting to dance around each other." Jimin groaned, “and trust me. Hoseok looks like he wants to bite Yoongi, yeah, but it's different compared to others. He looks at Yoongi like he wants to give him a good time.”
The corner of Namjoon's lips curled. "Really. I guess we'll have to see how that turns out. As long as they don't turn into another Jungkook and Taehyung, Hoseok can pine over whoever he wants."

“What's up with those two anyway? Taehyung says he isn't grooming Jungkook to be his donor?”

"He isn't. Taehyung took Jungkook in when he was a child, I don't know the details but he did file all the paperwork to be Jungkook's legal guardian," Namjoon said with a wry smile. "Jungkook is his little brother and best friend, but Jungkook isn't exactly happy with either of those titles. Though he's yet to admit it out loud, everyone knows. Except Taehyung, because he can be dumb as bricks sometimes. And has far too much else going on to pay attention to subtleties."

Jimin snorted, “so does Jungkook want to be Taehyung's donor or just wants to fuck Taehyung silly? Because those are two very different things. Like I saw him eyeing me the moment I stepped into your sire’s place, and I could feel the jealousy and possessiveness from a mile away.”

"I'm not sure if he'd settle for either of those," Namjoon shrugged. "But until he gets the courage to talk to Taehyung himself, they're at a stalemate. Seokjin and I decided to stay out of it."

Jimin wrinkled his nose. “Wise choice I guess. But I guess I could see why Taehyung doesn't notice. He acts like a kid around Taehyung and I doubt Taehyung can think of him as anything else until he stops acting like that.”

Namjoon smiled tiredly. "That's just it. Jungkook has some growing left to do." Especially given Taehyung was an Elder, and Jungkook was still too anxious to even ask Taehyung all the questions he wanted answered himself. "In the meantime, they make Seokjin's eyes roll back into his head."

“He doesn't seem like someone with a lot of patience. I'm surprised he swore not to meddle.” Jimin shook his head, “oh well. Nevermind about them. We should concentrate on our date. Unless what you had in mind was simply asking me if I was a hunter and then skedaddling?”

"If that was all I wanted to do, I would have left already," Namjoon shook his head as well. His hand was still over Jimin's, the warmth from the human's skin soothing. Now he gently laced their fingers together. "Want to walk along the river? The waterfront's busy tonight."

“Mmm…” Jimin's eyes sparkled a little as he looked at their entwined fingers. “I think I'd like that a lot.”
They spent a couple hours wandering, checking out the different performers along the river and stopping to take pictures every now and then. There were plenty of other couples around, though a few people gave them looks after realizing they were two guys. For the most part, it was too late for others to be bothered. They stopped for hot chocolate at a small stand, and when Namjoon saw Jimin shiver at a cooler breeze from the water he shrugged off his jacket and wrapped it around the human's shoulders. An extra layer of warmth.

Jimin's hands, well, Namjoon kept those warm himself.

Eventually, the crowds had given way to empty streets as the night progressed. Rather than feel creepy, it made their walk feel more intimate. They had nothing to worry about after all; between a vampire and a hunter, they could handle themselves.

"Want me to see you back home?" Namjoon asked, one arm around Jimin's waist from where they'd found a bench by the subway entrance.

“Mmm... it's pretty late though.” Jimin looked up from where he was tracing circles into Namjoon's leg. “You sure you'll be able to make it back before sunrise and you become barbeque?”

"It's not that close to sunrise. But if it gets to that point I can take a cab." It felt nice with Jimin leaning against his side, snug in the crook of his arm. "It's up to you."

“Mmm. I would like spend more time with you though.” Jimin smiled, not stopping the action he was doing. “But if you go to my place I might be tempted to ask you to stay."

"That would defeat the whole purpose of taking this slow," Namjoon pointed out with a soft laugh. "Alright. I won't take you back." But he did lean in, Jimin the perfect height to press a soft kiss to his forehead.

Jimin laughed at that, pressing a kiss to Namjoon’s shoulder. “I did say I was terrible at it.”

Namjoon smiled at both the words and the kiss. After a moment he ducked his head a little more, lips brushing against Jimin's own in a silent question.
Jimin quirked an eyebrow, but it wasn't long before he leaned forward, keeping the kiss chaste for a moment before he opened his mouth to ask for something a little less tame and a little more wild.

And Namjoon gave it to him, head tilting as their lips slowly moved together. He licked into Jimin's warm mouth, not rushing, taking the time to savour and taste every inch of Jimin.

Jimin let out a quiet moan, hand resting on Namjoon's thigh, and then his tongue found the edge of one sharp fang, gently nicking the muscle until a small drop of blood beaded out.

The drop of blood fell onto Namjoon's tongue and a sharp inhale escaped at the sudden delicious taste. It awoke that craving, the desire for more as the scent of Jimin's blood pumping through his veins hit like a freight train.

Namjoon hastily broke the kiss, the spots of warmth where they'd been touching turning cold as he put some space between them. His eyes were wide and tinged blood red.

"…Sorry," he cleared his throat and averted his eyes, forcing his fangs to stay retracted.

Jimin was blinking in surprise, and after a moment, he let out a small noise, reaching out to squeeze Namjoon's hand. "No… I'm sorry. I assumed that… well… sorry."

Namjoon swallowed down the excess saliva, his body automatically preparing to numb the pain of a bite. When he was sure he could control himself, he gave Jimin a tight smile. "…Relying on blood bags is a double-edged sword. Fresh blood hits me harder. Assumed what?"

“That you would enjoy it.” Jimin said sheepishly. “I'm drawing on my limited experiences during my er— jobs. You see.”

"Enjoying it isn't the problem." Namjoon held back a sigh. That put an end to any kissing, while Jimin's tongue was still bleeding.

His fingers curled around Jimin's in return, and he leaned in to press a soft kiss to the human's forehead. "It's probably best I go."
Jimin looked up at Namjoon apologetically, before he hesitated, reaching out to catch the vampire’s hand before he left. “Namjoon… if you ever wanted to…” And Jimin gestured vaguely to his neck. “I really wouldn't mind. Alright?”

Namjoon was caught off guard, eyes following the motion to Jimin's neck. Then he shook his head. "I think that definitely needs more than two dates," he said softly. "You don't have to worry about that around me. I hope you had fun tonight, I know I did."

Jimin nodded, expression falling a little. “Sorry I kind of ruined it.”

"You didn't." Namjoon shook his head. His hands lifted to lightly frame Jimin's cheeks, giving him a warm, dimpled smile. "I had a good time. I know you're busy, but I hope we can do this again soon."

Jimin stared up at Namjoon before he himself couldn't help but smile back too. “I did too… And just hit me up. I'll clear my schedule just for you.”

Chuckling, Namjoon's thumb brushed against one soft cheek. He leaned in to give Jimin a soft peck on the lips, a goodbye kiss, before pulling away and standing. "Have a good night, Jimin." He turned and walked down the street.

Jimin watched Namjoon go before he sighed, rubbing his face. “Way to ruin the mood Jimin, you idiot.”

But there was no helping it, even if right now, he was feeling entirely unfulfilled and aching in some very prominent places.

For a moment, he contemplated calling Taehyung, even pulling out his phone. But after a split second of considering, he shook his head. “Nah. You have to try Jimin, for Namjoon. He's too much of a sweetheart for you not to try.”

And with that, he slipped his phone back into his pocket and stood up. Looked like it was going to be a date with just his hand tonight.

Chapter End Notes
Minjoon are gonna give us all diabetes.

Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter? :) And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!
Yoongi and Hoseok closing up the cafe together happened more often than not these days. Hoseok obviously switched to more evening shifts after being turned, and though Yoongi never said anything about doing the same, his scheduled shifts did seem to fall more in line with Hoseok's than they used to. Their coworkers knew better than to ask, because Yoongi scared half of them. Especially when he was smiling. And he'd been smiling more often than not lately.

Today, they were leaving a little late because of some last minute orders. "I swear, next time I see some kids running for the door one minute till closing I'm locking it in their faces," Yoongi grumbled, the hand that wasn't holding his backpack in his hoodie pocket.

Hoseok chuckled at that, “unfortunately that would mean more complaints towards your grumpy face and you don't need any more complaints on your ass.”

"It would be worth it," Yoongi shrugged. "And they're not in a hurry to fire anyone when we're short staffed."

Hoseok snorted, reaching out to poke Yoongi's side. “Well, if you want to get chewed out then be my guest. I'll just stand by and enjoy the show.”

"Glad to know at least one of us would get amusement out of it," Yoongi smirked at him. "Were you always low-key sadistic?"

“Dunno, could have been only after I was turned.” Hoseok seemed comfortable enough now to joke about his new vampire status — comfortable enough with Yoongi at least. “Gave me more sadistic vibes and all.”

"I'll have to have words with your sire," Yoongi rolled his eyes. "Today was good though. You weren't making as many mad dashes to the back this week."

“Mmm. Seems like what they said was right. The bloodthirst seems to be letting up a bit.” Hoseok did look a bit happier about that. “Probably still can't deal with spilt blood though, so don't cut yourself or anything.”
"I don't make any promises," the older man shrugged, but he was smiling.

Though the smile dimmed a little as they reached the fork in the road where they usually parted ways. "So… when's your next shift?"

“Friday I think.” Hoseok stretched his arms, yawning. “Gotta catch up on some homework. I've been falling behind a bit. And gotta brainstorm on a couple of dances too.”

Yoongi nodded, adjusting his grip on his bag. "…You'll have to show me once you've got something figured out.”

Hoseok flushed a little at that. “Well… I'm not really that great, but I guess if you want to see.”

"Bullshit," Yoongi snorted, smirking up at him with something that was a little more than just fondness in his eyes. "See you then."

Hoseok made a face, but the smile was back on in seconds. “Yeah. See you. Be careful on your way back, ok?”

"Yeah, you heed your own advice," Yoongi replied as he turned to head down the street. It was a long walk to his apartment, but his thoughts weren't exactly on the trek as he made his way through the smaller streets to cut across neighbourhoods.

He was halfway there when a shiver ran down his spine, the feeling of being watched sneaking up on him. Yoongi frowned and turned around, seeing only a couple drunkards outside a nearby convenience store and some ajumma sweeping up. Eyes combing the darkness, he turned and kept walking.

But the feeling would only continue to haunt him as he continued to walk, intensifying as the streets got quieter and quieter, until Yoongi was the only one walking down the street.

Or so it seemed.
Out of nowhere a figure appeared from one of the alleyways, a quick hand darting out and grabbing Yoongi’s arm, pulling him into an alleyway.

A shout of surprise escaped, one of Yoongi’s fists lifting to deck whoever had grabbed him. Thankfully, he recognized the youthful face in the shadows of the alley before he put one of Jungkook’s teeth out. "…What the fuck kid."

Jungkook made a face, waving his hand in a vague way as if to signal Yoongi to calm down. And the next words he said were a casual, “just thought I’d say hi to you,” even if his expression was anything but casual.

Pulling Yoongi closer to him, Jungkook pulled out his phone, with a message pre-typed on the screen saying: ‘u r bein followed’.

Yoongi’s eyes narrowed, and he bit back the yeah, your creepy pubescent ass is following me that wanted to come out. He glanced over his shoulder back out onto the street. ‘Vampire?’ he mouthed at Jungkook. Shit, all he had was that crappy bottle of smelling salts.

Jungkook nodded, taking in a deep breath. “Headed home?” He mentioned for Yoongi to continue conversation, even as he mined a ‘follow my lead’ to the other human, reaching in his pocket to pull out a small vial of something shiny inside.

"…Yeah," Yoongi’s lips thinned, eyes darting down to the vial questioningly. "Long day. You?" He glanced back out towards the street, but he still couldn't see anyone.

“Yeah. And it…” Jungkook started to walk forward, footsteps purposely loud. And as he got to the entrance, he threw the contents of the vial into the air. “— is about to get longer.”

And the moment he did, a figure seemed to move into the light, only to recoil with a loud shriek.

“Run.” Jungkook muttered under his breath as he grabbed Yoongi’s arm and pulled the other human forward.

Yoongi wanted to ask what the hell Jungkook had done but now was not the time nor the place. The two humans booked it down the street, Yoongi internally cursing his lack of athleticism. He could see why Jungkook was as fit as he was, if he had to run from vampires on a regular basis.
"This way," he pulled Jungkook towards the main streets leading up to his apartment complex. Main streets meant people, which meant the vampire couldn't attack them, right?

Any verbal reply Jungkook could have given was cut off with a grunt as he was yanked backwards, his grip on Yoongi’s arm falling away.

"Shit—" Yoongi skidded to a stop so fast he nearly pitched onto his face, turning back around. "Jungkook!"

Jungkook was struggling with someone, and a closer inspection would reveal that it was a lady underneath the large black hoodie she wore, her skin a mottled red like it’d been irritated by something. But the hoodie was pulled back now, teeth snapping in the air as Jungkook strained backwards, one hand pushing at her shoulders, the other digging into his belt for... something.

For a moment, Yoongi was frozen without a clue what to do. He had nothing on him, nothing but those stupid smelling salts, and what good was that going to do now?

The vampire lunged closer to Jungkook’s neck before Yoongi’s fist connected with the side of her face, snapping her head back and making her stagger.

That gave enough time for Jungkook to pull out a small glinting metal blade and jab it into her arm, the vampire screeching in pain.

Yoongi stared in alarm, frozen. But Jungkook wasn't going to wait around for her to recover, and the moment he was free, he grabbed Yoongi and tugged the other towards the main streets again.

This time they made it out onto the crowded sidewalk without the vampire dragging them back into the shadows. But they didn't stop there, ducking and weaving between the bodies until Yoongi had to stop and catch his breath or he was going to keel over.

"Fucking hell," he panted, resting his hands against his knees.

Jungkook sighed, leaning against one or the nearby walls. He was panting hard but was obviously not as winded as Yoongi. “Indeed. Welcome to the intro lesson of not getting bitten 101. Don't walk
in the alleyways.”

"Never had a problem before," Yoongi grunted. "Is this more of that 'I smell like a vampire now so it's open season' bullshit?"

“Yep.” Jungkook sighed, “or, well. I don't know about that last one. But back alleys are usually dangerous either way.’

Yoongi straightened after a minute, glancing back down the way they'd came but there was no sign of the vampire. "So how long were you stalking me for?"

Jungkook rubbed his face. “I dunno. Five? Ten minutes? I just saw that vampire following you and knew I needed to do something. And what are you grumpy at me for?"

"I had a vampire on my ass. Of course I'm going to be grumpy." Yoongi made a face at the younger man. "Not all of us deal with vampires on the regular."

Jungkook shrugged, it wasn't like he could argue with Yoongi on that. But, “doesn't mean you should take it out on me. Any way, I don't think you should stay at your place tonight. Maybe you should go crash with Hoseok-hyung? Or you could come over to my place.”

"Your place?" Yoongi raised an eyebrow at the younger man. Hoseok was out of the question; the younger man would freak if he heard Yoongi had been followed. "You and your vampire crush? And what's wrong with my place, she's gone."

“...I'm going to ignore that last part.” Jungkook sighed, although it was a little comforting to Yoongi that he seemed a tad annoyed by the 'vampire crush’ comment. “And yes, the vampire's gone, but she can still track your scent and follow you back. I stabbed her with silver, so she's probably angry and desperate. But if you go back to a place with another vampire’s scent, she'll lay off.”

"Why would she be so focused on me? City full of humans, someone else must fit her blood type,” Yoongi grumbled. "Fine. I have a change of clothes in my bag anyways."

“Matter of pride at this point.” Jungkook tilted his head, “you were her prey and you got away. And I know Hoseok hyung is nice and he's a vampire. And there's lots of nice vampires around. But they're not human, and their basic instincts drive them to do a lot of things that might not make sense
"Maybe I should look into getting one of those blades too if this is going to be an issue," Yoongi wrinkled his nose.

“I have a few extra sets you can take first while Tae-hyung sets you up. But having them isn't very useful unless you know how to use them…”

Yoongi raised one eyebrow at Jungkook. "And what are you suggesting, I practice on Hoseok? I'd lose my hearing."

“What? No. Probably should ask one of the hunter hyungs to train you. It's what I did. Just knowledge and stuff like a self-defence class.” Jungkook raised an eyebrow. “If you practice with Hoseok-hyung, he'd probably get hurt. When you want to hurt a vampire, you gotta mean it, else it's as good as lying down and letting them bite your neck.”

"I figured that." Yoongi rolled his eyes. "You say 'hunter hyungs' like I actually know any hunters. Wait. You live with a vampire, but you're friends with hunters?"

“Not all hunters hate vampires discriminately. There's quite a few who just want those that break the rules to be punished, and from what I know, the Vampire Elders work with them to deal with those who break the rules.” Jungkook shrugged, “anyway. Let's go. I don't want to stay out here too long.”

"After you," Yoongi drawled; he had no clue where Jungkook and Taehyung lived.

Jungkook nodded, starting to walk down the road. “We'll have to take a bus. The apartment is in Gangnam.”

"...So the vampire who dresses like a colourblind hobo half the time is filthy rich, I don't even know why I'm surprised," Yoongi grunted, following along beside Jungkook.

Jungkook sighed, “those hobo clothes cost a small fortune you know? Nearly everything he has is Gucci.”
Yoongi remembered one outfit that had looked like someone took a pair of scissors to it in the name of 'art'. "...Right. You've been living with him for long?"

“Since I think... Maybe ten years old? But I met him when I was five. Or... Something.” Jungkook shrugged. “He adopted me from my parents and has been taking care of me ever since.”

That earned a small frown of confusion, eyebrows creasing. Jungkook's parents had given him up? "And you knew he was a vampire even then?"

“Kind of stumbled upon him after he'd fed on someone. Hard not to notice. And I kept bothering him after that with a shit ton of questions about being a vampire. Wow. I must have been an annoying little shit now that I think about it.”

"You mean you aren't still an annoying little shit?" Yoongi drawled.

Jungkook turned around and squinted at Yoongi. “I saved your ass you know. Was that considered annoying?”

"It just means you're not always a little shit," Yoongi shrugged, hands in his pockets.

Jungkook snorted, shaking his heads as they neared the bus stop. And his reply waited as the bus conveniently pulled up and the two of them got on. “So, since I’m apparently a little shit, I’m going to ask. What's with you and Hoseok-hyung?”

Yoongi glanced at him as he held onto a railing, expression unaffected. "I have no idea what you're talking about."

“T'm guessing that's actually true since the two of you keep dancing around each other.” Jungkook rolls his eyes. “He probably likes you back, you know?”

"...If you're going to talk about things that don't involve you, I can go back to my earlier point about your vampire guardian,” Yoongi raised an eyebrow. Two could play at that game.

Jungkook wrinkled his nose at Yoongi. “I mean sure. We're just pointing out obvious things now right? Everyone with eyes knows I have a crush on Taehyung-hyung except him. So you have a crush on Hoseok-hyung too?”
"Not that it's any of your business, but yes," Yoongi said simply. Hoseok was his ray of sunshine, ironic given his vampire predicament. Yoongi wasn't emotionally stunted, he knew how he felt for Hoseok. What he didn't see was why he had to act on it.

“Okay… That was strangely easy. But do you know that Hoseok does like you back?” Jungkook raised an eyebrow.

"And what gives you that idea," Yoongi wrinkled his nose. "Has he told you that?"

“Did I need to tell you that I had a crush on Taehyung-hyung for you to know that?” Jungkook rolled his eyes. “Anyone with eyes can see.”

Yoongi wasn't swayed. "If he hasn't admitted to it, then it's a product of your pubescent imagination."

“I'm nearly 20, turtle hyung.” Jungkook retorted, “I'm way past puberty. And you're the one who looks pubescent. You're so tiny, I probably could pick you up and run back home without breaking a sweat.”

"Not all of us had an overbearing vampire guardian stuffing us with nutrients and steroids since childhood," Yoongi retorted. "And you can't say shit about me not talking to Hoseok when your nearly 20 ass is still too chicken to talk to your crush."

Jungkook hissed at that, eyebrows burrowing. “For your information. I choose not to talk about it. Taetae-hyung doesn't need my sorry ass giving him any more trouble than I've already given him. And he didn't stuff me with steroids!”

"Fair enough. You choose not to talk to him, I choose not to talk to Hoseok." Yoongi watched outside the bus as they passed over the bridge to the south side of Seoul.

“Fucking hell.” Jungkook cursed under his breath. “I choose not to talk to Taehyung-hyung because he doesn't need more problems with his human charge falling in love with him. You're just not talking to Hoseok because you're not sure if he likes you back!”
"Because that's any different than what you're doing?" Yoongi was a little amused by how annoyed the kid was getting.

“I just said—!” Jungkook sucked in a deep breath before closing his eyes, and balling his hands at the side. “Yes. It's different. Not that your asshole self would get it.”

"Sure," Yoongi shrugged, leaving it there. He'd made his point about leaving his feelings for Hoseok alone. If Jungkook wanted to keep living in denial, then that was his choice. "Is he going to care about having a sudden guest?"

“No. He doesn't. I could bring my whole class to stay over and he wouldn't care. Not that I bring my friends back often because… Well… Taetae-hyung would be hard to explain to to any normal human. But you've already met him. So it's fine.”

Yoongi snorted. Even when he wasn't openly sniffing people, Taehyung was hard to explain. "You could always claim he's an arts major. Driven insane with a few too many espressos and sleepless nights."

“Probably.” Jungkook shrugged, “but if I really had an itch to have friends over, I could just have it over at my dorm room in school. Save myself all the questions.”

They got off the bus fifteen or so minutes later, in the middle of Gangnam. Yoongi looked around at the expensive condos towering into the sky as Jungkook let them into a building with marble flooring, a concierge and chandeliers in the lobby.

"…You're kidding," Yoongi blinked when Jungkook hit the elevator button for the penthouse. "What does he do for a living?"

Jungkook shrugs, “being old apparently. I don't know how he makes it. I just spend it.”

Yoongi wrinkled his nose at the kid before watching the numbers go by on top of the door. The elevator finally stopped at the top floor and let them out, Jungkook going to the only door on the floor and unlocking it.

The inside of the penthouse was just as large and expensive-looking as the rest of the building, though from the amount of clothes tossed into random corners and random stacks of textbooks, it
was infinitely more lived in. The lights were already on inside the penthouse when they got there and
the floor to ceiling windows wide open for a view of the Seoul skyline.

Footsteps padded across the floor and Taehyung's head popped into view, toothbrush hanging out of
his mouth and foam clinging to the corner of his lips. "Kookie!" He grinned, kohl-lined eyes turning
into half-moons. He was dressed to go out, leather jacket open and tank top dipping low to his
collarbones. "You brought Yoongi with you?"

Jungkook wasn't subtle at all. And even Yoongi with his human eyes could see how distracted he
was by the low cut top Taehyung was wearing. There was a hilarious moment where Jungkook just
gawked before he caught himself. “Huh? Yeah. Well. There was a vampire stalking him and I
thought it'd be better if he didn't go back to his own place. So I brought him here, since your scent
would scare off whoever it was that was hunting him… you're going out?”

"Yep. Getting kinda thirsty," Taehyung said, popping his toothbrush out of his mouth. "Good call
though. Unless the vampire's an idiot, they won't come anywhere near this building."

His eyes were wandering along Jungkook's form, before his toothbrush-less hand darted out and
catched Jungkook's hand. He lifted it so the hoodie sleeve fell enough to show the beginnings of
bruising on his forearm. "I guess they didn't take 'no' very well. You both okay?"

Jungkook started, before he flushed. “Yah. Of course. You made sure I could take care of myself
remember? And I did.”

Taehyung's nostrils flared, and Yoongi wondered if he could smell the other vampire just from that
short interaction. After a moment Taehyung pouted. "Course you did, I knew you could. You put ice
on this tonight, yeah? Want me to kiss it better?"

Yoongi watched in mild amusement as Jungkook seemed to struggle with himself, and he could see
Jungkook's ears slowly turning red, as if they were being heated up on a grill. Especially when he
noticed Yoongi watching. Finally, he said, “I- I can ice it myself. A-and… You're going hunting
right? You should go and come back quickly. I don't want you caught outside in the sunlight again.”

"I'll be good and get back before curfew," Taehyung teased, and Yoongi noticed the vampire
looking down at Jungkook's bruises for another moment before letting go and popping his toothbrush
back into his mouth. "Make yourself at home Yoongi!" he called over his shoulder as he headed
back towards his room. "You've got the guest suite, and there's human food in the fridge."
"Er… thanks," Yoongi slipped off his shoes, glancing at Jungkook again.

The youth was now gingerly tracing the part of his hand that Taehyung had touched before he swallowed, looking back up at Yoongi. "I-I'll show you to the guest room. And then… yeah. Just make yourself at home."

Yoongi nodded, following him across the apartment. The guest suite was bigger than his whole apartment, with it's own bathroom and everything. He didn't know why he was so surprised. Taehyung owned the whole floor. "…Thanks, kid."

Jungkook huffed under his breath, "not a kid."

"Yes you are," Yoongi snorted, but there was a wry smile on his lips as he set his bag down.

The running water across the penthouse cut out, and they both heard Taehyung singing some pop girl song as he wandered towards the door. "Kay, I'm heading out Kookie!"

Yoongi looked up and caught how Jungkook also immediately turned around before stiffening, his eyes slightly wide like he'd realised he'd made a mistake in being far too eager in his reaction. And Yoongi watched with mounting amusement, Jungkook taking slow deliberate step after slow deliberate step out of the room and towards the hallway, trying to make it seem like it wasn't obvious he wanted to run out of the guest room to respond to Taehyung.

“Uh—” Jungkook was very hyper aware of Yoongi's gaze. And Yoongi couldn't help it — it was juvenile gossipy behaviour — but he followed to the door and peeked out, watching Jungkook say goodbye to Taehyung. “What time will you be back? Do you want me to wait up for you?”

"Dunno. I gotta find Jongdae after a snack," Taehyung said, pulling on his shoes. "Better not wait up, you've got an earlier class tomorrow right?"

Jungkook's shoulders trembled at that. Which alarmed Yoongi a little (was Jungkook actually going to cry?) But the youth valiantly kept them up. “Jongdae, huh. Er. Yeah. No worries. You be careful okay?"

"Always am," Taehyung grinned at him. Straightening, he wrapped his arms around Jungkook in a hug. "Don't forget to ice those bruises," he poked Jungkook's stomach and pressed a kiss to his hair.
before heading out the door.

Jungkook squeaked before pouting as he followed Taehyung to the door. There was a constipated look on his face as if he wanted to say something — perhaps something to make Taehyung stay with Jungkook as the youth obviously wanted. But the moment passed, and Jungkook's shoulders slumped, almost defeated. “Bye, hyung.”

"Bye!" Taehyung called, heading down to the elevator.

Seeing that Taehyung had left, Yoongi walked slowly through the living room, arms folded across his chest as he watched Jungkook's turned back. "He spend the night out often?"

Jungkook jumped a little at Yoongi's voice. He must have forgotten for a while that the other human was still here. “Well… he's busy with work.”

"Doing what?" Yoongi frowned.

“Dealing with the fledgling problem.” Jungkook sighed, padding over to the kitchen, “then other nights he's out hunting. The more he works the more he needs to hunt after all. Do you want a drink? A snack?”

"Er… drink, sure. Beer if you've got any."

Jungkook wrinkled his nose. “I think I finished all the beer the last time Taehyung went on a buying spree. But he has some ridiculously expensive wines. And vodka. You want those?”

"Sure, I wouldn't say no to either." Yoongi followed him, hands in his pockets. "And what do you do while he's running around the city?"

“Mmm…” Jungkook took out two mixing glasses from the cupboard before wandering to the back and pulling away the curtain to reveal a well stocked wine refrigerator. He wrinkled his nose as he opened the door, pulling out a clear coloured bottle. “Usual high school things. Study. Finish my homework. Play games. Do chores. Hyung hires this sweet old lady, but she's pretty old so she forgets to do a lot of things. I know hyung hires her more to help her than the other way around, so I just pick up whatever she forgets.”
Yoongi leaned against the doorframe. "You can tell me it's none of my damn business. But what happened with your folks that you were adopted by a vampire?"

Jungkook blinked at that as he put the vodka bottle down onto the counter, having closed the refrigerator door. "There's not much to tell? They needed money. So they sold me.”

"...They sold you." Yoongi's voice projected his surprise and disbelief. "You said Taehyung adopted you, not that he bought you."

"He did both. He paid my parents so that he could adopt me.” Jungkook shrugged, “and he technically saved me. I think. My memory's a little blurry on that point, but my parents were going to sell me to someone else. I'm not really sure. It was late into the night I think, and past my bedtime and I was really sleepy. All I remember is my parents introducing me to this man I really didn't like. And then hyung showed up, and next thing I knew, I was packing up to move here.”

Yoongi could feel his lips pressed into a thin line as he watched Jungkook continue to work. What the fuck? Jungkook's parents had sold Jungkook? And he thought his own parents weren't all that great, but at least they'd never tried to sell him. "...Even a vampire is better than dealing with shit parents like that."

Jungkook glanced up even as he began to pour out the vodka into a cup for Yoongi. "Taehyung was way better than any set of parents. He took such good care of me. Takes such good care of me. I owe him the whole world... but…” Jungkook trailed off, putting the bottle of vodka down. “All I ever give him back is more trouble.”

Yoongi frowned. He hadn't seen Jungkook and Taehyung interact often, outside from when they crashed Jin's and Namjoon's apartment, but the vampire never seemed to treat Jungkook as anything less than his most important person ever. "What trouble are you giving him? Don't say your obvious crush on him, because that's not a valid answer."

“Why not?” Jungkook licked his lips before picking up the cup of vodka and holding it out to Yoongi, waiting for the other to take it. “I mean. He doesn't know about it. But if he did, my feelings would only burden him more. My entire existence is a burden to him. He provides for my every need, and even though he's so busy, he always indulges me with attention. And I... I hate that it's still not enough. I still want more. I wish I could do more in return. I wish... I wish I could be the one providing and protecting him. But he's so strong and so powerful, how could I even begin to? And I try to get out of his hair as much as I can. I study... get good grades so he doesn't need to worry about that. I try to manage the house... the finances... but... it's just... it's just...”
And the hand that held Yoongi's cup began to shake, the liquid inside threatening to spill.

Spotting the accident waiting to happen, Yoongi quickly relieved Jungkook of the glass before he could drop it. "Hey. Just because your shit birth parents made you feel like a burden, doesn't mean you are." Yoongi wasn't always the most gentle person, but Jungkook looked like a scared bunny with his large eyes and twitching nose. So Yoongi kept his voice calm, dialling back the sarcasm as much as he could. "If the guy treats you all the time like he treats you when Hoseok and I are around, you're obviously no burden to him. Do you talk to him about this?"

“I… how can I?” Jungkook whispered, clasping his hands together now that he had nothing to hold. “He's so busy all the time. And I don't want to burden him further.”

Yoongi shook his head, moving towards the couch to sit down. "Kid. It's not burdening to talk to people about stuff that's bothering you. Even if you're determined to friendzone yourself until the end of time, you're friends at least, right? He seems to think you are. He treats you like you are. Friends talk about shit. You would want him to talk to you about things that bother him, right?"

“I… of course.” Jungkook's eyes were wide and round as he trailed after Yoongi, looking disturbingly like a little fawn. “I wish he'd talk to me about his problems but… he never does. I'm just a kid to him.”

"Well yeah. Apparently he's centuries old or something. We're all children to old vampires." Which was weird when Taehyung acted like a toddler on sugar half the time. Yoongi sat down with a huff. "Do you ask him? Did you ask him what all that fledgling ban stuff was about? Why he's so busy?"

Jungkook slowly shook his head. “No… I… we don't spend much time together and… I…” Jungkook took in a bit of a deep breath, “I don't really like asking people questions…”

Yoongi's glance at the younger man was quizzical. "...Why?"

Jungkook shrunk even more at that, curling one hand around his wrist, a nervous tick. “I— people don't really like questions. Especially if they're dumb. Eomma… used to get annoyed all the time. I just don't want to annoy hyung.”

"..." Yoongi leaned forward to look critically into Jungkook's lowered eyes. "Do you think Taehyung would be annoyed by you asking questions?"
Jungkook’s eyes widen marginally, and he swallowed before nodding wordlessly before he seemed to change his mind, pausing and shaking his head. “He's too nice to be annoyed but… I bet it's probably annoying.”

"Jungkook. We already established your parents were shitty people willing to sell their own child," Yoongi frowned at him. "Some questions can get annoying, yeah. But not all questions, and not most questions."

Jungkook looked down again, “they’re not… That bad. I still meet them. They were just… stressed at that time. Because of financial situations…”

"Jungkook, you don't sell your kid because of stress," Yoongi ground out. Seriously, this kid was giving his obviously scumbag parents more excuses than they deserved. "Even giving up them up for adoption is better than selling them to some back alley creep."

But Jungkook only seemed to physically shrink even more at that. “I'm… I'm sorry.”

"No, that's not..." Yoongi sighed, suppressing the urge to scream. He leaned back into the couch, free hand rubbing the bridge of his nose. "It's not your fault. But you can't let how they treated you stop you from communicating."

It was actually a little funny, how Jungkook was half a head taller than Yoongi but yet somehow seemed smaller. “I… I don't really know how to… Yoongi-hyung. I understand what you're saying I guess. But it's… it's really scary. I don't think… I don't think I could bear with Taetae-hyung snapping at me.”

Jungkook could stand up to vampire attacks with barely a flinch, but he couldn't talk to the person closest to him. It was one big mess, one Yoongi knew wasn't going to be untangled with a few metaphorical kicks in the ass.

He took a swallow from his glass, making a face at the vodka's strong taste. "If you want him to be open with you, you have to be open back," he said after a moment. "Even if it's scary. These things go two ways."

Jungkook took a shaky breath before nodding. “I… okay.”
But Jungkook didn't look okay. He looked like he was five seconds away from puking.

"Hey. Just... Sit down. Doesn't have to be right this second." Yoongi reached out and tugged Jungkook down onto the couch. "What games do you have here? Or movies, whatever." Something to get Jungkook to relax a little.

“Ermmm… We have… we have a lot?” And Jungkook didn't resist, nearly sprawling into the couch before he righted himself at the last moment. “I— we have Netflix… Crunchyroll… And erm… The Switch is outside 'cause the hyungs like to play Mario Kart when they come over. The PS and XBox are in my room, but I can take them out?”

Yoongi resisted making a face. He should have guessed with how expensive the penthouse was that Jungkook would have every game console conceivable. "Mario Kart sounds fun. Haven't played that in years."

“Oh. Er. Sure.” Jungkook nodded, still looking a little wide-eyed. But he got up to grab the controllers, tapping on a cabinet to reveal a compartment with the switch sitting inside. And after a bit of fiddling he turned the thing on, and went back to Yoongi to hand him a controller. “I think Mario Kart should still be inside. The last time me or hyung touched this was when Jin-hyung and Namjoon-hyung came over.”

"Alright." Yoongi wasn't much into video games, and he doubted he'd rank very well once they started playing. But if it got Jungkook to stop looking like someone was murdering his puppy in front of his eyes, then Yoongi would suffer through it.

He doubted either of them were going to be sleeping anytime soon.

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Jimin wiped the blood off his knife before letting out a very slow long sigh.

"You sound like a leaky balloon," a cheerful response came from Jimin's other side. Taehyung
looked down at the two dead vampires at their feet with a crinkled nose. "Aish, this is a mess."

“I feel like a leaky balloon.” Jimin grumbled, staring down at the mess as well before putting away his knife, bending over to start hauling. They would need to get the vampires into the vehicle that was coming for clean up. “That or a tap about to explode.”

Taehyung took care of the vampire with his throat ripped out, slinging the dead weight over his shoulder despite the blood soaking down the back of his shirt. He'd probably worn clothes he didn't particularly care about — not Jungkookie's sweater that he'd end up buying ten to replace. And he probably had a motel room already rented out nearby for a fresh change and a much-needed shower.

Taehyung had apparently been renting out a lot of motel rooms lately. He said it was better than going home soaked in blood and scaring Jungkook — especially since as he and his enforcers tracked down the city's troublesome vampires one at a time, with Jimin's frequent help, the altercations got more and more dangerous.

The two vampires they'd dealt with tonight hadn't been part of the group turning new fledglings across the city. But they'd been just as bad to deal with, just as dangerous to humans. It was worrying.

But back to the conversation — as if they were just carrying sacks of potatoes and not dead vampires through a dark, dingy alleyway. "Why are you a tap?" Taehyung asked.

Jimin grunted a little, trying to make sure that the dead vampire he'd slung over his shoulder didn't slide off. “Because I haven’t had any sex in a week.”

That earned a snort of amusement from Taehyung, because well, they were lugging dead vampires around. Not exactly the most conducive place to talk about sex, Jimin supposed. "Going through a dry spell? Don't you seduce and sleep with vampires before killing them?"

“I haven’t been taking up any jobs other than with you.” Jimin grumbled, “you keep me pretty busy and you pay well. And I could still go sleep with someone I supposed just… I’ve been trying to keep as celibate as I can. For Namjoon.”

"Namjoon?" It's obvious Taehyung's interest is piqued now. "Oh, are you two a thing? I thought he was acting a little flustered when I dragged you along last visit."
"We are now." Jimin sighed again, shifting the dead vampire on his shoulder a little. "We talked after that last meeting and decided to try. And well, I promised Namjoon I’d do my best to abstain as much as possible. Except for my job. But I haven’t been taking any jobs that have sex and at this point I’m pretty sure my right arm is way more muscular than my left now."

Snickering, Taehyung shook his head. "Namjoon's a great guy, a little old-fashioned but good." They reached the edge of the alleyway and he deposited his body on the ground, watching for Chanshik in the van.

"I know. I—" Jimin dumped his own body down besides Taehyung’s before running his non-gross hand through his hair. "I don’t regret it. And I think Namjoon is worth it. But just…"

He groaned, thunking his head lightly into the nearest lamppost. “I’m just going crazy from this sex cold turkey. What is my life?”

"I can leave you alone for a week to hunt on your own and get it out of your system," Taehyung said, leaning casually against the brick wall beside the lamppost. Jimin could practically feel the amusement radiating from Taehyung. "If you're this distracted, it's just going to get you killed."

Jimin stared blankly at Taehyung at that, before he rubbed his face with a sigh. The vampire had a pointi. “Maybe. I don’t know. I feel like I’m not into that at all. I’d prefer to kiss Namjoon. And have sex with him. Have you seen his legs? I want to know what it feels like with them wrapped around my waist.”

Both Taehyung’s eyebrows went up. "I'm pretty sure Seokjin would cut off my balls if I ever looked at his childe like that. But why don't you talk to Namjoon about it?"

“They're very nice legs.” Jimin elaborated, before he groaned. “I— I don't know. I know he's not ready. And he said he doesn't expect me to be able to cut off immediately. But— I just… I don't know.”

"Namjoon's a grown man, even if he is pretty young for a vampire. As long as you're honest with him, then he'll be fine." Taehyung squinted at a set of approaching headlines. "There's our ride." He pushed away from the wall, hoisting his vampire up over his shoulder and waiting for the van to pull level with them before opening the back doors.

Jimin too hoisted up his dead weight up before dumping the vampire in once Taehyung was done. “I
— I just wish I could have more discipline, you know? He's really special and I don't want to mess things up. Are we following the van this time or is your chauffeur coming? Could I get a lift somewhere? Can't go on the subway looking like this.”

Taehyung hummed, shoving an errant leg back into the back of the van. "You got this, Chanshik?" He called up to the driver as he grabbed two black sweaters from the back. Chanshik gave him a thumbs-up through the mirror.

Slamming the van doors shut, Taehyung held one sweater out to Jimin as Chanshik drove off. "I got a room nearby with a shower and spare clothes and everything," he grinned. "Put this on in the meantime before we get any screaming pedestrians."

Jemin took the sweater wordlessly, pulling it over his head, before he frowned. “This material feels like cashmere.”

"Probably," Taehyung shrugged, pulling his own over his head and shaking out his hair. Once he had it on, it did a decent job of hiding the blood stains down his shirt. "Well? How about it?"

“Yeah. Why not.” Jimin sighed, stretching out his arms and cracking his joints. “The shower in my apartment can be a bit cranky, and it's a pain wrestling for water with the right temperature. So I'd appreciate the shower.”

Taehyung smiled at him, but the action was not quite as boxy and wide as usual. Jimin supposed that Taehyung was tired too, even if being an Elder meant he showed it far less. Jimin idly wondered how much of what he felt did Taehyung hide from the rest of the world. Turning, the vampire started walking with his hands in his pockets. "It's not that far. I brought a couple spare clothes, we look about the same size. 'Xcept I'm wider in the shoulders and your butt's bigger."

Jemin looked down at his own butt before patting it. “Yep. Although, yours is pretty tushy too to be honest. Respectfully tushy.”

"I know I've got a great ass," Taehyung winked at him. "Just pointing out facts. I think I was about the same age as you when I was turned. Give or take a year or two, dunno."

“Actually,” Jimin chewed on his lip a little as they continued walking down the street. “How did you get turned?”
"Uh..." That prompted a frown and a scrunched up nose, Taehyung's eyes unfocusing as he thought. "I just barely remember to be honest. I know I was a farm boy, but I mean, most peasants were. A group of vampire troublemakers took out half my village, but one of them must have thought I was too cute to be a corpse. I don't even remember my sire, he probably kicked the bucket within a year of turning me."

“Oh. Er—” Jimin wrinkled his nose at that. It didn’t seem like a glamorous turning. And it sounded as if Taehyung would have probably ended up like one of the vampires that they’d just killed with no proper guidance. “How did you climb up from that to… well, Elder Kim Taehyung?”

"Eh, a lot of it is just hanging around for that long without dying," Taehyung snorted. "There's a good reason why most of the vampires you run into are young and stupid. It's hard for vampires to live long enough to qualify for Elder. But I hung out with the right people, didn't pick fights unless someone came for me first, and when the Elder system was just starting out I volunteered as Enforcer to an Elder I really admired and looked up to. He's still around actually, but obviously I'm not his Enforcer anymore."

“Sounds like a surprisingly normal life for someone as animated as… you.” Jimin gestured at Taehyung. “I thought you'd be the sort getting into the pockets of royalty, hobnobbing with the famous… not… I got a job as what is essentially a vampire equivalent to a social worker and just kind of got old.”

"Hey, don't knock it," Taehyung laughed. "I had a lot of exciting moments, but at some point they kinda just blended into a mess in my brain. Enforcers back then were very different than what you've seen of them these days. I did a lot to stay alive, and keep the people around me alive."

“Sounds exciting.” Jimin snorted at that. “So what did you so that made you upgrade from Enforcer to Elder? And was this like… recently? Or…?”

Taehyung rubbed one hand through his hair, then pulled a face when it just smeared blood through the locks. "I negotiated with hunters for the safety of fifteen fledglings in the middle of the day. Got pretty barbequed from it."

Jimin paused in the middle of walking down the street to stare at Taehyung. “You what?”

Taehyung slowed and looked back at him, one eyebrow raised. "I negotiated with hunters."
“No I heard that part. It's the ‘in the middle of the day’ part and ‘got pretty barbequed’ part that I'm exclaiming at. How the fuck are you even alive?”

"Luck, Seokjin's medical expertise, and a massive stubborn streak." Taehyung cast him a grin, shrugging. "That's why I look tan for a vampire. Those kinds of scars don’t disappear."

Jimin’s mouth open and then closed and then opened again. “I— you know what, I'm not gonna question it. That's impressive. I'm… not sure if I can treat you the same way anymore. Do the rest know?”

Taehyung's lower lip jutted out in a massive pout completely not fitting an Elder. "Seokjin and Namjoon know, and my Enforcers. Why can't you treat me the same? I like how you treat me.”

“Because you literally braved nearly burning to death?” Jimin raised an eyebrow at the pout. “Is that why you insist on behaving like a child? You don't like people treating you like an Elder?’

"I don't." Taehyung turned and kept walking. "I'm an Elder because that's the easiest way to protect others, not for the status. I'd rather be friends, y'know?"

“Well. I mean.” Jimin quickly hurried after Taehyung. “I've had my dick up your ass and yours up mine. Elder or not, I think it's not going to change anything. But I'm still damned impressed and am going to bring it up whenever I can. Does your little charge know about this?”

Taehyung looked at Jimin in blank confusion. "My charge?"

“Jungkook.” Jimin prompted. “The kid you take care of? Whom most vampires take on to have a steady source of flesh blood but you haven't even so as nicked his skin?”

The confusion cleared, and Taehyung pouted at Jimin. "Kookie's not a blood bag. I don't think he knows. I never told him anyways, but Jin or Dae could have. It's not exactly a secret."

“Yes. I'm well aware he's not.” Jimin replied dryly, “wonder if he’s ever wondered why he's not one. And I don't think he does. He'd probably be even more depressed if he does.”
"It's not something to be depressed about," Taehyung's brow furrowed. "Why do you say he's depressed?"

“Heard from the grapevine.” Jimin says smoothly, “which isn't a surprise. Or rather I heard from Namjoon some details. He was also glaring a hole in my head the entire time we went over… What's name? Kim Seokjin ? Seokjin-sshi's place.”

Taehyung tilted his head slightly, clearly puzzled. "Don't know why he would have been. Probably just was nervous 'cause he doesn't know you."

"Anyway, here we are.” He looked up at the cozy motel, hopping up the front steps and pulling the lobby door open.

Jimin wanted to refute it was more like Jungkook had been jealous up to his nostrils of Jimin being so close to Taehyung but then, they were here. And he was distracted by the fact they've reached their destination. “Finally. I thought the blood was going to stain my skin permanently.”

Taehyung snickered as they filed into the lobby, the vampire bowing politely to the lady behind the desk before heading to the elevators.

The room he'd rented wasn't as luxurious as his penthouse, but it was warm and comfortable with a large bed, a wall-mounted TV and a western-style bathroom. When they were locked inside, Taehyung pulled the sweater over his head with a low whine. His bloody shirt underneath was sticking uncomfortably to his skin. "You want the shower first?" His shirt was the next to go, tossed petulantly into the corner to deal with later.

“Ngh,” Jimin spotted the look on Taehyung’s face while in the middle of stripping down himself. “It's your room. You should go first.”

"I'm being a gracious host," Taehyung reached out and pinched Jimin's exposed side teasingly. "You were whining about the blood, go."

Jimin jerked a little before grabbing Taehyung’s arm. “Aish. We can both shower together.”

Taehyung paused, before shrugging. Not that Jimin had expected Taehyung to protest. It wasn't as if they hadn't seen each other naked several times over, and the blood was drying quickly. "I'll scrub
your back if you scrub mine,” he grinned at the human, heading to the bathroom.

“Mmhmm. Very economical.” And it wasn't as if Jimin was thinking about anything but as they both pile into the bathroom, him kicking off his pants before he goes in and closes the door behind him. “We're saving water and all that shit.”

Taehyung was quick to shed his own pants and boxers into a pile in the corner of the bathroom. He peered over his shoulder in the mirror, grimacing when he saw the blood stain that was quickly turning more brown than red. "Well isn't that sexy." He slipped into the walk-in shower, turning on the water.

“Some people might be into that.” Jimin chuckled as he too followed suite. The shower was a modest size, so stepping inside, Jimin was pretty much arm to arm with Taehyung. “But where's the soap? I'll help you scrub it off.”

"There's a joke to be made here, but I refuse because I'm a sophisticated individual." Taehyung found a bottle of body wash by the wall, passing it back to Jimin. He ducked under the warm water, sighing happily and wiping the water out of his face.

“Should I start treating you like the sophisticated individual you're supposed to be?” Jimin teased back, dumping a shit ton of soap on his hand before reaching over to place the body wash back on the wall shelf. And then he slapped his hands onto Taehyung, using Taehyung’s body to lather up instead of his own hands. “Oh, Elder Kim Taehyung, let me have the honor of washing your body for you.”

Taehyung choked on a laugh, reaching back to shove at Jimin. "Yah. I said not to call me that. So stuffy."

Jimin grinned, undeterred as he continued scrubbing at Taehyung’s back. “Would you prefer ‘your majesty’ instead?”

The vampire hummed, head rolling forward. "Sounds kinky."

“So you don't like people calling you Elder, but you have a superiority kink?” Jimin teased, moving his body to press into Taehyung, arms wrapping around so he could rub his soapy hands over Taehyung’s chest.
"Well, I do like being pampered." Taehyung held back a soft groan, eyes fluttering. He could feel something hard pressing against his ass. "I think you're enjoying this more than I am."

Jimin blinked before he groaned softly, burying his face into Taehyung’s shoulder. “Fuck me. I got hard just from touching your body.”

"That's a pretty high compliment," Taehyung teased. He turned around, back pressing into the cool tiled wall as he smirked wryly at Jimin, soap suds tickling his collarbone. "Maybe this was a bad idea."

“Yeah. But… Fuck.” Jimin whimpered a little at the loss of contact. He couldn't help it; they were both tired and overworked, and felt safe enough around each other to take a shower together without a second thought. “I don't think I can take another day with just my hand. Maybe… It's okay if you just jerk me off? And I'll jerk you off back.”

"...That's a slippery slope," Taehyung said, even if his eyes had darkened a little. Jimin did appreciate that Taehyung didn't jump the gun right away. Knowing Jimin's new determination to go cold turkey, he'd probably wanted Jimin to give it a second thought. It was sweet.

Taehyung's hands found Jimin's waist, fingers trailing down the line of Jimin's hip. "You sure?"

“No. I— I don't know. But you're right. I’m probably going to die if I don't figure something out soon — from being so damn distracted all the time,” Jimin breathed out a little, eyelashes fluttering because of the touch. “And I might also die if I try to pick up a job that uses seduction. Because I'd just be thinking of Namjoon the whole damn time. You're the safest option, Tae.”

The corner of Taehyung's lips curled. "And I won't get too pissy if you say the wrong name." His long fingers curled around Jimin's length, thumb circling over the head. "You should talk to him after this."

“Nghh… fuck. That feels… Too good.” Jimin groaned, waist bucking a little into Taehyung’s hold.

"You've just gone too long without," Taehyung huffed out a husky laugh. His free hand lifted to curl around the back of Jimin's neck, leaning the human forward until their foreheads rested together. Warm steam was slowly filling the shower, fogging up the glass as Taehyung finally started making his move.
Jimin let out a long, sinful moan at the feeling of Taehyung's fingers on him breaths heavy as he spent a few moments just enjoying the long strokes Taehyung was giving him. Then his eyes flickered open, hands smoothing over Taehyung’s chest. “It always surprised me how wide your chest was despite how lanky you a-ah… are…”

"A lot of things seem to surprise you," Taehyung murmured into the space between their lips.

“Maybe you're just a surprising— guh!” And Jimin bucked forward as Taehyung fingers squeezed a little more that last stroke. “Oh fuck I think… I might come in ten seconds like a fucking teenager.”

Snickering, Taehyung pressed a cute kiss to the corner of Jimin's mouth as the human panted for breath. "No one's judging, this is a safe space remember?"

And then Jimin felt it, an almost painful shot of pleasure as Taehyung twisted his wrist, thumb pressing lightly under the head of Jimin's dick.

“F-fuck!” Jimin let out a strangled yell, and out of surprise more than anything else, suddenly exploded messily over Taehyung's hand, legs nearly wiping out at how sudden it was.

Taehyung hummed against Jimin's dimple, working him through it until Jimin was finished. Letting the human's dick go, he blindly reached towards the stream of water to wash the mess off his hand as he dropped his head to nose against Jimin's neck. "Better?"

“Oh… Fuck yes.” Jimin breathed out, neck arching naturally. “That was fucking embarrassing and I can probably go more but I think this should take off the edge. What do you need Tae? Are you thirsty?”

"I can't decide what I am more," Taehyung groaned against Jimin's skin, length hard and heavy between his legs after helping Jimin with his own problem. "Thirsty or horny."

“Ngnh…” Jimin could feel the heat radiating from between Taehyung’s legs now. And he fluttered his hand over Taehyung’s length. “You could satisfy both at the same time?”

Taehyung's body quivered at the teasing touch, shamelessly rutting against Jimin's thigh with a muffled whine. "I hold no responsibility if you end up needing a second round,” he breathed, lips parting to mouth lazily at Jimin's neck. Not enough to leave a lasting mark or piece skin, just teasing
with lips and tongue and leaving a sheen of saliva to numb the impending bite.

Jimin groaned a little, the feeling of Taehyung’s hard dick against his thigh making his own jump again. And he took Taehyung’s length properly into his own hand again. “Ngh… I'll probably come from you biting me. It'll probably… Ngh… Work out…”

A low groan vibrated against Jimin's neck. "Fuck... okay..."

It was something Jimin noticed after the few times Taehyung had fed from him — the vampire always took his time with his bites. It was a sign of an experienced vampire; young ones often couldn't hold off their own bloodlust long enough to do more than make sure the bite wouldn't hurt, if that — often tearing skin in their haste or not taking the time to properly numb the bite. But vampire bites, if done properly, didn't have to be just 'tolerable'. A good vampire could stop a bite from hurting, but a great one could turn it into pleasure.

And Jimin was very familiar with how skillful at the pleasing Taehyung could be.

Taehyung pressed a kiss to Jimin's neck. Then his mouth opened just a little wider and his fangs slid into Jimin's skin like a knife through butter, Jimin flinching slightly at the ghost of a pinch. But it didn’t hurt, and he relaxed after a moment, eyes fluttering as he let Taehyung do his thing. Taehyung groaned, probably from the first taste of Jimin's blood. A moment later he'd removed his fangs and fit his mouth over the puncture wounds, sucking slowly.

After the first two swallows, Jimin began to move his hand, gently stroking the hot and hard dick he'd been holding. The vampire's hips rocked forward mindlessly into Jimin's strokes, his hands smoothing up and down the other man's sides in return and fingers tracing the bumps and ridges. He huffed out a moan against Jimin's neck, lazily sucking and lapping away.

It was almost thrilling, the way Jimin could feel his blood leaving his body. It wasn't a foreign experience by any means — not even in the sense of being bitten. Because sometimes that's just what it takes to get the job done. But the way Taehyung bites is almost like an artist doing his work. He's careful and controlled and Jimin feels oddly safe, and the dizziness started to come, the pleasure starting to well alongside it.

“Ngh… Tae… How… you… How are you so good at this…?”

That earned a low chuckle against Jimin's neck. "Lots of practice," Taehyung murmured, lips
moving against heated skin.

It wasn't long before Jimin felt the sensation of Taehyung's tongue licking broad strokes against the wound that he'd made, signalling that Taehyung was done feeding. But while his thirst for blood had been sated, his other kind of thirst was not; and the kiss he pulled Jimin down into was just as hungry, delving into the human's mouth as he chased his release.

Jimin moaned into the kiss, feeling a little light headed. It didn't help that the thrill of being fed on had trickled into his system, sending what remaining blood he had down into his dick. And he shifted the both then so he could line the both of their dicks together, barely able to wrap both in his hand.

Taehyung groaned, and after a moment, Jimin felt Taehyung's fingers wrap around both their lengths and Jimin's own fingers, guiding their strokes. And Jimin should probably feel insulted because this meant that Taehyung probably felt that Jimin's short fingers weren't up to snuff for the task. But Taehyung's fingers just felt so good, and he was even more distracted when Taehyung tangled his free hand into his hair, tugging on the wet strands in the back.

But then, Taehyung broke the kiss, keening quietly against the hunter's mouth. "Jimin… Jimin, I'm close."

"Ngh…? Yeah, me too. Hah… So fucking good, Tae." Jimin murmured back, hips rocking a little towards Taehyung as his fingers began to move faster. And then, as he did, a bright idea popped up in his mind. "Hey… want me to… ngh… bite you too?"

Laughing breathlessly, Taehyung nipped Jimin's bottom lip, fangs already withdrawn and harmless. "You want to bite me? Go ahead, get your revenge."

Jimin grinned, sliding his lips to nip at Taehyung’s jaw. “You heal pretty fast don’t you?”

That earned a low grunt of confirmation, Taehyung's head lolling a little as he squeezed his fingers around Jimin's. "Do your worst."

And Jimin chuckled before he latched onto Taehyung’s neck, beginning to suck on the spot with a surprising strength, his teeth grazing against the skin.
The vampire moaned, eyes shutting blissfully as he mindlessly helped Jimin stroke their lengths, his
gasps growing louder as Jimin found a sensitive patch of skin to abuse and turn an angry red.

"Jimin, Jimin, Jiminie," Taehyung garbled before a shudder ran through his lanky frame and he came
all over their fingers.

Jimin took a little longer to come, but just a couple more strokes and he bucked against Taehyung a
little before his own cum mixed in Taehyung’s, making a disgusting mess of both their hands. But he
continued to suck on Taehyung’s neck for a little while longer, teeth finally managing to break the
skin, a few beads of blood welling forth.

Which a hazy part of Jimin realized was kind of dangerous. But well, since when had dangerous
stopped him from doing things he really wanted to?

Pulling back, and ignoring the way his head spun a little, Jimin grinned up at Taehyung. “Probably
funny to think that that’s probably my blood, huh?”

Eyes fluttering, Taehyung grinned dopily back at Jimin as the drawn blood mixed with shower water
and rolled down his collarbone, looking completely blissed out even though all they'd done was jerk
each other off. "Probably."

And as if drawn forward again more by gravity than will, Taehyung leaned in and kissed Jimin
again, letting go of their softening lengths to draw Jimin in against him.

And Jimin let him, mostly because the kiss was sweet — the feelings more like those between two
friends just sharing with each other how much they cared, and he dropped his head onto Taehyung’s
shoulder again, breathing out. “It’s kind of surprisingly. I’d find someone I’m actually this
comfortable with. Let alone that that person would be a vampire.”

Taehyung grinned, resting his head against Jimin's. Lazy to move too far, he slid one hand around
Jimin's waist, running it under the shower to get rid of all their spunk; and the, other already clean
hand smoothed at the muscles between Jimin's shoulder blades. "The universe likes playing tricks,

“This is more the level of a serious practical joke rather than a trick.” Jimin snorted, smoothing one
hand down Taehyung’s back in reply. “I literally have no human friends now that Hoseok got
turned, and he doesn’t even know I’m a hunter. Meanwhile, a vampire Elder knows some of my
"And you're lusting for a young vampire with a knack for breaking things," Taehyung wiggled his eyebrows. "Why are you all committed and stuff now? There's even a comfy bed here and everything."

Jimin pulled away to pull a face at Taehyung. “Ugh. Okay. Fluffy, warm feelings gone. Why did you have to spoil a moment like that?”

"Because that's what I do," Taehyung teased. He reached out and found the shampoo, squirting a good amount into his palms before rubbing them together. "Come here, now that you've got it out of your system we can get clean."

“Ngh. I'd leave you alone in the shower right now if I didn't think I might collapse on the floor getting out.” Jimin placed a hand on Taehyung’s palm. “Wow. Fuck. I got weak. Unless you took more blood than I realized. Or maybe like I'm so comfortable around there's literally no adrenaline to sharpen my focus at all.”

"It's that afterglow," Taehyung said with a grin, reaching up and massaging the shampoo through Jimin's hair. "I didn't take more than you could handle, no worries. I'm not about to ruin shower cuddles with a fainting person."

“I know you— ngh…” Jimin groaned a little when hands ran through his hair. “Oh fuck yes.”

"Like that?" Taehyung massaged at Jimin's scalp. "Been a while since I've done this with someone."

“Fuck.” Jimin growled, and with some trouble, managed to pull a bit away. “Ok. I— No I— I'm going to get hard again. And shit. I'm supposed to be staying celibate for Namjoon.”

"I'm pretty sure he wouldn't want you so distracted by lack of sex you get yourself killed." Taehyung pouted sadly when Jimin moved away from his hands, the shampoo dripping down his wrists. "Like I said. Talk to him about it. Honesty and all that."

Jimin wrinkled his nose. “I know, but it's such a hard thing to broach. And I don't want to make him think I only want him for a physical relationship.”
Taehyung grabbed the shampoo bottle and squirted a fresh dollop onto his palm, working it through his own hair as he leaned back against the wall with a wry grin. “I think you're overthinking things.”

“Probably because I've been hanging around him too much.” Jimin sighs, leaning back into Taehyung again. “He tends to do that, doesn't he? Like he'll suddenly go super deep into a topic we're talking about and then I've pretty much lost him. Fascinating though, watching it happen.”

"Because he's a philosopher at heart. And you're in deep." Taehyung wrinkled his nose when their height difference meant Jimin's soapy hair tickled his nose and cheek, shifting a little, but didn’t push Jimin off. "Listen to you all sappy and stuff. It's adorable."

Jimin whined, “it's weird, is what it is. I've never felt like this before. Like I feel more alive when I talk to him. And there's this weird thump in my heart when I think of him. I'm too used to just my dick twitching.”

"You, my friend, are a drama stereotype. And I say that with all the love in the world." Taehyung planted a kiss on Jimin's soapy forehead and made a face again. "Not liking this hotel's brand of shampoo. Come on, if you wanna cuddle let's finish getting clean and cuddle in bed. Less chance of your dick 'twitching' with clothes in the way."

“Really? I kind of like it. It smells like the most generic hotel shampoo one can find, which is… nostalgia for me.” Jimin grinned, but pulls back, leaning over Taehyung to turn the shower on again. “Used a lot of it during the first few months of freedom until I actually found a place to stay.”

"I don't like it," Taehyung replied like a petulant child, before steering Jimin under the stream of water.

Jimin was about to say something before he was practically pushed under the stream of water, sputtering. “Yah! Kim Taehyung!”

Taehyung grinned cheekily at the hunter, finding the soap and holding it out. "Yes?"

“I seriously hate you some times.” And he flicked some water onto Taehyung's face.
Taehyung yelped, sputtering and shaking his head to clear the water from his eyes. Immediately the vampire abandoned handing Jimin the soap to pull the hunter into a headlock.

Jimin yelped, instinctively trying to pull away from the lock. “Ow! Ow! Yah! Fuck— it was just a bit of water.”

"Doesn't matter," Taehyung crowed, easily holding onto Jimin's squirming form, teasing Jimin with tickles and ignoring the fact they were both getting soaking wet from the shower. Clearly, having a bit of fun was more important.

Jimin shrieked, trying to pull out of the hold and nearly caused both of them to wipe out on the tiles. “Let go! Oh my— Ahahahaha! Stop!”

"Nope." Taehyung pressed back against the shower wall for balance, boxy grin in place. And Jimin couldn't really get all that angry at him.

Because, while this wasn't exactly what either of them had in mind, it was nice to just... have a bit of lighthearted fun. Especially given all the worrying developments recently.

Who knew when they'd have a chance to have fun again.

Chapter End Notes

Kekeke. Well, I suppose this chapter brings about some answers.

Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter? :) And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!

(Curi: yes. I obviously copy pasted last week's end notes ahhahahaa)
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Namjoon looked up from his laptop when there was a knock on the door. The apartment was silent except for hip-hop music playing from bluetooth speakers, Seokjin at the hospital for a late shift. Namjoon himself had gotten back just an hour ago, an 'early night' for once.

But rather than sit around bored, he'd sent off a message to a certain someone asking if they wanted to come over.

Standing up, Namjoon went to the door and smiled when he smelled the faintest trace of mint from the other side. He opened the door. "Hey."

"Hey yourself.” And Jimin stood outside, for once not in his usual revealing outfits, instead swaddled in a large sweater and sweatpants. He looked soft and comfortable, swimming in the outfit and fingers barely visible under the sleeves. “Heard you were bored and wanted company?”

"You heard right." Namjoon stepped aside to let him in. He would probably be scolded by Seokjin for bringing a hunter into their apartment, but it wasn't as if Jimin didn't already know where they lived thanks to Taehyung. "I wasn't interrupting anything important?"

“No. Off day for once. Been so bone-tired lately I was just gonna hole up at home and hermit while watching Ghibli movies and pig out on chips.” Jimin grinned. The moment he stepped in, he pulled Namjoon into a back hug, nuzzling his face into the vampire’s neck. “But getting to hang out with you is even better.”

A warm smile pulled at Namjoon's lips and squished his cheeks upwards as he looked down at the arms around his waist. "Ghibli movies sound good. I have a few here.” He turned around in Jimin's arms to wrap his own around the short human. He ducked his head, nose brushing against soft locks of hair as he kissed Jimin's temple. "It's good to see you."

Jimin made a sort of squeak at the kiss, flushing a little uncharacteristically. “It really is. I missed you.”

"I missed you too." Jimin had been so busy lately, they hadn't had any proper chances to meet up.
After a moment, Namjoon pulled away enough to smile down at the human. "Come in, I'll see if we have any chips. Seokjin keeps us pretty well stocked for Jungkook's visits."

Jimin stared up at Namjoon for a while, looking a little stunned. "Hmmm? What? Chips? Oh sure. It's fine if you don't have them though. I'm being pretty well fed just looking at you."

Namjoon blinked at him, before it clicked and he snorted as red spread across his cheeks. "I'm sure we have something." He couldn't help himself really, thumb lightly brushing against Jimin's cheek before he pulled away and headed into the kitchen to find something for his human visitor.

It was a moment before he heard Jimin’s light footsteps follow him, and he glanced back to see the hunter peering into the kitchen. "Are we going to chill outside on the couch or in your room?"

"The couch is pretty comfortable for watching movies." It was one of those couches you could just sink into, and Namjoon had accidentally fallen asleep there more times than he could count. Looking through the cupboards, Namjoon hummed when he found a bag of chips stashed away and pulled it out. He was careful as he opened it, having very strong memories of ripping the whole bag to shreds by accident. "If you still wanted to watch a Ghibli film?"

"Couch it is then," Jimin smiled. "I mean I wasn't sure, because I always watch my movies on my laptop, even with someone else. But then again, me and Hoseokie-hyung don't have a TV, so."

"I think Seokjin would have died a second time without a large screen to watch his dramas on." Namjoon peered in the fridge to see what they had to drink. "We've got cola, beer..."

"Mmm, a beer sounds good."

And if Namjoon had looked behind him right then, he would have seen Jimin very obviously staring at and admiring the vampire’s ass while he was bent over looking inside the fridge — clearly a very different kind of thirsty. But with his head inside the fridge, Namjoon of course completely missed the look. Pulling out a beer, he closed the fridge and turned to Jimin with a smile. He didn't try getting out anything for himself, made a little uneasy by the thought of openly drinking blood in front of his date (let alone a date who was also a hunter). "Go sit down," he ushered Jimin out of the kitchen, bringing the chips and beer to the table beside the couch.

"Thanks." Jimin awkwardly tried held out his hands to receive the beer and chips before being
ushered out, and so there was an odd sort of shuffling as he made his way to the couch. “Not getting anything for yourself?”

"Ah, no. I had something when I got in from work." Once they were out in the main room, Namjoon was a little lost for a moment. It wasn't exactly often that he had guests over that weren't Hoseok, Taehyung and Jungkook — the latter two rarely acted like guests anyways, ransacking the apartment on a regular basis. After an awkward pause, he decided to stop standing there like an idiot and find those Ghibli movies.

Locating them in the media drawers of their entertainment unit, he held them out to Jimin. "Any of these interesting?"

Jimin paused for a moment, looking over at ones Namjoon were offering before he said. “Ohhh. My favourite is Howl’s Moving Castle. But I've never actually seen The Wind Rises. Do you have a preference?”

"We can watch The Wind Rises," Namjoon grinned, placing the other movies down and setting up the DVD player. Taehyung laughed at him regularly for not getting 100% on board with digital purchases as 'the new thing'. But if he already had all the DVDs sitting around, why would he need them digitally too?

Popping the disc into the player, he rejoined Jimin on the couch as he started up the movie.

Jimin raised an eyebrow. “Actually, now that I think about it. You don't have Netflix? I would have thought Taehyung forced on you a family account or something.”

"He did," Namjoon snorted. "When Netflix first came out. But there's no point in booting up Netflix when I've got perfectly fine DVDs sitting around. It's still a large upgrade from VHS tapes."

“Wow… VHS tapes. I don't think I've ever watched from a VHS tape before…” Jimin blinked as he took a swig of his beer. “Then again, I did only start watching movies and things maybe… four or five years ago.”

"Only four or five years ago?” Namjoon placed the remote aside once the movie was playing, settling down beside Jimin.
“Ah. Well. Family didn't believe in movies. Or fun. I spent all my time... training... essentially.”

Jimin shrugged a little, “once I got away from them, one of the first things I did was spend a whole month binge watching whatever I could get my hands on.”

Namjoon's eyes saddened. There was a moment of hesitation before his arm wrapped loosely around Jimin's waist, drawing the human in closer. "Well, we've got time to watch whatever you want. Even from a VHS tape if you wanted to see the struggle of rewinding the tape every single time you want to rewatch a movie."

Jimin looked up at Namjoon with a start before he smiled, barreling into Namjoon’s side. “It's fine. You don't need to get a VHS tape for me, this is more than enough.”

The vampire laughed at that. He shifted around on the couch to make sure they were both comfortable, Jimin tucked snugly against his side. "...If you ever want to talk about it..." he started, a gentle note to his words. "I'm here. I'm listening."

“...” Jimin took in a deep breath, before he let out a sigh. “I'm fine really. I'm long over it. My family was nuts but now I'm free of them. That's the important part.”

"Yeah. It is. And I'm glad for it." Namjoon ducked his head, pressing a kiss to the top of Jimin's head.

Jimin hummed happily, pressing a kiss into Namjoon’s collarbone. “Mmm… now shhh. The movie's starting.”

"Yes sir." Namjoon's shoulders shook with suppressed laughter, even if the kiss made his pulse jump. He settled down to watch the movie at Jimin's insistence. Though to be honest, only half his attention was on the film he'd seen several times before. Jimin was warm and comforting against his side, his thumb absently smoothing against Jimin's waist every now and then. The human's scent filled his brain, nose tickled by locks of soft hair.

Jimin however was pretty caught up in the show, and even though he didn't move much from Namjoon’s side, he kept making small noises when Jiro and Naoko did sweet things together, or stiffening a little whenever Jiro's test flights didn't succeed.

It's only when it was revealed that Naoko had tuberculosis did Jimin suddenly turn to look up at Namjoon, murmuring. “If Jiro were a vampire, this would be a very different movie, wouldn't it?”
Namjoon hummed softly, eyes on the screen. "A lot of things would be different. He could cure her by turning her, easily. But Jiro would have a hard time designing aircrafts, for one... and who knows. Change that one thing, and he might never have met her at all."

Jimin’s eyes flickered up to Namjoon again before he breathed out. “You think so?”

"Yeah," Namjoon answered, voice soft against the sound of the film. "I think even if he were a vampire, it wouldn't change her fate. All it would mean is they'd never know each other, or fall in love."

“So, to fall in love and then be apart, or to never fall in love, huh?” Jimin says softly before he looks up at Namjoon. “But vampires must face this all the time don't they? Not sickness but... if they fall in love with a human...”

The vampire's eyes met Jimin's then, expression pensive. Jimin wasn’t wrong, after all. It was the downside of living, for all intents and purposes, forever. The world around them moved on, while they were frozen in time. Falling in love with a human... a human like Jimin... could only bring pain to all parties involved with each second, hour, year, decade that ticked on by. But after a moment, Namjoon smiled. "I'm not a very old vampire, but I've still had to watch the people I knew when I was human grow old and move on without me. But I think if I were in Jiro's shoes... I wouldn't regret my time with Naoko, even if it's short."

Jimin’s eyes locked with Namjoon's, expression searching. And then he leaned in, pressing a soft kiss to Namjoon’s lips.

Namjoon's eyes closed, head tilting as he returned the gentle kiss. His fingers slid back into Jimin's hair, other arm wrapping around Jimin's waist and cradling him close, as if handling something precious.

And Jimin’s own hands slid around Namjoon's form, one hand cupping the back of his neck, the other around Namjoon's waist. He let the kiss settle for a little longer before he pulled slightly away, resting his forehead against Namjoon's. “I love you too.”

The vampire smiled, nose brushing against Jimin's as he breathed in the human's scent. "I'm glad you're here," he murmured.
“Here in general, or here as in right now in your arms?” Jimin teased, leaning up to press another kiss to Namjoon’s nose. “We should probably pay attention to the movie.”

"Probably," Namjoon chuckled, opening his eyes to look down at Jimin. "I may have been a little distracted." He freed one arm to reach for the remote, to rewind a bit and catch whatever they’d just missed.

“By me?” Jimin’s grin widened, and he winked up at Namjoon. “Well, I'm flattered to have been a distraction.”

Namjoon turned pink, busying himself with identifying the moment in the movie where they'd started talking. Once he found it, he set the remote aside and settled Jimin back against him, burying his nose against the human's hair. He couldn't help it; Jimin smelled really good. Thankfully, Jimin either didn’t notice or didn’t comment, quickly becoming engrossed in the movie again.

It's only after it ended that Jimin looked up again and said, in all seriousness, “if I were Naoko, Namjoon-ah. I'd totally return back despite my illness to marry you too.”

Lifting his head to blink at Jimin, Namjoon's expression softened with a warm smile. "Glad we're on the same page." His thumb brushed against Jimin's cheek as the ending credits drifted across the screen.

Jiimin leaned into the touch, soft smile on his face. “You're the sweetest person I've ever met, Namjoon. I'm still puzzled how I even got you interested.”

"I guess it was just by being yourself," Namjoon murmured. "I feel lucky to have you here, and lucky you're willing to look past what I am."

“I'm a flirty dickbag hunter.” Jimin deadpanned, slightly amused. “And what's there to look past? You're sweet, thoughtful, kind and an utter gentleman. In my whole life I've never even hooked up with someone like you.”

"You need to give yourself more credit than that," the vampire chuckled, leaning in and pressing another kiss to Jimin's soft, pouty mouth.

“What? I have a very nice mouth and a very nice— mmm… ass?” Jimin grinned, one leg, rubbing
up against Namjoon's thigh.

"And you smell really good," Namjoon added, feeling the heat in his cheeks as he settled Jimin closer to him. "But that wasn't what I meant."

“Oh?” Jimin raised an eyebrow, “what did you mean then?”

"That... you're kinder than you give yourself credit for," Namjoon said. "Kinder, open-minded, optimistic despite everything that's been thrown at you and everything you had to overcome. You look after your vampire roommate, and think critically about the vampires you interact with. You're smart, and warm inside. You're... inspiring, Jimin."

Jimin’s mouth opened a little, and he honestly looked a little stunned. “I— er… I'm not... really?”

"You are to me," Namjoon smiled at him.

Jimin stared up at Namjoon, honestly looking more than a little floundered. And then, in a much smaller voice he said, “I'm not… really. But... I'm glad you see me that way. I'll… Try my best not to disappoint.”

"Don't think of it like that,” Namjoon whispered, pressing a kiss to the corner of Jimin's mouth.

“Mmm…” Jimin lips curled a little, but he seemed a little uncommitted in his response. “Wanna watch another movie?”

"Sure.” As long as Namjoon got to keep holding Jimin like this, they could do anything. "You don't have to be anywhere in the morning?"

“No,” Jimin smiled, “the job with Tae is paying me more than well enough that I don't really need to take in side jobs. So, we can cuddle until however long you want.”

"I like the sound of that." Namjoon pressed another kiss to Jimin's lips before separating himself from the human to change DVD's. "Howl's Moving Castle?"
“Howl’s Moving Castle.” Jimin agreed. “I haven't watched it in ages. This should be fun.”

"It's one of my favourites," Namjoon said, returning to the couch. He settled back in beside Jimin. It wasn't long before the movie started up again, Namjoon wrapping his arm around Jimin without even thinking about it.

(Unbeknownst to Namjoon, Jimin continued to glance up at the vampire, something very much not the movie weighing down on his mind. But after a while, he too settled into watching the movie, sinking deeper into Namjoon’s hold.

Talking about Jimin’s failings could wait for another day. For now, Jimin just wanted to enjoy Namjoon's presence, indulging in the warm love the vampire so freely gave.

Just… for now.

And Jimin had promised himself after all, that last night with Taehyung would truly be the last.)

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“Joonie, I'm hom— oh.”

It'd been a rather long day for Seokjin. There had been a bigger volume of people at work than usual, and two of his customers had wanted to double up their volume at the last moment. And Seokjin had wanted to rant to Namjoon when he'd gotten back, but it seemed that Namjoon had a guest over.

A guest by the name of Park Jimin who was very much curled up around Namjoon like the two of them were trying to fuse together with each other.

Seokjin shook his head in amusement, and quietly he turned off the lights before tiptoeing back to his own room.
But not before taking a photo. He was so going to tease them in the morning.

****

It was just about closing time at the cafe, and only Hoseok and Yoongi were left working this late in the evening.

Hoseok was taking care of what was hopefully the last coffee order of the day while Yoongi was wiping down the counters once more, probably just looking for something to do with his hands, trying to look busy.

It had been a long day at work, but the fact that it was the last customer spurred Hoseok on. Hoseok continued chatting with the customer as he continued to make her coffee, pressing all the dials and letting the machine do it's work. He found it was easier nowadays, to talk while he worked, because a co-worker had commented on how much faster his hands and feet seemed to move these days and talking slowed him down. And the steam from coffee machine gave a moment of respite from the aroma of blood that constantly permeates the air.

(He didn't notice Yoongi watching him. Didn't see the wondering look on his face as he watched Hoseok interact with the customer. Didn't see the crease on Yoongi's brow as his eyes darted between the customer and Hoseok's still brilliant smile despite… everything: the long day, the fact that he was probably thirsty and that both the customer and he himself must be such temptations, heck, the fact he was a vampire.

Didn't see Yoongi shake his head, expression going soft and fond as he pondered Jung Hoseok.)

But the coffee was made soon enough, Hoseok bidding the customer goodbye. And once she was out the door, Hoseok slumped against the counter, exhausted. “Ahhh… it's over…”

"Doing alright?" Yoongi asked, tossing the rag aside before stepping around the counter to lock up. The sooner they closed up, the sooner they could get out of here.
“Yeah. I'm actually not that thirsty. Seems like what everyone saying was right and the first month really is the worst.” Hoseok stretched, giving Yoongi a wide smile. “But I'll probably finish a bag before we go. Just in case.”

"Sounds like a good idea," Yoongi snorted in amusement. He locked up the doors and flipped the sign to closed before stacking the chairs on the tables to mop the floor. "Let's clean up and get out of here. Got any plans for the rest of the night?"

“Other than flop onto my bed and watch random YouTube videos until I fall asleep?” Hoseok grinned, “nah. What about you?”

"Sleep," Yoongi replied as he worked. "I've got an early shift tomorrow, at the other job. We lead such exciting night lives, don't we?"

“We do.” Hoseok chuckled, moving all the equipment that needed to be washed to the sink. “Mmm... I have a bit of free time tomorrow though, so I can sleep in. Maybe I could send you back tonight?"

Yoongi looked back at Hoseok, blinking. "Er... sure. It's a boring walk."

Hoseok shrugged, “only for one way. Walking with you is never boring.”

A small smile tugged unbidden to Yoongi's lips, and the human looked away as he went to he finish stacking up the chairs. "If you say so. I've got the floors, you okay back there?"

Hoseok bent down, picking up the trash bags with a grunt. “Yeah. I'm just gonna go toss these out. Be right back, alright?”

He didn't really wait for Yoongi's answer as he hefted two bags in his hands after tying them up. Even as a vampire these things were kind of heavy.

The alleyway outside was quiet, even as he opened up the trash bin to dump the bags in, glancing up at the lamppost above with a tiny bit of paranoia as he did. He knew he probably wouldn't die from another head wound like he'd done before now that he was a vampire, but well.
If Hoseok hadn't paused at that moment, he would have never heard the cut off whimper that had rung in the silence. And he wouldn't have turned his head to see the van parked at the side.

It looked like an ordinary van — black, nondescript. And it made normal van noises as someone slams the back shut, and he watched as some guys hurried to the front to get in. Well, not hurry. They seemed to be walking pretty fast, but their motions were smooth and unharried. And he just watched blankly as the van started, thinking nothing of it as it began to drive off.

But yet, there's this odd feeling slowly creeping under his skin. Like there had been something wrong. And he couldn't seem to shake it off, even as he walked back into the coffeeshop.

He was still lost in the odd feeling when Yoongi joined him in the back where he had been washing up the dishes. The human sidled up wordlessly, beginning to help. He must have finished up mopping the floor, probably having done it mostly through muscle memory while lost in his own thoughts — Hoseok had done it plenty times himself.

But he must have noticed something about Hoseok’s mood, because while in the middle of setting the parts to dry, he paused, asking, “you feeling okay?”

Hoseok blinked at Yoongi a little blankly, the furrow between his brow deepening a little before he shook his head. “Yea. No, I— I'm fine. Just… saw a van out back driving off. Felt… Weird. But I dunno. It's probably nothing.”

"A van?” Yoongi raised an eyebrow. "Like for the bakery next door?” They sometimes had late deliveries.

“No… just a black van. Nothing on it.” Hoseok shrugs, “maybe they wanted to stop by for a coffee here since our lights are in. But then came closer and realized we were closed?”

"We don't get customers through the back.” But Yoongi glanced towards the back door with a frown. "Well, you said they're gone now."

“Yeah. They are.” A pause. “You don't think they were like… robbers or something right? Canvassing the area?”

"Pretty unsubtle for them to be using a van, but we'll keep an eye out for them when we leave,”
Yoongi replied. "No one takes the late shifts alone, at least."

“A bit funny to try to rob a coffee shop though.” Hoseok frowned before he grinned, “maybe it's revenge for all the bad, overpriced coffee we sell.”

That earned him an eyeroll, Yoongi flicking soapy water in Hoseok’s direction. "Help me finish this so we can get out of here. The bad jokes will end me if robbers don't."

Hoseok yelped, “yah! Are you saying my jokes are bad?”

“I'm not saying anything,” and Hoseok huffed, nudging his elbow into Yoongi's side. But it was hard for him to hide his smile longer than a second, and soon he was back at Yoongi's side.

“Come on,” Hoseok stretched out his hands before getting at the dishes again. “The fastest we can do this, the faster I can send you home.”

****

Jung Hoseok wasn't good for his heart.

Yoongi and Hoseok were headed down the street, Yoongi walking along beside Hoseok with his hands in his pockets. They'd definitely become much closer than just coworkers in the last month. Yoongi would call Hoseok a good, close friend at this point; one of the few he had. But Jungkook hadn't been wrong about his feelings for Hoseok, which made the whole thing a little... complicated. Namely in how Yoongi's heart made an awkward stutter in his chest whenever Hoseok said something unwittingly sweet.

But the problem was that Hoseok was this friendly with everyone. So Yoongi made a conscious effort never to read too much into Hoseok's words or actions. So what if Hoseok wanted to walk Yoongi home? He was just being a concerned friend.

 Anyway, Yoongi was just being dumb. He should probably distract himself from being dumb.
"How's your vampire friends doing?" Yoongi asked.

“My vampire friends?” Hoseok blinked before shrugging. “I dunno. I've only really seen Seokjin-hyung the past few weeks. And we usually talk about very inane things? He seems alright? Effortlessly handsome as usual and all.”

"Has he mentioned anything else about whatever was happening with the fledgling ban?" That had seemed to strike a few nerves in the room when they'd first heard about it, a lot of conversations flying under the surface.

“The fledgling ban? No, not really.” Hoseok shook his head, “he just told me to be careful and keep my head down. And he’d clasp my shoulder and pat me harder than usual but that was it.”

Yoongi nodded in understanding, a crease in his eyebrows. "Well, that doesn't sound worrying at all."

Hoseok huffed a little before shrugging. “Well, there's not much we can do anyway. I barely survive day to day not biting anyone and hoping I don't burn in the sun on the way to class. And you're kinda… human.”

"I didn't notice," Yoongi snorted. "Whether we can do anything about it or not, doesn't matter. If my friend's a vampire, I want to know if shit hits the ceiling."

Hoseok was making the face where he thought Yoongi was being cute. It did stupid things to Yoongi's stomach, that look. “Awww. Don't worry. If shit hits the fan, I'll protect you.”

"...Not the other way around?" Yoongi joked, ignoring the small flush in his cheeks.

“Well, I'm a big bad vampire now. I should be strong enough to protect y-eeep!” And Hoseok jumped five feet into the air when there was a loud sound behind them, clinging onto Yoongi. But when they turned around to see what it was, it was just a trash can cover having fallen to the ground.

Blinking, Yoongi snorted and shook his head, a gummy grin in place. "Sure, 'big bad vampire'," he teased, one arm around Hoseok's shoulders to turn him back around and keep walking. "You can
protect me from errant garbage lids."

Hoseok whined, but leaned into Yoongi's arms, nuzzling a little into his side. “I just hate jump scares okay.”

"Sure.” Yoongi just patted Hoseok's shoulder sympathetically, leading him down the street. He tried not to let the nuzzling get to him.

It didn't take much longer to reach Yoongi's apartment complex. It wasn't in the best area of town, but it was what he could afford. "Here's my stop. Thanks for the company, I guess."

“No problem.” Hoseok chuckled, bumping his shoulder into Yoongi's. “I like spending time together with you.”

"Yeah. I do too. Spending time with you, I mean." Yoongi paused, then cleared his throat before pulling away and heading to the doors. "Night."

Hoseok nodded, raising his hand and waving back enthusiastically. “Bye, Yoongi!”

But just as Yoongi turned back towards the door, he felt arms wrap him and Hoseok's all too cheerful voice telling him to, “sleep well!”

Yoongi squawked as he was dragged backwards and nearly toppled over. Holding onto Hoseok's arms to keep his balance, he huffed in embarrassment, regaining his footing. "Yeah, yeah, let go of me you dork."

Hoseok gave Yoongi one more squeeze, and Yoongi felt Hoseok's nose graze his neck a little. The vampire seemed to like Yoongi's scent, saying he smelled like an earthy coffee roast. Yoongi normally gave shit to Hoseok if he was openly caught doing it. But Yoongi found himself letting it slide if Hoseok did it secretly. “Never.” Hoseok joked but let Yoongi go after a beat. “Good night!”

"Night." Yoongi headed off to the doors again, this time making it out of arm's reach.

He only looked back once he was at the door, a rare (but becoming more common around Hoseok)
smile on his lips. He gave the vampire a lazy half-wave, before heading in.

****

“Don't mind me, I just helped myself to some of your wine.”

Taehyung blinked at the vampire lounging on the couch in bemusement, the door to the penthouse closing behind him. "Hey Jin," he said, a touch amused. Not really too surprised, because he had caught a whiff of Seokjin's scent by the elevator, but still. Seokjin didn't stop by often. More often than not, it was the other way around. "Did you run out at your place? Or did Namjoon kick you out for a date night?"

Seokjin raised an eyebrow, “if it was those two options, would you really think I’d choose to spend my time here, with you and Jungkook and your weird little thing going on between you two?"

"Come on, you love us," Taehyung grinned. He kicked his shoes off and stretched his arms above his head, taking a casual sniff of the air as he did so. No Jungkook; he must be out studying.

Walking over, Taehyung dropped down onto the armchair by the couch. "So what brings you here if our company is so deplorable?"

“I didn’t say your company was deplorable,” Seokjin shrugged but didn’t explain, simply taking another sip of his wine. “And you really can’t take a guess why I’m here?”

Taehyung hummed, stretching himself out sideways with his legs draped over an armrest. "If I had to guess, you're here to talk to Elder Taehyung, not Fun Taehyung."

“I prefer to share Fun Taehyung with everyone else, so yes.” Seokjin sighed, closing his eyes for a moment. “You know how you asked me to get my feelers out to see if I could find out anything about the weird situation with the fledgling nests?"

"Mhm." Taehyung hummed in acknowledgement. "Did you find something?"
Seokjin took another sip of his wine, taking his time with the small sip before smacking his lips. "Nope."

Taehyung blinked, head tilting back to see Seokjin easier. "Nope?"

"Yep. Nothing. I got nothing." Seokjin made an exceedingly annoying noise as he took another draught of his wine.

That earned a raised eyebrow from the other vampire. "And if that wasn't significant, you would have just told me over the phone rather than come all the way over here."

"Yup. Think a little, Elder Taehyung. You know how high up my network goes. There's something obviously fishy going on, and yet everything is clean as a whistle?"

"I was getting there. Figured I'd let you have your moment." Taehyung chewed on his lip with one fang. "So this isn't just a bunch of upstart renegades... they've got someone watching their backs. Or multiple someones."

And Seokjin spoiled his cool moment by kicking Taehyung's shin like a brat. "Yah. What do you mean my moment. And yeah, you're right about the someone or someones. And whoever they are. They're probably really high up."

"The question is... how high." Taehyung made a half-hearted attempt to kick Seokjin back, most of his attention on the significantly serious conversation. "I'm gonna have to make some calls, I think."

“Calling for back-up so early in?” Seokjin grinned, before tapping his glass thoughtfully. “Yunhonim is in Jeju trying to set a system like Seoul’s up, isn't he?”

"Uh-huh. Wants to make it the next no-kill zone." Taehyung closed his eyes. "If we're dealing with corruption at the top, then I need him keeping an eye on things. I told you before, didn't I? Prevention is the name of the game this time."

“Mnhmm. No, I understand. And Jeju is slow moving enough he can probably take a couple of weeks off no problem.” Seokjin shrugged, and because Taehyung looked stressed, he added, “if he
is coming back though. Let me know. You know how passionate he is about work, right? Well, the last time I met him, I found out that passion also continues on in the bedroom.”

That earned a snorted laugh, Taehyung flapping one hand at Jin. "Yeah, yeah. I'll let you know. Should I slip in a good word with him? 'That cute doctor you banged last time you were in town invites you over for coffee?'"

Seokjin affected a small sniff, “excuse you, I can put my own good words in.” But there was a glittering twinkle in his eye.

"I'm sure you can," Taehyung grinned, stretching out lazily. "But a little extra nudge never hurt."

“It could. Might make me seem too desperate.” Seokjin reached out and smacked Taehyung on the belly.

Taehyung squawked at the hollow smack, all the air going out of him as he curled up in the chair. "I thought once we reach a certain age, we stop caring about things like appearing too desperate for sex. It’s too exhausting."

“For you, maybe. And when dealing with silly humans, maybe. But a classy guy like Yunho? Nah. Requires a bit more finesse in approach.”

Taehyung pulled a face at that. "He's classy with you. Me? I've got free reign to do whatever the hell I want. It's my prerogative as the bratty little brother he never asked for. So it would be completely in-character for me to tell him you want him for a little horizontal tango."

“Also would make him hella uncomfortable. I don't want him to think of your annoying face as he fucks me.” Seokjin snorts.

"...Point. I don't want him to be thinking of me either." Taehyung shuddered at that. "Fine, you win for now."

Seokjin chuckled, “brat. I always win.”
They sat in companionable silence for a while before Seokjin tilted his head. “It's a little strange not to be kicked out because you and Jungkook are so occupied with each other. Where's the little one tonight?”

Taehyung looked at his phone again. "I'm not sure, I think he's studying for a big test this week." His lower lip jutted out a little. "When I managed to get some of the night off, too. Why must education be so important?"

Seokjin snorted. “Tae. You could coddle the boy and let him be a useless bum and stay with you all the time if you wanted. It's your own fault you instilled the right morals in him. That boy is so eager to please you. Just like a little lap dog. Well. Not so little now. He's this huge dog who still thinks he's a tiny puppy.”

"He's adorable," Taehyung grinned, dropping his phone back down onto the armchair. "But I don't want him to be too reliant on me, so school and education it is." He looked pitifully at Seokjin. "He grew up so fast. Just ten years ago he wouldn't stop hiding behind my legs."

Seokjin tilted his head, putting his glass down. “Mm... that's something humans do.” Leaning back against the couch, he sighed. “Taehyung, do you have any plans on turning Jungkook?”

The other vampire's expression tightened. "No, I don't." Taehyung's voice dipped a little lower, quieter — less chaotic loudmouth and more serious. "Don't get me wrong, being what we are is awesome sometimes, but don't pretend for a second like any of us got into this because we wanted to. He deserves a long, human life."

Seokjin’s lips curled down lower and lower with each word. Then, he sighed. “Maybe, but... Have you ever asked him about it?”

Taehyung's predictable answer was a shake of the head. "Why? If he's not considering it, I'm not putting the idea in his head. Forever's a long time, and if he hasn't thought it through properly... I don't want him to resent me in a hundred years."

Seokjin closed his eyes before covering his face, letting out a strangled noise. “Sweet baby Jesus, you two seriously need to talk about this before it becomes the death of me.”

"If he wants to be turned, he'll talk to me," Taehyung said firmly. "Until then, I'm not bringing it up. Especially not now, not when there's a bunch of renegades trying to turn our entire world upside-
down. Now's not the time to be talking about turning anyone."

“Good luck getting him to talk to you first.” Seokjin mumbled under his breath, but decided to drop it. Taehyung was right. Now wasn't the time to turn anyone into a fledgling. “Speaking of that though. Are you sure it's safe for Jungkook to be on his own then?”

Taehyung chewed on his thumb with one retracted fang, the action giving away his nerves. "It's either that or bubble-wrap him until all this is over. My scent is usually enough to keep trouble away from him... maybe I should ask Chanshik to follow him for a while."

“I dunno. I have this feeling your scent might be the invitation to trouble instead.” Seokjin clicked his tongue against the roof of his mouth. “But don't you need all the manpower you can get?"

"I do, that's the problem." Taehyung huffed. "But I would rather be one man down than something happen to Jungkook."

Seokjin wrinkled his nose at that. “I guess. I'd offer to keep an eye out where I can, but it's not like I can escape my hours at the hospital.”

"I know. You're busy, and if what you told me is any indication, I can't exactly trust many people outside of my own group of enforcers. Until we know who's cleaning up the renegades' messes.” Taehyung draped one arm across his eyes.

Seokjin looked over at Taehyung with a pursed lip. “You said that you had a free night today didn't you?"

Taehyung hummed lowly. "I wasn't supposed to, but we finished our sweep of Dongdaemun without any issues, surprisingly."

“Mmm. Well then, wanna go out and have some fun?” Seokjin picked up his glass to wash it. “Wasn't planning to go out. But well, why not?"

"Sounds fun... but I'll pass tonight," Taehyung said, dropping his arm away from his face and melting into the chair. "I've been running around non-stop for weeks, and some time lazing around inside sounds great right about now. Plus there's a tub of vanilla and caramel swirl ice cream in the freezer that I've been dying to open."
“Wow. Since when did you get so boring?” Seokjin snorted, starting to walk to the kitchen. “Do you need me to hang around? Or are you gonna call Jungkook to come back.”

"I'll send him a text, I don't want to interrupt his study time," Taehyung said, already finding his phone where it was wedged between the cushions. "I'm a domesticated vampire now, that's what hanging around Yunho for too long does to you."

“You literally haven't hung around him for what? A good 20 years already?” Seokjin rolled his eyes. “I bet this is more Kook’s doing. And if you're texting him, means he's coming back for sure.”

"Then we can share the ice cream while he studies." Taehyung's tongue stuck out of the corner of his mouth as he typed out a short message.

**Taehyung, 12.32 a.m. back home :)**

Seokjin rolled his eyes, clearly showing what he thought of that idea. Jungkook hardly needed to study; he seemed to learn the course material through osmosis. “If that's the case, then you won't need my company. I'll leave once I finish washing up.”

**Jungkook, 12.33 a.m. !**

**Jungkook, 12.33 a.m. why didnt u say earlier**

**Jungkook, 12.33 a.m. gimme 30**

**Taehyung, 12.33 a.m. I just got in**

**Taehyung, 12.34 a.m. finished work early~**

"Weren't you saying something about not being here for my company anyways?" Taehyung said absently, not looking up from his phone. "Are you going back home, or getting laid?"
“Neither.” Seokjin snorted, “I think I'll go hunt today.”

**Jungkook, 12.35 a.m. still coulda said something**

Taehyung sticks his tongue out at his phone. "Have fun, don't take after your childe and accidentally pick every hunter in the vicinity."

Seokjin rolled his eyes at that. “Excuse you. I might not have your ridiculous nose, Bloodhound, but I can still hold my own. Now, I'll get out of the way so you can have your fun with your ward.”

"Did you finish the rest of that wine?" Taehyung asked, stretching out and tossing his phone onto the coffee table. The action somehow doesn't break the phone or the glass table. "Do I need to restock?"

“I only had one glass. Unlike you, I have restraint.” Seokjin frowned, squinting at the refrigerator as he put away the glass he had used. “When... was the last time I restocked you on blood though? It feels like a long time.”

"Er... dunno. When did you give me hell because the last batch went bad?" Taehyung asked, tilting his head to try and see into the kitchen.

“Like, at least a month ago.” Seokjin sighed, bending down to open the refrigerator. “...Yeah, these are nearly gone too. Seriously, Tae?”

"You know I don't like them," Taehyung whined in his best petulant child voice, somewhat ruined by the deepness of it. "They're there for emergencies when I can't afford to be picky over the grossness of old blood."

“Yeah, but these packs could also go to vampires who are dependent on them. So couldn't you at least try to finish them?” Seokjin scowled, closing the refrigerator door. “Ugh. This is bad though. I don’t have enough stock at the moment. I didn’t factor yours in. Will probably only be able to get a little extra in... two weeks?"

"That's fine. Take care of the younglings, you know I can fend for myself," Taehyung said. "Hoseok must be still taking up half your stock on his own, though his consumption should be on the decline"
Seokjin rolled his eyes. “One day, your hubris is going to cause a huge spot of trouble,” he huffed, smoothing his shirt down. “And yeah. He’s doing pretty well. We should probably start training him to fight so that he can at least fend for himself.”

"I know. One more thing to do," Taehyung pouted, closing his eyes. "But can't really leave Namjoonie to do it on his own, neither of them will survive."

“We could take bets on who accidentally decapitates who.” Seokjin snorted, before he shrugged. “To be honest, I’m not even that good either. I hate fighting.”

"Well, you haven't had to do any serious fighting in centuries either," the other vampire shrugged. "I'll give him some pointers, no worries. Or I can pair him up with Jongdae and watch Hobi run away shrieking."

“Jesus, be kind to my poor grand-fledgling please.” Seokjin looked up from picking up his shoes, going over to the small chair made available for this very purpose. “Which means, probably pairing him with Jongdae. He’d be more scared by you teaching him.”

"Hey! I'm a lot calmer these days." It had been a long time since the crazy was shoved into its box.

“Yeah, calm until you start fighting. Once you get a whiff of blood, the Bloodhound comes out to play.”

Taehyung huffed, pushed himself up in the chair so he could watch Seokjin leave, the other vampire rocking on his feet by the door. "So. Last chance for that good word with Yunho."

Seokjin jabbed a finger in Taehyung’s direction. “I already told you, I gotta keep classy. Don’t interfere.”

Taehyung gave the other vampire a lazy salute. "Fine, fine. See you around. Thanks for the intel, or lack thereof."
“My lack of intel is always very useful.” Seokjin said as a way of goodbye. “Have fun texting Jungkook all the way until he comes home.”

"Happy hunting," Taehyung called after him. When Jin was gone, Taehyung rolled around on the armchair so he could reach where he tossed his phone, legs propped up by the back cushion and upper body hanging precariously off the bottom as he proceeded to send Jungkook whatever funny memes he could get his hands on.

Jungkook was a little slow to reply, and at some point, he stopped replying altogether. But it became apparent why that was the case when the door suddenly burst open and Jungkook practically stumbled into the room, breathing hard.

Taehyung looked up from his phone, bright expression quickly mixing with confusion. "Hey, Kookie's home!" He rolled off the chair, getting to his feet. "You okay?"

Jungkook huffed a little hands on his knees a little before he blinked at the question. “Huh? Yeah—hyung?”

Taehyung wandered to the door. "You ran in like you were being chased." But as he caught a good whiff of Jungkook's scent he couldn't pick up on anyone else on him, nothing recent enough to be concerning. Just sweat from the run, a touch of cologne, and—

Blood.

"You're bleeding." Taehyung's voice dipped in concern, long legs crossing the remaining distance between them.

“Huh?” Jungkook blinked. “I am? Where— and I. No I was just… trying to hurry home. Didn't realize you'd be waiting in the living roo— erm. I mean—”

Taehyung was less concerned with the stuttered words coming out of Jungkook's mouth and more with finding the source of the blood. His fingers curled around Jungkook's wrist and lifted one arm up, finding the nick dribbling a thin line of blood down the human's skin. Taehyung sniffed — metal. Could have been a knife, but if Jungkook hadn't been in a fight, was more likely just the sharp edge of a fence or something.
"Let's get this cleaned up." Both hands around Jungkook's own, Taehyung towed him to the bathroom.

Jungkook yelped at the tug, finally spotting the small cut. "Oh, that. Hyung! It's just a small nick. No need to clean it up or anything."

"Better to clean it then risk an infection." Taehyung wouldn't have even cared if it was his own cut, but after looking after Jungkook for more than a decade, he was well familiar with doting on every small nick and scrape. So he wasn't to be deterred, drawing Jungkook into the bathroom and flicking on the light before rooting around for the first aid kit.

"Hyung..." Jungkook whined a little as Taehyung continued to hold him by the wrist, as if he wasn't nearly twenty, but still a tiny wisp of a five-year-old. "Ugh. Seriously, hyung it's not a big deal. I could like... lick the wound and be done with it."

"Human saliva doesn't close wounds faster, Kookie," Taehyung teased. "We've been over this." The vampire wasn't thirsty just then, and had ironclad control. But the open wound was still a little like smelling a fresh hamburger on the grill. "Arm up, let hyung take care of you. I'll even kiss it better."

"There's some clotting properties in human saliva." Jungkook mumbled but obediently held up his arm. There was no arguing with Taehyung on this, he knew from experience. "And really, you could just lick it better if you're going to fuss over such a small cut."

"You want me to lick your arm?" Taehyung raised an eyebrow as he grabbed an antiseptic and gently wiped at the cut.

Jungkook still hissed a little. More out of surprise than actual pain. "Well, you're the one who keeps talking about the healing properties of vampire saliva. But you've never actually used your magic saliva on me."

"Because, and I quote twelve-year-old Jungkookie the first time I told you about it, 'that's gross hyung'," Taehyung mimicked Jungkook's higher pitch. "So we do this the human way." When he was satisfied the metal smell was gone, Taehyung fished out a small band aid.

"I hate twelve-year-old me." Jungkook mumbled under his breath.
"He was so precious though. All gangly limbs and no idea what to do with them." Taehyung stuck the bandaid on with a happy noise. "There we go! And as promised," he dropped a kiss to the top of the bandaid. "All done."

But Jungkook was a little quiet. “Do you… prefer the twelve-year-old me?”

"Hm?" Taehyung looked up at Jungkook, a confused smile on his face. "What do you mean?"

“I mean.” Jungkook swallowed, his hand moving the brush lightly over the bandaid. “I… Do you wish that…”

And then he shook his head, like he was shaking the thoughts right out of his brain. “No, it's nothing, hyung.”

Taehyung tilted his head, eyes on Jungkook's face. After a moment he pulled the human in for a hug. "I like all parts of you. You're my Jungkookie."

With the human's face hidden from the vampire, Taehyung didn't see Jungkook’s face fall even further. “Yeah. I know.”

Taehyung hummed, before pulling away. "So, what do you wanna do on my night off? Or are you sleepy? We can go to bed."

“No. I'm not sleepy.” Jungkook closed his eyes before opening them, smiling brightly at his hyung. “I wanna game. It's been so long since you last gamed with me.”

That earned a bright, rectangular grin. "Yeah! Let's fire up something. What do you wanna play? What's Kookie in the mood for tonight?" He steered Jungkook out of the bathroom, lanky arms wrapping around the human's shoulders.

“How about some Overwatch? I need to get some ranking done anyway.” Jungkook suggested.

"Yeah, sure!" Taehyung beamed, the two heading out into the living room to set up. A good night of destressing with his best friend sounded like a good way to forget his troubles for a while.
Even if he knew in the back of his mind, he'd have to act on the information Seokjin had given him. Very, very soon.

****

It was an ordinary night at the coffee shop, just like every of the other nights Yoongi and Hoseok ended up locking up together. They closed the shop with only a few stragglers hanging back, cleaned, and took out the trash. But for once, Yoongi didn't have an early shift the next day, which meant they had until the rising sun chased Hoseok back indoors.

"Ready to go?" Yoongi asked, hands in his pockets as he watched Hoseok do the last checks of the back area.

“Uhuh.” Hoseok grinned, “I'm excited, hyung. I haven't gone to watch a movie in like. Forever.”

And it was true. Yoongi knew Hoseok hadn’t dared step into a crowded movie theatre since he was turned, and even before then he’d been busy with school assignments.

"Yeah. Neither have I," Yoongi chuckled. "Drink your blood before we go." Hoseok was going to be in close proximity to other humans for a couple hours, and he didn't want his friend to be stressing about not biting them when he should be taking the chance to relax and enjoy the movie.

“Oh right. I totally forgot about it.” Hoseok grinned, “do you think I could sneak a pack into a cup and drink from it in the movie?”

"And potentially spill it all over yourself in the process? I don't know how we'll explain that to the ushers.”

“That was one time, and it was because the person beside me suddenly sneezed so hard I jumped.” Hoseok pouted.
"Still," Yoongi smirked at Hoseok. "Do you want to risk it happening again, butterfingers?"

“Fine,” Hoseok sighed, still pouting magnificently. “I’ll drink it now. It’ll just be weird not having a snack at the movies.”

"How long before it's safe for you to have small bits of human food?" Yoongi asked, leaning back against the wall as he waited.

“Dunno. They say it depends on the vampire.” Hoseok finally relented, pulling his blood bag out of his bag. It was obvious he’d really wanted to have it as a snack while watching the movie with Yoongi. “Like Taehyung. He’s kinda old, but apparently he really can’t take food at all. But he just keeps forcing it.”

"Why am I not very surprised by that." Yoongi shook his head. "...We've got some time before the movie starts. Why don't we buy a thermos and transfer the blood before we get there, so there's less chance of messes." He was so weak for Hoseok it was unbelievable.

Hoseok paused from ripping the bag open before his eyes lit up. “Oh? Hey. That’s a pretty good idea. Actually a thermos would be good. I heated up blood the other day and it really makes a difference from cold blood packs, so if I put the blood in a thermos it would keep the heat.”

"Yeah." Yoongi sighed, a smile tugging on the corner of his lips at how quickly Hoseok's mood flipped. "So, let's go?"

“Yeah, yeah. Gimme a sec…” Hoseok mumbled as he stuffed the pack back into his bag. “Okay, all ready! Let’s go, go, go!”

And with that he practically pushed Yoongi out of the door.

Yoongi chuckled, heading out the back door and into the dimly lit alleyways. He turned around to lock up behind them, keys jingling merrily around his fingers.

With his human senses, he didn't notice anything amiss around them. It was only when he put his keys away and turned around to face Hoseok that he saw a faint glint of streetlight off a silhouette and his eyes widened. "Hoseo—!"
He didn't have time to warn the vampire before Hoseok was suddenly gone from his side, slammed against a nearby wall with a shout of pain. Someone else was there, pinning the dazed fledgling to the brick. Yoongi instinctively rushed forward to push the stranger off his friend, only to feel an arm wrap around his neck from behind and cut off his oxygen.

He heard Hoseok snarl, voice strained with not only rising fear and confusion, but also a violent struggle to be free. “Yah! Let him go!”

Yoongi tried to kick the person behind him, but their body was rock-solid and unyielding, the arm around his neck tightening. He choked, the edges of his vision going fuzzy as his bag fell to the ground and his fingers scrambled uselessly against the arm preventing him from drawing in air.

His hand fell down to his waist, and he pulled out the small, silver switchblade he'd gotten courtesy of Jungkook and Taehyung. Yoongi stabbed backwards blindly, and was rewarded by a pained curse and the arm around his neck slackening. He staggered forward and broke the assailant's grip.

But before he could even think about helping Hoseok, his feet were knocked out from under him and Yoongi hit the ground.

“Fuck!” Hoseok was still struggling like a madman, to no avail. Then his voice suddenly rose in alarm. “Yoongi!”

Yoongi looked up, vision returning as he searched the alley for Hoseok. The vampire holding him — it had to be a vampire — was dragging him somewhere despite his frenzied struggling, the arms around his waist unyielding.

When Yoongi saw the unmarked van idling just by the corner, his heart stopped.

He staggered up to his feet, but the vampire he'd stabbed must have recovered because something hit the back of his head hard. Yoongi slashed out blindly, shouting in pain as his arm was seized and he was forced to drop the knife or lose his arm.

“Yoongi! Fuck— let me go!”
And then there was a loud yell, and the sound of a thump as Hoseok hit the ground running, finally managing to get the guy who had been holding him to let go. The fledgling spat out the blood that had flooded his mouth when he'd bitten down on his assailant’s arm. “Yoongi— ah!”

Hoseok let out a pained whimper and collapsed to the ground like a ragdoll. Yoongi’s head snapped up, eyes wide as Hoseok gasped in agony. There was a knife in his leg, gleaming dully in the streetlight. The vampire Hoseok had bitten was advancing slowly to where he lay shaking on the pavement, and Yoongi could barely move in the other assailant’s tight grip.

They were so fucked.

Chapter End Notes

This is what happens when readers request more Yoonseok screentime ;)

Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter! :Or follow us on Twitter?@yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!
Despite all their struggles, it was clear they had no chance against their two assailants. Hoseok was down with a knife embedded in his leg, and Yoongi was just a mere human, his knife laying uselessly at his feet. Even as his brain scrambled for some way to turn the situation around, Yoongi was hauled up and dragged to the van.

There was no getting free, the van drawing closer and closer even as he fought against the iron grip around his waist. Yoongi was tossed into the back of the van with a shout—

And then a figure emerged from the nearby shadows and punched the vampire who'd thrown him right in the face, sending the assailant to the ground. It was someone Yoongi didn't recognize stood by the van doors, eyes glinting dangerously. "Fun's over, boys."

There was a scuffle from outside the van, the sound of a cut-off grunt. Then, "seriously. A nice night spoiled thanks to inconsiderate people."

That was Seokjin's voice. Yoongi staggered out of the van, eyes casting around the alley. Sure enough, there Seokjin was: standing behind the vampire who'd been standing over Hoseok, his belt wrapped around the other man's throat and a very annoyed look on his face as he strangled their assailant. His voice was calm and mild in comparison, as if he was commenting about rain spoiling some plans rather than an attack on his friends.

Their other savior grabbed the vampire he'd punched and slammed him up against the van, grip tight around the assailant's throat. "You can say that again. So," cat-like eyes narrowed at the vampire struggling to push him off. "You stupid kids can tell us just what the hell you're doing, or we can do this the painful way."

Yoongi was distracted from their rescuers by the sight of Hoseok laying on the ground. "Hoseok!" Yoongi made it to his friend’s side and crouched down beside him, alarmed by the knife in his leg. Yoongi pulled it out, earning a strangled yell from Hoseok as he pressed his hands over the wound.

Hoseok whimpered, curling up a little. "Y-Yoongi…"

Seokjin, in the meantime, had wrestled the other assailant to the van, "what should we do with these
"Depends on how quickly they talk," the other vampire, Jongdae, raised an eyebrow as he stared impassively at the vampire he was holding onto. "If they're smart they'll make it fast, because I'm getting annoyed." He looked over to Hoseok and Yoongi. "You have a first aid kit in that shop, right?"

Yoongi nodded, breathing harshly as he looked down at his hands quickly becoming covered in red blood. "Hobi, I need you to press down on this while I grab the kit. Okay?" He found Hoseok's hand and replaced his own with it, squeezing Hoseok’s fingers.

Hoseok swallowed, looking up at Yoongi with dazed eyes. Yoongi could see the pain in his pale face. “H-huh? Oh… okay…?”

Seokjin looked over to Hoseok and Yoongi before he sighed. “Sheesh. A silver knife on a fledgling? Really?”

"What's the silver going to do to him?" Yoongi looked up at the two vampires, eyes wide.

"We'll have to flush the wound out with water and clean it properly," Jongdae said. "Get the kit first, we'll bind it for now." Yoongi nodded, hand falling away from Hoseok's as he ran back to the door and into the shop.

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Who knew being stabbed in the leg with a silver knife could hurt so much.

To say Hoseok was a little shell-shocked and out of it would be an understatement. But he was aware enough of his surroundings to realize Seokjin was there, tying one of their vampire assailants to the van door with an alarming deftness. “Keep an eye out for him, Dae, I'll go make sure out fledgling doesn't pass out from shock.” Huh. It was kind of funny Seokjin mentioned that, because Hoseok’s vision and attention was going fuzzy right at this moment. But he was faintly aware of Seokjin returning to his side.
"Yeah, sure. So. Care to share what the fuck you were doing?" Jongdae’s voice sounded far away. He must have been talking to their captive.

“Look, we don't know anything ok,” the unknown vampire sounded wary. “We're just hired muscle. Instructions and money come in and we just deliver.”

"Doesn't mean you don't know anything," Jongdae said. "What were your instructions?"

“Just that we were supposed to grab that guy, and then just bring him to some coordinates they gave us. That's it!”

"Give us the coordinates."

“Fuck, man. I don't know. It's inside the GPS. I don't give a shit. We weren't paid enough for this.” The unknown vampire was practically squealing like a pig.

There was the distant bang of the shop’s door flying open again. "Got it." That sounded like Yoongi’s voice, right next to him.

“I'll bind up the wound best I can. You just hold him alright. He's in shock right now.” And Hoseok jerked a little, he'd totally forgotten Seokjin was still beside him.

A moment later, careful hands were shifting Hoseok's torso up off the cold ground. He was settled half in someone’s lap, someone who smelled of ground coffee and distant cigarette smoke.

"Hey, you're going to be okay," Hoseok heard Yoongi murmur against his hair, his arms wrapping loosely around Hoseok's shoulders. Yoongi’s voice wavered before going steady again. "Listen to your hyung, Hobi. You're going to be fine."

“H-hyung?” Hoseok managed to focus his vision after a considerable effort. Yoongi sounded so distressed and he just… really didn't like that. He made a muffled sort of noise, hand reaching up to touch Yoongi's cheek. “Y-you're… You're alright?”
"I'm fine." Yoongi’s hand covered Hoseok’s and laced their fingers together, squeezing. "Deep breaths, alright?"

Hoseok didn't know why, but he shuddered a little at the touch. Which was strange, because he appreciated Yoongi holding his hand, like a lot. His fingers were curled around Yoongi's like a vice right now, after all. “H-hyung… oh god… I was… I was so scared.”

"Yeah," Yoongi breathed, securing his arms back around Hoseok’s shoulders without breaking the vampire's hold on his hand. "Yeah."

"Stop your whining, and tell me who hired you."

Hoseok jerked when the vampire Jongdae was holding suddenly screamed, almost drowning out the sudden snap of bone. He felt Yoongi flinch against him, even as the vampire sobbed out words of denial. “Ah! Fuck! I don't know! I really don't fucking know! Let me go!”

The second assailant had to be terrified out of his mind, because he started to yell too. “Oh my fucking— we don't know anything! We get our assignments through the mail. They give us the details and a phone and then money when we complete the job!”

"Not good enough," Jongdae said coolly. "I don't think you understand your situations right now. I am the Head Enforcer for the Bloodhound, and unless you two can give me something worth prolonging your miserable lives, your days are finished." There was a bang as he shoved the vampire he was holding into the back of the van. "You've got five minutes to think it over before I break the rest of your fingers."

While Jongdae dealt with the two assailants and got on the phone with someone, Seokjin had been tending to Hoseok’s wound. It was a pretty small wound but deep, and unfortunately, since the weapon that had caused it was silver, it wouldn't stop bleeding until they washed it out. Seokjin did his best tying up the wound. “Alright. It's done. Try not to move so much. Does Hoseok still have any blood packs on him?"

"Yeah." Hoseok still had one of Yoongi’s hands in a death grip (and he wasn't about to let go any time soon), so Yoongi reached out with his free one and dragged the vampire's bag closer. There was the sound of him rooting around inside before a sound of triumph sounded. He must have found the bag of blood.
"Shit." Yoongi sounded alarmed, and Hoseok could kind of already guess what had happened from the smell of blood seeping out from his backpack. "It broke in the fight."

Seokjin’s voice sounded pinched. “Give that to him first,” and it was obvious from his tone that it wouldn’t be enough. “Fuck. We might have restrain him until help comes. He might start going bonkers losing so much blood like this.”

Hoseok had closed his eyes, leaning heavily into Yoongi’s hold, starting to feel beyond exhausted. But he opened them when Yoongi tipped the blood into his mouth.

"Drink this, Hobi."

And he did, swallowing shakily. It seemed to help a little, but not by much, his vision was still kind of wonky. Even if the slide of blood in his throat took off the edge of a dryness that had been growing in his throat.

But it was far too soon when the bag was finally finished. And Hoseok couldn’t help but whimper a little, the sound disappointed. He tried to get whatever remnants he could get, but, “not enough.” He whispered, leaning into Yoongi’s neck.

Fuck. Yoongi smelled so good. “Mmm… hyung. I think… you should m...move…”

But Yoongi didn’t move away, exhaling slowly. And instead he said, "Take my blood, alright?"

What.

Hoseok made a sound of confusion, even as Seokjin looked over sharply. “What?”

"You heard me,” Yoongi said. His voice was calm, but Hoseok could hear his heart beating erratically in his chest. "You need blood, so take mine."
“But…” Hoseok was pretty sure his confusion was still evident in his voice. “You… Hyung. You said you didn't want to get bitten.”

"I also said if you needed blood, I'd give it."

But Hoseok made a noise of protest. “I don't want to hurt you, hyung.”

“Actually, I think that would be a good idea. Especially if Yoongi wants to stick around.” Seokjin suddenly spoke up. “But only if you do it soon. The longer you wait the less control you will have. I can guide you to make sure it won't be too painful for Yoongi.”

"Right," Yoongi agreed, voice quiet as he turned his head to look Hoseok in the eyes the best he could. "So stop stalling and do it, okay? Because I'm not going anywhere."

Hoseok looked up at Yoongi before he let out a noise of defeat. He wasn't winning any fights today, that was for sure. “You stubborn ass.”

Yoongi smirked at him. "Right. So shut up and bite me already. You've teased about it enough."

Hoseok grunted, before opening his eyes. “Fine. Since you want it so much.”

But before Hoseok could even open his mouth to bite down, Seokjin was kneeling down beside them. “Right. So. The last time you were biting someone unconscious so we didn't do this step. But you gotta lick the spot that you're gonna bite Yoongi at. It'll help numb the area.”

Yoongi had already tilted his head to the side, further exposing his neck to his friend despite the look of discomfort on his face. ”I'd appreciate that."


Seokjin snorted, “well. You are kind of slowly starving right now. Remember to lick first before you bite.”
Hoseok nodded, leaning in closer. “I’m… Going to start okay?” He said before he gingerly stuck out his tongue, brushing it across a small spot in Yoongi’s neck. He could feel Yoongi’s shoulders tense, his heartbeat quickening.

“More.” Seokjin’s voice sounded, and Hoseok complied, licking up a bigger patch of skin. And after a moment, he smiled a little, saying. “Your heart is beating really fast, hyung. I can hear it.”

"...Just hurry up and bite me already," Yoongi grumbled. "You're fucking slow for a vampire."

“Shut up, hyung. I'm new to this.” Hoseok half whined. “I don't wanna hurt you.”

“Both of you stop talking like you're gonna have sex for the first time. It's just a bite.” Seokjin’s bland voice sounded.

"Tell him that," Yoongi said just as dryly.

Hoseok whined, even Seokjin continued speaking. “Most fledglings get it wrong. When you bite, it's just to create a wound to drink from. So after you make a wound, pull your teeth out and then drink.”

Hoseok nodded after a moment. And he looked back at Yoongi's neck saying, ”I'm going to bite…”

And with that, he sunk his teeth into Yoongi's neck.

The taste of blood hit Hoseok’s tongue, blood welling out from then wound he'd made. But then, there was a slight tap on his back and he remembered he needed to pull out.

And with much reluctance, he did, replacing it with his mouth, taking in the first mouthful.

He nearly moaned at the taste that hits his tongue, welling up like the most satisfying thing he's had in a while.
It was a strange position for them both to find themselves in. It forced Yoongi into a position of vulnerability, his life literally in Hoseok's hands; if Hoseok wasn't able to stop himself from draining Yoongi completely, the human wouldn’t be able to do anything against it.

It was also strangely intimate, Hoseok's lips pressed against Yoongi’s skin, sweat-dampened hair tickling the human’s cheek. Swallowing, Yoongi exhaled slowly as he secured his arms around Hoseok to support his friend.

Another beat, and a swallow, letting the warm liquid hit his tongue and trying not to get too carried away.

But it was so hard — so different from bottled blood. Yoongi tasted like the most perfect beverage in the world, perfectly warm and perfectly sweet. And it was so hard not to just keep going, letting the tempo rise, moans escaping his lips. Now he understood why Taehyung complained about packed blood so much.

Seokjin waited for a few more draughts, but then, he reached out, putting a hand of Hoseok’s shoulder. “Okay, Hoseok. That's enough.”

It was so tempting to just ignore Seokjin — to just knock off the hand on his shoulder and to take that one more gulp… two… even more. Yoongi’s blood was so good — so much more delicious than he’d imagined. It was like ambrosia against his lips, and he didn't want to stop.

But if he didn't, Yoongi would get hurt. And he could feel Yoongi sagging just a little against his body, strength waning as Hoseok’s returned.

It took an inhuman amount of self-control, but Hoseok did it. Taking one last gulp and pulling himself away from Yoongi's neck with a gasp.

Yoongi swayed as the support of Hoseok's body was removed, pressing one hand against the ground beside himself to keep upright. He blinked a few times to refocus his vision before looking up at his friend. Hoseok's mouth was red from his blood, almost like sloppily-applied lipstick.

"...Feel better?” he asked, voice scratchy as a few drops of blood rolled down the side of his neck from the open wound.
Hoseok nodded, eyes going down to Yoongi's neck. “Oh shit you're still—”

“Last part, Hoseok. You have to lick the wound to close it.”

Hoseok jumps a little. He might have forgotten that Seokjin was so close. “Huh? Oh. I— shit. Okay.”

Gently, Hoseok coaxed Yoongi to tilt his head again so he could lap up the last of the blood. And it was weird, but he could almost feel the wound closing under his tongue. Yoongi winced, before sighing softly in relief as numbness spread from the bite.

Jongdae was off his phone by then, eyes on them. "Why don't you take them home and look after his leg properly, Seokjin? I've got these two idiots," he nodded towards their vampire captives. "And backup will be here in a couple minutes."

“How am I supposed to bring back these two on my own, Dae?” Seokjin asked. “Can't take a taxi without the driver panicking and ending up driving us to the hospital too.”

"Chanshik's on his way too, with his van," Jongdae replied, turning his attention back to the two unknown vampires. "You can catch a ride with him."

“Okay.” Seokjin eased out a sigh. Before holding up the first aid kit, turning to Hoseok and Yoongi. “I'm going to go keep this. Sit tight. We'll be going back to my place, alright? I got the most supplies there.”

Hoseok looked up, nodding. He was much better now, and had shifted so that Yoongi was leaning on him. Yoongi for his part just grunted in understanding, eyes closed against the dizziness.

It was a couple minutes before another van pulled up alongside the first in the tiny alley. When it stopped, Chanshik leaned out of the driver's seat with a wave to Jongdae and Seokjin.

He wasn't alone. The passenger door opened and Taehyung hopped out. "Hobi, Yoongs? Everyone okay?" He was crouching next to them a second later.
“Should have figured you would come.” Seokjin snorted, “they're alright. A bit shook up. Come help me get them into the van.”

Hoseok blinked up at Taehyung with wide eyes. “Taehyung-sshi?”

"Why are you 'sshi'-ing me? I thought we were friends." Taehyung's lower lip jutted out in a pout, but he was already wrapping his arms around Yoongi to help the unsteady human up to his feet. "Come on, Seokjinnie's going to get you two somewhere safe."

“Erm.” Hoseok blinked as Seokjin helped to pick him up, resting the arm of his uninjured side over his shoulder.

“Lean onto me as you walk alright. Try not to put pressure on your right leg.”

Between the two of them, they got Yoongi and Hoseok into Chanshik's van. Taehyung straightened and stepped away, looking at Seokjin. "Are you okay to take them from here?"

“Yeah, if Chanshik can help me get them upstairs. Or if he can wait for me to bring them up one by one,” was Seokjin’s tired reply.

Taehyung glanced towards Chanshik, who nodded. "Yeah, he'll help you with that. I'll be around later, I'm gonna help Dae with our new friends." Despite the light tone to Taehyung’s voice, it was clear what he really meant by that. With that, Taehyung turned and walked to the other van.

Hoseok had pulled Yoongi into his arms and was protectively snuggling him. He saw Seokjin shake his head, glancing at the two of them before climbing into the passenger seat.

“Okay, Chanshik.” Seokjin said as he strapped himself in. “Let's go.”

****
The rest of that night passed in a blur to Yoongi, coming down off the adrenaline rush and dazed after the blood loss. They got back to Seokjin and Namjoon’s apartment, Seokjin treating Hoseok’s leg and cleaning it of any pieces of silver remaining. Yoongi meant to stay awake until Taehyung or someone showed up to tell them what the fuck had happened, but he drifted off somewhere in the middle of the night.

When he woke up, the first thing he noticed was the darkness of the room, the black-out curtains pulled tight across the windows presumably to keep out the sun. The second thing he noticed was the arms draped around his torso, and he shifted to see who they were attached to.

It was Hoseok, still fast asleep, face buried into Yoongi’s side. They were both on a decently big bed, and it seemed as if they’d started out with their own sleeping spots but had gravitated towards each other somewhere in the middle of the night.

Yoongi blinked blearily at the vampire, before a slow smile pulled at the corner of his lips. He absently brushed a few locks out of Hoseok’s face.

"...I'm glad you're okay," he told his sleeping friend quietly.

“That's kind of sweet. Also good morning. Glad to see that you seem alright.”

Yoongi startled and sat up, as much as he could with Hoseok clinging to him in his sleep. It took his human eyes a moment to adjust enough to the darkness and see Seokjin by the closet. They were in a bedroom; presumably Seokjin’s from the clothes in the vampires hands.

"...What time is it?” He croaked after a moment.

“Still pretty early in the morning.” Seokjin smiled at Yoongi. “Lie back down, go back to sleep. I just wanted to get some clothes to change into.”

Yoongi blinked blearily at Seokjin, before looking down at Hoseok again. "Did Taehyung or that other guy come back?" He asked. "Did they find out why those vampires were after Hoseok?"

Seokjin blinked before he sighed, “all we got out of them is pretty much what you heard. That they were hired muscle. They had no clue why they were being asked to do the stuff they did. But apparently, they’re normally hired to grab humans. This is the first time they've had to grab another vampire.”
Yoongi’s lips thinned a little. "...Why would they be hired to grab humans?"

Seokjin took in a deep breath, glancing at Hoseok before releasing it. “It’s… complicated. I’d rather I just tell everyone at once.”

After a moment, Yoongi nodded. Something big was going on, and he wondered just what Hoseok had landed himself in the middle of... if vampires had really been paid to abduct him.

"...Is it safe for him to be out and about?" he asked quietly, looking back down at his slumbering friend. Hoseok may be a vampire now, but he was the living embodiment of sunshine. Why would someone want him kidnapped?

Seokjin’s lips thinned before he shook his head. “To be honest, no. At least, not until we figure out why he got attacked. But… We’ll figure all that out maybe once he's awa—”

“Mnhmmm? Yoongi… hyung…?" There was a low groan from Hoseok before the vampire shifted, looking up blearily Yoongi. “What… What's going on…?”

Yoongi blinked, then a tired smile formed on his lips. "Hey. Are you feeling better?"

“Mmm…? What? Oh… right. Last night.” Hoseok’s eyes immediately train themselves on Yoongi’s neck. “I'm...fine… Hyung… Your neck?”

Yoongi touched one hand to his neck. He could feel the smallest of scabs where he’d been bitten, but the wound had closed and healed almost completely overnight. "I'm fine, it doesn't hurt."

“That's good.” The relief was clear on Hoseok’s face. “That's.... good. Ngh… but hyung you smell… really good. I think… I need another blood pack.”

“I'll go get one.” Seokjin announced before either could ask. “Might as well get Namjoon in here too. Get him a little more awake? Then we'll talk a bit more about last night.”

"Yeah." Yoongi watched Seokjin go before shifting to help Hoseok sit up. "Your leg doesn't hurt?"
Hoseok groaned a little when he was pulled before shaking his head. "It feels a bit dead and tight. But it's not painful."

"That's good, I guess." Yoongi was quiet for a long minute. "So we'll have to take a rain check on that movie, huh."

Hoseok was quiet at that as well, arms tightening around Yoongi's waist, "...sorry."

"What for?" Yoongi raised an eyebrow at the vampire.

“Our night was ruined. And it was all my fault.” Hoseok mumbled.

"..." Yoongi reached up and flicked Hoseok on the forehead.

Hoseok yelped, nearly yanking Yoongi with him as he pulled away. “Ow! Hyung! What was that for?”

"For blaming yourself for something that isn't your fault. Did you ask to be attacked by a bunch of vampires? Unless you paid them yourself, you've got nothing to do with what happened."

Hoseok whined at that, rubbing his forehead. “I know… but it’s still because of me that you got dragged into it anyway. You don’t need all of this shit. Your life is busy enough.”

Yoongi snorted. "Hoseok, it was my choice to keep being your friend after you were turned into a bloodsucker. Don't start undermining that by saying you dragged me into anything. Alright?"

Hoseok looked up at Yoongi, finally lowering his hand from his forehead, “fine… but. I just… You got hurt hyung. I don't want you getting hurt.”

"And I don't want you getting hurt either." Yoongi lifted his hand again, but this time to mess his fingers lazily through Hoseok's already messy bedhead. "So we'll both try to avoid that in the future, right?"
Hoseok stared at Yoongi for a while, before sighed, musing his face against Yoongi’s neck again grumpily. “Idiot. You call me a coward, but you seriously have no sense of self-preservation, hyung.”

Yoongi grunted, a slow heat rising in his cheeks at the sudden face smushed against his neck. "Well, for a vampire you are chicken shit."

“Shuddup. I’d rather be a chicken shit vampire than a grumpy human who sticks his head into danger.” Hoseok grumbled before he sighed pulling his face away. “Sorry. You’re starting to smell too delicious. Where’s Seokjin-hyung? I heard him say something about a blood pack.”

“Here,” and Seokjin entered then, far too convenient for it to be just coincidence. “Got you an O.”

Yoongi's blood type. Yoongi knew better than to think that was a coincidence. But he kept his thoughts to himself, watching as Namjoon trailed into the room after the older vampire.

A relieved, dimpled smile appeared on Namjoon's face when he saw them. "Hey. I'm glad you're feeling better," he said to Hoseok.

Hoseok took the blood pack from Seokjin when he came closer, before he perked up at the sight of Namjoon. “Hey. Yeah... thanks.”

“Drink your blood before you bite your friend again.” Seokjin reminded before pulling back from the bed. “Namjoon, grab a seat. We're probably going to be here for a while.”

Namjoon just nodded, a resigned expression on his face as he detoured back into the living room to drag in two dining chairs for himself and Seokjin to sit.

"Don't spill that all over Seokjin's bed," Yoongi said to Hoseok, the tease falling a little flat with how he eyed the two older vampires seriously.

Hoseok nudged Yoongi slightly, but other than that, only quietly opened his blood pack to drink.

Seokjin waited for Namjoon to be back before sitting down. And not waiting for anyone’s questions,
he said. “Someone's been creating a large amount of fledglings in Seoul.”

Yoongi's eyes narrowed, glancing towards Hoseok. “...So that's the reason behind the fledgling ban?” When Namjoon nodded, he continued, "so when you said those vampires that attacked us usually kidnap humans... is it to turn them?"

“That's what we think.” Seokjin confirmed. “We've been finding huge nests of fledglings in abandoned buildings. Well, not me, but the people who take care of these sort of things. Apparently, they're held they until they get hungry and desperate enough to break free on their own. So far, they've been found before more than a couple have broken free. But, well…”

"...unless they're stopped, it's only a matter of time before worse happens,” Yoongi surmised. He looked between the two older vampires. "What motive would someone have in doing this? And why go after Hoseok of all people?"

"We're not sure why they tried to capture Hoseok," Namjoon said uneasily. "Except that, as a fledgling, he would be susceptible to the same treatment they're using on the other fledglings. But it's still more effort than picking up more humans and turning them."

“Unless Hoseok happened to see or hear something he shouldn't have,” Seokjin glanced over at Hoseok, who stiffened.

“I… Don't… I don't think I have.” Hoseok's eyebrow furrowed, deep in thought. “Everything’s been pretty much normal.”

Yoongi shook his head slowly, expression tight. "Did either of those vampires look familiar at all?"

Hoseok shook his head as well. “No. Never seen them before in my life.”

Seokjin sighed, “well, whatever it is that you did. You might have just unwittingly stepped into an uprising.”

"...A what?” Yoongi asked. "Just what the fuck's been going on?"
"You asked what motive someone would have to turning a bunch of humans and leaving them to starve," Namjoon said, a tired note to his voice as he glanced at Seokjin. "It was before my time, but apparently something like this was attempted before, a few hundred years ago when many vampires didn't approve of the new Elders system."

"Yeah. I had the unfortunate pleasure of living through the first uprising. Essentially, before the Elders system was put in place, it was a free for all. Anyone could do anything they wanted. So when people came into power and started trying to tell vampires what to do, some people didn't take it too well."

"...By turning a whole bunch of fledglings and setting them loose on humans?" Yoongi asked.

"They almost gave away our whole existence," Namjoon said. "They believed that vampires are the superior race, and that we shouldn't have to live in secrecy out of fear of humans discovering what we are. Thankfully, technology was less advanced back then and any slip-ups were dismissed by the general public as the ravings of madmen. But several vampires seem to be disgruntled enough to try again."

"And this time, the world has eyes everywhere. If enough attacks happen... word will get out. And well, it's goodbye to a quiet existence." Seokjin sighed, closing his eyes. "It's a horrid big mess and all we're doing right now is cleaning up wherever we find it leaking. But whoever is doing this is good. Prepared. Not like when they first tried. They've probably been planning this for decades."

Yoongi glanced at Hoseok beside him, his friend's eyes the size of golf balls. "So what are we supposed to do about this?"

"You two? Nothing, really," Namjoon sighed. "Keep your eyes and ears open for anything suspicious? But someone clearly has it out for Hoseok, so... you're going to have to be very careful."

"Especially since we're not sure why they're targeting Hoseok." Seokjin rubbed his face. "You sure you didn't see anything?"

"Like I said, even if I did, I don't remember." Hoseok reiterated helplessly. He looked a little constipated, trying to remember.

Seokjin rubbed his face. "Well, the best thing is to hope that it was that, and they realize you're not a threat and they stop coming after you. And not that... You have some kind of mutant vampire gene
on you or something.”

Hoseok’s eyes bugged out. “Is that a thing?”


"Not really reassuring," Yoongi grumbled.

"Anyway, maybe for the next little while, one of us should meet you when you close up the cafe,” Namjoon suggested. "Just to be sure you’re not on your own."

Hoseok looked over at Yoongi before swallowing. “Erm… But what about Yoongi-hyung? Wouldn't he be in danger now too? Since he got involved last night.”

Seokjin wrinkles his nose. “Ungh. You're right. They also might try to get to you by getting to him, if they're smart enough. We don't have enough allies to watch out for both of you though. Not with Tae wanting to pull someone to watch Jungkook.”

"At least I have the option of going out mostly during the day," Yoongi said. "It'll be much harder for Hoseok to do the same, he's more likely to run into trouble when he has to operate on the same hours as whoever's causing all this."

“Mmmm… still.” Seokjin tapped his fingers on his thigh. “How… possible is it, for either of you to rearrange your schedules for the night?”

Hoseok blinked. “Er… They're going to shuffle the schedules again pretty soon. Why?”

Yoongi frowned at them both. "...You want us to put all our night schedules together?"

“Yeah. Then we'll only need one person to look after the two of you.” Seokjin clapped his hands and grinned as if he'd found the cure to cancer. “Yep. That would be perfect!”

"..." Yoongi sighed, looking at Hoseok. "The boss likes us well enough. I guess we can put in a
Hoseok blinked at that. “Well, the dance crew is taking a break right now anyway. So I have more freedom shifting shifts around. So... yeah. I guess that works...?”

“Excellent.” Seokjin clapped his hands together. “Now, anything to add or ask? Otherwise, we can all go back to what we were doing before. And Namjoon can go to bed before he nods off the chair.”

"I'm not nodding off," Namjoon protested despite it being well past the usual time he slept.

"We can move to the couch or something. I'm assuming this is your bed," Yoongi said. Hoseok was probably staying until sunset, and knowing him, would puppy-eye Yoongi into doing the same for as long as possible.

Seokjin waved a hand. “It's fine. There's a mattress in Namjoon’s room I can colonize. The both of you need more rest anyway.”

"Let's leave them to it," Namjoon stood up, stretching. He rested one hand on Hoseok's shoulder, squeezing lightly. "The Elders will figure this out, alright?"

Hoseok nodded after a moment, taking in a shaky breath. “Y-yeah. Thanks.”

With a tired smile Namjoon was gone, Yoongi watching Seokjin follow him out. Once the door to the room was closed again, he looked at his friend. "Hey... you okay?"

Hoseok licked his lips. “Yeah. I— well, no. Not really. I... just... it's...”

Another shaky breath. “I'm in over my head with this vampire thing already. I didn't need being targeted because of an uprising to complicate it further.”

"Yeah... yeah." There wasn't much Yoongi could say to reassure him. He was just as powerless as Hoseok in this whole mess.
All he could do was reach out, squeezing Hoseok's hand. "We'll get through this, okay? Just like when you were turned, we'll figure things out as we go."

Hoseok took a while, but eventually he squeezed Yoongi's hand. “This… isn't your mess. And I… I'm worried about you getting caught up in this. But… I'm kind of glad that you're here.”

Yoongi leaned into Hoseok's side with a sigh, pulling the vampire closer. "...Wouldn't be anywhere else."

Hoseok blinked before he chuckled, snuggling up into Yoongi's arms. “Thanks, hyung. I don't know what I'd do without you.”

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Ten minutes after Jungkook arrived back home, the penthouse door clicked open again. "Kookie?" Taehyung's voice called into the large space as he closed the door behind him and kicked off his shoes. "I'm home!"

There was a pause, Jungkook looking up wide-eyed where he stood in his room, feeling as if something had doused him in cold water. He looked at the clothes on the floor in panic, before quickly kicking them under the bed. “A-ah? Hyung? D-don't come in. I'm changing!”

"Ah... sure." There was a hesitant pause in Taehyung's voice, but after a moment, he said instead. “I'll wait for you in the living room.”

“Fuck.” Jungkook murmured softly, trying to calm the panic of a beating heart. Because, if this had been a normal day, Jungkook would have been overjoyed as Taehyung coming back. But today, today hadn't been a normal day.

Because tonight, for some godforsaken reason, Jungkook's friends had wanted to go to a club. And so, Jungkook had gone to the club with them. A club where his friends had contacts — contacts who tended to make money supplying goods that weren't at all legal in Korea:
Drugs.

Jungkook wasn't really interested in that sort of thing, of course. But it had been weed — not a very potent drug, as his friends had informed him. And everyone had been doing it, the peer pressure high. So Jungkook had taken just one puff, most of it he'd kept in his mouth, exhaling it before anyone had seen.

But. Still.

Taehyung would be so pissed if he found out.

Fuck.

He hadn't expected Taehyung to come home today at all. If he'd known he'd have stayed over in the dorm, let the smell dissipate off him first. Shit. What could he do?

Thankfully, he hadn't washed the laundry yet. So he grabbed the smelliest shirt he could find and pulled it over his head. Ugh. The stale sweat smell was going to give him a headache.

Taehyung was still waiting in the living room when Jungkook was done doing his best to cover up the smell of weed and left his bedroom, sitting in his favourite chair, phone in his hands. He looked up from whatever it was he was reading on his phone, giving Jungkook a smile that was a little waner than usual. "Hey. How was your day?"


"Yeah." And somehow, Jungkook had the feeling that coming back so early hadn't been in Taehyung's original plan. The Elder was so busy these days with whatever work he was doing. Another well of guilt bubbled up in Jungkook's gut despite not knowing the reason Taehyung had decided to come back.

And the gut feeling was not so fortunately rewarded. "I wanted to talk to you about something. You got a minute? It's serious talk time." Taehyung always said that when he had to make the switch from
Jungkook's best friend to speaking as Jungkook's guardian.

Jungkook blinked, feeling a shiver crawl down his spine. Yeah. Definitely a bad feeling about this. “I— yeah. I mean, I would like to shower first… But… yeah…?”

"...Is it because you smell like drugs?" Taehyung asked, gaze lifting up off his phone to Jungkook's wide eyes.

Jungkook started at that, before he flushed. Fuck. He shouldn't have been so surprised that Taehyung could smell it on him. The vampire’s sense of smell was ridiculous. “H-hyung… I can explain.”

Taehyung closed his phone, drawing his legs up onto the chair with him as he motioned to the couch. "Why don't you sit and explain it to me then."

Jungkook’s mouth clicked shut. Before he swallowed and obediently shuffled to sit on the couch.

They sat in silence for the longest time, before Jungkook drew a hesitant breath. “I… I went to a club tonight, hyung.”

Taehyung didn't interrupt or interject, just nodding to show he was listening to Jungkook's words.

“Erm. I— my friends. They… know some people and—” Jungkook’s next words come out in a run. “They're just stressed. They don't normally do this. And they wanted to relax I guess. So they… Bought… weed from this guy. Just weed! Nothing else. And then… erm…”

Jungkook looked up at Taehyung's eyes right then.

It was a mistake.

“I—” Jungkook’s mouth felt so dry, heart thumping in the panic that with his next words, Taehyung’s eyes would just dim in such disappointment, and—

Jungkook didn't think he could stand that. “I didn't smoke it. T-the weed I mean. My friends did.
And I think— the smell… Stuck. To me. You know?"

Taehyung was quiet for a moment, fingers tapping lightly against his jean-covered knees. "...You didn't smoke any?" He asked, almost as if for clarification.

Jungkook stiffened, but he shook his head. “N-no. No, I didn't.”

And surprisingly — or maybe not so surprisingly — that was when Taehyung's expression fell.

"...Kookie... what have I told you about lying?"

Jungkook felt as if his heart had dropped down to his stomach, eyes wide in anxiety and confusion. “W-what?"

"I know you smoked it," Taehyung said. "Chanshik saw you with your friends. You never said your friends went to clubs, you said you were studying."

If Jungkook thought he was already feeling bad. It was nothing to the feelings that were swirling in him right now — a veritable cocktail of fear, panic, anxiety and confusion. He felt almost as if he'd been plunged into a hazy mess, his sight and sound going all weird.

But the one thing that stuck out most to him was this: “Chanshik-hyung saw me…? Why… Why would Chanshik-hyung see me?"

Taehyung chewed on his lower lip, before sighing. "Things have been... volatile lately, so I asked him to keep an eye on you when he can."

Jungkook blinked at that, before his eyes narrowed. “What… do you mean by volatile lately? What's been going on?"

"Just a group of vampires causing trouble," Taehyung said. "It's a precaution more than anything, I don't like having you followed either, but I wasn't expecting Chanshik to text me saying you were smoking weed."
Jungkook flinched a little at that before he shook his head. “If that was the case… Why didn't you tell me hyung was going to get someone to watch after me?’

"Because I didn't want you to worry or change your plans because of a bunch of troublemakers, but that's not the point Kook. You lied to me about where you were, and then again about not smoking.”

He had, and normally, Jungkook would feel ashamed, start grovelling and begging for forgiveness. But as it sunk in that Taehyung had him watched without his knowledge, that there was something big going down and Taehyung was keeping him from it again.

Like he always did.

Something ugly bloomed in Jungkook’s chest.

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“Well, maybe that's because I learnt it from you, didn't I?”

It was surreal — hearing such a sharp tone coming from Jungkook's mouth. And for a moment, Taehyung thought he'd heard wrong.

A small frown appeared on Taehyung's face. "What? I didn't teach you to lie."

“You just did,” Jungkook’s ears were turning red. “Not telling me that something is going on and having Chanshik watch me is a good as lying, hyung.”

Indignation flooded him, and he couldn't help but retort, spine straightening as he unfolded his legs to sit up properly. "I've never lied to your face about anything Kook, not like you just lied now."
“Really? And the thing going down is just some troublemakers causing trouble? Nothing ‘big’?” Jungkook’s eyes flashed. “I’m not stupid, hyung. If it wasn’t any sort of big, or I wasn’t being targeted, you wouldn’t pull Chanshik to watch me. If it were just troublemakers, you wouldn’t be pulling night after night after night of overtime, so I know it’s something big. You always do this, hyung. I’ve accepted that it’s something you do. But you have the gall to tell me that that’s not lying to my face?”

Taehyung was a little taken aback for a moment. He knew full well Jungkook disliked talking back to him; it was something the human had been afraid to do ever since Taehyung had taken him in. And god how Taehyung had tried to ease Jungkook out of his shell over the years, never quite succeeding no matter how confident Jungkook became.

This was new, and he probably should have been glad Jungkook finally had the balls to talk back to him, but Taehyung was exhausted and stressed and he could only stiffen defensively. “When you’ve been lying to me about what you and your friends do for who knows how long, yes! I don't care if you want to go to clubs with them or anywhere else, but if I think you're at the library studying then what am I supposed to do if something happens!”

“Yeah, well. I didn't want you to fucking worry, did I? Sound familiar? What would I have done if someone actually attacked me and I had no fucking clue what was going on, huh?”

"We're trying to deal with this before it gets that bad, Chanshik is just a precaution," Taehyung retorted, voice raising.

“So? It's still lying!”

"Okay, fine! I didn't tell you the full truth about what's happening, because you shouldn't have to deal with any of it. But that doesn't give you license to do what you did."

“Doesn’t it?” Jungkook replied bitterly, shaking his head. “You're busy too, hyung. I don't want to burden you with my stupid teenage angst. You have more important things to deal with. I can figure out my social life on my own.”

Taehyung made a frustrated noise in the back of his throat. "Jungkook." The reason he was here right now was because Jungkook was more important.

But it was obvious Jungkook was done listening. His initial burst of anger seemed to have faded,
expression wavering, his limbs starting to tremble. He looked a little like he wanted to throw up, but he still glared at Taehyung, spitting out, “for the record. I barely smoked anything at all, hyung. Just one puff that I exhaled most of to get my friends off my back. I wish I didn't. I wish I wasn't fucking sober the whole night just to hear all this.”

And with that, he spun on his heel, practically running out of the house, slamming the front door behind him.

The slam echoed through the penthouse, now silent in Jungkook's wake. Taehyung looked at the door with large eyes, before he exhaled heavily and covered his face with his hands. After a moment he closed his eyes, sagging into the chair and pressing his forehead against the arm.

"...Great job, Kim Taehyung," he mumbled. "You really did well there."

Hopefully Jungkook would calm down and come back.

(He didn't.)

Chapter End Notes

Did you really think that this new chapter was going to actually bring you relief /evil cackle

Enjoyed the chapter because you're a low-key masochist? Leave us a kudos/comment. ;) And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!
“Wow. You look like absolute shit.”

It’d been about a week since Jimin and Taehyung had last met. After Hoseok had been attacked, the rumors about new fledgling nests had suddenly dried up. It was either the perpetrators lying low for a while or, more worryingly, they’d gotten better at covering that tracks. Whatever it was, there wasn’t much to do until they’d finally gotten a break today — someone spotting a suspicious van in one of the areas they’d been monitoring.

"Nice to see you too,” Taehyung quipped as he settled into the dark alcove beside Jimin. Between Elder duties and Jungkook not coming home, he hadn't gotten the best sleep lately. It was almost laughable that something this small would affect a millenia-old vampire, but he missed his cinnamon bunny.

He knew Jungkook was safe, thanks to Chanshik's constant updates. That would have to do, until Jungkook was willing to talk.

Taehyung sniffed the air, not picking up on anything odd. "I did a quick scan of the area, didn’t see our suspicious van anywhere."

“Of course you did.” Jimin snorted, stretching his arms over his head. “And we're here about half an hour after the report. I’d be surprised and more worried if it were still here.”

"Half an hour isn't entirely enough time to cover their tracks either," Taehyung hummed, eyes on the surrounding darkness. "Ready to take a closer look?"

“I'm born ready. Or I'm never ready.” Jimin stretched a little more before tugging his shirt back down. “Take your pick.”

"I'll take whichever one will keep you alive," Taehyung teased, voice dropping as they started to move.
They approached from downwind to avoid any vampires in the area smelling them before they did. The area itself looked as ordinary as a shut-down warehouse could at night. That was to say, creepy as hell, but both of them had been in far worse places. There were recent tire treads through a shallow pile of dirt leading into the fenced-off area, Taehyung spotting them first and calling Jimin's attention to them silently.

Jimin didn't have as good eyesight as Taehyung did in the darkness, but it didn't take a genius to deduce that the tire tracks probably came from a vehicle — maybe a certain van that had been reported to come by. Taking a small breath, Jimin squinted into the darkness, trying to look past the fence.

"I... think I spotted some movement." Jimin said quietly after a moment.

Taehyung inhaled deeply, brow furrowing. "...I smell fresh blood," he said. "Human and vampire."

“That's... not good.” Jimin pursed his lips. “Or it is good? Means the van is definitely connected to the nests.”

"Good for that reason, nothing else," Taehyung murmured. He glanced up and down the fence for a less open point of entry than the gate. Motioning for Jimin to follow him, he set off down it's length, carefully staying downwind.

He paused farther down, climbing over the fence to drop down into the shadows of an abandoned truck. Jimin followed after Taehyung easily, despite being human, albeit a little noisier. It wasn't long before they were skirting around the edge of the abandoned truck and moving towards the walls of the warehouse.

Spotting a side entrance, Jimin tapped Taehyung on the shoulder, jabbing his thumb in the direction before slinking his way towards it. It would probably be locked, but well, both him and Taehyung had their methods of dealing with locked doors.

They reached the door, and Taehyung paused to take in another slow breath. The blood smell was growing more pronounced, with harsher undertones; sweat, fear.

It was a very familiar smell by this point. It smelled like a nest.
Taehyung motioned for Jimin to deal with the door while he scoped out around the edges of the warehouse, putting his enhanced senses to good use.

Jimin made short work of the door, putting away his lock picks before taking out his silver chains. After so many outings with Taehyung, he knew the rules — minimum damage to the fledglings as much as possible. Jimin huffed sometimes about how it made his job more difficult, but it was within his range of skill.

The moment he was done checking over the area — not hearing or smelling any other vampires lingering — Taehyung pulled out his phone and fired a quick message to Jongdae. His head enforcer was already on standby in case the tip that lead them here was actually useful. Once that was done, Taehyung listened one more time with a frown. He couldn't hear any rattling chains inside. The fledglings couldn't have been too close to the door. Glancing at Jimin, he nodded.

Jimin nodded back in return before taking a deep breath and opening the door. The human winced at a loud, grating noise, the rust in the door’s hinges making it squeak.

Taehyung slipped in once the door was wide enough, and he had to resist the urge to cover his overly sensitive nose at the heavy stench of dirt and fear. And, there— he could hear it now, faint shuffling not far away. It was deeper inside the warehouse, the faint echoing of chains reaching back to them.

The hallway was long and dark, and completely empty. Taehyung glanced back at Jimin grimly. "...Not picking up on the sires," he murmured, starting along to where he could hear the fledgling nest.

"We missed them again?" Jimin asked quietly, mild disappointment clear in his voice. They’d been gunning for the vampire sires behind the fledgling nexts for a while, after all. And he’d said something to Taehyung the other day about ordering a new set of bullets, with just enough silver to incapacitate rather than kill.

They wanted these sires alive after all.

"Looks like it." As they reached the door, Taehyung glanced at his phone, checking the conversation with Jongdae. "Backup will be here soon, let's just—"
on the other side of the door. Taehyung jumped as the metal visibly dented outwards with a creaking groan.

“Well, fuck. They must have smelled me.” Jimin growled, flicking his chain taunt even as the metal groaned again, another dent joining the first. “Just for the record, I really hate fighting these fledglings.”

"Because you can't just kill them?" Taehyung quipped, taking a step back and eyeing the door with a frown.

“No, I just hate fighting these fledgling because it’s not fun to outsmart them. They’re just basically animals.”

Taehyung was more concerned by the buckling door than the entertainment value of beating up bloodthirsty fledglings. "Either the chains already broke, or they were never tied up in the first place.” But they couldn't let any of the fledglings out of the building and out onto the streets. "Any chance I can get you to leave and lock the door after you?"

“Are you saying I weigh you down?” Jimin raised an eyebrow, honestly affronted.

"Maybe I just want to get the source of their blood frenzy further away from them?" Taehyung said. "Seriously though, bolt the door we came through, there's a lot of them in there—" He winced when another bang popped off one of the door hinges.

“Right.” Jimin sighed, letting go on one side of the chain. “Be right back.” And with that he was gone back the way they’d came.

But no sooner had Jimin reached the door than the one barricading the fledglings in flew off its hinges completely with a bang. Taehyung caught the first two vampires to barrel out of the room, spinning them around and head-first into the wall to knock them out.

Unfortunately, more poured out while Taehyung got the first two. And Jimin had mere seconds to bolt the door before he whipped around, his chain flicking out and hitting the fledgling rounding up on him in the chest as he danced out of the way. The fledgling recoiled instinctively, giving Jimin the chance to whip out his gun, slamming the butt of it into the fledgling’s head and knocking them out.
It was easy to say 'don't kill the fledglings', and extremely hard to put into practice. It was the two of them against at least fifteen fledglings all pouring out of the room at once, and while both Jimin and Taehyung were very capable fighters, they also were very much used to killing their targets.

For a few long, long seconds chaos reigned. Taehyung knocked out a third fledgling and used a fourth to bowl two more over like pins at a bowling alley before he made it back to Jimin's side. "You okay?"

Jimin was breathing hard, and unable to spare a breath to do more than give a thumbs up, he spun around, half running up a wall to gain momentum, before knocking yet another fledgling out with a kick. Taehyung moved when Jimin did, positioning himself to always cover the hunter's back and prevent any lucky vampires from getting the jump on him.

Soon, they had a pile of unconscious newly-turned vampires littering the floor; being starved into insanity didn't do much for their ability to fight. Even so, more kept coming, charging blindly after the scent of human blood and only paying Taehyung as much attention as to tell he was a threat they had to get through to reach the human.

And Taehyung almost missed it. The sudden whiff of a much older vampire, already reeking of human blood, different from the fledglings around them.

He paused, eyes darting around the dark hallway.

The glint of a gun was all the warning he had, and Taehyung spun around to knock Jimin out of the way just as a deafening bang rang through the hallway.

Jimin yelped, hands out before he could smash face first in the nearest wall. And he couldn't even comprehend what was going on, knocking out one of the fledgling that came too close before he registered that that loud sound had been a gunshot.

"Tae?" Jimin yelled, turning around to where Taehyung was. "Tae!"

Taehyung was on the ground, trying to hold off a snarling fledgling from Jimin's legs. "Gunman, end of the hall," he grunted out from between clenched teeth, voice laced with pain as he pressed his palm under the vampire's jaw to keep the sharp fangs away from his face. His arm felt like it was on fire, but he couldn’t even spare it a look while in such a bad position.
Jimin was already whirling around, his gun out, pointed straight down into the darkness of the hallway as he let off a blind shot into the shadows — operating off pure trust in Taehyung’s instructions.

There’s the echo of a curse, a clatter of something. Jimin had hit whoever it was down the hall, but not enough to incapacitate. It was enough leeway for the hunter to turn his attention to the snarling vampire on top of Taehyung, cracking the butt of his gun against the fledgling's head to knock him unconscious.

The vampire went limp, and Taehyung rolled them off of him. He sat up, clutching his arm as heavy red soaked rapidly into his sleeve. The bullet had carved two nice holes into his skin, and from the burn, it had been made of silver.

Suddenly the sound of shouts went up elsewhere in the building, footsteps echoing through metal. Taehyung recognized one of those voices easily. "Dae's here," he panted, climbing back to his feet.

“Okay good.” Jimin immediately grabbed Taehyung by the shoulders, hauling him upright. “What broke?”

"My pride?” Taehyung said, looking down at his arm. He pulled his hand away, blood dripping off his fingers.

His eyes lifted back towards where the gun-wielding vampire had been, but they'd disappeared. There were still a few fledglings left, Taehyung letting go of his arm and shifting to face them.

“Hey,” Jimin snorted, pushing Taehyung back. “Injured people need to take a break. I'll go deal with them. Just stay put and keep pressure on that wound!”

"...Not the worst I've gotten," Taehyung muttered, but it wasn't worth arguing in the middle of a battleground. So he fell back, watching Jimin's back and keeping an eye out for that other vampire as he twisted his sleeve tightly over the bullet wound in his shoulder. He could feel the throbbing burn spreading up and down his arm.

It wasn't long before Jimin had dealt with the last of the fledglings. It was much easier now there wasn't a hoard, and once he was done, he was immediately back at Taehyung's side. “Okay, let's get you back to your minions where they can fuss over you.”
"Somehow they never wanted to be minions for halloween," Taehyung said, scanning over the fledglings to make sure they were all out before the two headed further into the building.

They ran into Jongdae and Ryeowook heading their way. "Are you both okay?" Jongdae asked.

Taehyung nodded, breathing in and out slowly. "There's an older vampire hanging around, may be one of the sires."

"Gyuri's after him, he tried to take off through a back door. Shit Tae," Jongdae sighed, seeing Taehyung holding his arm and his hand covered in blood. "Both of you get out of here, we'll clean up."

Jimin nodded, gently tugging Taehyung's uninjured arm. "I guess I'm driving you home?"

"I'd appreciate it," Taehyung said, letting Jimin lead him towards the nearest exit. The vampire's eyes gleamed dangerously in the darkness, watching their surroundings for any sudden sneak attacks.

"It was a shot to my arm, not my head," Taehyung quipped in return. "This felt like a set-up."

"It probably was." Jimin sighed, running a hand through his hair. Luckily it wasn't too huge a warehouse, and after checking their surroundings, Jimin and Taehyung were out of the entrance. "Out of nowhere a tip comes in. And the gunman. And from the way you're wincing I'm guessing the bullet is silver?"

"Yeah. It was a clean shot at least." Even if that meant dealing with entry and exit wounds, it was better than having a silver bullet lodged in his arm.

The whole situation didn't sit well with him. If they hadn't managed to bolt the door first, one of the fledglings could have easily gotten out in the chaos.

"Think later, rest first." Jimin said as he lead Taehyung to the car. "Come on, in the car."
It was a quiet ride back to Taehyung’s place. And it was only when they were waiting for the elevator that Jimin seemed to remember Jungkook. “Oh, aren't you worried that your little bunny will be at home to see this?”

Taehyung had pulled off his hoodie while in the car, using it to press down on the wound in his arm and slow down the flow of blood. If his expression tightened a little at Jimin's question, he could blame it on the pain. "He's been staying at the dorms, I'm not worried about him seeing his hyung bleeding all over the place." In a way, he should be glad Jungkook wouldn't be around for this. It was just one more thing for the human to worry about.

Jimin raised his eyebrows as they entered the elevator. “It's not exams period is it? I thought they'd be over by now.”

Taehyung made a noncommittal noise, not willing to open up that topic. The elevator went straight up to the penthouse suites, and sure enough when they got inside, the apartment was quiet and dark. Just like it had been when Taehyung left. "The kit's in the bathroom cabinet," he murmured, the loss of blood starting to get to him as he leaned against the wall.

“Alright.” Jimin nodded, casting a worried look at Taehyung. “Do you need help to get to your room or something?”

"I'm alright." Taehyung gave Jimin a tired smile in return, pushing himself away from the wall after a moment. "I've gotten worse. I can smell your blood, just scrapes right?"

Jimin gave Taehyung an appraising look before he shook his head, making his way into the bathroom. “Don’t worry about me! I’m fine. Go get your ass to the bedroom and plant yourself down. Where are the blood packs by the way? I’ll grab a couple as well.”

Ah, right. Wouldn't Seokjin love to be here right now to say 'I told you so'.

"I don't currently... have any," Taehyung sighed, heading into his bedroom as told. "I'm fine, I'll head out and hunt after sitting down for a bit." There was time before sunrise, although he'd lost a good amount of blood on the way here.

“What?” Jimin paused as he stuck his head out of the bathroom. “What do you mean you don’t have any? Don’t you have like, spare packs for situations like this?”
"Normally, yes. Seokjin's running low on supplies and I rarely use them so I told him not to worry about me for a while. Of course the universe decided to teach me a lesson." Taehyung sat down on the edge of the bed with a grimace, looking down at his arm.

Jimin let out a sigh as he came back into Taehyung’s room, carrying the first aid kid. “Okay. Well, no problem. You can just drink from me then. But after we get that arm cleaned up.”

"You're fine with that?" Taehyung pulled the hoodie away from his arm, checking on the bullet holes. One on the front and the other on the back of his arm.

“Why wouldn’t I be? Just helping a friend out.” Jimin set the first aid kid down, wrinkling at the round. “Well, at least it’s a clean shot.”

"Small favours," Taehyung said, wincing as he set the hoodie aside. He reached for the kit.

And Jimin slapped his hand away from it. “Invalids stay still. Lemme do it.”

Taehyung blinked at Jimin in wide-eyed surprise. "Um. Okay," he uttered, as if he wasn't a thousand years older than the human lecturing him right now.

Jimin took the first aid kid, hands doing deft work as he flushed out the wound of any remaining silver fragments, binding the wound tightly with gauze and bandages. He didn't speak until he was done, and only to ask if the bandages around Taehyung's arm were too tight.

Taehyung just watched him, looking down at the expertly-wrapped bandages preventing more blood from being lost. The dull, grating pain would take a while to fade, but he'd never been one for painkillers unless Seokjin was forcing them down his throat.

When Jimin was done, Taehyung gave him a tired, boxy grin. "Thanks, Chim."

Jimin let out a small, grumbly sigh. “Well, you took a bullet for me. It's the least I can do. Anyway, lemme go clean this up, and clean myself a bit and then you can bite me.”
A pause after Jimin had gotten up, “you ok to wait for a bit?”

Taehyung tapped his throat before nodding. With all the blood he'd lost, he was feeling significantly thirsty, instincts to replenish the lost supply awakening. And he could smell Jimin's blood so close, made more obvious by the small scrapes he'd sustained in the fight.

But he hadn't lived this long letting bloodthirst get the best of him. "I'll be fine."

“Mmm…” Jimin stared appraisingly at Taehyung before nodding. “I won't take long.”

And with that, he was gone, taking the first aid kit with him.

With a heavy sigh, Taehyung dropped onto his back on the bed. Today hadn't gone well. They'd managed to save another batch of fledglings, but as he pulled out his phone to check it, he already knew before reading Jongdae’s message that Gyuri hadn't been successful in catching the vampire with the gun. And now she was injured too on top of it, putting him two enforcers down.

Dropping his phone beside him, Taehyung closed his eyes. They needed a lucky break, but he knew better than to wait on any sort of luck.

It was only a couple of moments more before Jimin walked back in, wiping his face with a towel. “Hope, you don't mind. Borrowed a towel from your bath— oh did you fall asleep?”

"Nope," Taehyung hummed, cracking one eye open to look at him. "You can take a proper shower, you know. I'm not going to waste away that quickly."

Jimin shook his head. “I'd probably fall asleep in the shower. I might not have been working with you, but I had my own jobs to do alright.”

He sat down heavily onto the bed, “so, how do you want me?”

Taehyung snorted at that, hauling himself back up to sitting. "Do you have to phrase it like that? Make yourself comfortable, I'll do the rest."
“So if I feel comfortable doing a handstand, you'd figure out how to feed from me that way?” But Jimin scooted up on the bed, lying down against the cushion. “Fuck, your bed is so nice.”

"That's one hell of a kink.” Taehyung raised an eyebrow at him, but shifted on the bed to follow Jimin. His arms caged on either side of the human as he lowered his head to gently lap and suck at the skin of Jimin's neck, numbing it in preparation of his bite.

"Thanks for this, by the way," he murmured.

Jimin let out a soft sigh at the contact, a small tremor running through his body. “Mmm… yeah. Like I said… no problem.”

"Must be a little counter-intuitive to offer your neck to a vampire like this, so I'm thanking you regardless.” Finally Taehyung opened his mouth, fangs extending to sink into the soft skin of Jimin's neck.

Blood welled up on his tongue, and he hummed in relief before retracting his fangs and lapping up the life-saving liquid.

“Not…unh…” Jimin’s eyes fluttered close, hands opening and closing instinctively. “Really. What’s counterintuitive is… not stabbing you in the neck with a silver blade… hah…. After…”

That earned a deep chuckle against Jimin's neck, Taehyung shifting a little closer on the bed so the angle was more comfortable. One hand supported the other side of Jimin's head, long fingers gentle as he drank slowly. He could feel Jimin shiver under him.

“Hnnh… fuck.” A few heartbeats later, Jimin was squirming. “Forgot that… this was a thing…”

Taehyung made a questioning hum against Jimin's neck, most of his focus on not letting his thirst get the better of him and taking the human's blood too quickly. But it was then it hit him: the smell of arousal.

Taehyung blinked, pulling back despite the fact he hadn't drank anywhere near enough blood yet. Right... Jimin really, really enjoyed being bitten. Taehyung had forgotten that was a thing, mostly because his mind was entirely not in sex mode right then. He was far more intent on drinking the blood he needed to properly heal the painful bullet wound in his arm. "Ah, sorry. I don't like making my bites painful. Do you want me to stop?"

“No, it's okay. Keep going.” Jimin breathed out at the slight respite. “I'm just gonna. Touch myself a little though…”

Taehyung knew better than to ask if Jimin wanted him to help with that; the hunter was trying to do better for Namjoon, after all. They must have talked it over by now; if Jimin wanted Taehyung to do anything, he’d ask.

"Alright." Taehyung leaned back in, tongue lapping up some blood that had dribbled down Jimin's neck before he fit his mouth over the wound again.

“Nghh…” Jimin let out a low moan as Taehyung resumed his drinking. “Hah… oh… Fuck.” Taehyung would feel Jimin shifting again, and knew without looking that the hunter's hand was now in his pants. “Fuck, it's been a while… hnnn… Tae…”

They might not be fucking anymore, but there was no rule saying Taehyung couldn't laugh at Jimin's plight. Another low chuckle bubbled out of his throat as he drank, tilting Jimin's head a little more to the side for better access.

Jimin let out a small whine, bucking into his hand a bit. “Not funny… Tae… hah… Why are you so good at this?”

"Practice?" Taehyung murmured cheekily against Jimin's neck.

He made sure he didn't take so much it would put Jimin in danger, drinking what he needed to last until he could go hunting again. Then Taehyung gave Jimin's neck a few last licks to stop the bleeding and jump-start the healing process, before pulling away.

Jimin groaned once Taehyung was done, flopping over, hand still jammed down his pants. “Fuck, that was torture. Fuck. I think I'd have preferred if it hurt. What is my life.”
That earned a startled laugh from Taehyung, shoulders shaking. "You'd actually prefer the pain of a full vampire bite? You're a strange one." He shook his head down at Jimin. "But you should stay here the night, we've got orange juice and snacks for you to replenish your blood sugar."

“I'll be fine without, but I won't say no to it.” Jimin huffed, giving Taehyung the stink-eye. “And you wouldn't be laughing if you went from having sex every day to absolutely nothing. Fuck, I miss having sex.”

"That was your choice," Taehyung said with a grin, sitting up straighter. He looked and felt a little better, skin not as ashen and the lines of exhaustion faded from his face. "Since you'll fall asleep in the shower and knock yourself out on the tiles, can I interest you in the fact I also have a jacuzzi?"

“So I can drown in it?” Jimin asked, hand starting to move in earnest. “I think I'll just melt in your bed and you can clean up my mess in the morning.”

Taehyung pulled a teasing face, but didn't seem all that put out. "If that's what you want." It was the least he could do after Jimin had helped him. "I'll get you something sugary to drink, and—"

He paused in the middle of standing, cinnamon drifting past his nose.

The vampire quickly went to the bedroom door, but the rest of the penthouse was as dark and silent as usual. For a moment Taehyung was confused. He couldn't have mistaken the residual smell in Jungkook's bedroom for the boy himself.

Jimin had paused, sitting up in alarm. “Tae? What's the problem?”

"...Nothing," Taehyung said, eyes scanning the apartment. "It's nothing, don't worry. I'll get you those snacks and let you finish jerking off in peace," he tossed a small smile over his shoulder before heading towards the kitchen.

“If you're sure!” Jimin yelled back, followed by the soft thwump of his back hitting the mattress again.

Taehyung barely paid attention to the huffs and moans that left his bedroom, footsteps slowing as he
looked at the apartment door. Everything looked as it should be. Not a shoe was out of place, and the door was locked.

Even so, he couldn't get rid of the nagging feeling in the back of his brain as he turned and continued on to get Jimin some snacks.

And he should have known by now to listen to his instincts.

****

**Jungkook was five years old when he met Taehyung.**

*It was pretty late — definitely too late for a five year old to be wondering around. But there Jungkook was, wandering around the nooks and crannies of his apartment block because it was the most interesting thing he can do. There weren't many toys at home, and most of them are his hyung's anyway. So, exploring was way more interesting.*

*He was exploring the fifth floor of their apartment block today, pretending to be a detective in search of clues. Clues for what, he wasn't entirely sure either, but if you asked, he would tell you he was looking for either fingerprints, or 'subipous' activity. He didn't really know what the second word meant, but he just knew it meant bad things.*

*He wouldn't realize — even after he ran face first into someone's leg — that he'd found exactly what he'd been looking for.*

*The woman the leg was attached to nearly shrieked in surprise, managing to hold it in at the last second. The child had come out of nowhere after all — barrelling around the corner into a dark alcove by the staircase, where not many people had reason to be.*

*She held in the surprised noise, but the man attached to her neck pulled away anyways to see what little thing had just slammed into her. He was young, in his early twenties if that, tall and dressed in comfortable baggy clothes with sunglasses pushed up into his hair despite the fact it was the middle of the night. Red shown on plush lips, red that disappeared when he licked them.*
"Oh, hello." The man crouched down to Jungkook's level almost immediately, despite how flustered and alarmed his female companion looked. "What's your name?"

And Jungkook stared. Because the man in front of him was so... so... his five year old mind struggles to find the phrase. He was like... Eunha's shiny new bag, the one that sparkled in the sun, or the pebble he had picked up the other day, the white one with the flecks of blue inside. He was... he was....

"Pretty!" Jungkook blurted out, wide eyes growing even wider.

The man's doe eyes blinked, before they almost disappeared in his amused, box-shaped grin. "Your name's Pretty? Well Pretty, my name's Taehyung. What are you doing here all alone?"

Jungkook blinked at Taehyung before he shook his head, suddenly feeling shy. "No. Name's not pretty. It's Jungkook."

"Are you sure? Pretty suits you too. Or cutie," the man, Taehyung, teased. "How old are you, Jungkookie?"

Jungkook blinked before he flushed, ducking his head. Then he slowly put up a hand, five fingers extended.

"Five years old? Wah, you're a big boy already then." Taehyung's smile was warm and friendly, even as he glanced around the hallway with something almost like concern shifting behind his eyes. "What are you doing out here by yourself, Jungkookie? Your parents must be worried."

Jungkook blinked at that, looking confused. "No? They like when I'm not in the house. Then I'm not... under... under... under... legs."

"Ah..." Taehyung sighed, grudging understanding layered in the exhale. "That's just not fair, you're too cute to be under legs or feet." He reached out, tapping a finger against Jungkook's button nose before standing up and smiling at his female companion. "Sorry. That should be enough for tonight."
She seemed surprised by that. "But that wasn't as much as you usually... I mean..." she looked awkwardly down at Jungkook, but Taehyung was already waving his hands in dismissal.

"Nah, don't worry about it. Here," he reached into his pocket and pulled out a roll of notes, taking her hand. Even a five year old could easily tell it was a lot of money he was placing into her palm, curling her fingers around it. "Your youngest has a fever, right? There should be more than enough here for a good doctor and proper medicine."

"O-oh... thank you..." She blinked rapidly, holding back tears. "Thank you."

He grinned warmly at her, patting her fingers before letting go. "Have a good evening, Hyejin-ah. I'll be in touch." She bowed her head repeatedly before turning to disappear down the hallway.

Jungkook seemed to have frozen after the nose boop. And his wide eyes widened even further when Taehyung handed the lady such a huge wad of money. So much that he burst out with, "that's... a lotta money!"

Blinking, Taehyung laughed and crouched back down to Jungkook's eye level. "It is, isn't it? Hyejin-ssihi gave me something I needed, so I wanted to say thank you."

Jungkook blinked before he asked, in the blatant way a five year old could, "like sex?"

Taehyung had to choke back the surprised laugh that almost escaped. "No, not sex."

Jungkook blinked at that. "Oh. So she's not a... not... a 'no good woman'?

The young man blinked back, head tilting to the side. "Who told you that there's such a thing as 'no good women', Jungkookie?"

"...My... parents...?" Jungkook's voice grew smaller with each syllable. Feeling as he'd said something wrong. "I'm sorry..."

Taehyung's lips pursed out in a pout. "It's not your fault, you did nothing wrong." He reached out, hand gently resting atop Jungkook's head and fingers mussing through the strands of hair. "Hey...
do you wanna play a game?"

Jungkook looked up again, looking a little unsure. “A game?”

"Yeah. We can play hide and seek." Taehyung gave him a warm smile. "I bet I can hide so well you can’t find me."

Jungkook wrinkled his nose. “Hyung always makes me play hide and seek with him. But when I go hide, he always just leaves me hiding and never comes find me.”

"Well, your Tae hyung would never leave you like that," Taehyung hummed. "So how about you find me... then I’ll find you?"

Jungkook tilted his head, “Tae hyung?”

"Yep. I'm your Tae hyung."

And slowly, a small shy smile spread across Jungkook’s face. “And... Tae hyung wants to play with me?”

Taehyung's eyes crinkled in return, smile gentle. "Tae hyung would love to play with Jungkookie, if Jungkookie wants him to."

“Okay!” Jungkook’s grin widened. “Hide and seek?”

"Yep!" Taehyung gently took Jungkook's hands and used them to cover the boy's eyes. "I'm going to hide first, okay? No peeking!"

“Okay!” Jungkook’s rang high and clear, truly happy for the first time in a long while. “I'm going to start counting, Tae hyung! One... Two... Three..."
“I have a hell lot of questions for you, Kim Taehyung.”

Taehyung came out of the bathroom, in the middle of towel drying his hair. "Jin hyung, you're going to make me regret giving you my door code if you keep letting yourself in like this." He looked puzzled by Seokjin’s appearance, with good reason; two visits by Seokjin so close together was rare, and mere hours after sunset to boot. "Aren't you usually at work by this time?"

“It's my off day at the hospital, so I went to the donors club to go canvas the place.” It was something Seokjin did pretty regularly — a surprising amount of people from the club actually didn't mind donating blood the normal way too, especially since it came with a small token sum of money per pint donated. “You'd never guess who I found there.”

Regular thing or not, Taehyung was blinking at Seokjin in bemusement, water dripping down the side of his face. Seokjin rarely talked to him about those matters; Taehyung didn't frequent the donors club, preferring to source his own food.

He opened his mouth to tell Seokjin not to leave him in suspense, before an odd combination of smells reached his nose and he stopped approaching the other vampire. Odd, because he'd smelled them plenty of times separately... but never together.

"... Seokjin," he said, voice dropping along with the smile. "Why do you smell like Jungkook and sex."

“Again,” Seokjin repeated, no hint of amusement on his face. “Who do you think I found at the donors club?"

Within the blink of an eye the vampire was suddenly right in front of Seokjin, and the doctor’s back hit the wall forcefully.

Taehyung was always very mild-mannered, rarely getting worked up or truly angry about much of anything. But right now, his face was scarily blank, because he was holding back the sudden anger at Seokjin’s roundabout answer. His fingers twisted into Seokjin's collar, not completely cutting off his air — not that a vampire needed oxygen — but easily putting pressure on his throat. "Cut the crap
Seokjin winced, before his eyes opened in a glare. And his own hand grabbed Taehyung’s wrist, grip tightening. “Fucking—you have no right to get fucking angry. I found Jungkook at the donor’s club propositioning people and brought him back before someone could take advantage of him.”

The other vampire’s grip on Seokjin’s collar didn’t let up, despite the fingers digging into his wrist. "Why would he be there?"

“That’s what I want to ask you. What the fuck did you do?”

“Okay, what the fuck is going on?”

Seokjin turned to see Jimin stepping out of the kitchen, wary eyes on the two vampires. His eyes narrowed even further. “And what the fuck is the hunter doing here?”

"I didn’t do anything," Taehyung said, ignoring both Jimin and Seokjin’s second question. "He hasn’t been back home in a week. And that doesn’t explain why you smell like you had sex with him."

Seokjin paused, raising an eyebrow. “Because Jungkook was determined to have sex with someone. So, I took him home.”

Seokjin’s collar twisted yet tighter around his neck, until it seemed like either the material was going to tear or Seokjin’s skin would. "And did what."

Seokjin grunted, but his eyes flashed. “I let him do what he wanted.”

The words had barely left Seokjin’s mouth before his head snapped to the side with the force of Taehyung’s punch.

“Holy—” and that was when Jimin rushed forward, grabbing Taehyung’s arm. The hunter’s grip stopped him from trying for a second punch. “Tae! Stop!”
“Tae, huh.” Seokjin coughed, spitting out a globule of blood. “And why exactly are you so angry, Tae?”

“You know damn well why. Where is he?”

“No, I actually don’t.” Seokjin raised an eyebrow, and he really shouldn't be looking so calm with blood dribbling out of his mouth. “Would it have been better to let some stranger take him home? Potentially hurt him?”

Seokjin was still ignoring the question Taehyung needed answered. "Answer me, Seokjin. Where is Jungkook right now?"

“Where I left him. At home. Where he's safe from fucking creepers.” Seokjin snapped back.

Taehyung finally let Seokjin go with a shove, letting Jimin pull him away. A dangerous gleam shone in his eyes. "...You're lucky you're my friend." He pulled away from Jimin’s grasp, retrieving his phone from his back pocket and pulling up Jungkook’s number.

Seokjin let out a cough, but he didn't stop moving, straightening himself up. “He won't answer you.”

"And why's that?"

“If I knew I wouldn't have asked you what you did.” Seokjin lifted his hand, wiping his mouth. “What did you think was the first thing I tried to do when I found him?”

"I didn't do anything," Taehyung said, looking up from his phone. "I haven't seen him in a week, Seokjin."

“Then why did he try to break my phone the moment I tried to call you?”

"I don't know", that's why I have to talk to him." Taehyung glanced at Jimin before putting his phone to his ear.
Seokjin’s eyes zoomed onto Taehyung’s arm, looking like he just noticed the bandage tied tightly around it before he frowned. “...What happened there?”

Taehyung barely glanced at his arm, just a few spots of red showing through the white bandages. "I blocked a bullet with my arm."

“...And how did you heal it?” Seokjin paused, but from the way his eyes slid over to Jimin, he knew exactly how. “All your blood packs are expired aren’t they?”

"You tossed them yourself." Jungkook wasn't answering his phone. Heart hurting, Taehyung pulled the phone away and sent a text message instead.

**Taehyung, 11.45 p.m.: Kookie? Please pick up, don't hide from me**

“So… you fed from Jimin.” Seokjin glanced over at the hunter before he pursed his lips. “Last night? Did Jungkook happen to come home then?"

Taehyung shook his head, but he was thinking back to that moment when he thought he’d smelled Jungkook close by. "...I didn't see him."

After a moment, he opened Chanshik's number instead and held his phone to his ear.

“...Didn't see him doesn't mean he didn't come back.” Seokjin pointed out. “He could have come in while you were feeding. And heard you feed— fucking shit. That's what fucking happened, oh my god.”

Taehyung was trying to calm himself down. Rationally, he knew Seokjin had done what he needed to protect Jungkook, that he’d just been a good friend. But it was hard to think rationally with that smell hanging over Seokjin and assaulting Taehyung’s sensitive nose.

But then the dial tone on the other end of the line made him pull his phone away from his ear and look at it. "...Chanshik's not answering."
Seokjin blinked at that. “What?”

Taehyung was already trying Chanshik's number again, knowing the vampire could have easily just missed the first call. But again, there was no answer. That was unlike Chanshik; he was one of Taehyung's most reliable enforcers. It was why he'd asked Chanshik to follow Jungkook, even if it meant losing one of his best.

"Chanshik's been shadowing Jungkook," Taehyung looked up and met Seokjin's eyes, unease stirring in his own. "He's not answering his phone."

Seokjin had pulled out his own phone, starting to dial Jungkook’s phone as well. But it seemed that he wasn't having much luck. “Jungkook isn't picking up my calls as well. I— shit. He's love sick. No wonder— he's bound to do something stupid.”

*Love sick?*

Taehyung’s mind stopped on those words. He could hear Jimin questioning what was going on from beside him. “What? What do you mean?”

“It means,” Seokjin snapped, pressing the redial button. “Jungkook must have come back in time to hear or see Taehyung drinking from you. Taehyung usually has sex with the people he drinks from, so he thought Taehyung was having sex with you.”

“But…” Jimin replied faintly, “we didn't.”

“Doesn't matter. He must have thought you did and his heart probably shattered into a million pieces.”

Taehyung found his voice, interrupting Seokjin's rambling. "...You said... love sick?” He felt stunned, trying to process that in the middle of everything else. Jungkook was love sick about *him*?

Seokjin paused at that, before he sighed. “Fuck, forgot you're oblivious. This wasn't the way it was supposed to come out.”
Taehyung stared at him for a moment, mouth opening and closing. He looked down at his phone, at the list of unanswered calls.

"...We have to get to him," he said quietly, moving around Seokjin and Jimin to the door.

Seokjin sighed, rubbing his face. “Yeah. Tae, knowing how he is when he’s emotional… I think he might have… done something really stupid. Like… go back to the donors club again.”

"We'll find him," was Taehyung's sharp reply as he grabbed his jacket. "Jimin, can we use your car?"

“I'm coming with you.” Jimin’s lips were thinned. “Sounds like you might need an extra set of eyes.”

Taehyung just nodded, trying Chanshik's number again as they hurried out of the apartment. He hoped against reason that Jungkook was still at Seokjin's apartment... even if he already knew better.

Chapter End Notes

If you liked that chapter, or want to scream at us for the vague ending, give us a kudos/comment! Or yell at us on Twitter, whichever ;)

If you're not already, follow us on twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene. Or you can check out the fabulous moodboard thread.
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Jeon Jungkook was a veritable idiot when he was heartbroken.

Case one — after hearing the object of his affections and someone he was actually acquainted with have sex in Taehyung’s bedroom, he’d practically heard his heart shatter right in that living room even though he’d known this was the case ever since he’d found out about the way Taehyung usually went about feeding. He didn’t know why it hurt so much more to be confronted with facts that he’d already known, but still — it had.

Case two — upon getting his heart broken, he’d gone to the donors club to try to forget about said broken heart.

Well, first he’d moped around in his dorm during the day, because the club only opened up at night. But upon getting there, he’d let himself take the laced drinks they offered to humans and then had somehow, of all people, managed to bump into Seokjin.

Case three — Seokjin had brought him home, and Jungkook had propositioned him. When that hadn’t worked, he had just plastered himself to Seokjin, rutting against his hyung’s leg like a fucking dog until he’d finally come. Thankfully, Seokjin had only looked mildly disturbed, and hadn’t done anything other than clean him up and tell him to get some rest.

Case four — he didn’t get that rest. Instead, he’d snuck out of Seokjin’s place, going back to the donor’s club instead.

Case five — he drank another round of the laced drinks. And then had sent a semi passive-aggressive set of text messages to Namjoon, thinking it at least polite to let him know his boyfriend/fling/booty call whatever was cheating behind his back.

Case six — he let some random vampire in the club drink from him.

Case seven — twice.
Case eight — he'd been trying to get a third vampire to drink from him before Chanshik had showed up and spoiled all his fun.

Which was how Jungkook had ended up here, with Chanshik dragging his sorry ass out of the club.

"Honestly, how much did they drink from you? You should know when you've lost more blood than is healthy." Chanshik wasn't letting go of Jungkook's sleeve, probably to stop the human from giving him the slip. "Though I guess you're not thinking all that much to begin with." They went out through a side door, the cooler night air a balm compared to the heated air of the club.

Jungkook flinched a little at the sudden change in temperature, shivering. The drugs were still running rife in his system, and coupled with the feedings, he wasn't exactly walking straight.

“Hyung… I'm fine. Lemme… Go back…”

"You're not fine, look at yourself." Chanshik shook his head, slowing down once they were outside. He turned to Jungkook, seeing the shivering and pulling off his jacket to give to the human. "Now... I don't know why you were in there, but I do know something’s wrong... so... I'm going to take you back to your dorm, okay?"

Jungkook sighed, but after a while took the jacket offered. He wasn't so dumb to think he could give Chanshik the slip anyway. “You're annoying, hyung. Why... are you so good at trailing… people?”

Chanshik gave him a small grin. "That's sort of my job, you know. But you're a tricky kid to find." He adjusted his grip on Jungkook's arm to better support him and stop the human from careening into a wall. "We've never been particularly close, but you know you can talk to me about whatever's bothering you, right? I won't breathe a word of it to anyone."

Jungkook snorted, “you'd report it to Taehyung-hyung if he ordered you to… ugh, Taehyung-hyung is such a mouthful.”

"It is." Chanshik seemed amused. "If it's nothing that'll get anyone killed or injured, I can keep a secret."

Jungkook sighed, wobbling a little. “I don't believe you. You'd tell hyung… hyung… That I… I love him… and then… he'll hate me.”
Chanshik shook his head, pausing in his attempt to get Jungkook to walk to where he'd left the car. "A few things wrong with that. First, I wouldn't tell him... second, literally everyone except for the King of Obliviousness himself knows you're in love with Taehyung. Third..." He patted Jungkook's shoulder. "There is no way in the whole universe for him to hate you. It's just impossible."

Jungkook’s face wavered for a moment, brimming on the brink of hope and sadness, before it decided to fall. “Maybe… But he'd do something like… push me away so that I'd find some other human or something. He doesn't like me like that.”

"I wonder about that." Chanshik sighed. "But doing this to yourself isn't going to make anything better, right? Come on, let's get you back to the dorms, and we can sit and talk—"

He turned towards the alley exit and froze. Two figures detached from the shadows, one cutting off their exit while the other approached.

"...Jungkook," Chanshik breathed, hand pressing against the human's arm. "Get back into the club —" But then the door opened again behind them and two more vampires appeared, cutting off that exit as well.

It took a while for Jungkook to realize what was going on, and when his brain caught up, he tensed, backing up against Chanshik, his eyes wide. “H-hyung…”

"It's okay," Chanshik said, pulling Jungkook behind him and backed up against the wall as his eyes darted from vampire to vampire. "Listen to me, the second you see an opening, you run, okay? Run and call Taehyung."

Jungkook had sobered up a little, but only enough to know that there was no way he was going to be able to do that — not in his current state. “Hyung... don't. We can't... We can't win.”

Chanshik bared his fangs threateningly at the four vampires. "Call Taehyung," was the last thing he said before he jumped at them with a shout.

A silver blade flashed in the air as Chanshik avoided it, rolling and pitching the armed vampire over one shoulder before tackling the other one blocking the way back into the club. Jungkook whimpered, but his body knew what to do even if his mind wasn't caught up. And he tried to dash back into the club through the opening that Chanshik had made.

He'd gotten one hand on the door when someone grabbed the back of his collar, hauling him back.
Chanshik shouted, trying to knock back the two vampires he was fighting with to reach the human struggling to be freed. When he saw the fourth vampire stepping around them towards Jungkook as well, he grabbed one of the assailant's arms and flipped him right into the one trying to enter the fray, bowling them both over.

Chanshik turned towards Jungkook. "Jungkoo—"

A hand grabbed the vampire's hair and forced his head back, sharp metal slicing through his exposed throat.

Chanshik choked. Red bloomed, spouting out down the front of his shirt. "Are you all really so incompetent it takes four of you to beat back one measly enforcer and a drugged human?" The fifth vampire let go of Chanshik's hair with a shove, leaving the enforcer to collapse into a slowly growing pool of blood.

Jungkook’s eyes widened, a choked sound escaping his lips, as he scrambled onto the ground, trying to pull Chanshik up. “Hyung! No, no, no, no!”

A weak, gurgling wheeze left Chanshik's mouth, the enforcer shoving feebly at Jungkook's shoulder. He gave a single exhale, then his hand slid limply down Jungkook's shirt, leaving a bloody handprint in its wake as Chanshik went still on the cold concrete.

Jungkook’s heart dropped to the pits of his stomach. “Hyung!”

“Tsk. He's gonna attract a crowd.” The fifth vampire stepped forward, reaching out to grab Jungkook. “Let's get him and go.”

But as he reached, Jungkook looked up, a burning anger behind the tears. And the vampire had barely touched Jungkook before he yelled, jerking back, a line of blood welling up across his hand. “Motherfuck—”

And Jungkook forced himself up again, making a wild dash for the club.

He was outnumbered five to one, the club door blocked by a vampire with gleaming red eyes. But
Jungkook never even reached him, as one of the vampires Chanshik had knocked over was on his feet again and slammed Jungkook back against the brick wall with a harsh crack.

Jungkook winced, only letting out the smallest of whimpers. But his hand went to his pocket, and seconds later the vampire that had been holding him stumbled back, screaming as he held his face, silver dust burning his eyes.

The other vampires were ready for Jungkook's next attempt to escape. Arms grabbed him from either side, two vampires pinning the boy down. "Troublesome brat," one snarled. "Are you sure we can't just kill him? Surely his body will be enough."

Jungkook froze for a moment at that, before he started bucking, still trying to wrestle out from their grip.

"Hnh. One of you drink from him, drain enough so he's a little more manageable."

They kept Jungkook's arms pinned on either side despite his struggles, and the vampire on the right lunged in. There was no numbing, no care, sharp fangs plunging into Jungkook's neck.

Jungkook let out a cry of pain, instinctively trying to pull away from the vampire biting him, heart pumping in a sudden surge of fear. But that only served to widen the wound, blood pouring out from him all the quicker.

It wasn't long before he slumped over, drained and boneless, eyes fluttering as his vision swarm, black flickering at the corners.

When Jungkook stopped fighting, one of the vampires picked him up like a sack of flour. He was carried away from the club door, the vampires dispersing as if they'd never been there.

A minute later only Chanshik's body remained, the lonely evidence of what had occurred.

*****
Jungkook was 10 years old when he first came to live with Taehyung. It was a turning point in the boy’s life, for the better — but at the time Taehyung hadn’t felt such a strong urge to strangle someone in over a decade.

Chewing on bubble gum that had begun to lose its flavour, Taehyung peered through the dark and sketchy hallways. He looked out of place, dressed in bright and cheerful clothes with his favourite sunglasses pushed back through his hair and exposing strong eyebrows. He looked like a college frat kid, not someone who should have been lurking around this scummy building.

But an ally had passed him a tip about this place, and he’d wanted to check it out for himself. See if the rumours were true. It wasn’t exactly within his jurisdiction, but he’d make an exception tonight.

He’d heard some horrible things about the man who ran such a business, after all.

Hearing people coming his way, Taehyung effortlessly slipped into the shadows of a door, bold and bright aura blending with the hallway. He listened to the footsteps and counted — one, two, three people.

It’s a man — just a man, but wearing a suit too expensive for him to carry off, and a whole lot of sleaze. The other two footsteps belonged to guys who looked right out of an 80s mafia movie — and they’re the calefare playing the bodyguards. The trio didn’t do very much, just walk into a room with an aura of too much self-importance.

And Taehyung probably wouldn’t have thought much about it. The place is filled with men likes these. But not five seconds later, more footsteps sounded. Three people again — or rather, two ordinary footsteps, and one set lighter. Two adults and maybe, a child.

A child’s footsteps sounded different from an adult’s — a lighter pitter-patter, less even and purposeful. It could have been lost under the sound of the adults, but with a tilt of his head Taehyung identified it. And his eyebrows furrowed. This was no place for any child. Particularly if the rumours were true.

Where he was standing just out of view, Taehyung could only catch view of one sleeve as the two adults and child passed into the same room as the three men previous. Taehyung closed his eyes and breathed in —
And was hit by a mix of sweaty nerves and cinnamon.

It couldn’t be, right? There was only one child he knew of that had that particular smell to them. He could have been mistaken — but his nickname wasn’t the Bloodhound for no reason.

Once they were all inside the room, Taehyung slipped closer to the door, head tilted and listening.

“Ah… Mr Lee… we’re so glad that you made time to meet us. Er—”

“Cut the crap. This is the boy?”

A pause of heightened nervousness. “Y-yes. This is our son. He’s our second one. Come here, Jungkook-ah.”

Taehyung felt his heart sink. He wasn’t mistaken.

Not that he would have wished any child be in this situation, but certainly not Jungkook... who still smiled with those shy bunny teeth whenever he saw Taehyung. Taehyung made a habit of visiting Jungkook once a week, the same time he stopped by Hyejin’s place, and Jungkook always looked so happy to see him. Even when he was old enough to figure out just what Taehyung was giving Hyejin money in exchange for.

Drawing in a slow breath, Taehyung closed his eyes and listened to Jungkook’s shuffling footsteps.

“Hmmm…” More shuffling footsteps as Jungkook must have been pushed forward. “Good features.” The bite of small whimper as fingers touched the boys face, examining him like meat. “Open your mouth, boy… mmm… bit of an overbite, but maybe he’ll grow into it.”

A long pause, and then. “I suppose you didn’t lie about his physical appearance. We can go ahead with the sum that was agreed on.”

Taehyung felt anger and disgust bubble up his throat like poison. And that was all he could stand
The vampire stepped into the open doorway, brilliantly faked smile in place. "And what sum was that?"

Immediately, six gazes shoot up to him. And there was silence for the longest time, before a bright voice chirped up, “Tae Tae hyung!”

The smile that was threatening to fall right off like soapy water became a little more natural when Taehyung looked at Jungkook. The poor boy looked confused, sleepy and scared. "Hey bunny." He could see the two guns trained on him out of the corner of his eyes.

His gaze lifted to Jungkook's parents. "What was the sum?"

"Wh—" Jungkook’s father looked a little frightened and alarmed at the guns that had come out. “Sorry, what?”

"Are you deaf as well as heartless?” Taehyung raised an eyebrow at the human. "I asked, what was the amount you decided was equal exchange for your son's life."

Jungkook's father stiffened, mouth open in an ironically indignantly look. But before he could say anything, Jungkook's mother suddenly said, “10 million won.”

"I'll pay you 20 million for him."

"Now wait one second," the pile of sludge masquerading as a human in a suit spoke finally, scowl twisting his features. "Who are you, and how did you get in here?"

Taehyung ignored him, eyes on the mother and father. "Well?"

Jungkook's mother’s lips twisted. She opened her mouth as if to argue, or haggle, but then Jungkook sneezed, the sound loud in the ensuing silence, and her eyes glanced over at her son.
She paused. Maybe re-evaluating her options. Or taking her son's joy to see Taehyung into account. Taehyung wouldn't assume such a woman capable of empathy like that; it was all he could do to keep his face straight and not give away the hatred bubbling in his throat.

“Deal.”

Taehyung nodded stiffly. But his eyes softened as he looked back at Jungkook, crouching to the ground and holding his arms out. "Hey, come give hyung a hug."

Jungkook looked wide-eyed at Taehyung, and then his mother, seeming to finally sense the volatile situation in the room. But at his mother's nod, Jungkook shuffled, then ran forward, careening into Taehyung's arms."

Taehyung hugged Jungkook close, hand cradling the back of the child's head. "Told you I'd always find you," he whispered against the boy's hair.

“Hey, now. Just wait a second, who the fuck are you? Let the fuck go of my boy. We had a deal fair and square

Taehyung's head lifted at the interjection from the sleazy businessman, Jungkook's face tucked against his neck to stop him from looking up. Because Taehyung's expression had shifted to blankness, the college frat kid aura gone and replaced by something older — dangerous. Like a lion stalking a herd of gazelle, only allowing them to live by his good grace.

"Stand down."

The man's words cut off, eyes widening almost comically. And the two bodyguards stiffened in something like fear, frozen in their poses with guns pointed off in awkward angles like they'd forgotten they carried the weapons at all.

Taehyung stared at the three of them for a moment longer, eyes gleaming with the promise of pain if they so much as tried to harm a hair on Jungkook's head. Then he looked down at the boy in his arms before standing, taking Jungkook's hand.

Pulling his phone out, he flipped it open and held it to his ear. "Chanshik? Bring the car to that address. And pull 20 million from my account in cash— yes. 20 million. No I'm not buying another
yacht. Ring when you're here."

He closed his phone, then smiled down at Jungkook. "Let's go wait outside, huh? It's stuffy in here."

Jungkook blinked up at Taehyung before rubbing his eyes sleepily. “Outside?”

“Yeah. Ahh... you're so sleepy. C'mere, hyung'll carry you.” And despite his stick-limbed appearance, Taehyung easily hoisted Jungkook up into his arms as if he was but a feather. With that, he turned and walked out of the room.

Jungkook was offered one last look at his parents, before Taehyung carried him out of view. The couple had been silent. His father looked a little stunned, but his mother was staring at them both strangely, as if she was trying to figure out a particularly hard problem.

But then they step out to the uninteresting hallways, and the moment was over. Taehyung felt Jungkook bury his face against the vampires shoulder. “Am I staying with you tonight, hyung?”

“Yeah,” Taehyung answered, voice soft and quiet as he walked towards the building exit, not even bothering to conceal his presence as he had on the way in. "You're going to stay with me. Is that okay, Jungkookie? Do you want to live with Tae hyung for a while?"

Jungkook opened his eyes at that, suddenly wide and excited. “Really? I can stay with Tae hyung?”

Taehyung couldn't help the giggle. “Really really. Do you want that?”

“Yes!” Jungkook yelled before his eyes widened and then he shrunk. “Sorry. I forgot to use my indoor voice.”

"Pssh. I never use my indoor voice. Indoor voices is something stuffy, boring adults say when they don't want you to show you're excited. I'm not a stuffy, boring adult, right?"

Jungkook blinked before shaking his head. “Tae Tae hyung is the funnest!”
“Wahh, you’re so cute!” Taehyung grinned, spinning Jungkook around once. “You’re gonna have your own room, and your own toys, and we’re going to have lots of fun every day. How does that sound?”

Jungkook squealed, caught up in the excitement. Taehyung knew that the boy’s real questions would come later. Later, he would ask about his parents, confused why they weren’t coming to live with him. But for now, he laughed in delight, eyes looking like they contained stars. “It sounds fun!”

Taehyung grinned, dropping a loud kiss to the boy's fluffy hair. He knew things were still so up in the air; he would have to withhold some of the payment money until he’d adopted Jungkook officially, because he didn’t trust the boy’s parents not to leave them in legal limbo and he was determined to do this right. He would also have to tell Jongdae about this shop, and that it didn’t matter what it took — they were tearing this building down to the ground and making it so that sleazy businessman never got his mitts on a child.

There was a lot to do, but as he listened to Jungkook giggle safely in his arms, he knew he'd never regret this.

*****

Jeon Jungkook has never felt so ill in his entire life.

He'd been hearing stuff the whole day, the world moving as if through treacle, as he slid in and out between reality and dreams. He thought he heard people talking, the door opening and closing. And he thought he heard the constant sound of chains clinking, accompanied by whimpers and muttered growls.

He couldn't seem to get the strength to push himself up, to open his eyes to check what’s going on.

It’s only what seemed like eons later, that he finally did. But even then, his vision swam in and out, and his body felt like it was burning and freezing at the same time. And he felt like puking, even as he shifted with a groan, wondering why he felt so stiff.
Then, there was a sudden growl in the background, so loud that it sent a spike of adrenaline through Jungkook's spine. And instinct made Jungkook sit up in alarm, only to regret it three seconds later when his world swam like a distorted 3D movie.

And when his vision finally cleared, it wouldn't be to anything good.

He was tied up in the centre of what looked like an abandoned room, walls and floor cracked with time and mold growing in the corners. Only a few flickering lights illuminated the dank space, making it look more ominous than it already was.

But the worst part was, Jungkook wasn't alone.

Rows and rows of chains lined the walls around him, silver reflecting the feeble light. Those chains held at least ten people to the walls, men and women alike. Some were limp, some were struggling... some had their eyes open and locked on Jungkook in hunger, red glowing in the dark and fangs extended past their lips. One snarled to Jungkook's right, straining to reach him in mindless hunger, blood dribbling down his chin from where his own fangs had punctured his lip.

Jungkook knew that look. He'd seen it before, because Taehyung’s job brought him in contact with a lot of them. And Jungkook had learned to identify them on sight and all the ways of dealing with them.

Fledglings.

But weak, sick, tied up and grossly outnumbered, none of those lessons would help him now.

The door at the far end of the room opened, allowing a little more light into the enclosed space. The light was blocked by a tall figure. "Looks like the troublesome human's finally awake."

It was the fifth vampire from the alleyway behind the club, the one who had killed Chanshik. His eyes gleamed a permanent red, not even bothering to hide what he was as he looked down at Jungkook's helpless state.

Jungkook’s eyes looked up at the vampire, his eyes holding an unadulterated hatred. And forgetting his weakness for a moment, he jerked against his chains, snarling.
"I'd reserve some of that energy for later," the vampire smirked down at him, words overlayed by the clattering of chains. "You're going to need it."

The hatred didn't leave Jungkook's eyes, and he continued to glare at the vampire steadily — as if he wasn't terrified out of his mind.

That earned a small snort from his captor. After a moment, the vampire lifted one hand. He held a familiar phone, pointing it at the human; Jungkook's. "Smile." He snapped a few pictures of Jungkook, surrounded by the bloodthirsty fledglings.

Jungkook flinched a little at the snapshots taken, throat dry. And after a moment he asked, "what are you doing?"

"Sending the Bloodhound a little present," the vampire replied, lips twisted into a mockery of a smile as he tapped through the contacts on Jungkook's phone. "I wonder if he'll like it."

Jungkook jerked inside his chains again, "leave hyung out of this!"

"Why would I do that? You have no other purpose being alive right now. You're just the bait." The vampire chuckled when he found what he was looking for. "Aw, 'Tae tae hyung'. That's adorable."

Jungkook took in a shuddering breath at that, feeling tears prickle across his eyes.

He hated being a burden to Taehyung, wishing to be a help to him instead. But here he was, being the biggest burden in history.

"And sent," the vampire hummed, the pictures popping up in the chat. "Now we just wait— oh, hello." Jungkook's phone was ringing, the ringtone an old children's song Taehyung had programmed into his contact one day when Jungkook left his phone lying around.

Swiping to accept the call, the vampire held the phone to one ear and winked at Jungkook. "Am I speaking to Elder Kim Taehyung? If this is one of his attack dogs— hello, Taehyung-sshi." The vampire's grin widened. "I have something of yours. Don't worry, he's still alive. For now. As you can tell from his lovely pictures, the fledglings around him are rather thirsty. Some of their chains
He listened for a moment, humming in amusement. "Yes, I have no doubt if you get your hands on me you will turn my entrails into fish food. But back to the matter at hand. If you want your human pet to survive the night, you'll come to the address I will provide, alone. If any of your attack dogs even attempt to follow, I will slit his throat like I did that poor sap at the club."

Jungkook’s throat tightened even further at the mention of Chanshik, and he yelled out. “Hyung! Don't! Don't do it! I'll be fine, okay! Don't do it!”

"I think your pet's trying to warn you away. You hear him, hm? We both know you're not going to listen, are you Elder Bloodhound?" The vampire's smile stretched wider. "I forgot to mention, this is a limited time offer. Those chains won't last past dawn. So... better hop to it. See you soon, Taehyung-sshi." With that, the vampire hung up.

Jungkook's hands had curled into fists, wishing he could deck this asshole of a vampire. “He's not going to come.”

The vampire fixed Jungkook with a mocking smirk. "Do you really believe those words?"

Jungkook didn't. Because Taehyung was an idiot, and Jungkook was his best friend and cinnamon bunny. Of course Taehyung would come. Jungkook had never felt more like a disappointment in his life. He wanted to puke. What he said instead was, “fuck you.”

That earned a laugh. "You've got spunk to you, kid. But you're a lamb in a world of wolves." He turned, Jungkook's phone still in his hand. "A useful lamb nonetheless." With that, he stepped out of the room and shut the door behind him, leaving Jungkook alone with the rows of crazed, bloodthirsty fledglings.

Jungkook shuddered, hanging his head down to try to counter the very strong nausea that had suddenly overcome him. Whether it was from the lack of blood in his body, or the anxiety of realizing he was a damn burden again, he wasn't too sure.

Or maybe it was the fear. Jungkook wasn't trying to think about it, but he knew that the chains encasing him were probably silver. It was a common torture method in the past, that he'd learned through some very effective horror stories told by Jongdae while Taehyung wasn't listening; dump a silver chained man in a pit of fledglings, watch them bite the man but flinch back from the silver after
several moments, rinse and repeat until said human was dead.

If Jungkook did die tonight, it wouldn't be a quick death.

He was so, so screwed.

*****

The circumstances may have been pretty crappy, but Yoongi was secretly glad to have more time with Hoseok.

It had been decided Hoseok would move in with Yoongi until the vampire uprising situation was dealt with, to avoid dragging Jimin into the mess too. After the initial internal panic about his apartment being nowhere near guest-ready (Yoongi couldn't remember the last time he actually had someone over for longer than a drink or two), the days progressed rather... smoothly, surprisingly.

Hoseok was an unobtrusive, happy presence, even if he still didn't know his new vampiric strength at times and did break two of Yoongi's mugs. Yoongi became used to sharing his bed after the first two times Hoseok managed to sleepwalk his way there from the couch, and also got used to the supply of blood packs taking up half his fridge. They settled into a routine of sorts. In the afternoon, Hoseok went to classes and Yoongi went to his second job. In the evenings, they worked at the coffee store under the watchful eye of their vampire babysitter, and afterwards they went back home to sit on the couch and binge-watch movies.

Which was where they were right now, Yoongi on one side of the couch and Hoseok on the other. Yoongi nursed his beer in both hands, trying to watch the screen and not to think about how Hoseok's hand was resting on the cushion right beside him, and how easy it would be to 'accidentally' drop his own hand right on top of it.

Especially since Hoseok was so deeply engrossed in the movie that was playing, eyes widening at the happenings going on screen. And after a while he said, “I thought you said this was an action movie, hyung. Why is it so…. scary?”
Yoongi made a grunting noise, reluctantly focusing back on the screen. "It's not *that* scary. It's all cheap jumpscares."

Hoseok let out an unhappy whine, jerking a little when a sudden violin tremolo arose from the screen. "Hyung, you know I don't do well with jumpscares."

"Aren't you a vampire now?" There was a teasing note to Yoongi's voice. "You're supposed to be the scariest thing in the night."

Hoseok pouted, and Yoongi could feel the begins of an almighty protest when one of the characters in the movie screamed.

Yoongi had barely time to blink before he found himself with a lapful of Hoseok and his ears ringing from the vampire screeching like a pterodactyl. He yelped and just barely avoided spilling his beer on Hoseok. "...Yah," he groaned, face heating up. But after a moment, the arm that wasn't holding the beer away from them settled awkwardly around Hoseok's shoulder. "Chicken shit."

Hoseok let out a whine at that, pouting up at Yoongi. "You're the one who chose this movie. So live with the consequences."

"It's not even that scary." And Yoongi honestly thought that — the movie was thrilling, but it wasn't going to give him nightmares for days. But would that stop him from being the most whipped thing in existence and putting his beer down so that Hoseok could properly burrow against his side? Nope. Not at all.

"For you maybe." Hoseok retorted, turning his face back to the screen. "But you literally just called me chicken shit. Which is true. So this movie is terrifying."

Yoongi wished that he didn't actually find that so utterly adorable. But he just shrugged, turning his head to the screen so as to avoid giving a reply.

And they continued like this for a while, Hoseok nudging closer and closer with every jumpscare. It came to a point that Hoseok was practically fully flushed against Yoongi's side, even as an extremely long suspenseful sequence came onto screen.

Meanwhile, Yoongi was staring at the screen like doing so would save him from the urge to turn his
head just enough to kiss the corner of Hoseok's mouth. They were close enough for it. Thankfully, Hoseok's senses were still pretty shit; he probably couldn't even hear Yoongi's elevated heart rate over the screams and gunshots coming from the screen.

Hoseok sniffled then, suddenly asking, “Yoongi? Hyung?”

"Yeah?" Yoongi heard the wavering note in Hoseok's voice and risked a look at his friend. It was then he saw the telltale glisten of tears. "Oh... jeez, Hobi. Is it really that bad? I'll turn it off if it is."

Hoseok sniffled, burying his face into Yoongi's neck. “All your fault, hyung.”

Yoongi's face heated up again, and he sighed but didn't push Hoseok away. He reached over Hoseok to get the remote, the action smushing them closer together. "You were even hogging the remote, you could have turned it off." He exited out of the movie and back to Netflix's main screen.

“It was still okay at the beginning.” Hoseok mumbled, “I wasn't so scared holding onto you.”

"Sap." But Yoongi flicked through Netflix and put on one of Hoseok's favourite sitcoms instead, setting the remote aside and letting the vampire snuggle against him.

Hoseok grinned up at Yoongi, pulling his face out of Yoongi's neck and settling to watch the sitcom. “I know I’ve said this many times, but you always smell so good, Yoongi-yah.”

That earned a small huff, Yoongi pinching Hoseok's side. "Thanks for reminding me I smell like dinner."

Hoseok yelped before pouting. “I mean, I don't have the urge to bite you. Just that. You smell good. Like, you know. Perfume — or. I guess… coffee perfume? You smell like a good, earthy roast.”

"I'm surprised I don't smell like an ashtray." Yoongi didn't smoke often, but lately there's been more reasons for stress-smoking than usual.

Hoseok chuckled, “a good coffee roast usually smells sour.”
Yoongi rolled his eyes, poking the side of Hoseok's head before hesitantly settling his arm around the other man's shoulders. "Watch your sitcom."

“Fine.” Hoseok laughed, finally turning his eyes back to watch.

But no sooner than he'd done so, the door suddenly opened and their vampire minder burst in. “The two of you. I need you two to stay put and lock the door.”

Unfortunately, whatever else he wanted to say was drowned out by Hoseok screaming like a banshee and falling off the couch.

If their minder suddenly bursting into the room hadn't sent Yoongi's heart into his throat, Hoseok's over-the-top reaction definitely did. "...Fucking hell," the human hissed, one hand over his chest. He glanced down at Hoseok, making sure his friend hadn't brained himself on anything, before his gaze darted to the door. "What the fuck, Junhong?"

Junhong winced. “Sorry, I— I’m on edge right now. I need to go. There’s a situation with the Bloodhound. Someone kidnapped Jungkook and we need to find him. We’re low on forces, so I’m going to need to leave the two of you alone.”

Hoseok slowly picked himself up from the floor, complaints dying at the news. “I— wait, Jungkook was kidnapped?"

“Yeah.” Junhong let out a huff. “It’s probably the same people who attacked the two of you. Now, I need you two to lock every single window in this place. And then stay put, keep yourself glued to the phones. We’ll update you as much as we can. But please... just... stay here.”

Yoongi stared at the vampire, throat working. After a moment he nodded, because what else could they do but listen? They would only be in the way. The most they could do was keep themselves safe, so there were less people to worry about. "Alright... is everyone else okay? Seokjin and Namjoon?"

“Yeah. Well—” Junhong took in a shaky breath. “They got one of my colleagues. But yeah, everyone else is fine. They're using Jungkook as a hostage so he's alive for now. Just... Time’s ticking. Sorry. I really need to go.”
"Good luck." was all Yoongi could say.

“Yeah. Thanks.” And with that Junhong was off, closing the door behind him.

Hoseok looked over at Yoongi with a wide-eyed look. “Oh my god, Yoongi.”

"Yeah. I know." Yoongi drew in a breath, standing up from the couch. "Better do what he says." He moved from window to window, making sure they were all shut and bolted, along with the door to his small balcony. He saw Hoseok climbing to his feet to do the same out of the corner of his eyes. It was all they could do, really.

He just hoped that the rest would be okay.

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Jimin had never seen Taehyung so focused and brimming with anger in his entire life.

Okay, granted, he hadn't known the vampire Elder for very long. But he had thought he'd seen Taehyung’s scary and serious sides during missions and meetings. Apparently not.

First, they'd arrived at the club to find Chanshik's body. Things had moved quickly from there, and by the time Taehyung received those photos of Jungkook tied up and threatened, all his remaining enforcers had been called in. They all gathered in a nondescript building in the middle of Seoul, to avoid any unwanted eyes and ears. Seokjin and Jimin were still there, obviously, but Jongdae and Ryeowook had also joined them. Even Gyuri, who was still nursing a broken arm from the night before, was present. And Junhong had texted to confirm he was on his way. That made it all of Taehyung’s current enforcers… those left alive.

It was while Taehyung was on the phone with whoever had kidnapped Jungkook, that Jimin's own cell went off.
Jimin huffed a little, thanking the gods that his phone had been put on silent. And he pulled it out to stop the incessant buzzing, only to pause at the caller ID.

Quickly excusing himself from the room, Jimin picked up once he was outside the door, “Joon?”

"Um… hey." Namjoon sounded quiet, unsure. "I just finished my shift. Where are you?"

“Me? I'm with… Taehyung… and Seokjin-sshi…” Jimin paused before frowning. “Did Seokjin-sshi not call you?”

"…Jin?" Namjoon sounded a little thrown off by the question. "No, why would he?"


There was a stunned pause on the other end of the phone. "He… what? Jin didn't… where are you all? I'm on my way."

“Aren't you at work, right now?” Jimin worried on his lip.

"I just finished."

“Oh. Okay. I'll let the others know you're coming then.” Jimin paused, “why did you call me, by the way. If you didn't know what was going on?”

"It's… it's not important right now. Send me the address and I'll see you soon, alright?" With that, Namjoon had hung up.

Jimin blinked before looking at his phone. Namjoon had been abnormally curt — but Jimin supposed it was because he was worried about Jungkook. Taking in a deep breath, Jimin stepped back into the room.

Taehyung was off the phone by then. He, Jongdae and Seokjin were looking at a map he'd pulled up
on his phone. His eyes lifted to Jimin when the human returned. "We've got an address, but there's no guarantee it's where they're actually holding Jungkook. What was that?"

“Namjoon called. He’s coming over. Seokjin-sshi, you didn’t tell him?” Jimin asked the vampire, who blinked at Jimin.

“I sent him a text to tell him to be careful.” Seokjin blinked, before wrinkling his nose. “Aish, now he’s gonna end up being anxious and pacing a hole in the floor. Oh well, can’t be helped.”

"It would be better if he stayed out of this, he's abnormally clumsy and we can't afford that right now," Ryeowook said, arms folded across his chest.

Usually Taehyung would pout at his enforcer and whine at him to be nicer to Namjoon (it wasn't his fault he broke everything). But Taehyung's eyes were sharp and focused, face as expressive as a statue. As Jongdae had muttered when he arrived, Friendly Taehyung had checked out and the Bloodhound had come to play. "The renegade insisted I go alone, or Jungkook dies."


"I know," Taehyung glanced at his head enforcer. "And we're not going to play by his rules, but we're going to have to be careful."

Seokjin frowned, “so what does that mean?”

“It means we have to find Jungkook as fast as we can. The earlier we have his location. The easier things will be.” Jimin chimed in.

Taehyung nodded. "We don't know if he'll be in the same building or elsewhere, so while I'm distracting the ones in charge, that's your job. Find him, but don't be reckless in getting him out. If they have any reason to believe anyone besides me is there, they will kill him."

He looked between Seokjin and Jongdae. "They have to believe they're winning. Watch for the moment they let their guard down, and use it."
Seokjin's eyes narrowed, lips thinning. “Mmm. Somehow I have a feeling I won't like what it takes to get their guard down.”

"Probably not," Taehyung answered, sending the address to their phones. "Seokjin, call Namjoon and tell him to be on standby. He shouldn't be too close to this. Jimin, I know I can't tell you to stay away, so you'll be with Jongdae.”

Seokjin was already walking away, pulling out his phone. Jimin raised an eyebrow before smirking at Jongdae. “You won't slow me down, right? Old man.”

Jongdae raised a sassy eyebrow right back at the hunter. "Don't hit that inflated head on the door on your way out." He nodded to the other enforcers and they filled out of the room after Seokjin.

It left Taehyung alone with Jimin, looking down at the pictures of Jungkook tied up and helpless in a dark basement somewhere.

Jimin let out a sigh, going to Taehyung's side and gently putting a hand on his shoulder. “We'll get him back.”

Taehyung's eyes lifted to meet Jimin's. After a moment, he put on a small smile — clearly forced, but a smile nonetheless. "Yeah. We will. Better follow them before they leave you behind.”

Jimin was still unsure even as he stepped away from Taehyung with another squeeze on the shoulder. He opened his mouth to say something, before it closed again, and he simply nodded, turning to go. The door swung shut after him, leaving Taehyung looking down at his phone.

Taehyung didn't need his words anyway. The Elder was going to get Jungkook back, no matter what it took, no matter what anyone said.

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The building the address belonged to was dark and desecrate, in a run-down neighbourhood at the
edge of the Seoul metropolis area. Taehyung took a taxi there, staying true to going alone — as far as the renegades were concerned, anyways. And even Taehyung’s sense of smell couldn't pick up any trace of his enforcers in the area; they were some of the best, after all.

He was greeted at the door by two vampires with more muscles than brains, who sneered at the lanky Elder before patting him down for weapons. Taehyung let them take the silver knife he'd brought — it would have been even more suspicious for him to show up with nothing — before he was shoved inside.

There was someone waiting for him in the hallway. Someone Taehyung didn’t recognise the face of. But when the stranger spoke, the voice that had taunted Taehyung through the phone came out of his mouth.”Well, hello there, Elder Bloodhound. So glad you could make it.”

"I'm sure you are." Taehyung’s expression was impassive as he stopped. His eyes took in their surroundings before settling on the vampire, memorizing the face of the man he would kill for putting Jungkook through all this. Even his scent was foul… bathed in human blood. "Strangely enough, you know my name but I don't know yours."

“Oh, my name isn't important.” The vampire smiled. “Only yours. After all, you're our most important guest. Come. Would you care to follow me?"

"That depends," Taehyung replied, aware of the two vampires standing right behind him. "Are you going to bring me to Jungkook?"

The vampire’s eyebrow raised before he shrugged. “Maybe.”

And he started to walk, cocky in the fact that he trusted that Taehyung would follow him.

And Taehyung did, imagining the renegade was savouring the moment, having one of the powerful vampire Elders at his mercy. The two vampires by the door didn't follow them, but it was probably because other vampires were waiting further in; Taehyung could smell them. He didn't give the renegade the satisfaction of more unanswered questions, observing his surroundings as they walked further down the hallway.

The renegade finally stopped outside one of the doors, the sounds of snarling and hissing seeping from behind it. Taehyung breathed in through his nose, identifying the occupants of the room beyond. A whole lot of starving fledglings… and cinnamon.
Jungkook.

The renegade put a hand on the door handle when he suddenly paused, head cocking to the side, 
“...oh? I think one of them just broke free.”

Taehyung had heard it too, the snap of chains. But more importantly, a sharp shout of pain from a 
familiar voice.

He forgot himself for a moment, body instinctively pushing past the renegade vampire to get to the 
door — to get to Jungkook.

“Ah-ah!” A gun seemed to mysterious appear in the renegade’s hand pressed right at Taehyung’s 
skull. “You're our guest. Please, relax. We’ll take care of rubbish duty.”

He waved his hand, motioning Taehyung to step away from the door. “The longer you take to move 
away, the more times your little pet gets bitten.”

Taehyung gave the renegade a look of pure hatred, eyes promising a slow, painful death. But he 
backed up from the door, left with no choice but to listen.

The renegade smirked, but he opened the door as he promised, walking in. And before Taehyung 
could do anything, a gunshot went off, the sound of something heavy falling to the ground.

“There.” The renegade smiled, turning around to face Taehyung. “Only two bites. Not too bad.”

Taehyung ignored the renegade, ignored the fledgling lying in a growing pool of blood on the 
ground, and ignored the other fledglings chained to the walls and stunned into temporary submission 
by the gunshot. He could look only at Jungkook, the human’s body sagging a little against the silver 
chains, blood dripping down his neck and shoulder from two torn bite wounds.

“...Jungkook,” he breathed, relief sinking in that Jungkook was still alive even as icy rage froze his 
veins at the state the human was left in.
Jungkook's eyes snapped up at the sound, eyes immediately landing on Taehyung. And a look of hope mixed with despair rose, Jungkook tugging against his restraints. “Hyung! No, you shouldn't have come.”

For a moment, the ice thawed and a proper, boxy grin shown through, eyes crinkling in relief — because now that he could see Jungkook in front of him, he knew no matter what, he would make sure Jungkook was okay. "I told you, didn't I?" he said, the words rolling easily off his tongue, words he'd said a long time ago. "I told you I'd always find you."

Jungkook’s eyes lit up in recognition at that phrase. But his gaze only turned more desperate. “Hyung, please. Please don't do what he says.”

But before Taehyung could reply, the renegade stepped forward, a satisfied smile on his face. “Well, now you've seen him. I'm a man of my word. aren't I?”

Around them, more vampires had filled in — two by Jungkook and two by the door. Probably to make sure that Taehyung wouldn't kill their leader if left alone.

Taehyung looked into Jungkook's desperate eyes for a moment longer, trying to tell the human something; tell him to trust that they'd both get out of here alive. Then he returned his gaze to the renegade, and all warmth was immediately wiped off his expression as if it were no more than a mask. "Now that you no longer need him, let him go."

“Now who says we no longer need him? His presence here is what makes you fun.” The renegade paused before he said, “make a funny face.”

Taehyung stared at the other vampire. "...Excuse me?"

“You heard me.” The renegade grinned, “make a funny face.” And he lifted up his gun, pointing beyond Taehyung, right at Jungkook.

Jaw clenching, Taehyung realized what this was about. It was about holding power over an Elder, one of the vampires who’d been deigned fit to govern over their society. It was about turning them into a joke, controlling them, humiliating them. Demonstrating how powerless they were after all.

Drawing a breath, Taehyung pulled one of the silly faces he used to make a shy, young Jungkook
laugh. Particularly when Jungkook had been having a bad day, or when children at his school were picking on him for not living with his parents anymore.

Jungkook made a small noise, and the renegade grinned, tilting his head in amusement. “Oh. Oh no, you made your little pet cry.”

Sure enough, there were tears sliding down from Jungkook's eyes. And he looked away when the renegade’s eyes slid onto him. “Hyung… I'm sorry…” He whispered.

Taehyung’s expression returned to blankness, not looking away from the hateful vampire; he couldn't afford to break now. "It's not your fault, Kookie," he said. "It's no one's fault but this pile of sludge's."

“Hey now, no need with the insults.” The renegade laughed, “I might get so hurt my finger my slip after all. But as much as I want to have more fun, we have a schedule to keep.”

And as if by some unseen prompt, the door opened, and a vampire wearing a black robe and looming hood came in, hands clasped around a crystal goblet filled with a steaming silver liquid.

Taehyung's eyes followed the new arrival, gaze dipping down to the goblet. It smelled like metal, like death. "And what sort of schedule is that?"

“Well, the chains won't hold much longer. So you need to have properly died by then.” The renegade chuckled, “and this here… is your poison, my dear Bloodhound. Liquid silver.”

Jungkook had gotten so still within his bonds. “No… no… hyung… you can't…”

Taehyung looked down at the goblet impassively, like it were anything other than powdered silver, mixed with water to make it go down easier — and kill slower. "...Really? A little melodramatic, don't you think?"

“Well, kidnapping a hostage is pretty melodramatic already,” The renegade chuckled. “Might as well go all the way. We have more, by the way, in case one cup isn't enough to kill you.”
"And I have nothing but the word of a vampire who would throw our entire society into chaos that you'll let Jungkook go afterwards," Taehyung said, gaze lifting back to the renegade's face.

“I haven't gone back on my word yet, haven't I?” The renegade shrugged. “Tell you what, I'll let you get the chains off your little human right after you drink this cup. Fair deal?”

"I suppose you would consider that my reward for surviving the first cup in the first place." Taehyung’s nose twitched at a familiar scent. He spared a glance to the hooded man who'd brought in the goblet, shadows falling over the other vampire's face and masking it from view.

After a moment he reached out, taking the goblet.


Taehyung rotated the goblet a little, watching how the shiny liquid moved inside. He looked up at Jungkook, eyes crinkling a little with the warm smile he gave the young human. "It's gonna be okay, Kookie. Hyung's here now, right?"

Jungkook was throwing himself against the chains in earnest now, the hinges creaky, and the two vampires by the side shifting uncomfortably even though they knew Jungkook was human. “No! Hyung! Don't! Please! Please! Stop!”

But Taehyung's smile didn't disappear, even as the corners twisted a little sadly. "I'm sorry, Jungkook." He didn't really know what he was apologizing for. Maybe for everything.

Then he touched the goblet to his lips and tipped his head back, draining it.

Chapter End Notes

I swear I wasn't the one breaking up all the chapters. You can thank Yeonah for the 4 cliffhangers in a row lolol

Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter? :) And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here! I swear I'll get Seokjin's one up soon. I promise /o/
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jungkook’s loud scream of anguish was mixed with the renegade’s loud raucous laughter. “Hah! I can’t believe you actually drank it! Kim Taehyung, Elder also known as the Bloodhound, so whipped for his little human.”

Taehyung straightened, other hand trembling as he wiped his mouth with his sleeve. The Elder vampire’s eyes stared hate straight into the renegade’s soul as he met the man’s gleeful gaze. His stance swayed, feet shuffling to one side to keep his balance.

The goblet fell to the ground and shattered into millions of pieces. Taehyung coughed once, twice, then he couldn’t stop, body trying to expel the silver from his system as he doubled over and fell to his knees as his balance gave out. But all that dripped from his mouth was blood — dark, dark blood, staining the crystal shards littering the floor and bathing them red.

“Heh.” The renegade chuckled, ignoring the screams and abuse that Jungkook was hurling at him. And he reached into his pocket, tossing out a single key to Taehyung. It clattered against the cold floor in front of him. “There. You can go free your human now. If you can make it to him.”

Taehyung couldn’t seem to draw in air, visibly choking on the blood in his mouth and the silver burning all the way down his throat. Shards of crystal were lodged in his fingers and arms, but he barely seemed to notice them as he reached for the key with one shaking, blood-slicked hand. His fingers closed around the small metal piece.

Spitting out a mouthful of blood, Taehyung struggled back to his feet. He swayed and staggered right into the wall, holding onto it as the only thing keeping him upright.

With another dribble of blood out of the corner of his mouth, Taehyung gritted his teeth and pushed away from the wall. He made his way towards Jungkook with slow, unsteady but purposeful steps.

Halfway there he fell, hitting the ground hard.

He still didn't let go of the key clutched tight in his hand.
Jungkook watched it all, every single step Taehyung took, every drop of blood out of his mouth a stab to the human’s heart. And he was sobbing, tears and snot running down his face as he watched Taehyung struggle. “Hyung… Tae hyung…. Please… Stop…”

But Taehyung didn't. He got up onto his hands and knees with a single-minded determination, crawling the rest of the way there. The fledglings were ignored; the vampires flanking either side of Jungkook were ignored.

Finally, Taehyung reached Jungkook's side. His free hand shook as he reached out, gripping the silver chains tight. They hissed and burned on contact; he didn't even seem to notice.

And he nearly dropped the key. But on the third try, his trembling fingers pushed it into the lock and twisted, the small click ringing loud in his ears.

And despite the fact he could barely lift his head, despite how close he must have been to passing out, Taehyung smiled and rasped three words, barely understandable past the blood.

"...I've got you."

And then, things seemed to happen all at once.

The renegade at the front of the room suddenly let out a choked sound, collapsing.

His lackeys all looked in the direction of their leader's fallen body, the two by the door and the two by Jungkook.

The hooded figure, the vampire who had brought in the poisoned goblet, lifted the bloodsoaked knife used to stab the leader in the back before turning to charge the two vampires by the door.

And Taehyung's eyes shifted into blood red before he leapt straight for the vampire on Jungkook's right.

The vampire Taehyung attacked was thrown against the wall of chained fledglings. As the blood-crazed fledglings tore him apart, the second vampire by Jungkook lifted his gun towards Taehyung.
But he wasn't fast enough and Taehyung grabbed his arm, gun redirected to fire harmlessly into a wall. Then Taehyung tore the vampire's throat out. Blood gushed over Taehyung's fingers before he let the vampire go, the body falling to the ground.

Turning around to check on the first vampire and confirm he was dead, Taehyung coughed and swayed, red dribbling down his chin. Then his knees gave out and he fell.

But a pair of arms caught him before his head could meet the floor, and Jungkook lowered him down as gently as he could, pulling the blood-stained vampire into a panicked embrace. “Hyung… You idiot.”

By the door, the other two renegade vampires had been taken care of, both slumped to the ground, dead. And the hooded figure finally threw off his cape, revealing a pissed off looking Seokjin.

“Fucking hell,” Seokjin cursed, quickly moving over to where Taehyung and Jungkook were. “Of course Kim Taehyung would fucking drink liquid silver. Thank god I had the mind to dilute it even more so it wouldn't kill him immediately. Fuck, of course you drank it, Junhong owes me fifty fucking bucks. Come on, Kook. You have to let go. I have a stomach pump. Namjoon helped me cart it over. Let's get outside and we can save him.”

Reluctantly, Jungkook let go of Taehyung, letting Seokjin pick the elder up. That last burst of energy had been used up, and Taehyung was limp in Seokjin's arms, blood soaking his skin and clothes and only the barest hint of red visible underneath his eyelashes.

Jungkook pushed himself up as well, wobbling, the only thing keeping him from collapsing back onto the floor being his determination to stay by Taehyung’s side. He missed Seokjin muttering under his breath about how he couldn't believe that the stomach pump Seokjin had bought on a whim after Taehyung had a semi-bad food poisoning case after he'd ingested three bags of candy in one sitting was coming in useful this way.

They stepped out of the dark basement room to more blood and dead bodies, the vampires that had been guarding the place slumped over in piles. Jongdae looked up hopefully when he saw them, before his eyes widened. "...Fucking hell," he scrambled to get the doors open for them.

“Your boss is an idiot!” Seokjin yelled as he semi-jogged past. “And if Namjoon touched the stomach pump and broke it, we're doomed.”
They ran out of the building in record time, to where a bunch of vehicles were waiting for them. Thankfully, Namjoon was there waiting, stomach pump set up and seemingly functional.

He wasn't the only one by the cars. Gyuri was there as well, keeping a watchful eye on two vampires slumped over and wrapped tightly in silver chains. "...Oh no," she said faintly while Seokjin set Taehyung down by the stomach pump. "Not again."

"Jimin, Junhong!" Jongdae’s voice echoed inside the building they'd just vacated. "Come help me with these fletchings!"

"Jungkook," Namjoon wrapped a blanket around Jungkook's shoulders, grabbing the first aid kit to take care of his injuries. "Thank god you're okay."

Jungkook barely even noticed the blanket, staring fixedly at Taehyung. He watched as Seokjin began to set the stomach pump in, carely inserting the tube down Taehyung's throat. “This is all my fault.”

"It isn't," Namjoon said quietly, focusing on the bites still oozing blood down Jungkook's neck and shoulder. He grabbed the disinfectant and wiped the bites down carefully. "It's the fault of the vampires who kidnapped you."

“I knew that it was a dangerous time, but I was stupid and still went out to a dangerous place. Made myself a target.” Jungkook shrunk down on himself, “if I hadn't, I wouldn't have gotten kidnapped. Chanshik-hyung would be alive. And Tae... Tae-hyung—”

His voice cut off in a choke, a wrecking sob travelling through his body.

"Jungkook, it's not your fault," Namjoon wrapped his arm around the human's shoulders, pulling him into a hug. Jungkook had to be reeking of fresh blood, but the young vampire barely wavered. "Seokjin's going to save Taehyung, okay? It's going to be fine."

Jungkook closed his eyes, shoulders still stiff in the hug. “But what if it's not? What do I do, Joon-hyung? What do I do if he dies?”

"This isn’t the first time he's pulled something like this,” Namjoon said quietly. "He's tough. And you know what, Seokjin saved him last time too. Take deep breaths and believe in them, okay?"
Jungkook looked up at Namjoon, expression shattered, but at Namjoon’s words, he swallowed, seeming to gather himself a little. “Y-yeah… yeah…”

Namjoon sighed, giving Jungkook another careful hug. Then he pulled back and continued tending to the human's injuries, as Seokjin fought to save Taehyung's life.

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Yoongi couldn't sleep, and he knew Hoseok couldn't either — and it had nothing to do with the younger man's schedule flipping on its head after becoming a vampire.

Hours had passed, and they hadn't heard anything from Junhong or any of the others who'd gone to deal with Jungkook's kidnapping. They kept their phones glued to their sides, even the smallest notification making them jump to check. But there'd been nothing so far, and somehow the silence made the situation even worse.

Hoseok was pacing a hole on the floor, sucking at the remnants of a blood bag. Yoongi doubted the fledgling was actually thirsty; he'd always been something of a nervous eater. “It's been hours, Yoongi. Do you think they're okay?”

"I don't know," was all Yoongi could say. He'd never been one for sugar coating, and neither he nor Hoseok knew the full extent of the situation — just what their friends were up against. He tapped his fingers against his knee, resisting the urge to pull out a cigarette. He should really think about quitting, if he was going to hang around vampires and their extremely sensitive noses from now on. "We'll just be a distraction if we try to call them now."

Hoseok let out a sigh, flopping back down beside Yoongi. “I know. Gawd, I just hope everyone's ok.”

"Yeah. Me too." Yoongi wasn't sure what either of them were going to do otherwise. Besides them both being targets for the uprising for some unknown reason, Hoseok depended on his sire and grandsire for blood bags — both of whom were undoubtedly mixed up in the uprising and kidnappings as well.
It was frustrating, being told they could only sit and wait. Yoongi found Hoseok’s hand and squeezed it lightly.

Hoseok glanced over at Yoongi, squeezing back. “Well, at least I know you're safe.”

"Yeah," Yoongi snorted. "Cause I'm stuck here with you—"

A crash of shattering glass echoed out of his bedroom.

Yoongi saw Hoseok's eyes widen at the same moment his own heart jumped into his throat. A second later the vampire was scrambling off the couch, yanking Yoongi with him. There was a dark presence looming in the living room with them, and as Yoongi nearly knocked over the coffee table, he saw why.

The light of the living room illuminated a third figure, a stranger stalking almost lazily out of his bedroom, glass from the window crunching under his feet.

"Fuck," Yoongi stayed close to Hoseok, trying to remember where he'd put his knife. "Who are you?"

The stranger didn't answer, ambling leisurely towards them as if he had all the time in the world. And in the living room light, they both saw the glint of red in the stranger’s eyes. “Yoongi, hyung. You need to run,” Hoseok said.

"As if I'm doing that," Yoongi snapped, pulling Hoseok further back from the vampire, towards the front door. Whether they'd promised Junhong they'd stay here or not, it was no longer safe.

“Hyung! They're just after me.” Hoseok argued back, trying to put himself between Yoongi and the vampire. “You need to run!”

"Doesn't fucking matter." It didn't matter which one of them this guy was after; Yoongi wasn't leaving without Hoseok.
But their arguing cost them precious seconds and next thing they knew, the vampire was lunging at them both, grabbing Hoseok and slamming him against the wall. Yoongi grabbed the first thing within reach — an empty beer bottle — and smashed it on the back of the vampire's head.

That only ticked the vampire off.

A rock-solid grip closed around his throat and threw Yoongi back, the human hitting the table.

“Hyung!” Yoongi heard Hoseok yell as he struggled to right himself. “Can't you fucking leave him alone?”

And in a surprising burst of strength, Hoseok managed to wrench himself out of the other vampire's grip, tackleing him into the couch.

There was an echoing crash. Yoongi winced, sitting up with one hand on his bruising throat, and saw the two vampires grappling on the couch. "Hoseok!" Shit. He looked around for his knife.

“Just fucking go, hyung!” Hoseok yelled, only to shriek as the vampire tossed him over the couch and he went ass over tea kettle, slamming into one of Yoongi's cabinets.

Finally, Yoongi spotted his knife by his jacket. He grabbed it and staggered to his feet. While the vampire was distracted with Hoseok, Yoongi came up behind him and stabbed the silver blade into the stranger's shoulder with a shout. The vampire yelled in pain and stumbled forward, trying to get the blade out of his shoulder.

Yoongi pushed past the vampire to Hoseok's side. "Come on!" He hauled Hoseok up to his feet.

Hoseok groaned, looking up at Yoongi with dazed eyes. But their window to escape was quickly closing as their assailant lunged at them again, Hoseok yelling and pulling Yoongi back just in time. The knife that Yoongi had buried in his shoulder gleamed in the stranger's hands, slashing at them. “Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck.”

They had a chance to run for the door, the assailant's movements slower from the pain, and the two of them closer to the apartment door.
But Yoongi's foot came down wrong and he fell with a shout, head hitting the edge of the table and sending pain flashing through his brain.

He felt Hoseok bend down to help him, before the vampire screamed in pain.

When Yoongi’s vision cleared, the assailant had Hoseok slammed against the wall. And with a cold realization, Yoongi realized what had made Hoseok scream:

A blade stabbed through his shoulder — a blade their assailant was digging in even deeper, hands tight on the handle. Their assailant smirked, as if feeling Yoongi’s eyes on him. And then, he finally spoke. “I was going to kill you quickly, but now I think I’m going to take my time.”

That was when Yoongi recovered enough to tackle the vampire around the legs, knocking him over.

The vampire snarled as he got knocked over, one leg kicking Yoongi back, causing Yoongi to slide across the floor. “Motherfucking annoying human.” The vampire hissed, standing up and striding towards Yoongi, hand grabbing the human up by his neck. “Look’s like I’m going to kill you first.”

Still off-balance and dazed by the hit to his head, Yoongi couldn't do anything but choke and kick blindly. A few kicks landed, but the vampire was unmoving and indifferent to them, Yoongi struggling to pry the fingers away from his neck.

And then, there was a sudden squelch, and the vampire suddenly jerked—

Hoseok hissed, pulling the knife out from where he'd sunk it into the vampire’s back, and stabbing in again.

Yoongi was released when the vampire's knees buckled and the man fell to the ground, blood spraying all over the floor. Hacking and gasping for air, Yoongi covered his throat with one hand, drawing in the much-needed oxygen. It was a moment before he was able to lift his head, vision stabilizing.

Hoseok stared down at the fallen vampire for a moment, as if he couldn't comprehend what he'd just done. The knife fell from his hands, clattering to the floor, before Hoseok stepped over the body, going over to Yoongi and helping the human up. “Hyung… hey. I've got you. You okay?”
All Yoongi could do was nod mutely, his throat bruised and sore. He stared down at the dead vampire at their feet, the bloody knife beside the body and red soaking into the bottom of his couch.

Turning to Hoseok, he pulled the vampire into a tight hug.

Hoseok blinked before it was only a second before his arms were tight around Yoongi too. “I'm so sorry, hyung.” He whispered, “I'm so glad you're ok.”

"I'm glad you're okay too," Yoongi rasped, still recovering his voice after nearly being strangled twice. "Stop fucking telling me to run, will you? We're in this mess together."

Hoseok just whined, closing his eyes. “I just… wouldn't forgive myself if something happened to you, hyung.”

"And neither would I, so enough." Yoongi pulled back after a moment, staring at the blood soaking into Hoseok's shirt from the wound on his shoulder. "Shit. Put pressure on that, I'll get the kit." He stepped away, staggering a little before he regained his balance and stepped over the dead vampire.

“Huh? Oh. Ow. Ah… totally forgot about this.”

Yoongi didn't bother asking how Hoseok could forget a gaping hole in his shoulder. He was back a minute later, pulling Hoseok to sit down at his small dining table rather than on the couch with the dead vampire at their feet. "Shit, I don't know how to properly treat this,” he hissed, helping Hoseok out of his shirt. There were surely silver fragments in the wound. "We need to reach Junhong."

Hoseok winced and whimpered the whole way he got pulled out of his shirt. “Y-yeah. I— where are our phones?”

"Probaby under the dead vampire," Yoongi grunted, dropping the shirt aside and trying to clean up the bleeding wound. "Knife wound first."

“"You just said that you didn't know how to clean it.” Hoseok said, amused. “We should go call Junhong first. I won't bleed out. And i got extra blood packs in the fridge. So we should be good.”
"At least let me get it wrapped up, okay?" There was far more blood coming out of the wound than he was comfortable with. After a bit Yoongi gave up in trying to clean away traces of silver he couldn't even see, and grabbed the gauze and medical tape. He heard Hoseok sigh, giving in.

At least until Hoseok caught sight of the bruising around Yoongi’s neck. “We should get some cream for your bruises or something,” he frowned.

"Priorities," Yoongi said, attention on what he was doing as he carefully covered the knife wound. "We’ll stop your bleeding, then get a hold of Junhong, then worry about my neck and the dead vampire staining my floor, okay?"

Hoseok sighed, “mmmm…. Just hope everyone else is doing ok…”

"Yeah." As if they hadn't been worried enough before... the dead vampire laying on the floor was more than evidence enough that something terrible was going down.

Once he was satisfied with the bandages wrapped tightly against Hoseok's injury, Yoongi drew in a breath before standing and reluctantly approaching where they’d dropped their phones by the couch. He spotted Hoseok's first, flung by the television, and picked it up.

The screen lit up and his eyes widened. "You have a missed call from Junhong."


Yoongi nodded, doing just that as he walked back to the table. The phone rang and rang, each second thickening the heavy tension in the air.

And finally, Junhong picked up. “Hey! Sorry, sorry. They needed me to help carry some—”

“Junhong go speak outside! I need this room to be quiet.”

“You're literally yelling yourself, Seokjin—”
“Sorry,” Junhong’s voice came on again after the sound of a door closing. “Hey. Everything’s alright here. We got Jungkook out. He's safe. Everyone's alive. Even if boss is…”

A loud sigh, like that itself explained what was going on.

Except it didn't, not really, and after what had just happened neither of them were in a guessing mood. "What do you mean by that? What happened, Junhong?” Yoongi asked.

“Er— he's ok now.” Junhong elaborated. “But as always, boss did something dumb so that he could get Jungkook out safe.”

“He did something dumb?” Hoseok blinked. “What?”

“He er— he drank liquid silver.”

Yoongi's mouth fell open. Just thinking about it was painful. "...Fuck. Why would he... but you said he's alright?"

“Yeah. Seokjin managed to save him. He's resting now. Managed to get some blood in him too.” Junhong sighed, “Jungkook's alright too, a little torn up, but he's strong enough to be stubborn about staying by the boss’ side. Anyway, I'm coming back over. Hope everything’s alright on your side. I trust it was uneventful.”

“Er…” Hoseok looked down at the ground where the dead vampire lay. “Not exactly.”

“What? What do you mean not exactly?”

"Someone broke in through the window and tried to kill us,” Yoongi said, rubbing his throat and following Hoseok's gaze to the vampire. "He's... dead, now. But Hoseok was stabbed with silver."

“Oh. Oh fuck. Shit. Okay, I'll come over as fast as I can! Maybe I'll grab Jongdae-hyung too… just hold tight!”
And with that Junhong’s voice clicked off as he hung up. Hoseok looked up, expression worried. “Taehyung drank liquid silver? What the shit.”

“I don’t know. I’m surprised he’s still alive.” Yoongi hadn’t seen worse than vampires stabbed with silver blades or silver powder thrown in their face, but silver ingested had to throw someone’s body into havoc. “Junhong better tell us what the hell went on.”

“Yeah.” Hoseok sighed before he looked over to the dead vampire. “Maybe we should try cleaning up a bit though… that asshole’s blood is staining the side of your couch.”

Yoongi nodded, drawing in a breath. ”Let’s just… take a minute.”

A short minute to let their heart rates settle down, and hope that whatever had been going on, it was now over.

****

There had been a lot to do after rescuing Jungkook.

They ended up splitting into three groups. One group, consisting of Gyuri and Ryeowook, took care of the fledglings that were found in the building, incapacitating them and taking them to safety where they could be fed and treated for the trauma they’d endured. The second group, Jongdae and Namjoon, brought the two renegade vampires they’d captured to a friendly hunter’s base of operations to lock them up until they had the time to question them. Minji and her mother looked less than pleased by the turn of events, but didn’t turn them away.

And the third group of Seokjin, Jimin and Junhong brought Taehyung and Jungkook back home, once Taehyung’s stomach had been pumped and as much of the silver removed as possible.

It was only a couple hours before dawn when Namjoon arrived back at the penthouse, feeling exhausted down to his bones. Jongdae had told him to go on ahead while he spoke to their hunter allies, and he didn't argue. The brief text updates from Junhong weren't enough to stop him from
worrying over his friends.

Things looked like they had quietened down, the lights were mostly turned off, and it seemed as if
Seokjin had gone into one of the rooms to get a much needed nap. But there was one light on in the
living room, a single person sitting on the couch.

Namjoon paused in the entranceway, just watching the person's profile for a moment. There had
been no time earlier in the night to do more than acknowledge each other, spurred on by the frantic
life and death situation they'd been tossed into.

But for a moment, Namjoon just looked at Jimin, before he exhaled slowly and stepped into the
living room. "...Hey. How's everyone?"

Jimin blinked before looking up, his expression crinkling up into one of happiness and relief. "Hey.
You're here. Yeah, everyone's as good as they can be I guess."

Namjoon crept over to where the bedroom doors were, peering in. He could see Seokjin sleeping in
the guest room. And... it was no surprise that when he looked into Taehyung's room, he saw not just
the vampire laying in his bed, but Jungkook curled up carefully beside him. Seokjin must have been
working with them for hours; the haphazard bandages Namjoon had wrapped around Jungkook's
bite wounds had been swapped for clean, tighter bandages, and the glass cuts on Taehyung's arms
and hands had been treated in the same way. They were both out cold, and the smell of blood hung
thick in the air.

But they were alive, and that was the most important thing.

Sighing in relief, Namjoon went back to the living room and sat down next to Jimin. "You're okay
too, right?"

"Ridiculously okay." Jimin snorted, "maybe a little keyed up. But other than that I'm in the peak of
health."

"That's good." Namjoon gave him a tired smile. "And you're out here keeping watch?"

"The least I can do." Jimin sighed, smiling back. "Like I said. Ridiculously okay and keyed up.
Perfect for keeping watch. What are you, are you okay? You look tired."
"Yeah... well... I think it's been a long night for everyone," Namjoon said, voice quiet. "The Gong clan of hunters are holding onto our captured renegades for us. They're longstanding allies to the Elders."

“Ah.” Jimin sighed, stretching out. “Right. You went to bring our new friends there to lock them up. Too bad we couldn't have a go at them tonight.”

Then he smiled, shifting a little closer. “What are you doing so far away though? Wanna snuggle? I swear I can keep watch just as well.”

Namjoon's mouth opened, then closed. Rather than move closer as normal, bundle Jimin up in a warm embrace, he looked down at his hands. "...I need to ask you something. Just... what are you and Taehyung?"

Jimin blinked at Namjoon, expression turning slowly from warm to confused. “What? What sort of question is that? We're just friends.”

After a moment of struggling with his words, Namjoon decided to just bite the bullet and say it. Ask what he'd been wanting to ask ever since those text messages from Jungkook had come in, and he'd spent half his work shift staring at it, trying to stifle the hurt and think about it rationally.

"Are you two sleeping together?"

Jimin blinked, his eyes widening at the question. He stared at Namjoon for a bit before shaking his head violently. “No! We're not! At least... not anymore.”

Namjoon blinked. "...Not anymore?"

Jimin bit his lip before he sighed, “okay. I have... slept with him before. Several times. But that was before I made that agreement with you. To, you know, start dating, start seeing only each other?”

Namjoon looked at him for a long moment, taking that in. So... had Jungkook been mistaken? Either he had been lying, or Jimin was.
"...That's the thing though," he said, looking down at his hands. "I remember specifically telling you that I didn't mind if you slept around... because of your job or otherwise. You warned me it would be hard, and I said I never expected you to drop all those habits immediately when we were still... getting to know each other."

He scrubbed one hand over his face. "I said that," he spoke quietly, exposing the feelings that had been at war inside him all night. Whenever he wasn’t distracted by the very dangerous situation his friends had found themselves in at least. "But Jungkook texted something about you two sleeping together earlier in the night, and I just... it hurt. I have no right to feel hurt when I agreed to this, but I still feel it."

Jimin blinked again, before his head dropped into his hands. “Geeze, so Jin was right. Jungkook had really come back last night and heard Tae drinking from me and presumed we were having sex.”

Jimin immediately looked up. “For the record, I didn’t sleep with Tae last night. I only gave myself a hand job, because unfortunately, it seems like someone feeding from me gets me horny.”

Something settled in Namjoon’s chest. He gave Jimin a weak smile. "...That's a common reaction when the vampire knows what they're doing," he said finally. "But... all this helped me realize something."

He reached out, movement tentative. His fingers curled around the hunter's own, completely covering the smaller digits. "I don't want to share you, with anyone."

Jimin stared at the fingers curling around his own, a gentle warmth creeping into the hunter’s expression before it suddenly fell again. “I… Namjoon, I have a confession to make.”

Namjoon hated seeing that sad and guilty look on Jimin’s face. "...Yes?"

“I…” Jimin sighed, “I know what you said about being okay with me still sleeping around, but I wanted to do right by you. You're just so sweet and… It didn't seem right to go sleeping around after saying we wanted to give this dating thing a try. But…”

Jimin swallowed, “maybe about a couple of weeks back? A little before we had that movie date? I slipped. I just hadn't had sex in so long, I was showering with Taehyung and… Things happened. Granted it was just a hand job. But…”
And Jimin looked down then. “I'm sorry.”

The vampire's expression fell, but after a moment, he smiled. "Like I said… I wanted to be okay with an uncommitted relationship to start, so… there's nothing to be upset at you over. Thank you for telling me." He paused. "You took a shower with him?"

“We were ass tired and didn't want to wait for each other.” Jimin said before he paused. “At least, I think that was the reason.”

The corner of Namjoon's lips twitched upwards despite himself. "And neither of you thought it might not be a good idea?"

“We were tired, alright,” Jimin sighed. “And I guess I just really wanted human contact. I was getting a little bit touch starved at that point. So, maybe I was willfully ignoring that shit would happen. But the guilty feeling after I did it has been enough to quell any urges so far.”

"Do you still want this?” Namjoon asked, thumb brushing against the back of Jimin's hand. "I mean… do you want… you know…”

Jimin looked back up at Namjoon with a small smile. “Yeah. I do. I mean, I wouldn't have suffered blue balls for weeks if I didn't.”

Namjoon's expression softened, dimples appearing in his warm smile. He used their linked hands to tug Jimin closer, drawing him into his arms as Jimin let out a small sound of surprise. "I think some of that snuggling is in order," he murmured against Jimin's hair.

Jimin chuckled warmly, sinking into Namjoon's embrace. “I wouldn't reject snuggling.”

The vampire's smile widened into a grin, and he pressed a soft kiss to Jimin's temple. "I'm glad you're okay," he admitted. "I was really worried.”

Jimin’s eyes fluttered closed. “Mmm… don't worry about me. I've been surviving ever since I was born. I've come out alright so far.”
"Doesn't mean I'm not going to worry," Namjoon said. His hand smoothed down Jimin's back. "Why don't you get some sleep. I can keep watch for a while."

“I'm really not tired though.” And Jimin shifted so that he was lying back down on Namjoon’s lap, staring up at Namjoon's face. “How about I keep watch on you while you keep watch?”

Namjoon chuckled, one hand covering his face in embarrassment. "I'm not all that interesting to watch.” He looked down at Jimin, fingers carefully brushing locks of hair out of the hunter's face.

“Really?” Jimin grinned, hand reaching up to brush against Namjoon's jaw. “I think you're fascinating.”

That earned a deeper red against Namjoon's cheeks, before he sighed and lightly caught Jimin's hand. He pressed a kiss to the pad of Jimin's thumb. "Charmer.”

Jimin shivered. “You know, I've never had someone treat me the way you do.”

"And that's a shame," Namjoon murmured against Jimin's hand. "You deserve everything and more, Jimin."

Jimin eyes fluttered shut before they open again. “Mmm… I do hope so, because if I believed everyone else, I’d be a useless, no-good slut.”

Namjoon wrinkled his nose. "I don't believe in solving problems with violence, but if I heard anyone call you that, I don't think I'd be able to stop myself from punching their nose in."

Jimin chuckled, “and judging from what the others say, you'd end up accidentally punching their whole face in, so let's leave the murderous intent aside, babe.”

"If you say so." Namjoon settled back against the couch, making himself comfortable and twining their fingers together. Jimin's hand fit in his perfectly. "I don't know what I did to get your attention, but I'd do it again in a heartbeat."
“Just being yourself really.” Jimin grinned, “handsome, gentlemanly, adorable.”

“…I'm not adorable,” Namjoon protested, flushing.

“Yes, you are. Very adorable.” Jimin patted Namjoon's cheek.

“Oh. Wow. I think I might puke.”

Namjoon startled, looking up with wide eyes. He hadn't noticed his sire appear out of the guest bedroom at all. "U-uh… hey, Jin. Did we wake you up?"

“No. I woke up feeling a bit peckish.” Seokjin said dryly. “Unfortunately, this scene is a little bit too sickeningly sweet for me.”

Jimin didn't look at Seokjin, just stuck his middle finger up at the older vampire.

Namjoon's shoulders shook helplessly as he covered Jimin's extended finger and folded it back down, pressing a kiss to the closed fist. "I'm not apologizing for that. You can consider it payback for the amount of times you've dragged me to clubs as your wingman."

Seokjin shrugged, “just a reminder that you met Jimin because I dragged you to a club.”

"I actually met him before that, so joke's on you."

“Second meeting then. Whatever. It just means you two are abominably sweet. Luckily I'm a vampire, so I can't get diabetes.” Seokjin ducked into Taehyung's kitchen, emerging with a blood bag. “I'm going to go back to sleep now.”

"Night, Seokjin," Namjoon sighed. He watched the other vampire go before returning his attention to Jimin. "There's going to be a whole lot of that if we're dating, just so you're warned."

Jimin raised an eyebrow. “I can handle a grumpy old vampire teasing us or walking in on us. Don't worry.”
And Jimin leaned up, pressing a kiss to Namjoon's cheek. “Besides, I've always been a little of an exhibitionist.”

Namjoon flushed. "Uh... good to know." While Jimin was leaning up, he took the opportunity to press a kiss to the hunter's lips in return.

Jimin’s lips curled under the kiss, and he hooked his arms around Namjoon’s neck, pulling him closer so as to deepen the kiss. A low hum of approval escaped against Jimin's mouth, and Namjoon let Jimin lead the kiss, lips parting. His hands supported Jimin's body, loving just how warm and comforting it felt to hold onto his boyfriend.

After a moment, Jimin pulled away, a rueful smile on his face. “Okay. We gotta stop. Otherwise I'm gonna pop a boner.”

Blinking, Namjoon chuckled once he'd regained his senses. "Probably not the time or place for that," he whispered, resting his forehead against Jimin's. "Can I still hold you?"

“Of course.” Jimin giggled, “even I'm not that bad.”

"Just checking," Namjoon teased. They rearranged themselves on the couch, and he sighed in contentment once they were settled, Jimin snug in his arms.

It was going to be a long day, but at least they'd sorted out some important details amongst themselves, and despite everything, Namjoon chose to focus on Jimin as a sign that things were going to be alright.

Chapter End Notes

Yeonah here! Hope you guys liked the conclusion of this arc. What do you guys think will happen next? Let us know in the comments!

Also, to clarify: Curi has fully approved the way I've been ending the chapters. I AM NOT THE ONLY EVIL AUTHOR HERE.

If you're not already, follow us on twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene. Or you can check out the moodboard thread.
Hoseok needed to talk to Seokjin and Namjoon.

It was a realization that he'd come to after the events of two nights ago. He had thought maybe to bring it up in a week or so, but then Seokjin and Namjoon had shown up at his place to pass some extra blood packs, so he thought he'd seize the chance.

“Wait,” Seokjin was blinking at him, surprised. “You want to what?”

“Er… you said that you were going to teach me how to fight. And erm. Well. I wanna learn. As soon as I can.” Hoseok fidgeted a little nervously under Seokjin’s startled gaze.

Yoongi looked up as well from where he sat on the edge of Hoseok's couch. They’d moved back to Hoseok and Jimin's apartment, since Yoongi's was obviously no longer safe. The human probably would have to move now, but that was a headache to deal with at another time. When things had settled down a little.

Namjoon glanced at Seokjin, just as surprised as the older vampire. "Erm… well, alright.” But Hoseok could see the surprise was slowly giving way to understanding; they all knew about how Hoseok and Yoongi had been attacked after all. Hoseok figured it wasn't that unreasonable to demand fighting lessons after all of that.

But Namjoon continued, surprising Hoseok a little with what he said next. "We were actually already thinking about giving you some training. But we were just waiting for you to be a bit more settled, and then that whole near abduction thing happened. We figured the best people to train with would be one of Taehyung's enforcers, like Jongdae. They're just... a little tied up at the moment..."

“So training me will have to wait until Taehyung wakes up?” At Namjoon's nod, Hoseok’s shoulders deflated a little. “Ah. I guess that would be better.” He had wanted to start as soon as possible. With all the trouble they had had the past few days, Hoseok realized he couldn't afford to not be able to not know how to fight anymore. Especially not if Yoongi was going to hang around.

Seokjin was eyeing Hoseok before he sighed. “If you're that anxious to start, I could probably teach you the basics until someone more seasoned is free enough to take over.”
Namjoon blinked at his sire. "You never tried teaching *me* how to fight."

Seokjin glanced over at Namjoon. “Didn't need to. I would just need to trip you, and somehow you'd probably bring the building down onto whoever you were fighting.”

Namjoon opened his mouth to protest, then seemed to think better of it.

Yoongi frowned, watching them. "…Well if Hoseok's going to be training, I'm not letting him do it alone."

Seokjin blinked at Yoongi's sudden interjection before frowning. “Actually, you shouldn't. Practice with Hoseok, that is. At least not for the first couple of practices. He doesn't know his own strength yet. Don't know what accidents could happen.”

The human's lips thinned a little, obviously not happy with that. Namjoon looked between them, before turning to Seokjin. "Maybe… we can see if someone in the Gong clan can give him some pointers." Or maybe Jimin could… but the fact that he was a hunter wasn't known by his roommate or his roommate's friend yet.

Seokjin sighed, “Minji gives me a headache.” — but Hoseok knew Seokjin enough to know that meant that Seokjin would still ask, albeit grudgingly.

"If Jongdae wasn't so busy, we could send him. He has a field day talking to them." Namjoon shook his head, looking over at Yoongi. "You okay with that?" Yoongi nodded, expression set.

Hoseok sighed, knowing full well he wouldn't be able to convince Yoongi now that he'd made up his mind. “Alright. Just let me know when we start. I'll clear my schedule for it.”

“Don't worry, I have your schedule. I'll figure something out.” Seokjin sighed, “is there anything else you wanna ask us before we leave? I need to go back and check on Taehyung.”

“Yeah. I wanted to ask how Taehyung is doing.” Hoseok nibbled a little in his lip. “You said he was out of danger the last time?”
“Yeah. But still gotta monitor him closely. The silver did a lot of damage to his insides. It's gonna take a while for him to heal.’

"He still hasn't woken up?” Yoongi asked.

Namjoon shook his head. "But it's not all that surprising. Jungkook hasn't moved from his side, so he's keeping an eye on him, along with whichever enforcer is free."

Hoseok's lips pursed and he sighed. It was good Taehyung was out of the woods but he'd hoped for better news "I hope he'll wake up soon. Jungkook must be worried sick."

“I hope Taehyung wakes up soon too. Jungkook is being a stubborn ass and making my job hard. He barely eats.” Seokjin huffed.

"How does that make anything better?” Yoongi frowned.

"It doesn't, but I think we've already established neither of them think clearly when it comes to the other," Namjoon chuckled tiredly, stepping back towards the door. "Junhong should be by to check in soon, call us if anything comes up, alright?"

“Yeah.” Hoseok paused before he reached out, giving in to the urge to grab and squeeze the two older vampires’ arms. “The two of you be careful too.”

“I'm always careful.” Seokjin joked, before squeezing back. “It's Namjoon you gotta give that advice to.”

"I don't get into that much trouble," Namjoon sighed, giving Hoseok a smile and patting the hand on his arm. "Have a good night. We'll let you know if there's any new developments."

“Okay, you too.” Hoseok watched as both Seokjin and Namjoon filed out of the house, all of them saying their last goodbyes before Hoseok closed the door.
Hoseok picked up the small cooler that Seokjin had left, starting to bring it over to his room. “I can’t believe you actually voluntarily signed up for physical activity, hyung.”

Yoongi grumbled, settling back down on the couch. "Between physical activity or getting strangled by another asshole with fangs, I can suck it up and learn few tricks." His neck was still adorned by colourful bruises, in the middle of fading from purple to yellow and every shade in between. And looking at them made something in Hoseok's chest lurk uncomfortably. "What about you?"

“I would have needed to learn anyway.” Hoseok shrugged, eyes lingering on Yoongi's neck for a while. “And well, in this climate, gotta make sure I can get at least the both of us out of trouble, right?”

"And if you're going to be fighting your way out of trouble, I better be there to make sure you don't accidentally eviscerate yourself on a pole." Yoongi smirked tiredly at him.

Hoseok sighed, “you could just watch me without learning yourself. But I guess… this is ultimately your decision.”

"I told you, and I'll keep telling you until you get it. We're in this together. We'll watch each other's backs. Right?"

“Yeah.” Hoseok finally relented, rubbing his neck. “Yeah we will.”

Yoongi could tell Hoseok wasn't very happy with his decision, but he wasn't taking it back. "Put that away so we can finish your sitcom."

“Alright,” Hoseok sighed, “oh. I think Seokjin-hyung also brought more bruise cream for your neck.”

"He did?" Yoongi touched one hand to his neck. "I'll use it before sleeping, my neck doesn't feel as sore right now."

Hoseok’s eyes lingered on the bruises again, before he swallowed. As if that could calm the lurch in his stomach. “Yeah. I'll leave it by your bedside then.”
"Alright. Thanks." Yoongi tried giving Hoseok a small smile.

But Hoseok couldn't return it. He could only turn swiftly around, walking over to his room to finally pack the blood packs in the cooler into his fridge. He was tempted to just stay in his room, but Hoseok knew that Yoongi would only come into his room to check on him if he took too long. So, it only took a few moments before Hoseok was back, sitting besides Yoongi quietly.

The odd silence stretched across the moment.

"...Hobi?"

Yoongi looked worried. Hoseok understood. It usually unnerved people when Hoseok was too quiet and pensive. They were too used to Hoseok acting as the personification of sunshine.

But Hoseok found it hard to act anything cheerful when worry and guilt was clogging his stomach. He'd always worn his heart on his sleeve anyway.

“...yeah?”

"We're going to be fine." And Hoseok felt the light nudge in his shoulder — such a Min Yoongi way of comforting, "Alright?"

Hoseok sighed, before he gave in, snuggling into Yoongi's side. He didn't say anything, because he didn't know what to say. He just pressed his lips and nose gingerly against Yoongi's neck, breathing in the comforting scent, feeling Yoongi's pulse jump beneath his lips, a comforting reminder that the human was still alive.

But he could tell Yoongi was still waiting for Hoseok to say something. And so he said, “I just don't like seeing you hurt. My wound from last night has already healed, but your neck is still this colourful sunset of colours.”

There was a pause, and then Yoongi sighed, arm wrapping loosely around Hoseok's shoulders as he closed his eyes."I've always bruised easily," Yoongi said quietly. "I'm fine, Hoseok. It doesn't hurt all that much anymore. You saved me before it could become worse."
“I still don't like it.” Hoseok huffed against Yoongi’s neck.

"I guessed that," Yoongi said, and Hoseok could practically hear his lips quirking into a small, fond grin. "Take it easy." He tweaked a few strands of Hoseok's hair.

“How do I take it easy when you're getting hurt like this?” Hoseok pouted, but he sighed, pulling up so he could look at Yoongi properly. “You're my best friend, hyung. I don't think I could bear to lose you.”

Yoongi just shook his head. "I'm not going anywhere. So smile, alright? Doom and gloom doesn’t suit you."

“Then try not to get hurt so much.” Hoseok sighed, “just promise me you’ll try?”

"Yeah. I promise."

“Okay.” Hoseok finally pulled his face away, shifting so that he was just leaning against Yoongi instead. “Okay.”

****

For the past two nights, Taehyung hadn't moved from where they'd laid him down on his bed.

Seokjin came in and out regularly, changing bandages and checking the visible injuries left by the liquid silver in Taehyung's mouth. Blood was administered through tubes in his arm, slowly flushing out what had been poisoned by the silver that made it into his veins. If Seokjin hadn't been able to pump his stomach quickly enough, or dilute the silver further, it was doubtful Taehyung would still be alive.

But while his body slowly mended itself from the inside out, he remained still and silent.
Jungkook had not left his side the whole two nights Taehyung was out. And it was doubtful that he would leave even if Taehyung did wake up. He refused most of the food Seokjin tried to pile on him, not having much of an appetite. He mostly slept as well, he himself recuperating from that ordeal. And when he wasn’t, he kept vigilant watch over Taehyung, gingerly curled up against Taehyung’s side, afraid to jostle the elder’s form too much.

Right now though, he'd fallen back asleep, lulled into slumber after almost five hours of quiet staring, his thoughts echoing hollowly inside his head. And he'd allowed himself one hand on Taehyung’s sleeve, clutching desperately to it like a lifeline.

The rest of the penthouse was quiet, only Ryeowook in with them just then, sitting out in the living room and keeping watch.

So no one noticed when Taehyung’s fingers twitched.

His return to consciousness was slow, like moving through mud. Fingers curling against the blankets, Taehyung’s eyebrows furrowed a little and his lips parted to draw in a rattling, pained breath.

The breath ended in a series of hoarse coughs, even the mere act of breathing painful. But Taehyung’s eyes cracked open, and for a moment he found himself looking at Jungkook's sleeping face before he had to close them again.

He took that moment just to take stock of his injuries, of all the places it hurt, how drawing in too much air felt like fire down his throat and chest. Then he tried again, eyes cracking halfway open and vision gradually focusing on the human's face.

Jungkook’s eyes were open.

The human had probably woken when Taehyung had started to cough. But there was a blankness in his eyes that meant he wasn’t fully awake yet. He had always been hard to wake up in the mornings after all. But after a moment, he straightened, before shifting a little. “...Hyung?”

Taehyung found it hard to concentrate on his surroundings. But he recognized Jungkook. And after a moment of just staring at each other, Taehyung’s lips slowly pulled into a small, boxy grin that spoke of endless relief.

And Jungkook — Jungkook, that silly little baby — looked like he was just about to cry. “Hyung… you're awake. O-oh… I… I should go get Jin-hyung.”
Taehyung blinked slowly at Jungkook, shifting a little on the bed in an effort to see him better. He didn’t move all that much, but something tugged on his arm and he looked down to see Jungkook’s fingers curled around his sleeve.

Lips quirking a little, Taehyung shifted his hand to cover Jungkook’s, squeezing.

Jungkook blinked at the touch, before looking down and looking surprised to see that he’d still been clutching onto Taehyung’s sleeve. And at the warm hand, the tears began to fall in earnest from Jungkook’s eyes. “H-hyung… oh… hyung… I’m so glad you’re okay.”

The vampire couldn't help the way his expression fell a little at the tears dripping down Jungkook's cheeks. He lifted his hand, clumsily reaching out and brushing his thumb against the tears to wipe them away. His throat worked, lips parting after a moment.

"...Are you okay?" His voice was just a hoarse murmur, unable to speak louder.

“H-hyung… don’t speak… your throat…” Jungkook hiccuped, catching Taehyung’s hand. “I-I… I’ll go get Jin-hyung… Just… stay here okay?”

Taehyung shook his head. His fingers wrapped loosely around Jungkook's, and tugged the human closer on the bed.

Jungkook let out a soft sound of worry. Sniffling, “hyung… you’re hurt. Your throat… someone should check up on it.”

But Taehyung just tugged lightly on Jungkook's hand again, before opening his arms in a clear invitation.

Jungkook sniffled again before he finally relented, carefully shifting closer so he could bury himself into Taehyung's arms.

It took but another small snifflle, and then Jungkook let out a sob, the feelings of relief and guilt palpable in the sound. “H-hyung… I-I-I’m so s-s-s-sorry, h-h-hyung…”
And Taehyung smiled, even as his hand sluggishly lifted to muse his fingers into Jungkook's hair, the pads lightly massaging the back of the human's scalp. He let Jungkook cry in his arms, eyes remaining at half-mast.

"I..." he croaked, swallowing painfully and trying again. "Glad you're okay, K-kookie."

"Y-you... shouldn't s-speak, h-hyung." Jungkook gasped out, but he curled yet tighter around Taehyung. "I w-was so s-scared that I lo-lost you-huhuhhh."

Taehyung's lips curled. "Hyung's... tougher than that," he whispered, massaging the back of Jungkook's neck, a familiar action whenever Jungkook was upset. "Sorry for s-scaring you."

But Jungkook shook his head. "I-it was my fault. I-I was... s-stupid. I knew t-that it was danger-dangerous but I s-still did s-something so s-stupid."

"No," Taehyung murmured, hand smoothing along Jungkook's back, desperate to comfort. "It's not your f-f... Not your fault," he swallowed, frustration flashing across his expression as his voice caught and flickered out around his words, attempting to speak louder to counter it.

As if sensing Taehyung's distress, Jungkook immediately looked up, pulling a bit out the hug. "Hyung. Shhhh... please, d-don't strain yourself."

Taehyung looked into Jungkook's eyes, staring into them as if he could read Jungkook's mind that way, discern his thoughts. After a moment, he managed a small smile. "...Not your fault," he whispered, the words carried more by the shape of his lips than the air forced through his damaged throat.

"Of course you'd say that, s-stupid hyung." Jungkook snorted, wiping his eyes. "I'm still sorry. I didn't mean to say w-what I said that day. I s-shouln't have hung around those people in the first place. I'm s-sorry."

Taehyung reached out, brushing the hair out of Jungkook's eyes. "I'm sorry too. For... not telling you w-what was... was happening."

"You should b-be," Jungkook chuckled a little, the sound still wet. "But I forgave you before I even was angry at you."

"I was..." and Taehyung wasn't quite sure if he wasn't quite sure if he was struggling because of his impaired voice, or because he wasn't sure what to say. Probably a strong mix of both. But after a
moment he tried again. "I was t-treating you like... like you're still ten. But you're n-not anymore, you're gro-own up now. Right?"

Jungkook blinked at Taehyung, “I... I guess? But I don't mind hyung spoiling me. You love spoiling me.”

"But how do you want to be treated, Kook?” Taehyung asked, meeting his eyes.

Jungkook’s eyebrows furrowed, and he seemed a little confused, beginning to open his mouth to answer when the door unceremoniously slammed open.

“Kim Taehyung.” Seokjin said with an all too unamused look. “Of course you would try talking despite the obvious condition of your throat.”

Taehyung could barely turn his head to look at the door. But he knew when he saw Seokjin's face that he was in trouble, and immediately put on his best 'who, me?' expression of wide-eyed confusion and innocence.

“Yes. You. Seriously.” Seokjin rolled his eyes. “Jungkook, I thought I told you to come get me when he woke u— nevermind, he probably stopped you. Idiot.”

That earned a wrinkled nose from Taehyung, who tried to sit up and winced.

“Sit. Back. Down.” Seokjin bellowed, looking almost comically stern. “Seriously, else I'm going to make your bed rest the most boring experience as I possibly can. Jungkook, now that he's awake, can you please go to the kitchen and eat a proper meal? I need you out of the bed to give him a proper check up anyway.”

Cowed back into lying down, Taehyung spotted Ryeowook standing behind Seokjin at the door. Immediately he knew just who'd called Seokjin to inform him his patient was awake, and mouthed 'traitor' at his enforcer. Ryeowook just raised one eyebrow at him.

Looking back at Jungkook, Taehyung gave the human a small smile. One finger reached out, poking Jungkook's belly.
Jungkook yelped a little, eyes wide, before he flushed, “I just wasn’t hungry.” He said, right before his stomach made a loud, growling sound.

Taehyung wrinkled his nose at Jungkook, and his fingers tickled the human's belly in punishment.


All of them watched Jungkook crawl out of bed, wobbling at little bit when he first stood up, because this was the first time in two days, other than the times he’d gone to the toilet, properly standing up.

“Eat everything up okay? I made your favourites.” Seokjin yelled after Jungkook, even as the human lumbered out of the room. The only acknowledgement he got was a small grunt.

“Yeesh. He’s only sweet to you.” Seokjin snorted as he moved over to the bed.

Taehyung was watching Jungkook go with a soft, fond smile. He blinked and lifted his gaze back up to Seokjin when the vampire stopped beside him. ”H-how… how is everyone?” he rasped.

“They’re fine, unlike you, idiot who has a pretty much ruined throat. Stop trying to speak.” Seokjin gently slapped Taehyung’s hand before pulling out a small flashlight from his pocket. “Open your mouth. Let me see.”

Taehyung held back the undoubtedly sassy response he would have given had it not hurt like a bitch to talk, opening his mouth. The skin on his lips had mostly healed at least, though they did feel cracked and on the verge of bleeding.

Seokjin shone the light down Taehyung’s mouth, staring inside. And after a while he sighed, “man, it’s like… volcanic rock in here. Even after dilution, the silver did a good number of damage on your esophagus. Thankfully, most of the silver got stuck on the way down so your stomach isn’t that badly damaged.”

The other vampire couldn't really respond with the flashlight in his mouth, so he just lifted one hand in a thumbs up.
“That’s not a fucking good thing you idiot.” Seokjin slapped away Taehyung’s thumbs up without looking. “It’s just something to be thankful for, because you could have fucking died, but because it didn’t happen you didn’t.”

Hand flopping back to the bed, Taehyung resigned himself to being unable to so much as sigh in response to Seokjin's rants. He waited for the doctor to finish with his inspection, listening to the distant sound of a chair scraping against the floor in the kitchen.

Seokjin settled back into silence, doing some other check ups. But after a while he said, “he’s not ready to have that kind of serious talk yet. He’s still reeling from you nearly dying in front of him.”

Taehyung's shoulders slumped a little. With Seokjin finally done inspecting the inside of his mouth, he was able to answer with a croaked “sorry.”

Seokjin scowled, “yah. Just because I finished checking your mouth doesn't mean you can talk. And nothing to be sorry for. It was just in case you were wondering why I stopped your little heart to heart.”

The other vampire wrinkled his nose at him, before lifting one hand and miming writing on the air.

Seokjin rolled his eyes. “Jesus. Use your fucking phone if you wanna talk that bad. What age are you stuck in? Pen and paper.”

Taehyung blinked blankly up at Seokjin before very pointedly patting down his pant pockets, empty and phone-free.

Seokjin blinked before his mouth dropped open into an ‘o’, “it's in the drawer by your bedside—don't. Move. I'll get it for you.”

Taehyung lifted both hands, clasping his palms together with a pained but cheeky grin.

“I could just, not give you your phone, you know. Save me the headache.” Seokjin said with narrowed eyes, but he went by the drawer, pulling out Taehyung's phone for him. “Don't make me regret this.”
Taehyung took the offered phone. He typed away on it quietly as Seokjin resumed his check ups, before finally showing Seokjin the screen. What did I miss?

Seokjin eyed Taehyung before sighing. “Nothing much. After you were finished being an Idiot, we cleared the place up and captured two of the minions we found loitering about the place. They're with the Gong hunters right now. Jongdae is probably interrogating them right now.”

The Elder's eyes, still glazed over with the dull pain settled in his body, sharpened a bit at that. It took him a moment to clumsily type a response on his phone. Did they talk yet?

“Not that I know of. But you know Jongdae. He’s always been better at the slow torture.” Seokjin shrugged.

Taehyung nodded, hands lowering. He let Seokjin work in peace for a few more minutes, before he asked something else. Has Jungkook been okay?

“Jungkook? Define ok. He's been glued to your side. Physically, he's fine. That boy has a terrifying immune system. He didn't really eat while you were unconscious, but we got enough food in him that he's fine.”

Nodding, Taehyung bit on his lower lip, then winced when that hurt. Then he typed out a single word, showing Seokjin the screen. Mentally?

Seokjin paused, before letting out a sigh. “I'm not sure. He's been sleeping most of the two days. I don't think he's had much time to process. But… I think. He definitely blames himself for what happened. And he saw Chanshik die right before his eyes…”

Taehyung's expression dimmed at his enforcer's name, hands falling back down to the bed. He'd been so angry when they found Chanshik's body, furious that someone could kill him and just leave him there like a pile of trash. But there had been no time to grieve, because Jungkook had been in life-threatening danger.

There wasn't much that could be said, nothing that he could type out into coherent words. Chanshik was gone, and only time would tell how Jungkook recovered. Nodding, Taehyung exhaled slowly through his nose and closed his eyes, feeling so exhausted.
Seokjin paused, before reaching out and squeezing Taehyung’s hand. “You don’t have to bear all this all alone, you know.” Seokjin said after a while. “You have that bad habit. Not letting people see your vulnerabilities. But… I think it would be good to depend on others once in a while. Especially Jungkook. The boy is stronger than you might think.”

Taehyung’s eyes opened again, looking up at the doctor. The corner of his lips twitched, not into a full smile but a ghost of one.

"…I’m depending on you, aren’t I?” he whispered hoarsely.

“Only because you have no fucking choice.” Seokjin rolled his eyes, slapping Taehyung’s thigh. “Anyway. Check up’s done. You’re fine. Well not fine. You’re as expected as an idiot who drank silver liquid is. It’ll take you at least a week before you can start speaking normally. But once we hit that and your throat lining has healed enough to allow you to drink, you should heal faster from there.”

Somehow, Taehyung still managed to inject a childish whine into his completely fried voice. "A week?"

“Yes. A week. Whine more and I’ll make it two.” Seokjin slapped Taehyung's thigh again. “Now I'm going to let Jungkook come back in and you two can go back to being adorably sweet. As long as you don't talk.”

Taehyung’s smile widened. But he held up one finger before picking up his phone, slowly typing away and squinting to better focus on the screen.

He showed the phone to Seokjin. Aren’t you going to ask me which is better, getting fried on the inside or outside?

“Jesus—” And Seokjin took off his slipper and chucked it right at Taehyung. “Jungkook come in and collect your hyung! He's being ridiculous.”

The slipper bounced off Taehyung’s head, a disgruntled noise escaping before he started coughing.

Jungkook opened the door, only to nearly trip over his feet when he heard the coughs, scrambling over to the bed. “Hyung?”
Taehyung managed to stifle the coughs, relying on the fact vampires didn't have to breathe. He picked up Seokjin's slipper from the bed beside him, holding it out to Jungkook with his patented kicked puppy expression.

Jungkook braked so fast when he came by the bed that there was practically smoke coming up from his heels. He blinked at the slipper, taking it from Taehyung with a confused look on his face. “What?”

Taehyung mimed throwing it at Seokjin's turned back.

Seokjin blinked as well just as Jungkook’s eyes lit up in understanding and so was wholly unprepared when a slipper cracked over his head with surprising force. “Ow!”

“Oh shit.” Jungkook's eyes widened in alarm. “I'm so sorry.”

Taehyung's whole body shook with the effort to hold in his laughter. A strangled snort escaped before turning into a flurry of unstoppable coughs. He pulled the blanket over his head, somehow still managing to wheeze out a giggle every now and then between all the coughing.

"KIM TAEHYUNG, YOU ARE NOT TOO INJURED FOR ME TO THROW ANOTHER SLIPPER AT YOU. STOP FUCKING LAUGHING.”

The other vampire managed to stop the painful mixture of laughs and coughs — though from the way the mass of blankets continued to quiver, it was a near thing.

“I give up.” Seokjin threw his arms up dramatically, “you can go die in a ditch. Jungkook you can cuddle him, but just try not to press too hard against his chest.”

“Yes, sir.” Jungkook said immediately, still staring wide-eyed at Seokjin as he practically stormed out of the room.

Calming down after a moment, Taehyung pulled the blanket off of his face to watch Seokjin go. His eyes lifted to Jungkook before softening, and he reached out, hand touching the human's.
Jungkook jumped a little before looking down at Taehyung, his eyes still wide. “I smacked Jin-hyung with a slipper.”

Taehyung’s lips quirked into a small grin. He found his phone where it had fallen on the bed beside him, letting go of Jungkook’s hand to type out a small reply and show it to the human. *That was the funniest thing I've seen in a month.*

Jungkook looked back down at Taehyung, letting out a small whine. “Hyung… you made me smack Jin-hyung with a slipper.”

*He smacked me with one first, and I'm his patient.* Taehyung dropped his phone after that, patting the space on the bed beside him.

“But you didn't need to make me your accomplice.” Jungkook sighed, but obediently crawled into bed, curling up besides Taehyung.

Taehyung smiled, shifting a little to better see Jungkook. His arm wrapped loosely around the human's shoulders, hand massaging at the back of Jungkook's neck at the tense muscles there.

Jungkook relaxed a little at the touch before letting out a sigh, gently shifting so he could wrap is arms around Taehyung as well. “I'm glad you're okay, hyung.”

"...'M glad you are too," Taehyung whispered. He closed his eyes, listening to the human's steady heartbeat. "I c-can't sing tonight... would you sing for me?"

Jungkook breathed out, “of course. Anything for you, hyung. Any song requests?”

"Mm... something happy," Taehyung said, tweaking a few locks of Jungkook's hair.

“Happy?” Jungkook pursed his lips, and after a moment, began to sing the first song that had popped into his head, which was ‘you are my sunshine.’
Taehyung couldn't help the warm smile that formed on his lips as he listened to Jungkook's sweet voice. It brought a healing effect all it's own, the steady pain radiating through his chest and throat more bearable as Jungkook's song filled the room.

He began to drift a little as the song continued on. And he thought he felt the press of lips against the side of his hair, but he wasn't quite sure.

("I love you, hyung.” Jungkook whispered, he voice strangely broken as he curled up into Taehyung’s side.

He knew sleep wouldn't come as easy for him as it did for Taehyung.")

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"Is it just me," was Jongdae's opening line the moment he stepped through the doorway into the air-conditioned comfort of Seokjin and Namjoon's apartment, "or has the past week felt longer than the last whole year combined?"

“Just you.” Seokjin quipped from where he was watching over the microwave in the kitchen. “For me it was just the past four days.”

Jongdae slipped off his shoes, looking around the apartment as he headed into the kitchen to find the older vampire. "Since your patient woke up and started looking for ways to amuse himself? Where's your clumsy child?"

“Namjoon’s out with his lover boy. They're taking the chance to spend some quality time together.” Seokjin paused as the microwave beeped and he opened it, pulling out the two mugs of blood inside. “And your boss is a nutcase.”

Jongdae leaned against the counter with a wry grin. "I knew that 300-ish years ago when he nearly roasted alive saving my sorry ass."
"Ugh. That. Okay that was still worse. He stunk up my house, and was equally annoying when he got bored." Seokjin handed one mug to Jongdae. "You like AB right?"

"You know my favourite blood type, I'm flattered," Jongdae said with a chuckle, taking the mug and cradling it between his hands. "Is he also throwing a fit about needing blood bags? Man, I wish I was there to see that."

"Thankfully, Jungkook is here this time to appease him.″ Seokjin snorted, "I send him in with a mug of blood and Taehyung thankfully shuts up because he knows Jungkook would offer his own if he said anything. Little does he know Jungkook would literally jizz himself if Taehyung did feed on him."

"Those two are the world's worst drama," Jongdae rolled his eyes, turning to walk to the couch. "It's not even fun anymore to watch Jungkook pine over his oblivious ass, it's just sad."

Seokjin paused at that. "Tae… Might not be so oblivious any more."

The other vampire slowed down, looking back at Seokjin with a raised eyebrow. "Come again?"

Seokjin let out a soft whine. "Well, I might have let the cat out of the bag. On accident."

Jongdae blinked at him. "...I'm actually not sure if that makes it better or worse."

Seokjin groaned, "I know. I didn't mean to. But I ran into Jungkook at the donors club and he was in such distress I knew it was because of Tae. Then I realized why, I just blurt it out."

"What did Taehyung do this time?″ Jongdae continued on to sit down on the couch, sipping at the cup of blood and humming.

"Ironically, nothing actually. It was a misunderstanding. He drank from Jimin, Kook came in at the wrong time and presumed he was also having sex with Jimin.″ Seokjin snorted.

Jongdae blinked at Seokjin over his mug. "Well, it's not that much of a misunderstanding, they used to fuck pretty regularly up until a few weeks ago. I assume it has something to do with Jimin cozying
up to your child instead, but as long as they're not throwing innuendo at each other while we're checking nests I couldn't care less.

"I know, but Jungkook must have felt hurt seeing it right in his face." Seokjin shrugged, "enough to do something stupid like go to the donors club."

"That was a mess just waiting to happen," Jongdae sighed. "But even if they had been sleeping together at that moment — forgetting for a second Jimin and Namjoon are a thing — it's not as if Taehyung would have been doing anything wrong. He didn't know Jungkook's been pining over him, and it's not like Jungkook's made any attempt to do more than mope about it when Taehyung's not looking."

Seokjin sighed at that. "True. Jungkook is, for better or for worse, always thinking that he's not good enough for Tae. He's not a coward, that's for sure. But he's so afraid that Taehyung will hate him."

Jongdae's nose wrinkled a little. "There is literally nothing Jungkook could do that would make that happen. He could kill someone in cold blood and Taehyung would help him hide the body."

"We know that, but Jungkook doesn't, and on some days I'm grateful for that because Jungkook would be a terror if he abused Taehyung's love for him," Seokjin sighed. "Taehyung never told me the details of how Jungkook's family treated him, but I still see the lasting traces of emotional abuse."

Nodding, Jongdae chewed on his lower lip. "I can't remember ever hearing him talk back to or question Taehyung at all, it was something I was hoping would change as he got older."

Seokjin sighed, "hasn't happened yet. And I'm not sure if it ever will. Ugh. Thinking about it is depressing. Let's talk about something else. How's your interrogation going."

"I thought you wanted to talk about something less depressing," Jongdae snorted, but he made himself more comfortable on the couch. "One of them cracked and gave me a couple names. Junhong's looking them up, and when he gets a match, we move. I think the other one will cave in another day or so, he's a little hardier, but... well. I have my ways."

“Interrogation is fun,” Seokjin grinned, “and isn't it good news that one of them cracked? Bet you're having lots of fun working on that second one.”
"Who do you take me for?" But Jongdae was grinning back. "Honestly Seokjin, I'm hurt."

"Hurt by what? The fact that you're a right sadist?" Seokjin raised an eyebrow. "If you don't enjoy such things then I guess I'll keep my box of toys."

Jongdae's eyes danced over the rim of his cup. "You're just as bad for having those in the first place. Poor Namjoon must be scared to clean under your bed, lest he see something requiring eye bleach."

"Oh please. He doesn't touch my room." Seokjin shook his head. "He knows better."

"And he's not coming back anytime soon?" Jongdae finished his cup, placing it aside before he shifted closer on the couch. "We could use a little... destressing, after the last few days. And teaching Hoseok how to fight can't be that strenuous."

"Hoseok is still trying to figure out how to move fast without slamming into something." Seokjin chuckled, "and why did you think I invited you over anyways? I made sure Namjoon would be out all night. He's sleeping over at Jimin’s."

"It wasn't to commiserate on your patient being a pain in the ass?" Jongdae asked, fingers trailing circles against Seokjin's knee.

"Well, I'm pretty sure your boss is also getting on your nerves, bugging you for constant update reports." Seokjin hummed, sliding his free foot up Jongdae’s leg.

"I never said he wasn't." Jongdae reached out, fingers extracting the cup from Jin's hands and placing it aside as well. "But enough about him, he's not the one whose dick I plan on sucking."

"For a self-proclaimed sadist, you do have an abnormal interest in choking on my dick." Seokjin said fondly.

"I'm an equal opportunity sadist. Isn't that all the rage these days?" With everyone's hands free, Jongdae's fingers curled into Seokjin's collar and pulled him into a hard kiss.

Chapter End Notes
More floof and snuggles kekeke

Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter? :) And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here! Seokjin's moodboard has recently been posted up, so you can go check that out too.
"How's homework coming along, Kookie?"

Taehyung draped himself over Jungkook's shoulders from behind, cheek smushed against the kid's hair as he peered at the complicated math problems in the textbook. "Those look gross."

Jungkook made a sort of farting sort of noise, trying to look up at his hyung. "They are gross. Hyung, can't I just not do homework?"

"I said it's fine, but I was overruled. By Jin hyung, Namjoonie, Jongdae, Ryeowook, Gyuri..." Taehyung ticked off the names on his fingers. "Basically everyone. So if we want Jin hyung to keep feeding us, I'm afraid you're stuck with homework, bunny."

Jungkook pouted with a sigh. "Jin hyung's food is unfairly delicious."

"I know." Taehyung poked Jungkook's cheek, still chubby with baby fat even though he was almost 13. "Tell you what. Finish the next page, and we'll break for some games, yeah?"

Jungkook's eyes lit up. "Okay hyung! I wanna play Mario Kart! I'm almost done with the page. So just wait a bit!"

"You show those gross equations who's boss," Taehyung grinned. His fingers mussed through Jungkook's hair before he headed into the kitchen to put together some snacks for their gaming time.

Taehyung would be the first person to admit that when he'd taken in Jungkook, he'd jumped straight into the whole 'looking after a kid' thing without looking. As Jongdae had stared him in the eyes and flatly told him, a human child wasn't like looking after a hamster or a dog. But nearly three years in, they'd settled into a comfortable rhythm.

And he'd be lying if he said he didn't like Jungkook's presence around the apartment, his laughter and smiles breathing life into the space that had always seemed too big and quiet for Taehyung by himself.
It was also made easier by the fact that Jungkook was somehow still grossly enamoured by Taehyung, hanging on his every word like a puppy. And yet despite how spoiled he was — Taehyung was seriously terrible at telling the boy ‘no’ — Jungkook was still at heart, a good kid, and he never took Taehyung’s love and doting for granted, instead seeing that as reason to do whatever he could to make Taehyung proud.

It took Jungkook less than ten minutes to solve the last few problems. And soon, he was running to the kitchen with gleeful joy. “Hyung! Hyung! I’m done with the page!”

Taehyung looked up from where he was setting the bowl of chips down, a wide, box-shaped grin appearing on his lips. "You are? That's my smart cinnamon bunny!" He bundled Jungkook into a hug. "You're so much smarter than your hyung."

Jungkook giggled, happily wrapping his arms around Taehyung. They were getting longer as puberty kicked in, and almost circled Taehyung’s waist completely. “That's a lie hyung, I know you're really, really smart.”

"Am I?" Taehyung pulled one of his funny faces, wrinkling his nose and crossing his eyes before tickling Jungkook's sides. "Go set up Mario Kart, go go!"

Jungkook let out a shriek, tearing himself out of Taehyung's arms and half tumbling out of the kitchen. “Don't take too long hyung! Or I'll take dibs on Waluigi!”

"Aw, but Waluigi's my favourite!" Taehyung watched him go with a small grin, before turning and piling more snacks and drinks onto the tray. Once he was satisfied, he carried the tray into the living room. Jungkook had already set up the game, the bouncy music already in full gear. But just as Jungkook turned around to look at Taehyung expectantly, the doorbell rang.

Jungkook blinked, pausing. He wasn't expecting anyone today. "Hold that thought." He placed the tray down on the coffee table and walked to the door.

He was already reaching for the door before a scent he hadn't caught in a couple decades registered in his brain. Extended hand pausing for a moment, a slow grin spread across Taehyung’s face before he unlocked the door and pulled it open.

"Just like you to show up unannounced after all this time."
A tall, handsome man stood outside the door, a warm expression on his face. He was doing his best to seem unassuming — dressed in a simple dress shirt and plain pants, but anyone who had spent a good amount of time around vampires would know better. There was just an aura to this man — a powerful aura just like Taehyung’s, when Taehyung wasn’t actively being a little shit to hide it. It was in the way he carried himself, grace and power coiled within each minute movement.

This man was a vampire. Not just that, but a vampire Taehyung knew dearly.

Taehyung’s grin widened, and he reached out to pull his longtime mentor and friend into a tight hug. "It's been forever, hyung. I thought you forgot all about me."

“It's a little hard to forget about you, Tae-yah.” The man laughs, reaching up to ruffle Taehyung's hair. “Especially since you're always the star topic of gossip.”

"Who's been talking about me now," Taehyung snorted, pulling away to let the other vampire in. "I've been behaving myself just fine."

“Really? And that human child sitting in the living room isn't your new ward, whom gossips can't agree if you're grooming to become your donor or your—” the man seemed to think better about his words, “legacy.”

"He's neither. Your gossip mill needs to find better uses of their time." Taehyung turned around, gaze finding the curious set of eyes watching from around the couch. "Jungkookie, come say hi," he grinned, wiggling his fingers.

Jungkook blinked, staring warily at the new man even as he obediently walked over. The new man didn't say anything, almost too casual as he watched the small teenager, one barely up to their chests, stopped beside Taehyung, looking like he was five seconds from hiding behind Taehyung's back.

"Jungkookie, this is Yunho hyung. He's like a big brother to me. A really naggy one sometimes," Taehyung said, one comforting arm finding its way around Jungkook's shoulders, squeezing gently. Jungkook was always a little wary when meeting new people. A good instinct, considering most of Taehyung’s acquaintances were vampires… but also probably related to his upbringing with his family.
“Hey, it's nice to finally meet you.” Yunho’s smile was warm, but Jungkook still took a long moment before he bowed politely.

“It's nice to meet you, Yunho hyung.” He said almost mechanically.

"Sorry, looks like Mario Kart's gonna have to wait,” Taehyung said, thumb massaging circles into Jungkook's shoulder. “I'll be there in a bit, okay?"

Jungkook pouted, but nodded quietly. “I'll go back to doing my homework.”

"That's my bunny," Taehyung hugged him around the shoulders before sending the boy off back to his math textbook.

Yunho watched Jungkook go with no small amount of curiosity. And once Jungkook had shut his bedroom door behind him, said. “He's more well behaved than I thought he'd be.”

Taehyung looked back at Yunho with a raised eyebrow. "Is that a jab at my parenting skills?"

“Yes.” Yunho smirked, shaking his head. “You know yourself well enough. You'd allow the boy whatever you'd think would be fun.”

"Well there's nothing wrong with fun," Taehyung replied with a grin, moving out of the doorway. He turned off the television so the bouncy Mario Kart music stopped, but left the console on. "I've got blood bags, if you want any?"

“As long as they're not expired.” Yunho chuckled, “but yes. Knowing that, I'm surprised the kid isn't spoiled rotten to the point he's an utter demon.”

"Kookie's a good kid," was all Taehyung said as he wandered into the kitchen to put together a mug of blood. "What are you still standing in the doorway for? Unless you were planning on just crashing our Mario Kart session and disappearing for another twenty years. Junsu isn't with you?"

“No, he’s settling our accommodation for the night. We just landed.” Yunho stepped in, closing the door behind him. “We had a bit of time in between all the administration work we've been busy
"Gross," Taehyung wrinkled his nose in disdain at the idea. "How long are you guys in town for?"

“A couple of days.” Yunho strode into the kitchen, stopping to position himself where he wouldn’t get underfoot. “I heard about that child a while ago and thought I might come to see what all the fuss was.”

"There’s no fuss," Taehyung said, pouring out the blood into a mug and setting it in the microwave to warm up. "Kookie’s not my donor, or whatever else you were going to suggest, he’s just... a good kid who was in a bad spot.”

Yunho raised an eyebrow at that. “So you rescued the kid? Was he an orphan?”

"No, but his parents were pieces of work," Taehyung said. "They were going to sell him, hyung.”

“Sell him? Ughh… Are they still alive, or did you murder them?”

“They’re alive, sadly," Taehyung said, watching the timer on the microwave. "Can't say the same for the guy who was going to buy him, but well, he was a sleezebag.”

Yunho raises an eyebrow. “Right. Glad to see the Bloodhound is still there. But so, this is what you’re doing nowaday? Taking care of a kid. Can’t imagine that gels well with your usual party ways.”

“No, but weren’t you trying to hammer more responsibility into me anyways?” Taehyung snorted, pulling the mug out of the microwave and giving it a stir before offering it to Yunho.

“I was. Just didn’t expect it to actually happen.” Yunho took the cup from Taehyung, taking a weirdly judgemental sip. “Least of all through a kid.”

“That makes two of us.” Taehyung grabbed a soda can from the fridge before heading back into the living room, motioning Yunho to follow him and ignoring how the other vampire shook his head at his choice of beverage. He dropped down onto the couch. "So you made time in your busy schedule with.”
just to make sure the Bloodhound wasn't tormenting a human kid?"

“Pretty much. Or rather, I was hoping to see the kid tormenting you “

"Kookie's an angel," Taehyung said, though his eyes had drifted back to the human's closed bedroom door. "I think he's still scared I'll send him away if he misbehaves, but... only time will help with that."

Yunho paused at that before nodding. “Right. So, tell me. Other than your sudden domesticity, anything else going on with you that isn't in the rumour mill?”

Taehyung cracked open his can and took a long draught. "Not really? I've been keeping myself out of trouble. I picked up another enforcer, his name's Junhong and he followed Jongdae around for a good year until Jongdae let him meet me. Oh, you remember Seokjin? He's got himself a fledgling child, poor guy nearly died falling down a staircase."

“So with Ryeowook, Gyuri, and Chanshik, that makes five enforcers total, hmm? Good size.” Then Yunho paused. “Seokjin, huh. Didn't figure him for the siring sort.”

"Neither did he," Taehyung grinned. "I think it was a spur of the moment thing. The lone wolf's got himself a clumsy cub to look after. How have things been going with you?"

“Busy.” Yunho admitted. “Or I'd have swung by to see you earlier. But we're making good headway in establishing the no kill zone in Busan.”

“That's good," Taehyung said, unable to help how his shoulders slumped. "To be honest, seeing you on my doorstep all of a sudden made me wonder if something big was going down."

“Nah. Just a routine check.” Yunho chuckled, finishing up the last of the blood inside his mug. “Our world’s still safe.”

“Yeah." Taehyung's rectangular grin was smaller than usual. "...Do you think he'd be proud of us, hyung?”
Yunho paused for a moment before he smiled, reaching over and patting Taehyung's knee. Just like every other time Taehyung posed the question, Yunho never had to ask who he was talking about. “Very. Especially of you. Look how far you've come.”

Taehyung's eyes softened, looking down at the hand on his knee. "I think he would have liked Kookie. Probably would have spoiled him even more than I do."

“Probably. He always had a soft spot for little rascals.” Yunho smiled, squeezing Taehyung's knee a little.

Humming softly, Taehyung blinked a couple times before clearing his throat and looking back up. "Bring Susu by before you guys take off back to Busan,” he said, lips quirking. "I need to make sure he's doing a good job after all."

“I will.” Yunho promised, “he'd probably revolt if we tried to leave before we saw you anyway. He wants to see how domesticated you've become.”

"Hey, domesticated or not I bet I can still whoop his ass," Taehyung's grin widened. "I'm craving a good spar, Jongdae doesn't like fighting me anymore."

“Junsu’s the only one with a nose to rival yours after all, hound.” Yunho said affectionately.

"This hound hasn't turned into some prized lapdog yet, Susu better be ready."

“I'm sure.” Yunho rolled his eyes goodnaturedly at Taehyung’s smirk. “Anyway, I wanted to butter up to your new brat so I got him something. Not sure what kids these days play, but my subordinate said this was all the rage?”

And in Yunho’s hand, pulled out from a deep inner pocket, was a game disc.

“Oh?” Taehyung's interest was piqued, and he scooted closer to peer at the disc. "Which game is that? Jungkookie loves video games."

Yunho peered at the cover. “I'm not sure. Err... it says here L.A. Noire.”
"Ohhh, that's a new one! Wait..." Taehyung looked up at the older vampire with a raised eyebrow and an amused expression. "You got a thirteen-year-old a rated M game?"

Yunho blinked blankly at Taehyung. “Rated... M...?”

Taehyung's shoulders shook in amusement. "Your age is showing, hyung," he teased. "Eh, whatever. He'll like it. Wanna give it to him?"

“Sure?” Yunho tilted his head, still confused. “Or you can give it to him and said it was from me. Whichever he'd be more comfortable with.”

"I can do that. Why, do you have to head back out?” Taehyung tried to bite back the disappointment. It might have been his decision to strike out on his own in Seoul, but that didn’t mean he didn’t miss Yunho and Junsu. They were the only family he’d had for a long time, after all.

“Yeah. Junsu is probably waiting for me.” Yunho said apologetically. “I probably stayed out longer than I should have.”

"...Alright." Taehyung looked down at the game disc, before punching Yunho's arm. "Remember what you promised. If you skip town without visiting again, I'll track you down."

“I will.” Yunho promised, catching Taehyung's hand and squeezing it a bit before letting go. “See you around.”

He'd turned to leave when he suddenly paused as if he remembered something. “Oh. Right. I wasn't sure if this was something he might already have.... And I wasn't sure if it was on the... game system he had. So... I got some backups. Expect a delivery sometime later.”

"Some... backups?" Taehyung raised an eyebrow at Yunho's back. "Okay?" Yunho only gave a sketchy sort of wave, before walking out the door, and that was that.

A couple of hours later, Jungkook's eyes were practically bugging out as deliverymen carried in not just one game system, but three different ones, along with an accompanying sound system and new television and what seemed like a whole box full of games.
"..." Taehyung watched the delivery men cart in the last box, signing for it. "He really doesn't do things in halves," he shook his head in amusement once the door had closed again, one hand on his hip as he regarded the boxes. "Now we gotta find place for all this."

"Erm. Is this all for me, hyung?" Jungkook turned wide eyes to Taehyung. Then after a moment, a silver of shrewdness entered his gaze. "Is your friend, Yun...ho... hyung? Is he trying to buy me over or something?"

"Sort of," Taehyung snorted. "But not for any weird reasons... he's like my big brother, so of course he wants you to like him. But he's also rich, out of tune with what human kids like, and likes to overcompensate. So, this happens." Taehyung reached out, mussing Jungkook's hair.

"Your big brother?" Jungkook blinked. "How come I've never seen him before?"

"He doesn't visit all that often, he's pretty busy. This is the first time I've seen him in like, 20 years... Hey, want the new TV in your room?"

"...In my room? Really?"

"Really," Taehyung grinned down at him. "I can get it all installed tomorrow while you're at school."

Jungkook looked excited at the prospect of having a television in the room before he frowned, squinting at Taehyung. "Will Ryeowook-hyung yell at you again?"

"Probably," Taehyung shrugged, making a mental note not to let Ryeowook find whatever other rated M games Yunho had bought. "But you're thirteen now, that's big enough to have a TV in your room. As long as you promise me you'll keep up in your homework, huh?" He poked Jungkook's cheek.

Jungkook blinked before he smiled brightly at Taehyung, eyes sparkling. "Of course, hyung. What do you take me for!"

"I know~ my cinnamon bunny's too smart for that," Taehyung wrapped his arms around Jungkook's
sho}uld}ers, playfu}ly lea}ning agai}nst hi}m. "It's getti}ng late, so bu}nny sho}uld go t}o bed so}on... bu}t I thi}nk we'v}e got t}ime fo}r one mo}re ro}und on M}ario Kart. Wha}t d}o you sa}y?"

*Jungkook’s eyes sparkled, “I think... it's a great idea.”*

"Then let's go," Taehyung grinned, steering Jungkook around the pile of boxes and towards the couch.

*Jungkook wore a matching grin, pushing away from Taehyung. “Waluigi is mine!”*

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A week after he'd woken up, Taehyung was allowed to leave his bed and walk around the apartment again, as well as drink blood directly rather than get it through a tube. His throat was still damaged enough he couldn't raise it above a certain level, but at least he could hold conversations again.

That wasn't to say he was exactly happy with being on house arrest.

"I'm joining the raid on that renegade group," Taehyung frowned at Jongdae, voice lowered as they talked (argued) in the kitchen.

"No you're not," Jongdae retorted. "You're still recovering, and Seokjin hasn't given you clearance to fight yet."

"I'm up and about, aren't I? I can fight."

"'Can' doesn't mean 'should'. I know you don't like sitting still like this, but we need you at full strength, not a week from your deathbed. Let us handle it, alright? The Gong clan will be with us, we have the numbers."
Taehyung's arms folded across his chest, expression unhappy. "Then let me do something else. Let me talk to the two vampires you're interrogating, get more names out of them."

Before Jongdae could refuse him that too, the doorbell rang. Jungkook yelled that he’d get it, and Taehyung leaned out of the kitchen to see the human bounce up from the table. He’d been sitting there with his laptop and textbooks open, but from how he hadn’t so much as flipped a page in half an hour, he’d been more likely than not trying to listen in on the conversation in the kitchen instead.

Taehyung and Jongdae stepped out of the kitchen just in time for Jungkook to open the door and raise an eyebrow. “Yunho-hyung. You're like… 13 years early for your next visit.”

The voice that answered Jungkook’s from the open doorway caught Taehyung’s attention. “Jungkook. I see that you still remember me.”

Taehyung’s old friend stepped past the entrance threshold, and Taehyung slowed. "Hyung, you're here."

“Yes. I'm here.” Yunho said, an exasperated expression crossing his face. “And you're alive. Thankfully.”

"Of course I'm alive." Taehyung crossed the room to wrap his arms around Yunho in a loose hug, burying his nose against the other vampire’s shoulder. The man’s scent was as comforting as always, especially with the past few months Taehyung had been having. "You took forever to get here, did you walk from Jeju?"

(Behind him, Jongdae breathed a sigh of relief and scrubbed one hand over his face. Taehyung had been successfully distracted for now.)

“Most vampires would have died ingesting silver.” Yunho sighed, squeezing back. “And no. I took a plane here. Like any sane person.”

"But I messaged you over two weeks ago," Taehyung said, pulling back to look up at Yunho with a small frown. "What took you so long getting here?"

Yunho took in a deep breath, and Taehyung’s heart sunk a little at the clear precursor to bad news. “There’s been… something big that's happened. Or rather… two… something bigs. But it's
something I would rather say in confidence. And after Junsu stops hiding, trying to figure out the best way to attack you.”

"I'm not." A high-pitched, petulant voice came down the hallway, before a new figure with deep red hair stepped up to Yunho's shoulder. "Beating him while his insides are half-melted would just be cheating."

Taehyung's expression lit up, and he nodded to Junsu. "More like you don't want to know if I can still win a fight even on house arrest." He gave Junsu a hug, that quickly devolved into a playful tussle. Behind him, he could hear Jongdae talking to Jungkook.

"You remember who these two are? You were tiny last time they were in town."

“I was thirteen.” Jungkook huffed exasperatedly. “Just cause I had my growth spurt late doesn't mean I was five all the way.”

"Yeah, but that doesn't mean Tae introduced them properly last time they were over," Jongdae snorted. "Probably just said they're friends and left it at that. This is Elder Jung Yunho, the Commander. And his Head Enforcer, Kim Junsu."

“...Of course they are.”

"They all used to be part of the same coven, way back when—" Jongdae scowled then. "Yah Junsu, if you make him cough up anymore blood, Seokjin will chop off your toes."

Junsu’s loud protest at Jongdae’s stern warning covered up Jungkook’s confusion (“Way back when?”). “If he does cough up blood from such little roughing then I'd be disappointed with him.” Junsu yelped as Yunho smacked the back of his head.

“Anyway,” Yunho stepped in after Junsu and Taehyung separate. “As much as I would like to say I'm only visiting because of Taehyung, that's not the case. We have important matters to discuss.”

The small smile on Taehyung's face faded, and he nodded. "Let's sit down," he motioned over to the couches.
As the group moved past the doorway, Jongdae going to grab their guests mugs of blood for what would be an unpleasant conversation, Taehyung drew in a breath before turning to Jungkook. "...You shouldn't be here for this, Kook."

Jungkook had been making himself small, obviously hoping that Taehyung would forget about him there and he'd be able to listen in. But it seemed that he wasn't successful. An unhappy expression crossed his face, and it almost seemed like he would protest before he sighed. "Okay hyung. If that's what you want."

Taehyung nodded, looking away. "Yeah. I'm sorry." He slipped around Jungkook to get to the couches.

Jungkook’s expression slipped even more. But he obediently slipped into his room — he was still obedient to Taehyung to the end after all.

Yunho looked after Jungkook with a surprised expression. "He's not sitting in?"

Shaking his head, Taehyung sat down across from the other Elder and Junsu. "I have a feeling this conversation is going to go downhill fast."

Jongdae returned a moment later, passing two mugs to Yunho and Junsu, before sitting down beside Taehyung with a sigh. "Alright. You said something big happened?"

Yunho nodded, glancing at Junsu, who had suddenly become uncharacteristically quiet. "Yeah. Something… Big. You asked me earlier why I took so long to respond. And the truth is just as I was about to make my way to travel here… Something happened. Something… Bad."

Yunho sucked in a breath. "Two of the Elders are dead."

Taehyung's eyes widened, expression settling into shock. "...What?"

"Dead?" Jongdae repeated, just as stunned. The Elders were some of their strongest, oldest vampires, each of them with their own team of enforcers. Killing not one, but two... "What happened? Who died?"
Yunho rubbed his face, suddenly looking exhausted beyond belief. “We're still investigating. But Merchant and Temptress were found dead about a couple days apart from each other. Merchant was sold out and handed over to a clan of hunters. And Temptress… We're not sure what happened, but her body was burned beyond recognition, left out in the sun.”

"...Temptress had ten enforcers," Taehyung said, voice unusually quiet. "She was tough as nails. How could a bunch of new-century vampires catch her?"

Yunho’s voice was unnaturally calm, but his hands betrayed a slight tremble. “Because we suspect it wasn't just some renegades who got her “

Taehyung's eyes snapped up to Yunho's face; Seokjin's words a few weeks ago immediately came to mind. "You suspect a traitor among us."

Yunho nodded after a moment. “Merchant… if it was just him, maybe the renegades could have gotten him with a lucky chance. But you know how Temptress was. Someone must have had told the renegades the best time to strike.”

"It could have been any of their enforcers," Jongdae said, though he seemed disgusted by the very idea an enforcer could betray their Elder.

Taehyung covered his face with his hands, drawing in a slow, deep breath. "It wouldn't have been one of theirs," he said, looking up at Yunho. "If their Elder is dead, it puts the enforcers who survived under scrutiny and cuts off their resources. It would be a stupid play to kill their own Elder so early, and whoever's behind this has been far too careful to leave any tracks."

Yunho nodded, before letting out a soft sigh. “So it's one of the remaining Elder's enforcers… or worse. One of the remaining Elders themselves.” Taehyung wanted to forcefully deny the idea that an Elder, a vampire appointed to lead their community, would do something like this. But they couldn't rule anything out, not until they had more information.

"So… there's only four Elders left in South Korea," Jongdae said quietly. "The Commander… the Bloodhound..." He looked from Yunho to Taehyung. "The Fox, and the Phantom."

Yunho let out a sigh, rubbing his face. “Well, I trust Taehyung. But, the other two… They're both problematic in their own ways.”
"Merchant was the only one who even knows who Phantom is, right?" Jongdae asked. "The only one who's even met Phantom face to face."

"That we know of, she likes to hide in plain sight," Taehyung said. "And Fox is a dickbag."

Yunho chuckled despite the situation. “Just because he's a dickbag doesn't mean he is a traitor. You know how oddly loyal he is.”

"Still don't like him," Taehyung muttered. "You're going to call a meeting, aren't you? Or at least try to, with Phantom always AWOL."

“Yeah.” Yunho agreed, “Phantom has always been a great asset, but at the cost of how mysterious she always is.”

Taehyung nodded, looking down at his hands. "Jongdae, update them on what you found out."

His Head Enforcer sat up straighter. "We captured two of the vampires from the coven that kidnapped Jungkook and poisoned Taehyung, and with the Gong clan's assistance have been extracting information from them. We've got the names and locations of two covens in the Seoul metropolitan area who are definitely behind some of the new fledgling nests."

Yunho tapped his fingers on his thigh, glancing over at Junsu, who had been quiet throughout. “That's good progress. Since we're here, maybe Junsu could work with you on taking down those two covens, capture them and see what other information you can get.”

"I'm helping out too," Taehyung said.

"No you're not," Jongdae retorted. "Especially after what we just learned, I'm not handing the renegades a third Elder on a plate. Least of all because Ryeowook will chop my head off and stick it on a pike." Taehyung looked down, frustrated and struggling to hide it.

“If it helps, Junsu has stuck me on admin duty most of the time.” Yunho chuckled, glancing at his enforcer, who rolls his eyes at Yunho.
"It's for your own good, sir." Junsu quipped, folding his arms.

"We have to be careful, and take precautions wherever possible," Jongdae sighed, looking at Junsu. "Is your number still the same? I'll get you the mission details once I've confirmed the Gong clan will be joining in."

“I paid a small fortune to get that lucky number, so yes. It's still the same.” Junsu straightened. “And yeah. Let me know however I can help.”

Taehyung clenched his hands in his lap. He looked up at Yunho. "If there's anything I can do, any way I can help. Let me know."

Yunho tapped his fingers on his thigh again. “The best way you can help me right now? Rest. Recover. If anything goes down, I need you in tip top condition.”

Taehyung looked back down at his knees. "...Right."

“Hey.” Yunho snapped his fingers, getting Taehyung to look up again. “You did good, getting us to this point. We'll take over from here, until you recover.”

Taehyung stared at Yunho blankly, before forcing a tight smile on. "Sure, hyung."

Jongdae sighed, looking at the time on his phone. "I wish I could stay and catch up, but I need to get a move on. Junsu, I'll be in touch when you both are settled in.” He stood up.

“Got it.” Junsu paused, looking at his watch before tapping Yunho’s shoulder. “Actually we have to go too, Yun Yun. You've got a meeting with the Kim Clan hunters.”

“Right.” Yunho sighed, “forgot about that.”

"They're getting involved too?" Jongdae said. "They never liked us enough to cooperate on anything. I guess desperate times calls for desperate measures from everyone."
“Yeah,” Yunho said. “Not looking forward to the meeting. It's just going to a bundle of prickly assholes trying to be less prickly.”

"Good luck," Jongdae said. He clasped Taehyung's shoulder, squeezing before turning and heading for the door. "We're all going to need it."

“Uhuh.” Junsu muttered under his breath, standing as well. “See ya around, Tae. Make sure you don't get rusty while recovering, yeah?”

"Of course," Taehyung's eyes watched the two Enforcers as Jongdae pulled on his shoes. "Who do you take me for?"

“Someone who isn't as good as I am!” Junsu answered cheekily, slipping his shoes on as well. “Come on, Yun Yun. We gotta go!”

“Yeah, yeah.” Yunho sighed, smoothing his pants down as he stood. “I'm coming. It was good to see you, Taehyung.”

"Yeah. Same." Taehyung stood as well, if for no other reason than to see them out, too antsy to sit. "Stay safe out there, all right?" It was a sentence he hadn't had to utter to Yunho in centuries. He didn't like the way it sounded on his tongue.

“You too.” Yunho reached out, pulling Taehyung into a tight hug. “And I know it's useless to say it, but try to stop giving me so many heart attacks.”

"That's what I'm here for," Taehyung said against Yunho's shoulder, squeezing him back. "Over 600 years of giving you heart attacks, you think I'm stopping now?"

“I can only hope.” Yunho laughed before pulling away. “Try not to frustrate Seokjin too much alright? Or maybe I should ask you to do it more. He's always way more enthusiastic in bed if he's annoyed.”

Taehyung’s expression twisted in disgust and he spun Yunho around, shoving him towards the door. "Out, out!"
Yunho laughed, letting Taehyung shove him out, only digging his heels in at the door. “At least let me put on my shoes!”

Taehyung stopped pushing Yunho out for just long enough to allow the older vampire to do so. And then, the penthouse was quiet again. All three of them gone, leaving Taehyung to close the door after them.

For a long moment he just stood there in the doorway, surrounded by the suffocating silence as he rested his head against the wood.

And then the silence was broken by the sound of a door opening, and slow, cautious footsteps coming out into the hall. “Hyung? Has everyone left?”

Taehyung pushed himself away from the door, clearing his throat and turning around. By the time Jungkook appeared in the hallway, he'd schooled his expression back into normalcy. "Yeah, they're gone. They all have a lot of work to do.”

“Ah.” Jungkook paused, before taking a step nearer, peering at Taehyung's face. “...Everything alright?”

"Yeah. Well. I mean... about as good as things have been lately." Taehyung gave him a smile he hoped didn't look as painted on as it felt. "What were you up to?"

“Er. Revision.” Jungkook said automatically, in a stuttered way that made Taehyung suspect if Jungkook had really been trying to listen in again. “But I'm tired of studying. Wanna watch a show or something for a bit, hyung?”

"Yeah." Taehyung was glad for the suggested distraction, walking back to the living room. He picked up the two empty mugs from by the couch, heading into the kitchen and placing them to wash later before returning. "Wasn't there a new anime you talked about watching?"

“Ah yeah. Violet Evergarden,” Jungkook said as he followed after Taehyung like a puppy. “It's some new Netflix special and the animation is really good.”

"Alright, let's check it out." Taehyung dropped down onto the couch, patting the space beside him as he found the remote.
Jungkook immediately bundled beside Taehyung, leaning into the vampire before straightening. “Oh yeah, do you need some blood first? The last time you had some was morning.”

"Ah... I'm fine for now. I'll have some later." Taehyung wrapped his arms around Jungkook's shoulders in an attempt to keep the human on the couch with him, trying to work the remote at the same time.

Jungkook chewed on his lip, a habit he'd picked up from Taehyung. “You sure, hyung? You're not saying that just because you're tired of packed blood?”

"I'm sure." Taehyung was tired of packed blood, but that wasn't the reason why he was insisting on it later. He just wanted to sit here with Jungkook and pretend, for a little while, like the community he'd worked so hard to build and protect wasn't crumbling from its foundations. And he was glad when Jungkook relented, settling down beside him.

The rest of the evening passed like that... deceptively peaceful, like the calm in the eye of a storm. They binged episode after episode, and even if Taehyung had to agree it was a very good show... it was all he could do to keep his attention focused on it and not wander into darker territories. He ended up focusing on Jungkook more than the actual show, breathing in the warm cinnamon smell and listening to the steady thrumming of Jungkook's heart.

They called it a night with a few hours before sunrise, so that Jungkook could get some solid sleep before leaving for school the following morning. But sleep didn't come easily, and Taehyung ended up just lying in bed beside the dozing human, eyes closed and listening to his soft snores.

Chapter End Notes

Some new challengers have entered the ring! Along with some significant plot updates.

Leave us a kudos/comment with your thoughts! :) And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here! Seokjin's moodboard went up last week and it's prettyyyy
It was really dumb. Jungkook had walked about 500 meters away from the apartment, on his way to hand in an assignment for school because his professor was an outdated fart who didn't realize electronic submissions were a thing. And then, he'd realized he'd forgotten to bring the exact assignment he was going to school to submit. So he'd made an about turn, quickly walking back the way he'd came.

He'd totally intended to just duck into his room and run back out (because geeze Taehyung would laugh at him for sure). But for some reason, the slightly parted door to Taehyung's room made him pause, walking towards his room and peeking inside.

The room was dark and quiet, the blinds closed against the morning sun as usual. But the large, king-sized bed was empty, blankets bundled up and tossed to one side haphazardly. The sound of running water echoed out of the master bathroom, the sink tap running slowly but oddly without the occasional splash or interruption to indicate any sort of interaction.

Alarm shot through Jungkook, and clumsily, he ran in, nearly crashing into the toilet door as he rounded into the bathroom. “Hyung? Hyung! You okay?”

At first it looked like there may have been a cause for that alarm, because Taehyung wasn't at the sink or in the shower but on the floor. But it wasn't because he'd fallen, or had a dizzy spell, or otherwise injured himself.

The vampire sat on the cool bathroom tiles, long legs drawn up against his chest and forehead resting against his knees. His fingers dug into the skin of his legs so tightly his fingernails left small, angry half-moons of red in their wake. When Jungkook crashed into the door Taehyung startled and looked up, eyes wide and water dripping from damp hair down his nose and jaw.

The water couldn't quite hide the red around his eyes, nor the telltale sheen in them.

"Kook?" Taehyung's body jolted like he'd received an electric shock, legs dropping out of the defensive position and pajamas sleeves pushing the damp hair back out of his face haphazardly, trying to quickly wipe away the water. "Wh-what is it, is something wrong?"
“No, nothing I just… Forgot something.” Jungkook said distractedly, stepping nearer. “Hyung? What are you doing here? Is something wrong?”

"No," Taehyung responded too quickly, too breathlessly, already trying to stand back up. "Nothing's wrong. I just, got a little dizzy. Um. What did you forget?"

“Dizzy?” Taehyung’s answer didn't ease Jungkook's worry in the slightest. And he immediately stepped even closer to Taehyung’s side, wrapping his arms around the vampire’s waist to support him. “I told you that wasn't enough blood. I'll go heat you another cup.”

"I'm fine ."

Taehyung's hand pressed against Jungkook's chest, pushing the human away. His whole body was tense, like all his muscles had turned to stone, fingers trembling and gaze firmly fixed on the running tap. "Just go to school, alright?"

Jungkook frowned, his lips thinning as he stared carefully at Taehyung. And after a moment, he said hesitantly. "H-hyung… were… You crying?"

And Taehyung's shoulders quivered, even as he shook his head in denial.


"Carry me?" A tinge of confusion entered Taehyung's carefully controlled voice.

“Erm… That’s what you always do, when I’m upse— er I mean.” Jungkook huffed, before he shifted his hold, easily lifting Taehyung up with a yelp of surprise from the older man. And it wasn’t like Jungkook picked Taehyung up often — ever — but the vampire seemed abnormally light. “Just let me do it, okay, hyung?”

When there was no protest, Jungkook decided to take it and run — well, he didn't run actually. He walked very slowly and carefully as he carried Taehyung out into his room. And he was even more careful to be gentle as he lowered Taehyung onto the bed. They weren't horsing around here. And well, so what if Jungkook was taking this chance to be soft and gentle to his hyung without the risk of being called out?
But once he let go, having arranged Taehyung neatly on the bed, he suddenly felt a little lost. What was he supposed to do now? “Erm. Yeah. I—”

Oh gawd. Taehyung was staring at him with very large watery eyes. Fuck. “I— uh. I suck at this comforting thing.”

A faint noise escaped Taehyung's lips, something between a snort and a sob. "I'm sorry."

And Jungkook realised with a start, that Taehyung was crying — properly crying now. His head was bowed, an attempt to hide his tears from Jungkook. But obviously, the human wasn't that much of an emotionally stunted mess. He knew what tears looked like at least.

Even if this was the first time Jungkook had ever seen Taehyung cry.

“H-hyung?” it felt like his eyes widened to the size of saucers, panic shooting up through his nerves like an adrenaline shot. Fuck. No. He didn't mean to make Taehyung cry. ‘Oh fu— shit. I'm sorry. Shit. Oh no, no, no. Why are you apologizing? What did I say? I’m so sorry, hyung. Ah—”

He should probably just shut up. And maybe hug Taehyung. Yeah. Hugging was probably a better plan than letting his useless mouth run on.

So, practically half-tackling Taehyung in his haste, Jungkook wrapped his arms tight about Taehyung, one hand weaving into the strands of Taehyung’s hair, comforting, just like the way Taehyung sometimes did for him whenever he was upset or sad.

Taehyung jerked in surprise, nose smushed against the collar of Jungkook’s shirt. But after a moment, the tension seeped out of his body and he leaned into Jungkook’s embrace, just letting the human hold him.

And he cried. For the first time ever, he was actually crying — in Jungkook’s arms no less, lanky body curling up into itself like doing so would hide his shame and fears.

Jungkook didn't know what was wrong; and as established, he didn't know what to do or what to say. But, he did know that he didn't want to let go of Taehyung until he was okay. And so he just
held on, one hand rubbing circles into Taehyung's back, the other carefully stroking the vampire’s hair.

It was a few long minutes before Taehyung could speak again. And when he did, it felt oddly tinged with shame. Shame that Jungkook wished he could fight — there was no reason for Taehyung to feel shame. "I'm sorry, Kook," he murmured against Jungkook's collar.


Taehyung didn't laugh. "I'm sorry your hyung isn't as strong as you believed he was."

Jungkook blinked, and dead-ass, his brain just went blank. “What? ”

But Taehyung gave him no reply. And unable to help it, Jungkook pulled away for a bit, hoping that seeing Taehyung's face would shed some light on whatever the hell the vampire was talking about. But Taehyung's expression was heartbreakingly blank. And it only made Jungkook's heart tighten even further. “I— I don't understand… hyung? Why are you saying that… I'd be disappointed? Because you're crying? Crying doesn't make you weak, hyung. You always told me that, so why are you saying that right now?”

"You depend on me to be stronger than that," Taehyung said quietly, not meeting his eyes as a bead of water dripped off his bangs.

*Thump.*

That was the sound of Jungkook's anxiety. His heart thumping like an old friend's heavy hand on a fragile door.

Jungkook knew he was bad at comforting people. He never knew what to say, never knew if he was blabbering too much, or being too insensitive with his words, even if he'd been trying to help. He wasn't that great at reading people. So, most of the time, he kept his mouth shut, let people who were better with their words do the talking.

But… this time, there wasn't anyone else. Only him and Taehyung. And…
This was what he'd always wanted. Taehyung… opening up to him a little more. If he couldn't deal with this… then what right did he have to ask Taehyung of anything more?

So, he sucked it up, shoved the anxiety aside, and said, “you know… it doesn't always… have to be that way.”

Taehyung's eyes came back into focus, and he looked up at Jungkook through water-logged bangs. "…What?"

“I—” Jungkook sighed, shifting then so that he leaned his forehead against Taehyung's. Maybe this would help him formulate the words and feelings swirling in his head better. “Hyung… You always stand alone. And you're so strong for doing that. But everyone needs a break from being strong at times and… I sometimes wish you just would just depend on me when you need to, hyung.”

Taehyung nearly went cross eyed looking at Jungkook. But after a moment, his eyes closed, and he leaned his head forward against Jungkook's.

"I just want you to be safe and happy," he murmured, deep voice sounding just so cracked and tired. "Not worried, or afraid… You're everything to me, Kook."

It took everything Jungkook had not to snort at that. “Yeah, and you're everything to me too, hyung. I worry about you everyday whether you're safe or not. I want you safe and happy too. But it's so hard to do that because you always stay so strong. I can only try to do the little things as much as I can. Take care of the house so you don't need to bother, do well in school so you don't need to worry about me too. I wish you would depend on me more, hyung."

Taehyung's shoulders quivered. His head slipped away from Jungkook's to rest against the human's shoulder. And for a tense moment, Jungkook thought he might have fucked up. But then, Taehyung leaned forward, pressing his nose against Jungkook's neck, listening to the steady pulse under the warm skin. And Jungkook heaved an internal sigh of relief.

"I'm sorry," he said quietly, and there was an apology in his voice for some reason that boggled Jungkook on why it should be there. "Can we just stay like this for a bit?"

“Stop apologizing, hyung. Of course we can.” Jungkook murmured, even if his pulse jumped a little as Taehyung shifted, breath ghosting across his skin. “We can stay like this forever if that's what you
"I'd like that," Taehyung admitted softly, hand resting against Jungkook's arm.

“Then that’s what we’ll do.” Jungkook said firmly. Even though, for some reason, his brain thought it was a good idea to remind him that he still had a submission to complete. Ugh, whatever. That professor could die in a fire for all he cared. Taehyung was far more important. And he pressed his nose into Taehyung’s hair, closing his eyes, continuing to soothe Taehyung’s back with his hand.

It wasn’t clear how long they sat there on the bed, just cuddling. The more time that passed, the more Taehyung slowly relaxed against Jungkook’s body, tense frame becoming pliant and muscles loosening from the knots they’d been held in most of the night. The stray tears that landed on Jungkook’s neck and collar dried, no longer replaced by fresh ones. They just held each other, something they did so very often but the positions swapped.

It was familiar, but different. And maybe that was a good thing.

Just when it looked like Taehyung might have fallen asleep on him, the vampire spoke, his voice muffled and soft against Jungkook’s collar. "Two of the other Elders are dead."

Jungkook blinked, nearly thinking that he’d imagined Taehyung speaking. “Sorry… What?”

"Two of the other Elders are dead," Taehyung repeated, thumb brushing over the material of Jungkook's sleeve. "There’s only four of us left."

Jungkook opened and closed his mouth, stunned for a moment. He didn't know what was surprising — the news that Taehyung was telling him, or the fact that Taehyung was telling him anything at all. After a moment, he finally said. “But… Aren’t the Elders supposed to be the strongest and oldest of all vampires. How did they die?”

Taehyung’s eyes had closed again; maybe he found it easier to talk that way. "The group that kidnapped you... they're only one of many. There's an uprising happening, a revolt against the Elder system. And someone high in the ranks is helping them tear everything down."

Instinctively, Jungkook had tightened his arms around Taehyung protectively, heart clenching as he remembered the way Taehyung had collapsed right in front of him, the way blood had spilled from
his lips. “They tried to kill you too,” he said quietly in realization. “Those people kidnapped me to try to kill you.”

Taehyung hummed softly, nodding. Whoever was behind this, they knew the Bloodhound’s weakness; they knew of his reputation, and they knew he’d do absolutely anything to keep Jungkook safe. "I've spent the last couple months working with my enforcers and Jimin, isolating nests of starved fledglings like the one they tied you up in, before they could escape and cause chaos. The sooner the renegades took me out of the picture, the better for their cause."

His hand slid down to Jungkook's wrist, long fingers curling loosely around it. "I'm sorry you went through that because of me."

“Hyung. Stop apologizing for that. It was my own stupid ass who made myself vulnerable.” Jungkook huffed, "my stupidity nearly got you killed. And… thank you for telling me, hyung. I'll be more cautious and careful from now on.”

"We're going to deal with this," Taehyung murmured. "I'm just not sure how right now. I'll try to tell you if anything new develops... but... if there's anything you want to know, you can ask me. You don't ever ask me questions about what I do, and it must be frustrating."

Jungkook’s voice caught a little in his throat before be swallowed. “Oh… I… I just… Don't wanna be a bother to you, hyung.”

Taehyung's eyes half-opened, tilting his head against Jungkook's shoulder just enough to look up at the underside of Jungkook's jaw.

"Kook, you could never be a bother to me."

Jungkook swallowed a little. Many people had told him that before. And hearing it from Taehyung's mouth soothed him somewhat, but there was still a part of him that was still afraid. Still, he said. “Okay, hyung. I'll… ask. If I think of anything.”

That seemed to satisfy Taehyung for now, and he settled his cheek back against Jungkook's shoulder and closed his eyes. "...Don't you have school?"

Damnit.
“School? What's school?”

A small snort shook Taehyung's body, which meant Jungkook's ploy hadn't worked. Which was… To be expected, he guessed. It had kind of been a knee-jerk reaction after all. "Kookie... I hope you're not missing anything important."

Jungkook pouted, nuzzling his nose into Taehyung's hair. “You're always more important, hyung.”

Sighing softly, Taehyung nuzzled back into Jungkook's collar. "You're just silly."

“I'm not.” Jungkook didn't mean for his words to come out as a whine. He was serious about this. And he didn't want Taehyung to think he was joking. So, he took a deep breath, controlling his tone and said quietly. “You really are the most important person to me, hyung.”

Jungkook was expecting Taehyung to… acknowledge it somehow? Or like, if he didn't believe Jungkook, he would at least humour Jungkook or something. But instead, Taehyung's response was to wrap his arms loosely around Jungkook's waist, pressing in close. "...Call me Taehyung."

...what?

Jungkook paused at that, eyebrow furrowing. “Huh?”

"You can just call me Taehyung," the vampire said. "If you want."

Jungkook pulled away after a moment, utter confusion on his face. “You… want me to be rude to you, hyung?”

Taehyung blinked at him, then seemed to hold in an affectionately resigned sigh. "Sure. We'll go with that." He reached up and poked Jungkook's cheek before unfolding himself from the human's arms, shifting to stand. "I'm getting thirsty."

“Oh.” Jungkook sat up as well. “Erm. I can go warm up a cup for you.”
"It's okay, I can do it. I'm not a complete invalid." Taehyung headed for the bedroom door, looking back at Jungkook with a small, tired smile. "Want to find something to watch? Since you're already late for school."

“Er— it's a submission actually.” Jungkook looked at his watch. He still could make it, but... “I'd rather stay with you though.”

"How about you catch a taxi there, and we can laze about when you get back. I'll be alright while you're gone."

Jungkook paused, wrinkling his nose before nodding. “15 minutes. I just need to dump my stuff in the pigeon hole and bam, I'll be back before you know it.”

"15 minutes," Taehyung agreed, tossing him another small smile before disappearing into the kitchen.

It was an odd ending to a rather odd situation. But Jungkook being Jungkook, whose entirely life was considered rather strange by most people's standards, just shrugged it off as ‘one of those things’.

He had some cuddling with his hyung to get to after all. But first, school.

****

Jimin, in his life, had never thought he'd be content lying down on his ratty couch, drinking warm tea out of a solo cup, but well, here he was.

Arms were wrapped around Jimin loosely from behind, the hunter cradled back against Namjoon's chest. It was the vampire's favourite position, probably because he could either bury his nose against Jimin's neck and breathe in his scent, or press soft kisses to the other man's jawline and cheek, depending on his mood. More often than not, it was a combination of both.

They had the apartment to themselves tonight, which was rare, but Hoseok and Yoongi were on a closing shift at the cafe which guaranteed them a few hours of alone time at least. And they were more than happy to use every second of it, Namjoon’s nose buried against Jimin’s hair. Which reminded Jimin of something he’d wanted to ask.
“You like sniffing me a lot.” Jimin said, looking up at Namjoon. “Do I really smell that good?”

Namjoon blinked, then turned a faint pink, caught. "Erm… yes? I mean. My sense of smell is really bad for a vampire, but I like yours — n-not just in the 'I like the smell of your blood' way."

Jimin looked up with a small smile. “Taehyung said I smelt like peppermint. Is that what I smell like to you?”

"Yeah," Namjoon nodded, thumb brushing over Jimin's arm. "But… like peppermint hot chocolate? Fresh, but also warm and earthy… comforting, I guess."

“Huh.” Jimin looked up at Namjoon with a smile. “That's nice. Most vampires I've met before just say I smell like sex.”

Namjoon snorted quietly at that. "Probably because they were only interested in getting into your pants." He leaned down, pressing a soft kiss to Jimin's plush lips.

Jimin hummed into the kiss before a contemplative look crossed his eyes. “Are you though? Interested in getting into my pants?”

"U-um." Namjoon blinked down at him, obviously caught off-guard. "I. Yes?"

Jimin blinked up at him, a similar surprised expression crossing his face. “Wait, really?”

"You thought I wasn't?” Namjoon asked. "Jimin, you're… you're gorgeous. And I am interested in sex, I just… I like getting to know people first."

“Oh.” Jimin blinked again before flushing. “Oh.”

"Is it that strange?” Namjoon asked, thumb brushing against Jimin's flushed cheek. It always seemed to amuse him a little how nonchalant Jimin could be about sex, but something like wanting an actual romantic connection before initiating anything could fluster him.
“I just…” Jimin curled up in himself a little. “You know my history. And when I came out… I never ever had something like a romantic relationship. Sex was either fun, or… a tool to be used. You’re the first I’ve ever tried something like this with. So… I’m a little out of my depth.”

Namjoon adjusted his grip on the human to cuddle him closer, head ducking to press a few soft kisses to Jimin's mouth. “That's okay, you know. As long as you're happy, that's the most important thing. Are you happy?”

Jimin made a few confused but soft sounds at the kisses, and he looked up, confusion still evident in his face as he nodded. “I've never been happier. You have no idea. You're almost like a dream, Namjoon. I'm so scared I'll wake up back in my childhood home, trapped in the darkness with just hunger and pain.”

"See this?" Namjoon found Jimin's hand and laced their fingers together, holding the connected hands up so Jimin could see them. He gave the hunter's small fingers a gentle squeeze. "This is real. We are real, right here and now."

Jimin smiled warmly at Namjoon, his eyes crinkling in mirth. “Yeah… yeah… it is…”

And gently he squeezed back, tucking his head into the crook of Namjoon’s neck. “I think… I really love you, Namjoon-yah.”

Jimin might not have been able to see the brilliant smile that appeared on Namjoon’s face, but as the vampire buried his nose against Jimin's hair and held him close, it was audible in his voice. "I love you too, Jimin."

“Mmm…” Jimin hummed, closing his eyes. “If I'm not careful I could fall asleep like this.”

Namjoon laughed, rescuing the solo cup before Jimin could drop it and placing it aside. "If you're going to fall asleep, we can always move to the bed," he suggested, large hand smoothing up and down Jimin's arm.

“That'd be nice.” Jimin’s smile widened. “Should I carry you to bed?”
The vampire's shoulders shook as he grinned at the mental image. "You'd look like you're carrying a
giraffe. And if I tried carrying you, one of us would end up hurt." He shifted them upright on the
couch and pressed a kiss to Jimin's mouth. "In the interest of not needing a hospital, let's walk it."

“Excuse you, I could still lift you up, giraffe or no.” Jimin giggled against Namjoon’s lips. “But sure.
Let's walk today.”

They got themselves standing and into Jimin’s bedroom without mishap, closing the living room
lights behind them. The moment they were in bed, Namjoon bundled Jimin up in his arms again,
rolling so the human was lying on his chest.

Jimin giggled again, smoothing his hand across Namjoon's chest. “Mmm. My favorite pillow.”

"More comfortable than the couch?” Namjoon's hand ran down Jimin's back. "You can tell me if this
isn't comfortable for you."

“Please. I've slept on rocks before.” Jimin snorted, happily snuggling into Namjoon's chest. “This is
far more comfortable.”

"That's not a very high bar to pass if you're comparing me to a bed of rocks," Namjoon said
teasingly.

They laid there for a couple minutes, cuddling. Then Namjoon gave a resigned sigh. "...I should
have had some blood before lying down." He might not be very thirsty just then, but if they stayed
like this until he had to leave before dawn, he'd definitely start having an issue after a couple hours.

Jimin blinked before looking up at Namjoon, chewing on his lip. “Do you... just wanna drink from
me?”

Namjoon looked startled at the offer. "From you?"

“Yea. I mean.” Jimin shrugged, “I'm not scared of the idea. And I know ways to get out of an
unwanted bite if that's what you're worried about.”
"I know that, but… you don't have to if you don't want to," Namjoon said, eyebrows knit together. "There's blood bags available."

Jimin squinted at Namjoon. “Do you remember, when Jungkook messaged you because he thought I was having sex with Tae?”

Namjoon held back a wince at the memory. "Yes?"

“He was feeding on me. And I got a boner.” Jimin said conversationally. “I often wonder how much better it would have been if you bit me.”

A slow flush rose in Namjoon’s cheeks. "…O-oh. Right. No pressure?"

“Pressure? I think I would still like it even if it hurt like a bitch.” Jimin replied, before he flushed. “Sorry that— erm… I'm—”

Jimin sighed, “sorry. People say I can be pretty nasty with my kinks.”

"…I don't want to hurt you, Jimin," Namjoon said, obviously flustered. "Even if you would like it." His hand lifted, gently brushing locks of hair out of Jimin's face and tucking them behind one ear. "Are you sure?"

Jimin nodded, “very. And you won't hurt me. I'm tougher than I look. But… Joon... If you don't wanna… it's fine too.”

Namjoon's lips quirked a little ruefully. "That's not it," he murmured, thumb brushing against Jimin's cheek. He rolled them just a little so they were both on their sides, a more comfortable position for biting but without pinning Jimin underneath his weight.

He leaned in, pressing a kiss to Jimin's jaw, then the side of his neck. "You'll tell me if you change your mind, right? Even mid-bite, doesn't matter. I'll stop."

Jimin’s brain seemed to catch up then, eyes widening a little. “Oh. Yeah. Of course.” And his eyes fluttered closed at the kiss. “I doubt it… I won't change my mind.”
"Okay," Namjoon murmured against Jimin's neck, breathing in his scent. "Just making sure."

Namjoon chose a spot on Jimin’s neck for his bite and started patiently numbing the area, licking the soft skin and leaving open-mouthed kisses against it. Jimin’s breath stuttered at feeling of Namjoon's tongue upon his skin. And he couldn’t help the soft noises that escape, heartbeat quickening at the intimate actions. “Joon…”

Namjoon hummed questioningly in the back of his throat, continuing his ministrations.

Jimin shivered a little at the vibrations. “N-nothing… Just…. Carry on."

And Namjoon did as told, giving the area a few additional licks — maybe out of caution, maybe because he was enjoying the way Jimin's breath caught in his throat. Probably a bit of both.

And once he was satisfied with the area he'd numbed, he opened his mouth wider, fangs already extended to their full length to sink into Jimin's tender neck. Removing his fangs from Jimin's skin, Namjoon drank from the new wound, forcing himself to go slow and steady so he wouldn't hurt Jimin.

Jimin, for his part, was a model drinking partner. He was quiet, letting Namjoon concentrate. And he let out no more than a throaty moan when Namjoon bit down, one hand curling into the sheets. The other lifting up to thread encouragingly into Namjoon's hair and hearing Namjoon's breath hitch in reply.

It had taken all of Jimin’s willpower not to move during the whole process. But oh, how he had wanted to surge up, to writhe and moan wantonly while Namjoon drank from him. But Namjoon would probably get distracted. And a distracted Namjoon was prone to mistakes. Jimin didn't mind if Namjoon took too much, but Namjoon would. So staying still it was.

But then Namjoon stopped, tongue lapping at Jimin’s neck and catching the drops of blood beading down Jimin’s neck, and Jimin’s self control broke.

“Joon…” he groaned, one leg sliding up Namjoon’s thigh, hips canting upwards, a radiating warmth in his groin. “Namjoon… I'm a bit hard…”
Namjoon shuddered at the press of Jimin's hips, breath hitching. His next two licks were shaky, but he managed them, to help close the holes in Jimin's neck.

"You taste delicious, Jimin," he whispered against Jimin's neck, lips brushing against the underside of the human's jaw. Jimin's shirt had ridden up, and Namjoon's hand found his boyfriend's bare waist.

Jimin leaned his head back even more, not even bothering to hold the moan back this time. His hand tightened his hold in Namjoon's hair, free hand sliding down Namjoon’s back, before it gently cupped the left cheek of Namjoon's wonderful ass. “I… I want you.”

Namjoon's face lifted out of Jimin's neck to meet his eyes, his own wide and blown. Swallowing, his gaze dipped down to Jimin's parted, plush lips before he leaned down and slotted their mouths together in a deep, needy kiss.

Jimin let out a noise into the kiss that was far too shameless and far too gone. And he surged into the kiss, breathless and moaning, the hand tangled in Namjoon's hair tightening it's hold yet further. Groaning, Namjoon shifted on the bed, one knee pressed into the mattress between Jimin's legs and fingers trailing further up the human's side under his shirt. Their tongues slid together, the kiss far more heated than anything they'd had before, fighting for dominance.

A small shift of his knee pressed Namjoon's thigh down against Jimin's crotch.

Jimin let out a strangled sound at the sudden contact, bucking upwards into Namjoon's thigh. The bulge in his pants had grown, heat seering as he pressed his dick against Namjoon's thigh.

He broke the kiss, pleading. “Joon… I want… I want…”

As Namjoon started to answer, gaze hooded and dark, a thin cracking sound echoed through the apartment from the living room.

It probably was a little terrifying to most people, how Jimin went from wrecked to collected within seconds. And he put a hand against Namjoon's neck, sitting up — stock still, and eyes suddenly narrowed in alertness. To his credit, Namjoon quickly realized something was amiss and let Jimin ease him aside. The vampire’s eyes also went to the dark doorway; the rest of the apartment was still pitch black, and they couldn’t see where the noise had originated from by the angle of the bed.
Jimin placed a finger to Namjoon’s lips before sliding out from under him, rising from the bed with a ridiculous amount of grace. His hand went to the bedroom drawer, quietly pulling out a silver knife seemingly from nowhere. Namjoon wasn’t as graceful, but was equally quiet in climbing off the bed and touching one hand to Jimin’s wrist in concern.

After the last weeks, the risk someone could have broken in weighed heavily on both their minds.

Jimin slid his hand into Namjoon’s, squeezing once before letting go. And then, he motioned Namjoon to stay behind before gently sneaking slowly into the darkness of the living room, like a panther stalking his prey.

It was strangely quiet, and then, suddenly there was a yelp, and the sound of something falling over and then, a very terrified shriek followed by very angry yelling.

"Yah! Let him go!"

Something large swung in the dark, but Namjoon was suddenly between Jimin and his would-be assailant, blocking the object from colliding with Jimin’s head. "Wait! Wait, it's us!"

Jimin paused, his eyes adjusting to the darkness. And now that he'd calmed down a bit. He realized he recognized those bony arms he was pinning down. “Hoseokie-hyung?”

The shrieking cut of as Hoseok opened his eyes, confusion crossing his face. “Jimin? What the fuck?”

The living room lights flicked on, Namjoon standing by the switch. The lights revealed Jimin and Hoseok on the floor, Jimin pinning him down with a silver blade to his throat.

"…Fucking hell," Yoongi lowered the bag Namjoon had blocked from being used as a weapon.

Jimin didn't even flinch at the light, blinking down at Hoseok. And after a moment, he pulled his knife back, letting out an exasperated, “what were the two of you doing? Lurking in the apartment in the dark?”
“What are you doing? Why the fuck do you have a knife?” Hoseok shot back.

Oh… right. These two had no idea Jimin was a hunter. Jimin's name had been left out of all discussions.

"...You're back early," Namjoon tried to change the subject, reaching out to help Jimin and Hoseok back up.

"The boss came in and closed up," Yoongi said, eyeing them all.

Jimin was trying to inconspicuously hide away the knife. “Doesn't answer why you were sneaking about in the dark though.”

“We knew you were home with Namjoon-hyung and didn't want to disturb whatever hanky panic you might be up to.” Hoseok grumbled as he sat up. “Now what were you doing with a knife?”

Helping Jimin to his feet, Namjoon glanced down at Jimin uncertainly. There was little hiding it now. "Jimin…"

Jimin sighed, glancing at Namjoon before saying. “Well, I'd have to. Tools of my trade.”

"What do you mean, tools of your trade?" Yoongi helped Hoseok back up to his feet.

Jimin sighed, running a hand through his hair. “I… well, I'm a hunter.”

Hoseok blinked, “I— what?”

"...You're a hunter," Yoongi blanked. "For how long? You didn't think of saying something when your roommate suddenly needed to drink blood to stay alive?"

Jimin sighed, glancing over at Hoseok. “I… didn't want him to freak out. He wouldn't have known as long as his name didn't appear on any hit lists. And then, well, we kinda… haven't talked much for a while.”
It was true. They hadn't really spoken much since their schedules hadn't synced up much.

"He's on the same side as us," Namjoon came to his boyfriend's defense, one hand on Jimin's shoulder. "He's been working with Taehyung and his enforcers to deal with the uprising mess that's going on."

"You mean you all knew already and decided not to tell us," Yoongi said flatly.

"It was Jimin's choice whether to tell anyone or not," Namjoon said firmly. "We respected that."

Jimin sighed, scratching his head. “I didn't mean to keep it from you guys. I just… it didn't come up.”

Hoseok eyed Jimin, lips thinned. “I.. guess. But… that means… You've been a hunter this whole time?”

“It's… A long story.” Jimin’s back was rigid. “I grew up in a hunter family. But… I've separated from them. You were never in any trouble. I only go after vampires who kill and murder.”

Namjoon’s hand settled on Jimin's back, quiet support. Yoongi looked between them all, before sighing and dropping down onto the couch. "Kind of pissed you hid it from us, it would have been nice to know we didn't have to worry about dragging you into any bullshit because you're already neck-deep in it."

Jimin swallowed before he sighed. “Sorry. I'm just… used to keeping something like this to myself. Sometimes just knowing about who I am is the difference between life and death.”

"…Well, at least we know you can take care of yourself," Yoongi said, glancing at Hoseok.

Hoseok looked like he was struggling to keep himself angry. But after a while, he sighed. “Yeah. At least there's that.” He eyed Jimin a little though. “Anything else you're keeping from us?”

“Er.” Jimin blinked, “I guess… My family are all nuts and that's why I'm all on my own now. But
other than that, no. Just your regular vampire hunter trying to make ends meet.”

"What has our lives come to that vampire hunters are a 'regular' thing," Yoongi grumped. But they seemed to have forgiven Jimin, so Namjoon smiled.

"I should probably go," he murmured into Jimin's ear, a little regretfully.

Jimin looked up at Namjoon with a frown. “Why? Because they're back? We can just close the door.”

Hoseok coughed, having choked on his own saliva.

"...The walls here aren't that thick," Namjoon said, a small amount of red in his cheeks. "Plus that one now has vampire hearing to boot," he pointed at Hoseok.

Hoseok winced, because the glare Jimin was directing at him only grew stronger. “Well, we don't need to have sex tonight. We could just cuddle.”

"...If that's what you want," Namjoon relented.

Yoongi looked non-apologetic. "If you wanted to have sex, you could have at least messaged us beforehand so we knew we were being sexiled."

Jimin rolled his eyes, looking over at Yoongi. “And where the fuck would you two have gone? Things are all weird with Jungkook and Taehyung. And there's also a likely chance Seokjin might have brought someone home. Why do you think Namjoon is over here?”

"We would have at least not come back early," Yoongi replied with a shrug.

"Let's go back to bed," Namjoon suggested, seeing Jimin was getting cranky, hands on the hunter's shoulders.

Jimin huffed, but wrapped his arms around Namjoon's waist. “Fine. I want lots of cuddles.”
Hoseok stared at them before he made a face. “It's actually kinda weird that Jimin is a hunter and is
dating my sire when I really think about it.”

"Better not to think too hard about it then," Namjoon chuckled, steering Jimin back to the human’s
room. "Good night both of you."

“Night.” Hoseok said automatically, watching as Jimin was led to the bedroom by Namjoon, only
speaking when he heard the door shut close. “Well, that was fun.”

"Which part, walking in on their bed noises or nearly getting a knife in the throat?” Yoongi asked
from the couch.

“Both.” Hoseok sighed before flouncing over to the couch and collapsing beside Yoongi. “Man, I'm
beat.”

"Should call it an early night then," Yoongi said, watching him with a wry smile. "Get your beauty
sleep."

“Like right now?” Hoseok joked, curling and leaning onto Yoongi, closing his eyes.

Yoongi snorted in amusement, nudging Hoseok’s side lightly. "Yah, I'm not your pillow.

“Really? But you're so comfy.” Hoseok grinned, “you're really warm too. Like a tiny furnace.”

"Excuse you, I'm not tiny," Yoongi grumped. "If you're going to fall asleep, let's move to your room,
because I don't want to be up against this wall if Jimin decides he doesn't care if we're here
anymore."

“Ugh. You're right.” Hoseok wrinkled his nose, springing up from the couch. “Okay, to my room it
is. Oh, you wanna shower first?”

"If you don't mind. I reek of coffee grounds. Not sure how it's not permanently ingrained in your
nose by now."

“It's better than blood ingrained into my nose.” Hoseok replied, bounding into his room. “I'mma gonna go lie down on my bed first.”

"Uh-huh." Yoongi found his suitcase and pulled out something to change into, amused despite himself.

He didn't doubt that by the time he came out from the bathroom, Hoseok would be snoring and drooling into his pillow.

Chapter End Notes

Progress?

Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter? :) And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!
Shifts at the coffee shop without Hoseok were boring. They were rare lately, with the two of them trying to match up their schedules as much as possible, but Hoseok was in exam week and so spent as much time as possible studying, leaving Yoongi to... well... earn a living.

And since the majority of their staff were students also dealing with exam hell, that left plenty of shifts for him to cover. Setting a fresh latte on the counter and thanking the woman who picked it up with a smile, Yoongi leaned against the register for a brief moment's pause.

He didn't get very long more than a couple of seconds before the door opened and someone made a beeline for the counter. “Hey turtle hyung, one hazelnut latte, two extra shots please.”

Yoongi didn't even need to look up to know just who had arrived. "Not unless you can use my actual name, brat."

“...What is your actual name though?”

Gaze lifting to Jungkook’s face, Yoongi raised an eyebrow. The kid looked like a walking zombie, peering blearily at Yoongi’s face with half-lidded, baggy eyes. Looked like Hoseok wasn’t the only one in the middle of exam hell. Yoongi didn't bother pointing out his name tag; he doubted Jungkook could even read it right now. "...When was the last time you got some sleep, kid?"

Jungkook paused for a worryingly long time before saying, “I dunno. The last ten minutes after I finished my paper earlier I think.”

Shaking his head, Yoongi entered his order in. "You should go home, get some proper sleep. Let that idiot fuss over you."

“I've been home.” Jungkook protested. “Just… I wanna be awake when hyung is awake. Wait, he asked me to call him Tae. Ugh. It's so hard to get used to. I wanna be awake when Tae is awake. But gotta make sure my grades don't drop, so revision whenever he's asleep.”
“And that means how much sleep in a day?” Yoongi asked.

Jungkook paused, before looking confounded. “I… Dunno? Don't actually keep track.”

Yoongi just shook his head with a sigh. "...That'll be 5,000 won."

Jungkook handed Yoongi a credit card, rubbing his eyes. “Hey, so haven't seen Hobi hyung around much.”

"He's in the same exam hell you're in,” Yoongi replied, swiping the card and handing it back with the receipt. "Except he has to somehow attend his exams without burning to a crisp. It's been interesting.” The amount of accidental burns his friend had been subject to in the mad dashes from one shaded location to another were enough to give Yoongi a heart attack. Just because vampires healed stupidly fast didn’t mean he liked seeing Hoseok come home hiding new sun-related injuries.

“Ah. Ugh. That sucks.” Jungkook sighed, running a hand through his hair. “Well, he’s nearly final year, yeah? After he finishes school, I'm sure hyu— Tae will be more than happy to hook him up with some vampire-owned dance studios.”

"...Why am I even surprised he knows vampires with dance studios," Yoongi chuckled, shaking his head and moving on to make Jungkook's drink. "Go sit down kid, you look like you're ready to nod off standing."

“I'll fall asleep if I sit down and I wanna go back home.” Jungkook mumbled, rubbing his eyes. “And hyung knows a lot of people.”

"I guess that comes with his job…?” It was still hard for Yoongi to believe that Kim Taehyung was an Elder. The guy ate ice cream cones bottom-first — and then was sick an hour later because he shouldn’t have been eating said ice cream cone in the first place. He was the vampire equivalent of a beagle who ate themselves sick and then kept right on eating. "How have you and him been doing, by the way?"

“I'm fine,” Jungkook waved a hand. “He's… been a little down. He hates being stuck at home. It's okay whenever I'm back. But whenever I have to go to school…”

Yoongi looked up from where he was waiting for the espresso shots to finish. "You're worried about
him when you're not there." It wasn't really a question; it was obvious on Jungkook's face.

Jungkook sighed, “I'm just worried what he might do. Like… sneak out… or… just get stuck in his thoughts. He… he already broke down once when I wasn't there.”

Yoongi was quiet for a moment, not sure if he should comment on something so private. "Well… if he's an Elder, he's got a lot on his shoulders. I'd be more worried if he wasn't showing signs of stress. The best you or anyone can do is be there for him, when you can."

Jungkook sighed, running a hand through his hair. “I know… I've always worried about him. Even before this. I know his job puts a lot of stress on him and I want to help. But I don't know how. I mean. I'm trying to spend as much time with him as I can, but I'm not even good at comforting him.”

"There's no shame in asking him what he needs," Yoongi said. He covered the take-out cup with a lid and placed it on the counter for Jungkook to take. "It's better than guessing aimlessly."

Jungkook swallowed, looking down at the cup placed in front of him. “I… guess.”

"…” Yoongi rested his elbows on the counter; there was no one in line after Jungkook, the shop only sparsely populated by a couple customers sitting around talking. "If you want to help him, you're going to have to face this fear you have. Otherwise you're just fumbling in the dark getting frustrated."

Jungkook took in a deep breath, blinking rapidly — too rapidly. “I just… don't wanna be too much of a bother.”

"…Jungkook, it's not a bother to ask questions," Yoongi said, watching his expression and how the mere idea of confronting Taehyung caused Jungkook clear anxiety. "We're not mind readers, but we are social creatures. If we don't ask questions, we don't learn, and we don't understand each other. If you want to help someone, you have to understand what's going on in their head first. That's not being a bother, that's being a good friend. Asking questions shows that you care."

Jungkook hands curled into the material of his shirt. “I—”

There was a shaky breath. “I know what you're saying is true. Tae… hyung…. Hyung would never see me as a bother. But I— I…”
He sucked in another deep breath, before seeming to get his trembling form under control. “I… I should get going, turtle hyung.” And when Jungkook looked up, it was with a smile too tight and too polite. “I’ll work on what you said.”

“Alright.” Yoongi wasn’t convinced by that smile, but he leaned back from the counter. "If it helps, work up to Taehyung. Try starting with asking other people questions, build your confidence. You were fine asking me if Hoseok was alright.”

“That's different though… but I'll keep it in mind.” Finally, Jungkook picked up the cup that Yoongi had made him, “I… really gotta go. Hyung has been alone for a good three hours.”

"Get yourself some sleep when you're there. It's the middle of the day, he should be sleeping anyways," Yoongi said with a sigh.

Jungkook sighed along, seeming to collect himself. “See you turtle hyung. Maybe I'll see you in the next few days.”

"Yeah, see you." Yoongi watched him go, the door closing after him.

With a soft huff Yoongi turned back to clean up the equipment. Something at the corner of his eye caught his attention and he blinked when he saw Jungkook's phone sitting on the counter. The kid was really asleep at the wheel today. Shaking his head, Yoongi pocketed it; if Jungkook didn't come back, he'd stop by Taehyung's apartment after his shift.

But it seemed as of Jungkook wasn't tired enough not to forget his phone. About a couple of minutes later, the door to the coffee shop opened again, revealing Jungkook's slightly worried visage. But before he could open his mouth to call Yoongi or even step one foot through the door, something odd happened.

There was a shout from outside, and then a gaggle of laughter. Jungkook had looked over his shoulder, and the next second he was flinching against the door, something exploding against his body with a strange, wet sound. Then again, and again.

Startled, it took Yoongi a moment to react. The rag dropped from his hands into the sink, and he moved out from behind the counter towards the door.
By the time he reached Jungkook, he realized the younger man had been struck with eggs, the yolk dripping down his shirt and hair and pieces of shell falling to the floor. Scowling, Yoongi grabbed Jungkook's sleeve and yanked him inside the cafe before stepping out himself. "Yah!"

The culprits were a gaggle of kids who looked around Jungkook’s age, standing around with an empty carton of eggs and mean grins on their faces. They only laughed at Yoongi, before following what was obviously the ringleader of the group as he turned around to walk away.

"Oh no you don't, you bunch of shitheads," Yoongi strode after them, grabbing the leader by the shoulder and forcefully spinning him around. "What was that about?"

The boy stared, startled at Yoongi before he laughed. “You should be asking Jungkook about that.”

And he nodded to over Yoongi's shoulder where Jungkook had followed. He reached out, tugging at Yoongi's shirt. “Hyung… it's alright. Let's just go.”

Yoongi was sorely tempted to ignore Jungkook and sock the bully’s face in. It hardly mattered that he was on the clock and would surely be fired for getting violent on the job. But a glance at Jungkook’s wide eyes, the yolk dripping down his hair and shirt, and Yoongi knew the younger man was his priority right now.

"...If I see any of your faces around here again, I'll punch your noses in," Yoongi said, staring down the group of miscreants. "Got it?"

The one Yoongi had grabbed raised an eyebrow, looking like he might insult Yoongi before he seemed to think better of it. “Yeah, yeah. Whatever.” Then he looked over at Jungkook with a wide grin. “See you around, Jungkookie.”

Yoongi watched them go, lips pressed into thin lines. He turned back to Jungkook, one hand on the younger man's shoulder to steer him back into the cafe. "Let's get you in the back and cleaned up." He could feel raw egg sticky under his palm.

“Thanks, hyung.” Jungkook mumbled quietly as they turned to walk back into the cafe. The younger man winced when he saw the egg and shell mess at the door. “Sorry about that. I'll help you clean it up.”
"Don't worry about it, kid. Come on." Yoongi yelled for Seulgi to cover for him for a bit as he steered Jungkook into the back of the shop and to the staff restroom. "Wash that off, alright? I'll find you a spare uniform or something to use."

"Yeah. Thanks." Jungkook sighed, running a hand through his hair before grimacing when he found egg in it too. "Shit. This is going to be tough to explain to hyu—Tae."

"He has a good nose, doesn't he? You're going to smell like rotten eggs a mile away," Yoongi said, moving to the lockers to find spare clothes. "What the fuck was their problem, anyways?"

"I'll just say I got into an accident I guess," Jungkook said defeatedly, turning on the sink. "And... they were... my friends. But I stopped hanging out with them and they took offence."

"By tracking you down and pelting you with eggs?" Yoongi frowned.

"They're... very traditional bullies I guess," Jungkook said. "Whatever. It's just annoying, it'll stop once they get bored."

Yoongi found a spare uniform, pulling it out of a bag. "You should tell Taehyung, he's going to know something's up. 'Accident' doesn't usually mean getting eggs in someone's hair."

Jungkook didn't answer, having paused to dunk his head under the faucet. But when he surfaced, he answered. "No. I can't. Firstly, he'd probably kill them. Secondly, it's just schoolboy pranks. I can handle it."

"It always starts as pranks," Yoongi said, waiting by the restroom door. "You could probably take them yourself, you can take out vampires so a few idiot humans can't be that big of a problem."

"I know." Jungkook sighed, "but it isn't fair for the idiot humans. I don't want to hurt them. And I know them. They'll only get worse if I respond."

"If they don't stop, you need to tell someone," Yoongi shook his head. "Or if it escalates worse. Eggs is already a shitty move."
“I know.” Jungkook replied shortly. “I’ll deal with it.”

“...Right.” Yoongi let it go, just waiting for Jungkook to finish washing out his hair and take the offered clothes.

Jungkook finally looked up, hair dripping. And he stared awkwardly at Yoongi before saying. “Sorry. I’m just… Tired.”

"Yeah, I gathered," Yoongi said quietly. "Just finish cleaning up, get back home and sleep, alright?"

“Yes. Thanks.” Jungkook took the clothes from Yoongi. “I’ll get this washed as soon as I can and get it back to you.”

"Thanks. My boss will notice it’s missing eventually," Yoongi snorted. "You also forgot this." He fished Jungkook's phone out of his pocket and held it out.

Jungkook blinked before he rubbed his face. “Right. It was why I came back in the first place. Thanks.”

"No problem." Yoongi passed the phone off to the younger man with the clothes.

“I’m gonna…” And Jungkook gestured to the clothes. “Unless you wanted to see me naked, turtle hyung.”

Yoongi stared blankly at the kid, before reaching out and purposely shutting the restroom door on him. "Are you so tired you forgot how to operate doors?"

“I was being polite and not closing the door in your face!” Jungkook yelled out from behind the door.

Rolling his eyes, Yoongi turned and walked back towards the front of the shop. "Brat."
Yoongi was busy with a customer when Jungkook was done, so he just left a small extra tip in the tip box for Yoongi before going out, sending Yoongi a simple text message that said 'you were busy so I left. Thanks! I'll return the uniform once it's washed.' Yoongi read over the text on his break, shaking his head. He doubted the bullying incidents would stop anytime soon.

But if he saw those assholes around here again, he was socking their faces in.

****

"Look who decided to join us!"

Yoongi tore his gaze away from where he'd been looking around the small, private gym stocked with mats, machines and dumbbells. When he did, he saw Jongdae standing in the middle of a large matted area in the middle of the room, arms folded across his chest and lazy grin in place. He was dressed simply in loose, breathable clothes, Jungkook beside him. "So Seokjin finally saw fit to hand you both over to me, huh?"

"Er. Yeah. I guess you could say that," Hoseok said, fidgeting with wide eyes by Yoongi’s side as he looked around the gym.

"He finally got sick of you two huh.” Jungkook said as he stretched his arms. “Looks like it won't only be my ass kicked around today then.”

"You train Jungkook?" Yoongi asked, approaching the center of the room a little warily.

"Sometimes," Jongdae shrugged. "Most of the time he practices with the Gong clan, but since he’s learning to stave off vampire attacks, having an actual vampire to spar with does him more good. So. How far has Jin gotten with you two?"

"Erm. I stopped running into walls.” Hoseok said sheepishly even as Jungkook snickered.

"I can fight, I'm just not that fast," Yoongi said.
"Well we'll need to fix that, because if there's one thing vampires are, it's fast," Jongdae said. "I'll be honest and say most vampires you'll run into will be baby fledglings operating on pure instinct. They won't be as difficult to deal with as Seokjin and I. But if you train with us, then going up against less experienced vampires will be child's play."

“I suppose that's good.” Hoseok ran a hand through his hair. “So… what do we do?”

“I could work with turtle hyung.” Jungkook volunteered, ignoring the face Yoongi made at the nickname. “Speed training, right? We'll just do the usual sets.”

"Sure," Jongdae said, looking amused. "Remember to actually train him and not just run him into the mats over and over." He turned to Hoseok, motioning the younger vampire over. "Which means you're mine~."

Hoseok gulped, walking over to Jongdae. “This… won't be too crazy right? I honestly just stopped running into walls.”

Following Jungkook to the unoccupied side of the gym, Yoongi’s attention went back to the two vampires. The catlike smile on Jongdae’s face did not bode well for Hoseok.

"I heard. Seokjin said you're fast, very fast for a fledgling. Must be all that dancer blood," Jongdae chuckled. "But your reaction time hasn't caught up to your speed yet. The only thing that's going to solve that… is practice. So..."

Jongdae’s eyes danced. "Don't let me land a hit."

Suddenly Jongdae was right in front of Hoseok, delivering a fast punch to the fledgling’s stomach.

Hoseok yelped, immediately jumping backwards as Jongdae’s fist grazed past his stomach. Unfortunately he immediately lost his balance, tumbling head over heels backwards.

“Good luck to Hobi-hyung. Jongdae-hyung is ruthless,” Jungkook said from Yoongi’s other side. Yoongi looked away from where Jongdae was grinning down at a hapless Hoseok to see Jungkook had just finished setting up a ladder on the floor.
"Isn't it just unfair to put him up against someone centuries older than him?"

“They’re just gonna be training.” Jungkook shrugged, “Hoseok hyung doesn't need to win. Anyway. We're gonna be doing ladder steps tonight to increase your speed.”

"Ladder steps?" Yoongi was having flashbacks to high school gym classes. He had played some basketball for a couple years, but these days he was far from athletic. He eyed the ladder on the floor. "Alright, sure. It's been a while."

“Yup, so. It’s a simple sequence. Left foot, cross, right foot, cross, left foot two back, right foot one back, right foot two right, left foot one right. And then repeat.” Jungkook demonstrated. “Now, you try.”

Even if he hadn't seen the way Jungkook's muscles bulged under his sleeves just holding onto a coffee cup, Yoongi would have known how fit this kid was just from watching him demonstrate the steps. Sighing inwardly, Yoongi stepped onto the ladder and prepared himself for embarrassment.

All things said and done, the first hour went by about how Yoongi had expected. Jungkook kept him on the ladder until he was tripping over it more than anything, then let him take a break before putting him on the ladder again. Hoseok's shrieks periodically filled the air as Jongdae either landed a hit or made Hoseok fall over a bench press trying to avoid him.

Yoongi was pretty sure they'd be black and blue by the end of the day. At least Hoseok healed fast — some of those falls looked nasty.

Taking a breather, Yoongi pushed sweat-soaked hair back out of his face as he panted quietly. He looked across the gym to where Jongdae was tapping the back of Hoseok's knee with one foot.

"You keep forgetting where your feet are, and then not shifting the rest of your body weight with them when you dodge. You take your own feet out from under you when you do that. Have you tried serious dancing since you were turned?"

Hoseok look down at his leg before frowning. “Serious dancing? What do you mean?”

"Like, difficult routines. Something you don't already have memorized, so you have to focus harder. Or any sort of intense dance routine, really."
“Er… not really,” Hoseok sighed. “Exam period, and then the vampire thing kind of made me miss most of the practices.”

"Well, getting back into dance will help you tremendously," Jongdae said, straightening and clasping his hands behind his back.

Hoseok blinked before looking up and staring incredulously at Jongdae. “What? Really?’

Jongdae nodded. "Your biggest issue is that you're not comfortable with your new body yet. What better way to retrain your mind and muscles than dance?"

“Oh.” Hoseok looked down at his feet again before up at Jongdae. “That… makes sense.”

But before Yoongi could eavesdrop more on their conversation, a hand clamped down on Yoongi’s shoulder. “Tired, turtle hyung?’

Yoongi startled, turning around to see Jungkook standing beside him. "I'm not sure if I can feel my legs anymore. Can we move on to some other torture device?"

Jungkook chuckled, “the other torture devices are similar but worse. This is the most effective I feel. But hey, want to try my lunges set?"

"...Sure. Why not." Yoongi was sure he'd fall on his face after ten, but he wasn't about to let Jungkook tease him for calling quits while Hoseok and Jongdae were still going.

But Jungkook just stared at Yoongi before chortling. That brat. “Oh, hyung. Your pride is something else. Nah, we're done for now. But… after a five minute break, I was wondering if you might wanna spar a little. Break the monotony a bit.”

Yoongi gave Jungkook a wry look. "So you can beat me into the floor instead?” Jungkook barely looked winded, even if he'd been doing his own training.
“If you can’t beat me, how are you going to beat a vampire?” Jungkook shrugged, “most of what I learnt is from getting my ass pounded by various people over the years.”

"Does Taehyung ever train you?” Yoongi raised an eyebrow, taking the opportunity to sit down on a bench.

“Tae? Sometimes. He always goes too easy on me. It's more like playtime with me. Jongdae-hyung’s the one who really whoops my ass.”

"Why am I not surprised by that,” Yoongi said, watching Hoseok and Jongdae again. "He looks unassuming, but he's a fucking taskmaster."

“He is. He’s not Tae’s Head Enforcer for nothing.” Jungkook sighed, stretching out and cracking his back. “To be honest, Tae can be really frightening too when he wants. Although he always hides that from me.”

"I suppose he's got to be if he's an Elder," Yoongi said. "I don't know much about them aside from what Seokjin's told me in brief, but I do know they're vampires you don't fuck with if you want to live."

“Nope, you definitely don't want to.” Jungkook agreed, before his eyes slid over to the door as it swung open. Jungkook's eyebrow rose so far up, they disappeared under his bangs. “Huh. Speaking of vampires you don't wanna fuck with.”

“Hello~ I heard there was a fun training session going on. Thought I might drop by?”

Yoongi's eyes followed Jungkook's, and he squinted at the stranger walking in. It wasn't one of the vampires he recognized. "Who's that?"

Jongdae straightened from where he'd dumped Hoseok on his back yet again, an expression of resigned amusement on his face. "Hey Junsu. I'm not sure these guys would call it 'fun'."

“Well, fun for us.” The man named Junsu grinned as Hoseok groaned and sat up.
“That's Junsu-hyung. He's the Head Enforcer to Yunho-hyung. Yunho-hyung's also an Elder, and he's a bit like a big brother to Tae.” Jungkook murmured to Yoongi.

Yoongi nodded slowly in understanding, watching Junsu approach them. "So are you here to help train them, or to provide running commentary?" Jongdae asked, offering one hand to help Hoseok up.

“Well, depends.” Junsu stuck his hand into his pockets. “I could help train then whenever you get tired out, Dae Dae. Or we could spar, give them a demonstration.”

"This isn't tiring me out," Jongdae snorted. "But I was going to call a break for them anyways, so a demonstration sounds just fine."

“Oh? So you're actually itching for me to kick your ass?” Junsu grinned. “That's a first.”

“Junsu-hyung is supposedly as good a fighter as Tae is.” Jungkook muttered lowly to Yoongi. “And Tae always whoops Jongdae-hyung's ass.”

Yoongi raised an eyebrow. "So we should really get Taehyung in here once he's recovered is what you're saying?"

Jungkook's expression said it all.

"Hey, you don't always win so don't get cocky," Jongdae said. He nudged Hoseok's shoulder. "Go take a break with those two, there's blood packs in the cooler."

Hoseok gratefully limped over to Yoongi's side, where he promptly collapsed onto Yoongi's shoulder, groaning. Yoongi patted Hoseok's shoulder sympathetically, ignoring the look Jungkook was giving them both. "I think he's even harsher on you than Seokjin." Hoseok gave Yoongi an indistinguishable sound as an answer.

Jongdae chuckled, rolling his shoulders as he and Junsu moved to the middle of the mats. "So you're sure all that paperwork Yunho's been making you do hasn't slowed you down?"
“Please, I can balance paperwork and keeping myself in shape no problem. Can't say the same about you.” Junsu grinned.

"Why don't you put your money where your mouth is," Jongdae said, a catlike smirk curling his lips as his stance shifted. "Hyung ."

Yoongi must have blinked at the wrong moment. One second Jongdae was standing across from Junsu, and the next he was behind the other vampire, leg sweeping out.

Junsu laughed, the sound thrilled, even as he narrowly dodged the leg, arms windmilling as he regained his balance. “Ooo, little Dae learnt some new tricks~”

"You think I let Taehyung kick my ass across Seoul and back for the fun of it?" Jongdae snorted, eyes dancing as he maintained a careful distance from Junsu. "You don't serve under the Bloodhound without something to show for it."

“Mmm… true. But then...”

And suddenly Junsu was behind of Jongdae, his eyes flashing. “I serve the Commander.”

Jongdae didn’t spun around fast enough to avoid the arms grabbing him in a deadlock, one twisting around his neck to cut off his air. With a low snarl he pitched himself forward, flipping Junsu over him. But Junsu easily followed the movement, not letting go of Jongdae, trying to use the momentum to get Jongdae onto the ground

And it looked like it was working before Jongdae managed to break and roll away, getting his feet back under him in a low crouch. His eyes weren't blood red, but they shown with an intense light.

Yoongi felt that while vampires most often succeeded in imitating the human crowds they masqueraded in, sometimes, when they weren't paying attention, their eyes gave them away. Eyes that were far too focused, too knowledgeable, too old for their faces. Like wolves in sheep skin. It was enough to send a small shiver down his spine as Jongdae didn't give Junsu a chance to come after him again, initiating the attack too fast for his human eyes to keep up.

And yet, as fast as Jongdae was, he couldn’t quite seem to catch Junsu. The older vampire’s lips were curled into a perpetual grin even as he seemed to barely dodge and evade all of Jongdae’s
attacks. Each attempt grew closer and closer to pinning him down, and yet, that unnerving grin only grew wider.

Yoongi didn't dare look away from what was happening, but he leaned a little closer to Jungkook. "Who has the upper hand?"

Jungkook was staring at the two in intense concentration, brow furrowed. "...Dae-hyung. But…” Jungkook started, just before Jongdae finally managed to tackle Junsu to the ground, pinning him effectively there.

Junsu laughed, holding his arms up in surrender. “Okay, okay. I yield.”

Surprisingly, Jongdae actually looked put out at that. "Yah! You promised me a spar, why are you holding back?"

“I'm not!” Junsu protested, laughing. “You improved a lot, Dae-ah~”

Jongdae scowled down at him, punching Junsu in the shoulder before letting him go and standing up. "You're as infuriating as ever."

“Am I?” Junsu grinned. “Aahhhh. That's just part of my charm~”

Rolling his eyes, Jongdae walked over to the cooler set up beside the benches. He pulled a blood pack out from inside, holding it out to Hoseok. "Here. It'll help."

Hoseok blinked, looking up at Jongdae’s unusually annoyed expression before taking the blood pack from him. "Er. Thanks."

“Hey, Kookie-yah, wanna spar with me?” Junsu asked as he sat up, looking over at the surprised human.

“Me?” Jungkook blinked, “I'm definitely only going to get my ass kicked. I barely escape Jongdae like... 90% of the time.”
“Well, I'll go easy on you then~” Junsu grinned. “Oh, yeah! I saw that sports drink you used to like and bought some for you. Do you still drink it?”

“Huh?” Jungkook blinked before looking over to the side where Junsu had dropped off a small bag when he'd come in. “Oh. Yeah. This brand. Not as much, but I still drink it. Thanks, hyung.”

"I think we're done after this," Jongdae said, looking down at his phone. "Got a meeting to get to. The next few days are going to be... interesting."

“Interesting?” Jungkook repeated as he fished the sports drink out of the bag and cracked open the bottle. “What do you mean by interesting, Dae-hyung?”

“Sorry, Kookie. Classified information. Even us Head Enforcers only know bits and pieces. Everything is need to know.” Junsu piped up.

"Yep," Jongdae sighed, pulling out two more blood packs from the cooler, offering one to Junsu. "I'll call Junhong to get you all home safely. It's pretty late."

Junsu declined the offered blood with a shake of his head and a grin. “It's okay, I already fed on my way here.”

Hoseok looked a little more alive after his own blood pack, but he was still pretty much melded to Yoongi's side. “Well, let me know when Junhong gets here. I'm not moving until then.”

That earned a chuckle from Jongdae as he placed the extra blood bag away again. "Don't forget what I said. Get back in the dance studio, preferably without clueless humans around the first couple times. Once you've got your reaction time caught up with your movement, we can start the real training."

“Why does that scare me?” Hoseok whined.

That earned a chuckle from Jungkook, Yoongi seeing the younger man take a swig of his sports drink before offering the bottle to him. “Want some?”
"I'm good with water."

Jongdae was talking on his phone, the call short. "Okay, Junhong should be here within fifteen," he said, tucking his phone away and finishing his blood pack."Send me your availabilities for the next month, this is going to be a regular thing."

"...Why did we agree to sign up for this torture again?" Hoseok whined at Yoongi with a pout.

"It was your idea, so don't give me that," Yoongi snorted, patting Hoseok's back. Hoseok let out another whine, dropping his head onto Yoongi's shoulder.

“Do I like, wait for Junhong-hyung too? Or can I go back on my own?” Jungkook asked Jongdae.

But before Jongdae can answer, Junsu interjected. “I can send Jungkook back. It's dangerous on the streets, and Tae Tae’s place is on the way back to our rental anyway.”

Jongdae nodded. "Sure. Give Taehyung a heads up before he worries too much," he said to Jungkook as he stretched out.

Jungkook sighed, “fine. Fine.”

"Good. Or else it'll be my ass he kicks."

“I'll keep the little rascal safe!” Junsu called out, despite Jungkook's scandalized look.

“I'm neither little or a rascal, hyung.”

“You'll always be a little rascal to me. Come on, let's get you back to Tae Tae.” Yoongi watched them go, Junsu steering Jungkook out of the gym like a lost duckling.

****
When Taehyung woke up the next evening, it was to an empty apartment and a fresh stock of blood bags in the fridge. Rubbing one eye as he peered at them, he reasoned Jungkook must have brought them in from Seokjin's place before rushing out to his exam. There was no one else who could have delivered the fresh packs while Taehyung was asleep, and anyone else's scent invading the apartment would have woken him up immediately.

Smiling faintly as he thought of Jungkook, Taehyung sighed and made himself take a pack of blood before closing the fridge door. The more blood he drank, disgusting or not, the faster he'd be back in action. And the less Jungkook would worry about him; as much as the human tried to be nonchalant about it, Taehyung saw the regular glances in his direction, and the way Jungkook double-checked the fridge to make sure Taehyung hadn't been skipping on his meals like he was prone to doing when distracted. And Taehyung was trying to do better than that, he really was. Both for Jungkook, and to get himself back out on the streets faster.

Pouring some blood into a mug, he heated it up in the microwave before draining the cup. There was no point in changing out of his pajamas when he wouldn't be able to leave the apartment, again. So he meandered to the couch and sat down, pulling his legs up to his chest as he checked his phone.

_Taehyung (10.24 p.m.):_ *Everything on schedule?*

Jongdae's reply came in a few seconds later, probably expecting a check-in.

_Jongdae (10.24 p.m.):_ *We're all set. Don't worry, we've got this. I'll keep you updated._

Taehyung replied with a short affirmative before dropping his phone beside him and resting his cheek against his knees. He closed his eyes, listening to the faint ticking of the clock on the wall and the city traffic outside. It wasn't that he doubted Jongdae's expertise. There was a reason he'd chosen him as his Head Enforcer after all. Jongdae was more than capable of carrying out the raids they had planned on the renegade covens, and had assistance in the form of Taehyung's other enforcers as well as some of Yunho's team. That included Junsu, whom Taehyung used to fight alongside back when the vampire world was a ticking time bomb waiting to go off. If anyone could handle the raids, it was those two.

It just didn't make sitting and waiting any easier.

****
It was about an hour later that Jungkook came home. He felt like his brain had been run through a blender — but then, that was normal for his after exam state. And the prospect of having a whole night of just staying with his hyung cheered him up immensely. So perhaps he might have been a little too elated to be back, practically bouncing as he’d toed his shoes off. “Hyung? Where are you?”

Taehyung poked his head above the top of the couch to see Jungkook in the doorway. He’d probably been playing a mindless game on his phone for distraction. "Hey Kookie. How did the exam go?"

“Terrible.” Jungkook said even though it had been nothing of the sort. He was probably gonna get an A for that subject. But it gave him the excuse to run and jump into Taehyung's arms.

And it definitely knocked off whatever weird pensive mood Taehyung tended to sink into whenever left at home too long. The smile that lit up Taehyung’s face made Jungkook mentally pat himself on a good job well down. Taehyung’s phone dropped onto the couch as he wrapped his arms and legs around Jungkook like a lanky koala. "Aww, don't worry about it Kookie. You're always gonna be smarter than me."

“Only about dumb things.” Jungkook complained, snuggling up into Taehyung’s side. Jungkook was larger and bigger than Taehyung these days, but it didn't mean Jungkook didn't enjoy pretending that wasn't so most days.

"Nothing's a dumb thing to be smart about," Taehyung said, resting his chin on Jungkook's shoulder. "It takes all kinds of smarts to survive, you know. And if we're smart about different things, that means we can help each other."

Jungkook hummed, and after a hesitant moment, ran his fingers through Taehyung's hair. “I guess so. But I'll tell you the day knowing how the social-economic impacts of YouTube on musical culture will help me escape from an angry vampire chasing me down.”

"I can handle the vampires for you," Taehyung said. His eyes closed at the fingers in his hair, enjoying the gentle touch. "Humans and human cultures I can't help with as much. It all changes too fast for me sometimes."

Jungkook’s hand paused a little in Taehyung's hair, before they resumed their touch. “I… guess you're right.”
Jungkook didn’t think too much about it, because it was a rather… disconcerting thought to entertain. The kind that would make your world tilt a little if you thought about it too much. But it wasn’t like it had never ever occurred to Jungkook before — that while Taehyung had been his whole life, Jungkook was but a small, probably insignificant fraction; would always be, even if Jungkook lived up to a hundred years old.

He shook that thought out of his head though. This wasn't the time to think about that. He was supposed to be cheering Taehyung up.

But Taehyung seemed to get wind of the sudden sour note to Jungkook's thoughts. His eyes half-opened again, peering at the human's profile inquisitively. "What's wrong?"

Jungkook paused again. He wondered if there was a way to get around answering Taehyung truthfully — but then… it was hard to lie to Taehyung about these kind of things. He decided to just play it cool — make it seem like it wasn’t a big deal. Which it wasn’t. Not really. Because Jungkook didn’t really think about it much after all. “Nah. Just wondering what it feels like living for so long.”

To Jungkook’s surprise, Taehyung actually began answering him. "Mmm... some of it's fun I guess," Taehyung said, resting his cheek back down on Jungkook’s shoulder. "You get to see the world change and evolve, watch things be built that you'd never have imagined in your wildest dreams. Computers, cars, skyscrapers... indoor plumbing. And you have all the lifetimes to do everything you wouldn't be able to do in just one."

The corner of his lips quirked. "Most of it's lonely though."

Jungkook looked up, unable to stop the errant thought before it spilled out of his mouth. “Is that why you saved me? From my parents selling me?”

"Huh? If I saved you because I was lonely?" Taehyung blinked before he smiled, shaking his head. "When I saw you, I saw a good, kind kid with a lot of potential, trapped in a bad situation. I saw... someone at a crossroads in their life, and I wanted to protect you from the darkness waiting down that other path."

He chuckled. "Curing my loneliness was something you did while I wasn't paying attention."

Jungkook looked at Taehyung, and the kindness and beauty he'd always seen in the vampire’s face
there, and his heart clenched. Quietly, hesitantly, he said, “...but when I'm gone, you'll be lonely again.”

A softer, morose edge formed in Taehyung's smile. It did nothing to ease the pressured clench of Jungkook’s heart. His arms held onto Jungkook a little tighter, cheek smushed into his shoulder as he closed his eyes and breathed in deeply. "Doesn't mean I can't enjoy what time we have together."

It was a ‘yes’ in gentler words. ‘Why don't you turn me then?’ were the words stuck in Jungkook's throat. Because, Taehyung didn’t want him to go, and Jungkook didn’t want to leave him either. It was the simplest solution — the solution everyone around them thought should have been unsaid. But yet.

But yet.

Jungkook was scared of the reply he might get. So, after a long moment, he could only gather the courage to say, “I don't want you... to ever be lonely, Tae.”

"...Silly bunny," Taehyung gently pinched Jungkook's side. "Don't feel sad for me, okay? Yeah a lot of my life was lonely, but because I went through all that, I got to meet you. And I wouldn't give up you for the world."

It wasn’t the answer he’d hope for. And Jungkook yelped a little, shifting at the pinch, before pouting. “I wouldn't give you up for the world either, hyung.”

‘And I wish you would keep me by your side forever.’ Jungkook wished he could also say.

"Then we're in agreement." Taehyung hummed. After a moment he rearranged them both on the couch so he was settled in the corner, Jungkook bundled against him. "That was your last exam, huh? We should celebrate or something." There hadn't been many reasons to celebrate lately.

“Celebrate how, hy— Tae?” Jungkook caught the slip in time, smiling a little. He could feel Taehyung’s heartbeat, pressed this close to the vampire. It was a surprising fact that most didn’t know — that vampires had heartbeats. Because that was the thing: vampires were undead and didn’t need to breathe, but their hearts still beat. They beat slower, more sluggishly than a humans, bringing blood through their bodies, letting them move. Function. It was a little weird — the science about it a bit strange. They didn’t breath because they couldn’t. Just couldn’t process the oxygen. And that’s why they needed to feed on the blood of others, leeching literal lifeblood: like a strange twist of
regurgitated food. Jungkook still didn’t fully understand it to be honest.

But what he did understand was that the rise and fall of Taehyung’s chest was a sign of safety. It was a sign that Taehyung could afford the deception of being human — that he had the mental capacity still to pretend. And so now, the press of Taehyung’s arms around his body, the movement of his chest, was a signal to Jungkook that everything was fine. Taehyung even smiled when Jungkook used his name. "Normally I'd say let's go somewhere... but I'm still on house arrest," he sighed. His hand smoothed up and down Jungkook's arm. "So the question is, what would you want to do?"

Jungkook looked up at Taehyung, which was a mistake. Taehyung was so close, and it would be so easy to lean in and press his lips against Taehyung's.

"Erm…” Jungkook quickly lowered his eyes. “I— whatever you wanna do, T-Tae. You've been the one who’s been sad and troubled.”

And that was unlikely to change anytime soon. Taehyung's eyes wandered to his phone discarded on the couch beside them, the screen black. "I wanna make you happy," he said. "Once I get a clean bill of health from Seokjin, I need to be back out there helping. So I want to spend what time I can before that making sure you're always smiling."

“I…” Jungkook sucked in a breath. “You always make me happy, no matter what you do, hyung. But… you're so… so… unhappy now. It's hard to be happy too. Why…”

And the word stuck in Jungkook's throat. But thinking of how miserable Taehyung had been, Jungkook soldiered on. “Why… why are you so anxious to get out there, hyung… Tae… It's better that you're safe here. That… You heal properly. T-that you're safe.”

Taehyung's gaze moved from his phone to Jungkook leaning against his chest. He was quiet for a moment, eyes half-lidded and unfocused, and it wasn’t clear if he was going to answer.

Jungkook’s heart shuddered.

Then Taehyung’s fingers brushed through Jungkook's hair, gently massaging before he rested his cheek against the soft locks. "...I hate feeling helpless, more than anything else," he admitted quietly into Jungkook’s hair. "I spent too much of my life that way. Those days are long gone, but I... I made a promise, to the person who lifted me out of that. And the longer I sit here not doing anything, the more I'm breaking that promise."
Jungkook blinked at that. It had been more of an answer than he’d expected. And he wasn’t sure what else he should say. There wasn’t much precedent for this.

But… it was exactly why he couldn’t just stop here. Not now. And so, with obvious difficulty, he asked, “Who… Who was the person who you made that promise to?”

"I don't think I've ever mentioned him by name around you," Taehyung said, twirling a piece of Jungkook's hair around his long fingers. "But his name was Bogum. The founder of the coven Yunho hyung now leads — that Dae, Ryeowook, Gyuri and I used to be a part of."

“O-oh…” Jungkook took a shaky breath. He was nervous. Understandably — because again, this was the first time he’d dared ask Taehyung such questions. But Taehyung was playing with his hair, trying to get Jungkook to calm down, meaning he wasn't angry or annoyed with Jungkook asking. “Was he… your sire?”

"No. I never knew my sire." Taehyung wet his lips, breathing in slowly. There was history layered in his voice, old wounds that had healed but left their scars. "But he felt like it. He was the only vampire who looked at me and saw something worth saving. Even when I didn't trust him, even hurt him sometimes, he saved me over and over, from other people and myself."

Jungkook swallowed a little, wondering who this man was, how he had such hold over Taehyung. How he had impacted the vampire’s life. “He's… he's no longer around?”

The answer was obvious in Taehyung's face even before he shook his head. "He died in the fighting that broke out when the Elder system was created. He believed it would solve everything, you know? All he wanted was to see vampires and humans live peacefully." Taehyung's eyes lowered. "He would have been the best Elder."

“...This is why the Elder system is so important to you?” Jungkook asked softly.

"Would it be disappointing if I said yes?" Taehyung asked. "Don't get me wrong... I believe in it. I like living alongside humans and not fighting them. But I'm selfish. After everything he did for me, I can't stand the thought of his dream not coming true."

Jungkook thought about it for a moment, before he shook his head. “No, it's not.” And since it seemed like today was a day to be brave, he said, “I always wondered why. You seem like… Such a
free person. It was always weird to me that you tied yourself down like this. Now it makes sense…"

Five seconds after the words left his mouth, Jungkook’s heart stuttered, and he quickly added on, because it might have seemed Jungkook had been criticizing.. “I mean— I didn’t mean that in a bad way.”

Taehyung blinked, then chuckled. "I know." He nuzzled against Jungkook's shoulder. "I think of it as being Elder in Bogum's stead. I'm not as good at it as he would have been, but I try." His eyes drifted back to his phone. "But I've never been good at standing still."

Jungkook knew he relaxed almost visibly when Taehyung wasn’t offended. And after a moment he said, “you don’t let me see very much of what you do as your work as Elder. But… everyone I know respects you. Even when Minji-noona speaks about you, there’s respect in her voice. I think you’re probably as good as the man you admire. I mean. I don’t know him. But just a feeling. You’re as good. Just maybe, different.”

One of the vampire's fangs pressed down on his lower lip in an effort to hide the surprise on his face at Jungkook's words. And after a moment he asked softly, a small amount of red rising in his tanned cheeks, "you really think so, Kook?"

“Of course I do, Tae.” Jungkook replied softly, no guile in his voice at all. Why would there be? He believed in his words wholeheartedly. “You’ve done a great job. And anyone who knows anything knows that.”

Lips forming a boxy grin, Taehyung hugged Jungkook closer, hiding his face against the side of the human's neck. "I don't know about 'anyone who knows anything', but if you think so, that means the world."

Jungkook blinked, stiffening a little at Taehyung pressing his face against his neck. And it felt like his brain had suddenly stalled, putting a break to the vocal spell that he had seemed to get into. “A-ah… r-right… erm… y-y-y-yeah…”

Of course, Taehyung misunderstood and thought Jungkook was nervous about the sudden proximity to his neck. "Don't worry. I had some blood before you got here," he murmured cheekily against the crook of Jungkook's neck.

“That's n-not.” Jungkook stuttered, protesting. “I w-wouldn’t mind if you drank m-my blood,
And then, a long pause.

Taehyung blinked, lifting his head up from Jungkook's shoulder. "Huh?"

“N-n-n-ot-t-thing.” Jungkook stuttered out as he slowly turned into a giant cranberry.

"Your face is all red, Kookie," Taehyung said, lifting his hands to frame the human's burning crimson cheeks in both palms. "Did... you mean what you said?"

Jungkook wanted to hide his face maybe into ten pounds of dirt where he could slowly suffocate to maybe distract himself from the fact he was slowly suffocating in embarrassment now. But with Taehyung cupping his face, that wasn't really possible (not to mention, where was he going to find ten pounds of dirt in Seoul?). So he just slowly nodded his head after a long, long while.

"Well, I mean... you do smell really good," Taehyung teased. "But I'd only do that if you wanted me to, Kook."

Jungkook blinked down at Taehyung. And then he blinked again.

He was starting to feel like his internal processor had hanged and needed a reboot.

Taehyung's head tilted a little, before an exasperatedly fond smile formed on his lips. Letting go of one of Jungkook's cheeks, he reached up and flicked the human on the forehead.

Jungkook made a really strange noise, like a combination of a whine and a shocked sound of pain, and he stared at Taehyung like a wounded puppy. "Ow!"

"There you are. I was starting to wonder if I had to take you in for a new motherboard," Taehyung chuckled. His fingers smoothed over the spot he'd flicked, before the vampire shifted out from between Jungkook and the couch. "I'm gonna get us some snacks. Anything you want?"
“Erm. No. I’m… I’m fine.” Jungkook whispered, sounding like he was honestly surprised he still had a voice.

"I'll just bring the usual then?" Taehyung smiled down at him, reaching out and lightly tapping one finger against Jungkook's nose before heading off into the kitchen.

Jungkook didn’t move for the longest while. And then a sound erupted out of him, surprising even himself — a sort of weird squeak that was probably him saying ‘yeah’. And without really knowing why, his instincts made him bolt, scrambling towards the door of his room. It flung open with a rather dramatic movement, only to be closed with an anti-climatically soft click, because Jungkook realized at the last moment, a slamming door would be extremely suspicious.

His pillow was the perfect sort of midway between softness and firmness to press his face into as he let out a strangled scream.

He wasn’t even sure what had happened. Had Taehyung really said he smelt good? This was some sort of hallucination right? Or maybe Taehyung had gone all wonky after being stuck at home for too long. Maybe it was because he hadn’t flirted with someone for so long, it’d just oozed out of him? Maybe that was it. That was probably it. Right?

There was no way Taehyung could be flirting with him. He still saw Jungkook as some kind of ward or little brother, or at the very most just his best friend.

Right?

About half a minute later, the door opened again, and Jungkook moved stiffly over to the couch and sat back down as if nothing had happened at all.

At least, that was what he was aiming for.

Taehyung had gathered the snacks and drinks on a tray, and meandered back into the living room to set them on the coffee table. "What game shall we play?"

“Er. Whatever you want?” Jungkook said stiffly, “I’ve got a couple of new games. We could just go through the list and stop when we get bored.”
"Sounds like a plan." Taehyung settled down on the couch, picking up his phone and checking it again.

Jungkook blinked at that, his heart stuttering a little in worry, before Taehyung put the phone back down and his heart settled with it. Radio silence. Hopefully, that was a good thing — it was certainly a good thing for Jungkook. But he knew that Taehyung was worried, and so, he leaned over, linking his fingers around Taehyung’s wrist. “They’ll be fine for now. You gotta get your strength back before going back to being the best Elder ever.”

Eyes lifting back to Jungkook’s, Taehyung smiled after a moment. "...Yeah. Yeah, you're right." He set the phone aside, but still within easy reach, before grabbing the controllers. "Game time."

****

It was early in the morning. Too early for anything really. But Hoseok’s eyes fluttered open to look up at Yoongi. It wasn’t very obvious the reason why, because there had been nothing wake him up — no loud noises, no sudden movements. But yet… Hoseok’s eyes were wide open, staring at Yoongi.

Who stared back, caught.

Yoongi had thought he was being subtle. It wasn't exactly the first time he'd (creepily) stared at Hoseok while he was asleep. With their different internal clocks, it had been inevitable over the past couple weeks that one of them would be awake while the other was still fast asleep. And well… they shared a bed more often than not. That meant plenty of opportunities for Yoongi to stare at Hoseok's peaceful face while the vampire slept.

And… Hoseok just looked so... calm when he was asleep. Like all the worries he had during waking hours evaporated when he closed his eyes. It helped calm Yoongi down too to see him like this, even if it made the urge to reach out and touch the vampire's soft cheeks and jaw all the harder to ignore.

He'd been lost in his thoughts when Hoseok had awoken. He hadn't even known — he'd just been sort of drifting, and then he'd focused back on Hoseok to find that the vampire was staring blearily at him. "E-er... morning," he said gruffly, quickly averting his gaze like that would save him from embarrassment.
And Yoongi could feel Hoseok’s gaze upon him. It was awkward to say the least — Yoongi feeling as if the vampire had known about his staring habit all along. That he’d just been too lazy or something to call Yoongi out on it.

(And Yoongi certainly wouldn't have guessed that Hoseok wouldn't have been bothered anyway. After all, he didn't know that Hoseok spent an just as equally embarrassing amount of time staring at Yoongi’s sleeping visage while the human was asleep.)

“Hey… hyung.” He said after a moment, a soft smile on his face.

Yoongi hadn't bothered looking at his phone, but it couldn't have been anywhere near the time Hoseok usually woke up. "You don't have to be up for a few more hours," he said, ignoring his burning ears at just how soft and warm Hoseok's voice was. "Get some more sleep."

“Mmm. You're right.” Hoseok agreed before leaning over to press a sweet but short peck to Yoongi's lips. “Goodnight, hyung.”

And Yoongi froze.

Because Hoseok had just kissed him. Not on the hair, the forehead, or even the cheek. On the lips.

That took far too long to compute in Yoongi's brain. By the time it had, Hoseok had already settled back down for slumber. Except Yoongi wasn't going to let him, hand grabbing Hoseok’s shoulder and shaking. "Yah. Yah. Wh-what was that?"

Hoseok groaned, cracking one eye back open. “What do you mean ‘what was that’?"

"You kissed me." Yoongi felt insanely stupid the moment the dumbstruck words left his mouth, but his brain was still trying to process that fact.

“Yep. I did.” Hoseok agreed, as if discussing the weather.
Yoongi’s mouth opened, then closed. That wasn't the answer of someone who'd only kissed him because he still drifting in that odd place between dreams and reality. That was the answer of someone who knew full well what they’d just done.

"...You like me?" He needed to clarify.

Hoseok raised an eyebrow. “Yeah. I—” the first unsure look crossed his face. “Did I read everything wrong?”

The human just stared at him for a long moment. Because for all Jungkook’s teases, Yoongi had meant what he said; that there was no way Hoseok liked him. And yet here they were, so... so what did that mean?

He reached out, fingers touching Hoseok's jaw. Tentatively, like this could still be one elaborate prank — or wet dream. Probably wet dream. "Why would you like me?" He whispered. “You’re Hoseok. You could have anyone.”

Hoseok stared at Yoongi, surprised, before he let out an incredulous laugh. “Hyung, that's ridiculous. Why wouldn't I like you? And... I should be the one asking you that, Min Yoongi, self-proclaimed genius, and apparently oblivious to everyone hitting on you at the cafe.”

"No one's hitting on me at the cafe," Yoongi protested, indignant somehow despite the situation.

“Oh please. One out of every three customer does. But they get intimidated by your scowl after a while.” Hoseok chuckled, reaching out and booping Yoongi’s nose. Yoongi nearly went cross-eyed following the action. “No one except me realizes that you're a huge softie inside.”

"I'm not a softie," Yoongi grumbled, eyes focusing again.

He stared back at Hoseok, turning that over in his brain a few more times. Somehow it didn't seem any realer the tenth time around, but he decided to just... move on to the next thing. "...so you were going to just plant one on me and fall right back the fuck asleep before I could return it?"

Hoseok blinked, before a slow, brilliant smile crossed his face. “So... You want to kiss me again, hyung?”
"Well if you want to go back to sleep so badly, I guess you won't find out," Yoongi said with fake indignance, casually rolling onto his back.

Hoseok’s eyebrows rose, before he snorted, burying his face into Yoongi’s shoulder and pressing a kiss there. “You know. I actually am sleepy enough to suspend my curiosity and find out when I wake up.”

"...You weren't supposed to agree to that," Yoongi grumbled, fingers finding Hoseok's side where his shirt had ridden up in his sleep.


"Shut up and get over here," The fingers traveled up to the front of Hoseok's shirt, and pulled him forward into a firmer kiss than the half-asleep smooch Hoseok had given him.

Hoseok’s laugh cut off as his lips met Yoongi's warm lips, and for a moment, he enjoyed the press of soft skin against his, his own hands wrapping around Yoongi’s form, pulling him yet closer.

Their mouths fit together perfectly as Yoongi turned more towards Hoseok again, the action twining their legs together. For a peaceful, happy moment his heart was full, eyes closed and fingers smoothing back into Hoseok's hair.

"...How long?” he murmured against Hoseok's mouth, their breaths mingling together in the scant space between their lips.

“Second day at the cafe. I was intimidated by you too honestly.” Hoseok’s words came out in a rush. “But then, I caught you napping in the store room.”

Yoongi remembered this. Vaguely. He never truly slept all the way when catching a nap like did — didn't know who could suddenly come barging in and catch him in the act. "...You were the only one who knew whenever I was back there," Yoongi said, lips quirking. "I guess we've both been idiots for a long time then.”

“Oh? When did you start liking me then?” Hoseok hummed, “I only noticed after… The vampire
"I don't think there was ever a single moment," Yoongi said. "But it was somewhere between you sneaking me free coffee whenever you knew I had a midnight deadline coming up, and your shrieking whenever you opened the dishwasher too early and it spewed dirty water at you."

Hoseok paused before shaking his head. "Momo tells me I sound like a banshee whenever I did that. You're weird, hyung."

"You do sound like a banshee." Yoongi smirked, leaning in to kiss Hoseok again.

"So that's your type? Banshee?" Hoseok grinned, before his words got muffled against Yoongi's lips. "No wonder I had a chance. Pretty hard to find Banshees in this... mmm... day and age."

"Hey, apparently vampires exist... so anything is possible," Yoongi chuckled, pressing into the kiss for a moment longer. "Back to sleep now?"

"Mmm. I would love to continue this and give you a proper kiss." Hoseok murmured. "But I think I might fall asleep mid kiss."

"Do that and I'm breaking up with you," Yoongi smirked. He settled back down beside Hoseok, arm tentatively wrapping around the vampire's waist, because it wasn't often at all that Yoongi initiated cuddling. "Night."

"Don't want that," Hoseok mumbled, happily melding back into Yoongi's side. "Really don't want that."

And he muttered something indistinguishable under his breath before he seemed to just tip back into sleep instantly, the rise and fall of his chest slowing.

Yoongi's expression tightened a little in confusion at the whisper that reached his ears, wondering if he'd misheard. After a moment he shook his head and settled down beside Hoseok. Their heads rested lightly together as he closed his eyes again and drifted.
FINALLY!

Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter! (And Yoonseok finally getting their shit together) And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here! There should be a new moodboard sometime this week!
“Glad to see that you're up and about again,” was the first thing Yunho said to Taehyung when they met for the first time in weeks.

It'd been nearly a month since Jungkook had been kidnapped and Taehyung had drank a goblet of vampire poison. And it was with a great deal of relief that Seokjin gave Taehyung a clean bill of health, finally allowing the Elder return back to work.

And just in time, because the other remaining two Elders had responded and it was agreed that an emergency meeting definitely needed to be held.

"Couldn't be soon enough, I thought I was going to forget how to walk from all the forced bedrest," Taehyung said, giving Yunho a wry smile. He looked around the empty conference room, booked for the night. Taehyung had refused having the meeting at his apartment, mostly to avoid the one Elder who was guaranteed to show being anywhere near Jungkook. "Did Phantom say if she's actually going to join us in person, or are we doing voice-scrambled video calls like some secret evil corporation?"

“She said it was important enough to come in person.” Was Yunho's reply. “Knowing her, that still probably means wearing a veil and using some sort of voice changer. Or… not speaking. At all.”

"Better than communicating entirely by coded letters, I guess.” Taehyung wrinkled his nose, walking further into the room and sitting down. "I mean I get why she'd be so secretive when people are picking us off one by one… but it's still annoying."

The door opened behind them with a click.

“Really? I thought the most annoying would be Elders who are idiots and get themselves so hurt they require a whole month of bedrest.”

Yunho closed his eyes, hiding the deep sigh that threatened to escape. “Glad that you could make it, Fox.”
Taehyung turned towards the door with his impassive, 'I am not amused' expression, arms folding across his chest. Standing in the doorway was another arrival, one who held himself with all the power and grace a millenia-old vampire should. The look in those eyes would have been enough to send cold sweats down a human's back (or vampire’s for that matter), but Taehyung was unimpressed. " Barely through the door and the quips have started, you must be getting bored in your old age."

“Well, if you acted properly as your station deemed, I wouldn't have to make quips would I?” The new arrival, Fox, walked up to the both of them, a barely veiled disdainful glance thrown at Taehyung before he greeted Yunho cordially. “It's been a while, Commander.”

Taehyung knew better than to let this man get his hackles up, but it was an intense struggle. The Fox, a snippety man by the name of Heechul, was practically vampire royalty and yet for as long as the word ‘Elders’ had held meaning he'd been at odds with first Bogum, then Bogum's 'little attack dog'.

Yunho insisted Taehyung play nice with the Fox. Taehyung was playing nice by not hanging the man by his toes.

"I acted exactly as my station deemed," Taehyung griped. "Unless you think you're above protecting innocent lives."

“Of course I would protect innocent lives. But I would find a way to do it without hurting myself.” Heechul said airly.

"Well aren't you smart,” Taehyung grumbled, but thankfully any further retorts were cut off as the door opened again.

In slipped a figure clad entirely in black, cloak with a violet trim settled around slim shoulders and the hood pulled up over her face. A face mask covered most of her expression from view, leaving only sharp eyes shaded by the long hood. She glanced around the room, before nodding to Yunho in greeting. Both of Taehyung’s eyebrows lifted, and he sniffed the air instinctively, catching a scent like pumpkin spice coming from the new arrival.

“Phantom.” Even Heechul sounded surprised that she'd actually showed up.

“Yes, glad to see you could finally join us in person.” Yunho lowered his head in greeting as well. “It's simply too bad it's under dire circumstances.”
It had always been in Yunho’s nature to be straightforward, and it was no different right now. The moment Phantom had taken her seat opposite Yunho and Taehyung, the man began to speak. “You know why we’re all gathered here today. There's been a string of incidents which threaten the stability of vampire society. And now, two of the Elders are dead.”

“We need to deal with the situation.” Yunho said after a pause, glancing at Taehyung. “But first, it’d be good to share all the information that we know.”

Taehyung nodded, sitting up straighter as attention went to him. "The majority of the renegades’ efforts seem to be concentrated in the Seoul metropolitan area for now," he said. "It started a few months ago with multiple nests of recently turned and starved fledglings popping up across the city. They were tied up with faulty silver chains rigged to break with enough force. So far, there's been nearly 200 fledglings found like this."

“The Bloodhound has handled the situation admirably,” Yunho continued. “So far, we've managed to find all of the fledgling nests before they break out and cause mass panic among the humans. But efforts to find the masterminds behind this plot has been slow. As such, he called me in for help.”

A small snort from Heechul, and what sounded like a muttered, “but of course.”

Taehyung shot Heechul a glare. "Do you have something to say, weasel?"

Heechul’s eyes flashed, but before he could say anything, Yunho’s sharp voice sounded. “Please, no arguments. We don't have the time for this.”

The two stared at each other for a moment longer, before Taehyung looked away. "...Commander and his Head Enforcer have been working with my team while I've been... recovering," he continued with his report, stuffing his annoyance under a blank mask. "Two of the renegades were caught and interrogated. They spilled the names of two small covens involved in the fledgling nests. Last week, two concurrent raids took out both covens, with prisoners from each."

“We're in the middle of interrogating prisoners, but haven't yielded any results yet. It’s likely because, as with the first set of renegades, the ring leader had been careful not to let anyone know the full picture. He's smart.”

“He better be if he managed to kill off Temptress.” Heechul snarked. “She’s as paranoid as Phantom
here. No offense, Phantom.”

There was no reply from Phantom, but that wasn't exactly unexpected.

"We've determined the renegades have someone high in our ranks working with them," Taehyung said, eyes on the table. "Whether they're the ringleader or not isn't clear, but someone is feeding them information on us. Temptress, and even Merchant wasn't easy to catch given how quickly he could pack up shop and vanish. And they knew exactly where and when Jungkook would be vulnerable enough to be kidnapped."

“Jungkook….?” Heechul paused a moment to think. “Ah. Right. Your little pet. You should ditch him, Hound. He's only going to be a weak spot for you.”

"If I cared for your opinion on him, I'd ask," Taehyung said without looking at Heechul. "But this is where we are now. It could be one of our own Enforcers leaking information, or one of our close allies... or someone in this room."

Heechul stiffened at that. “You believe one of us to be the traitor?”

“It is but a possibility.” Yunho reassured. “But only someone this close would have known details that would have led to the series of events that happened. And it's important that we don't rule out any possibility.”

"So for the next while, we need to be selective over what we tell our teams," Taehyung said, hands clasped tightly in his lap. "Need to know only."

He hated the very thought that one of his own enforcers could be behind this. But Yunho was right. No possibility could be ruled out just yet.

Heechul tapped his finger on his arm contemplatively, “right. Even if I don't like it, I guess what bad been said made sense. Although I would vouch for all my enforcers. I've known them all years and none of them would do this sort of thing.”

"The problem is that we can say the same about all our enforcers, so that approach clearly isn't working—"
Taehyung cut himself off, blinking down at a piece of paper Phantom was sliding to the center of the table with one dainty hand, covered from the wrist down by her cloak. "Moving on." Her voice was soft but warped electronically, clearly using something to distort it under her mask. "How many of you recognize this?"

Taehyung looked down at the paper, and his eyes widened at the simple sketch of a moon encircled by a long, red-eyed serpent.

Yunho leaned forward so fast it was almost comical. “This… The old renegade's mark. Why are you showing us this, Phantom?”

"Because I saw it a week ago," she replied, drawing back her hand. "On a vampire stirring up trouble outside a club in Mapo."

"...But that whole coven was purged," Taehyung said hesitantly, staring down at the sketch. "Centuries ago."

“One must have managed to slip away.” Even Heechul seemed troubled by this. “You say he was spotted in Mapo?”

Phantom nodded. "Causing trouble in a crowd of humans, it nearly made the news. He slipped away before I could get a better look at him. I don't think it's coincidence that this mark reappears now."

Yunho closed his eyes, rubbing his forehead. “Great. Another factor to consider.”

“If he's reappearing now. He could very likely be the mastermind behind all that is happening. And he has someone here allied to him, giving him information.” Heechul hummed.

"So our next move is to find him?" Taehyung asked, glancing at Yunho. "Easier said than done if all our teams are suspect, the second word reaches this renegade that we're on his trail, he'll disappear."

Yunho chewed on his lip, before looking up at Phantom. “Somehow, I have a feeling you're already on this, Phantom.”
She nodded. "Leave him to me. Bloodhound, are you back in the field finally?" When Taehyung nodded, she continued. "Focus your efforts on the fledgling nests. Even one loose fledgling is disaster, and your enforcers know the city best." Her eyes went to Yunho. "I want to suggest Fox focus on our mysterious traitor."

Yunho glanced over at Heechul, thinking before he nodded. "I think that would also be best. I will do what I have been doing. Coordinating and watching to catch whatever might have slipped past any of you."

"Well, I guess you'll be keeping an eye most on Bloodhound then." Heechul’s lip curled unkindly.

Taehyung bristled, but Phantom waved one hand before he could snap back. "If you two could leave your petty quarrels for after this matter is dealt with, it would be appreciated. Is there any other pertinent information to share?"

"...A fledgling friend of mine has been targeted repeatedly by the renegades," Taehyung said, turning his body away from Heechul to ignore him. "We’re not sure why as of yet, he's pretty uninvolved. He's Kim Seokjin's grandchild."

"My personal suspicion is that he might have seen something he shouldn't have," Yunho added on.

Heechul frowned, "or it could be an entirely separate matter. Kim Seokjin has made enemies over the years."

"We don't know either way right now, but I've tasked one of my enforcers with keeping an eye on him and his human beau," Taehyung said.

"You lost one of yours after your human charge was kidnapped, didn't you," Phantom said, the gentle note to her voice almost lost in the electronic distortion. Taehyung looked down, but nodded. "Then it is even more important you and the Commander work together dealing with the nests and interrogation efforts. Now’s not the time to be recruiting more enforcers, and your resources are stretched too thin."

"Yeah," Taehyung nodded, glancing at Yunho beside him. "The Gong clan has been of great help as well. And it sounds like we may finally get the Kims on our side."
Heechul tapped a finger on his thigh. “Mmm… the Kims you say? Are you sure we should be recruiting new allies at this point of time? It would be bringing in more rogue factors.”

"The Kim clan may have been our enemies in the past, but their ideals are strong," Taehyung said, straightening in his seat. "They protect human society through any means necessary. Their former leaders stepped down five years ago, and their new headswoman has indicated she’s open to working with us against a common threat. We shouldn't be closing ourselves off from potential allies right now."

Phantom's soft hum echoed oddly in the voice distorter. "Interesting you would say that given you've been working closely with a son of the Park clan, Bloodhound."

Not for the first time, Taehyung wondered where she got her information from. The Phantom was known to have eyes and ears everywhere, but even Yunho hadn't known about Jimin's involvement. "This Park has renounced his clan name and was working alone. He's been great help dealing with the fledgling nests."

Yunho’s eyes darted over to Taehyung. “A Park clan hunter? Why did you not tell me about this?"

Taehyung held back a wince. "He asked me not to spread that information outside my own team. You know how the Parks can be. They're batshit insane on a good day."

Yunho opened his mouth as if to speak more on the matter before seeming to think better of it. “It's no matter. We need more allies anyway. In any case, we will need to find out more information as we can while we continue to manage the fledgling situation.”

Phantom stood from her seat. "I will be in touch when I learn more."

That was as good a signal for the end of the meeting as any. "Thank you for joining us, Phantom," Taehyung said, standing as well.

She gave the three of them a small nod before gliding gracefully to the door, cloak drifting behind her. "Be careful on the streets. We can't afford any more losses."
Once she was gone, Heechul’s eyes slid disdainfully over to Taehyung before he gave a respectful bow to Yunho. “Well, I will do the part given to me. Hope that the two of you will do the part given to you as well.”

“Of course, we will, Fox.” Yunho said just as respectfully.

Taehyung didn't bother gracing Heechul with a reply. Instead he turned away, pulling out his phone and checking for any new messages from Jongdae or Jungkook. Nothing except for a short notice from Jongdae to meet him after this was over; they may have a lead on another nest.

Once the other two had gone, Yunho turned to Taehyung, an eyebrow raised. “A Park clan hunter? Really?”

Taehyung looked back at Yunho and shrugged. "You know me, hyung. I like making friends with hunters. Plus, he's cute and Namjoonie's sweet on him."

“Namjoon? Seokjin's child?” Yunho raised an eyebrow. “Huh. Interesting. And you say he’s separated from the clan?”

"Yeah. Didn't agree with their ideals and practices. Which is punishable by death according to them so don't go telling anyone about him, yeah?" Taehyung wrinkled his nose, glancing at the closed door.

“No, I understand. Just.” Yunho let out a small breath. “From what I heard… They're even harsher with deserters than vampires. If he does get caught by them…it wouldn't be a pleasant ordeal.”

"Why do you think I didn't tell you?” Taehyung sighed. He looked down at his phone. "Well as not fun as being anywhere near Fox was, I've got a nest to investigate."

“Alright. And I have a pile of paperwork with my name on it.” Yunho chuckled, shaking his head. “Good luck with that nest. Hope you find more than just starving fledglings.”

"You and me both." Taehyung saluted Yunho in farewell before leaving the room, firing off a message to Jongdae that he was on his way.
Before he left the building, he paused down a dark hallway, thumb hovering over Jungkook's name. Lips quirking a little, he pressed the call icon and held it up to his ear.

It only took a few rings before the call went through, Jungkook's sleepy voice sounding. “Tae…?”

"Oh… sorry Kookie. I didn't realize you'd be asleep already," Taehyung's voice softened.

“Mmm… nah. I fell asleep on the couch. Thanks for waking me up. Or I'd have gotten a crick in my neck.” Jungkook yawned, “what's up, Tae?”

"Well, our meeting's over," Taehyung said, leaning back against the wall. "But Dae texted about another nest, so… I don't think I'll be back for another couple of hours."

“Oh. Another nest?” There was a sudden strain of worry in Jungkook's voice. “Be careful, okay?”

Taehyung smiled. "Yeah, of course. I'll be the carefullest. I'm gonna get back home in one piece and smother you with kisses."

Normally, Jungkook would probably make some quip about the kisses. But this time, he only hummed and said. “You better.”

"I will. So go sleep in a proper bed, and I'll find you when I get back. Okay?"

“Already way ahead of you.” Jungkook mumbled, and there was a soft plopping sound, meaning that Jungkook had probably migrated to his bed. “I expect cuddles too, okay?”

"You got it. All the kisses and cuddles." Taehyung opened his eyes, pushing away from the wall. "See you soon, Kook." He hung up, tucking the phone back into his pocket before heading down the hallway to the staircase.
“So,” Jimin grinned up at Namjoon, snuggling close into the vampire’s arms as they walked down the street. “You were very secretive about what we were going to do on our date today.”

"Because it's a surprise," Namjoon said, arm settled around Jimin's shoulders as they walked to the subway entrance. Though he doubted Jimin wouldn't figure it out once they got off at their stop. "Which means you can't guess, alright?"

Jimin sighed, before he relented. “Fine. I trust you. I won't try to guess. Let you utterly sweep me off my feet. Even though you asked me to not wear anything too fancy, which is, suspicious in the very least.”

"Am I really that suspicious?" Namjoon chuckled, drawing Jimin around a small crowd coming up out of the subway before they headed down the stairs themselves. "I think you'll like it. I hope so, anyways."

“I mean, even if we end up doing an activity I totally hate, I'd probably still enjoy myself because of you.” Jimin said cutely, tugging Namjoon towards the less crowded end of the platform once they'd hit the landing.

"But that's not the point," Namjoon laughed. They stopped to wait for the train, and he circled both arms around Jimin's shoulders. "I don't want you to hate anything on our dates, especially when you're so busy I don't get to take you out that often."

“Well, gotta pay the bills somehow.” Jimin chuckled along, pressing a sweet kiss to Namjoon’s lips. “And that's precisely it. I get to go out with you, so everything else is secondary.”

"And I think both our roommates are glad for it too," Namjoon smiled wider at the kiss. "At least, Seokjin's more than happy he doesn't have to physically kick me out of the apartment every now and then."

“You are pretty much a homebody.” Jimin agreed with a small smirk. “And Hoseokie-hyung definitely prefers me out of the house now. He doesn't think anyone notices, but it's obvious that he and Yoongi are together now.”
"Are they?" Namjoon raised an eyebrow. "Nothing really seems to have changed."

“Well, Hoseok is a little more territorial now. And they give each other more meaningful looks too.” Jimin explained before he admitted, “also, I caught them snogging in the kitchen.”

"...Well, that would give it away," the vampire shook his head in amusement. "Wonder when that happened."

“Hoseokie-hyung is pretty much a go with the flow guy.” Jimin shrugged. “He probably just figured it out and through, 'why not'."

The train pulled into the station, and they walked inside. "Well, I'm glad for them. They've been a little... obvious ever since I met them both."

“Obvious is an understatement. They've been making flirt eyes at each other since they've met.” Jimin wrinkled his nose before tugging Namjoon to grab a seat. “How many stops?"

"We've got a bit," Namjoon replied vaguely, moving to sit beside Jimin and nearly falling over when the train started rolling.

They rode the subway until south of the Han river, getting off at Jamsil station. Families and couples meandered around them as they walked, those with younger children clearly heading home for the evening. "Know where we are yet?"

Jimin blinked, squinting at Namjoon. “Are we going to Lotte World? Doesn't it close at like… 10 though?"

"They're actually open until 1am tonight," Namjoon grinned, dimples showing. "Taehyung knows some people. He's pulled strings before to bring Jungkook here, so... we've got a few hours."

Jimin’s eyebrows rose. “Wow. First, you actually got Tae to pull some strings for this dare? And second, Lotte World is covered. I figured Tae would just have braved the few hours of sun to bring Jungkook here.”
"The sun wasn't the problem," Namjoon shook his head. "Jungkook had school."

Jimin paused before he let out a sigh. “Of course he did.” Then after a moment, he grinned, wrapping his arms around Namjoon's waist. “You remembered when I said that I'd never been here before. It was just a passing remark, you know.”

"I know," Namjoon said, flushing a little as he hugged Jimin back. "But I want to make sure you can experience all the things you missed out on... and I thought it would be a nice date."

“It would. I never went because, as much as I didn't really care. I drew the line at theme parks because going alone would just seem too lonely.” Jimin smiled, leaning up to give Namjoon a peck on the cheek.

That earned Jimin a wide, dopey smile, such warmth and adoration in Namjoon's eyes as he looked down at the human. "...Well, let's go?" His hand slid down into Jimin's.

“Uhuh.” Jimin grinned, tugging on Namjoon’s hand and pulling him in the direction of the theme park. “I wanna ride the merry-go-round!”

Laughing, Namjoon let Jimin pull him into the park. With the crowds lessened by the later hour, it didn't take them long to get their tickets and head inside.

They were greeted by five floors full of rides, attractions, shops and restaurants, the vast theme park filling the inside of the massive dome. "According to the map, it should be this way," Namjoon pointed with his free hand.

Jimin giggled, starting to tug Namjoon along. There will still people milling along, but it was easy enough to navigate around them, making a beeline for the ride. “Come on, Joon!”

They reached the merry go round and got in line. Namjoon wrapped his arms around Jimin from behind and rested his cheek against the human's hair, watching the ride go around and around. "I haven't been on one of these in... decades."

“Oh? I mean I suppose it isn't as adrenaline inducing as a roller coaster. But I mean, as a kid, every day was adrenaline and anxiety inducing. Something like this to relax seemed so fun.”
"Oh, I just meant... haven't been to a park like this in ages," Namjoon chuckled. Except for whenever Taehyung had been bored, but the Elder was more into rollercoasters and death drops than merry-go-rounds. "I want to get a picture of you on one of the horses."

“Eh? Aren't you gonna ride with me?” Jimin turned around, looking up at Namjoon with wide eyes.

"I am. I just want a picture first," Namjoon said, pressing a kiss on Jimin's forehead.

Jimin went a little cross-eyed staring at Namjoon but then he grinned. “So you want a picture of me riding a plastic horse.”

"I… I want a picture of you having fun," Namjoon pinked. "Is that weird?"

Jimin’s grin widened. “One you can show someone right? Otherwise you could always try texting me at 2 a.m.”

Namjoon's face reddened further, and he huffed out a sigh before nudging Jimin forward as the line moved. "Our turn."

Jimin cackled a little, turning around and wrapping Namjoon's arms around his waist. “Alright, dream boy. Time to shoot some pictures of me.”

They migrated with the rest of the line past the barricades and up onto the carousel, music merrily jingling away from within the immense structure. Namjoon brushed a hand along a horse's painted bubblegum-pink mane, smiling as he looked towards his boyfriend.

Jimin blinked, raising an eyebrow as he easily clambered on top the horse. “You want me on this one?”

"Sure." Namjoon grinned. He fished out his phone and backed up, holding it up so he could get a picture of the way the carousel lights caught and shown in Jimin's hair. "Smile, babe."
Jimin was already smiling, and so his smile only grew wider, head ducking a little in embarrassment. “This feels really cheesy.”

"Maybe a little," Namjoon said, but he made no effort to stop as he snapped a couple pictures of his gorgeous boyfriend. The carousel was filling up around them, so he tucked his phone away and claimed the horse beside Jimin just before the ride started to move.

Jimin grinned when Namjoon climbed on, reaching out and running his hands down the gold mane of Namjoon’s horse, even as they began to bob up and down. “Your horse is so classy.”

"He makes up for his rider," Namjoon chuckled. The lanky vampire on a merry go round was an odd sight, his long limbs awkwardly settled into the lowest stirrups and knees bent. Slowly the carousel gained speed, the movement of the horses longer and more elegant.

“Excuse you, his rider is very classy.” Jimin grinned, letting out a whoop as the ride began to move in earnest. “Maybe just needs a taller horse.”

"I don't think there's any horses my size on this," Namjoon laughed, straightening and watching Jimin's excitement with a wide grin. It was a soft moment, and nothing else mattered just then. For a couple hours they could forget how crazy their lives had become, and just have fun.

It wasn't long before the ride came to an end, Jimin grinning and giggling at Namjoon, before sliding off his horse. “That was fun. Really pointless, but oddly fun. How does that even work?”

"Things don't have to have a point to be fun," Namjoon said, climbing down off the horse and accidentally banging his knee into the stirrup.

“Oh! Oh dear.” Jimin giggled, bending a little to rub Namjoon's knee. “You know, if not for your condition. I think you'd be black and blue all over.”

"I guess there's some positives to it," Namjoon winced. When Jimin straightened, he pressed a kiss to the hunter's temple before steering him towards the exit, palm gentle on Jimin's back. "I'm just glad the metal didn't snap off. What do you want to do next?"

“Erm. I didn’t think very much beyond the merry-go-round.” Jimin admitted, “what’s your favourite thing to do at a theme park?”
"Um… don't laugh, but… bumper cars," Namjoon said, smiling sheepishly.

Jimin blinked before he snickered. “Bumping into things normally not thrilling enough for you?” Jimin chuckled.

"Hey, it's the one thing I'm good at," Namjoon laughed. "I just… find it fun."

“Well, I'm all up for fun! Come on!” Jimin tugged at Namjoon’s arm, pulling him towards the bumper cars.

The night began to wear on, and Jimin and Namjoon rode their fill of rides, racing from one to the other to the other. Jimin seemed to enjoy each and every ride, just happy to be allowed to enjoy a childhood he never had. Although, that joy hadn't extended to the pirate ship for some reason.

“That was so fucking scary.” Jimin whined, clinging to Namjoon tightly, having practically ran off the pirate ship the moment they'd let him. “Why the fuck was that so scary?”

"Because humans are meant to stay on flat ground," Namjoon laughed, arms wrapped around the other man protectively. His fingers smoothed through Jimin's hair, passing through the strands soothingly. "Let's sit down for a bit. Want bubble tea or something?"

“I think I'd puke up if I tried to drink anything.” Jimin made a face. “Just wanna hug you now.”

Namjoon drew Jimin to the side so they weren't in anyone's way, leaning back against a wall. He settled Jimin against him, pressing a kiss to the human's temple. "So we're never letting Taehyung bring you to any theme parks. You'd hate every single ride he and Jungkook go on."

Jimin whined, “why did they even invent such rides. It's just scary. I get a better adrenaline rush when hunting or fighting.”

"Most people don't have access to those sort of activities," Namjoon pointed out in amusement. "And some people like being scared?"
Jimin sighed, “stop being so logical and let me whine in peace.”

Namjoon grinned, ducking his head to kiss Jimin again. "Yes babe."

“Oh, only now then you call me ‘babe’— ” Jimin started to whine again, although more for the sake of milking that moment than actually feeling offended. When suddenly, he paused, straightening, narrowed eyes suddenly squinting into the distance.

Namjoon blinked, an amused expression still on his face. "What is it?"

“I…” Jimin’s voice trails off before he suddenly froze, becoming uncharacteristically pale. “Oh. Fuck. Fuck, shit. Fuck. Joon, we need to go.”

The amused expression fell off Namjoon's face. "What? What's wrong?"

“I— I'll explain later.” Jimin got up, his hand tight around Namjoon’s wrist. “We've got to go now.”

And Namjoon was left with no choice but to follow his boyfriend, Jimin pulling him through the waning crowds back towards the park entrance. Namjoon didn’t try looking around to see what had spooked Jimin, focusing on not tripping over his own feet at the sudden urgent pace. Jimin didn’t stop moving, looking over his shoulder periodically, as if checking to see if he was being followed. And he didn’t stop, not until they'd got into the train station and boarded a random train that was nowhere towards the way of either their homes.

Only after the second stop had passed in terse silence, did Jimin finally seem to relax. “Okay. I think… They didn't follow us.”

"…Did who follow us?” Namjoon asked, keeping his voice down to a soft murmur as his hand found and covered Jimin's.

Jimin started a little, before he looked down, staring at Namjoon’s hand over his. And after a while, Jimin let out a shaky breath, lacing their fingers together. “At the theme park… I think that I saw my cousin.”
It didn't take long for Namjoon to realize the implications of that. "From the clan?" He asked, swallowing. He didn't know much about Jimin's clan of hunters, except that they were extremists and Jimin feared going back. "Did they see you?"

Jimin took in a shaky breath. “I don't know. I hope not. God, I hope not. I saw my cousin standing at one of the operation booths. He was one of the staff or something. Fuck, if there was more than one of them…”

"Hey… hey," Namjoon wrapped one arm around Jimin's shoulders, pulling him into an embrace. "You're okay. You said they didn't follow us, so maybe they didn't notice. There were enough people for us to blend in"

Jimin took in a shuddering breath, closing his eyes. “I hope you're right.” He whispered, “if not I'm going to have to… uproot. Run again. Fuck. I don't want to. What are they doing all the way in Seoul?”

"In a way, it makes sense for them to be here now," Namjoon murmured into Jimin's hair, hand smoothing along his arm. "If they caught wind of the fledgling nests. Seoul's the epicentre for whatever's unfolding between those troublemaking vampires and the Elders. Doesn't mean they've found you."

Jimin swallowed, “fucking hope so. But this means I've got to be… Even more careful. If they catch me… I'm as good as dead.”

"They won't get you," Namjoon said. He held on tighter, unwilling to even consider the possibility. "We'll talk to Taehyung about this, alright? You've got powerful allies here."

Jimin paused before he nodded, “y-yeah… yeah. You're right. In any case, we need to report this in. They're probably camping out at the place because they've realized it's a hotspot for vampires.”

"Yeah." Namjoon sighed, looking up at the subway map as the train sped on. "We'll have to make our way back first."

“I think… it might be better to rent somewhere for the night. Wouldn't be good to lead them to either of our homes.” Jimin chewed on his lip.
"Yeah, sure." If it would help Jimin feel at ease, he would agree to anything. He checked where they were on the map again before tugging Jimin up to get off.

They were still relatively downtown, so it didn’t take too long for them to find a nice hotel. Namjoon kept one arm around Jimin's shoulders and an eye on their surroundings, knowing his boyfriend was doing the same.

Though the tense atmosphere was broken slightly when he ran smack into the doors to the hotel, mistaking the pull handle for a push.

Jimin blinked, just staring at his boyfriend for a bit before letting out a loud giggle. “Oh, Joon.”

Wincing and rubbing his stomach where the handle had dug in, Namjoon sighed and smiled despite himself. He opened the door properly and they stepped inside.

Thankfully there was a room free, though the woman behind the desk gave them a side eye as she passed them a keycard. Jimin couldn't care less, grabbing the card and hauling Namjoon up to the lift. He was still somewhat jittery, all until he closed the door behind them, heaving a shaky breath. “Okay, okay. I'll go set up some things. Go and clean up first.”

Namjoon blinked but nodded, deciding not to ask. He squeezed Jimin's hand reassuringly before heading into the bathroom.

As he took a fast shower and washed his face, he couldn't help but feel the night had been soured by the run-in with Jimin's family. It could have gone so much worse, he knew that, and was thankful it hadn’t. But at the same time, he knew Jimin wouldn't be able to look back at tonight without thinking about the close call and the fear of being found.

Resting his forehead against the shower wall, he sighed and shook the thoughts away before dunking his head under the faucet.

He was out a few minutes later, using one of the hotel's guest washrobes since neither of them had exactly brought spare clothes. "Jimin?"

Jimin climbed down from a table, dusting his hands off his pants. “Yeah? Oh yeah. I'm done I—” and he paused, taking in the sight Namjoon in a robe. “Oh. That's…”

And he let out a sigh, moving in front of Namjoon and running his hand down the robe. “I'm sorry. I ended up ruining our date. If shit didn't happen, I'd be enjoying this so much.”

"Hey... you didn’t ruin anything," Namjoon said gently, hands resting on Jimin's shoulders. "The most important thing is that we're both safe, hm?"

“Mmm…” Jimin let out a small sigh, “for what it's worth, I enjoyed our date at Lotte World. I never thought I'd be able to go to a place like that, let alone with my sweet and hot boyfriend. And right
now, the sight of you in a bathrobe is…”

Namjoon flushed, shaking his head at Jimin with an affectionate smile. He leaned in, pressing a soft kiss to the human's lips. "I'm glad you had a good time. Why don't you freshen up, I can keep watch out here."

“Mmm… I will. I'll probably be really fast. But, I'll also wear the bathrobe,” Jimin sneaked another kiss before pulling away. “So look forward to that.”

"I-I... um..." and the red in Namjoon’s cheeks deepened, the vampire at a loss how to respond to that. Now he was trying very hard not to imagine Jimin in nothing but a bathrobe. "I will?"

Jimin chuckled, “just a warning. I tend to get even hornier when stressed. And my situational awareness increases during sex.”

And with that, Jimin pulled away, locking himself in the bathroom.

That left Namjoon staring after him, mostly flabbergasted but a little turned on. Sighing heavily, he sat down on the edge of the bed and turned his attention to the other important thing: calling Taehyung to tell him the Park clan was in town.

It wasn't long after his call ended when Jimin stepped out of the bathroom, hair still wet, body still dripping with moisture. And looking up, Namjoon was dumbstruck for a moment. What had he ever done to deserve such a boyfriend? And how could Jimin possibly look soft and cuddly and downright sinful at the exact same time?

While he was having his existential crisis, Jimin had moved silently to his side, sliding into the space beside him on the bed. “Hey.” Namjoon blinked dumbly at Jimin before a shy smile curled his lips. He reached out, arm wrapping around Jimin's waist to draw him closer.

"Hey yourself," he said softly, pressing a kiss to Jimin's temple. "Feeling better?"

“Not really. But hey, business as usual.” Jimin snuggled into Namjoon’s side. “And it's definitely not going to distract me from my boyfriend.”

"No?" Namjoon ducked his head to brush their lips together. "You're still so tense."

“Mmm…” Jimin surged up into the kiss, deepening it before pulling away. “Well, I guess it's up to you to loosen me up then.”
Namjoon stared up at him, at the beads of water rolling down his neck, at his plush and red lips. Beautiful couldn’t even begin to describe Jimin. Breathtaking was closer.

"How should I do that?" Namjoon murmured, chasing after Jimin's mouth to press soft kisses against the corner of his lips. His hand slid down Jimin's waist and hip, settling on his thigh. "I can shower you with attention?"

“Showering me with attention is always good,” and Jimin’s hand covered Namjoon’s, sliding it down to his inner thigh. “I need lots and lots of attention.

"…Shameless," Namjoon teased. But his fingers smoothed over the soft skin of Jimin's inner thigh, their actions slowly loosening the bathrobe and revealing more skin. Namjoon gave Jimin a sweet kiss on his cheek, the innocent action countered by the fingers curling around the human's growing erection.

Jimin moaned shamelessly into the kiss, sighing a little when Namjoon’s hand finally closed around his dick. “Mmm… Joon…”

"Does this feel good, Jimin?" Namjoon asked softly, his hand giving his boyfriend a few long strokes. His thumb smoothed against the head, spreading a few drops of precome around to make the glide easier. Jimin’s eyes fluttered, hips jerking a little into Namjoon’s hold.

“Nghh… J-joon… So… So good.”

"…Fuck," Namjoon breathed, Jimin's soft noises sending warmth rushing through his veins. "I want to see you, babe." He shifted on the mattress, free hand carefully undoing the knot on Jimin's robe.

And Jimin lay onto the bed, his eyes bright as he looked Namjoon up and down, a cheeky smile curving on his lips. Before Namjoon could fully untie the robe though, Jimin’s hands caught Namjoon’s wrist. “Wait. A view for a view. Undo yours first.”

"I feel like I'm laying next to a human Adonis," Namjoon murmured, a little embarrassed because there was no way he could compare to such perfection. But he obliged, hands withdrawing to undo the slipping knot of his bathrobe.

“You are, but you're also equally beautiful. You know that right?” Jimin licked his lips, hooded,
hungry eyes wandering up and down Namjoon’s silhouette in a way that brought a rising flush to the vampire’s cheeks and made him fumble with the knot of the bathrobe.

Finally getting the bathrobe open, Namjoon paused in pushing the material off completely. He met Jimin’s eyes with a shy smile. "…Want to help with the rest of this?"

Jimin immediately waggled his hands in a ‘gimme’ gesture before he clambered up, hands sliding the robe off. And he grinned suddenly, leaning down to press his lips to Namjoon’s nipple, hot breath skating over skin as he breathed out.

“Mmm… perfect.”

The vampire startled, unable to help how his dick jumped to attention at the sudden action. "Jimin," he groaned, hands smoothing over the human's shoulders to slide Jimin's robe off and let it pool on the bed.

Jimin shivered a little in the cold air. But he didn't give up the attention he was lavishing onto Namjoon's nipple, tongue reaching out and flicking the little pink knob. “Like that?"

"Y-yeah," Namjoon drew in a shaky breath, his fingers twining into Jimin's damp locks of hair, beads of water rolling down his wrists and dripping onto his chest. The small spots of cold were a sharp contrast to Jimin's hot mouth, and another sharp inhale escaped when Jimin licked again, his fingers tightening in Jimin’s hair.

“Anywhere else… you'd like me to put this tongue on?” Jimin whispered, reveling in scrap of Namjoon’s nail across his scalp.

"Is that... really a question?" Namjoon groaned.

Jimin grinned, before moving his head yet lower, down, down, down, trailing his nose down Namjoon’s torso until his mouth was finally situated near his dick. Namjoon was already half hard by the time Jimin pressed his lips to the tip.

The vampire bit back a curse, the light brush making his dick twitch in interest. "...You're teasing," he said, voice low and thick with desire even if the fingers that carded through Jimin's hair were gentle; always careful of using too much strength with his precious boyfriend.
“Oh, honey. I'm always teasing.” Jimin grinned before he swallowed Namjoon whole.

Well, shit.

Any retort that could have been given completely flew out of Namjoon's mind, hot pleasure flooding his veins. A hiss of air escaped as Namjoon looked down at a sight he wouldn't be forgetting anytime soon. "Fuck, Jimin."

Namjoon could feel the way Jimin’s lips pulled slightly, like he was trying not to smile and retort. Probably that 'yes, that is the eventual plan'. But soon enough Jimin was moving his head, fingers working the spaces his mouth couldn't fit.

Namjoon's fingers curled and uncurled in Jimin's hair, soft moans spilling from the vampire's lips as Jimin worked his magic. His eyes kept threatening to close in pure bliss, but he resisted the urge, not wanting to miss a second of how perfect Jimin's red lips looked wrapped around his length.

Jimin hummed, enjoying the way his scalp pulled with the clenching of Namjoon’s fingers. And he began to increase his speed, bobbing his head in earnest, trying to see if he could tease an orgasm out of Namjoon just like this.

And Namjoon nearly let him too, so caught up in the pleasure boiling through his veins he almost allowed it to overflow. But he retained enough thought process to realize Jimin's aim and draw the human off him before he could reach the edge, Jimin whining in protest.

Panting, Namjoon stared down at his boyfriend's flushed face and puffy lips, a thin line of saliva connecting him to the tip of Namjoon's length.

He brought Jimin up and into a deep, hungry kiss, swallowing the hunter’s whines, arm wrapping around Jimin's waist and pulling their bodies flush together. Their lengths ground together and Namjoon felt Jimin’s moan vibrate against his mouth.

Namjoon kissed Jimin until he regained enough concentration for anything else. His hand pressed against the small of Jimin's back as he broke the kiss, grinding them together. "No more teasing," he panted against Jimin's cheek. "I... I want you so badly, Jimin."
“Then fucking take me already.” Jimin’s voice dripped with need, his hard erection pressing against Namjoon’s thigh. “Come on, Joon.”

Namjoon pressed a kiss to Jimin’s mouth again, about to lower him down onto the mattress when he realized an issue. "I don't have anything to help this along," he groaned; it wasn't as if either of them had thought to stop for lube when they were watching for hunters. "Do you?"

Jimin whined, frustrated, “fuck. Just… Fuck me? I promise I can take it.”

"Jimin... I don't want to hurt you," Namjoon protested, pressing his nose against Jimin's neck.

“You'll hurt me more if you don't just fuck me.” Jimin groaned, but he obviously knew that Namjoon wouldn't give this up. They’d been dating long enough for Jimin to know how stubborn Namjoon could be. “Just… Fuck. Lemme… go scavenge.

And slipping out from Namjoon’s hold, he ran into the bathroom, scrambling sounds heard as Jimin threw open cupboard after cupboard.

Finally, he ran back out, tossing a bottle at Namjoon. “Here.” Namjoon caught the bottle before it could smack him on the chest, looking down at it.

"Hair conditioner?"

“It's the most slippery thing. It'll work. I think. Let’s go.” and Jimin scrambled back onto the bed, pulling Namjoon back into a hard, deliberate kiss.

And Namjoon couldn't help the amused laughter into the kiss even as he returned it. "I love you so much,” he smiled against Jimin’s mouth, before rolling the human onto his back and pressing kisses to his exposed neck.

Jimin blinked up at the ceiling before a brilliant smile spread across his face. “I love you— hnnn… Too… So much. So, so much.”

“But now,” and he reached out, running a hand down Namjoon’s dick. “I kind of need your dick
inside me.”

Groaning, Namjoon nudged Jimin’s hand away. "Let me take care of you then."

He settled between Jimin’s legs and leaned back, spreading the human’s knees as he picked up the bottle again. It was a little odd to be using conditioner, but it was infinitely better than using nothing and trusting the clumsy vampire wouldn’t accidentally hurt his human boyfriend.

Squirting some of the liquid out onto his fingers, Namjoon slid his hand between Jimin's legs and circled one finger around the other man's entrance. Before Jimin could accuse him of teasing, Namjoon slid one finger in past the tight ring of muscle.

Jimin tensed a little, before letting out a small moan. It was sad, but it wasn't very often his targets actually took the time to prep him. “Fuck, Joon. Your finger is so fucking long.”

"How does it feel?" Namjoon asked, leaving stretching Jimin out for a moment longer as he searched for that spot that would have Jimin seeing stars.

“Good… I mean, your dick would feel better, but— ah-h… Oh… Fuck. Right there. Joon…” Jimin moaned, shifting his hips trying to push back onto Namjoon’s finger.

Namjoon's lips curled into a small grin, watching Jimin squirm. "Here?" He rubbed the pad of his finger against that spot in slow circles.

Jimin arched off the bed, panting. “Oh fucking— god. Yes. There. Righ-hah… Unh…”

Namjoon could have happily edged Jimin like this all night, watching the look of bliss on his face and the way his lips parted in puffs of air. But they were both a little impatient, so he made a mental note for next time and started to stretch Jimin out, adding a second finger, and then a third. He made sure to give that spot plenty of attention to satisfy his very impatient boyfriend, until he could move three fingers in and out of Jimin without resistance.

By this time, Jimin was a writhing and moaning mess, rocking down against Namjoon’s fingers. But as distracted as he was, he wasn’t distracted enough to not urge Namjoon to hurry the fuck up. “Joon… Fucking… Come on. Please, fuck me already. I was ready… hnnh— two fingers ago!”
"You were ready to do this dry, so I'm not sure if I trust that," Namjoon said a little breathlessly, but he obliged and pulled his fingers out. It didn't take him long to slick up his length, tossing the bottle aside and settling back in between Jimin's legs.

He eased Jimin's legs up around his waist, positioning himself and slowly pushing in.

As he eased himself inside, Jimin’s expression morphed, jaw going slack. “Oh fuck. You're fucking — hahhhh…”

Namjoon drew in a shaky breath, arms trembling as he fought the urge to start thrusting in and out right away. He paused when he was fully inside Jimin, adjusting the human's legs to make sure he was comfortable. "Jimin," he breathed. "Are you okay?"

“I'm just—” Jimin breathed out, looking entirely overwhelmed. “Fuck, you're amazing. Breathtaking. I'm also— fuck. I think I'm going to weep embarrassingly when you start moving. Please move.”

Lips curling in a sheepish grin, Namjoon managed to lean down enough to press a soft, sweet kiss to Jimin's mouth.

Then he shifted, readjusting his grip on Jimin's legs and started to move. His pace was slow but deep, making sure they both felt good and that he didn't miss a single shift of Jimin's expression. He didn't want to just have sex with his boyfriend — he wanted to make love to him, show Jimin just how much he meant to him, hands caressing Jimin's soft thighs and rolling his hips to get that perfect angle.

From the conversations they’d had about sex, Jimin wasn’t used to ‘slow’ and ‘gentle’ in the bedroom. But from the dazed expression on his face, he far from minded it as Namjoon made sure to shower every part of him with almost embarrassing attention. He even opened his mouth to comment on it, whether a joke or something sappy, who knew. Namjoon would never find out what Jimin had been about to say, because he’d just shifted his boyfriend higher and the change in angle made Jimin arch off the bed. “Fffffffuck…”

"Right there?" Namjoon panted, pressing a kiss to Jimin's knee. He focused on keeping that angle; there was a happy trade-off that in moving slower, he could be more accurate with each thrust.

Jimin was slowly edged towards deliriousness with each thrust, hands digging almost painfully into Namjoon’s back. “Fuck, yes. Rig— right there! So good, nghhh… So good.”
Namjoon groaned, heat boiling through his veins at just how tight and warm Jimin was. He knew he was getting close, but he wanted to hold out, wanted to make sure Jimin reached the height of pleasure first. "Jimin… come on, Jimin," he whispered.

“Ngh…”

And it didn’t take long after that for Jimin to reach his peak, white squirting from his dick, coating the planes of both his and Namjoon's stomachs. Namjoon followed him off the edge of the cliff no long after, the way Jimin tightened around him and the look of slack-jawed pleasure on the human's face carrying him through. Namjoon came with a broken moan, filling Jimin up as he rode out the high.

Finally he slowed to a stop, still seated inside Jimin and panting quietly against Jimin's knee. He smiled, pressing another kiss to the soft skin.

There were tears in Jimin's eyes, but they didn’t look like tears of pain or sadness. And it was the kiss that did him in and made them fall. "F-fuck… Joon,"

"Hey," Namjoon whispered, voice a little scratchy. He smoothed his hands along Jimin's legs again before pulling out and lowering them to the bed. He crawled forward until he was hovering over his boyfriend, lips brushing together. "You okay?"

“Yea… Yea.” Jimin whispered, tugging Namjoon closer despite the mess. “It's just been a while since I've been so close to someone else.”

Namjoon smiled, shifting closer. He kissed Jimin long and slow, savouring this moment where everything felt perfect.

"I love you, Jimin," he whispered against Jimin's lips.

“Love you too.” Jimin whispered back, closing his eyes in a fervent wish. “Love you so, so much.”

The vampire kissed him again, lingering. Then he pulled away and climbed off the bed, heading into the bathroom.

He returned a minute later with a damp washcloth, having cleaned off his own skin already. "Here."
He knelt down beside Jimin on the bed and wiped him down gently, lifting one leg to make sure everywhere was clean.

Jimin giggled a little. “I feel a little like royalty.”

"I'm just making sure you're comfortable,” Namjoon said with a smile, finishing and tossing the cloth onto the floor to deal with in the morning. He laid down beside Jimin, opening his arms.

Jimin snuggled into Namjoon's arms. “I'm not complaining. It's kind of nice.”

And closing his eyes, he breathed out. “Joon. I really wish we could continue like this forever.”

"...Why so morose all of a sudden?” Namjoon murmured, pressing a soft kiss to Jimin's temple.

“...Just.” Jimin’s lips quirked ruefully. “I guess I was just reminded that I'm always still in danger. That all this could stop at any time. I've moved five times already you know. Whenever I see the slightest sign of my family, I run. But... This time. I don't want to run. I don't want to leave you.”

Namjoon's hand smoothed down Jimin's bare back, setting around his waist. "Then don't. We can protect you... you're not fighting this alone anymore.”

“That's also kind of scary.” Jimin whispered, “I'm somewhat of the runt of my family. As terrible as they are, they're all excellent hunters. I don't want anything to happen to you.”

"I can get myself in more than enough trouble on my own," Namjoon said, lips quirked. "That's the world vampires live in, even if we try to stay under the radar. Between being in danger with you and being in danger without you, I know which one I'd choose every time.”

“I guess. Me too.” Jimin sighed, nuzzling deeper into Namjoon’s hold. “We should stop with the sappy talk though. You'll make me all horny again.”

"Is that a new turn-on?” Namjoon asked, amused as he rested his cheek against Jimin's hair.
“That's what you keep doing. So soon, I'm going to be conditioned to pop a boner whenever you say something sappy.” Jimin nipped playfully at Namjoon's collarbone.

Namjoon laughed softly, body shaking as his arms wrapped more securely around his human boyfriend. "Sleep," he murmured.

“If someone told me that one day I would be loved into a orgasm and then get cuddled to sleep by someone I loved, I would tell them to lay off the weed.” Jimin mumbled, but obligingly closed his eyes.

Lips curling, Namjoon pressed an absent kiss to Jimin's hair. He hoped there would be more nights like this in the future... not the hunter situation, but the happier aftermath. Because Jimin deserved all the love in the world.

Chapter End Notes

/waggles eyebrows

Citrusy goodness this chapter

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Chapter 21

Jongdae let the gym door close behind him, stretching out his arms above his head. "Hey Kook," he called, hearing the human further inside the gym. Today was one of their usual training days, this time without Yoongi and Hoseok to babysit. Jongdae had been training Jungkook for years, ever since he’d been old enough to properly introduce to the world of vampires Taehyung lived in. If nothing else, Jungkook needed to know how to defend himself.

But today...

Jongdae raised one eyebrow at the human on the bench press. From how soaked through Jungkook’s shirt was, he’d been at the weights for a while. "...What are you doing?"

Jungkook grunted as he did one more set before putting the weights back onto the rest. “Doing weights. Obviously.”

"First of all, bench presses without a spotter," Jongdae drawled, strolling over. "Second, we were working on your speed and endurance, not muscle mass. What're you doing with the weights?"

Jungkook paused before he shrugged. “Thought I might… Wanna build just a little bit more muscle is all.”

"No amount of muscle mass will help you beat a vampire in strength alone. We went over that ages ago.”

“Erm. Well.” Jungkook’s response was another lackluster shrug, face slowly turning abnormally red. “Just… strength is still good. I'd just liked to get a bit more toned.”

Jongdae had known Jungkook from the day Taehyung spontaneously decided he was going to adopt a human child. So he knew when Jungkook was spouting bullshit. "Out with it," the vampire snorted. "Why are you really doing this."

And Jungkook knew Jongdae long enough to know when to cut with the crap. “...Taehyung… was
just talking. Saying my arms looked good with the muscles on it.

Both of Jongdae's eyebrows lifted at that. "Taehyung said he likes your muscles."

“...Yes?” Jungkook replied in a very small voice.

"So you're trying to impress him? Or seduce him."

Jungkook’s jaw dropped before he squeaked out, “n-neither? I-I'm just… I like doing t-things he likes.”

"Sounds like trying to impress him to me," Jongdae sighed, sitting down on the bench beside him. "I swear, you two are the worst TV drama ever."

“D-drama?” Jungkook stammered, unable to look at Jongdae. “We're… just being… brothers… no drama.”

"Yeah, I'm pretty sure most brothers don't either a: compliment their brother on their muscles, or b: try to gain more muscles to impress their brother despite their workout regiment," Jongdae said. "Besides, everyone knows how you feel about Taehyung at least."

Jungkook let out a whine, rubbing his face. “Shit. Dae-hyung. I didn't want to think about it that way. But Tae’s been weird these whole two weeks?”

Jongdae blinked. "Weird in what way? He's always weird."

“I don't know. He's been showering me all sorts of compliments. Like he says my hair is nice, my muscles are nice, my smile is cute. Or like, when I helped him carry some chairs and I did three at once he said I was so cool? I don't know what to think about it. Fuck. I'm going crazy.”

The vampire tilted his head to the side, lips pursing. "...Huh. Maybe he's actually being smart about this for once," he mumbled. "What do you think he means by it?"
“Huh? I dunno. Feels like he's trying to be nice to me.” Jungkook chewed on his lip. “Like he feels guilty for me being kidnapped even though it was my own fault.”

"You and I both know how Taehyung behaves when he feels guilty for something," Jongdae said. "It mostly involves drowning someone in gifts. Yeah there's some acting nice involved, but complimenting your muscles and hair sounds like something else entirely."

Jungkook rubbed his face, “but if it's not that, then what else could it be?”

And Jongdae waggled his eyebrows at Jungkook. "Maybe he's flirting with you."

Jungkook stared at Jongdae before snorting. “Stop teasing me, Dae-hyung.”

"Who says I'm teasing? I'll admit it's more low-key than the shameless flirt I know, but telling someone their muscles are hot is definitely something Taehyung would do."

Jungkook sucked in a deep breath, before turning around and slamming his head against the wall.

"And I'm pretty sure you lost some brain cells for that," Jongdae rested his chin in one hand.

“Didn't have very many in the first place.” Jungkook mumbled, forehead still stuck to the wall. “What do I do, hyung? I don't know what to do.”

"That depends," Jongdae said, reaching out and patting his back. "On what you want to do."

“Told you I don't know, hyung. That’s why I'm asking you!” Jungkook whined.

"I can't tell you what to do, kid," Jongdae laughed. "But here's something you might find interesting. Since he's been let back out onto the field, Taehyung hasn't picked up on his usual hunting method."

Jungkook blinked before frowning. “What do you mean?”
"You know, when he's thirsty he usually hangs around the human clubs, finds someone horny and drinks while they're focused on sex," Jongdae said. "He hasn't been doing that. He's got a couple regular donors in exchange for money... like that woman in your old apartment building? Forget her name. But he's been going to those people instead. Nothing that involves clothes coming off."

"You mean like... Hyejin-imo?" Jungkook blinked. The kid would have known her well in those years between when he first met Taehyung and when Taehyung took him in. "But... why?"

"Don't know," Jongdae shrugged. At least, he hadn't known until just now why Taehyung had suddenly switched habits completely. "Hunting through sex has been his M.O for hundreds of years. The only reasons I can think of why he'd suddenly stop is either he doesn't have interest in it anymore... which is impossible... or he's trying to prove a point. Like Jimin did for Namjoon."


"Go cold turkey," Jongdae said. "Completely stop having sex with other people to show he could be faithful. We got to hear all about it whenever he helped us take out fledgling nests, the guy was a walking ball of sexual frustration."

"Huh?" Jungkook looked even more confused now. "But that night... Didn't he and Tae... have sex? When Tae drank from him?"

"Do you mean the night before you were kidnapped?" Eesh, that had been a situation and a half. "Taehyung took a bullet for him and needed blood. I wasn't there for whatever went down after Jimin helped him into his car, but Seokjin heard it from both of them that nothing else happened."

Jungkook stared at Jongdae, expression blank. And then he rubbed his face, closing his eyes. "Well, now I feel even more of an idiot."

Jongdae shrugged at that. "It was a misunderstanding. You couldn't have known."

"Still. I caused so much trouble because I overreacted. And now I realize it was over nothing too."

Jungkook sighed, "I don't know anything anymore."

"There's one thing that hasn't changed."
Jongdae stood up from the bench, walking over to the cooler. He opened it and brought back a water bottle, holding it out to Jungkook. "That idiot is still whipped for you."

Jungkook took the bottle but didn't open it. Letting it hang loosely from his hand. “You guys keep saying that. But I'm just the boy he took pity on.”

"Maybe in the beginning you were," Jongdae said. "Taehyung's a charity case. Saving every lost puppy he finds. But pity doesn't mean not sleeping when someone's mad at him. It doesn't mean stupid, cheesy compliments and cutting off sex, and it doesn't mean drinking fucking liquid silver in some half-baked rescue plan.” Jungkook flinched at that. “You underestimate how much he cares.”

And suddenly, there were tears in the human’s eyes. “But I-I... I don't understand. I've never d-done anything but t-trouble him. I-I don't deser-serve i-it.”

"You know what you deserve?" Jongdae crouched down in front of Jungkook. His hand rested on the human's knee. "You deserve happiness. You both do. And you know what, you make each other happy. Why should anything else matter?"

Jungkook bit his lip, looking up at Jongdae, eyes shiny with tears. “You think so, hyung?”

Jongdae nodded, lightly squeezing Jungkook's knee. "No more selling yourself short, Kook."

Jungkook wiped at his eyes before letting out a deep breath. “O-okay... okay. I'll try.”

"Good." Jongdae smiled up at him. "If you can do that, I think you and Tae will work out just fine."

Jungkook smiled back. “Thanks, Dae-hyung. You always give good advice. Even if I have to suffer to get it.”

"That's what I'm here for," Jongdae winked at him, standing up. "Now, no more fantasizing about my boss and no more weight lifting. Your muscles are fine. Try wearing less hoodies and more tank tops if you want his attention. Right now, we're sparring."
Jungkook’s face was going to be permanently red if this kept up. Poor kid. “Er. Right. Sparring. Let's do that.”

"Although, I've got to say," Jongdae said just as they had moved to the middle of the matted floor, squaring off against each other. "It's a good thing you're not calling him hyung anymore."

Jungkook blinked, “huh? Why?”

"You've been calling him hyung since you were ten," Jongdae drawled. "Do you really want to be reminding him of ten year old Kookie while you're trying to get into each other's pants?" And he darted forward to sweep Jungkook's feet out from under him.

Jungkook didn't even stand a chance. And he just fell to the floor with a heavy thud, face red, letting out a loud, loud groan. “I hate you, Dae-hyung.”

Jongdae just laughed, nudging one of Jungkook's feet. "Love you too, brat."

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Hoseok grinned when he spotted a certain blond-haired, beautiful man sitting on a nearby bench as he came out from his dance studio, smoke curling out from his fingers. And it was utterly unfair but fun to use his new vampire stealth to sneak up next to him. “Hello, boyfriend. How are you doing?”

Yoongi yelped and very nearly socked Hoseok in the nose. "...Fucking hell," he sighed heavily when he realized just who it was. "Are you trying to shorten my lifespan?"

Hoseok grinned, slinging his arms around Yoongi's waist. “Of course not. I'd like to keep my boyfriend for as long as possible.”

The older man elbowed Hoseok, but there was no malice behind the action. He took one more pull from his cigarette before putting it out. "How did dance practice go?"
Hoseok grinned, “good. It's a lot easier after all the fighting practice. I think I'm a lot more comfortable in my new body now.”

"That's good," Yoongi said, leaning against him. "No more running into walls then?"

“Mhmm…” Hoseok hummed, “what about you. How'd your day go.”

"I went over the finished composition with the artist," Yoongi said. "They're going to run over the guide a few times and record the vocals, then get back to me. So far it's looking good."

Hoseok grinned even wider. “I knew you'd do great. And hey, it's a little premature, but I got you a gift to celebrate on a job well done.”

Yoongi blinked at him. "A what?"

“A gift!” Hoseok grinned, before digging into his bag and pulling out a brightly wrapped package. “Here! Open it!”

The package was shoved into Yoongi's hands, and he looked from Hoseok down to it. "...You didn't have to get me anything," Yoongi said in surprise, but started opening it because he knew Hoseok would pout if he didn't.

When the wrapping paper was off, his eyes widened at the package hidden inside, the stylish headphones and brand name visible clear as day. "Is this really...?"

Hoseok grinned, eyes sparkling. “Yeah. I knew you've wanted it forever, so I thought I'd just get it for you.”

Yoongi snorted, caught off guard as a slow smile formed. "Hoseok, this is... these things are fucking expensive, how did you even get it?"

Hoseok’s eyes softened, even if he shifted a bit, subtly hiding his right arm behind him. “Does it
"Of course it matters you idiot, I don't want to be the reason why you're out rent money for the month," Yoongi said. He reached up, fingers sliding into Hoseok's hair and drawing him into a kiss. "Thank you."

"Mmhm... nah. I'm fine. Rent wise." Hoseok smiled into the kiss. "Took care of it."

"Not sure if that's reassuring or not," Yoongi said, lingering against Hoseok's mouth before leaning back. "Are we heading back? You need more blood."

"Mmm? I brought a few extra packs." Hoseok grinned, a bit of a fang showing. "So we can go wherever you want to."

The corner of Yoongi's lips quirked, and he looked at the time on his phone. "Well... I'll bet if we head back now, we'd just run into Jimin and Namjoon making out anyways. Let's walk around for a while." It wasn't like either of them could be out and about often on their own, not with the renegade situation. Junhong had made them promise not to venture away from well-traveled paths, and to head inside when the crowds started to wane.

"Well, we've got a bit of time before it gets dangerous. Maybe we could go hang somewhere. A mall? Arcade? Music shop? What would you like?" Hoseok's smile never faded.

"I'm good anywhere," Yoongi shrugged, standing up. "You?"

"Wanna go wherever you wanna go." Hoseok replied simply. "What do you usually do?"

"Go home and sleep," Yoongi snorted, carefully setting the present inside his backpack. He stood up, slinging it over his shoulder. "Let's walk, we'll find something."

Hoseok chuckled, following after Yoongi. "Right. That does seem like your MO. How about the arcade, I haven't gone in forever."

"Sounds good," Yoongi agreed, walking alongside Hoseok down the street.
It didn’t take them long to reach the arcade and buy tokens, the place decently full of other kids their age by then. "Let me know if you get the urge to bite someone," Yoongi said, a teasing note in his voice even if he was only half-joking.

Hoseok wrinkled his nose. “I already filled up my thermos for easy drinking. But this place just smells like unwashed bodies, so we should be safe.”

"Good," Yoongi smirked, pulling Hoseok to the skee-ball machines. "Do you like these things?"

Hoseok blinked, “I’ve never played them. I’ve always been a more NASCAR kind of guy.”

"Well then we'll play this, then the racing games." Yoongi pushed a coin into one of the machines and it lit up, balls rolling down the side to grab. "I fucking suck at everything here, but it's fun anyways."

“Right. So. I just try to throw the ball into the holes?” Hoseok asked, grabbing one of the balls.

"Roll it, like this," Yoongi had one of the balls in his hands by then, drawing his arm back and rolling it up the incline. He managed the 20 point hole, the score above the machine flashing.

“Ooohh… okay.” Hoseok chewed on his lip. And visibly, he was very gentle with rolling the ball up the machine.

So gentle that it didn't even make it to the first hole.

"…" Yoongi's shoulders were shaking with suppressed laughter as the ball pitifully rolled right back to them. He caught it before it could fall onto the floor. "Still working on that middle ground between human strength and breaking everything, huh?"

Hoseok pouted a little, before a soft smile came over his face. “Shut up. I just don't want us to get kicked out from the arcade just as we get in. I'll accidentally break it an hour later.
Shaking his head, Yoongi grabbed Hoseok's hand and placed the ball in his palm. "Think of it as practice, I guess?"

It was then Yoongi noticed something on Hoseok’s arm. "…Hoseok, what happened?” He turned Hoseok's arm a little, exposing the burn marks running down one side.

Hoseok blinked, before his expression tightened. And quickly he covered it up with a light-hearted smile. “Ah. Nah. I just, you know. Got a little careless.”

"This is more than a little careless,” Yoongi murmured, eyes on the burns. "This looks fucking painful. Why didn't you say anything, when did this happen?”

Hoseok shrugged, answering evasively, “just… These few days…”

"…Your arm has been like this for days ?”

“Er— I meant, I just had… An accident a couple of days ago. And… I forgot and made the same mistake is all.” Hoseok pulled his hand away. “Don't worry about it. I'm fine. It's healing already.”

Yoongi frowned up at him, clearly unsettled. "Tell me when these sort of things happen, alright? Shit. I wouldn't have dragged you out here if I knew you were in pain, Hoseok."

“Eh? I'm— I'm not! I'm really fine!” Hoseok looked a little like a kicked puppy. “I swear. I just wanted you to have some fun. It must be boring stuck in the apartment all the time after all.”

"I have fun no matter what we're doing. Idiot." Yoongi sighed, hand curling into the front of Hoseok's shirt and pulling him into a kiss.

Hoseok’s protest was cut off, and he hesitantly returned the kiss. And after a moment, he whispered, pulling away a little. “You aren't mad?”

"What?” Yoongi blinked at him. "Why would I be mad? I'm worried about you being in pain, not mad at you."
“Well… you seemed pretty upset.” Hoseok said quietly, worrying his lip. “I just wanted you to be happy.”

Yoongi snorted quietly. He took the ball out of Hoseok’s hands and put it down before framing Hoseok’s face in both hands and pulling him into a firmer kiss.

Hoseok let out a muffled sound of surprise, before the tense muscles in his shoulders slowly relaxed. And he sank into the kiss, ignoring a few gagging sounds of the teenagers around them. After a while, they pulled away, and Hoseok gave Yoongi a small smile. “What was that for?”

"To pull you out of kicked puppy mode." Yoongi murmured, a wry smirk on his lips and hands still against Hoseok's cheeks. "I am happy, you pain in the ass. But tell me next time you get hurt, okay?"

Hoseok’s smile grew wider, eyes brightening again. “You’re always so surprisingly sweet.”

"That wasn't a promise, Hobi." Yoongi pinched Hoseok's cheek in reprimand.

Hoseok squeaked, pushing Yoongi’s hand away, laughing. “Okay, okay. I promise. I promise.”

"Good," Yoongi smirked. He picked up the ball again, placing it in Hoseok's hand and folding his fingers over it. "Don't break anything."

Hoseok laughed, “alright, alright.” And making a lazy toss, he grinned when it rolled into the 100 hole, before turning to press a kiss to Yoongi's lips again.

Yoongi's snort of laughter was swallowed in the kiss, and he swatted Hoseok's uninjured arm when it was over. "Ass."

“Well, my ass is pretty nice.” Hoseok grinned, dancing away.

The human aimed a kick at said ass and missed. "Whatever," he said, a smile tugging at his lips as he pulled out the next ball to keep playing.
Hoseok continued to smile, watching Yoongi, but after a moment, he made a face. The problem with
drinking a lot of blood prior to an outing... “Ah. Okay, I gotta go duck to the toilet real quick. Be
right back, okay?”

"Yeah, yeah," Yoongi waved him off with one hand. "We'll try the racing cars when you get back."

“Yep! Be right back!” Hoseok quickly ran off, leaving Yoongi alone.

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A couple of minutes after Hoseok ran off to pee, Yoongi’s phone began to vibrate.

If it hadn’t been for the vibrations, Yoongi wouldn’t have noticed in the noise of the arcade. Pulling
his phone out, he blinked when he saw a coworker’s name from the cafe flashing across the screen.
Hopefully this wasn't a 'come in now' emergency. He didn’t get many nights off between his two
jobs, his freelance work, and anti-vampire training to round everything off.

"Hello?" He said, holding the phone to his ear.

“Hey? Yoongi-sshi? Hi! Sorry, are you busy now?”

"Lisa? Depends, why?" Yoongi asked, glancing towards where Hoseok had disappeared.

“Ah... you know I have shift tomorrow morning? Something urgent cropped up and I need to
switch. Would you be free? You have tomorrow night right?”

Yoongi went over his schedule in his head and sighed. "I have a shift at the other job tomorrow
morning. Sorry."
“Ahhh. Damn. Do you think Hoseok-sshi would be free to do it?”

"Doubt it," Yoongi said. "He doesn't take morning shifts anymore."

“Eh? But I just had a shift with him last week.”

Yoongi blinked, not understanding. "What?"

“I had a shift with him last week. He said he needed extra money, although he has this weird new sun allergy. Got some pretty nasty rashes on his arm and all.”

"..." Hoseok had taken on morning shifts for extra money? It must have been while Yoongi was out working himself. But why?

The headphones felt heavy in his backpack. "...I'll ask him, but you'll have better luck with one of the others."

“Oh? You're with him? Alright. Thanks anyway. I'll go try Momo or something. Bye!”

Yoongi hung up, looking down at his phone with a small frown. Hoseok had taken extra shifts and put himself in physical danger just to buy Yoongi a gift? It didn't really sit well in Yoongi's stomach, knowing that. Especially knowing that Hoseok hadn't so much as told him he was going into work, and he would have been none the wiser if something bad happened.

But even as Yoongi was thinking this, someone came up from behind, wrapping his arms around Yoongi's waist. “Hey there. Sorry, did you wait long?”

Startling, Yoongi looked over his shoulder and saw Hoseok there. "...No, just finished my game," he said. "Feeling better?"

“Yup. All the waste in my body gone.” Hoseok grinned. “Took a few sips of blood for good measure too.”
"Good." Yoongi pocketed his phone, before turning around and stabbing one finger against Hoseok's chest. "Find a good racing game so I can beat you."

Hoseok grinned, “promises, promises. I'll look forward to it then.”

To no one's surprise, Yoongi didn't end up beating Hoseok. But that hadn't been the point. The point had been to relax and have a bit of fun, forgetting for a while the craziness their lives now revolved around. They didn't spend too long at the arcade, given they'd both had long days and Yoongi had work tomorrow morning. But it was enough to destress before returning to the apartment.

Neither Namjoon nor Jimin were there when they got in. "Maybe they're at Namjoon's place tonight," Yoongi said, slipping off his shoes and scrubbing one hand over his face. "Did you want to wash up first?"

“I'm ok to wait. But maybe, instead of taking turns…” Hoseok leans in, whispering cheekily into Yoongi's ear. “We could share.”

Yoongi's eyes widened almost imperceptibly, brain stuttering. "What?"

“I said.” Hoseok tugged Yoongi closer to him. “We could share.”

Red slowly crept up Yoongi's pale skin. "...Who are you and what have you done with Hoseok," he joked to cover up the prick of interest in his veins. But fuck, that sounded way too tempting. "Okay, sure, why not."

Hoseok chuckled, pressing a kiss to Yoongi’s temple. “Well, I’ve always been like this, but I don’t show this side just to anyone.” And he snuck a hand underneath Yoongi’s shirt fingers trailing across soft skin.

Yoongi bit his lower lip to swallow the embarrassing noise that bubbled up from such a single caress. "You're a fucking tease," he grumbled when he regained the ability to think, finding Hoseok’s sneaky hand and holding it tight as he turned and headed for the bathroom.

Hoseok raised an eyebrow before giggling. “Are you going to keep my hand under your shirt the whole way to the shower?”
The human didn't bother with an answer to that (of course he was, what did it look like he was doing?), towing Hoseok after him. "I don't know how we're both going to fit in here," he said, eyeing the small shower.

Hoseok laughed, “just take off the clothes. I'll show you how.”

"Demanding, aren't we." But Yoongi let go of Hoseok's hand to pull his shirt over his head. He'd acquired a few bruises here and there from their new training regiment with Jongdae and Jungkook. While Jongdae was a rigorous task master and left Hoseok barely able to move by the end of it, Jungkook was no slouch either.

Hoseok frowned a little at the bruises, pausing in taking off his own shirt to brush gentle fingers over them. “Wish I could kiss these magically away.”

"I don't think vampire bites work that way," Yoongi said, feeling self-conscious as he brushed Hoseok's hands away. "Don't worry about them, it's nothing." Not compared to the burns Hoseok had suffered and hid from him. Yoongi didn't know how to bring it up, and quite frankly was a little distracted just then. He'd just have to hope the incident was a one-time thing.

“I'll always worry.” Hoseok said with a frown, opening his mouth to say something else before thinking better of it, pausing to pull his own shirt off his head. “Nevermind. I can't kiss them magically away, but it’s not going to stop me from kissing them still.”

And getting onto his knees, he began to press light kisses to Yoongi's bruises.

Yoongi drew in a sharp breath and his hands found the counter for support; some of the bruises were at his waist and the sight of a shirtless Hoseok on his knees was dangerous. "F-fuck," he swallowed, trying to will the threatening hard-on away and not focus on the hot mouth against his skin. "You can't just *do* that, Hobi."

“And why not?” Hoseok looked up, eyes half lidded as he pressed yet another kiss. “Aren’t you enjoying it? Me being on my knees, showering you with attention.”

Yoongi's fingers curled tighter around the countertop, dick twitching in his pants. It just wasn't fair for Hoseok to look that good, that seductive. It wasn't good for his heart. "Hoseok," he said, voice already raspy. "If you keep talking like that, we're going to have a problem before we even get into
Hoseok dragged his nose over Yoongi’s skin as he moved to the next bruise. “If we do, I don’t mind taking care of it first.”

This was a side of Hoseok Yoongi definitely hadn't seen before, and it was making his head spin. Drawing in a shaky breath, he freed one hand from the counter and reached out, palm lightly cupping Hoseok's cheek. He didn't stop Hoseok from kissing his torso and stomach, though the further south the vampire's lips traveled the more his pale skin flushed red, and the more obvious that problem became.

“Mmmm…” Hoseok hummed, eyes darkening at the increasingly heady smell, lips pausing above the hem of Yoongi's pants. “Something smells good, Yoongi.”

“…Is that a vampire thing, or are you just trying to be cheeky,” Yoongi croaked.

“No… something smells, really good.” Hoseok licked his lips. “Warm… a bit… salty smelling. Musky. Wonder if I could get a taste.”

Yoongi breathed in. "You said you were going to take care of it, didn't you?"

“Well…” Hoseok reached down, popping the top of Yoongi’s pants open. “How do you think I should take care of it? Slow…” and he dragged a finger lightly down the front of Yoongi’s underwear. “Or should I just swallow it all?”

The human jolted, holding onto the counter tighter. "Whatever, just stop teasing already."

“Well then, I guess this I'll get this yummy thing out…” And Hoseok tugged Yoongi’s underwear slightly down, enough to free Yoongi’s half-hard dick out. “Bon appetit~”

And gently, he began to put his mouth on Yoongi’s length, slowly beginning to swirl his tongue, taking more and more in with each movement.

Yoongi wanted to tell Hoseok to stop comparing his dick to food (and to keep those fangs where
they belonged), but when his mouth opened a shaky moan was all that came out. "...Fuck," he groaned, heat rushing to his groin. It wasn't long before he was fully hard in Hoseok's mouth, the vampire's tongue coaxing low noises out of the human.

He hadn't expected Hoseok to be this good at giving head, but evidently his boyfriend was full of surprises. Maybe it wasn’t the smartest thing to be trusting a vampire fledgling with a blowjob — he could see this backfiring on them spectacularly. He’d be like one of those idiots rushed to the hospital with a toy truck jammed up their ass, except his idiocy would be getting his dick torn to shreds by his boyfriend’s very sharp fangs.

But Hoseok’s fangs stayed retracted in his mouth. And most of Yoongi’s attention went into staying on his feet, knees weakening when for a moment he felt the tip of his dick hit the back of Hoseok's throat. "Hobi," he whispered, free hand smoothing Hoseok's hair back out of his face so he could see what the vampire was doing.

It wasn’t like Hoseok could actually reply. But his reaction was even better, gaze flicking upwards before he gave a particularly hard suck.

Yoongi did fall onto his ass at that, sinking to the cold floor and nearly braining himself on the counter. "...Fucking hell," he groaned, glazed and half-lidded eyes opening again and looking at Hoseok, who had somehow managed to remain attached to his crotch through Yoongi’s graceless fall..

Hoseok grinned. Or he grinned the best he could with his lips stretched around Yoongi's dick. And his eyebrow rose, followed with another hard suck, cheeks hollowing.

Leaning back into the counter, Yoongi was too far gone by then to even think about talking. His voice caught in small moans, hand finding Hoseok's hair and just holding on — not pulling, or pushing Hoseok further down on his dick, just curling his fingers loosely into the vampire's hair to ground himself.

"Hoseok," he found his voice finally, trying to nudge Hoseok back because he was close, he was so close. "Hoseok, I'm gonna..."

But Hoseok didn't pull back, only increased his speed, trying to push Yoongi over the edge to his end.
It only took a few more bobs of Hoseok's head before that happened, Yoongi coming into Hoseok's mouth with a hoarse moan. His fingers tightened in his boyfriend's hair reflectively as Hoseok worked him through it, drinking every last drop, until they slowly loosened again. Yoongi's head rested back against the cabinets as he tried to catch his breath.

Hoseok finally pulled back with a small pop, locking his lips. “Mmm…” he drawled as he stared up at Yoongi. “Yummy.”

"...You're really something else," Yoongi murmured, lips quirking upwards. Reaching out, he pulled Hoseok up into a kiss, the fingers in his hair sliding down to the back of his neck.

Hoseok moaned lightly into the kiss before he pulled back slightly. “How does it feel to taste yourself?”

"I prefer your taste," Yoongi said, smiling wryly. "I think I need a moment before that shower though."

“Mmm…” Hoseok mumbled, before pushing his crotch into Yoongi's thigh, so that he could feel a hot hardness against it. "Just don't take too long.”

Ears burning, Yoongi pulled Hoseok back into another kiss. His other hand slid between them, palming the bulge in Hoseok's pants. "Don't worry, I'll make it worth your wait."

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When Namjoon returned from a nice evening spent with Jimin, he was a little surprised to see a pair of shoes he didn't recognize in the entranceway. Since he didn't have Taehyung's ridiculous sense of smell and couldn't tell who it was from the shoes alone, he walked further into the apartment. "Jin?"

There was no time for Namjoon to have any warning at all. Because one moment, the hallway was empty. And next, Yunho had come out from one of the bathroom, naked — his ass out and bits dangling everywhere.
“Ah. Namjoon-gun. Do you know where Jin keeps the whisky?”

Namjoon bit back a yelp of surprise, quickly averting his eyes. It wasn't that Yunho wasn't a fine specimen to look at, but it felt wrong seeing a powerful vampire like the Commander butt-naked. "E-er... kitchen? Where is Jin?"

“In the bedroom being the lazy ass he is of course.” Yunho chuckled, before continuing to walk down to the kitchen, seemingly unconscious of the fact that he was entirely naked in front of an acquaintance. “Would you like anything, Namjoon-gun?”

"I'm good, thanks..." Namjoon held back a sigh, turning to the bedrooms. He leaned into Jin's doorway, wary of whatever state of undress he was probably walking into.

Jin, however, was surprisingly neatly tucked into a robe. And when Namjoon came in, his eyebrows rose. “You're back early.”

"Yeah, regretting that at the moment," Namjoon said, leaning in the doorway. "I guess I shouldn't have been concerned about you being bored here on your own.”

Seokjin's eyebrows rose up even further. “Awww, was my child concerned about my entertainment? That's sweet of you.”

"I know, it's pointless, you've never lacked ways to occupy yourself. But I assumed you aren't going to clubs with Seoul in the state it's in, and Jongdae should be pretty busy.” Namjoon glanced over his shoulder towards the kitchen. “You two wasted no time picking up right where you left off.”

Seokjin’s eyes followed where Namjoon’s had gone. “Eh. That's mostly because there wasn't really anything we left off at. We just slept together a couple times is all.”

"So... just a way to pass the time then," Namjoon said, looking back at Seokjin. The other vampire had never seemed really interested in more than just friends with benefits with any of the people he brought to bed. "I guess I'll be seeing him around more often.”

“Depends.” Seokjin sighed, stretching his back out. “He's pretty busy too. Managed to snatch a free night to meet.”
Namjoon hummed in understanding. "We haven't spent much time hanging out lately, have we." He knew that was mostly because what free time he had was often taken up by Jimin.

Seokjin blinked, tilting his head. "We haven't since a while ago really. Work's been busy for the both of us."

"Yeah... are blood supplies still running low?" Seokjin was the main supplier for the vampires in the area. And with so many new fledglings to look after...

“Well, it's a little bit tight. Lots of vampires are asking for more stock since they’re not comfortable hunting in this climate.” Seokjin shifted, patting the bed for Namjoon to sit. “It’s been a bit of a struggle trying to find new donors.”

Namjoon sat down on the edge of the bed, frowning at that. Humans could only give blood so often; their bodies couldn't produce it fast enough to keep up with the growing demand. "Are donors pulling out?" Those few humans in the know had to have realized just as the vampires had, how dangerous things were becoming.

“No, actually. A good thing is that a lot from the donor club are opting to give blood the more traditional way. Since there aren't many vampires going to the club, money is a pretty good substitute to sex apparently.” Seokjin shrugged. “So it's sort of balancing out for the moment. But if things get worse…”

Namjoon nodded, not wanting to think about what would happen if things got worse. Uprisings and war was no joke. They'd worked hard for peace... humans and vampires alike. "The Elders have things under control, right?"

Seokjin sighed, glancing over at the kitchen with a troubled look on his face. “…for now.”

The younger vampire's eyes closed. He appreciated Jin's lack of sugar coating, but just once he felt it would have been nice. "I'm worried about everyone. Not just the Elders and Enforcers… Jimin, Hoseok and Yoongi, they're smack in the middle of whatever's going down.”

“Not to mention Jungkook. Being Taehyung's ward… he's the most at risk. And obviously, the renegades aren't above using him to get what they want. It's a huge mess really.”
"What can we do, hyung?" Namjoon asked. "There must be something we can do in all this."

He really meant what can I do, and knew Seokjin would understand that. Jin already had his work cut out for him with the blood situation. Namjoon? He had never been as involved in the vampire community as his sire. And now his sire, boyfriend, and childe were all mixed up in this.

Seokjin looked over at Namjoon before he sighed ruefully. “It wouldn't be enough for me to say just… keep yourself safe, would it?”

"I've been doing that, but what's the point if everyone else is in danger?" Namjoon asked, eyes opening again. "I want you all to be safe too."

Seokjin tapped his fingers on his thigh. “Jimin said that he's in danger isn't he? That his family might have found his location.”

Namjoon nodded. "I've brought it up with Taehyung, and he's promised to keep an eye out while Jimin's working with his team. Well… he would have done that anyways. But with Ryeowook taking over Chanshik's job of watching Jungkook whenever he has to be out at night, and Junhong doing the same for Hoseok and Yoongi whenever he can, they're short-staffed." And that didn't account for the times Jimin was by himself. It was part of the reason why Namjoon had been spending so much time with his boyfriend; even his limited fighting skills were better than leaving Jimin alone.

Seokjin tapped his chin. “Then… maybe. What you could do is check whether Jimin is truly in danger. Check if his family is actually after him. It would take some stress off Taehyung at least. And if we had a bit more of a clue to how many of the Park Clan were here, that would make it easier to divide our resources.”

The younger vampire blinked. "You mean search through Seoul for clan members?" The Park clan was secretive, very few people outside of their own family knew their faces and names. And Namjoon didn't have the keenest sense of smell to pick up on the vampire blood that always followed hunters around.

“Well, you could do that. But more like… what I do. Track information. There's people with keener eyes and keener ears. You just need to look for them.”
Namjoon thought about that, one fang chewing on his lower lip. After a moment he nodded. "I can do that."

"If course you can." Seokjin chuckled warmly, "you're my child after all."

That earned a small grin. "And I learned from the best, huh?"

Seokjin had turned Namjoon in a time of peace, but that didn't mean Namjoon hadn't picked up a couple tricks in their decades together.

"Well, that you did." Seokjin gave Namjoon a wry smile. "You know, it's kind of sweet to see you so enamoured. Even if your low sense of self-preservation has made you fall in love with a hunter."

"He's more than just a hunter," Namjoon said, a soft smile on his lips. He looked back towards the door. "I should leave you to your entertainment for the night. Should I find my earplugs?"

"It's not like you'd be able to hear with your bad hearing," Seokjin teased. But he reached out, squeezing Namjoon's arm a little. "Stay safe, alright?"

Namjoon twisted his arm to clasp Seokjin's hand in return, grip reassuring. "I will. You better stay safe too, hyung."

With that he let go, slipping out of Seokjin's bedroom.

****

After Namjoon left, Seokjin was left, seemingly alone. And he seemed lost in thoughts before he sighed, rubbing his eyes tiredly. "You know you can come in now. No need to keep hiding in the shadows."
There was a pause, and then Yunho emerged from the shadows. “For someone who professes not to be physically skilled, you're surprisingly sharp.”

“It was just a lucky guess.” Seokjin shrugged, “now. Should we continue where we left off?”

“You tell me. You're the one who wanted the break.” Yunho sat down by Seokjin's side, a playful look in his eyes.

Seokjin snorted before reaching out to drag Yunho down for a kiss. “Oh, just shut up and fuck me already.”

And Yunho smirked. “As you wish.”

Chapter End Notes

Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter! And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!

Yoongi's moodboard was just added!
Jungkook had just pulled the sports drink out of the small convenience store's fridge when arms wrapped around his waist from behind, a chin propping on his shoulder. A cheeky voice whispered in his ear, "Whatcha got there?"

Jungkook nearly dropped the sports drink he'd been holding, before he realized he recognized that voice and heaved a sigh. "Tae… stop giving me a heart attack."

"That's my job," Taehyung said into Jungkook's shoulder, peering curiously at the bottle in the human's hand. "You haven't had one of those in a while."

"Oh. Junsu’s been buying me them recently whenever he drops by during my training. I dunno. Been having a hankering for them after that." Jungkook closed the fridge door before turning to face Taehyung. "So, what are you doing all the way here?"

"Nothing was on fire when I woke up, so I thought I'd go looking for my cinnamon bunny," Taehyung grinned, lounging against the fridge beside them with his hands in the hoodie pouch. "I remembered you go to the gym on Wednesdays, so I took a guess and looked around the block. How did it go?"

Jungkook snorted, "same as always. Did my usual sets, sweated a lot. Nothing new."

And Jungkook paused then, looking over what Taehyung was wearing. "That's my hoodie isn't it?"

"Mhm," Taehyung beamed, nodding. He and Jungkook were of similar heights and shoulder width, but Jungkook had more muscle mass than the vampire. So the hoodie that was already baggy on Jungkook like the human preferred, made the vampire look like he was swimming in it. "They're comfy. And they smell good," he lifted one sleeve to his nose.

Jungkook blinked, flushing a little. "Weirdo, he murmured. "No wonder I can't find my hoodies." Not that he was looking. He was taking Jongdae’s advice and was wearing some of his more… showy clothes.
Taehyung shrugged, smiling as he lowered his arm. "I'll give them back if you want. But I'm kind of liking the view."

And he trailed one palm down the visible muscles of Jungkook's bare arm, before skipping off to grab a can of ice coffee and a pack of gummy bears.

Jungkook froze there for a moment, before he groaned, turning to press his head against the freezer, his face red.

Unfortunately, at that moment, he heard a voice that he didn't want to hear at all.

"Yo, Jeon. Doing weirdo things again I see."

Jungkook bit back the urge to scream, instead opting to turn around reluctantly. "Jaeok."

There was a group of three guys around Jungkook's age in the convenience store with them, the one who'd spoken standing in the middle with a troublemaking smirk on his face. It was the same group of boys who'd egged Jungkook in front of the cafe, who he used to hang out with regularly.

"It's been a while, hasn't it, Jungkook-yah." And the three boys slowly moved so they would surround Jungkook. "You haven't been going to the usual places. Can't be that you're trying to avoid us, are you?"

Jungkook bit his lip with a sigh. This was the worst moment for Jaeok and his lackeys to ambush him. He could see Taehyung peering around the corner of the other aisle, probably listening in and confused. Taehyung didn't know the three of them... and didn't know about how they picked on Jungkook every chance they got. "No. It's the holidays. I just haven't been out much."

"Exactly!" Jaeok put an arm around Jungkook, making him flinch. "It's the holidays! So plenty of time to hang out with us. But you haven't even been answering our messages. What's up, Jungkook-ah? Are you too busy chasing weirdos to hang out with us anymore?"

Normally, Jungkook would have been able to hold back any retort. But the jab at Taehyung immediately made him burst out, "Tae isn't a weirdo! Jaeok, can you just— leave him out of this!"
"Hey. What’s going on?" Taehyung had returned, gummy bears in one hand and a furrow in between his eyebrows. He looked at the arm around Jungkook’s shoulders, and the way the human recoiled from the touch. Then he looked at Jaeok. "Let him go. If he's not answering your messages, maybe that's a hint to leave him alone."

Jungkook looked up at Taehyung his eyes wide, even as Jaeok frowned at Taehyung, his grip around Jungkook’s shoulders even tighter. “Nothing’s going on. We're Jungkook’s friends, and we're just having a little chat with him, that's all.”

Taehyung’s eyes met Jungkook’s. Whatever he saw in the human’s gaze must have told him what he needed to know: that these 'friends' were nothing of the sort. Taehyung had kind of raised him after all.

Which was a good thing sometimes. But right now? It was kind of a really bad thing right now.

"Doesn't look that way to me," he said, eyes returning to the trio of boys. "Stop bothering him, you hear? Don't come near him again."

Jungkook winced at that, even as he could feel Jaeok practically bristle at that. “And who exactly the fuck are you to tell me that?"

That was the wrong answer. Taehyung's eyes closed.

Something shifted in the air around them, time slowing to a crawl. When Taehyung’s eyes opened again, the soft brown was infected by dark red, bleeding out from his pupils like blood splatters. His unassuming, human-like aura twisted into something dangerous, a predator older than even the ground under their feet — looking down at these foolish humans as if they were no more important than ants. A full projection of his authority as a vampire Elder, something Taehyung did rarely — even rarer in front of Jungkook.

Even humans could sense death when it stared them in the face.

"Did you hear what I said?" Taehyung repeated, voice flat and modern accent gone. "Remove your arm before you lose it."
Jaeok startled, arm sliding off from Jungkook's arm. “W-what. What the fuck—”

“Hyung—” Jungkook slid past the three of them, reaching to hold Taehyung’s arm. “Tae. Come on, let's just go. Okay?”

"No, I think they're the ones who will leave." Taehyung's eyes didn't leave Jaeok's, forcing the ringleader to meet his gaze. He didn't raise his voice, he didn't step closer, but it was like watching a lion stalking a zebra. "They're going to turn around and walk out of here, and if any of them come within spitting distance of you again, they will bear the consequences. Understood?"

Jaeok’s spine seemed to stiffen, and after a long moment of fighting with himself, he scoffed, turning away. “Come on. This was boring anyway.” The higher note to his voice gave away the fear dripping down his spine. And the other two boys looked barely like they were able to hold their ground, gladly followed after Jaeok out of the convenience store. Taehyung watched them go, expression unchanging as the trio escaped.

Then he smacked himself hard on the side of the head. "Ow..." He winced, head ducked and gingerly massaging the spot he'd hit.


"I'm okay," Taehyung sighed, fingers poking at the sore spot. "Got too caught up." The scary aura had evaporated with the hit, his eyes shifted back to their usual soft brown. "Are you okay, Kookie?" He turned to the human, letting go of his head to cup both of Jungkook's cheeks, the pack of gummy bears crinkling a little against the human’s skin.

Jungkook sighed, a slightly exasperated expression on his face. “I'm fine, Tae. It wasn't something I couldn't handle myself. Please promise me you won't go hunt them down.”

"Mmm... depends if they try bothering you again," Taehyung said, looking into Jungkook's eyes. "Don't let people like that walk over you, okay? You're stronger than they are."

“I know I am. Which is even more important that I don't bully them. Can you promise me that you'll leave them alone?”
"Kook..." Taehyung sighed.

He closed his eyes, resting their foreheads together. "I promise. But I don't like seeing you hurt."

Jungkook huffed, before his arms curled around Taehyung's waist. “Don't worry. I'll be fine. They're nothing really. Just annoying.”

"Doesn't make it any better," Taehyung murmured.

“I can work this out myself. Don't worry, alright?” Jungkook sighed, “come on, Tae. Let's go pay for our stuff and then go home.”

"Can't tell me not to worry," Taehyung muttered petulantly, but after a moment he let go of Jungkook's cheeks and stepped back. He went to grab an ice coffee from one of the fridges.

Jungkook smiled after Taehyung despite himself, shaking his head. And he looked at the sports drink he wanted before starting to make a beeline to the cashier.

But no sooner than he'd taken a step, the strangest of feelings overcame him.

It was almost like a numbing shot of pain, a moment of breathlessness. Jungkook stumbled a little, but as soon as it came, it was gone. The only indication that it had ever happened a strange tightness in Jungkook's chest.

Jungkook blinked, before shaking his head.

It probably was nothing. He must have worked himself too hard at the gym earlier.

Taehyung joined Jungkook in the line a few moments later, morose expression replaced by a massive, sullen pout, like a child who'd been denied sweets. It was actually a step up; if Taehyung had the energy for theatrics, he wasn't two seconds away from storming after the bullies and showing them what really happened when you pissed off a millenia-old vampire. "I should have taken off one of his fingernails at least," he huffed, cradling the bag of sweets and can of coffee in his arms. "Damn."
Jungkook blinked, wondering for a moment what Taehyung was talking about before letting out a whine. “Tae, please. Just forget about them and leave them alone.”

"But I could have done it faster than they'd be able to see," Taehyung said. "Blink and then bam, no fingernail. Could you imagine the look on their faces? They'd think I'm Carrie or something. Evil psychic magic."

Jungkook rubbed his face, letting out an incredulous chuckle. “That's terrifying. No, Tae.”

"Party pooper." Taehyung snatched a bag of twizzlers off the impulse rack before depositing his pickings on the counter. As the cashier rang them up, he made grabby hands for Jungkook's sports drink.

And almost too practiced, Jungkook put the twizzlers back as he handed Taehyung his sports drink. That earned Jungkook a pout, but Taehyung paid for what was left. They stepped out of the store, walking down the street towards the subway.

"When all this is over, we should go on vacation again," Taehyung said. He'd already torn open his bag of gummy bears, making a game of tossing them in the air and catching them in his mouth. "Just the two of us."

Jungkook blinked before a slight smile appeared on his face. “That sounds… That sounds nice. As long as it's not the Bahamas.”


Jungkook shrugged, “anywhere where you're happy and safe is good with me really.”

"I'm happy wherever you are." Taehyung turned to Jungkook, pressing a gummy bear against the human's lips.

Jungkook blinked at the gummy bear against his lips. And he chuckled before using his tongue to receive it, tongue brushing accidentally against Taehyung’s fingers. “Then I guess we're doing the
usual method again. We should probably get a new map. Yours has a lot of holes, hyung.”

Taehyung pulled his hand back when the gummy bear was gone, looking down at the slight dampness on his fingertips. "...Yeah, I don't think we can read half the country names anymore," he said, a slow red creeping up his cheeks before he stuffed his hand back into the bag. "Maybe we'll end up watching the northern lights. That would be fun."

“The northern lights sound fun, Tae.” But Jungkook had caught the expression on Taehyung’s face, and watching the slow progress of the blush creeping across Taehyung’s face would beat the northern lights any day. “Tae, I—”

And then the sound of Taehyung’s phone cuts him off.

Blinking, Taehyung fished his phone out from his back pocket. When he looked at the screen, his face visibly fell. "Sorry Kook, I have to take this." He held his bag shut with his free hand, holding his phone to his ear. "What's up, Dae?"

His shoulders slumped. "Another one?"

Jungkook own expression fell at the call and it fell even further listening to Taehyung's end of the call. He could guess what Jongdae was saying.

"Yeah... okay. Send me the address. How many are we? Okay... see you there." Taehyung hung up, looking down at his phone. "Another nest was found."

“I figured.” There was a slightly disappointed look on Jungkook’s face before he quickly shook it off. He leaned in, wrapping Taehyung in a hug. “Stay safe, okay?”

"Mhm." Taehyung hugged him back, nose pressing into Jungkook's shoulder and arms wrapping around his torso. "I'll update you when I know more about what's going on."

Pulling back, he turned to the street and waved down a taxi. "Come on, let's get you back home first."
Jungkook nodded. It wasn't safe for him to be out in the evenings on his own, but he normally would have protested more. Taehyung had important work to do.

But today? Today… he felt a little more selfish. And if he could get a taxi ride home’s worth of time spent with Taehyung, then… he'd take it.

****

"Okay, once more!"

Jongdae lashed out, punch aimed squarely at Hoseok’s face.

Maybe if it’d been about a month before, Hoseok would have screamed, back-wheeling, before smacking his head against the wall. But a solid month later, all that happens is Hoseok jumping out of the way, grabbing Jongdae’s wrist as the vampire’s fist flashes past his face. Jongdae was pulled through the motion, putting the older vampire off balance.

There’s a flash of surprise on Hoseok’s face as he did it, and it cost him a few seconds on the follow up. But he tried to slam Jongdae onto the floor, a bid to pin him down.

It was a fraction too late — Jongdae had twisted his body, leg catching the back of Hoseok’s knees and bringing the fledgling down with him. "Good, good!” He grinned widely, patting Hoseok’s arm. ”That was better. If you didn’t hesitate, you would have had me.”

Hoseok whined where he lay face down on the floor. “Ow…”

Jongdae snorted, releasing Hoseok’s arms. "Again. You're getting better each try. We're going to run through this until it's second nature."

“Falling on my face on the floor is what's second nature to me now.” Hoseok grumbled before pushing himself up.

"Yeah, well, we were all there,” Jongdae said, standing and offering Hoseok a hand. "You're doing better than most fledglings. You're quick on your feet, and not tripping over them anymore."
Hoseok sighed, dusting himself off. “I’d say I’m motivated, but I’m really not. Let's just continue.”

"As you wish." Jongdae grinned, lashing out into another attack.

All jokes aside, Hoseok had been progressing impressively over the span of a month. Once he became used to his new vampire body, the years of dancing started to peek through in his fluid movements and quick reaction time (when he wasn't overthinking). He kept his balance and if it were anyone other than Jongdae he trained against, those qualities would have given him the upper hand easily.

Give him a century or two, and Hoseok could be a formidable opponent.

Meanwhile, just two mats down, Jungkook was getting his ass kicked.

Well, he wasn't. But as much as Yoongi had improved over the past weeks, he still shouldn't have been getting past Jungkook’s guard quite as much.

They had moved on to boxing techniques, after finding out Yoongi was most comfortable fighting that way. The older human's eyes were narrowed in concentration, arms up to protect his face. One of Jungkook’s punches connected even as he managed to side-step the brunt of it, following up with a quick jab to the younger man's stomach.

Normally, Jungkook would have been able to block it. His reflexes were almost unnatural for a human’s — a mix of good genetics and training from a young age. But today, he seemed a little slow blocking it, and the hit connected, even if Jungkook managed to back up at the last minute, softening some of the blow.

Startled for a second, Yoongi paused rather than follow up on the attack. "Shit, you okay?"

But Jungkook had gone straight into his next move, and barely manage to stop his hand before it hit Yoongi square in the gut, shifting so he went to the side. He lost his balance and fell to the floor. “Fuck!”

Yoongi was crouching by Jungkook's side in an instant, panting from the physical exertion. "What
the fuck was that?” One hand against Jungkook's back, he could see how pale Jungkook was all of a sudden. "Let's stop a minute. You alright?"

Jungkook eyes were closed, eyebrows scrunched up in pain, breathing shallow. But after a moment, his expression smoothened out and he opened his eyes, pushing himself up from the floor. “Sorry, sorry. Yeah. I'm fine. Just… tired I think.”

"Rough night or something?” Yoongi stood up as well, hand gripping Jungkook's elbow. "You look like you're going to pass out," he steered Jungkook to sit down.

“Yeah. Yeah.” Jungkook replied quietly, rubbing his forehead once he'd sat down. “Just been feeling a bit peaky today.”

"You were feeling off last time too," Yoongi said. "I hope you're not coming down with something." He went to the cooler to grab a bottle of water for the other man, holding it out to him.

“Hope not.” Jungkook looked up before making a face at the bottle of water. “Do you think you could help get my bag? There's a bottle of sports drink inside.”

"You have an addiction to that stuff," Yoongi snorted, but did as asked.

Jongdae flipped Hoseok over onto the mat again, before straightening and looking their way. "Everything alright over there?"

“Yeah! Just taking a break!” Jungkook called out, rubbing his face. He couldn't worry Jongdae, because if he did, he'd tell Taehyung.

Jongdae squinted at the human's face. "You're looking a little pale, maybe call it quits for tonight Kook. You've been working hard."

“I'm fine. Just need a bit of a drink and I'll be good to go.” Jungkook said, turning to see if Yoongi was done getting his drink.

Jongdae frowned a little more, but no sooner had Yoongi held out the drink to Jungkook, than
Hoseok's phone started to ring from his bag across the room.

Hoseok blinked, pushing himself up from the ground. “Eh? Who is that? Yoongi-hyung, could you toss that over?”

"What am I, the errand boy?” Yoongi grumbled but did as he was told.

"The whipped errand boy,” Jongdae commented cheekily.

"Vampire or not, I will strangle you,” Yoongi pointed at Jongdae as he found Hoseok's phone. "It's Namjoon," he blinked, tossing it to Hoseok.

“Thanks, babe.” Hoseok said before he blinked too, pressing the answer button. “Namjoon-hyung? What's up?”

"Hey," the vampire greeted, a worried note to his voice. "Did you see Jimin today?"

“Jimin?” Hoseok repeated with a frown. “Only this morning. He popped into my room to borrow a cotton bud, then he was out of the house.”

"We were supposed to meet up an hour ago," Namjoon said. "He didn't show, and isn't answering his phone, did he say anything when you saw him?"

“No. I only saw him only because I happened to need to wake up to go and pee.” Hoseok was beginning to feel worried. “Have you called Taehyung yet? Maybe he got called up for a last minute job.”

"I... I'm calling him next. Let me know if you hear from him.” Namjoon hung up.

Jongdae was watching with a knit in his eyebrows. "...There's nothing going on today far as I know. Taehyung would have told me.” He looked down at his own phone.

Hoseok’s frown deepened. “If that isn’t it, then I don't know what else. Jimin doesn’t just disappear.
like that—"

"Wow, what's with the tense atmosphere?" A voice sounded from the door

Jungkook looked up, calling in surprise. "Junsu-hyung?"

Jongdae looked over his shoulder at the other Head Enforcer's voice. "Hey, Su. You don't happen to know of anything going down tonight, do you?"

"Going down tonight?" Junsu looked up from where he was handing Jungkook another sports drink. "What do you mean? It's so quiet, it's almost boring."

"...Quiet is more worrying than trouble," Jongdae's eyes narrowed, looking back down at his phone. "I think we're done here for tonight, fellas."

"Eh? What's wrong?" Junsu frowned, watching Hoseok stand up. "Did something happen?"

“I think… my roommate might be missing.” Hoseok’s expression was tight.

Yoongi opened his mouth, to say what he wasn’t sure — false hopes were never his thing. They might be mistaken… but they had very good reason to worry about Jimin suddenly disappearing.

He never got a chance to speak. Jongdae's phone buzzed twice, the screen lighting up. "...Taehyung's calling a meeting," he said after looking at the message. "Time to move. Junsu, keep an eye on these two until we know what's going on, their apartment might not be safe," he pointed at Yoongi and Hoseok as he grabbed his bag. "Jungkook, you're with me, we're going to your place."

"Am I gonna have a least a text to get some context?" Junsu complained, but he was helping to pack some stuff, even as Hoseok quickly ran over to his bag, packing it up. Jungkook's eyes were wide as he stood, quickly grabbing his bag and shoving things inside.

"I'll send you the sparknotes version when it's over," Jongdae called over his shoulder, already on his way to the door.
The air outside was crisp and refreshing after being locked in the gym for a couple hours, Jongdae waiting for Jungkook to catch up before heading for the car. Jungkook hustled after Jongdae not long after the vampire had ran out, still trying to stuff his bottle inside his bag. “Hyung, what's happening? Is Jimin-sshi in trouble?”

"I don't know, kid. That's what we're going to find out." Jongdae got into the driver's seat. When Jungkook was in, he connected his phone to the car's bluetooth and called Taehyung.

Taehyung picked up the call while Jongdae was backing out of the spot and out onto the street. "What are we looking at, boss?" Jongdae asked.

"No one's seen Jimin," Taehyung's voice came through the car's speakers. "We're going to have to assume either the renegades or his family have him."

“His family?” Jungkook asked, confused. “Why would that be bad?”

"Kookie, you're there too?" There was relief in Taehyung's voice. "It's bad because Jimin's not from any of the better hunter clans."

"Or even the moderately sane ones," Jongdae said, hands gripping the wheel tight. "He's a Park. Haven't had to deal with them in a few good decades since they mostly operate in Busan, but they're in town like moths to a flame after what the renegades have been pulling."

“A… Park…?” Jungkook said slowly, thinking. Obviously, Jimin was a Park. But he hadn't realized that meant that Jimin was from a hunter clan. He'd always assumed Jimin was a lone hunter. “Were they the ones responsible for razing that whole building to the ground in Busan? Because a couple of vampires were living there? And they didn't care that there were humans living in that building too.”

"That's them. No other clan associates with them, even the ones that hate us," Jongdae said. "They don't care who gets in their way."

"Which is why we have to find Jimin, fast," Taehyung said.

Jungkook chewed on his lip. As much as he wasn't that close with Jimin, he had to admit that this
sounded bad. He couldn't even begin to imagine how Namjoon was feeling right now.

But as much as he felt for everything, there was nothing he could do. Taehyung would bench him for sure, and he was more useful safely out of the way where he couldn't be used for leverage again. He just hoped that everything would turn out alright.

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Everything hurt.

He'd forgotten how it was like, being in constant hurt all the time. The floggings, the sleep deprivation, the overexertion, the torture. They parked it all under the name of training. Jimin had hated that.

At the very least, right now, they weren't bothering to pretty it up using such nice, neutral words.

“I think he could go for another round of flogging, don't you think, Oppa?” A too high squeak of a voice. His younger cousin from his mother's younger sister, Chaemin. He'd never liked her. She always got her way, shamelessly getting herself out of trouble by acting cute. She also had the habit of getting Jimin into trouble even when he hadn't done anything. The adults always believed her, and not him.

“Mmm... I wonder. He's become soft after not training for so long. And we don't want to accidentally kill him after all. We want him alive for now.” That was his elder male cousin from his father's older sister, Jisong. Jimin didn't hate him in particular, but Jisong had always scared him — there was a cold, detached look in his eyes that chilled Jimin to the bone. “But we could probably give him a bath. He's rather stinky and dirty after all.”

“Oh! Right. I'll go get the hose then!”

Jimin knows what to expect, after the sounds of shuffling feet end. But it still doesn't stop him from jerking when icy cold water blasts over his stinging wounds. And it's all he can do not to start sobbing in pain.
The sound of the solid metal door opening echoes through the large room. It shuts again with an equally loud click. "Are you two taking good care of our runaway?" The familiar voice asked over the sound of the water splashing across Jimin's body and onto the drain situated below his feet. Conveniently placed to make cleanup easy — whether it be water or blood.

“Yes, samchon.” His cousins chorus, even as Jimin flinches. He knows what's going to come.

The water turns off. But Jimin barely has time to start shivering before there's a rough hand in his hair, and he's yanked up to his knees.

He was met with his father's stern face, no warmth or comfort to be found, all hard edges and cold eyes. "You were always the weakest, in body and in spirit. How long did you think you could hide for?"

Jimin didn't bother answering. He didn't really have the strength to anyway. So all he did was hang weakly from his father's grip, trying to remember that whatever his father said wasn't true. That he was normal. Strong. And the rest of them were just insane.

His silence earned him a scoff. "If nothing else, at least you're consistent in your disappointment." The man's knee connected with Jimin's stomach.

Jimin let out a choked gasp, the breath knocked out of him as he tried to shy away from the hit. But his sharp movement aggravated his other wounds, and he couldn't help the tears of pain that streamed down his face.

"Nothing to say for yourself? Hm?" His father let go of Jimin's hair, letting him slump back to the floor. "You broke your mother's heart when you disappeared."

Jimin tried to push away the guilt that threatened to well up. His mother had always been the one to patch him up, soothe his pain with gentle hands and a soft voice. But he knew, after being away for a while, that those soft hands were just as cruel as the lashes and the hits. Because she was the good cop to his father's bad cop. And she used her soft words for the sake of manipulating him, tying him down with false feelings of dedication and love.

No one who truly loved him would urge him to continue to hurt himself for the sake of the clan.
"So imagine our surprise when we get a tip you'll be at a theme park of all locations... we were going to stake out the area for those bloodsuckers anyways. Only a vampire could afford keeping that place open extra hours. But lo and behold, who do we find?"

A picture was held in front of Jimin’s face — a picture of himself, hanging off Namjoon’s shoulder with the biggest grins on both their faces as he pointed to where he wanted to go next.

Jimin’s blood froze as he saw the picture, and it was all he could do not to reach out and grab it from his father.

Instead, he focused on a part of what his father said. “A… tip…?”

"Mhm. To think we almost didn't take it seriously." His father crouched down beside Jimin. "So… not only did you leave your family, you left for a bloodsucker." He flicked one finger over Namjoon's image. "And he's not the only one, is he? Your roommate, for another… and the rich one in Gangnam. You've been very busy, haven't you?"

A flash of steel passed through Jimin’s eyes, and he took a shaky breath, biting down on his lips. It would do no good to protest. It would only signal to his father how important Namjoon, Hoseok and Taehyung were to him. Namjoon especially.

“Where did you get all that information?” He finally settles on saying.

"We've been watching you for a while," his father said, a hint of almost amusement in his voice. "Why do you think we didn't bring you in right after the theme park? You've been working so hard to gather all these vampire contacts, it would have been a shame to let them all go to waste."

Jimin closes his eyes. It would be no use hiding from them, then. How important Namjoon is to Jimin. They would go after him for sure.

And Jimin… just couldn't let that happen.

They didn't tie him down. Probably out of hubris. But Jimin would take any chance he got. And he was fast — faster than he'd ever been before, surging up, the tiny blade tucked in a fold of his sleeve gleaming in the dim light.
He just needed two inches in the right place.

But before he could even bring his blade anywhere near his father's skin, a rough hand yanked his head back by his hair, a gun pressing to his temple. His cousin had come up behind him, thwarting Jimin's attack. His father stood up. "I see that struck a nerve. Pathetic, we raised you better than this."

Jimin grunted, even as his other cousin pulled the blade away from his hand and the gun was pressed even harder to his temple. "You won't get away with this. I promise you. If you even have a thought about harming any of them, I'll come back from the dead and kill all of you."

"A valiant thought, but a useless one." His father took a step back. "Now, the question was what to do with you… we don't kill humans after all, at least not intentionally. Casualties of war can't be helped." He knocked on the door twice. "So the solution's simple."

The door opened, and one of Jimin's uncles came in. He wasn't alone; wrapped up in silver chains and struggling to even drag her feet was a beat up and tortured vampire, dried blood caking one side of her face and eyes flashing a weak red at the smell of Jimin’s blood. "We'll turn you first, then kill you."

Jimin blood grew cold, eyes darting around to stare at the faces looking back at him.

There was no humanity in their faces, only the look of cold excitement, as if looking forward to what was to come.

There was no way out of this. Jimin was going to die.

Chapter End Notes

I've been crazy busy so been a little behind replying comments ><

Will get to them soon!

Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter? :) And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!
Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It wasn’t long before they were on the road towards the Park clan’s last known location.

The information on their possible whereabouts had come from a surprising source; a vampire Namjoon had run into a couple times at the donor clubs, who had sworn he’d spotted Park hunters lingering around a neighbourhood in Songpa-gu. It was the best lead they had, and they were short on time, so no sooner had everyone regrouped at Taehyung’s apartment than they headed out again. Jongdae sat in the driver’s seat, Taehyung beside him to keep a sharp eye on their surroundings, with Namjoon and Seokjin in the back seat.

Taehyung knew Ryeowook and Junhong were following in another vehicle — backup in case — and that Yunho had also been made aware of the situation in the off chance one team of Enforcers wasn’t enough to handle the situation. Beside Namjoon, Seokjin was double-checking all the items in his kit one last time. He’d brought along as much supplies as he could, but in the absence of a proper ambulance, there was only so much he could bring. And they were an hour away from the nearest hospital, traveling at breakneck speed. The Park clan hunters were a ruthless bunch, and there was no telling what kind of state Jimin would be in when they arrived.

They’d prepared as much as they possible could. Even so, Taehyung could smell Namjoon’s fear in the confined space of the vehicle. Because a significant amount of time had already passed, and they all knew chances were good they were already too late.

“Hey. We’ll get him back, alright?”

Taehyung glanced at the two in the back seat through the side mirror as Seokjin spoke. The older of the two had reached out across the space between them, hand covering Namjoon’s own shaking fingers. “…Yeah,” Namjoon intoned, but he didn’t sound very reassured. Taehyung couldn’t blame him. Namjoon was no idiot — he knew Jimin had been missing for far too long to guarantee his safety.

But Taehyung didn’t say anything. He turned his attention back outside the window, until... "This the place, Namjoon?"

Namjoon looked up, eyes quickly scanning the outside of the car. He glanced down at the GPS on his phone. "This is it. But Sungjin didn't know where in this neighbourhood they were based, it
could be one of the other blocks for all we know."

"This narrows it down enough. Let's stop here," Taehyung said, and Jongdae pulled the car to the side and stopped.

They all piled out of the car, Taehyung’s eyes roamed around the area when they stepped out. It was one of the residential areas on the outskirts of Seoul. There were a couple of apartment blocks around, but also a lot of house lots, most of the houses old and dilapidated. It would be hard looking for Jimin in a place like this.

Or so, Taehyung thought.

No sooner than Taehyung had taken a large whiff of the air than he blanched, one hand covering his nose. "Oh… wow."

"What is it?" Namjoon asked, as Junhong’s car pulled up across from them.


“Blood?” Seokjin frowned, sniffing the air. From the look on his and the other’s faces, they couldn’t smell anything past the smog. “What blood?”

Taehyung didn't respond, just started walking down the street. They’d find out soon enough.

"Guess we're following the Bloodhound," Jongdae said, checking the gun in his belt before starting off after Taehyung. He signalled to Ryeowook and Junhong to flank either side. Seokjin huffed, quickly grabbing his kit out of the car and signalled Namjoon to follow him. But it was promising — everyone here knew that Taehyung had the best nose out of any one.

But after a couple minutes of walking, they didn’t need Taehyung’s super-sensitive nose anymore.

“Oh— what.” Seokjin paused, his nose in the air. “Holy fuck. That smells like…”
"Yeah," Jongdae said quietly. "That's... a lot of blood."

"There's vampire blood mixed up in it," Taehyung said from up ahead, voice tight and worried. "Something went down here."

Seokjin let out a tense breath. "Well, maybe we should hurry a little bit."

But no sooner had they turned the corner than Taehyung held up a fist in a signal to stop. He stared at the dark house up ahead, nose twitching. "That's it," He said. "I don't hear any movement, but doesn't mean it's safe to barge in blindly. Watch for traps."

Seokjin sighed, nodding. "Me and Namjoon will follow right behind you guys. Namjoon, I know you're worried about Jimin, but be careful, alright?"

Namjoon nodded mutely, fingers curling around the knife he'd grabbed before leaving. Taehyung and Jongdae took point, the two vampires moving soundlessly across the yard and approaching the side door from an angle. There was no reaction from the house, no movement by the windows, nothing.

The closer they got, the more Taehyung's expression twisted, the scents reaching his nose getting more and more disturbing. When they reached the side door and he pulled it open, it suddenly became clear why.

A dead hunter dropped at their feet, eyes wide open and unseeing and throat ripped open.

Seokjin let out a piercing scream, nearly throwing his kit up into the air.

"...Fuck," Jongdae hissed with one hand over his chest, half from the dead human and half from Seokjin's scream. "Can you not do that? If there's anyone alive in here, they know where we are now."

"...I don't think there's anyone alive," Taehyung said quietly, stepping over the body and slipping into the dark house. He only paid it a cursory glance, seeing Seokjin looking it over as well when he recovered from the jumpscare.
Seokjin was a doctor, so he knew wounds when he saw one. And that wound definitely was made by... “a vampire. A vampire killed this man. Tore his throat out while feeding.”

Glancing back at the doctor staring wide-eyed down at the body, Taehyung paused as another scent reached his nose. Sniffing again, he glanced down the hallway with a frown. That smelled like...

"Did the renegades reach this place before we did?" Namjoon murmured, voice cracking at the thought. He nearly pushed past Taehyung and Jongdae before Taehyung grabbed his arm and hauled him back.

"Don't," Taehyung said, "Rushing in is just going to make this worse." They found another couple of dead bodies, slumped over with a gun within one person's loose grip.

They reached halfway down the hallway before Taehyung suddenly turned to them, expression tight. "Jimin's in that room. Check for survivors elsewhere in the house."

"But Jimin—" Namjoon protested quietly.

"Namjoon, please."

Seokjin caught sight of Taehyung's expression, quickly wrapping his hand around Namjoon’s wrist. “Joon. It's alright. Come with me, okay? Jimin will be fine.”

Namjoon looked reluctant and ready to argue, but Taehyung trusted Seokjin to keep his child occupied for at least a while. So he left them to it, approaching the room at the far end of the hallway and quietly opening the door.

The amplified smell of blood hit him first. Even if the rest of the house was a massacre, this room was the worst of it. And it didn't help that along the walls hung rows of equipment meant for torture, a permanent stink of pain underneath the smell of the freshly spilled blood.

But even so, there were bodies strewn all over the place, some looking like they were mauled by a wild animal, others oddly pale, almost like dolls, save for the single deep gaping wound on one part of their body.
And in the corner, a single person, trembling — untouched and seemingly unharmed despite the blood they were covered in.

Jimin.

Taehyung closed the door after himself with a soft click, eyes taking in the massacre before focusing on Jimin's curled up form. He took a step forward, careful. "Jimin?"

Jimin’s head immediately shot up, his eyes wild and unfocused, a sound almost like an animal growling the moment Taehyung took a step forward.

Taehyung crouched down to Jimin's level, not approaching him yet. Because something was very, very different with his friend.

Something he'd noticed from the moment he'd stepped into the house. Jimin's mint-smelling blood reached his nose, but it wasn't the sweet smell of a human anymore.

It was the blood of a freshly turned vampire.

"It's okay, Jimin," Taehyung said, voice calm and steady. "It's Taehyung, your friend."

The feral gaze in Jimin’s eyes seemed to waver. And he stared blankly at Taehyung for the longest of moments.

And then, “T...Tae...?”

"There you are," Taehyung smiled sadly at him. "You don't have to fight anymore, Chim. You're gonna be okay."

Jimin uncurled a little bit more, his eyes starting to glisten. There were still smears of blood on his face, his eyes flashing a bright red. “T-tae... I... I... I killed—”

"I know." Taehyung shifted closer, crawling on the floor despite the blood soaking into his pants and

Then he practically flung himself forward into Taehyung's arms. “Oh god. I was so scared. I was so scared…”

Taehyung's arms folded around Jimin and held him tight, exhaling slowly. His hand smoothed over Jimin's sweaty, matted hair, the smell of blood thick in the air and clogging up his nose. "You're okay, Chim," he whispered. "It's gonna be okay." He could feel Jimin shaking like a leaf in his arms.

A sudden shift in the air caught Taehyung’s attention at the same moment Jimin’s red eyes snapped open.

Suddenly Jimin yanked Taehyung backwards, just as a silver blade whistled past. Jimin let out a noise of terror, and Taehyung lifted his head to see a stranger standing over them, a gaping wound in his neck still pouring out blood, standing over them like a nightmare.

Taehyung was startled for a brief moment, staring up at the wounded hunter and holding onto Jimin. Between the scent reaching his nose and Jimin’s horrified reaction, it didn’t take a genius to figure out this man was related to his friend. No… this was the head of the Park clan. Jimin’s father.

Taehyung’s eyes hardened and he was up, slamming Jimin's father into the wall hard enough to break through the plaster. His fingers dug into the man's neck wound, blood dripping down his knuckles and wrist as he hissed, "Why?"

Jemin’s father let out a gurgled groan, but he kept his eyes open, glaring at Taehyung, a whispered, “abomination” slipping past his lips.

"You are." Taehyung's nails dug in deeper, and with a sickening squelch he tore the man's throat the rest of the way open. He let the body slump lifelessly to the floor.

The brief struggle must have reached the others, because footsteps hurried down the hallway, the door opening and Namjoon staggering in. "Jemin?!"

Jemin had been staring at his father, even after Taehyung had killed him, like he didn’t quite know how to feel now that the existence that had been the cause of so much fear and pain was now dead. But at the sound of Namjoon’s voice, his eyes flickered up in surprise and hope. “J-joon…?"
Taehyung looked back to see Namjoon take it all in... the bodies, the blood-coated floor, Jimin's form trembling and stained red... his bright crimson eyes. "What happened?" His voice cracked as he stepped forward, towards his boyfriend. "What did they do?"

Jimin looked up at Namjoon, his hesitance as he stepped forward, and a shot of worry crossed his face. "...Joon…?"

"...They turned him," Taehyung said. "Why, I'm not sure." He glanced to the door, seeing Seokjin and Jongdae there.

Namjoon crouched down in front of Jimin, hands gently framing his boyfriend's cheeks. "...Oh... Jimin," He whispered, tears gathering in his eyes. He pulled Jimin into a tight embrace.

Seokjin took in the sight in front of him, of Jimin trembling form in Namjoon's embrace and said. “I heard that the Park Hunters don't actively try to kill humans, even if they don't care if a human dies as a result of their hunting. But directly killing a human is against their rules…”

From the way Jimin stiffened, Seokjin must have hit the nail on the head. “They must have turned him in order to kill him. Only... he killed them all first.”

Namjoon held onto Jimin tighter, feeling his boyfriend shake. "I'm sorry... I'm so, so sorry Jimin, I should have protected you, I..."

"He's still alive," Taehyung said. "He's still alive, that's the most important thing. Jin hyung, can you make sure he's okay to move? We need to get out of here before anyone finds this place."

“Yeah. Of course. Dae, could you help me hold my kit? I just need to get a few things out.”

Taehyung moved to the door, looking away from Namjoon and Jimin to give the two a shred of privacy. But he could still hear Jimin’s faint whisper: “Joon… does it… Does it bother you that… That I'm not human anymore?”

"...What?" Namjoon whispered back. There was a shaky exhale. "I'm so, so glad you're alive. I was scared I'd never see you again, Jimin. I should have found you sooner. I should have known sooner
something was wrong... you shouldn't have had to suffer through this."

Taehyung glanced their way just in time to see the tiniest of smiles on Jimin’s lips. “You're so sweet, Joon-ah. It's not your fault. I'm sorry I got caught too.”

"That's nothing for you to be sorry about." Namjoon pressed a soft kiss to Jimin's blood-stained mouth.

“I love you, Joon. Sorry that I worried you.”

"This is cute and all," Jongdae said, standing beside Seokjin and holding the doctor's kit for him. "But Jin can't check Jimin if your lanky ass is wrapped around him like an octopus." Namjoon reluctantly let go, and Taehyung smiled tiredly.

Seokjin looked at Jongdae gratefully. He must have been mere moments from breaking them up himself. “Come, Jimin, let me take a look at you.”

As Jimin complied, Seokjin quickly wiped away as much blood as he could with some medical wipes, mostly to see if there were any wounds below the blood. He didn’t turn up any, other than a few thin cuts, probably knife wounds made by silver, which would heal now that Seokjin had washed them out.

Even so, Seokjin’s expression was tight, and Taehyung could guess why. He could guess that Jimin’s skin was still abnormally warm. A telltale sign of a violent transformation — that Jimin had been turned while severely hurt, and so the amount of energy generated while healing those wounds would have caused this kind of heat.

But Seokjin didn’t say anything, probably for Namjoon’s sake. And it wasn’t anything they could change. What was done was done.

Finally, Seokjin stood, dusting his knees off. “He's good to move. Just a little in shock. Maybe it'd be good to carry him if we need to move fast. Just in case.”

"I can carry him," Namjoon volunteered, shifting so that Jimin could get onto his back.
"Try not to trip on anything," Taehyung said, eyes looking around the room again. "Was there any survivors?" He asked Jongdae. "The sire?"

Jongdae shook his head. "They’re all dead, sire too." Jimin flinched a little at the mention of his sire.

“Here.” Seokjin must have mistaken Jimin’s flinch for pins and needles or something. “Let me help you up.”

Once Jimin was settled on Namjoon's back, they made their way out of the house that stank of blood and death.

****

The drive back was quiet.

They were seated like this: Taehyung and Seokjin in the front, Seokjin driving while Taehyung made all the necessary calls (Junsu to update him, Jungkook to let him know everyone was relatively okay, and that he’d be out for a while longer). Namjoon and Jimin were in the back, Namjoon’s arm tight around Jimin and holding him close. The ride home was long, and it was well past midnight by the time they stepped inside Seokjin and Namjoon's apartment. Their place was the safest for Jimin, what with the easiest access to blood bags and all.

Even then, going into familiar territory was… strange. Everything felt… different. Like the way the lights flickered, the smells in the air, even the noise of the doorknob as Namjoon had turned it all felt different, and Jimin had to just… stop thinking about it, lest he go crazy. Instead, he did what he’d been doing the entirety of the journey in the car — concentrate on Namjoon.

And now, Namjoon was talking to Jimin softly, hands smoothing down his arms in a calming motion. Maybe he’d sensed Jimin’s agitation. “How’s your throat?” Namjoon asked. “Do you feel thirsty?”

Jimin’s eyes flickered up to Namjoon. “No. But I did have something anyone would call a binge feed and—”

There was a noise that Jimin just couldn’t ignore. A sort of buzzing, like an incessant mechanical
insect. It made him wince, feeling like his ears were five seconds away from bleeding. “Fuck. Why is everything so loud?”

"It's the enhanced senses kicking in," Taehyung said, leaning back against the door. "It takes time to get used to. Is it painful?"

Jimin jumped. Fuck, if Taehyung had been annoying before with how sneaky he was, now it was going to be even more so. But he answered the question, nevertheless. “A little. Feels as if someone stuck a speaker into my ear. Fuck. I can hear like…” wait, could it be? “I think it's literally the electricity generator for this whole building. It's like whining away.”

"...I can't hear the generator," Namjoon frowned, and bless him being a good boyfriend, because it was obvious he was trying to keep his voice lowered for the sake of Jimin’s ears.

"Some vampires have sharper senses than others," Jongdae said. "Like this hound and his damn nose. Mostly it's an age thing, but sometimes it's good genes. You must have had exceptional hearing for a human too."


“Well, I'd prefer not to have it.” Jimin sighed, rubbing his face. “Just… wanna wash up. And sleep. Please.”


"No one's thinking hanky panky," Namjoon protested, even as his hands rested on Jimin's shoulders. "I'll get you some spare clothes, alright?" He helped Jimin towards the bathroom.

"Good night, Chim," Taehyung said, watching Jimin with a worried expression. "I'll see you tomorrow, okay?"

If nothing else, Taehyung was still a sweetheart. So, Jimin gave Taehyung a weak smile. “Yeah. See you tomorrow.”
Taehyung and Jongdae left, and Namjoon got Jimin into the bathroom before disappearing for a minute. He returned with changes of clothes, closing the door behind him. "You'll feel better after a shower," he murmured, pressing a kiss to Jimin's temple before starting to help him out of his clothes.

Jimin instinctively shivered even though he didn't really feel cold. And without thinking he looked up into the mirror, only to freeze:

His eyes. They were an unfamiliar, deep, blood red.

And they were staring back at him.

Suddenly, he felt hands settling on his shoulders, and those blood red eyes moved, looking up at Namjoon. The other vampire must have finished setting Jimin’s shirt aside only to see Jimin staring at his reflection and must have figured out what he’d been thinking.

‘Don’t look at him.’ Jimin thought, even though that didn’t make any sense at all. ‘Don’t you dare look at him. Monster.’

Jimin swallowed, closing his eyes and turning around, burying his face into Namjoon's chest, as if that could chase away the illogical thoughts. “Joon… why isn't the red going away?”

"It will," Namjoon said quietly, one hand cradling the back of Jimin's head. "You went through a lot... you haven't had a chance to come back down from those instincts yet. Give it time."

Jimin let out a shaky breath. “What if they remain like that forever, Joon?”

It wasn't an impossible worry. Jimin had seen his fair share of red eyes in the field — some vampires not bothering to hide who they were, but others… because they couldn’t. For most of them, their eyes slipped into red when their vampire instincts shoved past the illusion of humanity they presented to the world. Bloodlust was the strongest trigger, but so were fear, anger, pain, and adrenaline. And some vampires just never learned to control themselves enough to not let their emotions affect the physical appearance they presented themselves with.

But Namjoon was talking again, his voice pulling Jimin out of his head. "Then we'll deal with it if it happens,” Namjoon said. He drew back, cupping Jimin's cheeks and tilting the other man's face upwards to look into his crimson eyes. "Whatever happens, you and me will face it together."
Jimin swallowed, before a watery smile appeared on his lips. “Y-yeah… yeah. We will. Won't we?”

"Yeah. We will." Namjoon lowered his head, lips brushing against Jimin's in a soft, sweet kiss.

Jimin’s lips curled. Namjoon was the only reason he was smiling today, it seemed. “Thanks, Joon. I'm kinda glad… I killed all of them. They said they were going to go after you.”

"You're still looking after me, even when you're the one in danger," Namjoon whispered. He kissed him again, holding Jimin close — almost as if he was letting himself soak in the relief that his boyfriend was still alive.

****

By the time Taehyung got home, he was both tired and absolutely wired. It happened sometimes when he got a small taste of sudden violence that had ended far too quickly to work the adrenaline out of his system. There was nothing to be done about it, and he hoped some cuddles with Jungkook would snap him back out of that funk.

"Kookie?" He stepped inside the penthouse, seeing the lights still on inside. He sniffed, more to clear his nose of the lingering stench of blood and fill it with Jungkook's familiar cinnamon scent.

At the sound of Taehyung's voice, Jungkook’s head poked over the back of the couch. “Tae! I'm in the living room!”

Taehyung perked up, kicking off his shoes and making a beeline for the couch. "Hey," he smiled fondly when he saw big Jungkook bundled up like a baby in one of their large, comfy blankets. He crawled onto the couch beside Jungkook, arms wrapping around the mass of blanket-wrapped human. "I'm home."

Jungkook made a sort of humming noise, snuggling into Taehyung. He seemed more tired than usual, breath shallower than it should have been and skin a touch pale. Maybe he was coming down with something? “Welcome home. I'm glad your safe. And I'm glad you're home because now I can finally eat.”
The vampire's face fell into a pout. Well, that wasn't going to help Jungkook's condition at all. "You mean you haven't eaten since before you left for the gym? Kookie..."

"You know I have no appetite when I'm worried." Jungkook protested. "Don't pout at me! I'll go eat now."

"Are you gonna wiggle your way to the kitchen like a caterpillar?" Taehyung poked at Jungkook's blanket-covered sides.

"If I could, I would. But sadly. I'm not great operating the microwave with my mouth so." Jungkook leaned back with a grin. "Help unwrap me?"

Taehyung smiled, one eyebrow raising. "Kinky," was what came out of his mouth as he found the edge of the blankets and unwrapped them from around Jungkook. "You did good with this, how did you even manage getting this tangled in it?"

"Erm. Mostly a lot of rolling around in bed." Jungkook mumbled, red creeping into his cheeks.

"Well, you're free," Taehyung flung the end of the blanket open dramatically. "Fly, fly, be free!"

Jungkook snorted, but he humoured Taehyung by dramatically flapping his hands, half skipping towards the kitchen. A minute later, the microwave turned on.

While he was gone, Taehyung burrowed himself under the mount of blankets left behind. He breathed in the cinnamon smell with a sigh of relief, eyes closing. The hum of the TV in the background mixing with the buzz of the microwave and Jungkook's shuffling steps was reassuring. He let the sounds and smells wrap around him and ease the jitters from his bones, wipe away the ghostly feeling of blood and torn tissue between his fingers.

That scene had been bad, one of the worst he'd seen in... decades, really. He hoped Jimin was sleeping it off, and not lying there awake with nothing but his thoughts for company.

Jungkook was quiet when he came back, heated dinner in hand. And he sat down beside Taehyung, a worried look in his eyes.
He ate quietly for a while before asking. “Jimin-sshi… is okay? Right? Did something bad happen?”

Taehyung’s eyes opened, and he shuffled around under the blankets to better face Jungkook. "He's... gonna be okay," he said. "But something bad did happen. His family did catch him, and... he's a vampire now. They turned him."

Jungkook’s spoon fell from his mouth, clattering onto his plate. “What the fuck?”

"Their moral compass is screwed up," Taehyung said, drawing his legs up to his chest. "Some bullshit about not wanting to kill humans despite the fact they do regularly, so they turned him so that they could kill him after. I think it was all just an excuse to prolong hurting him." He'd seen their types many, many times before.

“Oh… what the fuck?” Jungkook put his plate down, looking like he wished he could punch someone. “Those fuckers. Did you kill them all?”

"I didn't," Taehyung shook his head. "Jimin did before we got there."

Jungkook looked a little like his mind got blown, “... what.”

"It's not all that strange, really," Taehyung said quietly. "He was a good hunter, strong fighting instincts. You turn a great fighter like that into a vampire, you don't know what you're unleashing. They underestimated him, and thought he'd be too wrapped in bloodlust to fight them properly." They had been very, very wrong. "He's with Jin and Namjoon right now, they'll look after him."

Jungkook sighed, rubbing his face. “It's good though. I'm glad he's still alive. If Jin and Namjoon hyungdeul are taking care of him it should be fine.”

After a moment, he looked over at Taehyung. “What about you though?”

Taehyung blinked up at Jungkook in blank confusion. "What about me?"
Jungkook sucked in a deep breath, a sudden spike in his scent signalling nerves. “Er… Well… you… Erm.”

He chewed on his lip before saying out in a rush. “You're always kinda… Antsy. On missions that end like this. I mean, without resolution. Things are kinda bad. But you can't do anything to make it better. Like punch the bad guys brains out.”

The vampire was surprised at that. He hadn't thought Jungkook noticed, that he'd done a good enough job of hiding it or working it out of his system before coming back home over the years.

The corner of his lips quirked, and he tipped himself over to rest his cheek against Jungkook's shoulder. He could hear Jungkook’s heartbeat pick up speed. "I'm okay. A little wired up to punch things, but nothing a long cuddle won't fix."

“Well, lemme finish dinner and I'll give you that cuddle.”

"Okay," Taehyung replied cutely, reached out and stealing a small piece of chicken to pop into his mouth.

“Hyung, you're going to make yourself sick.” Jungkook complained before pretending to hoard his plate for himself.

"But it tastes good," Taehyung huffed as he chewed on the chicken, burrowing into Jungkook's side and pulling the blanket up over his shoulders.

Jungkook was done with his meal fairly quickly, clearly famished. And once he was done, he shifted so that he could wrap his arms around Taehyung, settling down to watch the show.

But only a couple of minutes had passed, and it became obvious that something was very wrong.

As bundled up together as they were, it didn’t escape Taehyung’s notice when Jungkook started squirming in his seat, like he couldn’t sit still — couldn’t get comfortable — frame tight with tension. His eyes opened, and he looked up at Jungkook, his hair tickling the underside of the human's jaw. "Kook? You okay?"
Jungkook tried to smile at Taehyung, but it was more like a grimace. He really didn’t look good, the slight whiff of sweat catching Taehyung’s attention for a moment. Jungkook breathed in deeply before answering, “Yeah. Yeah. Just… a bit… Uncomfortable. Maybe the food didn't agree with me.”

Taehyung heard Jungkook's stomach gurgle, and shifted a little so he wasn't putting pressure on it. “Maybe... I can get you some medicine?”

“Mmm… I… it should pass.” Jungkook swallowed, shifting. “Just… Give it a bit.”

Nodding slowly, Taehyung watched Jungkook worriedly for a moment before settling his head back down on the human's shoulder.

But about ten minutes later, 'giving it a bit' quickly proved to not be working.

“Ngh—” Jungkook finally couldn't take it anymore. “Hyung… Sorry… I need to—”

A retching noise escaped from his mouth. And in the next second, Jungkook was up, trying to scramble to the toilet.

Taehyung watched him go with wide eyes. When the sound of retching reached his ears, he scrambled to his feet followed Jungkook to the bathroom.

Jungkook was puking all of dinner out into the toilet and then some. Taehyung crouched down beside Jungkook, hands smoothing along the human's back to help it all out. "It's okay, it's okay," he whispered, one hand reaching forward and making sure Jungkook's hair was out of his eyes and face.

It was a long couple of minutes until Jungkook was done. But even then, as he pulled back, leaning onto Taehyung, it was obvious he still felt unwell. His face was pale, breathing shallow, skin clammy and cold.

Holding him close with one arm, Taehyung reached past Jungkook to flush the evidence away. He took a long, worried look at Jungkook's face, hands framing his cheeks. "Let's rinse out your mouth and get you in bed," he whispered, one hand checking Jungkook's temperature.
Jungkook nodded slowly, as if too fast a movement might trigger another reflux. But after a moment, he opened his eyes. “Sorry… I didn't wanna make you worried.”

"...Silly bunny," Taehyung said, smoothing Jungkook's sweaty bangs back from his forehead. "Tell me if you're feeling sick. How long have you been feeling this way? Did it just start?"

Jungkook looked even more crestfallen before he shook his head. “It's been a few weeks now. But… it's only gotten bad in the past few days. Today especially…”

Taehyung wasn't the most knowledgeable on human sicknesses (whenever Jungkook caught so much as a sniffle growing up, he carted the boy over to Seokjin with all the urgency of someone on his deathbed, but he knew if something was going on for weeks then it could be serious. "Can you stand? Let's clean you up. Lean on me, okay?" He shifted to help Jungkook to his feet, one arm around the human's waist.

Jungkook swooned a little as he stood up, looking like he might be a little lightheaded. And he leaned heavily in Taehyung, breathing hard. “Fuck. It wasn't this bad past few days. I don't know what happened.”

"Just take it easy." Taehyung maneuvered him over to the sink and took over, getting Jungkook's toothbrush and helping the human rinse the horrible taste out of his mouth. Then with one arm around Jungkook's waist they made their way slowly to Taehyung's bedroom.

It was halfway there when, nose brushing against Jungkook's shoulder, Taehyung smelled something wrong.

"Let's sit down here," he helped Jungkook sit down on the edge of the bed, brow furrowed in worry as he inhaled again.

Jungkook sat down heavily, looking confused. “Tae… What's wrong?”

Taehyung wasn't sure what he was smelling, but it confused him. "Sorry, I..." He shifted closer on the bed, pressing his nose against Jungkook's neck and breathing in deeply. Jungkook let him, clearly dealing with another bout of nausea.
After a moment, Taehyung pulled back, eyes wide. "...Your blood," he said. "It smells... wrong." It had a twisted sour note Taehyung had always associated with one thing:

Vampires.

Jungkook smelled like a fledgling.

“Wrong?” Jungkook stared at Taehyung in confusion. “What do you mean wrong? Do I have like… leukaemia or… Something?”

"No, it... not that." Taehyung's mind was racing. How could Jungkook smell like a fledgling? He hadn't been bitten recently, and he'd had to have ingested vampire blood to be turning... and turning from a human to a vampire wasn't slow like this. It wasn't something that took the span of weeks, more like minutes.

He needed a second opinion. He couldn't trust just his nose on this. "I need to make a call," he said, getting to his feet. "Just— try to rest, okay?"

“...Okay.” And Jungkook chose to lie down on the bed rather than question Taehyung further. From the way his face had paled, he was probably facing another bout of nausea and it was just easier to lie down. And the moment he did, he curled up on himself, shivering.

Taehyung looked back at Jungkook as he left the bedroom, before pulling out his phone. Walking slowly to the large floor to ceiling windows, he stared outside at the dark night as he dialed Seokjin's number.

It took three rings before a crotchety Seokjin answered. “Something better be burning.”

"How soon can you get here?" Taehyung asked, steamrolling right past Jin's threatening tone and the fact he probably woke the man up. It was getting very close to dawn after all. "With whatever you need to do a blood test."

Seokjin paused before he asked, “what's wrong with Jungkook? And like... half an hour? If I can get a cab immediately?"
"I don't know," Taehyung's free hand clenched at his side, and he paced back and forth in front of the window, needing to move, to do something. "He threw up, and his blood—Jin, his blood smells like a fledgling's." It was faint, but it was there.

There was a very long pause on the phone before Seokjin said, “what the fuck? Why would—why… that's… okay, I'll come over as soon as I can.”

"Thank you." Taehyung injected as much relief into his voice as he could, because honestly, he wasn't feeling relieved at all. He had no idea what was happening to Jungkook, his Jungkook. He could defend Jungkook against external threats, but his own body?

Hanging up, he took a moment to try and calm the jitters in his bones before he crept to the bedroom and leaned in to check on the human.

Jungkook was lying on the bed, curled up and exhausted-looking. But hearing the sound of Taehyung coming back in, he opened his eyes. “Hyung… did you call Jin-hyung? What's wrong with me?”

Taehyung swallowed, and approached the bed. He put on his strong face to mask how worried he was, crawling onto the bed next to Jungkook. "I'm hoping nothing, bunny," he said, fingers smoothing through Jungkook's hair. "You know me, always making a mountain out of a molehill, right? He's just gonna come and check."

“Mmmm…” Jungkook hummed, before he reached out to take Taehyung's hand. “Stay with me… Tae…?”

Taehyung turned his hand around to hold Jungkook's in return, thumb brushing over the soft skin. "Yeah," he intoned, shifting closer on the bed. "I'm not going anywhere."

“Thanks… Tae…” Jungkook whispered softly, his eyes closing again. “I'm gonna… Close my eyes a bit… some… rest.”

"Yeah. You rest." Taehyung leaned in, pressing a soft kiss to Jungkook's clammy forehead. "Hyung'll sing for you."

And after a moment he did just that, singing soft and deep.
Jungkook let out a soft sound that must have meant a thank you. And it took a bit, but finally… finally, Jungkook’s breath eased, and he fell into a tenuous sleep.

And they stayed like that for a little over half an hour, Taehyung humming softly and smoothing his fingers through Jungkook’s hair as the human slept. When he heard the door open and close, he slipped out from beside Jungkook and made his way to where Seokjin had just stepped in with his case.

"He's asleep," Taehyung said. "He's so pale, Jin."

Seokjin looked up, the troubled frown on his face deepening. “Might be better to keep him sleeping. I'll give him something to ease the pain and keep him asleep. Do you think he could handle pills? Or should I get something dissolvable? Or inject him with something?"

"I don't think he's able to keep pills down," Taehyung said quietly, looking back towards the bedroom. "It's like... his body's rejecting food. But it doesn't make sense. He's not turning, he wasn't bitten."

Seokjin let out a terse sigh, nodding. “I'll prepare an injection then and… I'll have to see the test results to confirm it. But I have a theory on what might be happening to him.”

"A theory?" Taehyung's attention snapped back to Seokjin. "What do you think this is?"

“It was a long time back, but in the period where medical research wasn't as regulated as it is now? There were some vampires doing some experiments to see if they could create a better vampire. And one of the methods they experimented with was to get a human to ingest vampire blood orally, get them to a half turned state, before biting them to turn them.”

Taehyung’s eyes widened, and he stared at Seokjin in shock. "...What? You mean... someone's been giving Jungkook vampire blood?"

“That's just my guess. But it's the only thing that could explain it. Drinking a little bit of vampire’s blood is fine. The human body just treats the vampiric blood cells like virus cells — attacks them and disposes of them. But if it was being fed to him constantly over a long period of time, his body starts being unable to deal with it, and the vampiric blood cells start attacking his body, populating, hence his half turned state.” Seokjin explains. “But if this is really the case, then the solution is
simple. A simple blood transfusion will fix him. That, or he gets bitten and is fully turned into a vampire.”

Staring at the other vampire, Taehyung felt anger fizz and burn in his veins, his hands slowly curling into fists at his sides. "...Someone's been trying to turn him... slowly... painfully?" He said lowly. "Someone with regular access to him." That meant someone close to Taehyung himself.

The traitor they'd been searching for...

It could be one of Taehyung's own.

Seokjin stared back cautiously for a moment before he let out a sigh. “But it's just a theory for now. I have to do the test before I can confirm anything.”

Taehyung nodded stiffly. "...Please, help him," he said quietly, looking back towards the bedroom.

Seokjin gently patted Taehyung’s arm. “He'll be fine. Don't worry alright? He'll be fine.”

And with that, he walked into Jungkook's room, leaving Taehyung alone in the hall.

Chapter End Notes

Everyone has such interesting theories as to what's going on! We'll have to wait and see who's right~

(Also please don't kill us /runs)

Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter!! And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!
When Namjoon woke up early the following evening, it was to Jimin curled up on the bed beside him, face smushed against the older vampire's neck and chest rising and falling in slow breaths his body hadn't realized it no longer needed yet. Looking down at him, Namjoon's lips quirked a little tiredly. One hand smoothed through the strands of Jimin's hair, but he let the man continue to sleep; his body was still recovering from an ordeal.

He vaguely recalled hearing Seokjin leave suddenly the night before, but listening now, he couldn’t tell if the man was back yet.

But before Namjoon could think more about it, Jimin stirred, eyes fluttering open with a soft moan. It could have been Namjoon waking up that had woken him too. But as he took in a slow breath, it became apparent that wasn't the case as he took in a painful swallow.

“Joon…?”

"Hey," Namjoon whispered, looking down at Jimin. He lightly massaged the back of Jimin's neck. "How are you feeling?"

Jimin made an uncomfortable sound, his voice sounding oddly hoarse. “Like my throat is… Sandpaper… Joon… I think… I think I'm thirsty.”

"You're going to be very thirsty for a while," Namjoon murmured in understanding, sitting up and drawing Jimin up with him. "Let's get you some blood bags."

Jimin nodded, swallowing painfully again. “Ugh… being a fledgling sucks. Are my eyes still red?"

"Yeah. But that's normal. You're thirsty, even older vampires lose their eye colour when they're thirsty." Namjoon took Jimin's hand and they headed out into the kitchen.

As they went, Namjoon noted Seokjin's room was empty, and his sire wasn't elsewhere in the apartment either. Frowning to himself, he brought Jimin into the kitchen and found a few blood bags
from inside the fridge.

"Here," he knew Jimin was far too thirsty to bother with niceties like drinking out of a glass. So he poked a hole in one end of the bag and held it to his boyfriend's mouth. Jimin’s eyes had fluttered half-closed, nostrils flaring a bit at the smell of blood that wafted through the room once the bag was open. There was clear restraint in Jimin’s shaking hands, but even so he grabbed the bag hastily, taking a big draught.

Namjoon could see the tension slowly leaking out of Jimin’s shoulders with each gulp of blood. It should be disgusting. Blood. But it was exactly what Jimin needed right now, and to vampires. It tasted sweet, a little like some kind of metallic syrup concentrate. Definitely not as disgusting as a human would have found it.

And one bag had been drained, and Jimin still had no signs of slowing down. Whining, he looked up at Namjoon. “More?”

While Jimin had been draining the first bag, Namjoon had taken the opportunity to open the second bag into a proper glass. He took the empty bag from his boyfriend, holding out the glass with a small smile. "Here."

Jimin managed to stop himself snatching the glass out of Namjoon’s hand, taking a carefully timed pause before putting the glass to his lips. But once it hit his tongue, he couldn't stop drinking, draining the glass in seconda.

“Hah…” Jimin made a face. “Fuck. I'm still thirsty.”

"That's okay. You're a day old, it's normal." Namjoon took the glass back, pulling a third blood bag out of the fridge. He'd have to make sure Seokjin was able to pick up more bags soon. He and Namjoon might have to hunt the old-fashioned way in the meantime, just to be sure they always had enough bags for Jimin.

Ripping open the bag and filling the glass again, Namjoon slid the glass back towards Jimin. "Starting to feel better?"

Jimin took the glass back, but finally seemed to be slowing down a little. “Yeah… a little.” He said, blinking his eyes. “Could I have… one more?”
Namjoon was being careful to be calm and soothing while Jimin drank, but honestly, the amount of blood he was drinking was a cause for concern. Most vampires were more like Hoseok — needing blood often when first turned, yes, but not four full bags in one go. But he didn’t want Jimin to worry. Considering how violently he’d been turned, it wasn’t completely unusual for him to need such a large amount of blood. "Yeah, of course." Namjoon refilled the glass one more time, absently licking a bit of blood that dripped onto his thumb as he passed it back.

Finally, after half a glass more, Jimin finally seemed to stop, licking his lips a little. “Hah… okay… I'm okay… Not thirsty now.”

And when he opened his eyes, his red eyes had finally dulled back down to brown. “Should I just finish up? Or do you need some?”

"Finish it up, it'll help keep the thirst at bay," Namjoon smiled at him. His hand found Jimin's and squeezed before he went about disposing of the empty blood bags.

Jimin drank the last part of the blood slowly. And once he was done, licking the rim of the cup. He held the glass up, “should probably wash this.”

"Yeah, I'll get that." Namjoon took the glass, moving to the sink. "Fledglings need a lot of blood during their first month. Let me know if you start feeling thirsty again, alright?"

“Okay.” Now that his throat wasn't itching, it seemed like Jimin could concentrate on other things, like, “oh! Joon! My eyes are back to normal!”

Namjoon smiled. "They are. Told you they'd return to normal eventually. How's your hearing doing?"

“Hearing?” Jimin put his hand to his ear and said after a while. “Yeah. The… noises are still loud. There’s this engine noise that doesn't stop.”

"It'll take a while to get used to the enhanced senses,” Namjoon said. "Though from what they were saying yesterday, your hearing is much stronger than the average vampire.”

Jimin sighed, rubbing his ears again. “Well, even if it isn't, everything just feel really loud for me. Even if I can't distinguish the noises.”
“Maybe one of the others would be able to help,” Namjoon said as he finished cleaning the glass and setting it aside to dry. He turned back to Jimin, offering his hands.

Jimin took Namjoon’s hands but he seemed distracted. And he frowned a little, “I think someone’s coming up to the front door.”

A few seconds later, there was a knock.

A little wary, Namjoon pulled away from Jimin and looked out the peephole first. But when he saw a familiar face on the other side, he relaxed, opening the door.

Taehyung gave him a wane smile, hands shoved in his hoodie pockets as he stepped inside. “Hey. How’s our fledgling doing?”

“Tae,” Jimin said, just as wanely. “Heard you coming. And… apparently I was really thirsty.”

“Well, babies tend to have two moods: sleepy or hungry.” Taehyung wrapped Jimin up in a hug.

“Did you call me a baby? I can kick your ass any time you know.” Jimin joked, returning the hug. Namjoon could see the way the fledgling’s nose twitched, getting used to the new, intense smells. Taehyung probably smelled different to Jimin now.

“Uh-huh,” Taehyung patted his back.

“Do you know where Seokjin is?” Namjoon asked.

Taehyung nodded, pulling away from Jimin after a moment. “He’s at my place, looking after Kook. Kook’s sick.”

Namjoon blinked. “Jungkook’s sick? And you’re here?”
The older vampire shrugged, scuffing one foot against the floor. "Apparently I was driving Jin nuts so he sent me on an errand to get something he doesn't really need except for the fact it gets me out of his hair for an hour."

"Wait. Rewind again. Jungkook’s sick? Isn't that kid like immune to illnesses or something?" Jimin asked. Which, Jungkook wasn’t — he got as many bugs as the average kid. “When did this happen?"

"Yesterday," Taehyung said, not meeting their eyes. "When we all got back. But Jin hyung's looking after him, Jin'll... he'll make sure Jungkook's okay."

Jimin groaned, ducking down to try to meet Taehyung's eyes. “Tae... you're acting all weird. What happened with Jungkook?”

"...I can't talk about it," Taehyung said, gaze lifting to them. "Not until we know for sure."

Jimin’s eyes narrowed at that. “It sounds almost like you can't trust us. Did someone do something to Jungkook? Is that it?”

Taehyung's expression immediately went blank. "I said I can't tell you."

Namjoon placed a hand on Jimin's shoulder, in warning; Taehyung was wound up tight today. "Just... keep us updated on his condition, alright?" Taehyung nodded stiffly, turning and heading to the spare room where all Seokjin's spare supplies were kept.

Jimin huffed, his mind already whirling. “It's almost as if he can't trust us. I literally was just turned. Obviously I couldn't be the one who had done anything and—”

He paused. “Wait. My father said something weird. Earlier. When he was talking about how he found me. He said someone had given him a tip off about Lotte being open later than usual for vampires.”

Namjoon blinked. "A... tip-off? But Taehyung only told me he was able to do it the day before our date." And he hadn't talked to anyone besides Taehyung and Seokjin about it; it had been a surprise.
“Yeah. And I overheard, most of the people there were surprised it was open longer than usual. So, it wasn't common knowledge either. So…”

Jimin’s eyes widened, glancing over to Seokjin’s room. “It was an inside job. There must be someone on Tae’s team who knew about this who leaked it out. And that makes sense if someone managed to do something to Jungkook. He’s so closely guarded nowadays, only someone on Tae’s team would be able to even breath on him.”

Even the possibility of one of Taehyung’s enforcers being behind Jimin’s sudden capture and harming Jungkook was near impossible for Namjoon to consider. Taehyung’s whole team was dedicated to him. Taehyung had saved Jongdae, Ryeowook and Gyuri’s lives when they were new fledglings, and the three of them had become his first enforcers in order to pay back that debt. Chanshik and Junhong had been later additions, but Junhong had always done anything Taehyung asked without question, and Chanshik... well... Chanshik had died protecting Jungkook.

He didn't get a chance to comment. Taehyung stepped out of the spare room, eyes wide and a small bag in his loose grip. Jimin jumped at the sudden reappearance. "...You said your clan knew you'd be at Lotte World?"

Jimin recovered and nodded. “Right before they turned me. My father said he received a tip that they would find something of interest at Lotte World. Then they proceeded to threaten everything I love, but that was normal.”

Taehyung stared at them, the gears clearly turning in his brain. Opening his mouth, he stopped and looked at the door when there was a knock.

"...I don't think we were expecting anyone else this early,” Namjoon frowned, pulling away from Jimin and walking back to the door. He checked through the peephole. "It's... Hoseok and Yoongi."

“Oh. They must have been worried about me.” Jimin smiled as he began to walk towards the door. “That's sweet.”

Namjoon opened the door for them. "Um... evening."

"Hey," Yoongi said, following Hoseok into the apartment. "We heard from Junsu what happened, but... how's everything?"
Jimin opened his mouth to answer, but in doing so, he took in a deep breath.

It happened too fast. Looking back at his boyfriend, Namjoon caught sight of the terrifying way Jimin’s face suddenly went slack. His brown eyes flashed bright red, an animalistic expression coming over his face.

“Fuck—” and Hoseok barely had time to get between Jimin and Yoongi before Jimin pounced at the startled human. Reacting in the same instant, Namjoon immediately grabbed Jimin around the middle to pull him back. However, Jimin’s hunting instincts kicked in and Namjoon yelped as he was flung into the wall with enough force to dent the plaster.

But that single breath he managed to delay Jimin was enough for Taehyung to jump into the fray, and unlike Namjoon, Taehyung had far better reflexes. With a harsh kick and twist he rolled Jimin onto the floor, pinning the fledgling down. "Someone get a blood bag!"

Hoseok quickly tugged Yoongi towards the kitchen where Seokjin kept a stash of blood bags. “Stay here,” he hissed at Yoongi before grabbing a blood bag and running out to the living room. “Taehyung! Catch!”

"I'm kind of busy," Taehyung ground out, struggling to keep Jimin pinned to the floor.

Namjoon was the one who caught the bag. "Jimin, here," he tore one end of the bag and shoved it in Jimin's open mouth, past the extended fangs.

Jimin let out a growl and then a whine when the blood hit his tongue. But after a moment, his eyes seemed to calm, and he stopped struggling within Taehyung’s grasp.

Taehyung sighed in relief, grip on Jimin's arms loosening. "A hunter fledgling is gonna be fun to keep up with."

Yoongi leaned out of the kitchen doorway, wary. "So, I nearly became dinner again."

Hoseok didn't look too happy even as Jimin groggily stared up at all of them, looking confused. “I told you that maybe you shouldn't have come.”
"And miss all the fun?" Yoongi said dryly. "It's not like it's the first time I've nearly been a snack, or even the fifth."

"Feeling better?" Namjoon asked Jimin gently. "Are you still thirsty?"

"Huh?" Jimin looked up at Namjoon in confusion. "What happened?"

"What happened?" Hoseok seemed unnaturally snappy. "What happened was you nearly made my boyfriend your dinner."

Jimin looked perturbed, slowly sitting up. Taehyung climbed off of Jimin, sticking beside him just in case he tried to lunge for Yoongi again. "I... what?"

"Hoseok, it's fine," Yoongi rested his hand on Hoseok's shoulder. "He's a new fledgling, right? Accidents happen."

Hoseok turned to look at Yoongi, a frown on his face before he sighed. "Yeah. Yeah. Sorry. A little wound up. Didn't mean to yell at you, Jimin."

"No, that's..." Jimin looked up, unsettled. "Did I really... Try to attack Yoongi-hyung?"

"He's the first human you've come in contact with since you've been turned," Taehyung said, looking between them. "The smell of fresh blood hit you. Blood bags aren't really the same."

Jimin swallowed, looking up at Taehyung and Hoseok before looking back down. "But it's not... Really normal to just black out like that, right? Most vampires would just get attracted. And then a hard slap would probably snap them out of it. And I just fed too."

Taehyung peered into Jimin's eyes, head tilted a little to better look at him. "...Your eyes are red," he mused, fingers touching Jimin's chin to get him to look up. "Even after a full blood bag."

Jimin flinched a little at that, looking away. "I don't know how to control it."
"Most fledglings don't," Taehyung said. "You only really get to that sort of control over your instincts a couple centuries in, that you can make your eyes red on demand. But what the red eyes right now are telling me is that you have no control over your new vampire instincts at all."

Jimin’s hands curled into fists, sucking on a deep breath. “So… I'm a monster.”

Namjoon felt a sharp stab in his heart at the agony in Jimin’s voice. He wanted nothing more than to refute that statement, because Jimin was not a monster. None of them were monsters, let alone his boyfriend. But Taehyung beat him to it. "No. That's the hunter in you talking. All it means is you need to learn control."

Taehyung reached out, finger poking at Jimin's cheek. "You know what else doesn't have control over their instincts? Actual human babies. All they do is cry, eat, sleep and poop. They have to learn the rest. So you'll have to learn too, that's all."

Jimin didn't look much enthused by that, but he nodded slowly. “Yeah… yeah. I have to don't I? Otherwise I'd just be out there murdering people.”

He looked up at Yoongi, before bowing and saying. “I'm sorry for attacking you.”

"It's fine." Yoongi didn't get any closer, but he gave Jimin a small smile. "Keeps me on my toes."

Taehyung wrapped his arm around Jimin's shoulders. "It's probably for the best you stay indoors for now, until you've got enough control to not turn random humans into food. But you're gonna be fine."

Jimin huffed before looking over at Namjoon. “I guess it's house arrest for me, huh?”

Namjoon smiled sadly at him. "We'll work on your control."

"Should start him on blood bag control first, once his initial hunger starts to die down," Taehyung said, resting his chin on Jimin's shoulder. He looked up at Yoongi and Hoseok. "You two should probably go though."
“Yeah.” Hoseok was still looking warily at Jimin as he went over to Yoongi’s side, hooking his fingers around Yoongi’s wrist. And from how Jimin’s expression fell a little, he’d noticed. “See you guys around. Good luck with learning control, Jimin.”

"We'll be back another time,” Yoongi said, as the two moved from the kitchen to the doorway. "We're glad you're alive and okay."

Jimin nodded, a tentative smile on his face. “Yeah. Thanks for thinking of me.”

"See you," Yoongi and Hoseok left the apartment, the door shutting behind them.

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The human sighed, one hand rubbing against his neck as they walked back towards the elevator. "Well, that was fun."

Hoseok took in a deep breath, looking over at Yoongi with an unhappy frown on his face. “You were nearly killed. Again.”

"Yeah, I'm getting used to it."

“You shouldn't have to though. I… I don't like that you're not safe.”

Maybe Yoongi should have paid more attention to the odd tone in Hoseok’s voice. The way it was strained and forced, like he was shoving something ugly back down his throat. But, well, he’d nearby been eaten yet again so his perceptiveness for anything that wasn’t a vampire lunging at his throat was a little lacking just then.

"Hoseok, we're in the middle of a vampire uprising. Your friend was just kidnapped and turned into a vampire yesterday. Nothing about this is safe."
Hoseok swallowed, closing his eyes. “Yeah. I know. But doesn't mean I have to like it.”

"There'd probably be something wrong with you if you did." Yoongi nudged Hoseok's shoulder. "It's fine, Hoseok. We'll just be careful next time we visit."

“We're not going back to visit!” Hoseok snapped, “what is wrong with you. Jimin nearly killed you!”

Yoongi startled at that, looking back at Hoseok in surprise. The younger man rarely raised his voice at anything. "...Yeah, and it was an accident," Yoongi frowned at him. "Once he has control, it won't be an issue."

“Yeah, but what if Taehyung hadn't been there?” Hoseok’s voice was unnaturally icy. “You would have been dead. What if it happens again?”

"Hoseok." Yoongi turned to him. "Is Jimin our friend, or not?"

“He is,” Hoseok’s expression was almost terrifyingly black. “But you're more important. You always will be.”

Yoongi stared up at him, before reaching up and flicking Hoseok hard on the forehead.

Hoseok totally hadn't expected Yoongi’s action. And so, his reaction as he recoiled, holding his forehead with a yelp that was entirely genuine. “What was that for?!"

"That bullshit coming out of your mouth," Yoongi scowled at him. "Jimin is your fucking friend. He was just kidnapped, tortured and turned by his own family, and you of all people should know what it's like suddenly being a vampire fledgling with no control! What the fuck is all that bullshit then? Where's my compassionate boyfriend?"

Hoseok stared at Yoongi, like he couldn't figure Yoongi out. It should have been a simple question to answer, but Hoseok looked like Yoongi with a look of distrust as if Yoongi had asked him a trick question. And after the longest time, Hoseok just shook his head, looking away. “Jimin is my friend, but you're my boyfriend, Yoongi. You'll never be less important than anything else.”
That sat wrong with Yoongi. So what if he was Hoseok’s boyfriend? That didn’t mean Jimin didn’t need his friends close right now, after going through such a traumatic event. "And I don’t want to be that boyfriend who comes before other people." Yoongi jabbed at the elevator button again when the doors started to close without them, before getting in.

“What does that even mean?” Hoseok quickly went in after Yoongi. “Boyfriends always come before other people. What are you talking about?”

"Not when your friend is distraught because he was turned into a vampire with no control," Yoongi snapped at him, arms folding across his chest. "And not before your own fucking safety! What kind of person do you think I am?"

“What?” Hoseok looked utterly lost now. “I don't understand, Yoongi. Is this some kind of trick question? Because if it is, I'm not falling for it.”

"What fucking trick question, Hoseok? When do I give you trick questions?” Yoongi scrubbed his hands over his face, frustrated. "I don't know what's gotten into you lately."

“I—” Hoseok cut off his yell, screwing his eyes shut. “Look. Sorry. I'm sorry. I didn't mean—”

A sigh. “What do you mean by what's gotten into me lately?”

The elevator doors opened with a ding, and Yoongi stalked out. "Acting weird with shit like this. And you think I didn't notice you were sneaking into work for morning shifts? You keep showing up with burns all over you!"

“I—” Hoseok’s voice petered out with a croak. “Yoongi... That... I just needed some extra money. It was only two shifts!”

"Extra money like for the headphones you got me?"

Hoseok stiffened. Yoongi had hit the nail on the head.

“I... I just wanted to give you nice things.”
"By putting yourself in danger!" Yoongi snapped, turning around to look at Hoseok. "I'm not fucking worth you getting hurt, Hoseok! Did you even stop to think how I'd feel, knowing you were in pain because of me?"

“I—” and Hoseok looked so… confused, so terrified, now. “I just… I just… Wanted to make you happy.”

Yoongi stared at him in disbelief. "I'm not happy with you hurting yourself, Hoseok. I thought it was just to get the headphones, then you'd stop. But you're still doing it."

Hoseok shrunk down even more, biting on his own lip. “But… I… I thought you were just saying that. I'm your boyfriend. I should be spoiling you. Giving you gifts.”

"I don't care about gifts. Or being fucking spoiled. Take better care of yourself." Yoongi turned away, fuming as he walked down the street.

He should have said something after he’d found out about the truth behind the headphones. Should have said something when, even afterwards, Hoseok continued to show up hiding burns from risking daytime shifts at work. Each new burn felt like a punch in the gut. But Hoseok had been so happy, and Yoongi just… couldn’t bring himself to say it.

Fucking coward, he was.

Maybe he was just as pissed off at himself as he was at Hoseok for risking his safety in the first place.

He’d gone half a block before long fingers caught his wrist. “Yoongi, wait. Please. I-I didn't mean to make you mad. Please. I'm sorry. I promise. I won't take the day shift again.”

Yoongi looked back at him, expression tight. "You promise that?"

“Yeah. I promise. Please… please don't be mad.” Hoseok whispered.
"I'm mad because you put my comfort above your safety, dipshit." Yoongi turned more towards him. "And put me above your friends. Just... don't."

Hoseok licked his lips before nodding. “I’m sorry. I just... You're so important to me, Yoongi.”

"You're important to me too. So don't go pulling that again."

“Okay… okay.” Hoseok let out an almost tearful sigh of relief. “I swear. I won't do it again.”

Yoongi sighed heavily and reached out, pulling him into a tight hug.

"You're an idiot."

“I know, I know. I'm the hugest idiot.” Hoseok said in relief, wrapping his own arms around Yoongi's waist. “The hugest, hugest idiot.”

Yoongi's nose pressed against Hoseok's shoulder, and he closed his eyes. "Come on. Let's go back."

Hoseok pressed his lips against Yoongi’s temple before he whispered, “yeah. Let's go.”

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With all the excitement, it was an hour and a half before Taehyung arrived back home. Slipping his shoes off and setting the case down, he looked around for Seokjin. "Jin hyung?" He called, voice barely a whisper to avoid waking up Jungkook.

There wasn't really an answer, but there was movement inside of Jungkook's room, so presumably that was where Seokjin was. And then, there was also the sound of Jungkook sneezing, and a subsequent laugh from him.
Jungkook was awake.

Taehyung’s flagging spirits perked up, and like a puppy he shuffled to Jungkook's bedroom door and peeked in. "Kookie?"

Jungkook looked up, blinking before his expression brightened. “Tae! You're back!”

If Taehyung had a tail, it would have been wagging a mile a minute. "How are you feeling?" He ignored Seokjin in favour of crawling onto the bed next to Jungkook.

One of Jungkook’s’s hands was preoccupied, being prepped up to be connected to some machine that Seokjin had, but he used his free hand to pull Taehyung closer. “Better after all that sleep. But Jin-hyung says he can fix me easily.”

“If Taehyung remembered to bring what I asked him to get.” Seokjin interjects. “And seriously. The two of you. Hold the tooth rotting sweetness till after I turn the machines on, okay?”

"I brought your medical thing'ums," Taehyung said, not looking away from Jungkook's eyes. "You're gonna be alright, we've got the best doctor in Seoul here."

Jungkook blinked before smiling at Taehyung. “Sure. Although Jin-hyung refuses to tell me exactly what's wrong with me.”

"We'll talk about it after." Taehyung squeezed Jungkook's hand, before looking at the machines Seokjin had set up. His eyes lifted to the other vampire; the blood tests had come in positive, confirming Seokjin's suspicions. Someone had been giving Jungkook vampire blood.

Seokjin nodded to his silent confirmation before saying, “you left my stuff outside? Then I'll be back in a bit. No hanky panky. Jungkook, don't you dare move your arm.”

Jungkook watched Seokjin stalk out of the room before turning to look back at Seokjin. “The two of you are exchanging looks again. Are you scared what’s up with me will freak me out?”
Taehyung was pretty sure it would freak Jungkook out... it freaked him out. For more reasons than one. But Taehyung was very good at compartmentalizing and dealing with one problem at a time. Or else he’d be having a panic attack right now… with the thoughts swirling around in the back of his mind. Thoughts of how this could have possibly happened.

He shoved it all aside. Jungkook. Right now, he was focusing on his Jungkookie. "I just wanna make sure you're okay first," Taehyung said, shifting closer on the bed. "That's the most important thing."

Jungkook still seemed a little doped up. And so it was with zero hesitation that he reached out, cupping Taehyung’s cheek with his hand. “It probably won't. But ok. If that's what makes you happy, Tae. And it's funny. I'm the sick one, but you look way more frazzled than I do.”

Eyes flicking up to Jungkook’s, Taehyung felt warmth spread from the point of contact. The corner of his lips pulled in a smile, a dusting of red on his cheeks as he leaned into the human's hand. "I was so worried about you, Kook," he said softly.

“Sorry.” Jungkook mumbled, thumb grazing over Taehyung’s cheek. “Didn't mean to worry you.”

"It's not your fault, silly." Taehyung could lay there with Jungkook's hand against his cheek all day. Covering the human's hand with his own, he tilted his nose against Jungkook's wrist and closed his eyes — ignoring the sour vampire smell to Jungkook's blood and breathing in the warm cinnamon. It always calmed him down.

Jungkook let out a small breath. “Tae… you… have you ever thought about feeding from me?”

Taehyung's eyes opened halfway, looking up at Jungkook, who was staring back at him. "...Sometimes," he admitted. "Your blood smells good... comforting."

“Why have you never… Asked me for some?” Jungkook asked softly, a shy blush slowly dusting across his face.

"Honestly?" Taehyung murmured, thumb brushing over the back of Jungkook's fingers. "Because I wouldn't know if you were actually okay with it, or just agreed to make me happy."

Jungkook blinked before the flush deepened. “Oh. I— I'm definitely ok with it. But I also want to
make you happy."

"I know you do." The vampire smiled at him. "...But I know you have trouble talking to me honestly sometimes... especially if you think I'll be upset. I couldn't take blood from you knowing you might not tell me if you suddenly changed your mind, or aren't comfortable with what I want."

“So... if I promise you that if I became uncomfortable with you feeding on me, you'd be okay feeding from me?”

"I'd be okay with a lot of things if you promised to be honest with me," Taehyung said, looking into Jungkook's eyes.

Jungkook was the colour of a tomato by now — to the point Taehyung wondered if he should be calling Seokjin back in to check his temperature. Come to think of it, Seokjin was taking an awful long time coming back. Probably eavesdropping outside the door, that busybody.

“Erm. Well. I— erm.” Jungkook took in a deep breath. “I might as well, since I'm still doped up and not so nervous about things.”

That earned a small, boxy grin. "That's the spirit. But I think someone's waiting to finish stabbing you with needles." Jungkook blinked, before sighing and burying his face into Taehyung’s chest.

“But I just wanna tell you that I love you. I have loved you. For years.”

Taehyung's fingers tentatively threaded into Jungkook's hair, cradling the back of his head as he curled around the human. Warmth and affection hummed through his veins, and he smiled despite everything that had happened in the last 48 hours, despite his immense worry for Jungkook's health and the nagging thoughts of the traitor being one of his own lingering in the back of his brain. Jungkook made everything else irrelevant, even if it was just for a few minutes.

And he’d been waiting for more than just Jungkook saying he wanted Taehyung to drink his blood.

"Look me in the eyes when you're telling me," Taehyung whispered into Jungkook's ear.
Jungkook shivered before he looked up, his entire face red. “I… I…”

And then his eyes flickered up to stare at Taehyung’s eyes for the shortest moment as he whispered. “I love you, Tae.”

Taehyung’s smile grew as they stared into each other’s eyes. The space between them was barely the span of a hand, curled up so close together on the bed.

With a small tilt of his head, Taehyung placed a soft, answering kiss on Jungkook’s lips.

Jungkook let out a sound that was a little like a squeak. But after a moment, the human’s eyes closed, the squeak evening out into a soft, quiet sound.

The kiss lingered for a few seconds, just a gentle brush of lips and soft breaths mingled between them. Taehyung gave him another searching kiss, then pulled back just enough to rest their foreheads together. “Kook,” he breathed out, smiling.

Jungkook let out a shaky sort of sound, and then the next thing Taehyung knew, there were tears pouring out of the human’s eyes.

"Hey... hey... what’s this?” Taehyung untangled his fingers from Jungkook’s hair, thumbs brushing over damp cheeks to wipe at the flowing tears.

“I'm just... so happy.” Jungkook sniffled. “I never... I didn't ever think…”

"Silly,” Taehyung whispered. "My silly Jungkook." He kissed Jungkook's cheek, then again, catching the liquid staining the human's skin.

Jungkook let out a wet sort of laugh before he nodded, a silly grin crossing his face. “Yeah. Yours. Always, yours.”

And Taehyung kissed his smile, gently nuzzling their noses together. "Be good for Jin, alright?” he murmured. "I'll have more kisses for you afterwards, if you want them."
“Can’t I have them now?” Jungkook asked despondently.

"Mmm... dunno." Taehyung wrinkled his nose cutely. "You'll have to come and get them."

Jungkook flushed again, before he leaned in close, pressing another shy kiss to Taehyung’s lips. Taehyung kissed him back, a little firmer but no less gentle, enjoying the way their lips slotted together. A soft, pleased hum echoed out of his throat.

Jungkook moaned a little into the kiss, eyes fluttering closed. And he shifted a little to try to deepen the kiss, trying to get a better taste of Taehyung’s mouth—

“Okay, I'm going to have to stop the two of you there.”

Dammit, Seokjin. He was definitely doing this on purpose, interrupting the one good moment Taehyung had all night.

Pulling away from the kiss reluctantly, Taehyung looked into Jungkook’s eyes, cheeks red. "Spoilsport," he said to Seokjin, free hand lifting to brush away the remaining tears lingering on the human's cheeks.

“Yeah well. I wasn't planning on interrupting, but this fella was starting mess his arm up.” And Seokjin reached to straighten Jungkook’s arm, the human letting out a mortified whine. “There, there. You two can continue to be sickeningly sweet in about four hours.”

Taehyung sighed, shifting to sit up on the bed. He leaned down, pressing a kiss between Jungkook's eyebrows. "Better listen to the doctor."

But Jungkook reached out as Taehyung was pulling away, wrapping his hand around Taehyung’s wrist. “Stay? I don't think Jin-hyung will mind if we behave.” Looking down at the hand around his wrist, Taehyung covered Jungkook’s hand with his own.

"...Okay."
Jungkook smiled, before he winced when something poked into his arm. “Ow.”

Seokjin looked down at them with no mercy in his eyes. “This is the injection to numb the pain.”

"Hyung, be gentle with him," Taehyung huffed, twining the fingers of Jungkook's free hand with his own and playing with the digits.

“Excuse you, I'm always gentle.” Seokjin tapped his fingers on Jungkook’s arm. “Feel anything?”

“Ow. Yes!”

“Great. Just need to wait a couple of minutes then I can stab you with more things.”

Taehyung wrinkled his nose up at Seokjin. "So mean," he mumbled, nuzzling his nose into Jungkook's neck.

“You're not the one getting stabbed.” Seokjin snorted, and he shook his head as Jungkook was totally distracted by Taehyung’s face buried in his neck. “Oh Kook. You're going to die of embarrassment when the drugs wear off.”

"I hope not," Taehyung said, voice muffled by the human's skin. "I have so many heart to hearts with him when he's doped up on things."

Jungkook whined, voice already starting to slur as the anesthetics kicked in. “Tae… Your voice on my neck is making me feel things.”

Taehyung tilted his head enough to look up at Seokjin with a wry smile. "He's also extremely honest when he's on painkillers."

“Extremely.” Seokjin agreed, “all his inhibitions are down. You should ask him what he used to do in the bathroom whenever you ate ice cream.”

“Hyung!”
"Mhm... nah." Taehyung settled back down against Jungkook. "I'd rather he tell me himself when he's completely sober."

“I'm not telling you that I jerked off in the bathroom whenever you ate ice cream when I'm not drugged.” Jungkook mumbled, eyes beginning to close.

"Pity, I wish you would," Taehyung chuckled in amusement, thumb smoothing over the back of Jungkook's hand in slow circles. "See you in a couple hours, Kookie."

“Okay, Tae.” Jungkook mumbled, voice trailing off. “I love you.”

Those soft, simple words brought a smile to Taehyung's face. He listened to Jungkook's breathing evening out, the human slipping into drug-induced sleep, before lifting his head out of Jungkook's neck. His lips brushed over the other man's ear and he whispered, "love you too."

Seokjin is busy pushing in the other needles to start the blood transfer. “Yep. He's really going to die of embarrassment when he wakes up.”

Taehyung sighed, pulling back. He smoothed his thumb over Jungkook's cheek, looking down at his pale but calm face. "Once the transfusion's done, he won't be in danger anymore?"

“From ingested vampire blood turning him? Yeah. From other danger, it's out of my scope of expertise to advise.” Seokjin began turning on the machines. “So what happened when you went to my place? Your voice was odd when you came in.”

The other vampire swallowed, fingers curling against Jungkook's skin. Time to face reality.

He laid down on his side next to Jungkook. "A few things happened. For one, Yoongi and Hoseok decided to check on Jimin and Jimin nearly turned Yoongi into dinner. He's got some strong fighting instincts in him, he'll be fun to keep up with."

Seokjin winced, "it's no surprise with how he was turned. Well, looks like we're going to have a good month or so training an ex-hunter fledgling. What were the other things?"
"...That Jimin's family was tipped off. Someone told them he would be at Lotte World a month ago."

Seokjin blinked. “Tipped off? Lotte World? Who would have even known that?”

Now that Jungkook wasn't awake to distract Taehyung, the thoughts that he'd been suppressing the whole trip back home were bubbling to the surface. Thoughts he didn't want to have, that he denied with every fiber of his being, because it had to be a misunderstanding — it had to be.

It just couldn't be the truth.

"I only told one other person about their trip to Lotte World," Taehyung said, voice far too faint and helpless for his liking. He stared at Jungkook’s sleeping face, like that would make what he was going to say any easier. It didn’t.

"The same person I tell everything."

Seokjin frowned, his mind spinning. “What are you saying, Tae. Are you saying that Dae is the one who tipped the Park Clan off about Jimin?"

"He's the only one who knew. The only one who could have told them. I asked him to call the director for me. Namjoon didn't talk to anyone else besides you and me."

Taehyung swallowed painfully as he realized something else. "...And he's been training Jungkook, like he always does. He's the only one who's been around Jungkook often enough to slip him vampire blood, none of my other enforcers have been, not even Ryeowook."

“No.” Seokjin slammed down the instrument on the table, shaking his head. “No. That's ridiculous, Tae. No.”

"Then tell me who it is, Seokjin." Taehyung sat up, staring at him with pleading eyes. "Tell me who else could have done this, please."

Seokjin stared at Taehyung before swallowing and shaking his head. “I don't know who else it could have been, Tae. But it must have been someone else. Not Jongdae. He would never.”

"I don't want to think it's him. I'd rather it be anyone, anyone else. How could it be him?"

“It isn't.” Seokjin says firmly. “There's someone else. Someone other than Jongdae who got close enough to Jungkook and somehow knew about Jimin and Namjoon’s date. You just have to find him, Tae.”

Taehyung’s throat worked. "...I should at least check. That's what a good Elder would do, right? If he gave Jungkook the vampire blood, there'd be evidence." You had to store vampire blood the same as human blood. "I should... check... to be sure."


Taehyung clenched and unclenched his hands. "I should do it soon. Tonight. I don't know who I should bring with me, I—" he laughed, because that was the only thing he could do, laugh a slightly hysterical laugh as he scrubbed his face with both hands. "I don't know who I should trust."

Seokjin’s sigh was terse and bordering on frustration. “You can trust Jungkook. And you can trust me. You know I'm too lazy for these nonsense schemes.”

"...Yeah. If you wanted to get rid of the Elders, you would have let me burn to death ages ago.” Taehyung took in a deep breath, trying to focus. He could do this. "...Yunho. I'll bring Yunho with me.”

Seokjin was quiet for a moment before he reached out, squeezing Taehyung’s shoulder. “Yunho is a good choice.”

Taehyung nodded mutely, closing his eyes. Yunho was as important to him as Bogum had been, he'd seen Taehyung at his absolute worst — when ‘bloodhound’ had been an insult spat at him through sneering mouths, looking down at him as nothing more than a mindless mutt — and still offered his hand. If there was anyone he could trust to help him, it was Yunho.

"...Okay.” Taehyung stood up from the bed. He looked down at Jungkook, at the needles and tubes
connecting him to the machine. "Look after him for me?"

“Of course I will.” Seokjin smiled gently down at Jungkook. As much as he denied it. He had a huge soft spot for the human. “Will you take longer than 4 hours? Do you want me to drug him until you come back?”

"If this takes more than 4 hours, we have a worse problem on our hands." Taehyung straightened his spine. "I'll see you soon." He turned and walked out of the bedroom, pulling his phone out of his pocket as he went.

No matter the outcome, tonight wasn’t going to be easy.

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The door clicked shut after Taehyung, the apartment falling silent save for the machines working to clean up Jungkook’s blood. Seokjin sighed, reaching down and pushing Jungkook's fringe out of his face.

“You're going to have your work cut out for you comforting Taehyung when he gets back. Either way, it seems like it's time for me to stop being so lazy, hmmm?”

Chapter End Notes

ILL GET TO THE COMMENTS SOON DLKSLLANA

Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter? :) And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!
Two hours later, Taehyung and Yunho stood in front of Jongdae's closed apartment door. Jongdae himself had been sent out on an errand to the Gong clan, for something Taehyung had been putting off because with everything else going on it really didn't matter, but was a convenient excuse right now. It had been a struggle to keep his voice level on the phone with his head enforcer, especially when Jongdae asked how Jungkook was doing.

For a moment, his body felt frozen in place. Drawing in a breath, Taehyung pinched his arm hard and reached out to key in the code for the door, the lock clicking open for them.

Yunho reached out and clasped Taehyung’s shoulder tightly before they went in. “Hey. We're just going in and giving it the cursory check. I don't believe that it’s Jongdae any more than you do.”

"Yeah." Jongdae was innocent until proven otherwise.

Taehyung stepped through the doorway, slipping off his shoes as he looked around. Everything looked exactly as he remembered it. Jongdae was clean and well organized, which made him the perfect head enforcer for Taehyung who tended to function in what he called 'organized chaos'.

Breathing in deeply through his nose, Taehyung yelped and barely covered up a violent sneeze.

Even Yunho winced. “Woah. What the— did he drop like a bottle of orange refreshener on the carpet or something? Why is the smell so strong?”

"I know he likes oranges, but come on," Taehyung winced, tears in the corner of his eyes. Even a human would have been overpowered by the heavy fragrance, let alone a vampire with a super sensitive nose. The pain had shot straight up to his brain like electricity. He sneezed three more times in rapid succession, crouching to the floor as he recovered. "Ow..."

“Oh dear,” Yunho couldn’t help but chuckle, rubbing Taehyung’s back. “Well, there goes the plan of getting you to sniff out anything suspicious.”
"Unless I'm sniffing out oranges," Taehyung whispered, coughing. "Cause that's all I smell right now."

“It's alright. We'll just have to do this the old fashion way. Come on, let's get cracking.”

Nodding, Taehyung rubbed his nose ruefully before standing up again. He made a beeline for the kitchen as Yunho made for the bedroom. Most people tended to keep important things in their bedroom as that was close to where they slept.

Upon rooting around the fridge, Taehyung turned up a few blood bags he recognized from Seokjin's supply; an emergency stash just in case Jongdae didn't have a chance to hunt. Perfectly ordinary. With the orange air freshener still blocking his sinuses, Taehyung had to press his nose right up against the bags to confirm it was human blood and not the vampire blood that had been used on Jungkook.

Checking through the fridge for anything else, then the rest of the kitchen cupboards, he turned up nothing. "The kitchen's clean," he called, heading to the bedroom to check on Yunho’s progress.

Yunho was sorting through the room. Judging from the open cupboards and a lock-picked safe nestled under a stack of clothes, he’d found Jongdae's valuables. He’d also opened a hidden mini-fridge similar to Hoseok’s — empty. But Taehyung raised an eyebrow at a stack of letters Yunho was sifting through before carefully tucking them back into the nightstand drawer. They looked old, and Taehyung caught a glimpse of faded, handscrawled ink before Yunho shut the drawer. Since Yunho made no comment, he assumed they were unrelated. But still, he wondered. Jongdae wasn’t the overly sentimental type to keep old letters.

“Bedroom’s clean too," Yunho said finally, straightening.

Taehyung let out of the breath he'd been holding. "Okay... okay.” Those were the two biggest areas done. They walked back out into the living area, Taehyung checking the small cabinets and storage areas around and under Jongdae's desk. Yunho moved to the hallway, checking all the shelves and nooks and crannies.

“Oh… are these the coolers he uses for fledgling missions? Huh. Why would he put them here?”

"For fledgling missions?" Taehyung blinked, closing the desk drawer and looking over at Yunho. The older vampire was at the now open hallway closet. Past his legs, Taehyung caught a glimpse of
a cooler. "Ryeowook hangs on to most of our spare blood."

“Oh? There's a couple of coolers in here though. He probably has some in case Ryeowook will be late or is unavailable?” Yunho said as he bent down, opening them up. “Hmm…”

Taehyung stood up, walking over to where Yunho was looking into the cooler… down at several packs of dark blood. "...And?” he said quietly, reaching out and picking up a pack of blood.

Holding it up to his nose, Taehyung sniffed. And felt his heart plummet.

He looked up at Yunho, eyes wide. “...It’s vampire blood.”

Yunho’s gaze was equally troubled as he met Taehyung’s eyes. “Seems like it is.”

Taehyung looked down to the bag in his hand, filled with vampire blood. The same blood Jungkook had been given over the course of weeks. "Jongdae's the traitor."

Yunho sighed, “it seems like… The most likely conclusion. But… I can't believe it.”

The younger vampire went from crouching to sitting on the floor. Suddenly he wasn’t just holding back tears from the overwhelming air freshener anymore. "...Why would he betray us?"

“He wouldn’t. He’s… As far as I know he’s loyal.” Yunho shook his head. “I'm more than willing to believe there's an alternative explanation for this. But we need to arrest him nevertheless.”

What alternative explanation could there be for holding onto vampire blood?

Taehyung stared down at the bag in his hands. His eyes closed, fingers clenching around the plastic before he dropped it back into the cooler. With the motion, he locked up the hurt and betrayal tearing at his heart to deal with later. Right now, he had to be Elder Kim Taehyung. He has to be the Bloodhound.

“Let’s meet him,” he said numbly, standing. "Should get Junsu for backup, just in case."
“I'll go call him. You pack this up?”

"Yeah." Taehyung closed up the cooler full of vampire blood. He checked through the others, finding more of the same.

Yunho patted Taehyung’s shoulder as the younger man gathered up their evidence. “Don't worry. We'll get to the bottom of this.”

Yunho's words felt pointless; regardless of the motivation, Jongdae had betrayed him.

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Jongdae was on an errand at the Gong Clan's base, so it was decided to meet him there. After all, the Gong Clan often held Taehyung’s vampire captives when he needed a prison. They wouldn't have to bring Jongdae too far.

And they'd have help in case things went... sour.

Even with vampiric strength, the cooler in his hands felt heavy as Taehyung carried it to the quiet, well-secured building. He stared blankly at the door before reaching out and knocking.

There was a pause before the door opened, behind it standing one skeptical-looking Gong Minji. She looked down at the coolers before saying, “just doesn't seem like his M.O., man.”

"I know," Taehyung said, eyes dull. "Where is he?"

“Blue room with the head. Head’s waiting for you.” Minji opens the door wider to let Taehyung in. “Where's Yunho?”

"Picking up his enforcer," Taehyung said, stepping in. "He'll be here soon." Closing his eyes for a
brief moment, he schooled his expression into blankness before following Minji down the hallway.

Taehyung had walked down this hallway many times before. Important meetings, negotiations, all of these took place in the blue room. And it seemed the Gong Clan head had deemed this important enough to use that room as well.

She was sitting in one of the chairs when Minji would let Taehyung in, a steely look in her aged eyes. “Hello, Taehyung-ah.”

"Hey, Mikyung," Taehyung bowed his head politely to her. He’d known Mikyung since she was a tiny toddler. Formalities between them were saved for appearances only. "Thank you for meeting with us."

Across the table from her, sat Jongdae. The younger vampire looked puzzled by Taehyung's presence, cat-like eyes on his boss. "Hey Tae, what's this about? I didn't think this meeting was urgent enough for both of us to be here." Taehyung not being glued to Jungkook's side was also suspicious.

Taehyung breathed in. "Circumstances changed. Yunho will be joining us shortly."

Jongdae's eyebrows lifted. "Yunho too?"

At that moment, there was more movement at the door. Both Yunho and Junsu filled into the room. "Jongdae. Good that you can join us," Yunho greeted.

"Well I was already here," Jongdae said, looking between them. "What's going on, Tae? You're being rather cryptic. Is Jungkook okay?"

Taehyung's jaw clenched, but he nodded stiffly. "He's fine. Seokjin did a blood test and found out what was wrong with him... someone has been slipping him vampire blood."


“Well, apparently.” Yunho says glacially, as if he isn't about to drop a bombshell. “You.”
The younger vampire blinked at him blankly. "Me? Is that supposed to be funny?"

Taehyung lifted the cooler onto the table. "We found this in your apartment," he said, voice numb as he opened the cooler. "Bags of vampire blood. Why do you have this, Jongdae?"

"...You're not joking, are you," Jongdae said, stunned. "Why would I have vampire blood? There's no use for it... you... you can't seriously think I'd hurt Jungkook."

"If you didn't, then why was this in your apartment?" Taehyung snapped at him. "Why was there vampire blood mixed with his? Why was Jimin's clan tipped off about him being at Lotte World when only I, Seokjin, and you knew about it?"

Jongdae stared up at him, frozen in his seat. "...I... I honestly have no idea what you're talking about," he whispered, looking around the room. "I wouldn't hurt either of them. Jungkook's... he's... he's like my little brother, I wouldn't."

Yunho stared passively, before he sighed, "unfortunately, all the evidence right now points to you. We have to bring you in for further questioning."

Jongdae stood up, eyes darting between them. His gaze settled on Taehyung. "You think I'm the traitor... Tae... I didn't do this," he pleaded. "I would never betray your trust, I would never hurt them like this! Please, I—"

"Don't fight, Jongdae." Taehyung looked away, unable to meet his head enforcer's hurt eyes. "I don't want to have to hurt you."

Jongdae's hands shook. "A little too late for that," he said stiffly, but he didn’t move, even as a few hunters came in to shackle him in silver. "I didn't betray you... I'm telling the truth, Taehyung."

Yunho glanced over at Junsu, who sighed, moving over to Jongdae's side. “Enough. You can tell me your story inside prison.”

Jongdae's eyes closed as the silver shackles were clasped over his sleeves, avoiding direct skin contact while still draining his strength. He was led out of the room without a fight. Taehyung
watched him go, struggling to keep his composure past the blank mask.

Yunho went back to Taehyung’s side, putting one hand on his shoulder as he looked about the room. “Alright, everyone else. Out.”

The hunters in the room looked at Yunho blankly, before turning to Head Mikyung, not certain about taking orders from a relatively unknown vampire.

But she nodded to them, and they trickled out of the blue room as she stood to do the same. Taehyung didn’t even have the presence of mind to thank her.

Yunho nodded to Mikyung as she left, before wrapping his arms around Taehyung. “Hey, hey. It's alright.”

Taehyung swallowed. The blank mask started to crumble as tears gathered in his eyes. "I... I just..."

“It's okay, Taehyung. I'd be upset too if it was Junsu who was the one who was arrested.” Yunho tightened his hold. “If it's any consolation, my gut tells me despite the evidence, I don't think Jongdae is the betrayer.”

Eyes closing, Taehyung buried his nose against Yunho's shoulder. "I don't want to believe it's him."

“And I don’t think it's him.” Yunho ran a hand through Taehyung. “But we need to take him in. If not for appearance’s sake… This way, maybe we can lure the real one out from a sense of false security.”

Taehyung nodded mutely. He sniffled, feeling like a distraught fledgling again as he soaked up the older vampire's comfort.

"...I want to go home, hyung." He was in no condition to play Elder today.

“Yeah. I'll handle everything else. Jungkook should be up soon right? Go back and keep him company.”
The younger vampire nodded again. "Thank you, hyung." He held on for a minute longer, fingers gripping at Yunho's shirt, before reluctantly pulling away. He wiped at his eyes, trying to compose himself. Then he turned and left the room, thoughts in turmoil and heart hurting.


Yunho hung the call up but didn't move for a while, staring blankly into space. Then, he let out a long sigh, before rubbing at his face and going to the door.

Today had already been a long day, and now, it was going to be even longer.

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“He's awake.” Seokjin said without preamble. “But he's fine. He should start feeling hungry in an hour, but don't let him binge for the first meal, or he'll get sick again.

Taehyung nodded numbly, eyes going to Jungkook's bedroom door as he slipped off his shoes. "Is it all out? Does he need another transfusion?"

“Nope. All out. He's as good as new. He won't smell like himself at the moment, because there's literally new blood in him at the mo— fuck, Taehyung. I just healed Jungkook and now I have to heal you too?” Seokjin clucked his tongue, picking up Taehyung’s hand. His knuckles stung and bled; he may have punched a brick wall after leaving the Gong Clan's base. It hadn't really helped.

"It's fine," Taehyung mumbled, not even looking at them. "Vampire healing and all that. I needed to hit something I wouldn't feel bad about."

“Good luck explaining it to Jungkook then.” Seokjin shook his head. “Anyway, excuse me. Since I'm not longer needed here, I'm going to go get proof that the betrayer isn't Dae.”

Taehyung flinched. "The vampire blood was in his apartment, Jin. And no one else knew about
Jimin and Namjoon's date.

“The blood was probably planted. Also, you told no one else. Doesn't mean Lotte did the same.” Seokjin shrugged. “I presume Yunho only went along with this because he thinks it might lure out the real perpetrator.”

Taehyung wanted to believe him. He really did. "...If someone framed Dae for all this," he said quietly. "I'll rip their head off their shoulders."

“Go polish your ripping skills then.” Seokjin patted Taehyung on his back. “I'll be back. Go to Jungkook before he becomes too pouty.”

"Yeah. Thanks for looking after him, Jin hyung." Taehyung stepped around him to get to Jungkook’s bedroom. Taking a moment to collect himself — clear his head before he could worry Jungkook — he peered in.

Jungkook was just lying there, staring at the ceiling. Then, as if sensing Taehyung at the door, he turned his head, “Tae?”

"Hey. It's me." Taehyung shuffled over to the bed, immediately climbing up next to him. "How are you feeling?"

“Drugged.” Jungkook mumbled, turning so that he could snuggled up to Taehyung properly. “Also slightly mortified and wishing I never ever have to be drugged again.”

That earned a soft quirk of Taehyung's lips, and he wrapped both skinny arms around Jungkook's shoulders. "Oh no. Why are we mortified for?"

“It was embarrassing. Shit. I told you I jerked off in the bathroom because of you, didn't I?” Jungkook mumbled, turning red again.

"I find it flattering, actually," Taehyung said, resting his cheek against Jungkook's hair and closing his eyes. "So you think I'm hot?"
Jungkook groaned before letting out a reluctant sigh. “Tae. Hyejung-noona literally never lets me forget that my first ever word to you was ‘pretty’.”

"Yeah, but you were five and easily impressed," Taehyung shrugged. "Five-year-old Jungkookie thinking I sparkle like Twilight vampires is kind of different from twenty-year-old Jungkookie fantasizing while I'm eating ice cream."

Jungkook flushed, shaking his head. “No. Tae… you don't understand. I never stopped thinking you were pretty.”

"Hm?" Taehyung made a confused noise, eyes opening again to look down at Jungkook's face.

“I've… Always had a crush on you. Since I saw you when I was five. It's never changed.” Jungkook mumbled quietly, “I never thought you'd actually… Respond back though.”

Taehyung sighed softly, eyes drifting shut again. "I… was always worried. About taking advantage of you. You're just so sweet Kook, but you were always so scared of upsetting me. No matter what I did to show you it's safe talking to me. And, I know myself. I know I can be hard to keep up with sometimes, and demanding, and I'd just steamroll right over you without even realizing it."

“I guess I just wanted to be sure you liked me, Tae. And it's just… hard… to not be scared… You know? I know it's not rational, but it's just— it's hard.”

"Because someone made you scared," Taehyung said quietly, arms wrapping tighter around him. "Someone made their love small and conditional, and taught you that if you upset them, they didn't love you. Kookie, it doesn't matter if I'm happy or upset. Even if we fight, or get angry, I'll always love you. Always."

“I-I know,” was Jungkook’s timid reply. “I'm trying my best… but I can promise you. If I'm ever not happy about something… I'll let you know. In my own way.”

Taehyung's lips quirked, and he sighed, pressing a kiss to Jungkook's forehead without opening his eyes. "Remember to use your words, Kookie. Hm? Words are powerful."

He felt Jungkook nod, before lifting his head. “Then… right now. There's something bothering you… isn't there, hyung?”
Taehyung opened his eyes to blink down at him. After a moment his expression fell, gaze lowering as he nodded. He'd thought he was doing a good job of working past it; apparently not. The hurt of one of his most trusted friends betraying him wasn’t something he could easily stuff down and forget about.

Jungkook reached up, cupping Taehyung’s cheek. “Yeah… every time you're upset, you hide it. But… every time you're upset. I wanna cheer you up however way I can. Tell me what's wrong, hyung.”

Leaning into Jungkook’s hand, Taehyung rested their foreheads together. Jungkook was warm as always, maybe a little too warm with how ill he’d been, but still. It was comforting, in a way. ”... I don't know who I can trust, Kook,” he murmured. ”The traitor is someone close to me. And right now, all the evidence is pointing at Jongdae.”

Jungkook blinked at that, getting that look he wore when his brain had frozen while processing the information given to him. “Wait… What? Dae-hyung is a traitor. It can't be.’

"I don't want to believe it. No one believes it. But it's bad, Kook. It's really bad.” Taehyung was trying so hard to keep his voice composed, words choking up with the effort. Jongdae had been a constant figure for Jungkook growing up as well. It wasn’t just Taehyung who would be hurt by this, and somehow that made it even worse. ”We had to lock him up.”

“Oh… oh hey…” Jungkook whispered, hand reaching up to cup Taehyung’s cheek. “Hey.. It's ok. It's ok. We'll figure this out. I'm sure. We'll find whoever is the real traitor and Dae-hyung cam be free.”

"That's if it's really not him. I didn't think any of mine could betray us... but someone did, and it might very well be him." 

Jungkook’s expression fell before he leaned over, pressing a soft kiss to Taehyung’s face. “And… what will happen to him if it is hin?”

"...If it is him, he's aided in an uprising that could expose us and kill thousands,” Taehyung said. "There's only one way that would end."

Jungkook’s eyebrows were drawn together before he shook his head. “I just… Don't believe it could
be Jongdae. He wouldn't do that to you. Never.”

"Yeah," Taehyung echoed softly, but his heart wasn't in it. "He's always been there for me... he wouldn't."

Jungkook didn't know what else he could say, and so he just nuzzled his nose into Taehyung's cheek, hand smoothing up and down Taehyung's back.

Taehyung exhaled in a soft sigh. Like Seokjin had warned him, Jungkook's blood smelled different after the transfusion, the cinnamon smell muted. But it was better than vampire smell.

"...Kiss me?" he whispered.

Jungkook flushed at the request, but he nodded, shifting so that he could press gentle lips onto Taehyung’s mouth.

The vampire's head tilted a little to return the kiss, the human's lips warm and inviting. It had been a long time since he'd kissed someone like this; not a heated makeout, or a prelude to sex, but just to soak in each other's presence. His hand settled at Jungkook's waist, the kiss lingering.

And Jungkook continued to press soft, kittenish kisses to Taehyung’s lips, mostly so that he could breathe in between. And at the fifth one, he suddenly sucked in a shaky breath, the air curling over Taehyung’s lips. Taehyung hummed in confusion, his mind a little calmer with the soft attention Jungkook was giving him. "You okay, Kookie? Is this too much?"

“Yeah. Yeah. I just—” Jungkook breathed in before he chuckled, the sound oddly wet. “Never thought I'd be able to do this.”

"Well... you can do it whenever you want," Taehyung whispered. "As many times as you want. I'll never get tired of your kisses."

Jungkook grinned, pressing a small smooch to Taehyung's lips. “Sounds like Christmas.” Taehyung chased after Jungkook's lips to return the kiss, hand smoothing up and down Jungkook's waist absently.
"Then it's Christmas every day from now on."

Jungkook's cheeks pinked up at that statement, making his complexion flush like a peach's. An adorable peach. “Okay. Okay.”

Then after a moment he said, “hyung. You're probably tired right?”

"A little," Taehyung sighed, breath ghosting over Jungkook's lips. "But I'm not sure if I can sleep. Should take a shower at least."

“Then go take a shower, and come back. And then I'll... I'll sing you to sleep?” Jungkook suggested shyly.

Taehyung's lips curled. "I'd like that, Kook," he whispered, hand framing Jungkook's cheek as he slotted their mouths together in another lingering kiss, noses brushing together. Then he pulled back, letting go of Jungkook to climb out of bed.

Taehyung had barely begun to climb out before Jungkook reached out, pulling him back. And he quickly pressed another kiss to Taehyung’s lips. A noise of surprise escaped Taehyung before Jungkook pulled back. “One more.”

He blinked at Jungkook, before smiling, a dusting of red appearing across his cheeks.

"It's kind of hot when you chase what you want," he said, finger tapping Jungkook's lower lip before standing up. He grabbed a set of pyjamas, heading into the master bathroom.

(Jungkook stared at where Taehyung had been for the longest of times before he curled up, buried his head into his pillow, and screamed.)

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The next evening saw Jimin and Namjoon alone in the apartment. Seokjin had to work, but Namjoon
had taken a week's emergency leave so that he could spend the time with his boyfriend and help Jimin get used to being a vampire. He could tell Jimin was getting more and more frustrated with his lack of control, which was completely understandable.

"Here," Namjoon snipped open the end of a blood bag and handed it to Jimin, who had woken up extremely thirsty once again.

Jimin's gaze had glazed over a little once the blood bag had been cut open. And it was with visible effort that he didn't dig into it immediately. "Ngh... how long do I need to drink it for?"

"We're going to start with just drinking half the bag," Namjoon said, hand resting on Jimin's knee and smoothing his thumb in slow circles. "Try to be as accurate as you can."

Jimin huffed but nodded, closing his eyes before reaching out to take the bag from Namjoon’s hand. “Okay. Wish me luck.”

And then, he put his lips to the opening, beginning to drink.

Namjoon watched Jimin drain the bag, the red liquid quickly disappearing from inside. Jimin was always extremely thirsty, even on fledgling terms. So it wasn't much of a surprise when Jimin completely overshot the halfway mark, but Namjoon didn't say anything.

It also became obvious when Jimin became aware of this fact when he hit the three quarter mark — his fingers quivering against the bloodbag as he tried to get himself to stop.

He couldn't. Not until the bag was very nearly finished. And even then, he might as well not have stopped.

Jimin scowled, letting out a sound of frustration even as he threw the bloodbag against the wall.

The bloodbag dropped to the floor, the remaining dribbles of red dripping out onto the kitchen tiles. "Hey... hey. It's okay." Namjoon squeezed Jimin's knees, eyes worried. "You'll get it. It just takes practice."
Jimin sighed, rubbing his face with a frustrated growl. “It's just so... it's so hard, Joon. Why can't I fucking do it? Hoseok-hyung didn't take this fucking long.”

"Not everyone has the same level of control right off the bat," Namjoon sighed, shifting closer to wrap one arm around Jimin's waist. "Your instincts are stronger than most... probably because you spent your whole life fighting. You must have relied on your instincts a lot as a hunter."

Jimin sighed before he melted into Namjoon, pressing his forehead against Namjoon’s shoulder. “Yeah. Yeah. I did. It was the only thing keeping me alive at times. There was never any mercy in my household. Even at night we weren't exempt from training.”

"At night?" Namjoon questioned softly, threading his fingers through Jimin's hair.

Jimin was quiet for a moment before he said, “sometimes, at night, they'd just... ambush you. Whoever was on night duty. You had to keep on your toes if you didn't want to get jumped in bed. And... I suppose it was good training. But it didn't end with just... A slap on the wrist or a prank. If you were caught sleeping... it was more lashes or... a knife in your shoulder or something equally painful.”

"...I can't imagine." Namjoon swallowed, holding Jimin closer and heart hurting. "I wish you didn't have to go through that... any of it."

Jimin lips curled. “Nah. What happened, happened. If it didn't, I don't think I'd ever have met you. And... I wouldn't give that up for anything.”

A small amount of red tinged Namjoon's cheeks. He smiled, then ducked his head to press a kiss to the corner of Jimin's mouth. "We'll figure this out together. I'm not going anywhere, I promise."

Jimin giggled, shifting his mouth so that he could kiss Namjoon properly. “Promise, promise?”

"Promise," Namjoon repeated against Jimin's mouth, kissing him back. "Want to try again?"

“Not really, but the more I do it. The better it'll be right?” Jimin’s lips curled a little. “Maybe I might so better with some... extra incentive.”
“Oh? What kind of incentive do you want?”

“Oh… I don't know… I love kisses… I also love the taste of your dick… I also love your hands on my dick.” Jimin said cheekily.

Namjoon flushed red. "I'm sure we can work with that. So… let's try again? And the closer you get… the better the reward will be.”

“Deal.” Jimin grinned, before he leaned close. “But first. Need some more motivation.”

There was no point to a verbal response. So Namjoon just smiled, leaning in to close the gap between them and slotting their mouths together in a deep kiss. His hand settled against Jimin's back just under the hem of his shirt, smoothing over soft skin.

Jimin moaned softly, eyes fluttering to a close. He seemed even hungrier for kisses these days, after the transformation. Maybe it was the change in senses, the difference in sensation and taste as their tongues glided over each other. The way he could hear every reaction Namjoon had better. Feel the way Namjoon shivered as Jimin slid one hand into Namjoon’s hair. Hear the hitch in the fake breathes he affected.

Kissing someone as a vampire was definitely different. Even if it'd been a while since Namjoon had been turned, he could still understand that well.

A hum closer to a soft groan echoed out of his throat, and he tilted his head to get a better angle on the kiss, deepen it. And after a moment Namjoon forgot they were supposed to be practicing, because Jimin had that effect on his brain. His hands slid down Jimin's ass to his thighs, easily hoisting the younger man up into his lap and bringing them closer together.

Jimin let out a very loud and vocal groan when he was pulled closer. And without breaking the kiss, he shifted a little so he could wrap his legs around Namjoon’s waist properly, starting to kiss Namjoon in earnest.

Another thing Namjoon knew Jimin liked was not needing to breathe between kisses.

The chair creaked in protest as Namjoon leaned back into it, gently nipping at the fledgling’s lower lip and pressing back against his tongue. Even if Jimin tasted different now, he still couldn't get
"...Fuck," he breathed against Jimin's lips, hand completely up the back of Jimin's shirt now to press his palm against the younger man's back. "How's that for motivation?"

"Mmm?" Jimin blinked before he chuckled, refocusing on the task at hand. "Very good. I can't even be mad that if we cut off here you're basically a fucking tease."

"Well, you know what you have to do if you want more," Namjoon's lips curled into a rare smirk, eyes half-lidded and dark. He pressed another kiss to Jimin's mouth, definitely teasing now.

"Wow. Shit." Jimin giggled, "have I actually been a bad influence on you?"

"Maybe," Namjoon grinned, resting their foreheads together. "Or I've figured out the best motivation for you."

"Mmmm… So you have." Jimin grinned in return before pulling away, hopping off the chair in one fluid motion. "Well, I guess. Training time."

"Mhm." Namjoon watched him before standing up to get another bag from the fridge. That 'motivation' may have made him slightly hard. "We're going to aim for half the bag again." Getting the next bag, he held it out to Jimin.

Jimin sighed, but he took the bag more willingly this time. "Do I at least get a pity kiss if I don't get it?"

"Of course. I said that the rewards will get better the better you do, not that I'd cut you off completely."

Jimin waggled an eyebrow before he reached for the scissors, snipping one part of the blood bag off. This time, his eyes didn't glaze over with the bloodlust, remaining focused. Apparently having some motivation did make a difference. "So if I'm very good, maybe you'll fuck me by the end of the week? Can't accidentally break me now."

Namjoon laughed sheepishly. "Yeah, I guess that's an unexpected plus side. I was so worried I'd accidentally shatter your bones."
Jimin grinned, “my strong, strong boyfriend. Well, here goes nothing.”

He didn't manage to stop at the halfway point. But the three quarters was progress enough to put a big smile on Jimin’s face. It was definitely better than his first attempt. Maybe that was just because Jimin was less thirsty now, but Namjoon chose to believe it was because Jimin was sincerely trying to control himself. He could see the way the fledgling’s fingers shook against the bag, and knew pulling back had been a struggle.

"Good job," he leaned in and pressed a kiss to Jimin's temple. "Finish the rest of that so I can give you your reward."

“Okay.” And Jimin was about to drink when suddenly, Seokjin walked right in.

The older vampire paused, staring at the two of them before snorting. Then as he reached to a cupboard to get a bag of something, he said, “if you have sex on my kitchen counters, I will put the both of you out in the sun to burn.”

Namjoon flushed red. "I-I was going to bring him to our room!"

“You might have. I don't know about Jimin.” Seokjin said as he rummaged through the cupboard. “I'm going out. Don't wait up for me.”

Namjoon watched Seokjin curiously. "Where are you going, hyung?"

“Errands. Not important. But really. Don't wait up.”

And without waiting for an answering, Seokjin ducked back out of the kitchen.

Namjoon watched him go, a little confused. When the door clicked shut after Seokjin, he looked back at Jimin. "...That was strange.”

Jimin nodded. “He's been out of the house a lot too. Is that normal?”
"Not... this regularly. Taehyung usually teases him for being a homebody," Namjoon said, brow furrowed. "And he usually says where he's going."

Jimin frowned too, before lifting the bag and draining the rest of the contents thoughtfully. “Have you heard any news from the outside? Tae isn't replying my texts.”

"I know what you know," Namjoon murmured, glancing down at his phone. "But Taehyung had that serious look on his face when he left yesterday, and Seokjin's been on the move since. Something happened." It frustrated him to be left out of the loop like this, even if he knew there was little he could do.

Jimin huffed, leaning so that his head rested in the crook of Namjoon’s neck. “I'd go out and investigate. But I'd probably end up going on a feeding spree.”

Namjoon hummed softly, pressing a kiss to Jimin's temple. Both their hands were tied for the moment. There wasn't much they could do.

"...So," he murmured against Jimin's hair. "Still want that reward?"

Jimin raised an eyebrow. “Obviously. Did you even need to ask?”

"Just asking. Never know, you might suddenly not be in the mood for it." It was a tease; Jimin was always in the mood.

And even Jimin could tell. He snorted. “Yeah. Sure. Sure. Just kiss me already.”

So Namjoon obliged, pressing a deep kiss to Jimin's lips. Then he stood, drawing the younger vampire to his feet. "Let's not face Seokjin's wraith for defiling his kitchen."

Jimin sighed forlornly. “Alright. I suppose we shouldn’t anger the one paying the lion share of rent.”

"Or the doctor who could find twenty ways to make our lives miserable.” Namjoon took one of Jimin's small hands, pulling him to his bedroom.
When the door was closed behind them he pulled Jimin onto his lap on the bed, pressing kisses to his pouty lips.

Jimin lips curled up at the kisses, giggling a little. And he trailed one finger down Namjoon’s chest. “So, you haven’t exactly told me what my reward is.”

"I figured I'd surprise you," Namjoon hummed, smiling against Jimin's mouth. "I just want to kiss you first. I love kissing you."

Jimin raised an eyebrow. “I have a love-hate relationship with surprises. But with you, it'll probably be a ‘love’.”

"I guarantee you, it's a good surprise." Namjoon's lips trailed down to Jimin's jawline and neck, pressing kisses against his skin.

Jimin's voice wavered a little at the kisses, shivering ever so slightly. “Is it natural for me to feel oddly threatened by your lips against my neck?”

"I guess... with your stronger instincts, it feels like a threat," Namjoon murmured. "We'll save any hickeys for another time then." He gave Jimin one more kiss on his neck before shifting on the bed, twisting his torso to lay Jimin down against the pillows.

“I mean,” Jimin looked up Namjoon with a small smile. “It felt threatening but it also made me a bit hard.”

Namjoon snorted in amusement, fingers linking with Jimin’s as he hovered over his boyfriend. "Why am I not surprised." He leaned down and kissed Jimin deeply, fingers trailing down Jimin’s arm and side. His palm found one of Jimin's muscled thighs, thumb brushing against the material of his pants.

“Oh…” Jimin was breathing out against the touch, his leg twitching a little. “Mmm… yeah. Now I’m getting properly hard.”

"Already?” Namjoon murmured against Jimin's mouth, running his hand up and down the back of Jimin's thigh. "I haven't done much more than kiss you."
“Mmm… but it feels so, so good.” Jimin groaned, “hyper… senses and all that… wow. Fuck.”

The older vampire's lips curled, and he leaned back to bring his hands to the hem of Jimin's shirt. He rolled it up to expose his boyfriend's torso, and began pressing open-mouthed kisses to his chest and well-defined abs.

Jimin shivered, lifting one hand to thread fingers into Namjoon’s soft, messy hair. “Joon… your lips are so soft.”

Namjoon hummed, pressing kisses going further and further south until he found the buckle to Jimin's pants. He undid the buckle, sliding his pants down off his hips. Jimin hissed a little in relief when one constrictive layer was pulled off his crotch. He hadn't been kidding about being half hard, cock already straining against the material of his briefs.

Namjoon smiled at the sight, fingers curling against edge of Jimin’s underwear. He slid it down, freeing Jimin's length completely.

"I don't do this very often," he admitted, giving the tip of Jimin’s dick a small lick.

“Do wha— ugh—!”

It was obvious Jimin hadn't quite figured out what Namjoon had planned to do yet. But his attempt to ask cut off into a breathy moan. “Oh fuck.”

"You're great for my ego right now," Namjoon chuckled, before taking the tip of Jimin’s length into his mouth.

“Yeah well, I've not had many people blow me eit—” Jimin’s voice cut off again with a soft whimper. “Oh fuck. You're a fucking tease with a very warm mouth. Fuck.”

Namjoon didn't bother replying past a soft hum of acknowledgement. Letting his jaw go slack, he started to bob his head slowly, taking more and more of his boyfriend into his mouth.
He couldn't take him all the way -- he still very much had a gag reaction. But he didn’t have to breathe at least, so he could focus on sucking and moving up and down.

Namjoon really didn’t have much practice with giving blowjobs. Certainly wasn’t as good at it as Jimin. But he did his best, and from the moans spilling out of Jimin’s mouth and the way the younger vampire stared down at him as he worked? He was definitely doing something right. “Oh… Fuck. Joon…”

Namjoon looked up at his name, eyes meeting Jimin's for a brief moment. Then he turned his attention back to what he was doing, tongue pressing flat against the bottom of the younger man's length.

It was hard for Jimin to keep his hips flat onto the bed with what Namjoon was doing. And Namjoon could hear his struggles from the heavy, laboured breaths, and the sound of fabric stretching as Jimin's fingers dug into the sheet. “Hah… you sure… This is your firs— t-time… nghh…”

Namjoon hadn’t said 'first time', just that he hadn’t blown people very often. But there were more important things to do than answer just then, so he just hummed lowly around Jimin's length, hands helping to hold the fledgling in place. Jimin’s head was thrown back, hair mushing against the pillow, voice sounding like someone slowly losing their mind.

“Joon… nghh… Joon… so… So good. Hah… hah…”

Hearing Jimin so blissed out was music to Namjoon’s ears. His hands smoothed up and down the younger man's thighs, before one slid up to cradle and massage Jimin's balls, feeling the rising heat under his fingers and tongue. Precome was thick and heady, and Namjoon groaned quietly, trying to keep his rhythm going.

Jimin let out a soft strangled mewl. “Fuck, yeah. Th-that… ngh… so hard… not… fuck your throat… Fuck— Joon I'm so close…”

Hearing that, Namjoon did his best. He hollowed his cheeks out, bobbing a little lower, trying to push Jimin closer and closer to his end.

It was all so much. Jimin was gasping; laboured breaths, and it felt like each breath just spurred Namjoon on — hollow his mouth more, make it wet, wet, wetter, toy with the velvety skin of Jimin's balls more, nails scraping in a tease. And god… it felt so good, feeling Jimin's dick between his lips, the heavy, salty taste… and—
Suddenly, Jimin's muscles were tightening, and there was an odd shift, like something had snapped in the air. The only warning Namjoon had was Jimin's melodious moan, and then warm, salty liquid filled his mouth.

He had to pull back before he could choke, catching most of Jimin’s cum on his tongue. But he thought Jimin was finished well before he actually was, and made the mistake of pulling off completely.

He startled when a string of cum nailed him in the face, some catching on his eyebrow and the rest on his cheek and lips. Just sort of freezing there from surprise.

It seemed like Jimin didn't notice at first, probably spent after the experience. It was only after a few moments, then there was a soft sound of apologetic amusement. “Oh— oh shit. Sorry, Joon.”

Namjoon’s lips quivered even as he sighed, sitting up on his knees. "That was my bad." He tried to wipe the mess off his face, a little flushed.

It was a little difficult to sit up actually. That session hadn't only affected his face.

“Hey, come here.” Jimin gestured for Namjoon to come closer. “Lemme clean you up.”

"How was it?” Namjoon shifted closer on the bed thankfully.

“Amazing.” Jimin said as he pulled Namjoon close, beginning to press kisses to Namjoon’s cheek, licking off the cum that he'd accidentally gotten on Namjoon’s face. “You said that was your first time?”

"Not first," Namjoon corrected, eyes closing at the attention. "But I could probably count the number of times I have on one hand."

“Mmm… still pretty impressive.” Namjoon could practically feel the grin on Jimin's face, the way it curled against his skin as he moved his lips up to Namjoon's cheek. “Also I know it was an accident. But seeing my cum on your face is kinda hot.”
Namjoon hummed, turning his head to press their lips together in a soft kiss. "Then we'll pretend I did it on purpose."

“Mmhmm…” Jimin half moaned into the kiss. He sounded a little too eager, considering Namjoon’s mouth probably still tasted like Jimin’s cum. But then, maybe that was the appeal. “You could definitely do it to me on purpose too.”

"I'll keep that in mind for next time.” Namjoon deepened the kiss before pulling back, just resting their foreheads together and inhaling deeply. "Even if you smell a little different now... I still love your scent."

Jimin blinked before his lips curled up again. “That's good to hear. I haven't hit that stage of contemplating my vampiric existence, but it's probably something I would have wondered about.”

"Well, you don't need to worry about it." Namjoon paused, before he smiled. "Maybe in a bit we could try another blood bag?"

“Mmm… maybe. But maybe we should take care of this guy first,” and Jimin reached down, palming the front of Namjoon’s pants.

Namjoon gasped softly against Jimin’s cheek. "...I guess so," he groaned, surging forward to catch Jimin’s mouth again.

Chapter End Notes

We love reading your opinions of what's going on in the comments! Who's lying? Who's telling the truth? Who's going to whip them all into shape? Let us know what you think!

Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter? :) And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!
"Kookie?" The door clicked shut behind Taehyung. "I'm home."

There was slight delay in Jungkook answering. But then, there was the sound of footsteps and Jungkook appearing, coming out of his room into the hallway. “Hyung! You're back!"

"Yeah." Taehyung probably sounded tired. Like he'd sounded much of the week; quiet and run down without his usual bouncy energy. Though no one could really blame him. Jongdae remained in the Gong Clan's basement, and the increased nightly patrols hadn't turned up more than a single fledgling nest in Mapo.

As expected, Jongdae repeatedly insisted he wasn't the traitor. And with Taehyung balking at the idea of using force to pry a confession out of him, they were at a stalemate. He and Yunho had both reached out to the other two remaining Elders, without response yet. Until they heard back from Fox and Phantom, all they could do was keep as close an eye on Seoul as they could.

Slipping his shoes off, Taehyung gave Jungkook a small smile. "Were you napping?"

“Nah.” Jungkook shook his head, getting closer so he could pull Taehyung into a hug. “You sound like you could use one though.”

Taehyung was happy to return the hug, immediately burying his nose against Jungkook’s neck with a sigh. "Maybe. I want to cuddle for now." His arms wrapped around Jungkook's waist and hoisted him up effortlessly, earning a squeak as he carried the human to the couch.

A moment later, Jungkook was dropped down unceremoniously onto the couch so Taehyung could crawl on top of him. He folded up his legs so that he wasn't half-hanging off the couch, burying his face against Jungkook's stomach. "So what were you up to?"

Jungkook huffed, shaking his head as he reached out, running his fingers through Taehyung’s hair. “Nothing much. Just some sundry stuff. How was your day?”
"My day was nice cause I was sleeping next to you," Taehyung said, tilting his head enough so his voice was easier heard. "My evening, well... nothing yet. It's frustrating. Yunho hyung thinks with Dae locked up, the real traitor — if it is someone else — will be more active and slip up. But there's nothing yet."

“I'm sure Yunho-hyung is right,” Jungkook reassured softly. “Jongdae-hyung isn't the killer. I'm sure of it.”

"I know." Taehyung sighed against Jungkook's shirt. "I just want him back out here with us. Never thought I would have gotten so reliant on other people being around."

Jungkook’s eyes softened, and he opened his mouth to say something when Taehyung's phone began to ring.

Taehyung immediately sat up, because a single phone call could change so much these days. But when he looked at his phone, confusion crossed his face — because he didn't recognize the number.

"Hello?" He answered, pressing the phone to his ear.

“Hi, erm. Is this Taehyung-sshi? I— is Jungkook there with you right now? If he is do you think you could... move to another room? Oh— I'm er. His brother by the way. Junghyun. Jungkook... won't want me saying to you what I'm gonna say.”

Taehyung's eyes narrowed in understandable confusion. He hadn't had any contact with Jungkook's family in years; after it would have been far too obvious that he wasn't ageing. Even then, he hadn't spoken to Jungkook's older brother at all. He'd kept tabs on him, sure, to make sure Jungkook's parents weren't going to sell off their remaining child too, but it was clear they loved one child over the other.

He didn't really like it when Jungkook visited them either, but he knew that wasn't his choice to make.

"Alright." Taehyung stood up, mouthing 'be right back' to Jungkook before walking into his bedroom. "What is this about?"

“Oh. Wow. Erm— I didn’t expect to get this far. I—" Junghyun had the same bumbling way of talking that Jungkook did. “Right. Listen, it’s about, Jungkook and my parents. Has Jungkook asked you if he could come over to our house yet?"

"...As in visit?" Taehyung's brow furrowed. "No, why?"
“Ah, so that’s why they’re still bitching.” There was a sigh from the other end. “Look, they’re my parents and I still love them and all, but… I don’t think it’s right… which is why I’m calling you. ‘Cause, I think Jungkook is a cool kid. Sure, I was a little jealous when I was younger because he got… all these cool things and he lived with some dude who was spending money on him like nothing. But, we’re older now. He’s pretty cool even though we didn’t grow up together. And shit, he doesn’t deserve how my parents treat him. Like, I don’t understand. He’s their son. You get what I mean?”

Taehyung did get what he meant, but the context was evading him. "...What's bringing this up?" He frowned, glancing back towards the living room. "What are they doing to him, or saying to him?"

“He didn’t tell you?” Junghyun paused before he sighed, “of course he didn’t. And I bet you didn’t notice like, a blimp in your bank account. Or he… somehow paid you back or something. Look. Whenever he comes over, our parents take it as a chance to like… essentially go shopping. And then they guilt trip him into paying for everything. Which is like… weird already. But recently, they asked him to come over again. But instead of just, you know, coming over. He’s been delaying? I don’t know why, but if he figured out that he shouldn’t take such shit from our parents then good for him. But fuck, they started calling him an unfilial child? Like what the fuck right?"

The vampire blinked, his lips thinning as he listened to Junghyun ramble on. "...No, he never mentioned anything," he said. It wasn't like he cared if Jungkook used up half his bank account; he'd had a thousand years to become as wealthy as he was, if someone didn't use it up it would just sit in his account forever.

But Jungkook's parents taking advantage of him when they were the ones to sell him off in the first place? That stirred anger in his veins.

"I'll talk to him about it." Taehyung paused, reminding himself of who was on the other end of the line. "Thank you for telling me, Junghyun. Are you being treated alright?"

“Ridiculously alright.” Junghyun sighed. “Just because I happened to want to go into advertising. Which is a lucrative business apparently. I don’t know what I’d do if I wanted to become… I dunno, a singer or something. But yeah, I’m the apple of their eye just for the reason because I’m the older son. Me and Jungkook figured that out a couple of years ago.”

"Yeah." Taehyung had figured that out first time he'd met Jungkook. "Thank you. Please call me if anything comes up."

He hung up with a short goodbye, looking down at his phone. After a moment he sighed and saved
Junghyun's number, before tucking his phone away and heading back out into the living room.

Jungkook was lying down on the couch, staring blankly at his phone. But upon hearing Taehyung return, he quickly put it away, pasting on a wide smile. “Hey, Tae. Who was that?”

"Um..." Well. How was he going to handle this one?

After a pause, Taehyung decided honesty was the best approach. "...It was your brother," he said, sitting down next to Jungkook. "Kook... have your parents been bothering you?"

Jungkook blinked, before he let out a curse. “That brat! He promised not to tell!”

Taehyung frowned at that outburst. "...Kookie... what's going on?"

Jungkook froze, as if suddenly realizing who he was talking to. “Er— no. It’s nothing. Just... just some horsing around with my brother. That’s all, hyung.”

Taehyung knew when Jungkook was bullshitting him. "Jungkook." He reached out, taking the human's hands. "Please. I'm worried. Not just as your guardian, and best friend... but as your boyfriend too." He looked into Jungkook's eyes, his own wide and concerned.

Jungkook’s mouth dropped open, looking a little as if flies would set up residence the. “B-boyfriend.”

"Yeah," Taehyung echoed. "Boyfriend. Please tell me what's wrong, Kookie."

“I—” Jungkook’s mouth made about like a goldfish before he finally whined. “Tae, this isn’t fair.”

The vampire blinked, before his expression fell. Now probably hadn't been the best time to drop that on Jungkook's lap. "...I'm sorry. I don't want to force you to talk to me. That wasn't what I meant." He drew back his hands. "I'm just worried about you."

“No— that.” Jungkook scrubbed his face, before he sighed. “I just didn’t want to tell you because
it’s nothing, hyung. Just… my parents being my parents. You know?"

"...Considering your parents sold you, that's not really reassuring," Taehyung mumbled.

Jungkook sighed, rubbing his face. “It’s okay. I— I’ve long accepted that my parents don’t love me. I don’t really care what they say. And I don’t mind giving them money. Just don’t like giving them your money. So I just take it out of my bursary money and stuff. It’s not like I use it. And they’re just a little snippy since I’m due a visit.”

"But Kookie, if they don't love you then they don't deserve any of that. Not your money, certainly not your time and effort. They gave up all right to that ten years ago." Anger licked in Taehyung’s veins. "They don't deserve you."

Jungkook sighed, “I know. They’re still my parents though. However shitty they are.”

And after a moment he said, “besides, I don’t want to put Junghyun in a spot. He’s a cool guy, even if he used to bully me when I was younger.”

"Junghyun called me because he was worried about you too." Taehyung shook his head. "Where does this end, Jungkook? How horrible of human beings do they have to be before it becomes too much? I don’t want to see you get hurt again, and they hurt you far too much."

Jungkook flinched at that. "I… I don’t know. I… just don’t know, Tae.”

Taehyung sighed. He lifted his arms, wrapping them around Jungkook’s shoulders and drawing him into a hug. "Do you like being around them?" He asked softly. "Do they make you smile? Do you feel happy and cared for?"

“No.” Jungkook said after a moment, quietly. “...No.”

"Then you shouldn't do something that makes you sad," Taehyung whispered. He rested their foreheads together. "Kook, you’ve been a great son. You’ve been a greater son than they’ve been parents, ten thousand times over. You owe them nothing."
“I… I know.” Jungkook whispered, voice suddenly thick. “I know. I just— I don't…”

Jungkook choked on his words as tests began to fall out of his eyes in earnest. “I don't… I don't understand…”

Taehyung swallowed. He cradled Jungkook close on the couch, pulling the human against him and smoothing his fingers through the other man's hair. "I know," he whispered, feeling his eyes mist up at the hurt radiating out of Jungkook's soul. "I know, bunny. I'm sorry."

“S-sorry—” Jungkook choked out, and his hand shakily reached out, clutching onto Taehyung’s shirt for dear life. “I'm so-sorry.”

"It's not your fault... it's gonna be okay." Taehyung pressed a kiss to Jungkook's temple before tucking his boyfriend's head under his chin. He hummed softly into Jungkook's ear, hands massaging over the back of Jungkook's head and his back as he let him cry.

Jungkook whimpered, curling up deeper into Taehyung's embrace. “Why do they hate me so much, hyung?”

Hate was a strong word. Taehyung couldn't say that Jungkook's parents felt hate for him; but they certainly didn't love him. At most, they felt for him the way they would a tool... something they could use and use without care for how Jungkook felt.

"I don't know, Kookie," Taehyung whispered. "I think they're just hateful people. You are... the best thing that's ever happened to me. You deserve so much more, but some people just can't see that."

Jungkook sniffled again, quiet for the longest time. And then he spoke again, seeming a little calmer now, even if his voice was still a tad choked up. “Tae… Can I have a kiss?”

Taehyung's eyes softened. "You can have all the kisses in the world," he said, tilting Jungkook's face up. His nose brushed against the human's in gentle affection before he pressed their lips together.

Jungkook swallowed thickly, a couple more tears escaping as his breath ghosted against Taehyung’s lips. “You love me… right? Tae?”
"I love you," the vampire whispered against Jungkook's mouth, between soft, butterfly kisses. "I love you so, so much, Jungkook."

“I love you too.” Jungkook choked out, “so, so much. You mean… you mean the world to me.”

Taehyung smiled, nuzzling against Jungkook's cheek.

Then, because the air hanging around them had gotten too heavy for his liking, he burst out into song, deep words melodic against Jungkook's mouth. "It's gonna be you~ na na na na na na, it's gonna be you~ na na na na na na..."

Jungkook let out a strangled sort of sound that was in between a choke and a laugh. “Hyung!”

"Wo eoeoeo~ I can't let go~” Taehyung continued, undisturbed, smile widening into a grin. Then he rolled them both over, smushing Jungkook into the corner of the couch and peppering his cheeks, jaw and chin with kisses.

Jungkook shrieked before bursting out into giggles at the ticklish kisses. And squirmed, laughing helplessly with another exasperated, “Tae!”

Taehyung just smiled, nuzzling happily into Jungkook's jawline. "There's my cinnamon bunny,” he murmured. “I just want you to be happy.”

Jungkook’s eyes softened. “You always make me happy, Tae.”

Humming in response, Taehyung lifted one hand to cup Jungkook's cheek. He tilted the human's head, drawing him into a soft, lingering kiss.

Jungkook melted into the kiss, no surprise. But what was surprising, was that after a few moments, he opened his mouth, tongue sneaking out to lick at Taehyung’s lips.

The action was unexpected — Jungkook? His shy cinnamon bunny doing something as bold as licking Taehyung’s lips? So, it was definitely understandable if Taehyung’s response was a little delayed. But with a small shiver ran down his spine, the vampire reciprocated, lips parting to allow
Jungkook entrance, tongues brushing together coyly. He could feel Jungkook’s sound of relief echo between them.

Which was… adorable.

But then, the little devil surged upwards into the kiss, his right hand moving to slide up the back of Taehyung’s neck, fingers tangling into hair. And wow, was that… really unexpected.

A startled moan echoed out of Taehyung's throat and into Jungkook's mouth, his fingers curling around the edge of Jungkook's shirt. The vampire's eyes closed, and he pressed back into the deeper kiss in a bit of a playful struggle; challenging Jungkook's dominance before letting him have it, letting him take everything.

And to his infinite amazement, Jungkook actually did.

The human didn’t crack, only continuing to push deeper, tongue exploring the depths of Taehyung's mouth, almost as if devouring the taste of it. Then, he felt a tug at his hair, pulling him lower, getting him closer, and he couldn’t help the sound that came out unbidden — a sound that was equal parts surprised and maybe aroused.

He wasn’t actually sure. It got swallowed up by Jungkook’s unrelenting mouth.

This was far more than the soft, butterfly kisses they'd shared all week. Maybe Taehyung should have questioned it a little, confirmed if Jungkook was okay, but the tugs on his hair was making it hard to want to pull away. His body melted against Jungkook's, legs straddling the human's and his arms trapped between them.

It didn’t stop him from sliding his palms against Jungkook's chest as he broke the kiss to let Jungkook breathe, remind the human that air was a necessity far greater than trading saliva. Not that he gave Jungkook much time to suck in more than just a hasty breath. Taehyung barely cracked his eyes open, staring at Jungkook below him, before he pressed down again, slotting their mouths together in desperate renewal. And the helpless moan that Jungkook let out seemed to indicate that he didn’t quite mind.

Nothing else seemed to exist as they pressed close together on the couch. Time passed, probably, because Taehyung found himself sucking at Jungkook's lower lip into his mouth and pressing soft pecks against the corner of his cheeks in a bit of a reprieve. But, then, it was all a little hazy, because
Taehyung barely had time to blink before Jungkook’s tongue was in his mouth again. And fuck… he was trying to control himself, he really was. He’d kept his hands where they were and his hips from rolling against Jungkook’s, even if they were in the perfect position for some good grinding. But… but…

But then Jungkook’s fingers tugged sharply in his hair (probably by accident), and Taehyung whimpered.

He broke the kiss, panting out short breaths he no longer needed and pressing his nose against Jungkook’s jaw. "...Fuck," he groaned. "You're horrible for my self-control." It wasn't like he was getting any on the regular anymore. Since Jungkook had been kidnapped a couple months ago, actually, he hadn't slept around once. "You smell so good."

Jungkook eyes flickered down at Taehyung, a strangely intense look in his eyes, his thick eyebrows furrowed down as a soft groan escaped.

But he obviously misunderstood what Taehyung had meant. Because what he said next was, “then feed on me, Tae. I told you… I don't mind.”

It wasn’t the response he expected, but Taehyung's eyes lifted to meet Jungkook's, and he couldn't help wetting his lips. It may not have been what he’d been angling for exactly, but Jungkook’s blood was just as enticing as… the other thing. And the smell of Jungkook's blood hung thick in the air, making his mouth water now that the possibility has suddenly presented itself. "You're sure?" he asked, needing to, needing the reassurance.


Well then.

"Sit up," Taehyung said, tugging the human upright and into a more comfortable position for them both. As nice as sprawling on top of his boyfriend had been, it hadn't given him the best angle on Jungkook's neck.

When Jungkook was settled upright on the cough, Taehyung easily slid back into his lap, straddling his waist. But the only response he got in return was Jungkook blinked blearily at him, clearly a little out of it and… shit. Maybe he was becoming a little nervous. Distractions seemed in order. So Taehyung pressed his arms against the back of the couch, fingers curling into Jungkook’s hair as he
kissed the human deeply, and it seemed to work, from how Jungkook eagerly returned the affections.

Jungkook was breathless by the time Taehyung decided to move on. And he trailed his kiss-slicked lips down the other man's jaw to the side of his neck, pressing a kiss against Jungkook's jumping pulse point. He found a good spot and got to work preparing for the bite, gently lapping and sucking at Jungkook's soft skin.

Jungkook groaned, head lolling a little at the feeling of Taehyung's lips against his neck. Taehyung could feel the way Jungkook’s heart raced, pulse rushing under his lips. He had no clue what was going through Jungkook’s head, if he was okay, or having second thoughts — and that had to be fixed before Taehyung took a single drop of blood.

"Talk to me, Kookie," Taehyung murmured against Jungkook's neck, pressing open-mouthed kisses to his chosen spot. "Tell me how it feels."

Jungkook made a soft sound of confusion, but he obliged, of course. “Feels… Feels good, hyung— ungh… always… feels good.”

Taehyung's lips curled in a smile against Jungkook's skin. So it was just normal nerves then. “Keep talking, Kook.” Jungkook made a noise of confusion, but didn’t protest.

When Taehyung deemed Jungkook was ready, he opened his mouth, feeling his fangs lengthening.

It took no effort for his fangs to sink into Jungkook's skin, the first drops of cinnamon-smelling blood welling up on his tongue.

“Tae—” Jungkook gasped.

But whatever he said was lost, mixed up with Taehyung’s groan as he pulled his fangs out, fitting his mouth over the open wound. Jungkook’s blood was better than any other taste Taehyung could think of, made all the more potent by how it combined with his intoxicating scent, and the way Jungkook moaned softly as Taehyung began to drink in earnest.

He hadn’t expected Jungkook to keep to his promise of talking, but then he heard the young man gasp, and then—
“U-uhn… so… you’re so gentle, Tae. So much more gentle than the vampires at the club. It… mm… feels more like a hickey than sucking my blood…”

Maybe it was a tiny bit funny, the way Jungkook made the comparison. But Taehyung hummed, pleased with the words coming out of Jungkook's mouth. In any case, even more demanding of his attention was the human's blood; it just tasted so good, bold and flavourful on his tongue. Taehyung swallowed his mouthful and returned for another, drinking slow and controlled. One hand cradled Jungkook's head, supporting him.

Jungkook leaned against the hand, stretching his neck out even more. And he breathed out, hands moving to curl lightly around Taehyung's waist. “So gentle “ he breathed out. “You can… drink more… Faster. If you want… I can handle it.”

The vampire drew back slightly, licking his lips. "The slower I go, the better it'll feel," he said, deep voice husky. "You taste so good, Kook… I want to make you feel as good as I can." He lapped his tongue over the wound, catching stray drops of blood starting to run over Jungkook's skin.

“O-oh…” Jungkook breathed out before he let out a moan. “Oh… okay mmm… okay. I— Tae…”

The moan sent a shiver down Taehyung's spine. "So good," he repeated before continuing to drink from the human, his legs tightening around Jungkook's waist reflexively.

Jungkook made another sort of noise that was part lust, part pleasure. And at the tightening around his waist, his hand instinctively slid down, try to touch Taehyung's thigh. But he overshot, ending up cupping Taehyung's ass instead. Taehyung's breath hitched against Jungkook's neck, and he hummed lowly in approval; both at the happy accident, and Jungkook's forwardness, his fingers massaging against the human's scalp. He felt Jungkook tighten his hold, breath heavy in Taehyung’s ears.

It took some effort to keep drinking at a slow, steady pace, with Jungkook's grip on one asscheek. Taehyung drank until he judged he'd taken enough, pulling back to pass his tongue over the wound a few times. When it stopped bleeding he sighed happily, the fresh, warm blood filling him with new energy. He licked his lips clean, kissing Jungkook's jawline.

"...So, you're more of an ass man?” he murmured, lips curled.
Jungkook’s eyes fluttered, clearly a little out of it. But then he seemed to realize he was still clutching onto Taehyung’s ass and he spluttered, immediately letting go. “S-sorry!”

Taehyung chuckled outright. He lifted his head, pressing a kiss to Jungkook's mouth. "I didn't say I didn't like it."

Jungkook flushed even deeper, which was a feat, considering he’d just been fed from. “Tae…”

"Are you feeling okay, Kook?” Taehyung murmured, not moving from his lap and brushing their noses together sweetly.

“Okay?” Jungkook repeated dazedly, making a soft noise at the action.

"Are you too dizzy?” Taehyung asked, hands settling against Jungkook's chest. "Because I was going to offer to take care of your 'problem', but I don't want you to faint on me."

“Problem?” Jungkook repeated again.

He really had no idea what Taehyung was talking about. Taehyung’s lips curled, and one hand slid down Jungkook's chest to lightly palm the prominent hard-on in the human's pants. The one he’d been pressing against since he first bit down into Jungkook’s neck.

"This one."

****

Today was a weird day.

It hadn’t started out weird. It had been a pretty normal day actually. Wake up, brush his teeth, do his homework, play some games waiting for Taehyung to come back, snuggle up with Taehyung when he came back, and then maybe a few soft kisses before bed. The last part was pretty new, but at least it had precedent. And Jungkook was a little more used to it now. Sort of.
Not really, but yeah.

At least it wasn’t suddenly being confronted by the fact that his parents were absolute shits who didn’t love him, and then suddenly having his lifelong dream of being fed on by Taehyung come true, and then having his hard on pointed out by the only person in the world he wanted to bone and have babies with.

Well, not that he could have babies, but you got the point.

Fuck, he hadn’t even realized he had a boner. But Taehyung did, and he’d very gleefully pointed out this fact.

He also had offered to help take care of it.

What the fuck.

Jungkook let out a squeak that halfway transformed into a moan, because shit— why not? “O-oh.”

Taehyung had eased up on the light pressure, nuzzling against the human’s cheek. Which was nice, not as nice as his hand stroking Jungkook’s dick but— oh, Taehyung was talking. "What do you want, Kookie?” he was murmuring. "What do you want me to do? What have you imagined me doing?"

Well. Ten fantasies just crash landed into his brain. It was surprising that his brain wasn’t just pulverised and leaking out from his ears. “Uh.”

"Kookie..." Taehyung was pressing soft kisses along his cheek and jaw. It was like he was trying to coax a skittish kitten. The problem was, Jungkook didn’t really mind being coaxed like a skittish kitten forever.

But he should probably reply to Taehyung.

“I— fuck. Erm.” Jungkook mentally reached out and grabbed the first thing that came to his mind. “Handcuffs.”

Shit. Why had that one been the first thing to come up to his mind? “Fuck.”
Taehyung blinked, then laughed softly. He brushed his nose against Jungkook's, grinning. "You want me in handcuffs? Or you in handcuffs?"

“...both.”

Fuck. Had he said that out loud again?

Of course, Taehyung the ass would tease him. "That'll make it a little difficult to do anything if we're both tied up. How about we save the kinks for next time? Do you want me to suck you off for now?"

Jungkook swallowed, and he knew that Taehyung knew that his dick, which was pressing against Taehyung’s thigh, had become even more prominent.

But instead of… well Jungkook wasn’t sure what Taehyung was planning to do, but he was kind of looking at Jungkook with expectation. Which was a lot — Jungkook was bad with expectations, especially from someone he wanted to impress. And it took Jungkook a little while to realize that Taehyung was waiting for Jungkook’s reply; and it took even longer for Jungkook to remember what words were for.

Right. “Y-yes, please.”

Taehyung smiled and kissed him again, humming against the human's lips. Then he slid off Jungkook's lap onto the floor, settling between the other man's legs. "You let me know if you're uncomfortable, right?" He said, long fingers starting to undo Jungkook's pants.

Jungkook kind of stared at Taehyung before he nodded so fast, it felt like his head might break off. “Yeah. I-I'm actually. Kinda… it hurts a little…. Right now.”

The vampire grinned. His cheeks were flushed red, hair falling haphazardly around his face from Jungkook’s fingers messing through the strands. Fuck. He looked so fucking good. "Then let's fix that." He popped open the button to Jungkook's jeans, helping the human shimmy his pants and underwear down.
Jungkook groaned in relief when his dick was liberated. And when he looked down, he flushed again, because, how had he gotten that hard without realizing?

"That must have been really uncomfortable," Taehyung said, his eyes blown wide as he shifted closer between Jungkook's knees. His fingers curled around Jungkook's length, eyes flicking up to meet Jungkook's as he gave the tip of Jungkook’s dick a kittenish lick, catching the beads of precum there.

Jungkook's breath hitched, thighs quivering from just that tiny lick, and he probably was looking down with an expression as if Taehyung had hung up the stars.

Maybe he should tell Taehyung that.

“A-ah…”


"Is this what you imagined, Kookie?" Taehyung whispered against Jungkook's dick, sending small vibrations down his length. His thumb traced along the thick vein underneath. It felt like utter magic. "Whenever I was eating ice cream. Were you thinking about me like this?"

Oh god. “Oh my god.”

"Is that a yes?" and then Taehyung took the head into his mouth, tongue swirling around and pressing against the tip. And Jungkook’s brain nearly stopped working.

Jungkook shivered, hands clenching at his side as he bit back curses. “I don't know. You're as much of-ah-ah… a tease as you w-were— ngh…”

The vampire's lips twitched around Jungkook's length at his reply. And he began to work Jungkook in earnest, the sucking noises a little (very) obscene, head bobbing as he took more and more of Jungkook into his mouth. Which was, wow. That looked—

— fuck.
“Oh… Fuck.” Jungkook's eyes screwed close as he tried not to buck up into Taehyung’s mouth. That probably wouldn't be good. Because then he'd probably hurt Taehyung. And he didn't want to hurt Taehyung, not when he was being really nice and doing stuff to make Jungkook feel good.

“Fuck… Tae.”

And it was all good, even if Taehyung’s mouth was about to send him into an early grave. But then, suddenly Taehyung’s lips vibrated around his dick and he felt sensations he’d never felt before in his entire life.

Barely stopping himself from nearly convulsing, his eyes shot wide open. And he let out a confused sound when he realized that Taehyung had moved his hand, setting it on top of the vampire’s head. “W-what…?”

Taehyung just looked up at him, three quarters of Jungkook's dick in his mouth and eyes glazed with want. He left Jungkook's hand atop his head, very purposely maintaining eye contact as he sank the rest of the way down until his nose touched Jungkook's tummy.

Not that Jungkook realized at first. He was trying hard to figure out what Taehyung wanted. So he had a little of a delayed reaction when his brain suddenly registered the signals his body was sending him to tell him that Taehyung had just swallowed him whole.

What was self-control. Jungkook didn’t know her. He didn’t even know what his name was, let alone have the mental state to hold himself back from bucking up into Taehyung’s mouth, fingers curling sharply into Taehyung’s hair.

And then, Taehyung let out a deep moan, the vibrations starting from where Jungkook's dick hit the back of his throat and rolling up it's length.

Was this heaven or was this hell? Jungkook wasn’t sure what it was. But he knew that he had the dying need to give Taehyung a five star review. The pressure against the tip of his dick was sublime. “Tae… What… hah… oh fuck. It feels so good…”

There was a groan that was probably agreement, and fingers settled against Jungkook's legs without holding him down. But oh… why was Taehyung looking at Jungkook now. He was doing that expectant look thing as he started moving his head slowly up and down the human's length, jaw slack — like he was waiting.
Jungkook stared blankly at Taehyung for a moment. The vampire was trying to tell him something, but what, Jungkook wasn't really sure. But it was so hard to think with Taehyung doing that and trying really hard not to start fucking Taehyung’s mouth—

Wait a second.

Experimentally, Jungkook gently canted his hips up as Taehyung went down, fingers tightening on Taehyung’s hair to stop him from pulling away.

And Taehyung moaned again, Jungkook's dick hitting the back of his throat once more. He kept his jaw as loose as he could, a bit of saliva dripping down the human's dick as his fingers lightly squeezed Jungkook's knees in reassurance.

Jungkook had to bite his lip from panicking a little. Because, on one hand, wow. This was something about his hyung he'd never expected to learn. But on the other hand it was also really kinda fucking hot.

Jungkook decided it was probably better to follow the second train of thought, turn off his brain and fuck Taehyung's mouth like he wanted.

So he did.

That appeared to be exactly what Taehyung wanted. He let Jungkook set the pace, bobbing his head up and down to match the tugs in his hair. But still, Jungkook couldn't help but control himself a bit. He didn't want to hurt Taehyung, shaking thighs be damned. But it seemed that was more than enough to coax deep, throaty moans around his length.

And after a particularly sharp tug on his hair, one of Taehyung's hands dropped off Jungkook's knees. He snuck his hand inside the front of his pants, low noises escaping.

It was getting harder and harder (hah) to think properly, but Jungkook noticed the hand slip off his knee. And he somehow manages to say. “Tae… Are… you hard?”

Taehyung whimpered around Jungkook's dick and nodded, tears prickling the corner of his eyes
from the repeated thrusts into his mouth.

“Shit.” Jungkook cursed when he saw the tears, hips stuttering to a stop. “Did I hurt you? How can I help?”

He wasn't expecting Taehyung to suddenly pull off his dick completely, whining in discontentment. But Jungkook’s little lizard brain only registered two things: that he really wanted Taehyung’s mouth on his dick again, and that there was a long string of saliva connecting the tip of his dick to the vampire’s lips, gleaming in the light.

And then, Jungkook realized with a start those lips were moving.

"Don't stop," Taehyung was saying, voice hoarse. "Don't stop what you were doing, Kook."

Jungkook stared down at Taehyung, feeling an odd sense of loss now that the vampire had stopped. “W-what?”

"It's okay," Taehyung whispered, eyes half-lidded as he licked his lips. "I like it."

Jungkook stared even more. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. He swallowed. “This… will help you?”

Taehyung nodded, his hand still inside his pants but paused in it's movements. "Please, Kook."


Okay. So, Taehyung apparently liked being manhandled. That was… wow?

But also, he sorta wanted to prove to Taehyung that if the vampire wanted Jungkook to do it, then Jungkook would manhandle the fuck out of him. “Okay. I can… Tae, get your mouth on my dick again.”

A grin pulled up on the vampire's lips. "Yes sir," he breathed, before his mouth opened and he took
Jungkook back in, settling halfway down the human's length.

And this time, it is all too easy to let his body do the work, thrusting up hard into the warmth that Taehyung's mouth provides, both hands curling into Taehyung's hair to hold him down.

The harsh thrusts probably would have taken out someone with a gag reaction, but Taehyung obviously didn't have that issue. He moaned helplessly, somehow opening his jaw even wider. Every single thrust pressed Jungkook's dick against the back of his throat, spit dripping down his chin as precome leaked down his throat. The hand in his pants started to move again, Taehyung pushing the material down and stroking himself in time with Jungkook's thrusts.

Jungkook had this furrow in his brow as he continued to fuck Taehyung's mouth, trying very hard not to think about how weirdly hot this was because it would mean he'd come in a hot second, because fuck. Taehyung's mouth felt so good. But he didn't want to come until Taehyung did too.

He might be a horny ass teenager, but at least he was a considerate, horny ass teenager.

From the movement of Taehyung's hand though, he might not have long to wait, the vampire working himself hard to completion. Maybe it was because he'd guessed Jungkook's thoughts, or just knew Jungkook couldn't last that much longer going hard like this, but the muffled moans and whimpers around Jungkook's length were becoming more frequent. A few tears dripped down his cheeks, but he gave Jungkook no indication to stop, hand working faster.

And then, Taehyung suddenly shuddered, and Jungkook felt something hot and wet splash against his foot.

Oh. Semen. It was… semen.

It caught Jungkook by surprise, and the shudders did him in, barely able to shout out a “Tae, I'm—” before his hips stuttered, and he felt himself spill all over into Taehyung's mouth.

He barely registered Taehyung just… taking it all like a champ, drinking like it was some kind of Milkis or something.

It was only when Jungkook was limp and spent that the vampire pulled back, catching his breath. He wiped away the spit and cum that had dribbled down his chin, panting as he rested his cheek against
Jungkook's knee.

Jungkook's breath came out in heavy, stuttering pants. And he stared blankly at Taehyung, hands slowly loosening their grip.

Taehyung seemed to recover first, which was unfair, since he was the one who didn't need to breathe. But his eyes were still glazed with pleasure as he looked up at Jungkook, a tentative smile curling his reddened and puffy lips.

"...How was it?" he asked softly, a touch of apprehension entering his eyes the longer Jungkook just stared down at him.

That was a good question.

How was it?

Really good question.

Why couldn't he think of an answer?

Ah. He had one plausible theory. “I… think you sucked my brain out of my dick.”

The corner of Taehyung's lips quirked ruefully, and he nuzzled his nose against Jungkook's knee. "Sorry."

“No. Erm. That was— great. Good. I just… erm—”

Wow. The room was suddenly… really wobbly and wonky.

"Kook—!" And there were hands stopping him from just falling off the couch, maybe. Things were a little fuzzy. "Kook? Jungkook?".
He should probably answer Taehyung. But… wow, it was nice to just lean on Taehyung. And just… stare at Taehyung's face. “Wow… you're really pretty.”

Taehyung was staring at him in concern, one hand holding Jungkook up and the other framing his face. "Are you okay?"

"Uhuh.” What did it matter though? Even if he wasn't okay, Taehyung had just drank from him — in both the ways Jungkook wanted. He could die happy right now. “You're really pretty.”

There was a pause. And then, Taehyung was leaning him against the couch. He was saying something. What was it? Right. Jungkook has ears. Ears meant for hearing. Right. "I think that's enough excitement for you today. I'll clean you up and get you to bed, don't pass out on me."

Taehyung was looking sort of weird. Like… a bit red? And he was awkward tucking himself back in— aw, no. Jungkook wanted to stare more at Taehyung's dick. It was as pretty as the man himself. But Taehyung was moving away, covering himself and—

Jungkook stared after Taehyung as he left, and he reached out to make a slow grab for Taehyung left, obviously missing. And he pouted sadly after Taehyung left his side. Why had Taehyung left his side?

It took a bit for Taehyung to return. Or… did it? Time sort of faded in and out for Jungkook. Maybe he fell asleep? He wasn't really sure. But then, there was the feeling of something cool on his dick. "Hey Kookie,” oh. That was Taehyung's wonderful voice. He was back. And the cool feeling was a wet cloth on his dick.

Right. Cleaning up. That was a thing.

Oh. Taehyung really was kneeling beside him. So pretty. Jungkook wanted to snuggle his cheeks with Taehyung's. “Tae… you're back.”

"Yeah, I am." Taehyung was tucking him back into his pants now. "Let's get you into bed so you can rest."

And then, Jungkook felt arms sliding under his knees and back, lifting him up in the air. And he squeaked, because—
Taehyung was carrying him *bridal style*.

He probably would have freaked out about it more, but he got distracted, staring up at Taehyung’s face, his swollen lips and mused hair and couldn't help thinking: “wow. I did that.”


The vampire took no time at all, carrying him into the master bedroom, and settling Jungkook down on the sheets. Jungkook watched Taehyung throw the soiled facecloth at the hamper, missing. Oops.

But then, Taehyung was speaking again. "Do you need anything, bunny?" he was chewing on his lower lip. "Water, a snack?"

And Jungkook just kind of stared, because Taehyung didn't seem to realize, but his lips were swollen and a little red, looking very obviously like he'd been fucked in the mouth. He was so pretty, and god… Jungkook just wished he could take a picture.

Wait. He totally could. “Wanna… my phone.”

"...Your phone?” Taehyung seemed confused, but obliged him, looking around for it. He headed back out into the living room, appearing again, moments later, with Jungkook's phone in his hand. "Here you go."

Perfect.

Taehyung looked good from any angle. So Jungkook just aimed the phone at Taehyung's face after opening the camera app. And… there. All good. All good. “There. Now I want cuddles.”

There was a sort of pause. And then the bed dipped as Taehyung climbed in and Jungkook felt the vampire's lanky limbs wrap around his body. And he thought this meant cuddly time, but Taehyung asked, "what did you do, bunny?"

Ah. Wasn't it obvious what Jungkook did? Taehyung was silly sometimes. But Jungkook obligingly turned his screen to Taehyung the picture he'd taken.“For memories. You're so pretty, Tae.”
The vampire blinked blankly at the picture, heat rising up in his cheeks. He buried his face against Jungkook's shoulder. "...You're silly."

So cute. Taehyung was so cute. He made Jungkook feel so happy.

Jungkook smiled happily, “did you like it?”

"...Yeah," Taehyung whispered into Jungkook's shirt. "I did."

Taehyung was so nice. Jungkook probably didn't do that great of a job. But well. “You need to teach me how to do it properly.” Jungkook mumbled, turning so he could press his lips clumsily to Taehyung's hair. “I want it to be perfect for you.”

Taehyung's gaze lifted to Jungkook's at that, through a messy curtain of hair. "You don't have to do anything for me, Kook... you're already perfect."

“Didn't know what you wanted.” Oh wow. His eyes felt so heavy all of a sudden. But he needed to say this. “You gave me what I always wanted. So I wanna do the same for you.”

"Kook...” There was an odd pause, like an offbeat moment. But then, Taehyung was tugging the blanket over the both of them. "Get some sleep. The blood loss will wear off by the time you wake up."

Jungkook frowned a little. Something was wrong, but his brain wasn't working properly enough to figure out what.

Ungh. If it was important, he'd figure it out in the morning.

So he took Taehyung's advice, snuggling into Taehyung’s side, mumbling a soft but heartfelt. “Love you, Tae.”

Taehyung wrapped his arms around Jungkook in return. "Love you too," he said in return, pressing a
chaste kiss to Jungkook's temple.

Jungkook made a happy sort of noise as he closed his eyes, and it wasn't long before he fell deep into sleep.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was a pain to edit /o\ the smut chapters are always the hardest /sighs

Anyway, because this chapter happens to be pure Taekook, and comments like this have been appearing already (not a lot, but still), so I'm just gonna pre-empt:

If you leave comments asking where the other couples are, or telling us there needs to be more of this or that pairing, they'll be ignored.

It's of course entirely okay to prefer one pairing over another, and totally okay to wish your favourite pairing would appear more. However, I do hope you guys understand that commenting about it won't really do much other than make us feel unsure how to reply you as the chapters have already been planned and written, and even if there's 100 comments begging for more of another pairing, it's not going to make us change the next chapter.

(Also, idk if you guys noticed, but Yeonah and I rarely write filler scenes. So if a couple doesn't appear, it means they're up to their daily goopey routine and are fine and dandy. Them having more scenes means... Drama. =X so it might not be that much of a good thing for them to appear more.)

Anyway, that's it. This isn't an antagonistic sort of message. And if you want, you are totally free to comment about the rest of the characters not appearing or how much you miss a pairing. Just note that we won't be replying those comments, or replying that portion of the comment.

Thanks!

Otherwise, do leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter? :) And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!
Yoongi really wanted sleep. Between all the long work hours lately, and worrying over what the hell was going on in the vampire world, he hadn't gotten much of it. So much so he needed a continuous intake of coffee while on shift at the cafe, just to make sure he didn't nod off on the job.

Even with enough caffeine for ten heart attacks in his system, he once again found himself dozing against one of the machines — or 'resting his eyes' between customers as he liked to put it.

Unfortunately, his little rest was about to be interrupted.

“Wow, you look even shittier than me during my exam week, turtle-hyung.”

Yoongi's shoulders stiffened and he opened his eyes, peering at the familiar face on the other side of the counter. "…Oh, it's just you," he straightened with a yawn. "What do you want, kid?"

“A coffee? That's what most people come to a cafe for isn't it?” As per normal, Jungkook was a brat to anyone who wasn't Taehyung. “Where's Hobi-hyung?”

"In the back," Yoongi said, moving over to the register. "Restocking or… something." It was a quiet evening. "And what sort of coffee, dipshit."

“I'm hurt. I always get the same thing when I come over. Hobi-hyung would know.” Jungkook put a hand over his heart. “And an Americano. Thanks.”

"I don't bother memorizing our regulars' orders, let alone yours," Yoongi snorted, punching the order into the register and waiting for Jungkook to pay. "Anything new happening? We haven't gotten an update on the whole vampire situation for a while."

“Well, the last thing was Dae-hyung getting arrested.” Jungkook’s expression turned more serious as he handed over his card. “Now, nothing’s been happen. It's been scarly quiet.”
Yoongi nodded, lips thinned as he swiped the card before handing it back with Jungkook's receipt. "Somehow, the quiet is even scarier."

“Tell me about it.” Jungkook sighed, taking the card and the receipt and stuffing them into his pocket. Then after a moment, he said, “hey… turtle-hyung. Can I ask you a question?”

Yoongi looked up from where he was making the espresso for the younger human's drink. "Yeah, what's up?"

“Erm… just… has Hobi-hyung ever had something troubling him? And he kept it from you?” Jungkook asked quietly after a moment.

Yoongi's hands paused. That was another reason why he was losing sleep these days. Something was up with the fledgling vampire, but he just couldn't figure out what. Sometimes Hoseok seemed perfectly fine, happy and smiling as always — but then there’d been the incident with Jimin. And the headphones. And the tiny moments sprinkled here and there where, just for a second, Hoseok looked legitimately terrified.

But whenever Yoongi asked him if he was okay, Hoseok was all smiles again. He'd thought Hoseok would talk to him if something was seriously bothering him, but that didn't seem to be the case.

"…Yeah," he said, continuing to work after a moment. "Why?"

Jungkook took in a deep breath, hesitating a little before he asked, “...how do you deal with it?”

"I…” Yoongi sighed. "I'm still dealing with it, kid. Hoseok is a tough nut to crack." He looked over the counter at Jungkook. "What's this about?"

Jungkook fidgeted a little, before he looked down. “Tae’s been… weird. Like I mean… different weird. I mean, I'm not a stranger from him keeping shit from me, and he's been stressed out because of the situation and all… but this seems different.”

Yoongi frowned at that. "Different how?"
Jungkook sighed, “I dunno. Just… it seems like he's troubled when he looks at me. And he's been weirdly distant. Like… I feel like I did something wrong, but when I gathered to courage to ask he just said I didn't do anything wrong.”

Well, that didn't sound like Taehyung's usual behaviour towards Jungkook. Yoongi avoided being in the same room as them for longer than a few minutes because he was sure the pair would give him diabetes otherwise. "I don't know, Jungkook, it's hard to have a conversation if it's only one of you talking," Yoongi said. "The only thing I can suggest is sitting him down when he can't avoid or deflect and make it clear you're not budging until he gives you something."

Jungkook swallowed, wincing at that. “I dunno if I can do that with Tae… if he doesn't wanna answer… I dunno if I can force him to.”

"Sometimes people need a shove," Yoongi said. "He made a promise to not hide things from you anymore, didn't he? Is it better to let whatever this is fester between you?"

“No,” Jungkook intoned glumly, looking down at his feet. “So I really gotta… corner him or something, huh?”

"You've got to have conviction," Yoongi said. He stared down at the finished americano in front of him, covering it with a lid. He should be listening to his own advice, really. "Any relationship lives and dies from communication, or lack of it. Remember what I said? Asking questions shows that you care."

Jungkook nodded, before he exhaled. “Alright, I'll… force Tae to answer me. Somehow. Do you think if I start giving him a blowjob and stop halfway he'll crack?”

Yoongi wrinkled his nose at that. "That's a mental image I did not need, brat." He placed the finished drink on the counter. "Take this and scram."

Jungkook pouted at Yoongi. “It was a legitimate question. But I guess it wouldn't have happened anyway. Tae's been all weird going beyond kissing recently after the first time he gave me a blowjob… is that what's wrong? Maybe he realized he doesn't wanna babysit a virgin who has no clue what he's doing?"

"Now see, before you start making ridiculous assumptions, talk to him," Yoongi said sternly.
Besides him wanting no part in Jungkook’s sex life, these were all questions Yoongi had no ability to
answer. Only one person could, and that was who Jungkook needed to be talking to.

Jungkook sighed, shrinking a little. “It'd just be nice to know what I'm getting into.”

“Oh, hey, Jungkookie. I thought I saw you from the back, what brings you here?”

Yoongi startled and glanced over his shoulder to see Hoseok coming out of the back. “Hobi-hyung!” Jungkook called out happily.

“What's up? Here to get some coffee?”

Jungkook nodded, picking up his Americano. “Yeah. Was walking by and decided to drop in.”

"I was wondering if you were buried under boxes back there," Yoongi snorted.

“Hey, there's a lot of boxes alright. I had to shift a lot of things to get the stock we needed out,” Hoseok huffed at him.

Shaking his head, Yoongi looked back at Jungkook. "Good luck, kid. Don't chicken out."

That caught Hoseok’s attention, and the vampire paused to peer curiously at Jungkook’s large owl eyes. “Mmm? Chicken out? Of what?”

“It's nothing important, hyung.” Jungkook began to back out towards the door. “Sorry, I gotta go. But I'll come visit you again soon, Hobi-hyung.”

“Alright!” Hoseon said cheerily, none the wiser. “Have a good night, Jungkookie!”

"Night, brat." Yoongi watched him go, holding in a sigh. He looked back at Hoseok, putting on a small smile. "It's quiet tonight. He was our only customer while you were back there."
“Well, that’s good. Wanna go take a nap in the back room? You’ve been tired out with all the moving you’ve been doing, haven’t you?” Hoseok put his hand against the small of Yoongi’s back. “I can handle this alone.”

"Eh, I can last the remaining hour," Yoongi said, cleaning up the espresso cup and the equipment. "It's not that bad."

But Hoseok’s lips had curled down at that. “But you really should rest. You’re so tired out. Actually, I was going to ask you to take a few days off. If you need extra money for groceries and stuff, it’s not a problem. I can cover it.”

"What?" Yoongi blinked blankly at him. "Hoseok, you've got your own expenses to worry about. Don't worry about mine on top of it."

“It's fine.” Hoseok said cheerfully, “boyfriend duties. Now, come on. Go to the back and nap. I'll take care of everything.”

"...It's not 'boyfriend duties' to cover my expenses," Yoongi frowned at him. And there it was again — Hoseok saying and doing odd things that he’d never once done while they’d been just very close friends. How was it ‘boyfriend duties’ to casually offer to spend all that extra money on him? It wasn’t like Hoseok was a thousand-year-old sugar daddy of a vampire like Taehyung, or even Jin. He was just barely scraping by most days, just like Yoongi was.

Something just didn’t smell right.

Time to take his own advice, and try again. "Hoseok, you've been acting strange lately. What's wrong?"

Hoseok blinked, looking confused. “Acting strange? What do you mean?”

"Saying weird shit… and being closed off," Yoongi said. "Something's bothering you, it's been bothering you for weeks."

Hoseok was frowning now. “Nothing… nothing’s been bothering me? And I've been closed off? Like… am I not giving you enough attention? Do you wanna like, hang out more still? I guess I could skip Friday’s dance practices. Half the people aren't there anyway now that it's the holidays.”
"No, that's not what I meant." Yoongi reached out, resting his hands on Hoseok's arms. "See, it's stuff like that. You give me more than enough attention, and it worries me because it doesn't look like you're taking proper care of yourself. You don't need to skip dance practice for me, and you definitely don't need to give me extra money."

Hoseok's frown deepened even more, staring at Yoongi as if he was speaking some kind of alien language instead of plain Korean. "I don't mind doing those things, you know? As long as you're happy. I just want you to be happy, hyung. It's just... it's what I'm supposed to do, after all."

"What do you mean, what you're supposed to do?" Hoseok's words didn't sit well with Yoongi. Hoseok's stare was wary, as if he was worried that this was some kind of trap, and then he said. "What else would it mean? I'm your boyfriend now. So... I gotta keep you happy. Otherwise..."

And Hoseok trailed off, shaking his head. "Why are you even asking this, hyung? Is this another test?"

"Otherwise what?" Yoongi kept his hold on Hoseok's arms, afraid the vampire would leave if he didn't. "What test? What do you think is going on here, Hoseok?"

Yoongi could see the way Hoseok swallowed, like he was suddenly having a hard time breathing. "Why are you forcing me to say this, hyung? What sort of game are you playing? I've never been smart enough to play these kind of games, hyung. Can't you... can't you just let it be?"

"Fucking hell, Hoseok, this isn't a game!" Yoongi snapped, frustrated. "There's no game, no test, nothing!"

Something flashed in Hoseok’s eyes. “Don't lie, hyung. There’s always a game. There's always a test. Especially when you say there isn't. Hyung, I've done my best. I don't know what else you want? I haven't been working morning shifts haven't I? Is that it? Did you actually want me to continue? What?”

"What do you mean?" Okay, Hoseok’s words stung a little. Yoongi's hands lost their grip and fell away from Hoseok's arms, eyes wider. Where was all this coming from? Was that what Hoseok had gotten from their time together? Or was there something else...? "When have I ever done any of that, Hoseok? What did I do to make you think I'm not telling the truth?"
Sunshine Hoseok was gone, and he looked just so haunted and lost. His body language was closed off, and Yoongi wanted to pull him into a tight hug — do anything to get rid of that wide-eyed fear. But his feet stayed rooted where they were as Hoseok asked, “Isn’t that… just how this works? I’m supposed to guess what you want. Know what you want before you say it. It’s always been that way.”

"No." Yoongi shook his head. "Hoseok… did…"

He drew in a breath, feeling like he was about to jump down a rabbit hole. "Whoever you dated before, did they make you do that?"

Hoseok stared at Yoongi. “They didn't make me do anything, hyung. It's just the way things are.”

Yoongi shook his head slowly, heart sunk in his chest and clenched tight. "No… no it's not."

He should have guessed. The overcompensating to make Yoongi happy… faking his own happiness to make sure Yoongi stayed unbothered… buying him things… prioritizing Yoongi over everyone else… being so, so scared of rejection. The signs had been all there… but Hoseok had always seemed so happy.

Min Yoongi, you're an idiot.

Reaching out, Yoongi wrapped his arms around Hoseok's waist and drew him into the hug he’d been resisting. He exhaled slowly, feeling the tension radiating out of the vampire’s frame "That's not how things are… I don't want us to be like that."

“I don’t… I don't understand…” Hoseok’s voice was still confused and wary, but bit by bit, Yoongi could feel him leaning back into the embrace.

"I don't play those kind of games, Hoseok,” Yoongi sighed quietly into Hoseok's shoulder. "I don't fuck with people I love like that. I'll always tell you exactly how I feel, no guesswork, no deceiving."

Hoseok paused, quiet for a moment before he said quietly — brokenly. “That's what they all told me too, hyung. And then I'd relax, and they'd get angry with me again.”
"They're assholes." Yoongi held onto Hoseok tighter. "I've always been honest with you, Hoseok. No matter what. The only times I've gotten upset at you, was when you were so lost in your head you weren't listening to what I was actually saying — too busy trying to read between the lines."

Hoseok swallowed, but slowly, he relaxed properly into Yoongi’s grip, arms curling shakily around Yoongi’s waist. “I’m tired, hyung.” Hoseok admitted, “I’m always so scared you'll just break up with me. You got angry with me so early into our relationship.”

"Because you were being an idiot getting yourself toasted to buy me gifts," Yoongi said. "Listen to me, okay? I'm happiest when you're smiling and safe. You don't need to do anything else. You don't need to change any part of who you are or what you do for me. That's the idiot I fell in love with, after all."

Hoseok breath stuttered, his breath suddenly thick. “I… I do wish I could give you the world. I didn't realize how important you were to me. That I would do anything to keep you.”

Yoongi pulled back, looking up into Hoseok's watery eyes. "I'm only going to say this once because it's mushy as hell, so listen carefully." The corner of his lips curled as his fingers curled into Hoseok's shirt, pulling him down to rest their foreheads together and earning a small squeak from the surprised vampire. "You are the world. I don't need anything else."

There was a small pause, just staring into each other’s eyes. But then Hoseok swallowed, lips curling into a shaky smile. “Yeah?”

"Yeah." Yoongi pressed a chaste kiss to Hoseok's mouth. "No games, no tests, no tricks. I promise on all my recording equipment."

“Wow.” Hoseok grinned at that. That proper grin that loosened the tight grip around Yoongi’s heart and let him breathe again. “High stakes, hyung.”

"If that doesn't show you I'm serious, I don't know what will." Yoongi kissed him again. Hoseok hummed into the kiss, eyes still a little wet as he pressed forward a little.

“Okay… okay… I believe you…”
"Good." Yoongi's shoulders slumped in relief. He broke the kiss, but hugged Hoseok tightly instead. "Let's finish up here, then go home and cuddle. Your home, mine's still buried in boxes."

“Still have an hour or so to go before closing.” Hoseok reminded. “Sure you don't wanna take that nap? And I'm offering because… really, no offence Yoongi, but you look like you're about keel over.”

"Are you saying I look like crap?" Yoongi smirked at him. "I'll last until we get back. I got used to sleeping with a fucking koala attached to me."

“You always look like crap, hyung.” Hoseok smirked back. “But I still love you, so it's fine.”

"...Brat," Yoongi pinched Hoseok's side.

Hoseok yelped, scooting away. “You're so mean to me, hyung.”

"I know, I'm the worst," Yoongi rolled his eyes, yanking Hoseok back into a kiss before letting him go just as a customer came in. He went back to the register, preparing his best friendly smile.

Hoseok couldn't help but hide a small smile. And for the first time in a long while, he couldn't help but feel a small tinge of hope.

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Taehyung hadn't been home long when there was a knock on the door.

It was unfortunate, because Jungkook had spent the whole half an hour since Taehyung had stepped back into their apartment trying to gather up the courage to confront Taehyung. He'd been so occupied, he was totally confused as to why Violet Evergarden was suddenly stretching and pulling her cheeks on the screen when the interruption had occurred.
But Taehyung was a little more alert. And after a moment, he unfolded his long limbs to stand. From his furrowed brow as he walked towards the door, sniffing the air, Jungkook guessed that whoever was outside was making a visit uninvited. But then, Taehyung's nose twitched and he said, “it's Jin-hyung.”

“Oh…” That wasn't unusual, but with how things were going nowadays, Seokjin could be both the bearer of good or bad news. “Do you want me to get the door instead? Or something?”

Wow, that made no sense at all. Jungkook had just wanted to say something funny to lighten the mood.

And it didn't seem to work exactly. Taehyung did chuckle, saying, “I'm already here,” as he moved to open the door. But his eyes were sharp as he unlocked it and pulled it open. “Hey, Seokjin. Long time no see.”

Seokjin didn't burst in dramatically as he normally did, his eyes glancing over to where Jungkook was tottering awkwardly over to the door. And then, he simply said. “I found it.”

Well, that wasn't disconcerting and confusing at all. What had Seokjin found? Meaning in life? Proof of the existence of magic? Taehyung's secret hoard of gummy bears?

Taehyung blinked, eyes widening. “…You found proof?” He asked, stepping aside to let Seokjin in.

“Well… you found proof that Dae-hyung isn't the traitor?”

Probable proof.” Seokjin sighed, running a hand through his hair. “But it's damn good probable proof. Enough to get Dae out of jail at least.”

Oh.

“Wait… you found proof that Dae-hyung isn't the traitor?”

“Probable proof.” Seokjin iterated, glancing at Jungkook at his question. “Close the door first.”

Taehyung closed the door behind him. ”Sit, sit,” he steered Seokjin to the couch, pausing Netflix and dropping down beside the other vampire with wide eyes. ”What did you find?”
“This.” Seokjin pulled out a folded paper from his pocket. “It’s a printout of a post on a private forum just for vampires on the deep web. Lotte posts there sometimes whenever they open the theme park late so they can attract a few more vampiric customers.”

Taehyung took the paper from Seokjin, scanning over it. "I didn't know about this…” The post had been made shortly after he'd asked Jongdae to secure a couple extra hours at the theme park. "So… the person responsible could have found this," he looked up at Seokjin. "But they would have still had to be close enough to us to know about Jimin being there. Jimin himself didn't even know.”

“Yeah. That’s why I said probable proof.” Seokjin agreed, “but it opens up the pool, because now, not only Jongdae would have known about the theme park being open. We just have to figure out who was the one who really poisoned Jungkook with vampire blood.”

Wait. What?

Jungkook paused, staring at Seokjin. “I—what?”

Seokjin, however, was staring at Taehyung, who was chewing on his lip, ears red, and refusing to meet Seokjin's eyes. "…About that…”

Seokjin glanced over at Jungkook and then back at Taehyung. “Tae… you seriously kept this from him?”

Taehyung's shoulders lifted up around his ears. "It's not an easy thing to admit to," he mumbled.

Jungkook blinked, “wait. I… so when I was sick like… a couple weeks ago… it was because someone poisoned me with vampire blood?”

There was a small pause, and it was obvious Taehyung was hoping Seokjin would take over explaining. When that didn't happen, the vampire nodded miserably. "Someone was sneaking it into you… you were starting to turn. If a vampire drank from you then, you would have turned.”

What.
What.

Seokjin looked over at Jungkook, and then said, “I think maybe we should get Jungkook to sit.”

That actually sounded like a good idea. All the blood in his body has sort of drained up to his brain where it was suddenly trying to process that he'd been so close of being turned — a lifelong dream of his, but done in a way where he had no say over it at all.

He had no idea how to feel about that.

Actually, that was a lie. He knew how it felt. It felt horrible.

Taehyung had immediately shot up to his feet, steering Jungkook to take his place on the couch. Jungkook wordlessly let himself be led, sitting down heavily. He stared up owlishly at Taehyung. “…I nearly got turned into a vampire… because I was drinking vampire blood?” he confirmed.

The vampire nodded, unable to meet Jungkook's eyes. “…That's the gist of it, yeah.”

Deep breath. No need to panic. It didn't happen. No panicking. Panicking would make Taehyung feel bad.

Jungkook paused, looking up at Seokjin. “That’s a thing?”

Seokjin nodded. “Not recommended though. It was a series of experiments that was done to see if a stronger vampire could be created, but it was one of the slowest and most painful ways for a human to turn. Luckily, we figured it out in time. If it had been another week or so, there would have been no way to save you but turn you.”

Taehyung wrung his hands together. "So the traitor is someone able to get close enough to do that… and who knows enough about our group to know the Lotte World business was for Jimin and Namjoon. And… and to frame Dae." He looked up at Seokjin, eyes wide. “Those bags of vampire blood, if they weren’t his, someone planted them there. There was a very strong smell of air freshener in his apartment, I couldn’t smell anything past it.”
“It must have been someone who knew exactly how good your sense of smell is.” Seokjin said. “Although, I suppose your reputation might precede you. But still. Most people who've not seen it in action would still underestimate you.”

Jungkook frowned. “I don't remember ingesting anything that tasted of vampire blood though. Or… just blood for that matter. Would I need to drink a lot to turn?”

Seokjin nodded, “yeah a good amount over. You wouldn't need a lot, if it was over a long period of time. But trace amounts wouldn't be enough.”

"It could have been snuck into your regular meals… a couple times a week." Taehyung started to pace, unable to stand still. "This is an older vampire, definitely, so knowing about my nose doesn't narrow our options down anyways." It was in his nickname; Bloodhound. "I thought Jongdae was the only one you were around often enough to pull off sneaking you blood like that."

Jungkook frowned, “yeah. I guess. And Hoseok? And Yoongi-hyung. Had a lot of practice with them too… but not as much as with Dae-hyung.”

Taehyung nodded. What Jungkook had said was pretty much what they knew. And he sighed, , staring blankly into space. "…I don't want Dae to be locked up any longer than he has to be."

Seokjin frowned, “but would it be wise to let him out? As much as I hate it, it'd be better to keep him in there. Let the real culprit think he's still scot-free.”

"I don't know," Taehyung said. "Strategically it might be better, but I… I don't like him in there. I don't want him in there. I don't want to use a strategy that hurts one of mine." Yunho was the strategist of the Elders; Taehyung just wanted to keep his people safe.

Seokjin let out a soft sigh. “Maybe… Why don't we ask Jongdae about it? Let him choose.”

Taehyung's pacing paused. His hands clenched and unclenched before he reluctantly nodded. "…I don't know if he'll see me after I had him locked up."

“He probably knows how torn up you were. And well,” Seokjin glanced at Jungkook. “He also
knows you're never the most rational when it comes to Jungkook. He'll forgive you. But if you want, I can go see him first.”

The other vampire nodded, not looking at them. "…I'd appreciate that."

After a moment, Jungkook reached out, gently squeezing Taehyung's hand. “If I know Dae-hyung, he's already forgiven you. Sure he might hold it over you as emotional blackmail for the next few centuries, but he won't be mad.”

There was a short hesitation, but Taehyung squeezed Jungkook's hand in return. "…Yeah. Thanks for letting me know, Jin hyung."

Seokjin shrugged. “You'd have a better chance digging from here than me. Although, I'll still try my best. Anyway, I'll go to the Gong Clan house to speak with Jongdae now. No point waiting. Can you call them and tell them to expect me?”

"Yeah, I will.” Taehyung's hand slid out of Jungkook's as he grabbed his phone from the side table, pulling up the clan head's number. "I'm lucky the Gong Clan likes me so much. See, nearly roasting alive was good for something after all."

Seokjin rolled his eyes. “Yeah. Also great for stinking up my house. I'll see you if I get more information. Stay safe, Jungkook. Don't let this idiot drag you around into his crazy plans, okay?”

The sudden turn in conversation threw Jungkook off a little. “Er… okay? He doesn't… but, okay.”

"…I don't," Taehyung mumbled a little petulantly, following Seokjin to the door. "Let me know his answer, alright?"

“Yeah. Of course.” Seokjin turned around suddenly flicking Taehyung on the nose. “Right. The instruction should be to not let him do anything stupid.”

Taehyung yelped, covering his nose and staring at Seokjin like a scolded puppy. “Hyung!"

“Yes, sir.” Jungkook couldn't help but join in the teasing — it was rare that he could after all.
Taehyung’s pout grew. “…You're all mean to me,” he huffed, marching off to sit down on the floor in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows and… stare out moodily across the city or something.

Oh shit. Taehyung was sulking. Fuck.

Seokjin rolled his eyes, and Jungkook wished he could throw something at the vampire. Ungh. This was all his fault, but he was completely unbothered. “Right. See you guys. I'll update you after I talk to Jongdae.” And with that, Seokjin was gone.

The other vampire didn't turn around as Seokjin left, arms folded across his chest and sulking like a child. And Jungkook chewed on his lip, staring. How was he going to do this?

“Tae?” Jungkook asked hesitantly after a moment, moving cautiously behind Taehyung. “Tae…? Are you okay?”

Taehyung tilted his head to look up at Jungkook with the biggest, saddest puppy eyes he could muster. "My nose hurts."

As if Jungkook wouldn't do something Taehyung asked even without the puppy eyes. He sat down beside Taehyung, “do you want me to kiss it better?”

Lower lip jutted out in a pout, Taehyung nodded.

Jungkook shook his head in amusement as he reached out, pulling Taehyung closer in a hug, before pressing soft, fluttery kisses to Taehyung’s nose.

The vampire gave a pleased hum in response, eyes closing. After a few kisses he shifted closer, burrowing into Jungkook’s hug and hiding his nose against the human's shoulder.

Jungkook made a surprised sort of noise before pressing a kiss to the top of Taehyung’s head. “Tae..?”
"M'sorry," Taehyung mumbled into Jungkook's shirt. "For not telling you about the vampire blood. Are you mad at me?"

Jungkook blinked at that before he chuckled a little, tightening his hold on Taehyung. "No. I was just surprised. Didn't expect it to be vampire blood of all things."

"Neither did anyone else," Taehyung sighed, melting into the hold. "You smelled like a fledgling and it was super weird."

Jungkook blinked, before he frowned. "Do you… not like the idea of me becoming a vampire?"

"I didn't know what was happening to you," Taehyung shook his head. "It scared me."

Jungkook frowned, one hand smoothing down Taehyung's back. "Sorry."

"Why are you sorry? It's not your fault," Taehyung said. His fingers curled tighter against the material of Jungkook's shirt. "I don't know who did that to you, but I swear I'll make them pay."

Huh.

Jungkook was quiet for the longest moment before he sighed, nuzzling Taehyung’s face. "Sometimes I wish I were a vampire too. Then I wouldn't be so vulnerable… And you wouldn't need to worry so much about me."

Taehyung tilted his head so he could peer up at Jungkook's face past bangs that needed a trim. "I'll always worry about you," he said matter of factly. "I love you."

“Mmm… but I feel I'm always being targeted and making you more worried than usual.” Jungkook reach up, brushing away the long bangs. “And because I'm human, it inevitably works.”

"It's not always fun, being a vampire," Taehyung said. "It might seem like it, but it's really not. You gain some things, but you lose others, and... I don't want you to have to worry about that, Kook."
Jungkook huffed, breath rustling Taehyung's hair. “I mean, I know. But I don't really care. Just wanna be with you forever.”

Taehyung blinked, eyes half-lidded and the side of his head snug against Jungkook's shoulder. "Forever's a long time, bunny. What happens if you get sick of me?"

Jungkook couldn't imagine that happening. “What about you, Tae. Would you get sick of me?”

"Never." Taehyung's arms tightened around Jungkook's waist. "I've had a thousand years to figure myself out, I know I'd never get sick of you."

Jungkook’s lips curled into a happy smile. “Well, I haven't had a thousand years. But I figured out I wanted to be with you forever the first time I ever met you.”

Taehyung's eyes softened. He pressed a soft kiss to Jungkook's cheek. "We'll talk about this again," he murmured. "When everything's settled down."

Jungkook flushed a little, huffing, but decided not to pursue it any further. “Fine…”

Nuzzling into him, Taehyung looked down at his phone when it buzzed. The Gong Clan head had received and confirmed his message. Now it was back to waiting. "...Wanna finish that episode?"

“Sure.” it was like Jungkook could really broach the subject he wanted to while Taehyung was still worried about Jongdae anyway. “Ready to cry your eyes out, hyung?”

"I'll get the tissues," Taehyung chuckled. He leaned in, pressing a soft, chaste kiss to Jungkook's mouth before climbing to his feet and heading off to grab them.

Jungkook sighed quietly once Taehyung went. Looks like it would be some time before he could corner Taehyung on what was bothering him.

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Seokjin waited as the guard opened up the door, trying not to tap his foot against the ground impatiently. His voice was schooled into an impassive expression, even as he was finally let in, a string of instructions rattled at him. And he only nodded, staring at the guard and ignoring the single occupant of the barren room — sitting on the only chair in the middle of the room, arms and legs held down by heavy, silver chains.

This was one of the Gong Clan’s better prison cells, but even so, it was far from comfortable. Jongdae watched as the guard finally closed the door after Seokjin, shutting out the light from the hallway and leaving only the dim lightbulb in the middle of the ceiling. The sound of the heavy metal door shutting echoed through the space, as did the clunk of the lock.

Jongdae wet his lips before finally speaking. "This is a surprise."

"Is it?" Seokjin raised an eyebrow before he moved closer to Jongdae, “do you remember what I said before I left the last time?"

"That you’d only be back if you found proof it wasn't me." Jongdae looked tired from a week in chains. The Gong Clan had given him blood, sure, but not enough to do more than sustain him. The silver chains were mostly wrapped around the material of his clothes as a courtesy, but there were burn marks visible along his arms, hands and neck where they’d slipped onto bare skin. "I half-expected you not to come back, honestly."

“Yah, how could you say that? Were you doubting me?” Seokjin frowned, reaching under his coat and pulling out a blood pack. “I have half a mind not to give this to you.”

"It was less doubting you, and more acknowledging the craftiness of our enemy." Jongdae gave him a tired smile, sassy as always, though not to his usual standard. And it was obvious from the quick glance at the blood pack that as much as he tried to downplay it with small quips, he was very thirsty.

Seokjin snorted, “not your best save, but I'll accept it.” And he ripped open the blood pack, walking nearer to slip the open end between Jongdae’s lips. Jongdae drank the offered blood gratefully rather than retort. He drained the bag almost as quick as a fledgling, only pulling back when there wasn’t a drop left inside.

"Sorry, I'm not at my usual level tonight," he sighed. "This is bringing back bad memories." He
looked up into Seokjin's eyes. "Thank you."

Seokjin put the finished blood pack away, before he reached out, gently running his fingers through Jongdae's hair. "Bad memories, huh?"

"You remember the last time I ended up in a hunter's dungeon," Jongdae's eyes closed, leaning a little into Seokjin's hand. "Exact same clan too. Except the person who got me out alive last time was the one to lock me up now."

“You know that Taehyung didn't want to,” Seokjin said quietly. “He wanted to get you out immediately the moment he heard that I had proof.”

The corner of Jongdae's lips quirked ruefully. "The fierce Bloodhound has turned into a soft puppy. It's all Jungkook's fault." His eyes opened again after a moment, looking up at Seokjin past the other vampire’s hand obscuring one eye. "What did you find?"

“A post a deep web forum for vampires. Lotte posted an announcement about it extending Lotte World opening hours the day before Namjoon and Jimin went on their date.” Seokjin explained. “It's not definite proof, but it's more than enough to make it probable that it isn't you.”

"More probable, but I'm still the most likely candidate, looking at it logically," Jongdae murmured. "If I'm released on such little evidence… Taehyung will end up in a fight with the Fox the second he finds out. The Fox is in charge of investigations on the traitor. He was by earlier this week, and was pissed off the Gong Clan head refused to use better interrogation tactics on me without Taehyung's agreement."

Seokjin nodded, "logically, we shouldn't let you out. Even if neither of us believe you're the one, it’s be a good idea to keep you here, if only to hopefully get the real traitor to relax a bit, maybe see if he'll make a mistake.”

Jongdae sighed wearily. "…Yeah. I like being wrapped up in silver chains as much as the next vampire, but… if it gives us an edge, I can put up with it for a while longer."

“Well, that's the logical thing.” Seokjin titled his head, a wry smile on his face. “But Taehyung isn't exactly the most logical when it comes to those he loves. So… he wants to know if you want out. If you do, we'll get you out immediately.”
"You can tell him I'll be fine here," Jongdae smiled. "Minji stops by to talk when she's bored. But if he can stop being chicken shit and visit every once in a while, I'd appreciate it."

Seokjin chuckled, "well. You know there's nothing he fears worse than losing the ones he loves — through death, or through them hating him."

"I'm hurt he doubted me, but it would take far worse than that to scare me away." Jongdae paused. "I appreciate your company too."

Seokjin chuckled, "you should. I'm so busy these days. I thought I was careful to keep slacking, but the responsibilities are starting to creep up on me."

"If you wanted to slack, you wouldn't have become the backbone of the blood supply chain, Jongdae said with a wry smirk.

“No one else was doing it.” Seokjin sighed.

"That's the driving force behind most responsibility. And a lot of vampires appreciate what you do. It lets them live peacefully."

Seokjin sighed again. “I really should train someone else to take my place, go galvating again. I promised myself I'd stop getting involved in politics after the first time.”

"If that's what'll make you happy," Jongdae said. "You were never the sort to enjoy being tied down to anything."

Seokjin was quiet for a moment before shaking his head. “Ah. It doesn't matter. Not right now. I won't leave now, not like this.”

"...I suppose it is a moot point." Jongdae's eyes crinkled a little. He watched Seokjin's expression. "Is everyone else okay? Namjoon, Jimin?"

“Jimin seems to be having trouble figuring out control.” Seokjin wrinkles his nose. “But they're figuring it out. Unfortunately, them figuring it out means a lot of sex.”
That earned a soft laugh, Jongdae's lips curling into a grin. "Namjoon and a lot of sex, now that's something I never thought I'd hear. Maybe his sire is finally rubbing off on him?"

Seokjin kicked Jongdae’s side before hissing a little when a silver chain touched his bare ankle. “Ow.”

Jongdae winced as well, the chains rattling at the kick. "It's a valid sentiment! And if Jimin's having trouble with his control, pass him to our team for a bit. Literally all we do these days is help fledglings with no control. Or get Taehyung to help him, he's always said he had zero control before Bogum."

"Yeah. Except both your team and Taehyung are really busy right now." Seokjin chuckled. “Also I think he and Jungkook have finally gotten their shit together and are dating. Sorta.”

"Oh?" Jongdae's tired face lit up at that. " Fucking finally , I didn't know if I could take another five years of that."

“Neither did I.” Seokjin plopped down beside Jongdae. “If it wasn't responsibility, the other reason I might have packed up and left would have been them.”

"I wouldn't have left, I would have just… griped. Forever." Jongdae shook his head. "But when Jungkook started telling me Taehyung was flirting with him a few weeks ago, I hoped that meant one of them was going to suck up the courage to do something about it soon. And now I'm too tied up to tell either of them 'I told you so'."

“Well, you can do it after you get released.” Seokjin chuckled, “and then start griping about something else, because knowing them, they'll probably find something else to be dramatic over.”

"I don't doubt that. Both of them have issues on top of issues." Jongdae's eyes closed. "But I'm glad for them. Jungkook has been good for Tae, and the other way around."

“Mmm…” Seokjin agreed, tipping his head back. “Ngh. Wonder if they’ve had sex yet.”

"...As happy for their newfound love lives as I am, Jungkook is like a little brother to me, and I'd
rather not think of them in bed together," Jongdae shuddered.

Seokjin grinned, “it's sort of a morbid fascination, isn't it?”

"I am far too involved as it is," Jongdae huffed. "Whatever they get up to, I don't want to know about it."

Seokjin laughed at Jongdae's expression before reaching out an carefully patting a part of Jongdae's leg that wasn't wrapped up in chains. “Well, with how you're Tae’s right hand man, I don't doubt you'll accidentally chance on them again.”

"With Taehyung's level of shamelessness? Definitely." Jongdae wrinkled his nose.

There was a banging on the door. "Time's up," the guard called from out in the hallway.

Seokjin rolled his eyes. “Give me another damn minute.” And then he turned to look at Jongdae. “Guards these days.”

Jongdae's expression had fallen, but he recovered quickly. He nodded with a small smile. "So impatient. Thanks, for stopping in."

“Mmm…” Seokjin paused before leaning in and pressing a kiss to Jongdae’s lips. “Hang in there Dae. You still owe me about three sexual favours.”

The younger vampire returned the kiss, leaning forward against the chains and ignoring the faint hiss of burning skin. "I think I'll owe you a few more than that by the time I get out of here," he murmured, pulling back.

“Good, I'm cashing in on those then.” Seokjin’s lips curled, one hand gently cupping Jongdae's cheek before it fell as there was another banging on the door again. “Looks like I've got to go.”

"Stay safe," Jongdae said, looking up at Seokjin as the other vampire pulled back.
“You too.” Seokjin shoved his hands into his pockets. “We'll get you out here in no time.”

"Yeah." Jongdae watched him go, the heavy metal door swinging open again to let him pass. Then it shut, leaving Jongdae alone in the cell once more.

Chapter End Notes

Weeee another chapter! and we feel a little bad for Dae in all this.

How's everyone doing? Looking forward to the holidays?

Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter! And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!
"...This place looks abandoned," Taehyung peered past the fence, chewing on his lip out of nervous habit. "Not smelling anything but human."

“Unwashed human.” Junsu added on, looking a lot of relaxed than Taehyung was. “Probably lots of homeless people here. But in that sense, it would be easy to make a lot of fledglings here.”

"Fair enough."

Taehyung's fingers curled into the fence links, and he easily climbed over. Regardless of what he smelled, if there was a chance of fledglings in the area, they had to check it out.

Usually Jongdae or Jimin would be here with him now. But Jongdae was still in the Gong Clan's dungeon, and Jimin didn't have enough control to even walk down the street without pouncing on the first unfortunately human to cross his path. Thankfully, Yunho lent him his Head Enforcer often these days. It was almost like old times, actually. They'd both served as Yunho's enforcers together after all, though Taehyung had been the Head then. Taehyung knew Junsu could keep up with him, his quick mind an asset when things got heated.

Junsu was quiet as he followed Taehyung over the fence. But once they'd both ascertained that the area was clear, he began to chit chat easily. “Man, this is just like the old times. You, me, and a creepy ass place. Funny to think we've both risen in rank and still do the same thing.”

"That's what we're good at, after all," Taehyung shrugged, hands in his pockets as they walked the perimeter of the abandoned warehouse. He kept his nose to the air, analyzing the scents to reach him. "And we're not like Fox skirting tasks cause it's beneath us."

Junsu chuckled, “Fox has always been a lazy ass. Just that now he can actually get away with it.” Junsu paused for a moment. “Smell anything, Bloodhound?”

"...Nothing out of the ordinary," Taehyung murmured, breathing in deeply. A wide range of smells reached his sensitive nose, and it took him a couple beats to sort through them all, tossing aside what was irrelevant to the task at hand: searching for vampire fledglings. " Mostly trash and piss, this place smells horrible. But there was a truck by recently, or a vehicle at any rate. Fresh diesel in the air."
“Why would a truck wanna come by this godforsaken place?” Junsu frowned, staring around at the ground. “Huh. Grass is broken — over there. There’s an indent drawn through. You’re right. I think there was a truck.”

Taehyung crouched lower to the ground, examining the spot Junsu had noticed. The other vampire was right; there was the clear imprint of tires, and the sweeter scent of crushed grass.”…Still not smelling vampires. But we should check inside the warehouse just in case.”

“Mmm…” Junsu nodded, straightening. “Come on then.”

The warehouse was dark and seemingly quiet even as the both of them approached. But as Junsu pressed his ear against the wall, he frowned. “There’s people in there. Somewhere. But it’s super muffled. I think some kind of underground or hidden room.”

Nodding, Taehyung’s eyes darted around the area before he moved to the side door. "Well? Let's see where the party's at."

“Go forth then, Bloodhound.” Junsu grinned as he moved over, staring at the padlock before picking up a rock and smashing it down, breaking both the lock and the rock. “Sniff ‘em out.” Taehyung pretended to kick Junsu in the ass as the other vampire opened the door.

But when they slipped inside the dark, empty warehouse, that was exactly what he did. Taking slow, deep breaths, he walked around the edge of the room, easily avoiding the broken glass and fallen debris on the floor.

This place had obviously seen better days, and it was a miracle the whole place hadn't been bulldozed over for new developments yet. But it was all unassuming, what you would expect out of an abandoned building. The shelves were bare of any stock, not so much as the faint hum of energy in the building. It was all one big empty space that he could see, with two single doors nearby for office space.

Suddenly Taehyung paused midstep. Attention going to his left, his nose twitched with the new scent creeping up and he slowly made his way to the far wall. Junsu followed after, seemingly unconcerned. But his eyes were darting about, watching Taehyung’s back as he did his thing.

There was no smell of vampire whatsoever. It seemed like this place was another bust, and while that
should have been a relief (they were running out of places to put new fledglings), it just felt wrong. The less nests they found, the less idea they had of what the renegades were up to. And there was an odd, metallic tingle in the air… not blood, but something else. It was familiar, but he couldn’t quite place it. Whatever it was, it was aggravating his nose and annoying him. And it was coming from the far wall.

When they stopped by the aforementioned wall, Junsu put his hand onto it with a frown. “Seems like people behind… but this a blank wall.”

Taehyung paced up and down the wall's length, searching for the source of the scent he was following. His fingers found and ran along a faint seam in the metal. "Door," he murmured.

Another deep inhale, and… oh.

So that’s what the smell was.

Junsu hummed. “Want to do this the quiet or the dramatic way?”

That earned Junsu a wry look. "Depends, do you want to be riddled with bullets? There's only humans in there, but I doubt they're unarmed."

“You mean you can't dodge a rain of bullets?” Junsu grinned, but he was joking. At least, Taehyung thought he was joking. Junsu’s sense of humour could be a little warped at times. “I was thinking of smashing the door in and using it as some kind of shield.”

"You're that bored working with Yunho, huh."

“You know how administrative heavy he is.” Junsu snorted, as he took a step back, cracking his shoulders, “and none of the other newer hires work as well with me as you do.”

"Cause your crazy matches my crazy," Taehyung replied, settled into a crouch as he waited. “Have fun, don't die.”

“Uhuh.” Junsu turned to grin at Taehyung. “To old times.”
And then Junsu rushed forward, shoulder crashing into the door. There was a small pause, almost like the door was refusing to buck, but then metal grated and the door gave in an all too dramatic fashion. Taehyung winced, listening to the echoing crash and the shouts of alarm from inside. Half a second later, gunfire went off. Well, there went the unlikely possibility it was just a bunch of teenagers out on a dare or something.

He’d doubted it, considering the amount of cocaine he’d smelled past the door. But it was good to know they weren't scaring the shit out of a bunch of kids.

Half a second later he was up, following behind Junsu and his makeshift shield down the short staircase and into the room beyond.

Junsu was still holding up the metal door, fending off any bullets. But he looked up when Taehyung joined him and grinned. “So are my eyes deceiving me or did we just stumble onto a drug operation?”

"Don't we have enough work without doing the police's job too?" Taehyung inquired, rather rhetorically; he hadn't tried to stop any of this, after all. He settled a couple steps up, crouching low so no limbs were exposed.

“Well, currying favour with the authorities is a thing I guess.”

"Of course you'd say that. Adrenaline junkie.” But Taehyung was grinning in return. “On three?"

“Sure, on three. One… Three!”

And with that, Junsu hurled the door forward, knocking out at least two of the humans shooting at them.

The moment Taehyung saw movement he pounced, darting across the room to grab one of the humans by their gun arm. The bullet buried itself harmlessly in the floor before Taehyung span the man around, using him to bowl over another person gawking to the side. While he was busy dealing with those two, Junsu had darted in the opposite direction to take out a couple goons who’d been gawking in surprise at the thrown door. Taehyung almost felt bad for them.
Between the two of them, it took no effort at all to knock out the ensemble of eight or so humans. Taehyung looked down at the last one sprawled out in front of his feet, dusting off his hands before looking for Junsu. "You good over there?"

Junsu stretched out before sighing. "I was hoping they'd pose more of a challenge. But well, more fun than stumbling over a fledgling nest amirite?"

"I suppose." Taehyung looked at the parcels of cocaine stacked along the walls, wrinkling his nose at the smell. "Let's pass this on to the proper authorities." He pulled out his phone.

"Mnnnn… drugs. Why humanity would want to dull their already dull senses, I will never know." Junsu walked along the walls, sniffing at the powder before sneezing. "Ugh."

"If you manage to get yourself high from being careless, I want to be there to see Yunho hyung scold you," Taehyung grinned, free hand over his own nose. He held his phone to his ear.

"Shuddup."

By the time Taehyung was done tipping the police off, Junsu was talking again. "Speaking of humanity, how's Jungkookie? Haven't seen him since Dae got arrested. And he didn't look too good?"

"Let's tie up these idiots and get out of here." Taehyung snapped off a piece of cord holding a stack of cocaine together and crouched down, pulling three of the humans closer to tie their wrists together. "He's doing better now. He's still not going anywhere without me or one of mine tagging along, cause... well. He's still a very likely target."

"Sucks." Junsu wrinkled his nose. "This probably would be easier if he were a vampire too."

"Not you too." Taehyung wrinkled his nose right back at the other vampire. "Now's a horrible time to be talking about turning anyone. There's still the fledgling ban for a reason."

"Yah. I'm just stating the truth." Junsu shrugged, "and I mean, Jungkook would totally make an excellent vampire, don't you think? He's already do strong for a human."
Taehyung realized he’d made the bindings far too tight, and had to loosen them before the humans lost their hands. “I don't wanna talk about it, Su.”

“Yeesh, touchy.” Junsu rolled his eyes as he finished up with his own batch of humans. “Just think about it. And I bet Jungkook is totally on for it.”

That earned silence from the other vampire, Taehyung clearly not happy with this topic of conversation. When all the humans were tied up, he stood up and dusted the dirt off his jeans. “Let's go, before the police show up.”

Junsu sighed, following suite. “Fine, fine. Let's go. I feel my phone vibrating in my pocket anyway. Bet Yunho needs me to order the rest around again.”

Taehyung paused at the staircase, looking back at the unconscious humans. At least this hadn't been an entire waste of time, even if it didn't help their problem any. "More like he's checking to make sure we didn't blow anything up.”

“Us? Blow something up?” Junsu gasped. “We only did it like seventeen times.”

"Eighteen," Taehyung corrected. Junsu hadn't counted that time in Brussels. It'd been only a small explosion after all.

As they made their way back out of the hidden room, the entrance now wide open with it's door missing, he glanced down at his phone to see a message from Namjoon pop up. "Can you drop me at Seokjin and Namjoon's place on your way to placate your boss?"

“Seokjinnie’s place?” Junsu asked curiously. “Why?”

"Namjoon had to go to work, so Jiminie's by himself," Taehyung said. "He's still figuring out control, so until he's got a better handle on it someone should be with him."

“Ah right.” Junsu tilted his head. “He's been turned for like… a couple of weeks hasn't he?”

"Yeah. Strong hunter instincts translated to strong vampire instincts, so he hasn't really left their
apartment since." Taehyung fell silent as he peeked out the warehouse door, listening. Deeming the coast clear, he made a beeline for the fence and climbed over it, dropping down to the other side.

"Huh. That's… interesting." Junsu followed after Taehyung, chewing thoughtfully on his lip. "So you're saying his control is shit."

"Yeah, but he's trying. He's practicing every day, and it's not like he's the first vampire to have horrible control," Taehyung said.

"Mm… you would know best, wouldn't you." Junsu grinned — even though he hadn't known Taehyung during his wildest days, Taehyung's reputation had preceded him.

"Me?" Taehyung's eyes widened in fake innocence as he clutched at his chest dramatically. "When have I ever not been a complete angel?"

"You were still killing people who you didn't like at the drop of a hat when I met you, Tae. Don't pretend." Junsu smirked, "come on. Race you to my car."

Taehyung's lips curled, muscles tensing. "On three?"

"No. Just go." Junsu grinned before immediately racing off.

"Yah!"

****

"So you're the unlucky victim stuck on fledgling-sitting duty this time, huh?"

"Don't look so happy to see me now," Taehyung teased, stepping in. When the door was closed behind them, he pulled Jimin into a snuggly hug. "How's Jiminie doing?"
Jimin did relax a little at the hug, but he still let out a sigh. “Going slightly stir crazy. I'm not used to staying in the same place for so long without any objective.”

"You do have an objective," Taehyung said. "Learning not to turn any human who walks by into lunch." He wrapped his arms tighter around Jimin's waist and picked him up with an 'oof', carrying him over to the couch. "Alley-oop!"

Jimin yelped, making a face as Taehyung hauled him up, and his eyes went bright red for a moment as he accidentally took in too deep a breath. “What the fuck, Tae. You smell like Jungkook.”

"This is his hoodie," Taehyung said, dropping down onto the couch with Jimin bundled up in his lap. "They're comfy and smell good."

“They smell like human.” Jimin sighed, eyebrows furrowed as he concentrated not to let his fangs pop out. “Very sweet human. Seriously, why does Jungkook smell so sweet? He's a fucking giant muscle pig.”

"Why can't he be both?" Taehyung watched Jimin's expression. "You're getting better. Last week you probably would have tried to eat the hoodie."

“I had like... two bags half an hour before you arrived.” Jimin grumbled. “Also, I dunno. He smells like a little girl’s dream cupcake meal.”

"I think your nose is a little broken," Taehyung's lips curled, tapping the end of Jimin's nose. "And two bags wouldn't have stopped you. How's the practice with Namjoon going?"

Jimin sighed, “he smells like that to me, but to you he probably smells like heaven. And the practice is the only reason I haven't gone to rampage on the streets. He gives me excellent motivation.”

"I'll bet. What's the trade-off, one blowjob per success?" Taehyung wiggled his eyebrows.

“Depends on our mood.” Jimin rolled his eyes at Taehyung. “Don't give me that shit. I bet you're way more kinky with Jungkook. Congrats on getting your head out of your ass by the way.”
Taehyung blinked, one fang pressing into his lower lip. "...Yeah. Wait, what do you mean by that? You knew he liked me?"

"Tae, *everyone* knew he liked you. You could see it from outer space. Only you would be so oblivious." Jimin snorted.

Rubbing the back of his neck, Taehyung looked away. "I always figured it was just... idol worship or something, y'know? Or best friends, not anything else."

Jimin rolled his eyes. "Yeah sure. Idol worship gives you inappropriate boners."

"I didn't know about those. How did this get about me and Kookie?"

"Because I've been meaning to rib you about it forever." Jimin chuckled, "so, what stage are the two of you at anyway?"

Surprisingly, Taehyung looked uncomfortable at Jimin's line of questioning. "...I'm not going to gossip about that. I'm trying to do better for him."

Jimin blinked at that before he frowned. "What the fuck does that mean?"

"I... I'm used to going from zero to 100 miles per hour, but Kookie, he's... never been involved with anyone before." Taehyung licked his lips nervously, staring off at nothing. "And I've never had a proper relationship or anything, and I just... I don't want to fuck things up."

Jimin paused, his mind going a hundred miles a minute before he declares, almost accusingly. "You've been giving Jungkook blue balls."

"What?" Taehyung blinked wide eyes at him. "No I haven't!"

"Yes, you have. You've been giving Jungkook blue balls since he had the ability to get hard"
probably. Only now it's worse because you're together, but still no sex.” Jimin made a face. “Poor Jungkook.”

Taehyung flushed unhappily before blurtling out, "we tried, okay!"

From how he immediately turned into a statue, he hadn’t meant for that to be out loud.

Jimin blinked. “You… tried?”

"...I gave him a blowjob and he blacked out," Taehyung mumbled against Jimin's shoulder.

Jimin’s forehead furrowed in confusion. “Are you like… bragging right now?”

"You suck." Taehyung dropped Jimin off his lap onto the couch, earning a yelp. "Keep hitting me while I'm down, why don't you."

“No. I really don't get it. That's usually a good thing. Like, the blow job was so good until he blacked out.”

"It was not a good thing, I was scared I hurt him!"

“From blowing him too well?”

Taehyung gave Jimin a blank look. "Not helping."

“You're the one who isn't helping me.” Jimin frowned back, kicking Taehyung's leg. “So he blacked out. Big deal. He's been wanting to fuck you since he was thirteen probably. I would be more surprised if he didn't black out."

That earned Jimin a kick back. "It reminded me that I'm moving too fast, just running with what I'm used to when he deserves better than that. And he's never been good at telling me when he's uncomfortable or doesn't like something. I'm trying not to take advantage, and do this properly. I don't know what 'properly' even means, but I'm trying, Jimin."
Jimin sighed before asking, “Did you ask Jungkook if you were going too fast?”

Taehyung’s silence was a pretty solid answer.

Jimin sighed so hard his soul almost came out of his mouth. “how did you get through the hundreds of years you’ve been alive?”

"...A lot of killing things," Taehyung mumbled. "And occasionally, people stopping me from killing things."

Jimin tipped his head back, contemplating the ceiling for a long, long moment.

Finally he said, “poor Jungkook.”

Taehyung smacked the back of Jimin's head before standing. "Your eyes are red, time for more blood." He headed off into the kitchen.

Jimin yelped, covering the back of his head before snorting. “Yah, don't change the subject. What else did you do to Jungkook that he blacked out? I refuse to believe it was just a blow job.”

"I'm changing the subject," Taehyung called back. "Deal with it."

“Noooo…” Jimin whined, jumping to his feet and running into the kitchen after Taehyung. “Did you drink from him?”

"I realize you're bored out of your mind in here, but I'm not going to answer any more questions about our sex lives so find something else to fixate on," Taehyung huffed, getting a blood pack out of the fridge. He snipped the bag open, holding it out to Jimin. "Show me your control."

“You so drank from him.” Jimin grinned as he took the bag. “I'm not even gonna get mad when I inevitably drink over the halfway mark on this.”
Taehyung folded his arms across his chest and gave Jimin his best impatient millennial impression, complete with raised eyebrow and tilted jaw. Jimin rolled his eyes, and lifted the bag to his mouth, beginning to drink.

He'd been jovial and joking about it before he'd started, but the level of blood in the bag slipped down past the halfway mark before long, and Jimin’s hands were shaking as he tried to pull the bag away from his mouth.

He only managed to do it at five eight of the bag drunk. “Fuck.”

Taehyung had watched Jimin's expression closely while the fledgling struggled. "That's good," he said, nodding when Jimin managed to wretch his mouth away. "You came pretty close to halfway."

Jimin sighed, his teeth still out. Now that he had a tiny bit of blood, he felt thirsty. “It's nowhere near. Also I have to tell myself I can drink the rest up before I can let go.”

"It might not be what you want yet, but it's something," Taehyung said. "I'd only be concerned if you were lunging at every human to walk past in the hallway. Your instincts are strong, but you can counter them, and that's nothing to shake a stick at."

Jimin rubbed at his face. “It's still… slow. I guess I'm just too used to being able to do everything.”

"You're used to your instincts helping you, not hindering you," Taehyung said. He motioned at the bag in Jimin's hand. "Finish that off. Not everyone gets control easily. Those of us who lived harder lives, who had to stay alive through any means necessary, sometimes it takes longer to learn how to deal with your body going apeshit at the smell of blood."

Jimin put the bag back to his mouth with a sigh. “And you would know from experience?” He asked before starting to drink. Taehyung hopped up onto the kitchen counter, swinging his legs idly.

"I would, actually. My control was just as shitty, for a long time, cause I had no one to help me."

Jimin blinked, staring at Taehyung. He almost thought he'd heard wrong. “You? But your control is amazing.” He said once he'd pulled the bloodbag away from his mouth.
The other vampire shrugged. "It wasn't always. And let me tell you, no control plus *this* nose?"
Taehyung tapped his nose. "Bloodhound wasn't always a nice nickname. But that's why I know you'll get control too. You're not the type to give up, and you've got a lot of people to lean on. It might take you longer than some other vampires, but perseverance will get you far."

Jimin paused before giving Taehyung a small smile. “Thanks… That… kinda means a lot coming from you.”

Taehyung returned the smile with a warm, boxy grin. "We're going to get you used to the smell of humans, slowly. It's kinda hard in here because everything smells like vampire. Your only practice is with the blood bags." He looked around. "I know, I'll bring by more clothes that smell of human."

“Smell of Jungkook you mean.” Jimin grumbled. “Who smells more like candy than human. No wonder you like candy so much. Or do you like Jungkook because you like candy?”

"That's like a chicken and egg question. But Jungkook doesn't smell like candy to me. His blood is sweet, but has a cinnamon undertone. And no, I can find clothes you'll like the smell of much better."

Jimin blinked at that. “Where would you get those?”

"I have my ways," Taehyung grinned. "I can get a couple donors to give me their old clothes if I hand them money for new ones. We'll start you off with that, like, uh... what's that psychology thing... exposure therapy."

“I'm totally going to wake up in the middle of the night gnawing on clothes, aren't I?” Jimin grumbled before he paused, eyes widening as he realized something. “Wait. You said Jungkook’s blood is sweet. You've fucking tasted it! I knew it! You drank from him!” Taehyung sputtered, caught.

"I was talking about the smell! The smell!"

“Lies!” Jimin declared, pointing an accusing finger at Taehyung. “You totally drank from him.”

Taehyung's nose wrinkled unhappily at his friend. "See if I visit you ever again."
“You totally need to visit me more. I think I'm the only one who says it to you as it is.” Jimin followed his arms. “Why is it so shameful to admit you drank from Jungkook? It's only been like his dream since forever.”

"I'm not ashamed of it," Taehyung folded his arms across his chest sulkily. "I'm just not giving you any more ammunition."

“Ammunition for what? Telling you you're being an idiot?” Jimin snorted. “I already have more than enough. A bit more just changes the tempo a bit.”

Taehyung huffed at Jimin, hopping down off the counter and stalking out into the living room with his nose in the air. "Mean!"

“No, just being truthful.” Jimin snorted, following Taehyung out.

Chapter End Notes

We're back!!! Did you miss us?

Thank you for all your patience <3 We took a break for the holidays, and an extra week longer than planned due to life being life. But we're back and going to resume our twice a week update schedule! We're over halfway through the story, and excited to share the rest with you all!

Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter! And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!
The nights seemed to meld together into a blur. From sunset until dawn, Taehyung's schedule was packed.

Patrolling the streets with his team and checking out any leads on fledgling nests or suspicious vampire activity with Junsu usually came first. From there, he either checked on Jongdae, met with Yunho, met with Jin, or checked up on Jimin if the fledgling was home alone. True to his word, he visited some of his human donors and grabbed a few sweaters and blankets that would hold their smell for a while, dropping it off for the fledgling to get used to. When the human smell wore off, he'd donate them and get new clothes.

The point was, he was so busy that most days he got home to find Jungkook already fast asleep. If he did manage to get home at a decent time, they cuddled on the couch and binge-watched TV (something more light-hearted than Violet Evergarden) until one of them started falling asleep. There was no time to really do anything else, and the lack of activity from the renegades had Taehyung on edge most of the time.

Closing the door behind him, Taehyung refrained from shouting out his presence just in case Jungkook was asleep. He could smell the human in the living room, but that didn't mean Jungkook hadn't dozed off on the couch.

But as it turned out, Jungkook was very much not asleep, if the gentle tapping of computer keys was any indication. It didn’t sound like the sort of furious pattern that would sound when Jungkook was playing games, so he must be working. Jungkook did this sometimes; where he prepared for school during the holidays and pretended that he wasn’t doing so. Taehyung had only broached the topic once, thinking it was silly to work so hard during the summer break. But Jungkook had argued that if he wanted to keep up his scores while being subjected to Taehyung’s unpredictable whims, then he needed to get his edge up. And because the air was getting weirdly tense and it was such a stupid thing to argue about, Taehyung stopped asking about it. Ever.

In any case, Jungkook must have heard him coming in, because not long after Taehyung had come in, his voice range from further inside the apartment. “In here, Tae!”

Taehyung perked up, following Jungkook's voice. "Hey," he smiled, eyes going down to the laptop. It was hard to tell at a glance what Jungkook was up to, but from the university website plastered across the screen, it was probably just as Taehyung had guessed. "What'cha doing?"
“Nothing. Just, admin shit for school.” Jungkook quickly closed his laptop. “How was your day?”

"Busy,” Taehyung said, coming up behind the couch. He rolled over the top, dropping down next to Jungkook. "I missed you."

Jungkook grinned, snuggling up next to Taehyung. “And I you. You've been so busy. And I've been stuck at home. Ah, is this how a housewife feels?”

"Mmm..." Taehyung burrowed his nose against Jungkook's shoulder happily. And he was about to joke about Jungkook being closer to his sugar baby, when his next inhale brought a sharp pang of something he hadn't expected:

Hunger.

Tensing, Taehyung took a moment to reign himself in. Right... he'd meant to feed before coming back, but one thing had led to another, and he'd forgotten. Again. That made it a couple days since his last proper meal. And of course, Jungkook smelled as delicious as always.

Jungkook blinked, feeling Taehyung tense. “Hyung? Is something wrong?”

Taehyung pulled back, rubbing his nose. "Er... I forgot to feed before coming home. Just remembered." More like had the smell of Jungkook's blood rammed up his nose.

There should still be some bags in the fridge. Seokjin had stopped by recently. Taehyung stood. "Do you want anything?"

Jungkook looked confused when Taehyung stood. “Where are you going, hyung?”

"To get a bag out of the fridge."

Jungkook’s frown was very pronounced, and it leaked into his voice even as he asked, “...Why?”
"What do you mean?" Taehyung asked, confused.

“I mean… you hate bagged blood. Why don't you just… Feed on me?” Jungkook finally asked hesitantly.

Taehyung just looked at him for a moment, fang pressing down on his lower lip. It wasn’t that he didn’t want to, but… "...I didn't want to assume you were okay with that. I mean... after what happened last time."

“What… happened the last time?” Jungkook blinked his large eyes up at Taehyung owlishly before his face fell. “Oh. That… I…”

And then, he seemed to shrink on the couch. “I've been meaning to… ask you about that, hyu— Tae.”

“Oh.” So Jungkook had been thinking about it. But he hadn't said anything, because that was just who Jungkook was. He wouldn't say anything he thought would upset Taehyung. "What do you mean?"

“I—” Jungkook shrunk even more. “Did I do something wrong?”

Well, that hadn’t been what Taehyung had expected to come out of Jungkook’s mouth.

"...No?” Why would Jungkook think that? “No, you didn't... what do you mean by that, Kook?”

“I… I mean… after that night. You seemed distant. You… didn't seem interested in doing… other things with me after that.” Jungkook swallowed, “did I do something wrong? That… You didn't want to… Do… stuff with me anymore…?”

"What? No, I..." Taehyung had to take a moment to gather his confused thoughts, and ignore the hunger pangs. "I..." Jungkook was staring up at him with hurt in his eyes, and yeah. Taehyung really hadn’t been expecting that at all.

This was stupid. So, so stupid. He should just stop being a coward and come clean.
Hadn’t he always told Jungkook to talk to him about whatever was bothering him? What kind of example was he setting right now?

Taehyung breathed in, looking away as he prepared himself. "I went too far that night, didn’t I? You weren’t expecting any of that, and I just bulldozed you over and did what I wanted. I don’t want you to think you have to do anything like that to make me happy. You already make me happy."

“Went too far?” Taehyung wasn’t looking, but the confusion in Jungkook’s voice was clear in his voice, so clear that Taehyung could imagine that little furrow in his brow. “I— huh? I mean, I was a little startled when you asked me to… Erm— do… That.”

‘That’ obviously being when Taehyung had made it clear he wanted Jungkook to fuck his mouth. Taehyung’s ears burned, trying not to think too hard about how blissed out Jungkook had looked. Focus.

“But— I didn’t mind. I liked er— you… making those… sounds… And you seemed to enjoy it. I just, wanna, make sure you enjoy things. I—"

Jungkook took in a deep breath, like preparing to plunge off a diving board. “Tae, I— I’ve been dreaming of being your boyfriend, and… doing thing with you forever. I’m just— scared. I have no prior knowledge of… sex. Other than, really bad porn. But— I just wanna… be good for you, you know?”

Taehyung’s eyes slowly softened, the tension leaving his shoulders. "It… doesn't matter to me if you've never had sex before. I just don't want to overwhelm you by moving faster than you're comfortable with."

Jungkook’s eyebrow knitted together. “Hyung, I was so angry with myself that I fainted. I wanted to do more.”

A pause, and then Jungkook slapped a hand over his mouth.

The vampire stared at him, slow red creeping into his cheeks. "...You did?"
Jungkook slowly nodded, hand still firmly clamped over his mouth.

The corner of Taehyung's lips quivered. After a moment he sighed, sitting back down and burrowing against Jungkook in a hug. "I thought for sure that was too much," he mumbled into Jungkook's shoulder. "I've never had a... a boyfriend before. Is it okay if I call you that? My boyfriend?"

There was a pause. Then Jungkook’s arms lowered, wrapping around Taehyung to hug him back. Warm and safe and secure. “Yeah… yeah.”

Taehyung relaxed against Jungkook's body, the sigh of relief audible. He hadn't fucked things up.

A small inhale reminded him of his current problem though. "...I really am thirsty," he mumbled, a little sheepishly.

Taehyung didn’t have to look up to know Jungkook was turning pink. “Then you're always welcome to drink from me. I was so happy when you finally did.”

"If that's okay with you..." Taehyung tilted his head, nose brushing against Jungkook's neck. "Is this comfortable?"

Jungkook’s voice hitched a little. “U-uh… yeah. Yeah.”

"Okay," Taehyung whispered against his skin, finding a good spot and starting to numb it with his lips and tongue.

Jungkook swallowed, eyes fluttering shut as his hand slid around Taehyung's waist. “Ungh…”

"Still okay?" Taehyung checked, breath ghosting over the damp spot on Jungkook's neck.

Jungkook shivered, before whining. “Yes, Tae. Stop being a tease.”

"...I'm not," Taehyung whined back, but resumed what he was doing.
When he was satisfied he'd numbed the spot enough, he opened his mouth wider, elongated fangs sinking down into Jungkook's skin. He could feel the sound Jungkook made vibrating in his throat, a slight tightening of the arms around him.

Then Jungkook’s thumb started to rub slow, encouraging circles against his back, free hand sneaking up into Taehyung’s hair. Taehyung hummed against Jungkook’s neck, enjoying the gentle touch as much as the fresh blood welling up on his tongue.

Pulling his fangs out, he started to drink slowly, the sweet and spicy taste easily quenching the parchness of his throat. His arms wrapped more securely around Jungkook, one hand gently cradling and supporting the side of Jungkook’s head so it was more comfortable for the human… letting himself enjoy being this close and intimate.

Jungkook didn’t seem as overwhelmed as the first time — practice made perfect? But Taehyung could hear the steady thumping of his heart, the soft groans that vibrated out of his throat. He could feel the way Jungkook’s arms pressed him in even closer, like he never wanted to let go.

As always, Taehyung kept careful track of how much he was taking, factoring in how long it had been since last time he’d fed from Jungkook and how long it took a human body to replenish the missing red blood cells. He went slowly and patiently, savouring the taste. When he'd taken enough to stave off his hunger, Taehyung stopped the bleeding with a few long licks.

But he lingered against Jungkook's neck for a little longer, eyes closed and nose brushing against the underside of his jaw.

Jungkook let out a small trill when Taehyung was done, following Taehyung’s movements a little like a kitten before he breathed out. “Mmm… you're done? Was that enough?”

"Yeah," Taehyung whispered. "That's enough for now. I don't want to take any more than that, or you'll start feeling dizzy." He lifted his head, lips brushing against Jungkook's softly. "Thank you, Kook."

“Mnh…” Jungkook mumbled in reply, giving Taehyung a few kisses in return. “I love feeding you.”

Red crept up Taehyung's cheeks. "...Charmer," he smiled against Jungkook's mouth, nuzzling their noses together.
“It’s the truth.” Jungkook mumbled, his own cheeks flushing red. “It's one of the things I've always dreamed of.”

"You'll have to tell me,” Taehyung said softly, breathing in his boyfriend's... boyfriend's ... wonderful scent. "Everything you've dreamed of, so we can make it all real."

Jungkook flushed even redder. “Erm. I dreamed. A lot of… things.”

"That's okay. We can work our way through the list."

“It's… a very long list.”

"You said that already," Taehyung teased.

“Shuddup.” Jungkook huffed. “I guess… First on that list after getting bitten by you is to erm…”

Taehyung felt him lean in, whispering into his ear, a heat radiating off his cheeks. “To mark you.”

It was almost embarrassing — the way Taehyung felt his eyes widen. He swallowed, trying to ignore how his dick twitched in interest. "I... sure. I mean, it's only fair after I gave you the biggest hickey ever."

“You always heal them up so they don't last more than a day.” Jungkook pouted. “It'd be nice if you marked me up a little too.”

"...I can do that,” Taehyung breathed, nuzzling against Jungkook’s jaw. "But you first. This is your dream list."

Jungkook’s blush was starting to travel down his neck, skin burning warm against Taehyung’s own. “We can… do it together…”
Taehyung snickered at the mental image. "How stretchy do you think my neck is, Kookie?"

"Don't tease me. There's no physics involved in fantasy."

"Mhm." Taehyung pulled back a little, a healthy pink in his own cheeks. He was wearing a button-up shirt today, and after a moment his hands lifted to slowly undo the top buttons. It exposed tan collarbones and the start of broad shoulders. "All yours, Jungkook."

Jungkook kind of stared at Taehyung for a long, long while, his eyes kind of glazing over. “I— woah.”

And he breathed out, one hand brushing lightly across Taehyung's skin, like he was scared Taehyung would disappear.

Taehyung shivered at the warm touch, the way Jungkook's fingers traced over his exposed skin. He stopped undoing the buttons halfway down his chest, leaving the shirt closed but a good amount of skin visible. "Like what you see?"

“Erm.” Jungkook looked like he was five seconds away from drooling. Taehyung grinned — well, that was flattering. Jungkook was just so cute. “I— yeah. I like it… a lot. Erm. Do I… just start?”

"Mhm. Wherever you want."

“Erm. R-right. Okay.” And gently he leaned down, fingers brushing against Taehyung left collarbone before he closed the gap, brushing it with his lips. Taehyung hummed reassuringly, eyes closing at the press of lips. The fingers of one hand played with the short hairs at the nape of Jungkook’s neck. He could feel Jungkook’s breath hitch.

And finally Jungkook started to nip and nibble at his chosen spot. The warm breath against Taehyung’s collarbone sent a shiver down his spine, the timid press of lips and the barest scrape of teeth.

Although...
"Mmm..." Taehyung's thumb brushed against Jungkook's neck. It was clear Jungkook had no clue what he was doing. Time to help him along a bit. "You can go a little harder, Kookie. It's okay."

“Do I just… bite down?”

"You can if you want. But to leave a mark you need to suck."

“Oh. Okay.”

He was like an obedient little pup — doing exactly as instructed, attaching his mouth to a bit of Taehyung's skin and sucking for all his worth. And then Jungkook took a bit of skin into his mouth and sucked for all his worth.

Taehyung drew in a breath, swallowing. Jungkook's inexperience, even if it had been explicitly stated, also showed in his clumsy attempt at a hickey, not working the spot properly and sucking too hard for most people. But Taehyung hardly cared, because the fact it was Jungkook's mouth against his collarbone, his body pressed so close, stirred excitement in his veins and sent his blood flowing south. And… well… Taehyung had always liked things a little rougher anyways.

But still, he knew Jungkook wanted to learn how to do it properly. So he said, "...that's good," and he breathed, fingers massaging the human's scalp. "That's good, bunny. A little gentler." Jungkook made a small sound of alarm before easing up on the sucking.

Taehyung felt him pull back a bit finally to observe his handiwork. Taehyung imagined the spot looked rather painful right now. “Sorry.” Jungkook murmured, pressing his tongue against the welt, like instinctively knowing that that would soothe the hurt.

Taehyung wasn't sure if the moan he gave was purely a physical reaction. His tummy was doing small loops at how oddly romantic that one action had seemed.

But it'd be a little odd to suddenly go all emotional at his boyfriend giving him hickeys, so he just said, “it's okay."

Jungkook began to suck a little softer, nibbling a little bit on the patch of skin. “Better?”
"Mmm... yeah." Taehyung shifted a little against Jungkook, his hand slipping down to the other man's shoulder. "Yeah... feels good."

Jungkook continued lapping at the spot, alternating between suckling and nibbling, listening out for Taehyung’s reactions to guide him. Like with all things, Jungkook was a quick learner. The more Jungkook worked at that spot, the heavier Taehyung’s breathing became, the flush on his cheeks starting to work it's way down his neck. "H-ah... nh..."

Jungkook paused after a while, lips brushing against the mark he'd made. “Good?” He breathed out.

"...Good," Taehyung murmured in reply, eyes closed and head tilted back against the couch. "Very, very good."

“Should I make another one?” Jungkook trailed his lips along Taehyung’s collarbone, up his neck, tongue lapping about the spot that Taehyung had drank from him earlier.

The vampire whined, fingers curling against Jungkook's waist just under his shirt. "Please."

And Jungkook obliged, beginning to nibble and suck at the spot the same way he had earlier. Taehyung's head tilted back to give Jungkook more room, a soft moan escaping.

Seriously though, “Kook… you're... you're a fast learner."

“How do you…” Jungkook hummed, and Taehyung could practically feel the human's smirk as he gave the spot he was at good nibble. “...think I got all my As?”

"Point," Taehyung whispered, too busy basking in the attention to really respond to the sass. "Mm..."

Jungkook breathed out before pulling away. Taehyung cracked his eyes open, looking at Jungkook through half-lidded eyes. And as expected, the human was smirking at him. “Pretty.”

"Those are going to last a while," Taehyung smiled lazily back. He could feel the small throbs against his skin as the marks started to blossom.
Jungkook’s lips curled up even more. “That’s good. Otherwise I’d have to renew them everyd—”

And Jungkook had finally looked up, glancing down as went to put his hand around Taehyung’s waist and stared at the vampire crotch. “...Tae. Are you hard?”

”...Maybe,” Taehyung mumbled, shifting a little on the couch to make himself more comfortable. It was no 'maybe”; there was a very noticeable bulge straining against his pants. "What can I say, you're just that good."

Jungkook swallowed before he whispered, “Tae. Do you want me to jerk you off while I suck more marks on your neck?”

Taehyung blinked at him, those words taking a moment to process. He wondered if he wore a similar expression to Jungkook whenever the human’s brain died out in the middle of a conversation. "I definitely wouldn't be complaining. If that's what you want to do, Kookie."

Jungkook grinned, a devious grin that sent shivers down Taehyung’s spine. And then his hand was against Taehyung’s crotch, and— holy fuck.

“I wanna… Definitely wanna.”

"Unh..." This was going to destroy what remained of his sanity after a thousand years of living. Maybe he should just close his eyes and enjoy the ride. But something was sitting at the tip of Taehyung’s tongue, and he wanted to see what happened when he said it. "Then do it. Mark me up, Jungkook... so everyone knows I belong to you."

He was rewarded with a shudder and eyes so wide Taehyung could see them grow darker right in front of him. He was also fairly certain that if Jungkook hadn’t been hard before, he definitely was now. Well, if he was going insane from all this, only fair to drag Jungkook down with him.

But he didn’t have a chance to crow in success, because Jungkook had leaned back and both his hands were fumbling to undo Taehyung’s pants. Taehyung looked down in time to see Jungkook succeed. A soft noise escaped when he was in the human's hand, aching hard with precome beading at the tip. The sight of Jungkook's long, veiny hand around his dick was...
"...Wow," he breathed.

Fuck more hickies, he needed to kiss his boyfriend right now.

Hands framing Jungkook's face, he pulled his boyfriend into a deep kiss. Jungkook was surprised enough to accidentally squeeze and send a jolt of pleasure up Taehyung’s spine. But after a moment he got the memo and started to kiss back, deep and sloppy, his hand starting to move torturously slow along Taehyung’s dick.

The kiss lasted a good minute, Taehyung’s fingers finding their way into Jungkook’s hair as he rewarded the human with gentle tugs and low moans. When it finally broke it left both of them panting, Taehyung’s teeth gently catching Jungkook’s lower lip.

It was then Jungkook seemed to remember what his goal had been in the first place, and his mouth broke away from the vampire’s completely to trail back down his jaw and neck. Taehyung was left with little to do but drift in the pleasure engulfing his senses. His head fell against the couch, baring his neck as Jungkook nibbled and sucked. Each spot Jungkook's mouth touched, burned. "A-ah... Jungkook..."

“Here good?” Jungkook breathed out as he nibbled at a spot on Taehyung's neck, a little lower than the previous mark he'd made. If Taehyung had a bit of presence of mind, he'd giggle at how Jungkook’s vocabulary had regressed to that of a caveman.

"Mm... yeah... anywhere you want," Taehyung murmured, swallowing. "Feels real good, Kook."

“Good…” Jungkook licked at the spot as he flicked his thumb over Taehyung's length teasingly. Taehyung’s hips jerked up unbidden. “Want you to feel good.”

"Ah! Fuck."

It had been too long (i.e more than a couple months) since he'd had someone else's hand on him.

Taehyung could feel Jungkook grinning — lips tensed in a curl as he began to suck on the spot in earnest. It was strangely harmonious really, with the exaggerated, sloppy sounds as Jungkook began to stroke Taehyung with more constant and rhythmic strokes. Taehyung’s breathing started to get heavier again, his legs shifting on the cushion in a futile attempt to give Jungkook more room. And
after a bit the glide of Jungkook's hand became easier, fingers sticky with precome.

"Kook... you're... mm... good at this."

Jungkook didn't answer, the only indication he'd heard being the deepening curl to his lips and the finger that flicked out, teasing Taehyung's balls for one hot second. "Nnh!" Taehyung drew in a shaky breath, fingers twitching reflexively. He was trying to be good, to let Jungkook do whatever he wanted, let Jungkook touch and mark and pleasure him the way he'd always dreamed of.

But fuck if it wasn't hard to sit there and not reciprocate somehow. Especially when he'd caught sight of Jungkook's hard-on earlier.

He finally snapped when Jungkook's wrist twisted and pleasure shot up his spine. "K-Kookie," he gasped, eyes opening and hands pushing at Jungkook's shoulders. "Stop."

Jungkook immediate stopped, his eyes wide. The puppy impression was a little bit of a whiplash from the sinful acts he'd just been committing earlier. “W-what? Did I do something wrong?”

"No. No, you're fucking amazing." Taehyung groaned, squirming against the couch. "But I'm going to lose my mind if I can't touch you back."


Taehyung stared up at him with a half-lidded gaze, looking into his boyfriend's eyes. His fangs pressed down on his lower lip. "...Want to move this to the bedroom?"

Jungkook just sort of stared, looking like his processor had hung up again. Poor guy. And briefly, Taehyung wondered if he was overstepping — they both knew heading into the bedroom could and probably would (knowing them) lead to much more than just a few hickeys and a handjob. But Jungkook didn't give him much time to feel concerned, because he woke up a moment later. “Er— yeah. Sure.”

Lips curling, Taehyung shifted to stand. He didn't bother tucking himself back in, pants and boxers in danger of falling right off his narrow hips and shirt half unbuttoned. He reached out to take Jungkook's hands, and Jungkook automatically reached back before pulling his hand away.
“Erm… it’s kinda dirty.” He said in explanation, flushing as he stood from the couch. A wince graced his face — the hard-on he’d been cultivating since things had escalated had to be getting painful.

Taehyung’s head tilted, smile turning into a smirk before he reached out and took Jungkook’s right wrist. "Should I help with that?” His tongue darted out, lapping against the sticky pad of Jungkook’s thumb.

Jungkook’s eyes widened, and he froze. “Erm…”

The vampire looked up into Jungkook’s eyes, his own glazed over with want as he gently sucked Jungkook’s thumb into his mouth. Taehyung revelled in the way Jungkook’s mouth dropped open, intense gaze centering on his mouth. After a moment he swallowed, harsh breaths coming out of his nose.

Taehyung let go of Jungkook's thumb with a pop, the digit shiny with saliva. "...Bed?” he inquired.

Jungkook’s eyes followed Taehyung's mouth with scary accuracy as he said, “huh?”

"Let's go to bed," Taehyung whispered, fingers linking together. "Jungkook."

Jungkook shuddered before he nodded, taking a few stumbling steps forward as Taehyung guided him. He led Jungkook around the furniture, and to the master bedroom that was less of his bedroom these days and more their bedroom. Jungkook's bed hadn't been touched in weeks.

Steering Jungkook back to the bed, Taehyung pressed kisses to his lips. "Is this okay?"

Jungkook breathed out, eyes fluttering again at the kisses. “Huh? Oh. We're— we're here. Y-yeah...mmmm… yeah…”

"I need you to tell me what you're thinking," Taehyung whispered, nose nuzzling against Jungkook's cheek as his fingers trailed down the younger man's chest. He could hear the breaths hitching in Jungkook’s throat, the rapidfire heartbeat. "I need to know if this is too fast."
“Huh? No… no… I… Fuck, hyung. I'm so hard.”

Smiling, Taehyung's fingers found the button to Jungkook's jeans. "Then let's get this off." He undid the button and zipper, easing the pants off Jungkook's hips. The material pooled down by his ankles, underwear following.

Jungkook almost heaved a sob of relief when his jeans were pulled off, his dick springing up and curling in a stiff arc towards his stomach. “Ah… Tae…”

"Better?" Taehyung kissed him again. His hands found Jungkook's hips, guiding him back to sit down on the bed so he could kick the human's pants off completely.

Taehyung's own pants and boxers were quick to follow, then the vampire was back, straddling Jungkook's legs and pulling him into a deep kiss.

Jungkook’s moan almost seemed ripped out of him without his own volition. “Nghh… Tae… mnnhh… want you…”

It was hard to focus on the kiss with their lengths pressing together between them, creating delicious friction as Taehyung ground against him. Breaking the kiss, Taehyung panted as he rested their foreheads together. "Kookie," he whispered. "Do you want hyung to take care of you?"

Jungkook couldn't seem to quite concentrate either, hips moving as he groaned. “Ah… huh? I… I want whatever makes hyung… feel good…”

"That doesn't narrow it down." Taehyung shifted out of Jungkook's lap again, patting his thigh. "Shirt off, and make yourself comfortable." He went for the nightstand, opening the drawer and searching inside.


"Getting this." Taehyung straightened, and showed Jungkook the bottle of lube in his grasp.
The flush that crept down Jungkook’s neck and collarbones was beautiful. “O-oh erm.” And Jungkook flushed deeper as he asked, “are you going to… f-fuck me?”

"Which do you want?" Taehyung set the lube down to slowly undo the rest of his shirt, the material sliding off his shoulders as he tilted his head. "I can fuck you... or I can ride you."

Jungkook’s eyes widened, and he looked a little mind-blown before he squeaked out. “I— I dunno… hyung. B-both… both sound—”

Taehyung blinked, then grinned. Such a Jungkook response — completely ignoring he couldn’t have both at the same time. "Biology doesn't work that way, Kookie." His shirt dropped to the floor. "Which do you want? We can always... save the other for tomorrow."

Jungkook bit his lip, before he whispered as Taehyung crawled onto the bed to join him. “C-can you fuck me, hyung. I've… I've never… i always… wanted… Erm…”

"You can say it, Kook," Taehyung pressed his lips against Jungkook's temple.

“Just… erm... I've always wanted to try. It looks… fun.”

And then he let out a whine, burying his face into Taehyung’s shoulder in embarrassment. Taehyung grinned, arm wrapping around Jungkook. "Why are you so embarrassed?" He chuckled. "If that's what you wanna try... I'll fuck you real good, Kook.” He kissed Jungkook's hair, then reached out and pinched his nipple through his shirt.

Jungkook gasped, body arcing off the bed. “T-Tae…! mngh…”

"Get this off, and lay down."

Somehow, Jungkook retained enough brain power to follow Taehyung’s instructions. Once Jungkook was settled back against the pillows, Taehyung crawled up between his legs. "We meet again," he addressed Jungkook's curved dick, pressing a teasing kiss to its length as his hands smoothed up and down Jungkook's inner thighs. "You'll get your turn."
Jungkook let out a shaky laugh, hand flailing a little as he tried to poke Taehyung. “Tae!”

"What?” Taehyung smiled, shifting to press open-mouthed kisses to Jungkook's rock hard abs instead. His hands slid up to massage the human's ass cheeks, squeezing appreciatively. “You've got a nice dick, nice abs, and a nice ass. How is that fair?”

It was a miracle Jungkook’s blush hadn’t travelled down said abs, ass and dick. Geez. If he got much redder, there wouldn’t be much blood left for his erection.“Tae— ungh… don’t tease.”

"Not teasing," Taehyung murmured against Jungkook's tummy. "Trying to help you relax. Is it working?"

Jungkook covered his face, trying to hide his flush. “I dunno?”

"How about this?" Taehyung ran a long line up Jungkook's dick with his tongue.

Jungkook let out a sort of strangled sound, his thighs and abs flexing as he tried not to smash his crotch into Taehyung's face. “Oh…. Fuck….”

Taehyung just grinned, repeating the action before leaning back. He found the bottle of lube, squirting some out onto his fingers and coating the digits. Then he shifted back, rearranging Jungkook’s legs so he had a better angle to slide his hand down between Jungkook's cheeks.

"Good?” One slick finger circled Jungkook's entrance.

Jungkook shivered below him at the foreign feeling. But his expression wasn't bad. “Y-yeah… yeah…”

"Have you ever tried doing this to yourself?” Taehyung murmured, gently sliding his index finger past the ring of muscle.

Jungkook couldn't answer for a moment, his answer stuck in the moan that was strangling his way out of his throat. “N-nuh-no…”
"Mmm… so this might feel a little weird at first," Taehyung murmured, pressing a kiss to the inside of Jungkook's knee. "But it'll start feeling real good once you get used to it."

“O-oh-ungh!” Jungkook tensed up briefly as Taehyung moved his finger in and out to get the human used to the intrusion. Obviously, Jungkook wasn’t used to the feeling of something moving in his butthole. But the vampire started absently sucking a hickey into the human’s inner thigh, and that was distracting enough that he let out a small mewl of pleasure.

Taehyung lapped against the spot with his tongue, sucking hard enough to leave small blooming marks. "You're okay Kookie," he murmured against Jungkook's soft skin. "I've gotcha."

Jungkook’s hands clutched at the sheets, trying to keep his legs as still as he could. “Y-yeah. I trus-a-aahhh...ahhhhh…”

Smiling when he judged Jungkook successfully distracted, Taehyung added a second, long finger, moving in and out slowly without stretching yet. He continued to leave small love bites up and down Jungkook's thigh, little marks where only he could see.

And bit by bit, his patience paid off. Taehyung could feel the small shivers run through Jungkook’s body, the uncomfortable stress slowly becoming more pleasurable. Jungkook would describe it to Taehyung later: “it's a strange sort of pleasure, like the kind you get rubbing a bruise. Sorta. Not really.”

But for now, Jungkook was moaning and gasping above him; and those sounds were going straight to Taehyung's dick, and he shivered against Jungkook's thigh. But if there was one thing he prided himself on these days, it was his control, and the fingers slowly starting to stretch Jungkook open hardly faltered. He worked the two fingers open wider and wider, buried in to the knuckle.

Then he found what he'd been looking for, the pad of his finger rubbing slow circles around a soft nub deep inside Jungkook.

Jungkook jerked in surprise, letting out a moan as pleasure shot up his spine, radiating into his dick, hips canting upwards instinctively. “T-Tae… hah… What… ungh…?”

Taehyung grinned widely, beyond pleased. "How'd you like that, Kookie? Feel good?" He repeated the lazy circle with his finger.
Jungkook let out a sort of whine, full body shuddering at the pleasure, tears starting to leak from the corner of his eyes. “Ahh… Y-yeah. So, good… Tae…”

"I bet I could make you come just from playing with this," Taehyung murmured. As he talked, he added a third finger to stretch Jungkook further, his fingers finding the human's prostate every couple seconds to distract Jungkook from the slow burn. "But that's not what you want, is it?" He sucked a deep mark into Jungkook's thigh just below his crotch. He could feel Jungkook’s struggle to stay still and not squirm, body jerking against the mattress and fingers tightening desperately into the sheets.

“Tae—! Ah! I— ungh…!”

"Can't hear you, Kookie." Taehyung licked the spot when he was done, shifting himself upright so he could see the slack-jawed pleasure on Jungkook's face and the way his dick was leaking precome all over his stomach. "Tell me what you want."

Jungkook twitched, letting out a sound of pure sexual frustration before he whined. “Tae— please… I ahhhhhh ngh… please…?”

"Please what?" Taehyung coaxed. "Can't get what you want until you tell me, baby."

Jungkook whined, throwing his head back in frustration before he said, shakily. “Ah...f-fuck… fuck me… plea— please… ahhh… Tae-hyung! Please!"

Taehyung grinned. "Well, since you asked so nicely."

And finally, he pulled his fingers out from inside Jungkook, the human completely prepped and stretched out while he’d been distracted by Taehyung's teasing. He was pretty sure Jungkook hadn't even noticed the third finger being added.

Picking up the bottle, Taehyung squirted lube out onto his fingers and coated his length, shuddering at the cool touch on his aching dick as Jungkook whined at suddenly being left empty. Taehyung was ridiculously hard despite not being touched since they moved to the bed. And he wasn’t the only one, Jungkook’s dick looking almost alarmingly red with how hard it was.

“Tae… h-hurry… please…”
"One second, Kookie." Taehyung didn't spend too long before settling back between Jungkook's legs. He hooked the human's knees up onto his shoulders, pressing the head of his dick against Jungkook's entrance. He glanced up at his boyfriend's face before slowly easing himself in.

Despite the prep that Taehyung had given Jungkook, it was clear from his expression that the feeling of Taehyung's dick pushing into him was nothing like what he could have imagined. Perhaps it was half due to the stretch and burn, and half from the knowledge that it was Taehyung's dick. But Taehyung didn't have too long to wonder what was running through Jungkook's brain because holy shit... Jungkook was tight. And at the same time pleasure rushed up his spine, Taehyung watched the way Jungkook's eyes grew larger and mouth parted in momentary voicelessness, and it was just... so, so beautiful. Jungkook was beautiful. “Nhgh... Tae... ahh...”

"I know," Taehyung breathed in, arms shaking with restraint. "Deep breaths, Kook. You're okay." He stopped when he was fully seated inside Jungkook, panting quietly as he rested his cheek against Jungkook's knee. "Fuck, you're still so tight."

Jungkook's breaths were stuttered, and he didn't seem to be breathing quite right. His brain had shut off, and his body was tightening, trying to curl away from the intrusion instinctively. “Nhgh... T-Tae... Feel so— full— hick! Ungh...”

"Shh... shh..." Taehyung's hands smoothed up and down Jungkook's thighs and hips, trying to help him calm down. "Look at me... look at me, Kookie. Take deep breaths. You're doing so well, baby."

Jungkook shuddered, but he let out a shaky breath, nodding his head. He was making a conscious effort to take in deep breathes. Good. Good. “Nghh... Tae....”

"You're so beautiful, Jungkook," Taehyung whispered, thumbs smoothing circles against his thighs. "I love you, so so much. I love my Jungkookie."

Jungkook finally cracked his eyes open, fingers untangling from the sheets. And he made grabbing motions at Taehyung. “Tae... hyung... kiss...”

Taehyung smiled. He moved on the bed, shifting inside Jungkook as he leaned down to press a soft kiss to Jungkook's mouth. But Jungkook seemed to have other ideas, greedily swallowing the kiss and deepening it, almost desperately, and his fingers clung onto Taehyung's shoulders, like trying to cling onto a lifeline.
And still, the vampire let Jungkook dominate the kiss, keeping still inside him and adjusting Jungkook's limbs to make the position more comfortable. He moaned softly, tongue pressing back against his boyfriend's. Jungkook didn't even seem to notice, busy devouring the inside of Taehyung's mouth. And he groaned at every tiny shift, shudders coming over him.

But, finally, finally, Jungkook pulled away to breath out. “I'm— okay… Tae… please… move… please… I can't— ungh! Hold on much longer.”

"Okay," Taehyung whispered breathlessly, looking into Jungkook's eyes, his own blown wide. Jungkook looked absolutely wrecked beneath him, and for a moment, he wished he could get his phone, take a picture, capture this ephemeral moment of Jungkook unraveling. "Okay, Kook."

He adjusted his position to get a better angle, supporting himself against Jungkook's legs as he started to move. It was slow at first, in and out at an easy pace to get Jungkook used to the feeling. Once Taehyung got a rhythm settled, he adjusted his angle again, searching.

Jungkook's fingers scrabbling over Taehyung’s back, unaware of Taehyung's quest. He seemed like he was trying to get a grip— physical, mental, who knew at this point. It was just… so much. Jungkook was so, so tight, and his dick bounced between their bodies slapping against the flesh of Taehyung's belly. “Ah… hyung… hyung… So… So— ah! Hah! Ahh… fuck! Fuck!”

Ah. So there it was.

"Got it," Taehyung smiled, keeping at that angle. His thrusts became more purposeful, the sound of skin slapping against skin echoing through the room. "Kookie… mm…"

“Tae… so…” Jungkook could barely let out coherent words now, he was so out of it. The poor baby. “Hyung… so… guh… good…”

And sloppily he tried to kiss Taehyung’s mouth, one of his hands tightening into Taehyung's hair to try to pull him down.

Taehyung let him, even if it made the angle a little more difficult and folded Jungkook in half in Taehyung's efforts to keep hitting that spot. A sharp tug on his hair made him moan into Jungkook's mouth. "Hah… ah… Kook…"
Jungkook was half sobbing at this point. But then, a sudden thrust harder than the rest making him clench, and he jerked, making almost incomprehensible noises against Taehyung’s mouth. “Hyun—com—”

A hot wetness bloomed between their bodies. Jungkook’s hands tightened in Taehyung’s hair, scrabbling against the skin of his back.

Oh fuck. "O-oh fuck, fuck." His thrusts became more erratic, hips stuttering, chasing his end as Jungkook clenched around him. So tight, now tighter. Fuck, fuck, fuck. “Jungkook!”

Wetness filling the spaces in short, hot burst. And it was euphorical, the way liquid slopped and spilled in a wet give and take as he continued to ride out the waves of pleasure, slowly settling to a stop with his face pressed against Jungkook's collarbone and heavy pants escaping.

“T-tae…” there was the sound of tears in Jungkook's voice. But that was ok. It wasn't the sad kind of tears.

Taehyung kind of understood. He did feel like crying too, sensitivity racing up his nerves from how intense everything had felt.

And so, it took a moment for Taehyung to catch his breath, despite not really needing air. He left sloppy kisses against Jungkook's shoulder, humming low in his throat.

*Pull back. Ease out. Soothe his hands against that soft, strong expanse of skin. Press a sweet loving kiss to Jungkook's lips.*

Jungkook seemed to still be trying to get a sense of up and down when the kiss was pressed to his mouth, taking a little while to respond. But he still sighed out happily, once his mind wrapped again around the concept of having lips. And he kissed back, almost nuzzling against Taehyung's face.

They just kissed lazily for a long minute, heartbeats settling down. Taehyung could hear Jungkook's going a mile a minute, the smell of arousal, sweat, and other bodily fluids intoxicating. Finally he flopped down onto the bed next to Jungkook, one arm wrapping around the human's chest and nose burying against his neck.
’I love you.’ Taehyung thought.

Jungkook was burying his face into Taehyung's hair, hand still stroking the small of Taehyung's back. Oblivious. “Tae… that was so good.”

Taehyung smiled. He pressed a soft smooch to Jungkook's neck, tasting the sweat on his lips. "I'm glad," he murmured. "You deserve the best."

“I'm gonna… Do that for you next time.” Jungkook murmured sleepily, small trill sounding from his throat at the kiss. “Want you to… feel that good.”

"Looking forward to it." Taehyung's hand smoothed down Jungkook's side. Feeling the mess of cum on his stomach starting to cool, he nuzzled against Jungkook before easing back. "I'm gonna get a cloth to clean up, don't move too much okay? You're gonna be sore for a while."

But Jungkook reached out, catching Taehyung's wrist. “Don't go…”

Taehyung blinked, lips curling softly as he looked down at Jungkook. "Kookie, that's going to start feeling really gross soon."

“Don't care.” Jungkook mumbled, trying to tug Taehyung down. He was more successful than he should have been. Taehyung lost his balance, falling back to the bed with a yelp. “Imma college student. I'm gross.”

Laughter escaped, before Taehyung sighed heavily and snuggled back in close to his boyfriend. "Alright, we'll be gross. And tomorrow, we can shower it all off together," he whispered.

“Okay.” Jungkook said happily, wrapping his hands around Taehyung's waist. “Love you.”

Grinning, Taehyung kissed Jungkook long and slow. "Love you too, Jungkook."
Chapter End Notes

Be rest assured that Minjoon are also having a lot of raunchy sex, while sope are... not having as much sex cos working in f&b/retail sucks out your energy and soul, but they got lots of heavy duty cuddling down

Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter? :) And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!
“So,” was the first thing Seokjin said as he was greeted by Yoongi at the door. “You are indeed sick.”

Yoongi gave Seokjin the best annoyed glare he could manage while running a 39 degree fever. He'd dragged himself to the door on the third ring, bundled up in a blanket like a miserable burrito. "What gave you that idea?"

“I can feel the heat radiating off you.” Seokjin replied dryly. “Thankfully, you will have the joy of my company now to make you feel better.”

"Yay. I'm so excited." Yoongi turned around and slowly made his way back to the couch. Probably so he could go back to curling up and dying.

“I did come bearing gifts.” Seokjin waved the bags in his hand. “Chicken herbal soup and hot honey lemon for the flu ridden human. And I'm supposed to give a check up.”

Yoongi slumped down on the couch. "Who strong-armed you into a check up, Hoseok or Taehyung? Or did they attack you with two sets of puppy eyes at once?"

“Hoseok this time.” Seokjin chuckled, going over to the kitchen and putting down his bags. “Taehyung is too wrapped up around Jungkook to care about much. Literally.”

"When is he ever not?"

“Oh no like. I mean, literally, literally. Like fucking him and being fucked literally.”

Seokjin could feel Yoongi squinting at him from where he was seated on the couch. "...Okay? Good for them I guess?"
“It's ridiculous, okay,” Seokjin said aggressively as he unpacked all his items. “The other day, I went to visit Taehyung to tell him something, and I couldn't find them. And then, I heard noises in the bathroom so I went in, where I found one Jungkook lying in the jacuzzi.”

"...And?"

“I should have figured, because he looked unusually blissed out. But like, five seconds later, Taehyung rose up from the water like the kraken from the deep.”

"..." Yoongi groaned, slumping back into the corner of the couch. Which was the exact reaction he'd been gunning for. "That was a mental image I did not need."

“Neither did I.” Seokjin huffed, “this is a far more appropriate response. Do you know what happened when I told Jimin and Namjoon? Namjoon said like ‘oh, this is only possible because Taehyung doesn’t need to breathe. And then Jimin said he wanted to try.”

That earned a small snort. "I think you need new friends. They're all fucking insane."

Seokjin sighed. “Unfortunately, Namjoon is my childe, so I can’t abandon him. And Taehyung would probably sniff me to the ends of the earth. So my only hope now is you and Hoseokkie.”

"Well, damn. My sympathies."

“No need to give me your sympathies. Just be a good dongsaeng. Now. Let's see what disgusting parasite you're harbouring.” Seokjin said cheerily, bringing his doctor’s bag to the couch.

"Glad one of us is happy about this," Yoongi grumbled, not moving from his blanket cocoon. "It's bad enough I can't go in to work like this. And Hoseok is a menace."

“Is he?” Seokjin took out the stethoscope from his bag. “Okay, unravel yourself.”

Yoongi reluctantly pulled the edges of the blanket undone. "Do you know how many pills he tried to cram down my throat before I finally kicked him out?"
“He didn't say.” Seokjin humoured Yoongi, motioning him for sit up. And he pressed his stethoscope to Yoogi’s back. “How many?”

"Well more than was on the label," Yoongi huffed. He breathed in deeply, the stethoscope cold against his too-hot skin.

“Mmm…” Seokjin shifted his stethoscope before saying. “Turn around.”

Yoongi shuffled around to face Seokjin, looking miserable. Seokjin snorted, shaking his head as he pressed his stethoscope to Yoongi's front chest. “It's just the flu. You'll feel like death for a few days and then you'll be fine. And I'll be giving you a prescription to follow so Hoseok won't try to overdose you again.”

Yoongi didn't respond, breathing in and out in slow, deep breaths for the doctor. He only answered when the stethoscope was removed from his skin and he could bundle himself back up in the blanket. "Thanks. A little envious of vampiric immunity to fucking everything right now."

Seokjin put the stethoscope away before pulling out a ear thermometer instead. "Mmm… well, have you ever thought about acquiring it then?"

"No offence, but now doesn't seem like the best time to be a vampire,” Yoongi said, making a face at the instrument.

“I mean, not right now, obviously. But maybe when things calm down. Be it… one year… two years… or even ten years in the future.” Seokjin tilted Yoongi’s face a little to press the thermometer to Yoongi’s ear, pressing the button to hear the little beep before staring at the results. “Or heck, maybe even thirty years down the line. I know some vamps who wanted to have the distinguished gentleman look so they waited till they were 50 to get turned.”

Yoongi shrugged. "I'm not sure. There seems to be just as much downsides to being a vampire as there are upsides. You've got a lot of shit to worry about. And I'm not so tired of being a mere mortal to jump blindly at the chance to be anything else."

Seokjin’s lips quirked. “Well, you're wiser than most. But even the wise have reasons despite the downsides.”
Seokjin gestured for Yoongi to open his mouth as the doctor picked his flashlight up. “Like Jungkook. He probably would be happy to remain human. But he's always wanted to become one for Taehyung.”

Yoongi opened his mouth, letting Seokjin shine the light inside. When the vampire was done, he sighed and leaned back against the couch arm. "I don't know if that's a good enough reason to make such a big decision. It's not like moving to another country for someone, you can't cut your losses and go back to being human if things don't work out. 'For Love' sounds catchy, but you're changing a huge part of yourself for someone, and then living with that forever. What if Taehyung dies a year in? Or things go sour between them?"

He glanced out the dark apartment window, the world outside pitch black save for the halo of street lights. "Maybe it'll work out for them, but I hope they give it a few years together before Jungkook jumps into something he can't take back."

Seokjin’s lips curl a little. “That's a pretty pessimistic view, Yoongi-yah. You don't think Taehyung and Jungkook will work out?"

"I didn't say that," Yoongi rolled his eyes. "Just that 'forever' is a long time. Humans can barely stay together for a few decades, let alone a few centuries."

Seokjin chuckled, “it is a long time. I agree.” And he put away the flashlight, rummaging through his bag. “But I guess, Jungkook isn't exactly doing it for love. Or... yes, love. But not because it's because he's together with Taehyung. I think he would ask a few years down the road even if Taehyung had refused to date, or wasn't interested in him.”

"As long as it's something he's properly thought through. He's a smart kid." Yoongi watched what Seokjin was doing through half-lidded eyes. "I don't think being a vampire is for me though. Even if having the flu fucking sucks."

And here it was, Seokjin could sense his chance. But he tried to act nonchalant still, hands still inside the bag. “Even if Hoseok asked?”

Yoongi was silent for a moment. "...Even if Hoseok asked. Maybe that'll change in the future, but that's how I feel about it right now."
“Mmm…” Well, that was more than he expected to get actually. Seokjin hummed before he pulled something out from his bag, putting it into Yoongi’s hand. “Here. For being such a good patient.”

It was a grape flavoured lollipop. One in the same of a star.

The human blinked blankly at the lollipop. He snorted. "Is that your way of reminding me I'm a toddler in diapers compared to you?"

“What?” Seokjin blinked innocently. “No, I always just give good children sweets when they don't kick and scream while they're doing their check up.”

Yoongi shook his head. But he slowly unwrapped the lollipop, sticking it in his mouth. "I was just going to watch TV until I passed out. If you're looking for an excuse to stay out of the house, you can help me find something interesting to watch."

Seokjin snorted, “need to feed you first, and give you medication. Hoseok was very persuasive.”

Yoongi grunted around the lollipop. "Of course he was. He almost wouldn't leave for work."

“He cares about you.” Seokjin chuckled, reaching out and ruffled Yoongi’s hair. “It would also be so lame if you actually died of the common flu. Come on, chicken soup awaits.”

"Fine,” Yoongi grumbled, reluctantly unfolding himself from inside the blanket.

Yoongi didn't manage to finish the whole bowl of chicken soup. But he still ate it well enough. It was most likely because the drowzy effects of the medication kicked in fast and soon, Yoongi’s actions were beginning to get a little slow and sleepy.

Migrating back to the couch, he and Seokjin barely got ten minutes into some romantic comedy drama Hoseok would have liked before Yoongi was out like a light, bundled up in the corner and breathing in and out slowly.

Seokjin turned to watch him for a moment, making sure that Yoongi wasn't sleeping in an uncomfortable position before pulling out his phone to snap a picture to send to Hoseok. It was kind
Then he sighed as he pressed send on the phone. “Really need to train someone and kick out of here. Becoming too responsible.”

Jungkook woke up to the feeling of kisses pressed to the nape of his neck.

Taehyung's lips were soft against his skin, and it was a little hard pulling himself back into consciousness, his brain taking a while to process something beyond 'mmm… Tae…'.

But when he did, he slipped a hand over the one gently stroking the skin of his belly, mumbling a hoarse, “mornin’.”

"Morning," Taehyung whispered back.

Waking up next to Taehyung was something Jungkook was well used to. All those years cuddling up to Taehyung, seeking a comforting presence as he'd slept. But waking up like this was something new.

Like this: with marks and scratchs on his back, lovingly made. And a dull but pleasant ache in his lower back. Sore — but not too sore. Not the stabbing pain he'd felt the first time he'd let Taehyung fuck him. That had been fun, overwhelming but fun. The next morning, not so much. Except for the part where Taehyung had taken advantage of his ability to forgo breathing to blow him underwater in the jacuzzi.

Jin-hyung had been so mad when he’d walked in on that.

Jungkook felt Taehyung's tongue lap over a scratch he'd missed the night before, probably trying to help the damaged skin to heal. "Sleep well?"
“Mmm… always sleep the best with you.” Jungkook mumbled, shivering a little at the lick. “Should probably shower though.”

"Not my fault you always insist on falling asleep in filth." Taehyung's tease was low, rumbly and half-asleep. "Do you want company?"

“I'm sorry I'm not a vampire and don't have a superhuman constitution.” Jungkook grumbled, turning around a little so he could press a kiss to Taehyung’s hair. “Mmm… And I always want company.”

Taehyung's smile widened. He shifted up on the bed, pressing a kiss to Jungkook's mouth. "Hey gorgeous," he murmured.

Jungkook moaned at the kiss, feeling that flare of lust before rationality set in. He let out a sigh. “Hey, babe. At this rate we're never going to get out of bed.”

"I'm fine with that," Taehyung teased. "You broke my ass last night, Mr Power Hips."

Jungkook flushed a deep, deep red. “You were yelling at me to go harder!”

Taehyung chuckled against Jungkook's mouth. "I think I heard the bed frame crack."

Jungkook flushed because he'd heard it too last night. “It was probably because it was already going to crack. You didn't go easy on me two nights ago either.”

"Mmm… true. A new bed it is, then.” Taehyung rolled himself on top of Jungkook, laying there like the world's largest ragdoll. "Carry me?"

Oof. Taehyung wasn't heavy, but he still knocked the breath out of Jungkook as he flailed. “You're the vampire with super strength. Why am I carrying you?” But Jungkook wrapped his arms around Taehyung, pulling him upright.

Taehyung was pliant in Jungkook's arms. "Because I'm the one who was fucked into the mattress yesterday," he said, as if his vampiric healing hadn't already eased most of the aches. "Plus, I'm weak for these." He squeezed one of Jungkook's muscular arms appreciatively.
Taehyung hadn't been quiet about his appreciation for Jungkook's muscles. But Jungkook still flushed a little bit, even as he arranged Taehyung so that he could pick him up easily. “Yeah. Totally why I worked out. So I could carry you about.”

"I consider it more of a happy side-effect." Taehyung grinned, nuzzling his nose into Jungkook's neck and against the small bite mark almost completely healed.

Jungkook shivered a little — he seemed to be doing that a lot these days. Then, he pulled Taehyung up by his thighs. “Side effect, huh.”

"Mmm." Taehyung wrapped his limbs around Jungkook, letting the human carry him while he clung like a koala. A big, naked koala, who was far more occupied with sleepily kissing Jungkook's neck.

Which was… great. Normally. But—

“Tae, you're going to make me drop you.” Jungkook sighed, even though that was far from true. Taehyung had done far more distracting things than this before. “Also, are you heavier? I think my blood has made you fat.”

"Well, you do feed me well,” Taehyung mumbled cheekily against Jungkook's neck, shivering at the cooler air in the bathroom.

“You weren't supposed to be proud of that.” Jungkook mumbled as he managed to maneuver around, closing the door behind him without dropping Taehyung. “Bathtub or shower?”

"Mmm… bathtub. Less standing." So what if Taehyung was feeling lazy today. He was allowed, what with the amount of running around he did. And if it meant he could cuddle against Jungkook and annoy the human while Jungkook tried to get clean, then all the better.

Jungkook snorted, “we were vertical for maybe a grand total of five minutes yesterday you know.” But he made his way over, gently lowering Taehyung into the bath.

Taehyung sat in the middle of the empty tub, grinning sleepily up at Jungkook. He reached out, plugging the tub and starting to fill it with water. "What shall we smell like today?"
“Something we already opened?” Jungkook tried very hard not to say it in a dry tone, but he didn’t quite succeed. It was one of Taehyung’s bad habits to open things without making sure to finish them. “Stop opening a new box every time we take a bath.”

Taehyung huffed at him. "Fine. Let's use that vanilla thing from last week.” They didn't have very strong smells like lavender or some of the more zanny creations, because the high concentration gave Taehyung migraines even after pinching his nose shut. He couldn't even go into the stores selling them without feeling physically ill from the strong scents assaulting his nose, so he left those purchases up to Jungkook.

And Jungkook had no problem with that. Perfumes and scents had become somewhat of a hobby for him as well.

“Vanilla bean.” Jungkook chuckled, going to their cupboard and pulling out the box of salts. “I was surprised this wasn’t too strong for you. But you've always liked sweet smells.”

"I still have to hold my nose until it's diluted," Taehyung said, humming happily when the water was the right temperature. "And vanilla's a softer smell than like… 'wild lavender mint' or 'summer suntan' or whatever names they're coming up with these days. How in the world do you stick summer suntan into a bottle?"

“Use a shit ton of tangerines and pineapple.” Jungkook moved over, salts clasped in one hand. And carefully, he lowered his hand into the water before letting go of the salts rather than just dump it in like most people would.

"Suntans don't smell like fruit. More like campfires — toasted skin cells and all." Taehyung kept one hand over his nose, but Jungkook’s care made the addition of bath salts less unpleasant for his keen nose. "But I guess 'smell like baked potato' wouldn't sell as well."

“...I think Yankee Candle might have a baked potato candle.” Jungkook frowned after a moment, running one hand through the water to quickly disperse the salts.

"We should try that," Taehyung grinned. "See if it really smells like baked potato."

Jungkook sighed, “it does, but also like. No. It smells off. Like chemical baked potato.”
"Ew." Taehyung wrinkled his nose, scooting over so that Jungkook could join him in the large tub.

Jungkook climbed into the tub, groaning as the warm water touched his skin. “Oh… wow. Different muscles hurt today.”

"See? Baths are always the best option." Taehyung waited until the tub was full of water before turning off the taps. "Want a massage?"

“Your massage is going to turn into something else entirely.” The last massage he'd gotten certainly had.

"Soooo… no?"

Ass.

“Get over here.” Jungkook grumbled as he lay down, presenting his back to Taehyung.

Taehyung grinned widely, scooting up against Jungkook's back. His hands rested against the human's shoulders and started there, slowly kneading the tense muscles. "You complain, but you love my massages."

Jungkook groaned a little — Taehyung's hands on his back felt wonderful. Having sex with Taehyung was better cardio than an hour at the gym. “Yeah… I do.”

And it was peaceful for a bit. Taehyung hummed a tune as he went from spot to spot, loosening knots in Jungkook's muscles and easing tension. The water in the tub lapped against the edges whenever one of them shifted. Taehyung moved from the top of Jungkook's body down, doing his shoulders, his arms, then his back.

It felt good. Taehyung put just the right amount of pressure, so it was a relief when he worked at particularly tough knots. But as his hands wandered lower and lower, another part of Jungkook’s body got a little tighter.

"Feeling better?" Taehyung murmured, reaching the small of Jungkook's back. His hands worked
slowly around Jungkook's hips and waist, just under the surface of the water.

“...Yes?” Jungkook said, voice slightly thin. “My hips don't really need a massage though.”

"It's a full-body massage," Taehyung chuckled. "I'm working my way down. Your thigh muscles have got to be all up in knots."

Fucking ass.

There was a light thunk as Jungkook hit his head on the edge of the bathtub. “Just go ahead and touch my dick.”

Taehyung laughed against Jungkook's back, his shoulders shaking. "No patience today?" His hands slid down over Jungkook's thighs, one cradling his boyfriend's balls.

Jungkook had a reply. It was probably a good reply, but he kind of forgot it when Taehyung's fingers went where they shouldn't and his brain immediately melted.

The vampire nuzzled up against Jungkook's back, hooking his chin over one shoulder. He hummed lowly, his free hand gently massaging Jungkook's thigh, working out a knot close to his crotch. The hand holding Jungkook's dick was even gentler, cradling his balls and running slowly up and down the hardened shaft.

Jungkook moaned without reservation, hands moving to brace himself on the counter. “Ungh… fuck…”

"Like I said," Taehyung hummed, movement slow and purposeful. "Full-body massage."

“Are you going to massage my asshole later t— ngghh…” Jungkook couldn't even complete his thought, interrupted by a shot of pleasure as Taehyung kneaded his thigh particularly hard.

"I wouldn't want it to feel left out," Taehyung chuckled softly. He switched hands so that he could massage out the other thigh, working out Jungkook's muscles. If Jungkook didn't know better, it felt like Taehyung was using this as an excuse to touch Jungkook's spectacular muscles.
Which was stupid. Taehyung didn't need an excuse to touch his muscles.

Jungkook couldn't help the small gurgle he let out. And he gasped, hand clenching as they scrambled at the bathtub edge. "Can't... help feeling this is kinda... ahh... counter productive... oh fuck... there... Tae..."

Taehyung patiently worked out the knot he'd found, thumb smoothing in circles. "Mmm... are you saying I should stop...?" His hands slowed their movements, the one playing with Jungkook's balls starting to pull away.

"No, no, no, no—" Jerk. Taehyung was such a jerk. Why was he taking his hands away? "No—hyung!"

"No? But you said it yourself, it's counterproductive to getting clean." Taehyung's finger traced up Jungkook's length.

"I-aaaah..." Fuck, it was so hard to formulate sentences. "Ngh... I did. And it's true. Doesn't mean I... hah... care... hyung I'm so close. Don't stop."

"Alright, alright," Taehyung relented. His fingers curled around Jungkook's length again, even as he shifted around in the tub behind the human. "But we're still missing one spot."

His other hand had disappeared off Jungkook's thigh. There were no points for guessing where it had gone, because the next moment there was a finger rubbing slow circles around Jungkook's hole.

Even though he'd been expecting it, Jungkook still jerked in surprise, back tensing slightly before he was coaxed to relax. "Ngh... fuck. Shit. I thought you were... ah... joking, Tae."

"Why? Those muscles need to be relaxed too," Taehyung hummed, pressing an absent kiss to Jungkook's shoulder. The angle wasn't the best, but it was than enough for him to drive Jungkook crazy, applying just enough pressure to the other man's perineum. His other hand resumed its slow, languid pace around Jungkook's dick, playing with his balls every few passes.

Jungkook's eyes fluttered closed, and he let out a small groan, thighs flexing again. "Tae... fuck...
you're driving me… Guhh… crazy…”

"Mmm..." Taehyung's lips curled before he twisted his wrist on the next stroke.

Jungkook let out a strained sort of whimper, and the next thing he knew, he was coming hot straight into the tub. “Fuck… Fuck, fuck…”

Taehyung worked him through it, the water in front of them slowly becoming misty. They were definitely going to end up needing a shower after their bath.

And with that, Jungkook was done. He felt Taehyung let him go, smoothing his hands up and down Jungkook's thighs instead, resting against his back.

Jungkook closed his eyes, pressing his head against the cool marble of the bathtub. “Fuck. I can't believe I just came too early.”

The vampire chuckled against Jungkook's skin. "I'd say you lasted pretty well."

Jungkook sighed, “I did, didn't I? If this had been five years ago I probably would have come the moment you breathed in my direction.”

"I guess all that practice with your hand paid off," Taehyung teased, kissing his shoulder. "But now our bath water is dirtied, so I guess shower it is."

Jungkook rolled his eyes. “You just want me to jerk you off while I press you up against the wall.”

"Or your boner recovers within a few minutes like it usually does, and you fuck me against the wall," Taehyung shrugged with a grin. "Whichever happens." He climbed out of the bathtub, the aches and pains he'd whined about miraculously gone.

Jungkook sighed, “be there in a minute. I don't think I can stand right now.”

"I'm sorry Kookie," Taehyung pouted, settling down on the outside of the tub and pressing kisses to
his nose and cheeks.

They did end up fucking in the shower too, as Taehyung had predicted (even if Jungkook had been skeptical. But apparently, his own refractory period still managed to surprise him at times). But they also did eventually get out of the bathroom, Jungkook preferring to shove his clothes quickly over his head even though he wasn't quite dry, while Taehyung still wandered about, bundled in a huge fluffy towel and looking like an adorable sheep.

“Are you going to make breakfast like that?” Jungkook asked skeptically, trying not to let out how much he just wanted to coo over Taehyung.

"Why not?" Taehyung had his head in the fridge. After a moment he made a noise of triumph and pulled out a container of eggs. He probably was gonna do eggs and toast. Sure, Taehyung had learnt how to cook human food because of Jungkook. But the range of what he could do wasn't very wide. So whenever Taehyung cooked, there wasn't rice and a thousand side dishes like whenever Seokjin came over, but Jungkook secretly liked the simple meals that Taehyung took the time to learn to cook for him more. "No one here but you in case the towel goes."

“You also might accidentally burn the towel.” Jungkook said dryly before he paused, suddenly feeling his thigh start vibrating. “Ugh. Phone call.”

Taehyung blinked, looking over as he placed the carton down and went to grab a pan. "From who?"

“Dunno.” Jungkook said honestly, as he pulled his phone out to see who it was. He froze, staring at the name flashing on the screen.

No. He had to act natural. “I'll go take this outside.”

"Uh." Jungkook couldn't hear the confusion in Taehyung's voice. Not good. "Okay?"

“Remember, I want the whites crispy but the yolks still runny.” Jungkook tried to joke, trying to pretend like his heart wasn't seizing up in panic. “I also really need to poop so I'll just take this call in the bathroom.”
“Don't lose your phone in the toilet,” Taehyung called after him.

“Yeah!” Jungkook answered distractedly as he bundled himself into the bathroom, making sure to lock the door before answering.

And then, he lifted the phone to his ear, an inescapable sense of dread rising in his chest. “Hi… eomma.”

“Jeon Jungkook.” His mother's voice was tight. It held no joy in speaking to her son. “Why have you been ignoring my messages?”

Jungkook had seen those messages. He'd replied to those initials ones, the ones asking politely if he was free any time soon for a family trip and if Hawaii was a good place; if not he should come to Busan to help them pick a new dining set.

“Eomma, I—”

“To think I gave birth to such a rude son.” His mother interrupted, and he was unable to do anything but flinch. “We just want to go on a nice family trip together, but you selfishly say no and then ignore us! I know you’re on holiday right now! Are you just lazy?”

He barely kept himself from giving a sob of laughter at that. It would have been so much easier to just acquiesce to her wishes, rather than seeing increasingly abusive replies to asking her to give him a few more months before they could go anywhere. And even worse because he couldn't think of a concrete excuse beyond, 'things are busy over here now’. He couldn't exactly tell her about the vampire crisis and how travelling on his own to Busan, let alone Hawaii, was a huge security risk that might end his life.

“Eomma, I can’t. Not right now. I— yes, it's my holiday but— eomma. I can’t just leave right now. It's not the money, I just can't go down to Busan, let alone bring everyone to Hawaii. Look, if it's money you need, I—”

His mother’s response erupted from the other end of the phone like a swarm of bees. “Money?! Are you accusing us of using you just for your money? We're your family, Jeon Jungkook, and all we're asking you is to remember that once in a while, be a filial son like you should be! But no, not only you refuse to spend time with us, you're accusing us of just using you for money?”
Jungkook's chest was tight with every word he said, protests rising and then dying on his lips. *That's not true.* He wanted to say. *That's not true.*

And then, there was a knock on the closed bathroom door.

"...Jungkook?"

There was silence at the sound, and an echoed, *“Jungkook?”* over the phone.

Shit. Shit, shit, shit.

“Uh— gimme a minute,” he said quietly into the phone before lifting his head. “Tae— er, hyung.”

"Kookie... open the door? Please?"

Jungkook could have probably refused. He could probably lie, hang up his call. Something. Anything. But the moment Taehyung said please, Jungkook knew he was going to give Taehyung what he wanted.

He unlocked the door, the mechanism giving a reluctant click, as if sensing his emotions.

The door swung open. And Jungkook barely kept from recoiling. Taehyung’s expression was far too blank. Too controlled. He was angry, Jungkook knew — angry, and keeping it in. The space between them was silent, neither speaking for a moment. Jungkook knew they both could hear his mother on the phone, shrill voice sounding, *“Jeon Jungkook! Are you there? Don't you dare hang up on me!”*

Taehyung didn’t say anything. He just held one hand out for the phone.

Jungkook looked at Taehyung’s hand with a growing sense of finality, eyebrows knitted. And then slowly, he passed the phone over to Taehyung.

Taehyung held the phone up to his ear, leaning against the bathroom door frame. "Hello, am I
speaking to Mrs Jeon?"

Jungkook looked down, shuffling uncomfortably as his mother replied. “Yes? Who is this?”

"This is Kim Taehyung." Taehyung said, fake cheerfulness injected into his voice and making it sound all wrong. To anyone else the vampire sounded normal enough, but to Jungkook who had grown up learning Taehyung’s mannerisms, the fake cheer spelled danger. "Jungkook's legal guardian. It's been a while, hasn't it?"

There was a pause over the phone, and then a distinct change in tone. “Ah! Yes! Hello! Taehyungsshi. It's nice to hear from you!”

"From what I overheard, Jungkook is due a visit," Taehyung said, eyes going to the human. "And well, it's been a while since we last met, so I thought I'd tag along. How does tomorrow evening sound?"

Jungkook’s eyes grew round, and there was suddenly a slightly panicked tone to his mother’s voice. “Oh, there's no need to trouble yourself.”

"Nonsense," Taehyung replied cheerily. "We're all Jungkook's family, aren't we? It would be inconsiderate of me to not meet the mother who calls him so diligently."

Another pause then a, “Of course, of course. You're always welcome to come over.”

"Great. Jungkook and I will swing by tomorrow. Have a great evening, Mrs Jeon." And with that, Taehyung hung up, handing the phone back to Jungkook.

Jungkook stared at the phone. Somehow, he felt like it might actually just jump up and bite his hand. “Hyung, what did you just do?”

"Arrange a meeting with the woman who calls herself your mother," Taehyung said. "I'm tired of watching her hurt you, so I'm dealing with it."

Yes. Jungkook had gotten that. But, what the fuck.
And then, it was with a sudden lightning bolt of realization, that Jungkook understood. And he looked up at Taehyung in mild horror. “Oh god.”

“What?” Taehyung placed the phone back in Jungkook's palm. It felt slimy almost, like it'd been used for a crime.

“You're gonna kill them.” Jungkook whispered, his eyes wide.

“…” Taehyung sighed. "Tempting, but no. They will be 100% intact, promise."

Jungkook wasn't convinced. “100% intact meaning not rendered from end-to-end?”

"That's the meaning of it, yeah. Though it's very tempting with all the shit they've pulled," Taehyung mumbled, turning to walk back towards the kitchen. Jungkook could hear him grumbling to himself as he went. "Bogum better be proud of all that self-restraint he forced down my throat."

“Still… hyung. I don't think you visiting them would be a good idea?”

"Why's that? It's a perfectly normal, mundane thing to do."

Jungkook sighed, “yeah. But you know. You aren't.”

Taehyung shrugged as he disappeared into the kitchen. "They don't have to know that. They just have to stop upsetting you."

Hah?

“Hyung. You literally look the same as you did 13 years ago. And I'm not upset!”

Taehyung looked over his shoulder at Jungkook following him. "You were last time, and you are now, there's no reason to hide it."
Jungkook’s lips thinned. He didn’t like to think he'd given the impression he was upset when he hadn’t been. He could have dealt with it. “It was just unpleasant. I could have dealt with it. There’s no need for you to break your cover for this.”

"Don't worry; they won't tell anyone even if they think anything of it.” Taehyung turned back to the stove, adjusting his towel before it could fall. "I've got far worse on them than they've got on me."

What?

“…” Jungkook stared at Taehyung’s back for the longest time before he asked. “Tae. What does that mean?”

Taehyung sighed, cracking eggs into the pan before putting the toast down. "Who do you think they were going to sell you to, Jungkook? Who buys children?"

What?

“I— I dunno.” How was he supposed to know? It wasn't something he wanted to think about. “They… They said it was just to a guy who wanted a trophy son…”

Taehyung looked up at Jungkook, expression impassive. "And do you actually believe that?"

Jungkook flinched. And he couldn't help but think of those nights of anxiety, memories of pushing away thoughts that he told himself had no basis. No. No. “I— I have no reason t-to believe otherwise.”

The vampire looked down, poking at the eggs in the pan as they sizzled. His next words were wary, tentative.

"Well, that guy was arrested a few months after I took you in, for child trafficking and several charges of child pornography and sex with a minor."

Jungkook felt his stomach plummet to the ground. It suddenly felt hard to breathe.
There was silence for the longest time, the only sound in the kitchen the sound of Taehyung cooking. And then Jungkook asked, very quietly. “Is that true?”

Taehyung nodded. "I wish it wasn't. I was there that night because there were rumours some vampires were getting blood donors from him. Really young ones."

“...Did my parents know? About that?”

"I believed they didn't," Taehyung said. "They would have had to be fucking dense to believe the 'trophy son' bullshit, but I believed they didn't know about the man's operations. So before the police raided the place, Jongdae and I stole the surveillance tapes and papers that would have implicated them. I thought I was saving you and them a lot of heartache."

He looked over his shoulder at Jungkook. "But after the story broke, it was all over the news for months. If they didn't know at the time, they did after the fact. And yet they still have the audacity to call themselves your fucking parents."

Jungkook’s mouth opened and closed. He should say something. Probably. This was the part in the conversation where he should say something.

“I—” he swallowed, feeling his throat close. He didn't know what to say. “Sorry. I—”

He didn't know what to think.

There was the sound of the burner turning off, and then Taehyung was there in front of him. "I'm sorry," he whispered, gently framing Jungkook's face in both hands. "I'm sorry, bunny."

Jungkook didn't look up, didn't speak. Taehyung's hold, which normally brought so much warmth and joy, only made the numbness he felt more obvious. And after a while he pulled away, unable to stand it. “Sorry. I just… I just need some time… some time alone.”

The vampire's eyes were large and worried, hands hanging in the air. "...Okay," he said, slowly lowering his hands. "Okay. I'll finish breakfast and bring it to you?"
“I— I'm not… really hungry right now.” Jungkook said quietly. He wasn't sure if he'd be hungry, ever. “I'll… I'll heat it up and eat it later, okay?”

Taehyung nodded, biting his lower lip. "I'm here if you want to talk."

Jungkook gave Taehyung a weak smile. “Y-yeah. I know. Thanks, hyung.”

He tried to walk normally into his room, even though he felt as if he couldn't walk straight. And he barely got the door closed behind him, before he began to cry.

****

It was nearly dawn before Jungkook’s door would even open, and a silent, red-eyed Jungkook would step out of his room. The rest of the penthouse was dark and quiet, but he knew Taehyung was still up. And sure enough, the vampire was sitting on the couch, legs drawn up to his chest and nodding off, the moonlight coming in from the window bathing the side of his face blue.

Jungkook didn't say a word as he walked over, only silently sat down beside Taehyung, posture straight, hands clenched in his lap.

Snapped back awake, Taehyung lifted his head, looking up at Jungkook beside him. "…Kookie?"

Jungkook didn't say anything. Only sunk into Taehyung’s side. He didn't know what to say anyway. All he knew was that he was tired of being upset alone.

The vampire's arms automatically wrapped around Jungkook, drawing him in close. Taehyung nuzzled against Jungkook's cheek and jaw, like a puppy seeking to comfort, hand smoothing up and down Jungkook's arm.

Jungkook stayed that way for a long time, and then finally, he said. “Hyung. I don't think I can…. Face my parents, today…”
"You don't have to go with me, bunny," Taehyung murmured, pressing a kiss to his temple. "You don't have to do anything you don't wanna do."

Jungkook had been expecting Taehyung to say that. But still, he felt an overwhelming relief to hear those words. He let out a shaky breath, and annoyingly, the tears he'd thought he'd run out of started leaking out again. "T-thanks, hyung."

Taehyung nuzzled into him, thumb smoothing over Jungkook's cheek. "I'll protect you, always."

But the action only seemed to trigger more tears. More appearing, the more Taehyung tried to wipe away. And then a sob escaped as Jungkook tried to bury himself deeper into Taehyung’s arms. It felt like a dam had broken open. "Why do they hate me so much?"

"It's not you Kookie," Taehyung wrapped all his limbs around Jungkook, as if he could completely surround the human and guard him from the outside world. "It was never you. They're horrible, horrible people who don't deserve words like 'family'."

Jungkook shuddered, voice hiccuping lightly. "I… ungh… I keep thinking… What if you d-d-didn't save me that day? W-what would have ha-happened to m-m-mm-e?"

Taehyung shook his head. "Those aren't healthy thoughts. Nothing good comes out of them. There's a lot of what ifs in the world, y'know? A lot of things that could have gone differently, for better or for worse… but asking yourself what would have happened if I wasn't there, is like me asking myself what would have happened if Bogum had given up on me. It's pointless, isn't it?"

Jungkook choked back a sob. "I-I know… b-but… can't…. Can't help… unh…"

"I know," Taehyung whispered, cuddling him closer. "But you're safe now. You're safe, and that's the most important thing, right?"

Jungkook nodded, but clung tighter to Taehyung. "Y-you… you've always kept me s-safe…"

"I have," Taehyung whispered. "Because you're my family. You're the family I chose. Cause that's what family is, y'know that? Real family, is the family you choose. Who do you choose, Kookie?"
Jungkook didn't know why he took so long to answer. He knew the answer after all. But maybe… he was still deluding himself, thinking if he changed himself, his birth parents would love him more. And finally, feeling just so broken and tired, he whispered. “It's always been you, hyung. I've always known. I just… wished it could have been more.”

"I know, bunny." Taehyung brushed his lips against Jungkook's temple. "But no matter what, you'll always have me. You'll always have Seokjin, and Jongdae, and Namjoon. Those are the people who will always protect you."

“"I know.” Jungkook whispered, “I know.”

Taehyung nodded slightly, kissing him again. He settled down against the couch, cradling Jungkook close and smoothing his hand up and down the human's back.

They stayed that way all night, Jungkook unmoving except to nuzzle Taehyung at some points in time. And it was only at dawn Jungkook said. “Can you carry me to bed?”

"Of course, bunny." Taehyung hadn't moved even to close the blinds as the sky slowly lightened outside, the light starting to creep into the apartment. He adjusted their positions before he was able to stand, Jungkook's legs hooked on either side of his waist. Pressing a kiss to Jungkook's jaw, he walked slowly into the bedroom to settle Jungkook down on the freshly-changed linens.

“I’m just gonna close the curtains, and I’ll be right back to cuddle,” he whispered.

Jungkook watched Taehyung go, before he buried his face into the pillow, feeling fresh tears rush anew.

The news had been like someone had stabbed his heart with a cold icicle, and as much as Jungkook had thought his parents couldn’t hurt him any worse, this had hurt him far more than anything else, even though he’d thought himself used to his parents’ casual indifference towards him, even though he knew Taehyung was right, and they didn’t deserve any of the love Jungkook tried to give.

But like with everything, Jungkook knew it would pass. He didn’t think he could ever face his parents again but… he knew that one day, he would forgive them.
Chapter End Notes

This chapter was a hard one to write, properly addressing some things that had been hinted at before but not fully explained.

Also, we're going to one update a week for a bit due to real life obligations. Thank you for understanding <3

Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this update! And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!
It was still a little odd for Namjoon to wake up to Jimin with his face buried in one of the random human-smelling clothes Taehyung had brought over. Though as he eased the hoodie away from Jimin's face, he noted that at least Jimin didn't have the sleeve in his mouth this time. "Morning."

And at least, Jimin didn't immediately start growling when Namjoon pulled the clothes away. Groaning, he flopped over, blinking up at Namjoon. “Was I chewing on clothes again?”

"No, just snuggling with them.” Namjoon's lips quirked, and he teased, "I'm going to start getting jealous.”

"Not my fault you don't smell like food.” Jimin joked back, eyes creasing a little. “Ahh… yeah. I'm… thirsty.”

"Then let's get you fed.”

Namjoon pressed a kiss to Jimin's mouth before climbing off the bed. He leaned out of the bedroom doorway, not seeing any signs of Seokjin. He must have left already. Jimin pushed himself off the bed, going up to Namjoon and wrapping himself around Namjoon’s back. “Mmm… fed in both ways?” He teased mischievously.

Namjoon laughed, patting Jimin's arm. "Let's take care of the more urgent feeding first. How does it feel today?” With Jimin clinging to him like a koala, they slowly moved out towards the kitchen.

“Like it always does.” Jimin wrinkled his nose. “Like I swallowed a whole desert.”

"You sound better than you did that first week,” Namjoon said. "Less like you've swallowed gravel. The practice is paying off.”

Jimin chuckled lowly. “Thought you enjoyed my gravely voice?”

"I do, but not if it means you're in pain.” Namjoon pinched Jimin's arm.

Jimin yelped, pouting at the pinch. “You say that as you literally pinch me.”
"That's different," Namjoon snorted.

Eventually he managed to get them both inside the kitchen, getting a blood bag out for each of them. He poured them into cups, holding one out to Jimin. "Pace yourself."

Jimin sighed, rubbing the back of his neck. His eyes had flashed red when Namjoon had cut open the bag. But he managed to hold back his fangs. "Yes, sir."

And he took one cup, holding it up to Namjoon. "Cheers."

"Cheers." Namjoon copied Jimin's action, a small smile on his lips. He was proud of how hard Jimin was working towards control. He knew those vampires like he and Hoseok who had mostly peaceful lives before being turned found controlling their instincts easier. But Jimin had spent most of his life fighting, and even now he continued to do so... even if his target was a little different.

Jimin stared at his cup with a little bit of trepidation before he put it to his lips, tipping it back.

The first two gulps were big, a little sloppy. But he managed to pause at the third, and then, hand shaking, he pulled the cup away from his mouth. "...Mmm… nice… nice weather we're having."

Namjoon lowered his own cup, drinking at the same time to relieve some of the pressure Jimin must have felt at being the center of attention. "It is nice weather. Do you want to sit out on the balcony after?" His thumb smoothed along Jimin's knee.

Jimin chuckled, even if his voice was strained. "Dunno. I might be tempted to scale down the building and bite some unsuspecting soul."

"You've been doing good," Namjoon reassured. "And smelling them from a distance will help with your control, like the clothes." Jimin didn't have Taehyung's ridiculous sense of smell, and they were a few floors up. "And you've managed the hallway a couple times."

Jimin huffed, before lifting his cup and taking another gulp. He struggled to put his hand down again. "I— yeah. I guess I did."

"Taehyung says you're doing really well too. So does Seokjin."

"Doesn’t matter if the steps are small or large, as long as you’re moving forward," Namjoon said.

Jimin looked up wryly at Namjoon. “I guess. Anyway, speaking of Taehyung, he’s pretty much smelling like Jungkook every time he comes over.”

"Even I’ve noticed, and my sense of smell is horrible. And he's actually got Seokjin knocking on doors before opening them now. I'm glad for them, they both seem happier." Or as happy as they could get with the vampire community in upheaval.

“Happy is an understatement. Tae practically glows whenever he comes over.” Jimin snorted. “That reminds me that we haven't tried underwater blow jobs yet.”

Namjoon turned almost as red as the cup of blood in his hands. "I barely manage normal blow jobs, and you want me to accidentally inhale water?"

Jimin peered over the cup after another sip. “Who said I wanted you to do the blowing?”

The older vampire blinked owlishly, brain no longer processing information properly after the mental image that induced. "Oh."

Jimin put the cup down, having finished the first one. And he licked the blood off his lips. Slowly. “I'm… very good at blow jobs.”

"I know that." Namjoon tried not to watch Jimin's tongue gliding across his full lips. "Another cup?" He hopped to his feet to get the next bag.

“Mnhmm...” The drawl in Jimin’s light voice somehow made it seem like he found even the action of Namjoon getting another cup of blood sexual. “Another cup.”

Namjoon opened another pack and poured it out into Jimin's cup before handing it back. "You make
it exceedingly difficult to want to leave bed," he sighed when he saw the way Jimin was ogling him, eyes trailing up and down his boyfriend's body. Trying to will his blush away, Namjoon leaned in and pressed a kiss to his boyfriend's lips.

Jumin chuckled, sneaking in another kiss before Namjoon leaned back. “Another specialty of mine. But yeah. I mean, I can't leave the house, so all the activities have to be indoors.”

"And sex is one thing you'll never be bored of," Namjoon chuckled. He pulled back to finish off his own cup of blood. "I don't have to work today, so until Seokjin comes back it's just us."

“Oh, yeah?” Jimin’s interest obviously perked up, taking another long sip. “Tell me more. What exactly should be on the agenda today?”

"I do want to get more practice in with you. Either out on the balcony, or another trip down the hall. After that, could be whatever you want."

Jimin slumped a little pouting before he perked up. “How about making out along the hall?”

Why was Namjoon even surprised at this point?. "I guess? What's the difference between making out in the hall versus the apartment?"

Jimin grinned, “the thrill of discovery. I told you, I'm a little bit of an exhibitionist.'

"...Just for a bit," Namjoon sighed. This was a horrible idea, but he was such a doormat for Jimin’s smile.

Said smile widening further, Jimin put down his cup after draining it and stood up to press himself against Namjoon. “Well, what are we waiting for then?”

Namjoon wrapped his arms around Jimin's waist, amused despite himself. "Let's do a lap of the floor, hm?"

“While I lap at your mouth? Sounds like an excellent idea.” Jimin grinned, rolling his hips against Namjoon’s crotch. Namjoon’s fingers curled tighter against Jimin’s waist.
"Keep doing that and we won't even make it out the door." He pressed a kiss to the bridge of Jimin's nose. "You're insatiable."

“I am,” Jimin sighed, “I probably could go one here and yet another round at the hallway.”

"Come on." Namjoon tugged Jimin towards the door. "Let's go for a walk."

Jimin sighed yet again, but he was just being dramatic at this point. Raking a hand through his hair, he followed after Namjoon, quickly sliding on some slippers. “I seriously hope no poor sod will be out at this time.”

Namjoon paused at the door, listening. When he didn't hear anything, he opened the door and leaned out. "Not hearing or smelling anything. Though you'll probably be able to hear them coming well before I do." After a moment he slipped out into the hallway, hand in Jimin's.

He could feel Jimin flinch against him. The fledgling vampire’s sensitive hearing made sounds that were aggravating at worst to most vampires — the hustle and bustle of a busy apartment complex, water rushing through pipes, doors closing, electronic beeps and the hums of distant conversation — downright painful. He’d had some time to get used to the noise level while inside the apartment, but things were always a little louder in the hallway. It remained to be seen how he’d deal with going outside.

“Are my eyes red?”

Looking down at him, Namjoon smiled and shook his head. "No, you're good," he murmured. All joking and propositions aside, he knew how stressful leaving the safety of the apartment was for Jimin. They never went too far from the door, just enough to get Jimin used to the smell of humans that permeated the building.

They closed the door, and stayed there for a moment. "Slow breaths."

Jimin let out a soft sigh, closing his eyes. “Ugh. I hate that it always smells like food.”

"That's how most places are going to smell from now on." Namjoon stuck beside Jimin, holding him close. "It gets less overwhelming with time, but it's always going to be a little like walking past street vendors."
Jimin leaned into Namjoon. “I know. Just. Used to be a training I went through. They'd make you starve, then sit you in a room with a feast that you aren't supposed to touch.”

Namjoon swallowed. "...That's unnecessarily cruel." Like the vast majority of what the Park clan did.

“It's to train you to resist hunger.” Jimin closed his eyes. “It's saved me several times. But, they weren't pleasant memories to be sure.”

"This is different," Namjoon said softly. "It's restraint, not starvation. You don't have to worry about starving, not with us."

Jimin’s lips curled. “I know. It's just… The correlation isn't great is all.”

"I know." Namjoon pressing a kiss to his temple. "Do you think you're ready to walk?"

“Yeah. I'm okay.” Jimin looked up at Namjoon. “No red eyes still?”

"Still brown," Namjoon promised, kissing his mouth. He secured his hold on Jimin's hand, starting to walk slowly. Despite the slow pace, Jimin still had to take two steps for every one of Namjoon’s. Jimin has ribbed him several times for having ‘ridiculously long legs’. "We'll go to the end of the hallway and come back."

“Mmm. Okay, okay. I can do this. I can do it.’

"You can," Namjoon confirmed, like he always did. His thumb ran over the back of Jimin's hand, and he listened carefully for the sound of any doors unlocking. "You're doing so well."

Jimin heaved a slight sigh, like he was having a hard time believing the reassurances. “Yeah, yeah.”

Namjoon wished he could do more to show Jimin just how proud he was of him. Even just a simple walk down the hallway was nerve-wracking, he could hear Jimin’s elevated pulse and see the furtive
glances towards the neighbours’ closed doors. But he wasn’t giving up and hiding away inside the apartment; he was working hard to gain control over his hunger, no matter how long it took. And Namjoon was just so, so proud.

He’d just have to keep telling Jimin that, over and over, until Jimin believed him.

They reached the end of the hallway with no incident and Jimin heaved out a sigh of relief. “So far so good.”

"Yeah." Namjoon squeezed Jimin's hand reassuringly as they paused there. "Your eyes are still brown. Ready to walk back?"

“We're supposed to make out remember.” Jimin grinned, turning to cup a hand on Namjoon’s cheek.

Namjoon snorted, leaning back against the wall. Trust Jimin not to forget that, all nerves to the contrary. "I still owe you that, don't I?"

“Yes… You do.” And Jimin’s eyes flashed red for a moment as he pressed against Namjoon. “And I'm going to claim my reward.”

And with that, Jimin leaned up, pressing a surprisingly dominating kiss to Namjoon's lips. Namjoon groaned into the kiss, arms wrapping loosely around Jimin's waist as he sank into it. A small tilt of his head slotted their mouths more comfortably together, Jimin pressed close to him. He felt Jimin’s moan vibrate against their lips.

And then, something clicked down the hallway.

Namjoon heard one of their neighbours’ doors open, the sound snapping him back into awareness. He broke the kiss, and with barely a second to react, slid his hand up into Jimin's hair and quickly guided the fledgling's nose into the collar of his shirt. "Hold your breath," he whispered into Jimin's ear, hoping his own scent would mask the sudden spike of very edible human in the air.

Jimin didn't answer, eyes lowered to the ground. Namjoon felt a wave of unease but couldn't pay it more attention because their unsuspecting neighbour, the sweet and quiet lady from three doors down, had starting walking down the hallway, carrying her trash to the garbage chute, unaware of the nearby danger.
Namjoon held onto Jimin, one arm around his waist and other hand gently massaging the back of his neck. "Focus on me," he whispered, feeling the tension lining his boyfriend's shoulders. The woman was between them and their apartment door, leaving no choice but to wait it out. "You're okay, Jiminie. You're okay."

Jimin was eerily silent. Even as the woman walked up to the chute, dumping her trash with a too loud squeal of metal, and slowly shuffling back to her apartment. It almost seemed like they would all go scot-free, the woman moving to open her door when Jimin suddenly looked up, smiling as he called out a soft but clear. "Good evening."

Shit.

She startled, looking up at the two quiet young men at the end of the hallway. "Oh, good evening. Good evening, Namjoon-sshi."

"Good evening, Heebon-sshi," Namjoon said, his attention on Jimin. He didn't let go of his boyfriend, knowing the moment he did, any sway he had over Jimin's vampire instincts would be over. "Jimin, don't," he said just low enough for his boyfriend to hear.

There was a slight flicker in Jimin’s eyes before the smile was back. A smile that was… feral. Dangerous. "Heebon-sshi, is it? It's nice to meet you. I'm Namjoon’s friend."

It was only through the hallway's dim lighting and the distance between them that Heebon hadn't noticed the red in Jimin's eyes yet. "Oh? It's nice to meet you. He and Seokjin-sshi have been such good neighbours."

"It's pretty late, isn't it? Have a good evening, Heebon-sshi," Namjoon said, trying to cut the conversation short and get her out of there. She smiled tiredly at them both, turning back to her door.

There was a low hiss under Jimin’s breath, and he took a step forward, pulling away from Namjoon’s grip. “Wait—”

Namjoon had been ready. The moment Jimin pulled away, one hand dove into his pocket and pulled out a small vial. A sharp yank on Jimin's wrist spun the fledgling back around, and before Jimin could throw him across the hall, Namjoon held his breath, uncorked the vial and shoved it right under Jimin's nose.
Normally, Jimin probably would have broken Namjoon’s wrist instinctively for doing that. But thankfully for both of them, Jimin let out a startled yelp, and the sudden inhale of air sent the contents of the vial shooting up the fledgling’s nose. A sneeze exploded out of him.

Make that a litany of sneezes.

Their neighbour let out a startled sound, pausing in opening the door. “Oh. Oh dear. Is he alright?”

"Yep. Allergies." Namjoon took advantage of Jimin's temporary distraction to tow him towards the emergency stairwell. "Have a good night!" He pulled Jimin through into the cooler air of the stairwell, the heavy door shutting behind them and blocking out the smell of her blood from reaching them.

Jimin continued sneezing the whole way, his mind utterly clear now, having practically sneezed the red from his eyes. “Oh—achoo! Fuc-achoo! Achoo!”

"I'm sorry," Namjoon apologized, capping the vial of smelling salts and putting it back in his pocket. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry." He rubbed Jimin's back.

Slowly, the sneezes began to subside, and Jimin sagged, feeling utterly exhausted. “Ungh… never wanna do that again.”

"I know," Namjoon sighed, wrapping his arms around Jimin and holding him close. "Feeling a little better?"

Jimin sighed. “Not really.” He closed his eyes, pressing his face into Namjoon’s neck. “I fucked up.”

"It's okay. It's a process. It'll take time. That's only your second time around an actual human."

“And I fucking went into hunter mode to try to lure her in.” Jimin sighed, “I'm a fucking idiot.”

"It's better than just lunging at her," Namjoon murmured. He hugged Jimin tighter, pressing a kiss to
his temple. "You're okay."

Jimin finally relaxed in Namjoon’s hold. “Thank you.” He murmured, closing his eyes. “For stopping me.”

Namjoon smiled, fingers massaging the back of Jimin's neck. "I told you. We'll work through this together. I might not be the strongest vampire, but I have my tricks."

Jimin chuckled. “And your brain. Good thinking, pulling us into the stairwell.”

"I should have done it sooner," Namjoon said apologetically. "Let's give it a moment, then head back inside. Okay?"

“You were trying to give me time to snap out of it weren't you?” Jimin pressed a kiss into Namjoon’s neck. “Thank you."

"It's always better for you to be able to get out of that state on your own, though the smelling salts are a good, hard reset. I needed them too,” Namjoon said, rocking back and forth slowly with Jimin in his arms. "They suck, but they work. They’re also very effective when Seokjin doesn’t want Taehyung to talk to him for a week."

Jimin blinked before he laughed, giggling into Namjoon's neck. “I can imagine. Does he go into sneezing bouts like me, or does he just do that offended face Hoseokkie-hyung does?”

"It's like spraying a cat. His brain shorts out and he stops functioning for a while."

Jimin exploded into even more giggles. “Oh... oh shit. Now I feel like doing it for fun. Just to see it for myself.”

"Just be prepared for him to give you the cold shoulder for a week," the other vampire said with an amused grin, kissing Jimin's temple. "And possibly shove them right back in your face."

“Dunno. Feels like it might be worth the sneeze fest.” Jimin let out an amused sigh, before pulling away. “Okay. You think the coast is clear?”
Namjoon leaned over to peer through the glass pane separating them from the main hallway. "Looks like it's empty. You can hold your breath if you feel more comfortable that way," he said, hand sliding down into Jimin's.

“Yeah. Probably.” Jimin wrinkled his nose. “Still feels weird. The not breathing thing. It's like holding my breath and waiting for the urge to breathe again but it never comes.”

"It is weird," Namjoon agreed. "It takes a long time for you to stop... automatically breathing, too." He still breathed regularly, despite having been a vampire for a few decades. "Hard to lose the habit, especially when it's in our benefit to blend in."

He opened the stairwell door, checking again before stepping through with Jimin.

Thankfully, there weren't any more errant neighbours taking out their trash at night. And they made it back to their apartment, Jimin heaving a sigh once the door was closed behind them. “Ungh. I could go ten years without that sort of stress again.”

Namjoon squeezed Jimin's hand. "You'll get there. Want another bag?"

“Yeah. And then, I wanna suck of my boyfriend's dick.” Jimin squeezed Namjoon’s hand back.

Namjoon pinked. "...From the safety of our room," he said, bringing Jimin into the kitchen to get some more blood.

It just wasn't worth Seokjin's reaction if he caught a single hint of activities elsewhere in the apartment.

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Seokjin stared quietly at Jongdae, eerily silent for once in his life.
There's the sounds of people arguing in the next room, loud and raucous. And he could smell a human in the room next door, amidst all the vampire egos clashing. Jungkook. He smelled afraid.

Seokjin bent down, his hands gentle as he examines the purpling bruises on Jongdae's face. “Heechul did this?”

It took a moment for Jongdae's eyes to open even halfway, body slumped forward against the silver chains. If they hadn't been supporting him, he would have been laying on the floor.

"Guess he decided to... take matters into his own hands," Jongdae mumbled, swallowing painfully. Because the bruises weren't the worst of it — the trembling hands in his lap marred with several broken fingers, maybe a few broken ribs under his shirt from how his breath hitched when he spoke. "Tae call you? I thought I heard him."

“Yeah.” Seokjin expression was unusually serious. “I came as soon as I can.”

He frowned at the silver chains, looking at the hunter in the room with them, eyeing Seokjin as if he didn't know what to do with his presence. “Why are these chains still on him? Get them off. I can't give him a proper check up if they're still there.”

The hunter hesitated with a frown, clearly not sure about taking orders from a vampire that wasn't an Elder (or a vampire at all, given two Elders were currently seconds from each other's throats in the other room). And tortured or not, Jongdae was still their prisoner. "...One moment," the hunter said stiffly, pulling out his phone. Jongdae's eyes had drifted shut again, completely out of it.

Seokjin took in a breath of annoyance, gently running a hand through Jongdae’s hair. “Can you tell me anywhere else it hurts? I see broken fingers… probably ribs from the way you're breathing. Anything else that he did that I can fuel my growing anger for him that will justify me ripping his precious hair out from his scalp?”

"...Just a whole lot of bruises," Jongdae mumbled, head leaning subconsciously into Seokjin's hand. "He's just doing his job."

“And since when have you known me for being a rational person?” Seokjin raised an eyebrow. “It also doesn't change the fact he went behind our backs to do something.”
Jongdae just hummed softly. A moment later, the hunter with them had hung up his phone and walked closer, key in one hand to unlock Jongdae's chains. The vampire sagged as his support gave way, tipping sideways.

But Seokjin gently caught him, lifting him up easily so that he could lay Jongdae on the ground, careful not to jostle him. “Well, fuck. You lost a lot of weight. I'm going to have to stuff you full once we get you out of here, huh?”

"It's a good thing my ego's always been healthy as a horse," Jongdae said, half-open eyes unfocused and skin pale under the assortment of bruises. "This is mildly embarrassing." A pained grimace tugged at his mouth, jaw clenching.

“What's there to be embarrassed about? You have me fussing over you.” And gently, Seokjin shifted Jongdae so that he could pull up the other vampire’s shirt. “...Okay. I'm going to murder Heechul once I'm done fussing over you.”

It was pretty bad. If Jongdae hadn't been a vampire, blessed with a vampire’s accelerated healing rate, he would have needed an immediate trip to ER. Bruises stained his side an ugly purple, clearly marking where Heechul had focused the majority of the damage. There were a few scattered burns from prolonged contact with silver. Breathing was visibly painful, sweat dotting the side of Jongdae's face.

"Tae might beat you to it," Jongdae mumbled.

No sooner had he spoken than there was a loud bang from the other room. Jongdae started, expression crumbling at the sudden movement.

Seokjin shot up, his eyes narrowed. And he huffed a sigh, mumbling something under his breath like “becoming too responsible”, and then louder he said, “stay down. Don't move. I'll be right back.”

And standing up, he practically sashayed to the door connecting to the next room, slamming it open. “Excuse me. What's all the fucking noise about?”

There were only three people in the other room, all the Gong clan hunters having cleared out before they became collateral damage to an Elder power struggle. Taehyung had Heechul pinned to the wall, the metal visibly dented from the force. The Bloodhound looked no less pissed than he had been when Minji had frantically called him up and said the Fox was here interrogating his head enforcer. His eyes were full red, hands fisted tight enough in Heechul's shirt to choke him had vampires needed to breathe.
"I don't fucking care what you think," Taehyung said, a low, dangerous growl in his words as he ignored Seokjin's sudden arrival. "I'm taking him home."

“And I don’t fucking care what you think either Bloodhound. He's a fucking suspect and we have rules for that. But no, your heart bleeds for him because he's your minion! If you take him home, it's as good as you declaring yourself as the traitor!” Heechul growled back, his own eyes red.

It was moments like this when Taehyung was near unrecognizable as the goofy vampire who routinely made himself sick on too much candy. "That's right, he's mine, and it was my decision on how to deal with him you completely ignored. You have no say in what happens."

“I'm a fucking Elder! Of course I have a fucking say in what happens when this is for the whole goddamn vampire community—”

“Ahem.” Seokjin’s voice cut through the both of their arguments. And once he'd gotten both their attentions, he said, in an eerily quiet voice. “Taehyung, let Heechul go.”

Taehyung’s red eyes found Seokjin's across the room. A muscle in his jaw ticked, fingers trembling for a moment before he forced himself to let go and take a step back from the other Elder. It was a near thing, and probably the only reason why the argument hadn't escalated into a full-out brawl was because the smell of Jungkook's anxiety and fear hung heavy in the air, and the reminder of the human's presence kept Taehyung from completely losing his control.

Seokjin stared at Taehyung for a moment longer before he nodded, satisfied that Taehyung wasn’t going to pin Heechul down again. And now, he looked over at the other Elder, who was muttering angrily under his breath as he smoothed out his clothes. “Heechul-ah.”

Heechul’s head snapped up. “The fuck, who are you calling ‘Heechul-ah’?”

“You?” Seokjin raised an eyebrow. “Why are you feeling insulted, Chullie? Unless you forgot who it was who dug you out of trouble when you meddled with the mob, not realizing they had vampire connections and ended up owing them money?”

Heechul sputtered, “that was a fucking long time ago, when I was still a fledgling!”

“Uuh. A stupid one, even with who your sire was.” Seokjin snorted. “Anyway, Taehyung is right.
We'll be taking Jongdae back once I'm done with making sure he's well enough for transport. We have enough proof to let him out at least.” While Seokjin talked, Taehyung backed away and tried to simmer down.

Heechul still looked unhappy, even as he redirected his glare at Seokjin. “What do you mean, proof?”

“Means what it means. I found on a message board a notice by Lotte about the late night one day before. So it doesn't narrow it down just to Jongdae anymore. And while Jungkook doesn't hang out a lot, he does order in a lot of take-out, so he could have gotten poisoned as long as the perpetrator managed to get to the food someway along the journey.”

Heechul paused as he processed this new information thrown at him. “That's all circumstantial evidence! It doesn't mean he isn't the perpetrator.”

“Yes. But it also means you had no grounds to torture him.” Seokjin folded his arms. “Since now the evidence leading him to the crime is all circumstantial as well.”

"And you made plenty sure he'd be in no condition to do anything traitor-like anyways," Taehyung said, the words bitter and angry on his tongue. "Call us traitors if you want, I don't care. Jongdae's coming with us."

Seokjin blinked, looking over resignedly over to Taehyung when Heechul snarled. “You should care, you little twat, even without this evidence, it would be in our best interest to keep him here. I —”

“Okay, before this gets into a dangerous fight that will likely terrify the very vulnerable human standing in the corner,” Seokjin sighed. “I just wanted to say, we could have pulled him out earlier. The only reason why we didn't was we hoped we could draw out the actual traitor. But that seems to have come to nothing. So. Time for us to pull him out and we'll see if we can panic the real traitor into making a mistake.”

The chances of that were small; whoever was behind all this obviously knew what they were doing. But if it meant getting Jongdae out and somewhere he can heal, then it was worth it.

Heechul frowned at Seokjin as Taehyung wisely kept silent — the moment he said anything, Heechul would be contrary just because, and it would mean more time wasted before Jongdae’s
injuries could be treated. And then, a resigned look crossed his face as he said, “there's no stopping you, is there?”

“Nope.”

“Then why bother telling me?” Heechul grumbled, “this is going to look suspicious to anyone still.”

"Junhong's waiting outside with the van," Taehyung said to Seokjin, turning away from Heechul as if he couldn’t stand the sight of him anymore. "Anything you need, tell me."

“Mmm. I'll deal with things here. If you need to leave, just go.” And subtly, Seokjin glanced over at Jungkook, who was staring at everything with wide eyes.

From the look on Taehyung’s face, he understood, throat working and expression blank save for a tell-tale tick in his jaw. With a stiff nod and a dark look in Heechul’s direction, Taehyung turned and stalked out of the room.

Seokjin nodded at Jungkook, who was still standing there, stock still, and immediately, he scrambled out of the hall after Taehyung.

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A few hunters were hanging around the hallways, clearly waiting to see the outcome of the argument, though they wisely scattered when they saw the red of Taehyung’s eyes. He wasn’t calming down, and the rational part of his brain knew that being anywhere near Heechul right now would just set him off again. Fresh air, that was what he needed. Seokjin would make sure Jongdae was okay. So he made his way up out of the basement and out into the back alleys, the cool night air refreshing.

Taehyung drew in a deep breath, resisting the urge to punch something. Preferably Heechul's face, but the brick wall would be just as fine. He squatted down on the ground, fingers fistig in his hair.
It was a moment later when he heard Jungkook stop at the entrance to the alleyway behind him, footsteps hesitating. The only reason the human was even here was because they’d been out together when Minji’s call came in, and Taehyung had been too alarmed by what she said to even think about dropping Jungkook off first.

After a pause, Jungkook’s footsteps moved to Taehyung’s side. Gravel crunched, the human squatting down beside him. “Hyung?”

"... Sorry Kookie," Taehyung said, voice stiff as he tried to pull himself back to some sense of normalcy. "I just need a moment."

“...Can I help?” Jungkook asked after a moment, one hand inching closer to Taehyung, fingers barely brushing against Taehyung's skin. “Or do you need me to go?”

Twitching at the contact, Taehyung looked up, blood red eyes meeting Jungkook's through tousled hair. He didn't reply verbally; he just turned towards the human, letting go of his hair and burying his face against Jungkook's collar. Jungkook nearly fell backwards, but he managed to hold them both up in time. And gently, he lifted on hand, gently rubbing it against Taehyung’s neck, humming quietly.

Knees pressing against the ground between Jungkook's legs, Taehyung just held onto the human. Each slow breath filled his nose with Jungkook's cinnamon scent, nuzzling gently against the skin just above his boyfriend's shirt collar and letting the comforting smell help him come back down from fight mode.

Jungkook didn't say anything, just continue to smooth his hand on Taehyung’s neck. And he continued to hum, waiting patiently until his boyfriend could calm down.

Jungkook's patient touch and soft voice eased the tense anger from Taehyung's body, the agitated twitching not going away completely but calming a bit. Finally Taehyung sighed, not lifting his face from Jungkook's collar as his arms wrapped around the human in return.

"M'sorry," he mumbled.

“Hmm?” Jungkook hummed, pressing his lips atop Taehyung’s head. “What are you sorry for?”
"For scaring you. I was just—" Taehyung paused in frustration, realizing anything he could say was just an excuse. "I should have been better than that."

“What do you mean? Why are you apologizing for this?”

"Because I shouldn't have scared you." He should have held his temper and reacted rationally as an Elder was supposed to. Even now it was hard to resist marching back there to make sure Heechul wasn't doing anything else to Jongdae or Seokjin.

Jungkook’s snort ruffled through Taehyung’s hair. “I was only scared because you looked like you might have started a cat fight with Heechul and I was worried you might get hurt.”

"Him, hurt me?” Taehyung muttered, scowling against Jungkook’s shirt. "I'd like to see the coward try."

Jungkook’s hand patted the base of his hair. “Right. I forgot that my boyfriend was the great Kim Taehyung who has never gotten hurt in a fight."

"I wouldn't go that far," Taehyung sighed unhappily, body prickling like porcupine needles. "I would just really, really like to punch his face in one day."

Jungkook chuckled, ruffling Taehyung’s hair again. Taehyung melted at the touch, snuggling closer. “Alright, alright. No punching today, okay? I kind of want my boyfriend intact. And you'd just be hurting your beautiful knuckles.”

"So no punching walls either? That's my best method of destressing."

“No. No punching walls.” Jungkook declared, “we'll find you a better way of destressing, okay?”

Nodding mutely against Jungkook, Taehyung sighed, just leaning into his arms. Finally he pulled away, eyes opening to their usual soft brown rather than the angry red they'd been since they'd found Jongdae beaten and Heechul standing over him. "I'm okay."

Jungkook smiled, pressing a soft kiss to Taehyung’s lips. “I'm glad.”
The kiss made Taehyung smile, even if it was small and not his full box-shaped grin. He nuzzled their noses together, breathing in slowly. "We need to go check on them... make sure Seokjin has everything he needs. Make sure Jongdae's okay to move."

Jungkook sighed, shifting to kiss Taehyung’s nose. “If everything gets too overwhelming, just hold my hand, okay?”

"That weasel is the only thing overwhelming," Taehyung sighed, but he nodded. When they shifted to their feet, his hand slipped down into Jungkook's automatically.

Jungkook couldn't hide his smile, squeezing Taehyung’s hand lightly. “Come on, let's go see Dae-hyung. I'm sure he'll be glad he's getting out.”

Taehyung felt 'glad' was a bit of an understatement. The two headed back into the Gong clan headquarters, making their way into the basement. Taehyung could still smell Heechul's presence, doing his best to ignore it as they quietly returned to the room Jongdae had been held in.

Jungkook froze at the door, suddenly tugging Taehyung back before the vampire could step inside. “Ah— hyung. Maybe we shouldn't go in there yet.”

"Eh?" Taehyung looked confused, not smelling anything unusual... past the blood and silver, anyways. "What do you mean?"

“Er— I mean. Jin and Dae hyungdeul are in there alone right? I think they might need more time alone.” Jungkook blushed.

Taehyung raised an eyebrow at Jungkook's red face before scooting past the human to peer into the room.

He saw Seokjin had finished bandaging up Jongdae's fingers so they wouldn't move during transport, and Jongdae's shirt had been discarded in favour of lots of bandages around his torso. But what had probably made Jungkook back out was the fact that Seokjin had Jongdae's head in his lap, fingers smoothing through the injured vampire's sweat-streaked hair. Jongdae's eyes were closed, and it wasn't clear if he was awake or not.

"Aww, that's so cute," Taehyung said. Jongdae slowly lifted the hand that wasn't secured in a block
of bandages to give him the finger.

Jungkook whined, trying to pull Taehyung out of the room, but to be honest, both Seokjin and Jongdae had probably heard the both of them coming once they’d rounded the corridor. Seokjin sighed, amused. “It’s okay, Jungkookie. We should probably get Dae back home.”

"Not his home, right?" Taehyung asked, worry colouring his voice as he and Jungkook walked in. Jongdae lived alone with no one to look after him.

“No, my place. Then I can look after him easier. And I’ll be able to keep an eye on Jimin as well.” Seokjin gently shifted his arms so as to carry Jongdae in a bridal lift. “Yah, Kim Taehyung. Make yourself useful and get my stuff.”

"Right." Taehyung pulled away from Jungkook’s hand to quickly pack up Seokjin’s medical bags.

“Ahhh… Hyung, I can help.” Jungkook quickly went to his side, packing up what Taehyung hadn’t gotten yet.

“Junhong’s outside, right?” Seokjin asked as he walked towards the door. “I’ll take Dae outside first then.”

"Yeah. See you there." Taehyung watched them go before turning back to the bags. He snapped them shut, standing and slinging them over one shoulder. "Let’s go, before that weasel comes out of hiding."

Jungkook quickly zipped up the last bag, but in his haste, just grabbed it, hugging it against his chest. "The weasel?"

"Stupid Heechul," Taehyung muttered, making sure Jungkook was good before walking out into the hallway. This had gone on far too long. He should have listened to his gut and pulled Jongdae out sooner, maybe this wouldn’t have happened.

“Oh.” Jungkook went quiet, before bumping Taehyung slightly. “It’s not your fault, hyung.”
Taehyung sighed frustratedly. "Doesn't stop me from feeling responsible, bunny."

“It should. Dae-hyung knew the risks and yet he agreed. You didn't know that Heechul-sshi would go behind all your backs and do something like this. So this is all his fault. Not yours.”

Taehyung made a humming noise in acknowledgement, but it didn’t stop his heart from clenching in his chest, the image of Jongdae’s blood staining floor and chains burned into the back of his mind.

They saw the head of the Gong clan on their way out, Taehyung pausing to thank her for her support and for Minji’s quick thinking to call him when things started to go south. Then they were out on the street, seeing the van idling out front waiting for them.

Junhong was also leaning on the side of the van, and when he saw them, he straightened. “Hyung! Jin-sshi said that you should sit in front. And he needs Jungkookie at the back to help him.”

Taehyung nodded, lips pressed tightly together as he paused by the doors to help get the medical bags settled inside. Jongdae was looking pale from the movement, head lolling on his shoulders a little as he tried to stay conscious. At least Seokjin had given him a blood bag to help quicken his healing.

Jungkook paused in the middle of climbing into the back of the van, giving Taehyung a worried look. But then Seokjin called him over to help with something, and Jungkook's attention was directed away.

Once Jongdae was settled down as much as he could be with broken ribs and an assortment of other injuries, they set off for Seokjin's apartment. Jongdae seemed to pass out halfway there, secured between Seokjin and Jungkook.

The smell of his injuries had Taehyung agitated again, fingers curling and uncurling in his lap, but the Elder didn't say anything. He was quiet, right up until they rolled to a stop in front of the apartment complex and everyone started to move again. "Jungkook, you should stay here with Junhong," he said, looking back at them. "We don't know how Jimin's control is right now."

And if Taehyung had to restrain the fledgling while this agitated, he might break something.

Jungkook nodded, climbing out the back seat so he could sit in front. Junhong would have an easier
time keeping him safe that way. Seokjin had already gathered Jongdae in his arms, carrying the other vampire out of the van. “Tae, make sure you grab everything.”

"Yeah." Taehyung gathered up all of Seokjin’s bags, following after the other vampire and getting the door for them.

When they arrived at the apartment, they found Namjoon and Jimin curled up together on the couch, waiting for news after Seokjin had rushed off so suddenly. Namjoon’s eyes widened when he saw the condition Jongdae was in, standing. "What happened?"

Jimin looked similarly overwhelmed. In fact, he flinched back a little once the door open. “Oh. Holy shit. He smells… really injured?

“Fox got a little… trigger happy, in a sense.” Seokjin huffed, eyes warning them not to come close. “Stay outta the way. Gotta get him laid down and settled.”

Namjoon nodded mutely, not moving as Seokjin headed to his room. Taehyung followed after him quietly, arms laden with bags.

Seokjin laid Jongdae down on his bed, carefully straightening him out. And then he began to pull several machines out of the corners of his room — his room having being used as a makeshift hospital room far too many times. “Just put them on the chair over there, Tae. Thanks.”

Taehyung set the bags down carefully. He straightened, watching Seokjin work. "Is there anything I can do?"

Seokjin turned around, narrowed gaze almost piercing. “Yes. Stop blaming yourself, go back to your boyfriend, and let me and Dae have some quality alone time.”

Taehyung winced. "…You'll keep me updated on how he's doing? If he gets worse?"

“He won't get worse. I promise.” Seokjin said, entirely serious as he began to hook Jongdae up to several machines. “And on the zero chance that he does, I will get Namjoon to call you.”
"Okay." Taehyung stood stock-still at the bottom of the bed for a long moment, just looking at his head enforcer, before he finally shuffled out of the room.

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The click of the apartment door closing after him reached Seokjin's room. Jongdae's eyes fluttered, opening just a crack. "...Thought he'd never leave," he whispered, voice a little slurred from the anaesthetics.

Seokjin snorted, “you'd have to talk to him eventually. Just, maybe not when you're pumped full with drugs.”

"Yeah. And after he's calmed down." Jongdae tilted his head a little to watch Seokjin work.

“I think he'd probably only calm down after you smack some sense into him.” Seokjin sighed, rolling over the last machine and beginning to poke holes into Jongdae’s skin. “Do you think you can handle drinking a little bit of blood or?”

"I can drink." Jongdae barely flinched at the needles and tubes pressing into his arm. "Thank you."

“For poking needles into you?” Seokjin grinned as he went to pour a little bit of blood into a cup, searching around for a straw. “I thought you were more into the sadism side, less masochism.”

"...Like I said," Jongdae's lips quirked tiredly. "Equal opportunity sadist."

“So you'd receive as much as you give?” Seokjin chuckled, dragging a chair over so he could sit and hold the cup and straw close to Jongdae’s mouth. “Come. Drink.”

Jongdae wasn't able to lean very far, managing just enough to get his mouth around the straw. He drank slowly, the action of swallowing clearly paining him some. He had to stop halfway, breathing in and out slowly. "Remind me to never get on Heechul's bad side again."
“He does have a pretty bad temper.” Seokjin agreed, gently smoothing a hand down Jongdae’s hair. “If you can't finish, it's okay.”

"I'll... try for more later," Jongdae whispered, looking both tired and frustrated.

“Hey.” Seokjin leaned down, pressing a kiss to Jongdae’s temple. “You're doing so well. Most people would have knocked out by this point.”

The corner of Jongdae's lips pulled upwards. "M'getting there. Can't help if I want to stay awake to see more of that handsome face."

“Mmm… You'll see more of this handsome face tomorrow when you wake up.” Seokjin grinned, gently running his thumb over Jongdae’s mouth. “And if you're better. I'll even give you a proper kiss.”

"Looking forward to it." Jongdae's eyes were closing and opening, the heavy anaesthetics pulling at him. "Those kisses could save lives."

Seokjin snorted a little. “Okay. That'd be the drugs talking. Go sleep.”

Jongdae mumbled something in reply, but his eyes were already drifting shut again. And he was out within seconds, head lolling to the side.

Seokjin blinked before he sighed, ducking his head a little. He'd heard what Jongdae said and he couldn't help the slight flutter in his heart as it registered.

“...is... not the drugs.”

“Idiot.” Seokjin mumbled, running his hand through Jongdae's hair again. “You're not allowed to be suave when nearly unconscious or injured.”

Then he straightened with a sigh, running his hands down his pants. “Well. Time to give you a
sponge bath I guess. You're going to have a field day with that when you wake up.”

Chapter End Notes

SbsINaooa Curi here and I'm so sorry for the erratic updating. Been swamped with life, just got a new job and trying to settle in and get a grip of things. Next week’s update should proceed as usual because Yeonah is a much better person than I am orz

Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter? :) And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!
Yoongi hadn't intended to be at the coffee shop that morning.

He wasn't scheduled for a shift, rather between a morning shift at his second job and a quick run to meet someone who was interested in one of his compositions. Still on the upswing after that sudden bout of flu, he wanted all his wits about him at the meeting — so when he noticed what area he was passing through, he thought nothing of stopping by the cafe for a cup of coffee to keep him going. He had an employee discount, might as well use it.

He wasn't really supposed to be anywhere near the area.

But then again, neither was Hoseok.

And that was exactly who was manning the counter when he pushed the door open and looked up.

The vampire was properly wrapped up, wearing arm sleeves and a mask — probably using it for the pretense that he wasn't feeling too well. He wasn't allowed to make coffee like this, of course. But that was better for the vampire — not needing to move around too much meant less accidentally walking into sun spots he didn't notice.

He looked tired, but that was only natural since this was a time he was supposed to be asleep... not here, taking a morning shift when he'd already agreed with Yoongi not to. Promised not to.

Yoongi was frozen in the doorway for a moment, first in surprise, then in dismay slowly turning to frustration. Hoseok had promised him he'd stop doing this; stop putting himself in danger for stupid shit. And for a bit, they'd seemed fine. It had seemed like Hoseok had understood his concerns.

Yoongi should have known better.

He walked up to the counter, not getting into line. Just putting himself in view of the cashier. "Hoseok."
Hoseok blinked as he looked up. He froze, a look of horror on his face. “Y-Yoongi.”

“What are you doing here?” Yoongi hissed, hands clenching at his sides. "You know you're not supposed to be here right now." There was only so much he could say with onlookers, but the reason why Hoseok couldn't be here now was implied.

Hoseok looked flustered, flinching at Yoongi’s tone. “I— Yoongi, I— just… please… please don't be mad.”

"You promised me you were going to stop doing this," Yoongi ground out.

Hoseok flinched again, looking more panicked. “I— hyung. I can… I can explain…”

Yoongi scrubbed his face with one hand, feeling the stares of those in line against the side of his head. Probably cursing him for making them wait for their coffee. "…Whatever," he muttered, fuming as he turned to leave. "Do what you want."

“Hyung—” He heard Hoseok call out, a desperate note in his voice. “Yoongi. Please. At home. I'll-I'll explain later at home.”

Yoongi didn't give any indication of hearing, pulling the door open and leaving the coffee shop.

And that scene would bother Yoongi for the rest of what should have been a good, productive day. Studio work and the promise of more contracts was pushed out of his brain in favour of Hoseok’s dismayed expression, and the fact he’d broken his promise and snuck out on another shift at the cafe. Not even telling Yoongi, just in case he needed help.

Why couldn't Hoseok take his own safety seriously? Why was he always putting himself in danger for things like giving Yoongi gifts, or helping him with his rent? Yoongi had thought he’d explained himself clearly, that he didn't want to see Hoseok hurt doing whatever his exes had convinced him he had to do to deserve their love. Apparently, that conversation hadn't been enough.

He wondered what was.
Hoseok hadn't rested the whole day.

He’d wanted to run after Yoongi, he’d wanted to abandon everything and reach for Yoongi, to hold him back and explain. But he couldn’t, not in the middle of his shift, not with a whole line of customers staring at him. So he’d gone through the rest of the day with the best customer service smile he could muster, a smile that showed no indication of the crumbling happening inside. He’d gone straight home after work, more out of lack of anywhere else to go than anything else, then had spent the entire day fretting.

What could he say? How should he say it? And he drafted his explanation in his head over and over again.

And the moment he thought he’d gotten it, he’d doubt himself again, running it through his head yet again. He must have gone through his speech about a thousand times in his head and yet still felt unprepared when he heard the door finally open, and Yoongi stepping inside.

He didn't want to confront this, but he knew he had no choice.

Taking a big breath, Hoseok opened the door of his bedroom and stepped out, only to be hit by the strong, sour stench of cigarette smoke.

Eyes watering and flinching back, Hoseok exclaimed, unthinkingly, “holy shit— how much did you smoke, hyung?”

Yoongi looked up when he heard Hoseok's voice, then looked away. "Just a couple," he muttered.

That smelled like more than ‘just a couple’ cigarettes. Hoseok was pretty sure it was closer to half a pack. Trying to quit or not, Yoongi still chainsmoked when he was stressed.
Well, fuck. Hoseok had totally messed that up. “I— hyung. This morning. I— erm… I can explain—”

"Why you were working with the sun shining brightly outside, even though you promised me you wouldn’t?" Yoongi said bitterly, not moving further into the apartment. "Sure, explain."

The bitter tone caught Hoseok even more off guard. And his breath hitched, feeling the anxiety rise. His well-thought out speech flew right out of his head, and what he said was instead: “I just… thought it would make you happy.”

Yoongi stared at him, eyes wide in disbelief. "...It doesn't make me happy to see you risk your health over stupid shit!" He snapped. "Fuck, Hoseok, I thought you understood that!"

No, no, no, no. He hadn't meant to say that. He knew what Yoongi was frustrated about, but this wasn't about that. Not this time. But for some reason, the words stuck in his throat, Yoongi’s anger clouding his mind with fear. “N-no… Yoongi. I— please. I just— please, don't be mad.”

Yoongi scrubbed his hands over his face. He looked and sounded so done. "What the fuck do you want me to do, Hoseok? Wait around for you to get stuck out in the sun with no escape one day? Do you think it makes me happy to see you hurt?"

Dropping his hands, Yoongi drew in a breath.

"...Let's take a break."

Hoseok felt as if his stomach had become a hole and his heart had dropped down and just continued falling. “W-wh-what?”

"Let's take a break," Yoongi said, voice riding the line between calm and stiff. "If you're pulling this shit to make me happy, then that's not a healthy relationship, Hoseok. I won't enable it."

“What?” And it felt as if Yoongi had pushed him into a pool of freezing cold water. “No. No, no, no. You can't—”
"And you clearly can't take your own health seriously as long as I'm involved." Yoongi looked away, walking through the apartment to get his bag from by the couch. He grabbed the odds and ends of his belongings that had been scattered across the apartment during his time living with Hoseok.

Hoseok watched Yoongi as if like from underwater, his tears slowly filling up. “Wait, Yoongi. No. Please. We can't… no… please, don't break up with me.”

"We're taking a break."

Hoseok swallowed, the first few tears falling from his eyes. Taking a break… taking a break were what both his exes had told him.

He never heard from them after.

Yoongi was quiet as he walked around the apartment, grabbing what was his and stuffing it into his bag. He only spoke again after zipping his bag shut. "I'm doing this because I love you. If being around me is going to make you do stupid, dangerous shit and put yourself in danger, then this is the only thing I can do for you." Yoongi slung the bag over his shoulder, heading to the door.

Hoseok wanted to reach out, he wanted to grab Yoongi’s wrist, beg him not to leave, to explain. But it was as if he was frozen still, like moving through water, the terror of seeing one of his worst nightmares come to life in front of him.

When there was no response, Yoongi sighed, pausing at the door. He looked back at Hoseok. "...Take care of yourself, Hobi."

And with that, Yoongi was gone.

Hoseok just sat there for the longest time. Almost shell-shocked. And it was maybe an hour later that he pulled out his phone, opening the message chat that had started it all.

Momo, 11.40 p.m. Hobi, Hobi, Hobi. Oh my god. I'm so sorry. I really, really need a favour right now
You, 11.45 p.m. ? Wassup?

Momo, 11.45 p.m. forgot that the prof shifted my prez to today. But i have morning shift tomorrow and i asked everyone but everyone isn't free

You, 11.46 p.m. oh… i dunno…

Momo, 11.47 p.m. pls? I really asked everyone. You're my last hope

You, 11.47 p.m. ah… i cant say no if u ask dat way. Ok, ok. Ill take your shift

Momo, 11.47 p.m. thank you!!!!! I love youuuuu

You, 11.48 p.m. you should. Love u too

Hoseok stared at his phone, wondering why he couldn't have just explained. He had accepted the shift because he had thought it would make Yoongi happy. That he was doing what he would have done if he hadn't been dating Yoongi — being the naturally helpful person he was.

The tears began to fall in earnest now, and he curled up, hugging his phone to his chest as he began to cry.

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It was easy for Taehyung to find Jungkook after the sun had set. He knew all the human's favourite haunts, everywhere he was most likely to be at any given moment. So it wasn't all that hard for him to track Jungkook down after his boyfriend had left saying he was going to meet up with his brother.

Taehyung had nothing against Junghyun; and after he'd paid Jungkook's parents a nice visit, they hadn't made a single hassling phone call since. Still, he'd hesitated for a moment when Jungkook had
asked him if he could go. He couldn't help it; he wanted to protect Jungkook. And if he was a little too impatient to wait at home for his bunny to come back, then he just wanted to make sure Jungkook got back home safely. The streets weren't exactly safe at night anymore.

When he found Jungkook by the night markets, Taehyung saw his boyfriend was still with his brother, the two chatting out on the street. So he slipped into the shadows to watch from a distance.

From a distance, Jungkook and Junghyun looked like a regular pair of brothers just hanging out and messing with each other. Their eyes were fond even as Junghyun finally reached over to give Jungkook a hug and then began to back up and move away.

But Jungkook stepped forward, catching his brother in one last hug before letting him go. And finally, Junghyun began to walk off for real, waving goodbye to Jungkook as he did.

It was only when Junghyun had disappeared down the street that Jungkook sighed, curling his hands around himself and rubbing his arms, tiredness finally settling into the droop of his eyes.

Taehyung waited until Junghyun was well gone. Then he slipped out from around the corner, walking up behind Jungkook and blowing on the back of his neck.

Jungkook let out a jump, whirling around in a alarm, hands going to his pocket before he realizes that it's just Taehyung. "Shit. You scared the crap out of me.”

"Hi," Taehyung smiled at Jungkook unapologetically. "How did brotherly time go?"

Jungkook sighed, leaning back into Taehyung. “As expected. He doesn't know anything my parents did. Doesn't know about you beyond ‘you're a monster’ and ‘you shouldn't meet Jungkook anymore, he knows weird people!’”

"Well, you do," Taehyung hummed. That was good — the one thing he’d worried about after his nice ‘discussion’ with Jungkook’s birth parents was whether Jungkook’s relationship with his decent older brother was forfeit as well. But, well. Jungkook’s parents had obviously taken his threats of digging up the evidence of them selling their youngest child and sending them both straight to jail if they ever dared breathe in Jungkook’s direction again seriously.

There may have been some good, old-fashioned vampire scare tactics involved as well.
He nosed against Jungkook's shoulder, ignoring the weird looks they got. "Do you feel better after meeting him?"

"I dunno. On one hand it's good. We're still good. On the other… it still hurt a little. I wanted to ask him if he knew… then didn't. He still has to live with them."

"Yeah." The vampire sighed. "I doubt he knew. He's just looking out for his little brother the best he can."

"Yeah. He's a cool dude." Jungkook chuckled, "he was worried. Also totally grilled me about you because I had a 'weird tone' in my voice talking about you. He knows we fuck now. And is a little bit grossed out because of age differences, but he decided that he wouldn't judge. Or he'd try not to."

"If he thinks that age difference is bad, what would he think if he knew I'm actually one thousand years old," Taehyung whispered conspiratorially.

Jungkook sighed a little, poking Taehyung in the side. "He'd probably faint first. Then spend a week in existential crisis."

Taehyung squirmed with a whine at the poke. "I could tell him I'm the Korean Dorian Gray and my soul is trapped in a painting. And then set him loose in an art gallery and see what happens."

"His alignment is chaotic neutral. He might actually burn all the paintings just to see what happens."

Jungkook said dryly.

"Oh but that would be fun." Taehyung's eyes sparkled. "I could put on an amazing performance. You've doomed me, how could you, " He groaned dramatically, clutching at Jungkook's arm as he pretended to melt into a puddle on the ground.

Jungkook sighed, staring down at Taehyung like he was a child and he was the disapproving parent. "First of all, fire hazard, second of all, not funny. I don't want you dying, fake death or not."

"I've got to get my kicks in somehow." Taehyung grinned up at Jungkook, kneeling beside him. "What do you say we get some ice cream?"
Jungkook sighed again, “only if we share it.”

Taehyung’s grin morphed into a pout. Jungkook had started rationing his consumption of human food. On the one hand, stern Jungkook was sexy as hell. On the other hand, *ice cream*.
"Jungkookie..."

“Share or nothing.” Jungkook said firmly. “If you want a snack you can have—”

And suddenly Jungkook’s eyes widened and he spluttered. “Er— I mean.”

The vampire blinked, eyes sparkling. "I can have what?"

“Nothing. Nothing.” Jungkook was flushed scarlet. “Let's go get ice cream.”

Taehyung bounced up to his feet, wide grin back in place as he shuffled in close. "What's this other snack, Kookie?"

Jungkook groaned, pulling away and burying his face in his hands. “Me— my blood!”

"That sounds yummy." Taehyung rested his hands against Jungkook’s biceps, leaning against his back and whispering, "What if I want both?"

Jungkook hissed, entirely embarrassed as he shivered at the touch. “Tae, we're in public.”

"And yet you just agreed to have ice cream with me. *Sharing* too.” Taehyung hooked his arm around Jungkook’s, steering him along the sidewalk. "Let's go!"

Jungkook paused before he let out a magnificent whine, suddenly realizing the error of his ways. If he thought Taehyung eating an ice cream cone on his own was a tease, then sharing ice cream with Taehyung would be downright torture. “Fuck.”
Taehyung grinned, hanging onto Jungkook's arm as they walked. Truthfully, he'd rushed out to join Jungkook the moment the sun had dipped below the horizon because he wouldn't be able to stay with him the whole night. He had to check on Jongdae, talk to the Gong Clan, monitor for more fledgling nests... his evenings were chaotic. The night before he'd crawled into bed just before dawn, snuggling up against an already-snoring Jungkook and dozing off.

Small, soft moments like this kept him going when he really just wanted to lay face-down on the floor and stay there.

Or find the nearest asshole and beat them into a pulp. But mostly lay on the floor like a rug.

Despite all his complaints, Jungkook dutifully began to lead Taehyung towards their favourite ice cream stall in the area, the walk peppered with conversations about Jungkook’s day and what he did with his brother. But it was barely a block into their stroll when Taehyung caught the first whiff of… vampire.

Taehyung continued to chat absently with Jungkook, eyes on their surroundings. He wouldn’t have thought much of the first vampire at first. It wasn’t like it was rare to run into other vampires out and about in Seoul at night. But then, the vampire started tailing them, a second one appearing to join her. And up ahead, Taehyung could see a third waiting for them; hands casually in his pockets, gaze laser-focused on them with no attempt to blend into the surrounding humans. Cocky and overconfident.

It was then Jungkook seemed to finally notice Taehyung acting a little odd. “...Tae?”

"...Don't look around, but we have company," Taehyung said softly.

He felt Jungkook twitch, resisting the urge to start looking around or to freeze like a startled rabbit. And quietly, he lowered his free hand to his pocket. “How many?”

"Right now, three," Taehyung said. "Probably more waiting to cut us off." They couldn't fight out here on the main street, and if these vampires where who he thought they were, they wouldn't care about getting humans involved. He could try calling for help, but no one would be close enough to arrive in time. They were on their own.

Hand sliding down into Jungkook's when he saw the vampire in front of them start walking, Taehyung changed direction to slip into a side alley. Jungkook startled, but quickly caught up. He
could feel the steady beat of Jungkook’s pulse, almost eerily calm. It was probably sad that his charge was rather used to being stalked by vampires.

Even then, Taehyung was glad for Jungkook’s calm reaction, even if this was far more serious than some ordinary, thirsty vampire out for a midnight snack.

It was no real surprise to Taehyung when a fourth vampire split from the shadows farther in the alley, cutting off any escape. Footsteps slowing, Taehyung kept Jungkook close. "Fine evening we're having," he said almost conversationally, smelling the other three behind them.

Jungkook stuck close to Taehyung his eyes wary. And his eyes narrowed a little as the vampire stepped forward, lifting his arm and showing a strange tattoo that looked familiar to Jungkook but couldn’t quite place where he’d seen it. “Kim Taehyung. You're an abomination to the ways of our kind.”

Taehyung’s eyes focused on the tattoo. The same one the Phantom had shown the other three Elders, of the coven that had been the most dangerous in the vampire war centuries ago. "You're too young to have been in the last war... so that coven's recruiting, huh? Vampires have evolved. Your coven is stuck in the dark ages."

“Evolved?” The vampire’s lips curled, red eyes moving to Jungkook, who stiffened even more. “Vampires have become soft and weak. You are the perfect example, caring so much for a mere human that you become an easy target for others to pick off.”

"An easy target, huh?" Taehyung’s eyes didn't leave the one who seemed to be the ringleader of the group. "Is that why you brought four of you for good measure?"

The vampire snarled, eyes narrowed. “It wasn't my idea. I could take you alone.”

Taehyung’s ears pricked, picking up a faint crunch underfoot behind him. "Then put your money where your mouth is—"

And then he spun, catching the vampire who'd leapt at Jungkook's back and pitching her over his shoulder right at the ringleader.

Jungkook reacted fast, ducking low to clear Taehyung’s shot. Taehyung saw a flash of silver in his
boyfriend’s hand as another vampire jumped at him from the other side.

The smell of blood flared as Jungkook's knife met exposed skin, but he ignored it, taking the chance to pounce on the fourth vampire. Jungkook was a good fighter, but they were outnumbered and these guys weren't crazed fledglings; the sooner Taehyung put some of them out of commission, the better. Twisting to avoid a knife in the gut, Taehyung swept the vampire's feet out from under him and smashed his face into the concrete ground.

His captive gurgled out a scream, before the female vampire Taehyung had used as a bowling ball knocked him off his intended victim.

He could see out of the corner of his eye, that Jungkook was doing well, gave as good as he got, and he held his own against the two vampires he was now dealing with: the first one who'd jumped at him, and now another one who'd come tried to surprise Jungkook while Jungkook had been preoccupied.

Well, to say that Jungkook was dealing with two vampires at the same time was misleading. Yeah, he was still grappling with the first one. But the second on had gotten a face full of silver dust the moment she'd gotten too close, so it was more with her crouching by the side, busy clawing her face while Jungkook tried his best to stab the original vampire who'd attacked him.

Any other human would have been overwhelmed by now. Jungkook had really taken to his training seriously. But still, seeing Jungkook being attacked set off alarm bells in a very primal part of Taehyung's brain — a part that wanted to murder that vampire for even breathing in Jungkook's direction.

And so, with a harsh snap, Taehyung dealt with the vampire trying to pin him down, breaking their neck. He was back on his feet a moment later, a low snarl twisting his lips and red dancing in his eyes. And just like that, he came up behind the offensive vampire and slammed him face-first into a wall.

Great. Annoying pest dealt with.

It meant he could deal with the other annoyance he could sense approaching him. Taehyung dodged to the side, twisting out of the way of a blade.

And then, an unexpected flare of pain.
He's eyes flickered to his arm, at the long line of red drawn up his arm, the sting of silver drawing a low hiss from his lips. Taehyung growled, eyes lifting back up to stare at the cause of this — the ringleader of this whole operation, holding a long silver blade, having only stepped in the moment he'd seen Taehyung overstretch himself. So much for all his lofty words of being able to take Taehyung on his own.

Whatever. Taehyung would just kill him too.

He was on the ringleader half a second later, grappling to get a good angle for the kill.

It was then he saw Jungkook fall.

Jungkook was pinned to the ground, the female vampire he’d dosed with silver shavings on top of him and snarling. Her teeth snapped inches from his skin as she struggled half-blind, and Jungkook fought to get the upper hand.

Taehyung’s grip had slackened, priority shifting from the vampire he was fighting with to saving Jungkook. The other vampire took advantage of his distraction, and Taehyung narrowly avoided the blade sinking into his stomach. Rolling and breaking away, Taehyung panted quietly, one hand going to the gash in his side. Red quickly spread through the material of his shirt, covering his hand. His eyes darted back to Jungkook.

Somehow, his boyfriend had managed to kick the female vampire away, stabbing the knife in the female's shoulder, and causing her to flinch away. His training kicked right in, focusing on the female vampire attacking him, and quickly following up the attack, he stepped forward, stabbing the female in the throat.

Meanwhile, Taehyung was facing down the ringleader, who was looking smug as hell that he managed to get in two good hits on the Elder. Taehyung didn't let him have the moment; the second he saw Jungkook had the upper hand, he pounced.

All restraint was off; Taehyung fought the other vampire back into a corner, avoiding life-ending injuries and ignoring small nicks and scrapes that littered his arms and cheek. He could see when the renegade's actions became more desperate, seeing despite his injuries Taehyung wasn't slowing down in the least, just advancing steadily with angry red eyes.
Then the renegade made a fatal mistake, lunging too far. Taehyung caught him by the throat, other hand pulling him through the movement and twisting to slam the renegade onto his back.

He didn't even let the renegade have five seconds to regret his mistake. His fingers dug in and he tore the man's throat wide open, blood spraying everywhere.

“Tae?”

Jungkook. He must have finished dealing with the female vampire. But Taehyung waited until he was sure the renegade was dead, the light completely gone from his red eyes, before he pulled his fingers out of the man's throat. Head lifting up, Taehyung's red eyes scanned the alley for new threats, nostrils flaring. And only when he smelled nothing past the blood did he straighten, turning to pay Jungkook proper attention. "Are you okay?"

“I'm fine.” Jungkook frowned, staring at Taehyung. He was probably staring at all the blood. It was dripping off his fingers, and between his own blood and the renegade's, Taehyung's outfit was completely ruined.

Jungkook looked a little constipated with worry. Then it relaxed a smidgen, probably from realising that not all the blood had come from the other vampires. But still, he fretted, “hyung! You're hurt!”

The red slowly fading out of his eyes, Taehyung looked down at the decent gash in his side. "This might be awkward to catch a cab with," he said, wincing as he stood up, wiping his blood-covered hands off on the dead renegade's jeans.

“Fuck.” Jungkook immediately went to Taehyung's side, biting his lip. “Fuck. We need to bind that up. Hyung, you need to call Ryeowook-hyung.”

Taehyung nodded, fishing his phone out of his pocket and opening up his contacts. Even after Jungkook said the other vampire's name, Taehyung's thumb almost went straight to Jongdae's name anyways, because Jongdae was the one he usually called when he ended up in these situations. "You sure you're okay?" He frowned when he just ended up smearing a line of blood across the phone screen.

Jungkook always carried a small pack of bandages with him and he pulled it out now, ripping it open with his teeth. It wouldn't be enough for both wounds so they'd have to prioritise. "I'm fine. You're not. I'm gonna lift up your shirt ok.”
"Okay." Taehyung struggled with his phone before finally putting it to his ear.

But past the ringing of his phone, he heard something else. Sirens, coming this way.

Holding in a curse, Taehyung quickly hung up and grabbed Jungkook's hand, pulling him away from the main streets. "Police were called, we've got to move."

Jungkook yelp. He'd just been about to put the bandage around Taehyung’s nasty looking wound. And as Taehyung moved, another slough of blood spewed out. “Aahhh! Hyung! Your wound!”

"Gonna get a lot worse if we're caught by the cops," Taehyung said, barely looking at the vampire corpses on the ground as he pulled Jungkook around a corner. He was still running on adrenaline from the fight, though from the tingling in his fingertips and heavy ache in his side the injuries would catch up to him soon enough. He had to get Jungkook to safety before then. "C'mon, run!" Jungkook huffed, half stumbling before he broke out into a run as Taehyung directed.

It wasn’t clear how long they ran. But it was pretty long and pretty far as they tried to outrun the sound of sirens. But finally, finally they found another small, quiet alleyway and hid there. Jungkook was only panting a little beside him, testament to his ridiculous fitness level.

Taehyung listened long and hard, not hearing any sirens. Finally he slumped back against the wall, exhaling a long, relieved sigh.

"That's gonna be all over the news tomorrow," he mumbled. Then he sat down heavily right there, the free hand he'd pressed to his side coated red.

“Yeah well, it’d probably just be described as some kind of gang fight. Or maybe some cultist thing at worst. Tattoos and all that. South Korea still stereotypes tattoos after all.” Jungkook gulped in a deep breath before lumbering over to Taehyung's side. “Ah fuck. Your wound opened even more.”

"They used silver blades too," Taehyung said, slowly pulling his hand away from his side. Blood dripped off his fingers. "They talked a big game but they were no more than a bunch of cowards."

Jungkook hissed, making a face. “Ugh. I didn't bring a bottle with me either. Gonna… Try to clean
this up with wet wipes. Hyung, call Ryeowook-hyung. Ah— wait. Wipe your hands first.”

And he pulled out a packet of wet tissues from his pockets, handing a couple to Taehyung.

"My phone's already covered in blood." But Taehyung took the wipes. His movements were slowing down, fingers numb and clumsy as he wiped his and the renegade's blood from them.

“Don't need to get more on it.” Jungkook began to clean down Taehyung’s side as best he could. “After I bandage you up, do you think you'll need to feed?”

"Probably. It would help the healing along... oh." Taehyung’s phone was already going off. Huh. Ryeowook. Taehyung had suspected for a while now that his enforcer might have powers of premonition. He fumbled as he pulled it out from his pocket, getting the device to his ear. "Hey Wookie— ow. Yeah. I'm fine. Would— nh... would appreciate a lift." Taehyung flinched at the press of a wipe against the nasty wound in his side. "What? No, I'm totally fine."

“He's injured.” Jungkook said loudly, leaning a little closer to the phone. “Like the idiot he is.”

"No, that wasn't Jungkook, that was—" Taehyung winced and held the phone away from his ear. For such a tiny person, Ryeowook could be really loud when he wanted to be. "Anyways if someone could come get us, that would be great!” He quickly gave Ryeowook the nearest intersection and hung up.

“You deserved that.” Jungkook huffed. “Hyung, were you distracted? This wound is so bad.”

Taehyung's hand dropped back to his side, phone held loosely in his fingers. "Maybe just a little," Taehyung murmured, closing his eyes and just resting. He'd been too focused on making sure Jungkook was okay. But Jungkook had been trained well; he'd held his own.

Jungkook let out a small noise of distress. “Hyung. That's not good. What were you distracted by? Me? You shouldn't be…”

"I can't help it," Taehyung sighed softly. His free hand found Jungkook's wrist, squeezing gently. "Cause it's you."
“Hyung, I'm trying to scold you. You shouldn't be acting sweet right now.” Jungkook mumbled. “I hate being a burden to you.”

Taehyung's body tipped sideways, leaning into Jungkook's shoulder despite how the human was trying to bandage up his side. Jungkook was comfy and warm. "You're no burden. Never were."

“If you get hurt protecting me then, yes. I fucking am.” Jungkook said, voice suddenly wet. “Hyung. Please sit up properly.”

Taehyung didn't sit up. Instead his opposite arm slowly lifted, wrapping around Jungkook's shoulders and drawing the other man close. His nose pressed against his boyfriend's jaw, breathing in slowly before he pressed a soft kiss to Jungkook's jawline.

Jungkook resisted a little at first, but after a while he sighed, leaning into the touch. “I hate that you get hurt, Tae.”

"I know," Taehyung whispered. "I'm sorry. That's on me, not you."

Jungkook sighed, pulling away so that he could look into Taehyung’s eyes. “Stop getting distracted by me. If I'm seriously hurt, there's still the option of turning me. But if you die, there's no coming back.”

Taehyung's eyes were dismayed at the idea of Jungkook being so heavily injured, even if he couldn't open them wider than half-mast. "I don't know if I can promise that... You're mine, Kook," he whispered. "I'd do anything to keep you safe."

Jungkook let out another sigh, “and you're mine too. But I can't keep you safe if you don't take care of yourself.”

"M'sorry," Taehyung whispered, because there wasn't much else he could say to that. "M'sorry, Kook." He pressed a soft kiss to the corner of Jungkook's mouth, clumsy and uncoordinated.

Jungkook leaned into the kiss before he seemed to suddenly become aware of Taehyung's sluggish movements and he quickly pulled away. “Oh fuck. Tae. Come on, I gotta bandage you up. Then you're gonna drink from me, okay?”
"...Okay," Taehyung mumbled. Or, he thought he mumbled. Everything was going grey and out of focus, no more strength left in his limbs and the bandages Jungkook had managed to get around his waist already becoming soaked through. He felt his eyes close, drifting in and out of consciousness as they waited for help to arrive.

Chapter End Notes

Trouble in paradise with sope! And taekook find themselves in yet another bloody situation. Someone needs to stuck those two in a bubble.

Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter? :) And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!
Chapter 33

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

By the time Ryeowook found them, Jungkook had used up all the bandages he had on the worst wound and was cleaning up the other nicks the best he could, including the initial cut down Taehyung's arm. Taehyung's eyes were closed, occasionally making soft humming noises to reassure Jungkook that he was still awake and alive.

"...And this is what he looks like cleaned up," Ryeowook sighed, crouching down beside them. "You alright to walk, Jungkook? I'm going to carry him to the car."

“Yeah.” Jungkook sighed. “Stubborn ass insists on waiting till we're back before feeding on me.”

Ryeowook frowned down at Taehyung, snapping his fingers in front of the Elder's face. "Eyes open." Taehyung half-opened his eyes, and Ryeowook stared at the tinge of red lining the soft brown irises. "He's lost a lot of blood, give him a bag first. Don't give me that look," Ryeowook frowned down at Taehyung's wrinkled nose and sleepy disgruntlement. "Even if you took as much from Jungkook as you safely can, it wouldn't be enough to heal all this. You're the idiot who got your side ripped open, you can suffer through a blood bag."

"Love you too, Wookie," Taehyung sighed heavily as Ryeowook got him up onto his back, the sight a strange one with the height difference between them. Ryeowook was the shortest of Taehyung’s enforcers, and Taehyung was all limbs — beaten in height only by Junhong, who Jungkook secretly thought was part-giraffe.

Jungkook followed after, a frown on his face. And once they'd got into the car, Jungkook sliding into the backseat after Ryeowook had dumped Taehyung in, he busied himself opening up a blood bag. Taehyung leaned against the car door as Ryeowook climbed into the driver's seat and started to drive.

"Wookie," Taehyung called quietly, Ryeowook's eyes flicking to him through the rearview mirror. "Tell Yunho to visit me."

Ryeowook nodded. "Once you two are back home, I will."

Half-bled out and still thinking about the reports he had to make. Taehyung was nothing if he wasn’t
a responsible Elder — contrary to popular opinion — but Jungkook wished for once Taehyung would focus on recovering first. Jungkook waited for Taehyung to be ready before feeding him the bloodbag, holding it up for him.

It was a quiet ride back, Jungkook keeping a careful eye on Taehyung even as Ryeowook stopped the car, carrying Taehyung up to their apartment. “Should I call Jin-hyung?” He asked the moment they were inside, busying himself with getting towels and more bandages so that he could tend to the rest of the wounds.

"He's busy with Jongdae and work," Taehyung said, voice a bare murmur as Ryeowook carried him into the bedroom.

"I'll help tend to this idiot," Ryeowook said. "If there's too many silver flakes we'll have to call Seokjin, but he's not showing signs of silver poisoning so I don't think it's needed. What he really needs is blood."

“I know how to clean out wounds as long as it’s not silver poisoning.” Seokjin had taught Jungkook more than enough tricks to deal with the sort of scrapes Taehyung might get into. “But yeah. I'm also a willing blood source. Do you think he'll need another bag of blood just in case?”

"We'll see how he feels after he's had some of yours," Ryeowook said. "Fresh blood does help a lot more than blood bags will." He carefully lowered Taehyung onto the mattress. "Let's take a look at those wounds. I'm assuming you gave the other vampires much worse."

"Of course I did," Taehyung opened his eyes to look up at them tiredly. "Who do you think I am? Ow," He whined when Ryeowook flicked his nose.

"A pain-in-the-ass puppy is what you are."

Jungkook bustled beside Taehyung, preparing out all the materials he needed. “I agree with Ryeowook-hyung.”

"Kookie," Taehyung whined, looking betrayed and very much like a kicked puppy.

“Shush. It's true.” Jungkook leaned into kiss Taehyung on temple. “Now quiet. We’ll clean you up, then you can suck my blood and we can snuggle and sleep.”
Thankfully, Taehyung was mollified by the kiss, and let them look after his injuries. Between the two of them, Jungkook and Ryeowook were able to properly clean out the cuts and gashes made by the silver blades. By the time they were done, the smallest ones on his face and arms had already stopped bleeding, slowly closing up once all the silver had been removed. His arm and side were wrapped up tight in bandages, and the scrapes along his palms and elbows from repeated tumbles to the ground wiped off. Once they were done, Ryeowook insisted on taking a look at Jungkook and making sure he wasn't injured. He wasn't — aside from a nice collection of scrapes and bruises that would ache in the morning.

"I'll leave getting him out of these clothes to you," Ryeowook said, wrinkling his nose at Taehyung's blood-soaked shirt and jeans. "Do you need anything else while I'm here, Jungkook?"


"Don't worry about it. It's my job," Ryeowook said. "I'll let Jongdae and Seokjin know what happened just in case, and get Yunho to stop by tomorrow evening. Make sure he doesn't go anywhere until he's completely healed." And the way Taehyung slouched, Jungkook could almost imagine drooping puppy dog ears on top of the Elder's head.

Thankfully, Ryeowook's dead-eyed stare was enough to give Jungkook the motivation to ignore it. “I'll try my best.” Jungkook said, straightening as if a soldier given an order.

Ryeowook gave him a small smile before heading out. Taehyung waited until he heard the front door click shut before letting out a sigh. "He's scary when he's annoyed."

Jungkook rolled his eyes. “Ryeowook-hyung is scary all the time. He just shows it more when he's annoyed.” When Jungkook was growing up, Ryeowook had often been the stern voice of reason to Taehyung’s lax style of parenting; making sure Jungkook ate his vegetables, had reasonable curfews, limited time on gaming consoles, and set study hours. He also scolded Taehyung a lot when Taehyung 'forgot' to enforce them. As much as Taehyung had always spoiled Jungkook with attention and anything he wanted, it probably would have been five times worse without his enforcer stepping in when needed.

"Kookie," Taehyung called sleepily. "I want to cuddle."

Jungkook was already climbing into bed with Taehyung after shifting all of the first aid items to the
side. He'd deal with them tomorrow. “Nuh-uh. Feeding first. Come on hyung, you wanna do it lying down or sitting up?”

“This is fine. You sure you're okay?”

“Yes, for the thousandth time.” Jungkook rolled his eyes before he paused. “Oh right. Gotta change your pants first. Do you want me to cut you out of them?”

"It's not that bad." Taehyung lifted his hands to sluggishly fumble with the button to his jeans.

“Hey, hey. Lemme help you with that,” and Jungkook gently pushed Taehyung’s hand out of the way, undoing the vampires pants button and zip before trying to wriggle the pants off Taehyung’s hips. “Ungh. You had to wear your painted on jeans today did you?”

"They make my ass look good," Taehyung replied matter of factly, helping as much as he could with noodle limbs and a hole in his side.

Jungkook grunted, pulling the jeans off finally and dumping them on the floor. “I already know your ass looks good.” He grumbled, “no need to show the world. Do you need pants or you ok lying there in your underwear?”

"Depends if you're going to keep me warm or not," Taehyung said, and from his tone he meant that to be cheeky and suggestive, except the vampire was looking pretty cold, lying there in just his underwear and pale from blood loss.

“It'd be a bit hard for me to keep you warm when you're going to drink my blood.” Jungkook said dryly. “Hang on. I'll go get you some pants. Maybe those warm fuzzy ones you have?”

"Okay." Taehyung pouted. "Hurry back."

“Yessir.” Jungkook grinned, hurrying as Taehyung said. It wasn't long before he was back with a pair of loose, warm pants made of fuzzy material, and it was a much easier feat putting them on than pulling those jeans off. And soon, Jungkook was crawling into bed again, covering them both with a blanket and shifting them so that Taehyung sort of half lay on top of him with easy access to his neck. “Well, whenever you're ready.”
Taehyung took a moment to just snuggle into Jungkook's warmth, breathing in the cinnamon smell. Jungkook could feel the soft brushes of air against his skin, and Taehyung’s warm smile as his fingers curled into Jungkook’s sleeves. Like he couldn’t bear to let go.

"You smell like home," he whispered against Jungkook's collarbone.

Jungkook could feel the smile tug on his lips, pulling the sides of his mouth wide, wide, wide. And his face flushing, he nuzzled it into Taehyung's hair. “You're my home too, Tae. Always have been, always will be.”

Melting into Jungkook's arms, Taehyung brushed his nose and lips softly against the human's collar, gentle brushes without hunger or lust behind them. Finally he lifted his head a little more, tongue leaving a shiny patch of saliva against Jungkook's neck as he began to numb the area for a bite. It was slow, gentle, as if Taehyung would be more than happy just falling asleep halfway through snuggled warmly against his boyfriend.

Jungkook breathed out, stretching his neck out more for even easier access. “Mmm… you always seem more relax after you get punchy with something.”

"…Old habits, I guess," Taehyung murmured against Jungkook's skin. "Always felt safer after taking care of threats myself."

Jungkook sighed, smoothing a hand down Taehyung's back. “Right. Well, we're safe now. Drink.”

Humming in acknowledgement, Taehyung gave Jungkook's neck one last lick, before sinking his fangs into the soft skin.

Jungkook closed his eyes at the slight pressure of his neck. And as always, even despite his thirst, Taehyung was so slow, so gentle, Jungkook’s back arching lightly at the soft pleasure that curled from the base of his spine.

Usually when Taehyung fed from Jungkook, it was a prelude to sex. Or during sex, sometimes the arch of Jungkook's neck when Taehyung rode him too tempting for the vampire to resist taking just a little. This was the first time he'd fed from Jungkook with neither of them expecting anything else, one hand resting atop Jungkook's arm with his thumb drawing slow circles against the human's skin. A soft sigh escaped against Jungkook’s neck as Taehyung drank.
Even then, Jungkook couldn't help but feel the pleasure, knowing that he was providing Taehyung with what he needed. And he kept his hand on the small of Taehyung's back, fingers ghosting with each slow wave of pleasure.

But it never escalated, and slowly Jungkook began to feel a little light headed, Taehyung taking more than he usually did. But Jungkook let out a small giggle, arching his neck more, feeling a little like he was floating on a cloud.

But even then, it was no surprise that Taehyung was still keeping careful track of how much blood he took, monitoring Jungkook for signs of discomfort. And he stopped well before Jungkook could even feel the blood loss beyond that light drifting sensation, well before the blood loss could be dangerous for the human. He licked the red off his lips and passing his tongue over the oozing wound to stop the flow of blood.

"Thank you, Kookie," he whispered, pressing a soft kiss to below the human's ear.

Jungkook hummed in disappointment when Taehyung stopped, and he keened a little at the thanks, turning to nuzzle into Taehyung. "Mmnhhhh… glad to help."

"I know," Taehyung smiled. "You're always so helpful." The visible cuts on Taehyung's skin were pretty much gone as if they weren't there, and the deeper wounds were already starting to close up, helped along by the fresh blood. "Cuddles now?" His arm wrapped around Jungkook, drawing the human in closer.

Jungkook nodded, more than happy to snuggle up against Taehyung. He was still feeling all floaty, endorphins flooded through him. "Feels good, Tae."

"I'm surprised you haven't popped a boner," Taehyung teased, feeling warm and sleepy. He pressed soft kisses to Jungkook's nose and lips. "My cinnamon bunny."

“Was gonna… But…” Jungkook slurried a little, giggling at the kisses. “Soft.”

"There'll be time for boners and all the fun that comes with them later," Taehyung whispered, smiling against Jungkook's giggles. "Let's sleep like this."
“Okay.” Jungkook nodded. It wasn’t like he could open his eyes even if he wanted to.

Taehyung pressed another, soft kiss to Jungkook’s lips. ”Love you,” he whispered, settling down comfortably against Jungkook. They slowly drifted off like that, bodies recovering from the frightful night, falling asleep to the sound of each other’s heartbeats.

****

Taehyung had mostly recovered the next day, and so had Jungkook. And as much as he’d have preferred to stay snuggling with his boyfriend, his school had called up with some complications with his module allocations for his next term and he figured he might as well going to deal with it.

And two frustrating hours later, the issue was finally resolved when someone realized that someone else had fucked up keying in information in the system and had switched the module codes he’d signed up for. That had been why the system had kept rejecting his module applications, because obviously a social science student shouldn’t be able to sign up for an advanced engineering module.

So, he was more than ready for some coffee, going to his usual haunt on the way back. The prospect of bullying playing with turtle hyung was getting him excited too.

But the moment he got to the front of the queue and properly looked at Yoongi, he just stared. Then, he blurted out the first thing that came to mind. “You look terrible.”

Yoongi looked up from the register, blinking blankly at Jungkook. ”...Thanks, I needed that.” Jungkook hadn’t been kidding though. Yoongi looked tired, shadows under his eyes and already pale skin a few shades greyer than usual. ”What do you want?”

“Er—” Jungkook had wanted to rattle off a Starbucks order as a joke, but now he wasn’t so sure if he wanted to do that. “Iced Americano, medium— are you alright? Is something wrong?”

Yoongi keyed in the order, rubbing one eye. ”I'm fine. Just tired. That's 4,000 won.”

Jungkook handed over his card, eyebrows knitted. “No. I've seen you tired. This isn't you tired. This is you upset.”
"Just… leave it, Jungkook." Yoongi seemed too tired to even give a witty, sarcastic response. He swiped the card, handing it and the receipt back to Jungkook. "I'm not in the mood today."

Jungkook frowned. “It's just… if there's anything I can do to help? Do you like… need to go home and rest? You should.”

"I'm fine. I'm keeping busy." His new apartment was still full of boxes and far too quiet. Yoongi motioned Jungkook to move along so he could take care of the rest of the line.

Jungkook was still frowning as he moved away, wide eyes still trained on Yoongi. He didn't leave even after he'd gotten his Americano, waiting at the side in an unobtrusive corner until the cafe became quiet again. For his part, Yoongi pretended not to notice Jungkook hovering. He interacted with the customers with a pasted-on smile, taking their orders and shuttling them further down the counter to where his coworker was making the drinks.

The steady line-up continued for a while, before finally the sudden rush seemed to be over. Yoongi busied himself absently cleaning up the counter, despite the fact it was already clean to a sparkling shine.

Jungkook moved closer to the counter, just staring for a while. “You know… I'm used to dealing with Taehyung right? I can wait forever if I need to.”

"Why are you still here, Jungkook," Yoongi sighed, not looking up. "Don't you have a boyfriend to get back to?"

“He'll be fine on his own for a while. He's fast asleep anyway.” At least he should be. Jungkook would not be happy if Taehyung wasn't. “And I'm still here because you look like someone could just pick you up and whisk you away and you wouldn't even be able to struggle.”

"It's the middle of the day. I don't think they're abducting people in broad daylight just yet." Yoongi rubbed his temple, barely even noticing he was touching the damp cloth to his hair. He was just so out of it.

"Hoseok and I are taking a break. Alright?"
Jungkook blinked at Yoongi, feeling like his brain had stopped processing, “...break?”

"Yeah." Yoongi scrubbed harder at the counter.

“You and Hoseokie-hyung… break?”

"Did I fucking stutter?"


"Things just weren't working out." It was none of Jungkook's business what had happened between them, the details far too personal to Hoseok for Yoongi to start sharing them willy-nilly. He wasn't a gossip. "So we're taking a break to clear our heads."

“Working out?” Jungkook repeated, “but you two were like. The perfect couple.”

"There's no such thing as a perfect couple," Yoongi said. "They're about as real as Santa Claus and the abominable snowman."

Jungkook's lips thinned. Yoongi had a point, but... “Okay. Fine. But you and Hoseok-hyung were so good for each other though.”

"I don't need you telling me that," Yoongi replied a little tersely, moving to the sink to wash his cloth out.

Jungkook chewed on his lip before blurting out. “So… Then… why… what did you disagree about?” It couldn’t have been over anything small, Jungkook knew that much. Neither Yoongi nor Hoseok seemed the type to make mountains out of molehills. And there was also the matter of the renegade vampires still... Junhong had been tasked with watching over them both, but that was made infinitely harder if they weren’t talking to each other these days. It was probably a miracle Junhong hadn’t stopped by Taehyung and Jungkook’s apartment to gripe at the Elder about it — as far as Jungkook knew, anyways.
"That's personal, Jungkook. I'm not going over it with you."

Jungkook sighed, running a hand through his hair. “Okay… okay. Fine. Sorry. Just… ok. Let's switch tracks. Are you okay on your own? I presume… you went back to your place? Wait. I have this impression you had to move. Are you lonely? Do you need company at night? You can come stay over and mine and Tae’s? Like… I promise I'll control Tae.”

As out of it as he was, Yoongi couldn't help the small snort. "I've been around you two together a combined total of three hours since we met, and even I know that's a complete lie."

“I can!” Jungkook whined. “I'm stubborn. Okay? Anyway, it's better than you being alone. Tae’s enforcing team is pretty thin these days anyway. You'd be doing them a big favour. And I know you'd probably prefer staying with Namjoon and Seokjin. But they're kind of full house. And to be honest, Namjoon and Jimin have way more sex than Taehyung and me.”

"Not reassuring," Yoongi said. "Thanks, but I'm fine. I don't go out much at night anymore. You should be offering the guest room to Hoseok instead, he doesn't have much choice with being out at night, and he's on his own too."

Jungkook frowned at that. “You're… very concerned about Hoseok-hyung still.” He blurted out.

"…Of course I am," Yoongi said quietly, eyes dim and tired as he hung up the cloth to dry.

“You still love him.” Jungkook said, a statement, not a question.

"Thank you Sherlock," Yoongi huffed, turning to walk back to the register.

Jungkook let out a soft huff, before sidling back in front of Yoongi. He grabbed Yoongi's hand, knowing he was probably being annoying and overstepping a shit ton of boundaries, but— “Hey. Just… I'm sorry shit happened…but we're your friends too. Wanna… try to help.”

Yoongi paused, staring down at the grip on his hand like he wasn't sure what to do about it. After a moment he sighed, squeezing Jungkook's fingers before letting go. "...Thanks. Just keep an eye on him, alright?"
Shit, Yoongi really looked like a sad, soft, wounded cat like this.

Jungkook looked down at his hand before he shook his head. “Ok, fuck that.”

And with scarily surprising ease, he vaulted over the counter, somehow managing to land behind without knocking anything over.

Yoongi started, taking a quick step back before he could be booted in the face. “The fuck?”

“Squeezing hands ain't a good end to this.” Jungkook retorted, and before Yoongi could protest, he pulled the older into a tight hug.

Standing there like a statue, Yoongi hesitantly patted Jungkook on the back. His frame relaxed after a moment of surprise. "I'll be fine, kid."

“Yeah. Ok.” Jungkook mumbled, but only tightened his hold. “Of course you'll be fine.”

Yoongi hugged him back, taking the offered comfort for a minute. Then with a small huff he pulled away. "Go make sure your crazy boyfriend isn't trying to suntan on the roof or something."

Jungkook blinked, irrational worry rising in him as his brain calculated the possibility of Taehyung actually doing that before he sighed. “He should be knocked right out still. He got injured last night.”

"Oh?" Yoongi's eyebrows furrowed. "What happened?"

“A group of crazy cultists attacked us.” Jungkook frowned, running a hand through his hair. “I think they probably are the ones behind all the fledglings.”

"Attacked you both?” Yoongi looked Jungkook up and down. "You alright?"

“Yeah. I'm fine. Tae took care of most of them, and well.” Jungkook shrugged. “This isn't the first time I've been attacked. The time I was kidnapped, I was weak from two vampires drinking from me and high from drugs. If I hadn't been… I think at least Chanshik-hyung would be still alive.”
He tried not to think too much about that night. Tried not to let the guilt get to him, but…

It was useless though. Dwelling on it. So other than moments like this, Jungkook just trained harder and told himself that he would never let it happen again.

Yoongi was silent for a moment before clasping Jungkook's shoulder. "I know you'll avenge him. When the people behind all this are found."

Jungkook gave Yoongi a weak smile. “Yah. I'm supposed to be the one comforting you. Not the other way around.”

"Who says it can't be both," Yoongi said drily. "Seriously though, you can't be back here, get out before my boss has my head."

“Oh. Right. Okay. I'll… ask Namjoon-hyung to talk to Hoseok-hyung, alright?”

The relief was visible in Yoongi's eyes even if he tried to hide it. "Right. Thanks."

Jungkook made a face but he held his comments in, ducking in for another quick hug. “Take care, okay hyung?”

"Yeah," Yoongi nodded against Jungkook's shoulder, before pulling away again. "See you around."

“Okay.” Jungkook said, reluctantly beginning to leave. He rounded the counter, casting looks back at Yoongi even as he took up his Americano again. Yoongi gave Jungkook a half-hearted wave, and that was the last view Jungkook had of him before the coffee shop door swung shut.

****
It had been a long few days.

To be honest, Hoseok had just been trying not to think these past few days. He tried to immerse himself in his schedule, trying to just go through the motions. Go to work, go to dance, smile, act happy, act normal, be okay, okay, okay. If anyone asked, he's a-ok.

(He was not okay.)

So he was a little surprised when Namjoon called him up to come over to his place for a visit. Surprised, and not sure what to feel. It would be tiring, trying to pretend to be okay in front of Namjoon, but then it was also less time at home, alone, trying to sleep and not think about the cold, empty spot on his bed.

So he went as requested, putting on his smile before he pressed the doorbell to Namjoon’s apartment.

Namjoon opened the door and gave Hoseok a warm smile in return. "Hey. I feel like I haven't seen you in ages." He stepped aside to let Hoseok in.

Despite himself, Hoseok's lips curled into a more genuine smile at the sight of Namjoon. “Yeah. It's been a while.”

The moment he stepped in however, he was nearly bowled over. He let out a small squeak, blinking down at the head of blond hair. “Jimin?”

“Idiot. You haven't visited in so long.” Came Jimin’s muffled voice in Hoseok’s shirt.

Namjoon’s voice was soft as he watched the two fledglings. "He's missed you a lot." Well, Jimin had been going stir-crazy in general, but he had definitely been missing his roommate's presence. What had happened last time Hoseok visited didn't help matters either.

“Oh.” Hoseok looked down at Jimin before ruffling the younger’s hair. “Sorry. Things got a bit crazy I guess.”

“It's ok. You're here now.” Jimin mumbled. “But I'm not supposed to monopolize you. Namjoon
said he had something to talk to you about. So you better make sure you come back again.”

Hoseok blinked, glancing at Namjoon before chuckling. “Well, I don't have anything to do afterwards, so we can hang out a bit after.”

Jimin paused, looking up and squinting at Hoseok. “You don't need to go back to talk to Yoongi?”

At the mention of Yoongi's name, Hoseok stiffened, throat suddenly dry. “Erm.”

Namjoon blinked, then sighed inaudibly. "I'm going to borrow Hoseok for a bit, okay?" He said, arm wrapping loosely around Hoseok's shoulders. "I need to ask him some things."

Jimin’s eyes narrowed, and for a moment he looked like he would push before he shrugged. “Sure. Holler if you need me, I'll be in my room.”

"Alright." Namjoon watched him go with a small smile; Jimin's room was 'their' room, really. Then he looked back at Hoseok. "Are you thirsty? We're pretty well-stocked right now." Jimin still needed a whole lot of blood, though he was beginning to slow down.

Hoseok blinked before he shook his head. “I'm good. Drank before I came.” He didn't have much of an appetite anyway.

"Okay." Namjoon drew him to sit down in the living room.

The older vampire rubbed his hands together, as if not sure how to start. Then he sighed and asked, "are you doing okay?"

Hoseok blinked again. “Why wouldn't I be okay?”

"I heard that… you and Yoongi are on a break or something."

Hoseok froze.
Or rather, it was more a million thoughts bursting through his head — thoughts he’d been trying to suppress. And they roared, so loud and so numerous, that Hoseok’s mind went blank.

Namjoon didn't say anything else, just waiting patiently for Hoseok's response, his hand covering the younger vampire's.

Finally, finally, Hoseok turned to look at Namjoon, his face ashen. “How… How did you know?”

"Jungkook told me," Namjoon said gently. "Are you doing alright, Hoseok?"

“Jungkook?” Hoseok’s lips tightened, rubbing his face. “How did he find out?” Was Yoongi broadcasting this to everyone?

"I… he said that he spoke to Yoongi the other day," Namjoon replied.

“Oh.” Hoseok said blankly, looking down at his hands. “I… yeah. Yoongi… was the one who suggested the break.”

Namjoon gently squeezed Hoseok's fingers. "If you don't mind me asking… what happened?"

Hoseok closed his eyes. What had happened? A lot had happened. And to be honest, even Hoseok wasn't very sure beyond, “I fucked up.”

"Did you two argue over something?"


"That's a harsh claim to make." Namjoon wrapped his arm around Hoseok's shoulders. "Do you want to talk about it?"

Hoseok couldn't help but lean into the touch, laughing derisively at himself. “And reveal how much I
fucked up? Well... sure. Why not."

"Talking it over with someone might help you feel better," Namjoon murmured. "I won't judge, I promise."

Hoseok sighed again, eyes flickering down. "It's... it's a misunderstanding, really. This time at least. I... Didn't explain myself properly. Fuck. I'm not even explaining myself properly right now."

Namjoon just hummed reassuringly. "It's alright. Take your time."

Hoseok closed his eyes, fingers picking at the hem of his shirt. And he was quiet for a long time, trying how to explain the complicated mess that he was. Finally, he said. "I... before Yoongi. I dated two people. One guy and one girl."

The older vampire didn't interrupt Hoseok's words, just smoothing his thumb gently against the other man's shoulder.

"The guy was hot. Way out of my league. And the girl used to be in my dance team. I couldn't believe either of them wanted to date me. And I guess... I loved them."

Hoseok paused, rubbing his face. "Namjoon can I ask you a question? What is dating supposed to be like?"

Namjoon blinked. "Supposed to be like? I suppose... it's about learning to love and trust someone who makes you happy, who makes you feel like the best version of yourself. It's give and take."

Hoseok paused at that, looking down. "...what does that mean though? My first two relationships were like that. I guess. Just that after I got out of them, I realized that I might not have been happy. But the rest... I guess it happened?"

Namjoon’s eyes tightened a little, and he gently squeezed Hoseok’s shoulder. "Why weren't you happy with them?" He seemed to understand this was about far more than Hoseok’s relationship with Yoongi.

“I...” Hoseok hesitated. “I don't know. I just felt stressed. Like... I always wasn't good enough for them. Not loving enough for them. Even though I did my best to give them whatever they wanted. It
"Did they... say things that made you feel not good enough?" Namjoon asked softly. "Do things?"

Hoseok’s fingers tightened their hold on his shirt. “I… I don't know. They never really… said or do things? Just… you know it was… me being terrible at knowing and loving them well enough to not figure out what they wanted before they even said it. I was just… really terrible at that.”

Namjoon shook his head, hugging Hoseok close. "That's not on you, Hoseok. Dating is about... communicating. You're not a mindreader, you shouldn't have to guess what the other person wants. They have to be able to tell you themselves."

Hoseok didn’t look up at Namjoon, stiff in Namjoon’s arms. “That… wasn't what I learned while dating either of them.”

"They told you otherwise?"

“Yeah.” Hoseok mumbled, “with him, it was… stuff he wanted. He would send hints that he wanted something, and then get mad when I didn't get him anything, or got him the wrong thing. With her, it was spending time with her. Like my friends would invite me out, and she'd say it was ok, I could go out with them, but then she'd give me the cold shoulder if I did. And I just figured… I was bad at this dating thing. Like. They were right, if I loved them, I should automatically know what they liked. And they never failed to predict what I wanted too so— I don't know.”

"Automatically knowing what someone likes is something that comes with lots of time," Namjoon sighed. "But they shouldn't punish you for not knowing things they never bothered to properly vocalize. Communication takes two people, right?" He smoothed his hand along Hoseok’s back. "If you were stressing out about it, always worried about doing the wrong thing or missing some impossible clue, that wasn't a healthy relationship."

“I didn't realize that. Not until Yoongi.” Hoseok mumbled, “when I started dating him, I knew I wanted to do my best. So I did all the things that would have made them happy. I bought him stuff he wanted, prioritized him over anyone else. But… that just got him so mad.”

“It took a while before he finally got through to me that all he wanted was me to be happy, to continue being myself because he fell in love with me the same way I did him.” Hoseok mumbled, “I mean, I still catch myself sometimes. Hard to break old habits. And it's hard to figure out what's just me wanting to make him happy, and what is me being scared of not making him happy. But… the few weeks after he gave me an ultimatum… They were nice.”

From the expression on Namjoon’s face, that seemed to alleviate some of the concerns he’d had —
maybe concerns over whether Yoongi was doing the same thing as Hoseok’s exes. Even so… "Did something happen then?" He asked gently. "For you two to go on a break."

Hoseok’s face crumpled a little at that. “I… well. One of the things he was really angry about was that I took morning shifts for extra money to buy stuff that he wanted. And well, also because I wanted to appear more dependable. Like I had enough money to help him with whatever he wanted.”

“Of course, he made me stop. But a few days ago, a friend of mine… really needed someone to take over her morning shift. I was her last option. And so I said yes.”

Hoseok closed his eyes. “I was going to text Yoongi about it. But time was really tight and I just forgot. And then… and then… Yoongi came in unexpectedly.”

Namjoon blinked, before understanding dawned in his eyes. "He didn't know… so he thought you were doing the same thing again. But you told him why you were there, right?"

Hoseok shook his head. “I tried. But I fucked up.”

"What happened?" Namjoon asked, lips pursing.

“I just froze.” Hoseok’s voice tightened. “I said something stupid. I fucking said ‘I thought it would make you happy’, because you know. I accepted because Yoongi wanted me to be my own person. And I accepted because that was something I would have done if I hadn't been dating him. But it was also exactly the same thing I said when he got angry with me and I tried to justify myself.”

"So… it really is just a misunderstanding," Namjoon sighed. He rubbed Hoseok's back. "Why don't you talk to him about it? Explain what really happened."

“I don't know.” Hoseok closed his eyes. “My past two relationships said they wanted to take ‘breaks’ as well. But they never contacted me ever again after that. I couldn't bear if that was what Yoongi really meant.”

Namjoon shook his head. "Remember, dating is about communication. Only one of you knows that what happened is a misunderstanding; even if things fall through, do you want that misunderstanding hanging over you?"
Hoseok took in a shaky breath. “I don’t know. Maybe. I… it’s irrational. But when Yoongi got mad I got so scared. Like… it felt like the other two. I didn’t— I just—”

He just felt like something in him was broken. And it just wasn't fair to Yoongi, to make him take defected goods. Yoongi deserved so much better.

“Maybe it would be better if I didn't date anyway. I'm so fucked up anyway.”

"Hey… no," Namjoon murmured, hugging Hoseok. "You're not. You're brilliant and caring, with so much love to give. You just need someone who will give you that love back, instead of abusing it."

“How do you even know that?” Hoseok mumbled, he felt so tired. “You've never dated me.”

"You don't have to date someone to know what kind of person they are," Namjoon snorted. "We're friends, aren't we? You're my childe." He ran his fingers through Hoseok's hair. "Everyone has their scars, Hoseok. What matters isn't where you came from, but where you're trying to go."

“Where I'm trying to go?” Hoseok asked quietly, unable to help but lean into the touch.

"Mhm. Don't let what happened with those other two people run your future. You had something good with Yoongi, right? Give it a chance."

Hoseok didn't say anything, didn't think he could say anything — but then he took a shuddering breath, burying his face into Namjoon’s shirt.

There was no way that Namjoon didn't feel the wet spots blooming on his shirt. But Namjoon didn't comment on them. He just wrapped both arms around Hoseok, hugging the younger vampire close. His fingers massaged the back of Hoseok's head, playing with the locks of hair.

Hoseok wasn't very sure how long he stayed this way, body shaking and feeling like his insides were going dissolve from all the tears he was filled with. But finally, he whispered the question that was ringing in his head with the depth of all his worries, “what if he doesn't want me back?”
"...Then he didn't deserve you in the first place," Namjoon murmured. "But if you don't try, you'll never know."

It was an answer Hoseok knew. But, “I'm still fucking scared, Namjoon.”

"I know. It's okay to be scared," Namjoon said.

*It's okay to be scared.*

“Do you think Yoongi would forgive me?”

"I think so, but you know him better than I do. What do you think?” Namjoon asked.

“...” and Hoseok put aside the Yoongi of his nightmares brushing him aside and said, “he'd probably hit me and ask me why I didn't tell him properly.”

Namjoon chuckled, lips curling into a smile. "That sounds like something Yoongi would do."

Hoseok managed a slightly wet chuckle, burying himself deeper into Namjoon’s embrace. “You think it'll really be okay?”

"I think so," Namjoon replied. "So try talking to him, alright?"

Hoseok took in a shaky breath, before nodding. “Yeah… yeah. I'll try. If he allows me to, at least.”

Namjoon smiled at that, relief in his eyes as he squeezed Hoseok's shoulder. "Good. That's good."

Hoseok sighed, swallowing. “God. I'm so tired right now.”

"Why don't you stay here and rest for a while? It's just me and Jimin... oh," Namjoon's lips curled and he glanced towards Jin's room. "And Jongdae."
"Thanks for remembering I exist," Jongdae's voice floated out of the bedroom. "It would be nice if you remembered that whenever you and Jimin try to get it on in the living room."

Hoseok jumped at Jongdae’s sudden voice. And maybe he still felt a little raw and still a little afraid, but Namjoon had helped him enough that he could pull out of the embrace to give his sire a judgingly raised eyebrow.

Namjoon turned a little pink. "...I thought he was asleep," he mumbled, finding the table very interesting all of a sudden.

“I'm just hoping you didn't have sex on this very couch we're sitting on right now.” Hoseok said dryly, finding it a little easier to joke now.

"I managed to convince Jimin to move to the bedroom,” Namjoon huffed. "It's not worth Seokjin's wrath otherwise. But... speaking of bedrooms. Jungkook and Taehyung wanted you to know the guest bedroom at their place is open for you. It's not safe for you to be staying on your own right now."

Hoseok blinked at that. “Jungkook and Taehyung? Oh. Because Jongdae was taken down... and there isn't enough people to babysit us... but what about Yoongi? Wouldn't it be better if Yoongi stayed with them?"

Namjoon's eyes softened, and he chuckled, leaning back. "Funny... he said the exact same thing about you when Jungkook offered him the room."

Hoseok blinked before he flushed, looking down at this hands. “Idiot.”

"Think it over. We'd feel better if you were somewhere safe. In the meantime, I better let Jimin know we're done talking." Namjoon looked towards the closed bedroom door. "Even though with his hearing, he was probably listening in to the entire thing. And still is."

As if on cue, the door opened and Jimin walked out, a pout on his face. “My own boyfriend, selling me out.” He complained, but went straight to Hoseok, pulling the elder into a tight hug. “It'll be okay, Hoseokie-hyung. I'm sure Yoongi misses you as much as you do him. And you should stay here for a bit, even if it's too crowded to stay the night. We miss you.”
Namjoon watched them both with a smile. "He's right. Stay here with us for a bit? We haven't seen much of you lately."

Hoseok looked down at Jimin before smiling, wrapping his arms around Jimin’s frame. “Yeah. I need some time to gather my courage anyway. Sorry for the last time, when I snapped at you.”

“Hmmm? What? I don't even know what you're talking about.” Jimin hummed, happily snuggling Hoseok closer.

Namjoon patted Hoseok’s shoulder before standing, leaving the two to smother each other on the couch. "I'm getting something to drink. Either of you want anything?"

"It's time for the fledgling to feed." Jongdae had moved to lean out the bedroom door. He still looked far too pale even for a vampire, shirtless with bandages wrapped around his middle, but at least he was on his feet.

Jimin shifted a little so that he wasn't completely covering Hoseok, and he made a face at Jongdae. “Aren't you supposed to still be in bed?”

Hoseok on the other hand, startled. “Woah— oh my god. Jongdae, you don't look too good.”

"Thanks. That's what tends to happen after weeks of minimal feeding and silver exposure, and then torture from a bored Elder." Jongdae walked slowly over to the armchair. "I can leave bed, just no sudden movements."

"Seokjin will still have your head if he sees you out here," Namjoon said matter-of-factly as he headed into the kitchen. Jongdae just shrugged.

Jimin tilted his head before he pulled out his phone, snapping a picture of Jongdae.

Jongdae just gave Jimin a flat look. "You are far too bored."
Jimin shrugged. “You're sitting out here despite the fact that you shouldn't be. You're bored too.”

And Hoseok watched as Jimin sent the photo to Seokjin on his phone. “Where's Seokjin-hyung anyway?”

"Work," Jongdae replied, making himself as comfortable as he could in the armchair. "And restocking his blood bag supply while he's at it. With all the fledglings lately, donors haven't been enough."

Hoseok sighed. “This fledgling thing had been going on for really long. I can't help but feel like it's all going to explode one day.”

"That makes all of us." Namjoon came back, carefully balancing a tray with cups of blood for everyone. He set it down on the table without mishap, passing Jongdae his. "What about all those fledglings that had been saved?"

"Obviously I've been out of the loop the last few weeks," Jongdae said, sipping slowly from the cup. "But Yunho’s team has been working on sending them to allies out of the city. Both to keep them out of the line of fire, and give them somewhere more peaceful to practice their control before they assimilate back into society. There's just not enough of us here in Seoul to watch for new nests and help them anymore."

This was news to Hoseok. But before he could ask more, Jongdae's phone started to vibrate violently.

Jongdae blinked down at it, tilting the screen to see the notifications popping up. Then he looked up at Jimin with a sigh. "You couldn't give me even five minutes of freedom, huh?"

Jimin smiled beatifically at Jongdae. “Nope.”

Hoseok looked a little confused. “What happened?”

"Seokjin's blowing a gasket," Jongdae said, looking down at his phone. "I'm seriously fine. If I can sit up in bed, I can sit up in a chair."
“Vampires heal fast, but your ribs were pretty well broken,” Namjoon said. “You’ve been learning bad habits from Taehyung.”

“Hey, don’t lump me in with Mr ‘I drink liquid silver and try to fucking suntan’.”

“You start with twenty broken ribs and work your way up.” Jimin said blandly.

Hoseok couldn’t help but chip in a little. “Yeah, Jongdae-sshi. You should be more careful.”

The older vampire gave them both the finger before standing and slowly making his way back to bed. "I can see when I'm not wanted."

Hoseok immediately felt a little guilty. “Wait, sorry. I didn't mean that we didn't want you to stay.”

"It's fine, doctor's orders," Jongdae sighed, disappearing into the bedroom.

“Translation, he's whipped as fuck for Jin.” Jimin chuckled, patting Hoseok’s knee.

"I'm injured, not deaf," Jongdae's voice floated back out to them. Namjoon's shoulders shook in suppressed laughter as he sat down beside Jimin.

Jimin grinned, slipping one hand into Namjoon’s as he sat. “He's too easy. Ah, things have been so boring being stuck in the house. But it's a little better with him around.”

Hoseok raised an eyebrow, “wait. You've been stuck in the house?”

Jimin nodded with a wry chuckle. “Yeah. Too dangerous to be around humans still. That thing with Yoongi-hyung would still happen.”

"He's been getting better though," Namjoon said, sounding like the proud boyfriend he was. "He said hi to one of our neighbours the other day."
“I was literally not breathing the whole time.” Jimin sighed. But Hoseok’s eyes brightened, reaching out to squeeze Jimin’s hand. “No, that’s really great Jimin. Trust me. It’s so hard. I practically had to keep breathing into strong scents my whole first week to stop wanting to bite people.”

“Ugh. I’d start sneezing like a loon if I kept having to do that.” Jimin made a face.

"We're going to give it a few more days, and a couple more neighbour interactions," Namjoon said. "Then I was thinking… we could try a walk around the block, when it's late enough for few people to be out. We can ask Taehyung to join us if it makes you feel better.” Taehyung being the only who could easily restrain Jimin without killing him, Hoseok deduced.

Jimin huffed a little. And as much as he said that he was going stir crazy in the house, it was clear from his expression that the last thing he wanted was to go crazy and attack someone on the street. Hoseok frowned, and he put a hand to Jimin’s back. “Hey, what's that for? You're going to do fine.”

Jimin sighed. “As much as I'm glad you have so much confidence in me, I'm not so sure that I'm ready yet.”

"If you want to practice for longer, we can," Namjoon said, squeezing Jimin's hand. "We move whenever you're ready. But we can take all the precautions we need too." He chewed on his lip. "Maybe Taehyung would agree to bringing Jungkook here, before you try going outside."

Jimin blinked before eyeing Namjoon with a slightly sceptical stare.

"...I know it's a long shot," Namjoon admitted at the look he was given. "But if you want to be sure you can stand being around a human, doing it in a controlled environment with one who knows what to expect would be best."

Jimin rubbed his face. “Then wouldn't it be better if like… Taehyung brought in some hunter? I seriously doubt Taehyung would allow Jungkook to become a potential meal.”

"Seokjin doesn't like having hunters here," Namjoon said. But it wouldn't be the first time Taehyung had brought one in regardless to what Seokjin wanted. "Either way... would that be something you want to try?"

Jimin paused before he nodded. “Yeah. That would... That would be good actually.”
"Alright, then I'll talk to him," Namjoon nodded, smiling at his boyfriend. "You'll do fine."

Jimin couldn't help but smile back. And god, they were seriously giving him diabetes. A couple of moments of saccharine staring later, Hoseok sighed. “This is sweet and all, but if the two of you are going to make out, just leave me here to sleep on the couch and you can go hanky panky in your room all you want.”

Namjoon laughed at that, flushing as he shook his head. "No, no. We'll behave, sorry."

Jimin grinned, “as much as I'd normally take the chance to flee to the bedroom with my boyfriend, I actually haven't seen you in a while. Other than the small hiccup with Yoongi, how have you been?”

“Jimin, giving up sex for me? I'm honoured.” Hoseok joked, mostly to cover up the twinge at the mention of Yoongi's name. “Well, nothing much really. Oh, but there was this customer who did something really hilarious. It was last Saturday…”

Chapter End Notes

I'm late, I'm late! For a very important date. (Oops, spoilers for our next series)

But yes, Curi is late again, what's new? But the next few chapters will hopefully be on time as I should be able to beta a bit more the coming few days.

Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter? :) And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!
“You look pretty healthy for someone who got beaten up.”

Taehyung gave Yunho a wry grin. "Who said I was beaten up? They got in a few lucky stabs, is all." He closed the door behind him, seeing Yunho was alone in the conference room. "Good, Weasel isn't here yet. I still want to punch him."

“Please don't punch him.” Yunho said tiredly. “He's already paid his dues. And I need him intact.”

"He hasn't paid his dues," Taehyung said, an angry glint sneaking into his eyes before he shook his head. "I won't start anything if he doesn't. But he hasn't paid for what he did to Jongdae."

Yunho rubbed one finger against the bridge of his nose. “I've always admired your loyalty to people, Taehyung. But sometimes it gives me a headache.”

"Hey. I would have never signed on as your enforcer if I didn't love you and Bogum hyung so much," Taehyung punched Yunho's shoulder before dropping down into the seat beside him.

“I know. But trust me, I made sure Heechul got adequate punishment, so don't go ripping him limb to limb.” Yunho smiled, reaching out and squeezing Taehyung’s arm.

"You know I don't trust those things if I can't see them through," Taehyung wrinkled his nose, before fixing Yunho with a puppy-dog pout. "But if it's hyung asking, I'll behave."

“Yes. Hyung is asking.”

The long-awaited meeting between the four remaining vampire Elders had finally been announced, both Phantom and Fox confirming they would attend. Frankly, Taehyung thought this meeting to go over everything they knew and plan next steps should have happened weeks ago. But vampires, especially old vampires, only moved one way: extremely, extremely slowly. It was a miracle the situation was urgent enough to warrant meeting this year.
But for the moment it was just Taehyung and Yunho. Which meant more ribbing. “So I heard from someone that you finally got your shit together and started having sex with Jungkook?”

Taehyung’s jaw fell open. "Did literally everyone know about his crush years before me?"

Yunho gave Taehyung a pitying look. “You might have a good nose. But apparently, you missed what was right in front of you. Even when I first met him, I could tell your ward had a crush on you the size of Siberia.”

Whining, Taehyung slunk down in his seat. "It's not my fault I didn't recognize it... it's not like I've ever dated anyone before. I'm really good at no strings attached one-night stands and friends with benefits, that's about it. But I'm trying. He's important to me."

“It'll be fine. I know you. And Jungkook is a good kid. He's done you well, and will continue to do so.”

Taehyung peered up at Yunho's face and the fond smile looking back at him, a small smile slowly spreading on his own. "...Thanks, hyung,” he said quietly.

The door opened, and he caught the scent of lavender as he looked up. A cloaked and masked figure stepped in, nodding to them both. "Commander, Bloodhound."

Voice modifier, covered skin, old vampire scent, female. Definitely the Phantom.

Except…

Immediately, Yunho was all business. “Phantom. Was wondering when you would get here, since you were the one who called this meeting.”

Taehyung breathed in again, that lavender smell bothering him. The Phantom they’d met last time hadn’t smelled like that. There were other scents layered on top of it, perfumes and the like, but the lavender undertone was new.
This wasn’t the same woman as before.

"My apologies, I was running behind schedule." Her voice distorther was clearly functional, pitch twisted. The Phantom walked to the table, sitting down across from them. "I see we are still missing Fox."

“T’m here.” And at that moment, Heechul walked into the room, carefully not looking at Taehyung. “My apologies as well. I had some things to take care of.

Taehyung was temporarily distracted from his thoughts. He avoided looking at Heechul in return, fingers curling into fists in his lap. As much as his instincts clamoured to leap up and punch Heechul across the face, he did nothing, holding onto his promise to Yunho.

"I called this meeting to share what information has been found in the last few weeks," Phantom said, gloved hands folding on the table in front of her. "Most importantly, I have the whereabouts of the renegade coven's leader."

Yunho straightened at that. “That is… big news.”

"Where?" Taehyung asked, paying keen attention.

"To be kept secret by my people for now," Phantom replied. "We still have the matter of our traitor to deal with. But I’m ready to act on that information, and deal with the coven properly."

Yunho frowned, not entirely sold on Phantom going after the coven leader on her own. “As much as I am confident of your prowess, Phantom. I do think you should at least have some backup.”

"I will have my enforcers by my side," Phantom replied. "Besides, I need you three watching your allies carefully."

Taehyung perked up. "You think the traitor will be lured out of hiding if you attack their ally."

She nodded. "Taking out the coven means nothing if the traitor is still at large."
Yunho rubbed the bridge of his nose again. “Noted. I just hope of all our sakes that the traitor isn't within your enforcers, Phantom.”

"If they are or aren't, we'll find out either way," Phantom said. "They didn't take your bait, Commander, nor did they panic when Bloodhound's enforcer was pulled from the hunter's basement. So it's time to force their hand."

Yunho sighed, before nodding. “I suppose you're right, Phantom.”

Heechul finally spoke up, a deep frown on his face. “If you do force their hand, Phantom, then we might have a huge fight on our hand. Should we be preparing resources for that?”

"Absolutely," Phantom said. "Free as many of your enforcers from their regular tasks as possible. I can't give you an exact time table for when I strike, but it will be very soon." The eyes behind her mask went to Yunho. "Have all the new fledglings been moved out of the city?"

“Most of them,” Yunho confirmed. “There's a couple of batches we're still finding help for. But they should be out within the next few weeks.”

"We'll have to make due with that," Phantom sighed. She looked to Taehyung. "No new nests?"

"It's been quiet," Taehyung shook his head. "Aside from a bunch of impulsive coven vampires. It's been too quiet."

“Feels like something is brewing.” Yunho agreed, tapping his chin. “Maybe it's good that we're attacking first. I just hope it isn't a trap.”

"You and us all," Phantom replied. "Any action we take is liable to be a trap, but we can't remain stagnant."

Taehyung watched her from the corner of his eyes as she spoke, noting the mannerisms and confidence with which she explained details only the Phantom herself would have known. This might not be the same woman who they'd met last Elder meeting, but she knew too much to be an imposter. She seemed more like… a highly trained stand-in.
If that was the case, then who knew if the first woman they’d met had been the true Phantom either.

“True as well.” Yunho agreed, tapping his fingers on his thigh. Taehyung wondered if Yunho knew that this was a different person. Whether he did or didn’t, there was nothing in his friend’s mannerisms to indicate alarm. “We will prepare for your action then. In the meantime, if you need more help, please feel free to let us know.”

Phantom nodded. "Have there been any other developments?"

“Other than Taehyung getting attacked? Not really.” Yunho shook his head.

"Then I will be in touch." Phantom stood. "Stay vigilant for the traitor."

"Got it," Taehyung nodded. "Good luck with the coven."

“Good luck indeed.” Heechul mumbled under his breath. “I suppose the meeting is over.”

"Unless anyone has anything else to add," Phantom replied. "I have preparations to make." Taehyung stood as well. He wanted to get back to his patrols, and far away from Heechul.

“I just need to speak to Fox for a bit.” Yunho glanced up at Heechul, whose lips thinned, nodding.

Taehyung’s eyes narrowed slightly in confusion, but nodded. "I'll wait for you outside, hyung." He headed to the door, slipping out after Phantom.

There wasn’t a word even after the door closed behind Taehyung and Phantom. Yunho was obviously being careful not to be overheard.

Out in the hallway, Taehyung watched Phantom disappear around the corner. One more mystery they didn’t need. Given the Phantom’s track record, it wasn’t unusual for them to resort to a stand-in rather than appear in person, but it didn’t speak well of the Phantom’s trust of the rest of them.
Taehyung sighed and shook his head to clear it. Leaning back against the wall and resisting the urge to listen in to the conversation happening back inside the meeting room, he checked the messages on his phone instead.

There was a message left on Taehyung's phone from Jungkook. Opening it, he saw a selfie of Jungkook stuffing his face with kimbap with the caption ‘feeding myself to make me tasty for you’ below.

A wide boxy grin spread on Taehyung's face, squishing his cheeks up over his eyes as he typed back.

**Tae, 10.15 p.m. Kookie is always tasty ;) <3**

Sending the message, he sighed with a warm smile, looking down at his dorky boyfriend's picture. He'd see him again soon.

But first, he had work to do.

****

“Taehyung, stop sulking.” Jungkook sighed as they finally got out of the car. “It'll be fine.”

"I'm not sulking." Taehyung hadn't expected Jungkook to overhear Namjoon's suggestion on how to test Jimin's control, and predictably volunteer himself as bait. And trying to talk Jungkook out of it had gone absolutely nowhere, so here they were, about to head up to Namjoon and Seokjin's apartment instead of cuddling safely back home.

Okay, Taehyung was 100% sulking.

Jungkook looked just as 100% done, but after a moment he shook his head walking up to Taehyung and pulling him into a hug. ‘Hey. It'll be fine. You're right here with me. And I've gotta practice dealing with fledglings more. This is a win-win, you know?’
"A win-win would be us wrapped up in blankets playing Mario Kart," Taehyung hugged Jungkook tightly back. "An ex-hunter fledgling isn't like any other fledgling you've seen. Stay beside me, alright?" Jimin's control had improved by leaps and bounds, but Taehyung couldn't help but worry for his boyfriend.

“I know, exactly why I volunteered. Especially now, I'm gonna be dealing with stronger vampire because they know to get to you, the easiest way is to get to me.” Jungkook kissed Taehyung’s cheek. “I don't want to be your weakest link. And since you're an idiot, that means the only way is to make myself stronger.”

The vampire's gaze softened and he nuzzled against Jungkook's jaw. "...Okay. I still don't like this, but okay. But you're not going to be fighting him, that's not the goal today.”

“That's never the point.” Jungkook chuckled, “the point has always been to escape. I'm gonna improve my dodging and dashing skills.”

"Yeah, but that's not the point today," Taehyung pulled away and tapped Jungkook's nose before pulling him along to the door. "The point is that you won't need to."

Jungkook was a little amused at that. “Good you have that much faint in Jimin,” he teased.

"That's what I meant!" Taehyung huffed. "I wouldn't have agreed to this at all if there wasn't a good chance he won't try to eat you alive."

“Alright, alright. If that's what you say.”

The mood was equally cheery all the way until they reached the front of Seokjin’s and Namjoon’s apartment. And when there Jungkook turned, raising an eyebrow. “I suppose you're gonna wanna be the one to knock.”

Taehyung slipped in front of Jungkook instinctively. After a moment, he knocked on the door.

It was opened by Namjoon, the younger vampire giving them a tentative smile. "Hey... come in? He's in the bedroom right now.”
“Alright.” Jungkook sniffed at himself. He'd tried to make it easier for Jimin by showering and spraying on the strongest cologne he had. The amount of cologne was really giving Taehyung a headache. “I'm ready if everyone else is.”

With that Namjoon let them in, closing the door behind them. Jongdae was out in the living room today, giving them both a tired wave from the armchair. "Hey."

Taehyung spared his head enforcer a warm, relieved smile, glad to see Jongdae was doing better. Reaching back, his hand found Jungkook's as Namjoon went to the bedroom door.

"Jimin?"

The fledgling was sitting on the bed, body posture stiffening as the door opening. “Hi, Tae. I heard you come in.”

"Yep," Taehyung said from back out in the living room, watching the bedroom door. "Wanna come out and say hi?"

Jimin let out a shaky breath. “Yeah. Gimme… a moment… hi Jungkook.”

Jungkook peaked out from behind Jimin. “Uh… hi, Jimin-sshi.”

“Call me hyung.” Jimin said with a slightly strained laugh. “I think at this point, being so formal would be weird.”

Despite the light conversation, the way they were arranged meant both Taehyung and Namjoon stood between Jimin and Jungkook. Taehyung felt oddly tense — he could tell Jimin was able to smell Jungkook from the other room, though it wasn't clear if he was mostly getting the heavy cologne smell or the human underneath yet. Still, he kept his voice light as he said, "but it's so cute how he says Jimin-sshi."

“Cute for you, maybe.” Jimin grumbled before his gaze shifted to stare at Jungkook. “Jungkook, what do you normally eat from day to day?”

“No… overload of sugary stuff? Cinnamon?”

“No?” Jungkook looked confused, glancing at Taehyung.

“Then why do you smell so damn sweet?” Jimin grumbled finally turning around properly, body facing the door.

"That's just how Kookie smells," Taehyung carefully watched Jimin expression from where he stood. The fledgling still looked like he had control of himself. "He's always smelled sweet. Just like you always smelled minty without ever really eating a lot of mint."

“But I'm sure I don't smell that minty.” Jimin sighed, rubbing his face. “I probably need to come outside, huh?”

"Yeah, eventually," Taehyung said. "But take your time. We're in no rush."

“Worried I might pounce on Jungkookie?” Jimin laughed a little. “Maybe I should, just to keep you on your toes.”

"I'm always on my toes," Taehyung replied with a wry smirk. "Baby vampire."

“Shut up.” Jimin sighed, “alright. I'm coming out.”

There was no noticeable reaction to Jimin's words from Taehyung, the Elder's eyes already sharp and alert. But Namjoon had one hand in his pocket for the vial of smelling salts, just in case.

Hopefully he wouldn't need to use it.
After a moment, Jimin stood up, beginning to walk towards the door. Jungkook didn't try to move, letting Taehyung stand protectively in front of him as Jimin stepped out into the light of the hallway. Taehyung could feel Jungkook tense as the human noticed the red in Jimin’s eyes. But Jimin didn't pounce towards him, only taking in very shallow, light breaths.

“Ok…” Jimin said, “I think I'm ok.”

"We'll just stay like this for a bit," Taehyung said, voice calm. "One step at a time, right? You're doing good."

“Yeah.” Jimin's voice was a little strained. “Hi Jungkook.”

“Er. Hi again.” Jungkook said, a little nervously now.

“Sorry, just. Really aware of your presence right now.” Jimin licked his lips. “Maybe try your best not to be nervous. It heightens your heartbeat.”

“Oh.” And obviously, Jungkook’s back tensed even more, as if he was trying to will his heartbeat slower. It didn't, the nervousness only increasing at that order. “Er. I'll try.” Hand still in Jungkook's, Taehyung squeezed his fingers lightly, swiping his thumb over the back of the human's hand. A gentle reminder that he was here, and he wouldn't let anything happen to Jungkook.

"You're doing good," Namjoon said softly from closer to Jimin. "You have control over this, Jimin."

Jimin shuddered a little, closing his eyes. “ Barely.” And he made a face. “This is so weird. I don't even like the smell of Jungkook’s blood. No offence, Kook.”

“None taken.”

Jongdae watched them all, everyone standing around the living room awkwardly. "Well, he managed not to lunge for Jungkook's throat immediately on seeing him. Sit down, all of you. You look as awkward as a bunch of teenagers on their first double date.” That startled a small snort of laughter out of Taehyung.
Jimin managed to crack open one red eye to glare at Jongdae. “That make you the fifth wheel then?”

"I am always the fifth wheel," Jongdae drawled. "Or third wheel when it's just you two around. Now I know why Seokjin always stays out of the apartment, you're either staring into each other's eyes like lovesick swains or fucking like rabbits."

“Well, now that Seokjin-hyung’s here, then you don't have to be a wheel anymore.” Jimin shot back, wrinkling his nose. “Why is Jin-hyung staying inside the room anyway?”

"It's his room," Jongdae shrugged. "Why wouldn't he?"

“Because the party is all out here.” Jimin raised an eyebrow, even as Jungkook shuffled over to the couch with Taehyung, looking a little confused.

“Wait,” he leaned over to whisper into Taehyung’s ear. “Isn't Dae-hyung already dating Jin-hyung? Why is he any sort of ‘wheel’?”

Taehyung blinked, looking over his shoulder at Jungkook. "They're not dating. They're fuck buddies."

"Could you be any cruder," Jongdae rolled his eyes. Taehyung immediately opened his mouth to prove him wrong, then yelped when Jongdae lobbed a stray slipper at the back of his head. "That was not an invitation."

"You and Jin-hyung, why do you both like to throw slippers at me?!"

“Because it's satisfying to hear the smack of a slipper against your hard ass head.” Seokjin’s voice sounded as he became visible, leaning against the door frame of his room. “And I was inside because it's already a circus show out here, why contribute more to it?”

"You love us," Taehyung said, eyes going to Jimin. The fledgling's eyes were still red, but he seemed at least somewhat distracted by the conversation. "You'd miss us if we didn't invade your apartment every other day.” He sat himself down in Jungkook’s lap.
“Who invades my apartment? This is the first time you're here since your idiot ass swallowed liquid silver.” Seokjin raised an eyebrow.

“Besides, he's never here. He's always working these days too.” Jimin pointed out.

"I meant in general. Usual apartment invasions, not counting how crazy the last couple months has been," Taehyung huffed. "And I've been by since then! Just not while you're here. You keep avoiding me."

“Exactly.” Seokjin smirked, even as Jungkook let out a small snort.

“You did walk right into that one, Tae.”

Taehyung twisted in Jungkook's lap to fix Jungkook with his wide puppy eyes. "You're supposed to be on my side." Namjoon's shoulders shook in amusement, before he gently took Jimin's hand, bringing him to the loveseat farthest from Jungkook to sit.

“I am!” Jungkook protested, frowning at the puppy eyes. “I'm just pointing out facts— stop that.”

"Kookie…” Taehyung whined sadly, doubling down like he wasn't the oldest one in the whole room.

Meanwhile, Taehyung could see Namjoon seating Jimin down beside him, hand smoothing along his boyfriend's back. "How are you feeling?"

“Peckish.” Jimin answered honestly. “But okay. Like. It's starting to become that sort of feeling where you're so hungry you just stop being so after a while?”

"I guess that's a good way of describing it,” Namjoon agreed, smiling in relief. He pressed a soft kiss to Jimin's temple. "See? I'm so proud of you."

Jimin eyes fluttered closed, leaning into the kiss. “Mmm… I'm glad your proud.”
From the doorway, Seokjin made obvious gagging noises. “Jeez… and they wonder why I escape every day.”

"Which pair?" Jongdae asked drily, watching Taehyung continue to wear Jungkook down into a soft puddle of goo with his sad eyes and whines.

“My childe and childe’s boyfriend.” Seokjin replied, eyes going over just as Jungkook finally relented, pressing kisses to Taehyung’s jaw, mumbling apologies. “Never mind. I actually meant both.”

"These two are your fault," Jongdae snorted and jabbed his thumb at Jungkook and Taehyung. "Just a friendly reminder." Taehyung ignored them both, pleased as a kitten at the attention he was getting from Jungkook.

Seokjin rolled his eyes. “You know, this doesn't really count as interacting, right? Jimin should at least sit beside Jungkook without a threatening vampire between them.”

Namjoon blinked. "Beside him on the couch?"

Taehyung hesitated, looking down at Jungkook before lifting his gaze to Jimin. "Let's try beside him first, before removing the extra vampire."

Jimin had stiffened again, looking wary. “Yeah. That… That probably would be better.”

Namjoon squeezed Jimin's shoulder reassuringly. "It's okay, you've got this."

Jimin sighed, glancing over at Jungkook who smiled after a beat, nodding encouragingly.

There wasn't much he could do but stand, shuffling closer to the couch.

Taehyung didn't move from Jungkook's lap, clearly positioning himself there just in case he had to get between them quickly. "Hey Chim," he said. "So what's the first thing you wanna do when you're not on house arrest anymore?"
“Dunno. Go somewhere on a date with Joon probably.” Jimin paused as he stood in front of the couch, form visibly trembling. “Maybe an exhibition or… something.”

"That sounds cute," Taehyung said, eyes on the fledgling's struggling expression. "Never pegged you as an exhibition type. Exhibition ist, yes."

Jungkook flushed bright red under Taehyung, even as Jimin said distractedly. “I'm very much of an exhibitionist. But Namjoon’s an exhibition guy and it's fun to hear him explain it as much as watching his expressions when he does— Jungkook can you try not to get embarrassed? I can literally hear the blood rushing to your cheeks.”

"That's asking the impossible," Taehyung said, patting Jungkook's knee. "He's got three default moods: embarrassed, hungry, or horny."

“Hyung…” Jungkook whined, even as Seokjin burst out laughing. “That… is ridiculously accurate.”

"And yet it took him how many years to pick up on the third one?" Jongdae snorted.

"…You're never going to let me live that down," Taehyung sighed.

While the rest started to banter, Jimin had sat down beside Jungkook. And the longer he sat, the more he started to drift towards Jungkook, eyes flashing an even darker red.

Just… a little closer… a little… closer…

Then suddenly, Jimin straightened, and there was almost a gust of wind as he flew back to the love seat, grabbing for the vial of smelling salts, not bothering to stop himself from practically knocking Namjoon down. Namjoon yelped, almost tumbling right off the loveseat.

And before anyone else could react, Jimin had practically jammed the vial of smelling salts up his nose and…
...let out an almighty sneeze.

Stunned, Namjoon straightened and started to rub Jimin's back. "You okay?"

Taehyung sighed, a bit of tension in his shoulders leaking out. "He stopped himself from attacking Jungkook, all on his own."

Jungkook blinked before wincing as Jimin started to let out a whole slew of sneezes. “Is… he… okay?”

"As okay as a vampire can be after jamming smelling salts up their own nose," Taehyung said, wrinkling his own nose as the strong smell reached him.

Namjoon capped the bottle, tucking it into his pocket and continuing to rub Jimin's back. Jimin sneezed again, making a soft of miserable sound even as Seokjin looked on, mildly impressed. “Huh. Not too shabby actually. Even if he sounds like he's dying right now.”

Taehyung waited until Jimin's sneezes had died down before climbing off Jungkook's lap. He walked over to the loveseat, crouching down in front of Jimin.

He gave the fledgling a wide smile. "You're ready to go outside, Chim."

Jimin looked up at Taehyung, eyes still red and watering, a slightly incredulous look on his face.

"Well, not tonight," Taehyung snorted. "But the important thing was never getting full control. It was being self-aware and knowing how to deal with your hunger safely. Hoseok walked around with cologne on his sleeve. You'll need sunglasses or contacts for your eyes, but you can do the same."

Jimin sniffled, before he smiled. “I… can really go out?”

"Really," Taehyung nodded. "Small trips to start, but the more you're around humans, the easier it will be."
Jimin looked up at Taehyung, before looking up at Namjoon with a wide, wide smile. “Better take me out to a date.”

"Let's start planning." Namjoon pressed a kiss to Jimin's mouth. Taehyung clapped his hands happily before retreating back to the couch.

Jungkook was peering from his position on the couch, not sure if he could move yet, and seeing Jimin and Namjoon making out in front of everyone made his eyes bug out.

"I think that's our cue to leave," Taehyung chuckled, hands out to Jungkook. "Our work here is done."

"You two can do that in the other room," Jongdae wrinkled his nose at Jimin and Namjoon. "No one wants to watch this."

Jimin continued kissing Namjoon, making sure to moan even louder, before slowly raising his hand and pulling out his middle finger, slowly waving it around the room.

Jungkook's eyes were so wide now, Taehyung was worried they would actually pop out of their sockets.

Right.

"Yep. Time to go." Taehyung took Jungkook's hands and hoisted him up off the couch. "See you guys later!"

Jungkook yelped, needing to run so that he wouldn't get dragged along. “Ah! Tae— wait! Ahh… bye, everyone!”

(He barely waited long enough to hear Jongdae say goodbye. But it would probably have interested him to see both Jongdae and Seokjin both heading back into Seokjin's room together.

“Why are you injured?” Seokjin asked as he shut the door behind them. “If you weren't, we could pay them back, eye for an eye.”
"Sorry I couldn't be beaten up at a more convenient time," Jongdae chuckled, sitting down on the edge of the bed. He carefully flexed his bandaged hand, testing the fingers that had been previously broken. "I still have one good hand though."

Seokjin gave Jongdae a hard stare. “Are you suggesting jerking me off?”

"You're the one who suggested paying them back."

“Not while you're still injured.” Seokjin raised an eyebrow. “If anything, I should be taking care of my patient.”

"Depends what kind of 'taking care of' you mean. You've been a horrible tease while I'm too wrapped up in bandages to do anything about it."

Seokjin snorted, “I've been a good doctor. How have I been a tease?”

Both of Jongdae's eyebrows lifted. "Seokjin, everything about you is a tease."

Seokjin raised an eyebrow. “Well, how about I do a check up? And depending on how okay you are, I'll see how I can un-tease you.”

The corner of Jongdae's lips curled.

"Sounds fair, doctor."

“Well, step into my office then.” Seokjin gestured for Jongdae to lie on the bed.)
"Eyyy Hoseokie-yah! Your ride's here, open up!"

Hoseok blinked a little at the slightly unfamiliar voice. And then he opened the door, running his hand through still drying hair as he went to open the door. “Junsu-sshi? It's good to see you. What are you doing here?

"Taetae's team is having a meeting right now," Junsu leaned against the doorway with a grin. "So I volunteered to fill in for your usual chauffeur. It was either that or shuffle papers with Yunho again."

“Ah? So I'm a convenient escape?” Hoseok’s lips curled. “Although, now I feel a little bad. I mean, I already feel bad for making Junhong drive me around. Now I'm bothering you too.”

"Ey, don't worry about it. Gotta keep everyone safe, huh? So, where to today?"

“Er… Yoongi's place. Thought it'd be easier.”

Hoseok had finally summoned the courage to message Yoongi and ask to talk. Through some miracle, Yoongi had agreed to meet. And Hoseok had thought that Yoongi would feel more comfortable being in a place where he was most familiar with. “Do you need the address?”

"Yeah, he moved right?” Junsu asked. "So you two having a bit of a lover's tiff?"

“Erm.” Hoseok bit his lip. It probably was obvious to anyone who had eyes at this point. “Yeah. Sorta. It's more… A misunderstanding. But I'm hoping to clear it up today.”

"Good, good!” Junsu hummed. "Just about ready to go?"

“Yeah. Er. I just gotta change my shirt real quick.” Hoseok opened the door wider to let Junsu in.

"Getting all dressed up, huh? Ah, to be young and in love,” Junsu hummed, stepping inside the doorway and closing the door behind him.
Hoseok made a face, “I'm just getting out of my smelly dance shirt.” And it hopefully would boost his confidence a bit.

"Still. The point stands. Have you thought about asking him to be a vampire yet?"

Already headed off to his room, Hoseok paused in the doorway, surprised. “It's... A little too early for that isn't it?”

"Just a thought," Junsu said. "Humans age quicker than you'd think. Wait too long and you might miss your chance."

Hoseok hesitated. “Well, it might be a moot discussion anyway. He might not accept me back. Plus, I think he's happy being human."

"Happy for ten or so years until the age difference starts to really show," Junsu replied with a casual shrug. "I'm just saying. If you get your man back, think it over."

Hoseok nodded slowly. “I guess. Well, whatever it is, I'll just... enjoy things as it is. I've never really been one to think too far.”

"If that's what you want," Junsu said, pushing away from the wall to bounce on his heels. "For now, you've got a boy to woo."


Hoseok disappeared into his room, and was out in a couple of moments, in a brand new top as he said. “Right. Okay. I'm done. Let's go.”

Junsu led the way out of the apartment and out to the curb. The evening was calm, the almost soothing hum of city traffic and crowded chatter ringing through the air. "I left the car a block over, parking around here is crazy," Junsu said, heading for a shortcut between buildings.

“Ah. Alright.” Hoseok tried to sound cheery, but his stomach seized nervously, remembering where they were heading to.
To distract himself, he tried to look around the area. “Actually the best place to park would be the spot near our cafe.”

"Around your cafe?" Junsu hummed. "Isn't it all busy roads there too?"

“Yeah, but there's this hidden back alley that everyone misses, and it's pretty wide at the back so more than enough space to turn around.”

"Oh, really?"

“Yeah.” Hoseok nodded, glancing back at Junsu. “If we pass by maybe we can—”

And Hoseok paused, eyebrows furrowing as he caught Junsu from the side. And he didn't know why, but his brain got caught in a loop of deja vu.

He'd seen Junsu before.

"Hm?" Junsu looked back at Hoseok with a smile. "Can what?"

“Huh?” Hoseok blinked, frowning. “I can… I can…”

Where had he seen Junsu before? It had been before Taehyung had introduced them, somehow. He wasn't sure why he didn't recognize Junsu until now, but… maybe it was the light… the angle? But where—

It looked like an ordinary van — black, nondescript. And it made normal van noises as someone slammed the back shut, and he watched as some guys hurry to the front to get in. Well not hurry. They seemed to be walking pretty fast, but their motions were smooth and unhurried. And he just watched blankly as the van started, thinking nothing of it as it began to drive off.

Hoseok had seen him that night. Outside the cafe. He was sure of it. Why would he have seen Junsu though? Hadn't he only come recently when the fledgling problem had become worse?
Junsu paused in the dark alleyway, head tilting as he looked back at Hoseok. "Is something wrong, Hoseokie-yah?"

“Huh?” Hoseok blinked before swallowing. He wasn't sure what was wrong, but Hoseok was beginning to feel wary about Junsu. “Oh. Er. Nothing. I just… Remembered. I needed to see Taehyung before meeting Yoongi.”

"Taetae's in a meeting," Junsu smiled. "What did you need him for? You can tell me."


The older vampire tilted his head slightly, before humming. "I think he works tonight… but we can drive by his place first and check."

“Oh. Yeah. That would… That would be great.” Hoseok just wanted to talk to someone who wasn't Junsu.

"Sure thing. Follow me," Junsu turned and continued through the side streets.

Junsu didn't seem suspicious, so Hoseok probably was in the clear. And his shoulders relaxed noticeably as he followed after Junsu. The car wasn't too far away. And as the other vampire unlocked it, Hoseok said as he got into it. “Oh. Yeah. Sorry for the extra trouble.”

Junsu held the door for Hoseok as the other vampire climbed inside.

"It's no trouble at all," Junsu said cheerfully, right before his fist cracked against the side of Hoseok's head.

Hoseok stood no chance at all. His vision flashed white before everything turned to black.
And here. We. Go.

We're working hard to get the rest of this betaed and finalized so we can resume twice a week posting! Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter :) And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!

There's gonna be something dropped on twitter for our next story soon, and we're both really excited about it! Please anticipate :)}
"Another village was attacked two nights ago. They're getting bolder." Taehyung's ears perked, and he glanced up from the game of cards he and Junsu were occupied with. The two other vampires in the study with them were talking by the screen doors overlooking the Park coven's gardens.

Bogum's expression was grim. Taehyung completely missed Junsu's next play, attention on the conversation.

"Come on, Tae! Your turn!"

Taehyung blinked, looking back at Junsu then down at the cards. Junsu had been so focused he'd probably missed out eavesdropping on the conversation. Which meant he was probably reaching gabo.

All the more reason not to concentrate on the game. Absently putting another card down, his eyes drifted back to the two older vampires as Bogum spoke again. "The humans may be distracted with their wars now, but it won't continue that way if covens and lone wolves keep feeding indiscriminately. You know I'm right, Yunho."

Junsu frowned, putting his cards down to follow Taehyung's gaze just in time to hear Yunho's reply. "I know, Bogum. But other than culling them, there's no way they would listen to us, and the other clans may even take offense if we hunt them on their territories."

"And if we do nothing, we risk exposure." Bogum leaned back against the wooden frame of the door, long sleeves sliding down his arms as he folded them across his chest. "We need to talk with the other covens, the more reasonable ones. We can control our territory, but that means nothing if the rest of Joseon is a massacre."

"If there was some kind of system that would be good. Like the humans. They have their king. Not everyone follows him but at least there's mostly order and peace." Yunho sighed, assuming a similar stance. "But vampires are even more prideful than humans. They would never listen to just one person."

"...They should listen to you, Bogum," Taehyung said, placing his cards down.
Bogum blinked, turning his head to see they had the attention of both younger vampires seated at the nearby table. He smiled ruefully at Taehyung. "Not everyone sees it that way, Tae. Not everyone agrees with our worldviews. And like Yunho said, not all vampires would follow a single leader. Too many differing opinions and headstrong individuals."

He paused then, glancing back at Yunho. "Maybe a few leaders, working together. From all the highest covens of Joseon."

Yunho sighed, almost bone-weary. It sounded like this wasn't the first time he had this conversation with Bogum. "You've been trying to get this idea off the ground for the longest time, Bogum. It's never actually worked."

"The only reason it hasn't worked is because we haven't been collaborating with the right people."

Junsu had put down his cards too, even though he was pouting a little, obviously sulking because he knew he wasn't going to get the satisfaction of winning this round. "What idea?"

Bogum paused, looking over at Taehyung and Junsu. Taehyung thought his curiosity was probably extremely clear on his face. "An idea for government similar to what the humans have, to hold rogue vampires accountable for their actions and assist those who need it. But... we will need multiple voices in charge, one leader isn't enough. We need all vampires to feel represented."

"Who would agree to share power with other vampires?" Taehyung frowned. They knew plenty of covens drunk off their own power, conducting themselves however they saw fit.

"...I spoke with the leaders of the Oh and Lee covens," Bogum said carefully. "They agreed to a tentative alliance in wake of the recent attacks. They would be a good spot to start gathering allies."

Taehyung saw the way Junsu glanced at Yunho, as if to share a ‘Bogum's at his crazy ideas again’ look, but Yunho actually looked thoughtful. "The Oh and Lee coven leaders are good people. Good tempered and reasonable."

"Exactly," Bogum nodded. "They see the need for organization, and collaboration. Humans have changed drastically in the last few hundred years. We need to ensure our own survival, and the survival of humankind."

Junsu blinked at that. "The survival of humankind? I mean, sure we need humans to live but…"

Bogum sighed. He pushed away from the wall, walking over to their table. "If our existence were to
get out, you know the wars wouldn't end until one of our races perished. Or both. The casualties on both sides would be horrifying.”

He sat down between Junsu and Taehyung. "That's why we must work together with other covens to keep our world secret."

"Not all of them are going to like that," Taehyung said, picking at a spot on the table. He made his expression carefully blank, only the smallest furrow in his brows giving away his thoughts. It'd been something he'd learned after one too many times bringing Bogum trouble because he didn't know how to control his expression while on bodyguard duty. "What's so special about humans that we have to live underneath them?"

Yunho sighed, reaching out and ruffling Taehyung's hair. “We're not living under them, Taehyung. We live alongside them. Coexisting with them. Besides, we need them, but they don't need us.”

"And despite all their wars and squabbles, humankind is precious in its own right." Bogum smiled. "I know you both love doting on the children of the villages we pass through." Taehyung's ears turned red and he stared down at his lap as Bogum continued. "We're protecting those lives as well as our own."

Junsu huffed, “what does that mean exactly? Protecting those lives? They don't even know about our existence.”

“That's part of it.” Yunho looked over at Bogum. “Humans would only be fearful of us. We're nothing but a threat to them. And if they knew about us... Well... this life as we know it would be gone.”

Taehyung pressed one fang down into his lower lip, thinking about that. "...Do you think it could work?" He asked, eyes lifting to Bogum. "Your idea."

Bogum's gaze softened, and he squeezed Taehyung's shoulder. "I think if we all work together, we can make it reality."

"Then I'll help you."

Junsu blinked at Taehyung before he snorted. “Bogum’s pet as usual. But well, same really. If you think it'll work, Bogum, I trust you.”
Yunho smiled fondly at the two of them. “Thanks, even though I’m not sure to be thankful for your loyalty or worried about your blind faith.”

“It's not blind,” Taehyung said, brown eyes flicking to Yunho. “It's earned.”

Bogum's fingers mused through Taehyung's hair, the younger vampire leaning into the touch. "We know. Neither of you give trust blindly." He looked to Yunho. “We have a lot to plan, my friend.”

Yunho let out a small sigh before chuckling. “You mean I have a lot of planning. Meanwhile, you'll handle all of the inspiring speeches and meeting people.”

"And if I remember correctly, you like it that way," Bogum smirked at Yunho.

“Damn right I do.” Yunho thumped Bogum’s back. “I'll also leave these two troublemakers to you. They can be your bodyguards.”

"And I'll have the best bodyguards in Joseon," Bogum smiled. "But the night is still young. Who wants to join me for a hunt?” Taehyung immediately perked up.

Not wanting to lose out, Junsu immediately stood. “You know I'm always game for a hunt. Last to get a drink clears the latrine buckets tonight?”

"Then you better get ready to smell it the rest of the night," Taehyung said, standing too.

"Be careful," Bogum sighed, shaking his head in amusement and tweaking Taehyung's nose. "We will be back, Yunho."

“Have fun.” Yunho smiled, “and the two of you, don't cause any trouble for Bogum, alright?”

“You only have to say that to Tae-Tae.” Junsu playfully stuck his tongue out at Taehyung. “I'm always careful.”
"I'm careful," Taehyung replied, wrinkling his nose back at Junsu before heading out into the night. He saw Bogum casting Yunho an amused smile before following the two out.

Oh. It was on.

****

Hoseok was late.

Yoongi looked at the time on his phone, frowning. The time Hoseok had said he would stop by had came and went, with no sign of the vampire. Yoongi's small where are you? had gone unread, the last message from Hoseok a couple hours prior. It was unusual for Hoseok to be late, let alone this late. Let alone for how serious Yoongi had expected this talk to be.

Drawing in a breath, Yoongi dialed Hoseok's number and held his phone to his ear. It rang, rang, rang, then went to voicemail.

"...Hoseok? It's me. Call me back when you get this," Yoongi said, hanging up. He dropped his phone beside him on the couch, pressing the heels of his hands against his eyes.

The moment that Yoongi dropped his phone onto the couch, it began to ring again.

Startling, Yoongi picked up his phone and hit the answer button too fast to see the name that flashed across the screen. "...Hello?"

“Hey, Yoongi. Junhong here. This is a little of a reach, but is Hoseok with you right now?”

"…What?" Yoongi's expression tightened. "No, he was supposed to meet me but never showed. Weren’t you driving him?"
“No, I had some other stuff so Junsu was sent down, but when he went there, Hoseok’s place was trashed.”

Yoongi’s eyes widened and he sat up straight, a chill going down his spine. "And he wasn't there? What the fuck happened?"

“We don’t know. It looks like an attack by the rebels, but we're still investigating. We're just hoping he was out and that they missed him.”

"If he isn't with you or Junsu, then I don't know where else he'd be. He's not answering my calls." Yoongi swallowed thickly. "What can I do?"

“I— I don’t… hang on. I'll call you back okay? Sit tight.”

"I—" Yoongi barely got a word out before Junhong hung up. With a frustrated noise he dropped his phone again, standing up and walking to the window aimlessly. Hoseok was in trouble, and he was stuck here, useless.

This was all his fault, a voice in the back of his mind whispered. He should have been more insistent about Hoseok staying with someone else. He should have dragged the fledgling to Taehyung and Jungkook’s penthouse himself. He should have been there. He could have done… something. Anything. Rather than be left here not knowing, the human liability in the middle of a vampire civil war.

It was another ten minutes before the phone rang again. And on the phone was a slightly confused sounding, but worried Jungkook. “Yoongi-hyung?”

"Yeah?” Yoongi went right to the point, guessing Jungkook already knew about the situation. "Did they find him?"

“Hobi-hyung? Not yet. They're searching. We're all gonna search. But we're short handed so it'd be better if you stick with me and Tae. Could you pack maybe a couple days clothes and toiletries?”

"Yeah." Yoongi didn't argue, going to grab a bag. There were more important things going on. "I'll be ready in a few. Where am I meeting you?”
“Just stay at your apartment. Tae will get someone to drive you over. Stay safe ok.”

"Yeah. Yeah… you too." Yoongi hung up and hurried to pack up what he needed. All the while his mind was occupied, praying that wherever he was, Hoseok was alright.

*****

“Damnit. Where’s Hobi-hyung?” Jungkook gritted his teeth, running a hand through his hair. It'd been a couple of hours since they'd all split up to go looking for him. And so far none of them had gotten any luck.

"They could have moved him out of the city by now," Taehyung said, eyes on their surroundings. They had taken the blocks east of Hoseok's apartment, trying to pick up any trace of their missing fledgling. Even with his nose to the air, Taehyung couldn't pick up anything out of the ordinary. There hadn't been anything in Hoseok's apartment either — just an overwhelming strawberry smell that shorted out Taehyung's nose for a bit. Even now it was hard for him to focus past the lingering smell in his nose, and he had a horrible headache from trying.

It reminded him of what had happened at Jongdae's apartment, and by now they could recognize that the extra strong scents had been placed there specifically to deal with the Bloodhound's unnaturally keen sense of smell.

As if on cue, Jungkook frowned, staring at Taehyung again. “You doing okay, Tae? Do you wanna take a break?”

"I'm fine." Taehyung gave Jungkook a tight smile. "Can't use my nose, but doesn't mean I can't look. Are you getting tired?" It was getting pretty late in the night.

“I'm a university student. I'm nocturnal by necessity.” Jungkook snorted, squeezing Taehyung's hand. “But it's weird isn't it? First Jongdae’s place had a strong scent. Then Hoseok’s. It's obviously done by the same group of people.”
"They're well prepared, at the very least," Taehyung sighed, fingers curling securely around Jungkook's. The warm hold kept him sane. "What I'm trying to figure out is… why Hoseok? He's been uninvolved in the fights with the renegades, but he's been targeted multiple times."

“Maybe he saw something?” Jungkook asked, “but it's weird that they should keep trying. By now they should have figured he knows nothing. And even then, if he knew anything, we would have known by now.”

"That's what Seokjin thought, but I'm not sure," Taehyung murmured. "Either way, he's innocent in all this." They had to find him, before anything could happen to Hoseok. Taehyung tried breathing in through his nose again, wincing at the sharp stab to his brain.

“Hey. Stop that.” Jungkook frowned, reaching out to pinch Taehyung's nose. “Is there anything I can do to help?”

"Don't buy anything strawberry-smelling for a week," Taehyung said, voice nasally with Jungkook's grip on his nose.

“Nothing strawberry. Got it.” Jungkook chuckled, “but cinnamon’s okay?”

"Cinnamon is always okay," Taehyung puckered his lips to kiss the edge of Jungkook's hand.

Jungkook made a face. “What's with that. I'm not some damsel in distress. At least kiss me properly.”

"I can't," Taehyung whined. "You're pinching my nose."

Jungkook giggled. “Oh. The almighty Taehyung can't do something?”

Pulling a face, Taehyung licked the hand holding onto his nose. Jungkook yelped, immediately letting go. “Tae! Now my hand is gonna be numb.” Which was a gross exaggeration. That little bit of vampire spit wouldn't do much.

"Tough," Taehyung snickered, grabbing the front of Jungkook's shirt and yanking him into a kiss. "Come on, let's keep looking. We’ll finish this block, then check on the others."
Jungkook melted into the kiss before he sighed. “Yeah. Let's keep looking.”

They walked about two more blocks when the atmosphere seemed to change. And even Jungkook seemed to be able to feel it from the way he was rubbing the back of his neck — a nervous habit of his whenever he felt like he was being watched. Taehyung was quiet, checking around corners and crouching down to check debris on the ground. Frowning slightly, he glanced down the alley.

Before jumping when his phone started vibrating in his pocket. He stood back up, pulling it out. "...It’s Yunho hyung," he said quietly, mostly for Jungkook’s benefit, before answering the phone. "Hello? Did you find anything?"

“Sorry, Taehyung. You need to come back. Things are... things are really bad.”

"...What do you mean?" Taehyung’s voice tightened, hearing an odd note in Yunho's voice. "What happened?"

“Tae…” Taehyung hadn't heard wrong. And the odd note only strengthened as he continued to speak. “Phantom and Fox are dead.”

Taehyung froze, eyes slowly widening. "...What?" His voice cracked. He had to have misheard.

“Someone got to Phantom and Fox. Their dead bodies were discovered, and—" There was a slight crack in Yunho’s normally composed facade. “I— you need to come back. I need you safe.”

For a long moment, Taehyung didn't say anything, feeling oddly numb. It was hard to process Yunho’s words, his voice echoing hollowly in Taehyung’s mind. They were the only Elders left?

"...Okay, hyung," he intoned, responding as if on autopilot. "I... where are you? I'm with Kook, we're still on the streets."

“Im at one of the safehouses. Get to one yourself. I'm sending Junsu to come after you to back you up. Let me know which one you intend to go.”
Okay. I'm sending you our location. Stay safe, Taehyung wanted to say, but the words stuck in his throat. He pulled the phone away, hanging up and staring blankly at the call ended screen. It took him a moment to pull up their chat history and send Yunho a short message with the nearest intersection.

Jungkook was staring worriedly at Taehyung, immediately having sensed the change in the vampire's mood. “Tae…? What's wrong?”

Taehyung sent the message, looking up from his phone to Jungkook with large eyes. "…Two more Elders… Phantom, and Heechul… they're dead. Yunho hyung wants us at a safehouse, right now.”

Jungkook’s eyes widened. “W-wha— fuck. Two— shit. Tae, we gotta get you somewhere safe.”

"Junsu's on his way to get us. I… need to let the others know, they need to keep looking for Hoseok." Taehyung fumbled with his phone. Phantom's plans to attack the coven must have failed. But for her to have died, and Heechul too? Just what had happened?

Jungkook frowned. “I'll call Jin-hyung too. Should let him know what's goin—”

His voice cut out. Taehyung looked up to see Jungkook’s wide eyed expression, gaze locked over Taehyung’s shoulder. “Tae…”

Taehyung turned around and tensed. Crap. With his nose blocked and attention diverted by Yunho's phone call, he hadn't noticed they had company.

He reached out and pulled Jungkook behind him as more vampires separated from the shadows, red eyes gleaming. There were at least four of them in front, and Taehyung couldn't smell if there were more hidden elsewhere. "…Really not in the mood for this," a low snarl escaped his lips.

Jungkook blew out a nervous breath. Thankfully, they'd been expecting trouble, and Taehyung had made sure Jungkook had left the house well stocked with all his little tricks. “Tae… be careful alright. And don't worry about me. I can look after myself.”

Taehyung's eyes darted from vampire to vampire. "If we get a clear shot, we run," he said quietly, body shifting into a slight crouch ready to spring. This was no coincidence. With two Elders left, the renegades were intent on getting rid of them too.
For a moment, there was a stalemate, everyone staring at each other and judging their opponent. Then one of the other vampires lunged forward, and Taehyung jumped into the fray with an angry shout. Jungkook held back, but his eyes were sharp as he watched Taehyung and the vampire go at each other. He would give Taehyung an extra edge if he could spot one.

Taehyung did his best to keep the vampires occupied, bowling two over and grappling a third into a wall. An arm came up behind him and wrapped around his neck, yanking him back into a headlock. Taehyung snarled and threw himself down backwards, smashing his assailant against the ground and rolling free when the arms around him loosened.

Settling into a crouch, his brown eyes started to shift red as he ducked away from a vampire's fist, yanking the other man's arm back harsh enough to break his arm with a sickening crack and scream.

And then, Jungkook let out a small grunt, Taehyung turning in time to see the human fall to the floor. His silver vial was smashed by his feet.

Taehyung had only let his attention wander for a few seconds, but that was all the vampire he was fighting to get the better of him. He let out a yelp when he was slammed back against the brick wall. With a bit of a struggle, he kicked the vampire off him and rolled free. "...Shit," he breathed when he realized his escape had put the renegades between him and Jungkook.

Jaw clenching, Taehyung threw himself at the nearest vampire with a shout.

But it was hard to concentrate, seeing Jungkook grapple with the vampire that was pinning him down. Jungkook was trying to get to his knife, but the vampire was being very careful not to let that happen. Whoever had coordinated this attack had let the vampires know of Jungkook's little tricks.

Then, one of the renegades got the better of him again, tackling him down the floor.

"Ngh!" Taehyung hit his back with a grunt of pain, eyes shutting for a brief moment. Then he grabbed the vampire by the neck, nails tearing into the skin and blood spraying everywhere.

He dumped the dead renegade to the side, climbing back to his feet. "Jungkook!"
“I’m fine, Tae!” As if the human wasn’t clearly lying, struggling to keep the vampire at bay.. “Pay attention to yourself!”

That was easy to say and much harder to do. Taehyung's eyes darted between the three vampires cutting him off, seeing two more appear out of the shadows. There was too many of them. He had to find a way to get to Jungkook so they could get out of here.

Another thing easier said than done, especially as the vampire went to help the first that had pounced on Jungkook, and Jungkook yelled in alarm as they moved to grab him, picking him up and beginning to carry him away.

"Let him go!" Taehyung threw a vampire into the other two standing in his way. He quickly twisted out of the way of a knife, the blade slicing through his shirt without catching skin but forcing him back again.

“Tae!” Jungkook yelled, trying to wrestle himself out of his captives’ grips, snarling when he saw Taehyung's shirt flapping open. “Fuck! Let me go! Tae! Be careful!”

For a moment, it looked like the renegades would win, and Jungkook would be taken away (and Taehyung would later realize how strange that was — to be targeting the human and not the vampire Elder). But then, a dark shape shot out of one of the alleyways and one of the vampires holding Jungkook was flung off, literally plucked off and thrown to the side.

“Woah, now what's all this about?”

Junsu.

Taehyung didn’t really have time to express the immense relief he felt. But as he grabbed the vampire with the silver blade by the arm, pitching him forward, he yelled at Junsu over the crack of the vampire's arm breaking. "You're late!"

“Sorry! Traffic was pretty bad!” Junsu yelled back as he pulled the other vampire off Jungkook.

It took Taehyung a moment to get to their side, sending one of the vampires he'd already thrown back to the ground before reaching them. "There's more of them?” He hissed when he turned to face their assailants and saw the number of vampires had increased. "Junsu, we need to get out of here."
“Mmm… I don’t know.” Junsu said as he straightened, glancing over at Jungkook, who was picked himself off the floor. “I kind of need to stay here for a bit.”

And without warning, there was a sharp, wet sound.

"Hn—!"

Pain shot through Taehyung’s back like lightning. But it hadn’t come from the renegade vampires around them, the nearest ones pausing where they stood. They just watched as Taehyung fell forward, silver blade protruding from his back and dark red quickly spreading through the material of his shirt.

Jungkook’s eyes widened, and he rushed forward with a yell. “Tae!”

But he had barely took a step forward when there was a strong grip pulling him back. And there was the sound of a resounding crack that had Jungkook turning pale, a strangled gasp escaping his mouth, pain shooting out from his wrist.

“Oh, don’t be so dramatic, Kookie-yah.” Junsu said, almost detachedly in his nonchalance. “I only cracked the bone. I didn’t break it all the way through. But it should stop you from running away so easily.”

It was a struggle for Taehyung to open his eyes, the corners of his vision grey and dark. Every small twitch shifted the knife in his back and he choked, feeling the blood roll down his shoulder and side.

"…Junsu?” he whispered, fighting to lift his head enough to look at his longtime friend.

“Sorry Tae.” Junsu had a strangely blank expression on his face, as he dragged Jungkook along the ground, tossing him beside Taehyung. “You probably wouldn’t have come with me quietly. Don’t worry. I’ll take good care of you.”

Taehyung couldn't understand his words, vision swimming in and out. The last thing he saw was Jungkook’s scared face before everything went dark.
It was dark. And it smelled like blood.

That were the first two things Hoseok registered as he cracked open his eyes, letting out a soft groan. Where was he? Why did his skin feel like it was burning?

Wait. Why did his skin feel like it was burning?

Jolting into full awareness, Hoseok realized many other things. He couldn’t move for one, bound tightly by chains. And for a second, these chains were burning him, the sear even more painful as he tried to shift within their hold. And for a third, his head was pounding, the origin a lump where he’d been knocked out. And fourth... yeah. He was somewhere dark. And dank. And there was the smell of blood, but also the smell of rust. He was in some kind of old, abandoned building maybe? It was all very horror-esque.

Hoseok hated horror.

It was then he heard a snarl.

Jumping in his chains, and wincing at the burn the movement brought, Hoseok was suddenly aware that he wasn’t alone. Someone else, seemingly tied up the same as him, was struggling against the chains, trying their hardest to break free. Hoseok stared in alarm, and wondering why the other guy didn’t seem to feel any pain.

Hoseok didn’t know why he turned the other way then. But he did, and it was then he realized... he was very much not alone.

There were so many in the room, bound up like him, some struggling, others lying still in their chains. And as Hoseok watched in horror, he realized he knew exactly what this was.

A nest.
Hoseok was smack dab in the middle of a fledgling nest.

And worst of all, now that the shock was wearing off, Hoseok realized he could feel a familiar itch at the back of his throat that only one liquid could soothe.

He was getting thirsty.

He was getting thirsty while bound up by silver chains smack dab in the middle of a fledgling nest.

Hoseok swallowed, ignoring the painful lump at the back of his throat that wasn't just fear. “I'm so fucked.”

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"...It's almost dawn," Namjoon said quietly, gaze up on the slowly lightening sky. The city was quiet, only a few huddled figures and lonely cars out on the streets, mostly businessmen and women heading into early shifts at work. "We can't stay out here much longer."

Jimin lowered his sunglasses before Namjoon could stop him. Wearing them had given him some odd looks since he was wearing them while the sun was nowhere to be seen. But it was better than them staring at his blood red eyes.

They also actually protected his still young fledgling eyes. “Oh. Ow. That's painful.” Jimin immediately shoved the sunglasses back on before heaving a sigh. “Still no sign of him. Where could he be?”

"I don't know, but there's not much else we can do from on foot." They'd been looking for Hoseok the whole night, one group out of a few. Jongdae and Jin were also out, as were Junhong and Yoongi, Taehyung and Jungkook, Yunho and Junsu, Ryeowook and Gyuri. Between them all they had to have covered a good portion of the city's vampire hot spots, and yet nothing.
The night was quickly ending, and with it their usefulness.

Jimin heaved a small sigh. “Let's just hope Hoseokkie-hyung isn't stuck somewhere outside. We should head back. Should I get a cab?”

"Will you be alright in a cab?" Namjoon frowned. They'd stopped at several points during the night for blood packs, but for a first time out of the apartment in a long time, this had been trying for Jimin.

Jimin rubbed his face. “We'd get to the apartment faster. I'll just keep my nose in my sleeve.”

"If you're sure." Namjoon squeezed Jimin's hand. "I'll book one." He pulled his phone out, glancing around one more time as they walked to the main street. “Tell Jin we're on our way back?”

“Yeah. Okay.” Jimin whipped out his phone, starting to call Seokjin.

But as Namjoon opened up KakaoTaxi to search for a cab in the wee hours of the morning, Jimin seemed to have even less luck getting Seokjin. The first time Seokjin didn't answer, it wasn't surprising. They were all busy and Seokjin might have missed it. The second time was fine too. But by the third, fourth, fifth time, Jimin was beginning to get worried.

They'd gotten a taxi by the time Jimin has gotten the dial tone of the sixth time. Namjoon pressed his lips together, expression grim."...He's not answering?"

“Nope.” Jimin frowned. “This is weird. Should I call Jongdae instead?”

"Yeah, he was looking with Jin," Namjoon said, pulling out his own phone and trying Taehyung's number.

“Ok…” Jimin frowned, taking a while to find Jongdae’s number. He didn't normally call the enforcer.

Thankfully, it took less than a couple of rings for Jongdae to pick up. “Hey, Jimin here. Is Jin-hyung with you?”
“Jimin? Oh… no, Jin ran off a couple hours ago,” Jongdae answered, a tight note in his voice. "Something about blood bags. Are you two heading back? Sunrise is starting in half an hour.”

“Yeah. We’re heading back now. Waiting for the cab.” Jimin sighed, rubbing his face. “Has anyone found Hoseok-hyung?”

“No,” Jimin could hear the frustration in Jongdae’s voice. "And we've got bigger issues to worry about. I'll fill you in when you get back, hurry."

Meanwhile, Namjoon was frowning as he removed his phone from his ear, Taehyung’s voicemail message echoing out of the speakers.

“What? Ok. Er— we’re taking a cab back now.”

"Okay. Stay safe.” Jongdae hung up.

"And?” Namjoon asked quietly, trying Jungkook’s number without success.

“He said that we should go back. Apparently, something else has happened.” Jimin frowned.

"...That's not reassuring,” Namjoon said, looking down at his phone. "Tae and Kook aren't answering their phones." He looked up when a cab pulled up to the curb. "There's our ride."

“Great. Just what I needed. Stress on an already stressful ride.” Jimin sighed, wrapping his arm around Namjoon’s waist. “I'm gonna bury my face in your neck okay?”

"Yeah, go ahead," Namjoon said softly, arm wrapping around Jimin in return. "Whatever you need."

He got them both inside the cab, taking the seat closest to the driver to put an extra body between him and Jimin. Giving the driver their address, Namjoon smoothed his hand along Jimin's back as the car started to roll.

As promised, Jimin kept his head in Namjoon’s neck the entire time. The taxi driver gave them odd looks the entire way, unaware of the danger he was in. But thankfully, they arrived back at the apartment without mishap.
After paying the driver, they headed inside just as the first rays of the sun started to crest the horizon. Holding in a sigh of relief, Namjoon hoped they’d find Seokjin waiting for them inside the apartment when they got there.

But Seokjin wasn't home. It was just Jongdae, walking back and forth slowly and staring at his phone like it held the secret to life itself.

"You're back," he looked up at them. "Good. One less thing to go wrong."


"I don't know, he's not answering his phone," Jongdae said tersely, starting to pace again. "Neither is Taehyung. He sent one message, then dropped off the face of the earth."

Namjoon watched the laid-back head enforcer pace, worry eating at his gut. "Message? About?"

"Two Elders, Phantom and Fox, were found dead. It's just Commander and Bloodhound left, but Taehyung and Jungkook aren't responding and I just got a call from Yunho saying his head enforcer Junsu's disappeared too."

“Wait, wait. Backup.” Jimin held up a hand. “What do you mean two Elders are dead? Aren't the Elders supposed to be like, super powerful and old? And aren't there supposed to be six? What do you mean there's only two left?”

"There were six two months or so ago," Jongdae said quietly, glancing at Jimin and Namjoon, the latter having gone pale. "Merchant and Temptress were the first ones found dead. We kept it quiet because of the panic it would encite, but the renegades have been specifically targeting Elders for a while."

Jimin looked over at Namjoon, eyebrows furrowed. “Only two Elders left… And you say that Tae hasn't been responding?”

Jongdae shook his head, looking down at his phone. "I responded literally seconds after his message,
but he hasn’t read my reply, and he’s not answering his phone.”

"...What about Yunho?" Namjoon asked, throat tight. "Is he safe?"

"Yunho’s in a safehouse with a couple of his enforcers. And with the sun up now, we’re all stuck where we are until evening."

Jimin pinched his fingers against his bridge. “Ok. At least that means 12 hours to plan. Whatever the renegades have been planning, they’re going to execute it. We need to stop that, protect Yunho, find everyone who’s missing and hope they haven’t burnt to a crisp.”

Jongdae started tapping on his phone. "I'll reach everyone who's left on the Bloodhound's team. There’s still the matter of the traitor, we have no clue who it is, but I know our enforcers. They're all loyal to Taehyung. We need all the people we can get... we can't lose anyone else."

Jimin sighed, “what about the Gong clan? We should probably alert then something big is going down?”

"Right. I'll arrange a call with the head of the clan. And the Kim clan, if they’ll listen to me.”

Jimin ran a hand through his hair. “Fuck. Is there anyone else we can call? I have this feeling it's not going to be enough.”

"That we can trust not to be the traitor, or otherwise working for the renegades?" Jongdae said. "Our options are limited. Yunho's remaining enforcers are either out of town getting fledglings to safety, or watching our one remaining Elder. Neither Phantom nor Fox's enforcers have answered my calls, so we have to assume they're dead too."

"...I might know a couple people," Namjoon said quietly, staring down at the floor. "From the donor clubs. Might take some convincing."

“Well, I think we have no choice but to start convincing.” Jimin squeezed Namjoon’s arm. “I have a few contacts I might be able to get. Just need to pay a bit of a price. But... as long as the price is right, they're definitely priceworthy.”
"And if someone offers them a higher price than us?" Jongdae asked grimly, looking over at them.

“Nah. They might be mercenaries, but they won't double cross you as long as you paid them a fair price. They're loyal that way, don't worry.” Jimin reassured. “I wouldn't have recommended them otherwise.”

"I guess we don't have much of a choice," Jongdae muttered. "Get as many people as you can.” He held his phone to his ear, turning towards the shut windows.

Jimin glanced over at Namjoon, reaching out to squeeze Namjoon’s hand. “Good luck?”

"Yeah." Namjoon drew in a breath, trying to pull himself together with the rush of unneeded air in his lungs. Now was not the time to panic. If they couldn't figure out a way to deal with the coven and find all those missing, he didn't know if they would be able to stop the renegades.

And that would lead to far worse than any of them could imagine.

Chapter End Notes

SURPRISE!

(tbh I (curi) was supposed to post earlier but I totally forgot because i got distracted by hobis birthday. And ill try to get to comments as soon as I can but life is kicking me in the ass, I have a pin commission plus my day job legi turned the dial up to 1000 so I'm dying a little bit. But i love you guys and your comments give me life ok <3)

Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter? :) And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!
Chapter 36

Taehyung couldn't find Bogum.

He'd only taken a short detour to check on an ally at Bogum's urging, after they found signs of a coven that was definitely no friend of theirs in the territory. But that short detour had turned into a lengthy ordeal with two dead bodies at the end of it. The smell of vampire blood stank up Taehyung's nose, the vampire searching the street and clinging to the sword Bogum had insisted he carry — an effort to break his habit of fighting with nails and teeth alone, like a rabid dog.

Their ally was dead, Taehyung had been ambushed, and now he couldn't find Bogum.

Making himself stop, Taehyung closed his eyes and breathed in deeply. A breeze cooled his skin, bringing with it a wide array of scents to pick through. There, to the east — not Bogum, but Junsu. Eyes snapping open, Taehyung raced silently through the shadows to his friend and coven-mate's side.

He found Junsu a few minutes later. "Junsu!" Taehyung dropped down off the cliffside, strands of long hair sticking to his cheeks from sweat and blood. "Where's Bogum and Yunho?"

Junsu was panting hard, drenched in blood and gore. And he had to take a moment, a couple of deep breaths to bring himself out of his haze of bloodlust, "...Tae? Oh thank the gods you're alright."

There was the slightest widening of Taehyung's eyes, red already leaking into the gentle brown, as he looked Junsu up and down for injuries. He didn't need to ask what had happened. "Where are they?" He asked numbly.

"I..." Junsu shook his head. "I saw Yunho. He's was heading back to base. But... I don't know about Bogum. I lost him in the chaos... let's... we should go back."

"We can't go back without Bogum," Taehyung said, pushing his hair out of his eyes and looking around as if their coven leader would materialize in front of them. Talks had been going so well; they had more than half the covens in Joseon on their side, and both Bogum and Yunho had been tentatively nominated for the role of Elders, along with a handful of other well-respected vampires.
But they still faced far too much opposition, and for all Bogum’s strengths, he wasn’t a fighter. “I’m not going without him.” Taehyung headed back towards the outskirts of the village, hoping to trace Bogum’s scent from where he’d last seen the man.

“Tae! Wait!” Junsu grit his teeth, following after Taehyung. “Don’t fucking go off alone!”

The both of them raced towards the village outskirts. Junsu watched over Taehyung’s back while he went forward with a single minded purpose, the other vampire cursing under his breath all the way.

Taehyung ignored him. Everything else faded away, scents reaching Taehyung’s nose to be either discarded as unimportant or held onto. Blood was heavy in the air, as was fear. The humans in the area had hidden indoors; he didn’t know what they believed was happening, but the less of them out and about, the better. He couldn’t worry about innocent bystanders right now. Not now.

It was close by the edge of the village when Taehyung finally caught the scent he was looking for: Bogum’s.

Bogum’s, Yunho’s, and blood.

He didn’t even bother telling Junsu he’d smelled them; he just ran. Ducking around buildings and trees, up a slope, until they broke through into a clearing by the brooke.

Yunho stood over Bogum’s crumbled body. Three other vampires surrounded them, swords drawn. Taehyung saw red.

An inhuman snarl ripped from his throat and he leapt on the first vampire unfortunate enough to be in his way.

Tae! Wait! Those are our allies! Stop!”

Junsu’s voice rang out in alarm behind him. But Junsu might as well have not said anything at all, Taehyung struggling for the throat of the man with Bogum’s blood on his clothes, sword discarded and hands seeking vulnerable flesh.
“Tae! Tae! Oh, gods damn it—”

Junsu ran forward the moment he saw an opening, rushing forward to pull Taehyung off before he did serious damage. “Tae-tae! Stop!”

By this time, everyone had noticed both their arrivals. “Taehyung. What are you doing?” That was Yunho’s voice, shakier than Taehyung was used to. But it didn’t matter, because, because—

“No, no!” Taehyung screamed as he fought blindly against Junsu’s hold, eyes a frightening red and fangs fully extended despite the lack of human necks to sink into. The vampire he’d jumped scrambled backwards on the ground, bloody lines scratched into his neck. “Bogum’s blood is all over him, he did this!”

“Stop! Tae! That’s our ally! If he did this do you think Yunho would leave him alive? Calm down!” Junsu struggled against Taehyung, trying to pull him back, but the other’s blind rage was working against him. And truthfully, maybe Taehyung didn’t care right then whether the unknown vampire had been the one to hurt Bogum like this — whether the blood covering his hands and clothes was from driving his sword into Bogum’s stomach, or trying to hold his injury shut. Maybe Taehyung was just too angry too care, because it was easier to be angry than to admit he’d failed in his duty to his mentor and friend.

No one saw anything. Yunho wasn’t the strongest fighter, and he didn’t have the most stamina either. But what he did have were bursts of focus and speed and strength. And he appeared in Taehyung’s field of view like a bolt of lightning, a hard hand flying across Taehyung’s cheek with a resounding smack.

The slap surprised Taehyung enough to give Junsu the upper hand, and suddenly Taehyung was yanked to the ground and onto the other vampire’s lap from the sudden lack of resistance. Wide, red eyes lifted to Yunho’s face, stunned into temporary silence.

“Taehyung. Stop.” Yunho said quietly, “just… stop.”

Taehyung stared up at him, as if Yunho had spoken in a foreign language. There was a roar in his ears and a hollow ache in his chest, growing and growing like a gaping chasm as his eyes lowered to Bogum’s still body.

“...Bogum,” he whispered, trying to move except Junsu still held him tight.
Yunho stared down at Taehyung before signalling for Junsu to let Taehyung go. “He's very weak. Be gentle with him.”

Taehyung didn’t respond, crawling slowly to where Bogum lay. His blood soaked the grass and dyed the vibrant green a sickly red. Its source was the deep wound in his belly where he’d been run clean through by a sword.

A human would have died long ago from such an injury.

“Bogum,” Taehyung called, pleading, his bloodstained fingers touching the older vampire's pale cheek. Bogum’s eyelashes fluttered, and he hummed softly in acknowledgement of Taehyung’s voice.

"He’s still alive," Taehyung looked up at Yunho with wide eyes, voice shaking from the sheer effort not to yell. "Why is no one bringing him blood?" Bogum’s body wouldn't heal without it.

"I asked them not to," Bogum whispered, eyes slowly opening halfway as Taehyung looked back down at him. He just looked so tired, so pale, lips a cool blue. "It would... take more lives than it’s worth, to heal this."

"...It's worth it for you," Taehyung said, fangs slowly retracting as tears joined the blood staining his cheeks.

Yunho had turned away, hiding his face in the shadows. But Junsu stepped forward, pain and grief on his face. “Bogum, please. Listen to Taehyung. What about your dream? You can't die now. Not when you're so close.”

The corner of Bogum’s lips made some sort of feeble twitch in an effort to smile. "I know you can make it real... all of you. You don't need me to see it through."

"Don't say that!" Taehyung clung to Bogum's hand.

“Bogum,” Junsu knelt down as well, a pleading expression on his face. “This is your dream. We can't do it without you.”
"Don't look at me like that," Bogum breathed out slowly. He didn't even seem to be registering the pain of his wound anymore, even as blood soaked into Taehyung and Junsu's pants. "You'll be... you'll be just fine. My smart, playful otter... and my loyal bloodhound." Bogum's fingers squeezed Taehyung's, no strength in the action. "Yunho..."

Yunho was by Bogum's side in a split second. "I'm here. What is it you need?"

Bogum smiled up at him, a thin line of red running from the side of his mouth. "L...lead th..."

He never did get to finish his words. Air left his lungs in a final exhale, red eyes glazing over as they cast sightlessly towards the night sky.

Taehyung wailed, body curling around Bogum's limp hand.

Junsu fell forward beside him. The other vampire pounded his fists onto the ground with a loud, angry yell, frustration and grief taunt in his stricken form. And Yunho... Yunho went utterly still, staring at Bogum's sightless eyes as if he couldn't quite process what had happened.

But finally, numbly, he reached out, using his hand to gently close Bogum's eyes. "We have to prepare for his funeral. Make sure he gets the respect and honor he deserves."

Taehyung couldn't answer, his and Junsu's grief drowning out the unsettled murmurs from their allies. He just looked up at Yunho, lost tears streaming down his cheeks and blood-covered hands clutching Bogum's to his chest like he couldn't bear even the thought of letting go.

“Taehyung,” Yunho bent down, gently putting his hands over Taehyung’s. “I know you grieve. We're all grieving, but I need you to be strong for me. We need to give Bogum a proper burial, but our enemies will be on the lookout for yet another time to attack us, eliminate our coven entirely. And we can't have that, not if we're to fulfil Bogum's dream.’

Fresh tears leaking out, Taehyung choked back the sob that tried to bubble out. His lower lip trembled before pressing into thin lines, jaw tensing. The younger vampire gave a small nod to show he understood.
Yunho leaned forward, pulling Taehyung into a tight hug.

“We'll be okay.” He whispered into Taehyung's ear. “Bogum will live on in our hearts and in the legacy he leaves. We won't let his dream die.”

****

Everything hurt. Taehyung was no stranger to pain, and was exceptionally talented at tuning it out. But the steady throb, throb, throb of silver running through his veins and burning his skin was getting to him, two hours after waking up alone.

Eyes slowly opening, Taehyung cast his gaze around the dark room. It was bare of anything but a single chair, and the only thing hinting that he wasn't locked in some dungeon somewhere were the large, floor to ceiling windows across two walls. They were blocked by heavy metal shutters, but he could tell from the thin inches of sunlight peeking around the edges that it was the middle of the day.

The vampire licked his lips, shifting against the solid silver chains and flinching at the burning hiss. His wrists were badly charred at this point, along with lines up and down his arms from where the chains touched skin. He couldn't even attempt to struggle against them, thanks to the silver flakes poisoning his blood. The knife in his back was gone, but the injury hadn't been cleaned thoroughly.

The injury caused by Junsu.

Swallowing painfully, Taehyung drew in a breath and shut his eyes, using his nose and ears to determine something about his surroundings. He couldn't smell Jungkook anywhere, and that scared him most.

There was nothing in the room, however, that could tell Taehyung where he was. Junsu was no stranger to the Bloodhound’s nose, and there was a constant mist of air freshener blowing in the room, making smelling anything past it a struggle.

But before Taehyung could get any more frustrated, there was suddenly movement at the door — a couple of vampires, and the sound of them dragging something along the floor.
Attention snapping to the door, Taehyung didn't need his nose to tell who was being dragged; he could hear Jungkook’s muffled grunt of pain from here. And sure enough, the door was flung open and the human physically tossed into the room.

"Jungkook!"

Jungkook didn't respond for a moment, groaning on the floor where he’d been thrown. Taehyung saw when the human realized just who had spoken, hands pushing himself up enough to lift his head. “T-Tae?”

"Jungkook," Taehyung whispered, pulling against his chains in a futile effort to reach his boyfriend. His relief at seeing Jungkook was marred by the fact he still couldn't smell him clearly, the cinnamon smell fizzing in and out behind the overpowering air freshener. "What happened, what did they do?"

“I… I'm… I'm not sure.” Jungkook's eyes were close, expression pained. He looked about two seconds away from throwing up. “They injected me with… something. I don't know— Tae, don't move. Please. I'll… I'll come over…”

And with some clear effort, he dragged himself to Taehyung’s side, dropping down beside the vampire.

Taehyung managed a loose grip on Jungkook's arm, anger and worry bubbling in his veins. He tugged Jungkook closer, their heads resting together as he breathed in, catching more of the cinnamon smell that always calmed him.

And the smell of vampire blood.

"…Oh no," he croaked, eyes opening to look at Jungkook in dismay. "It's vampire blood. You smell like a fledgling again." That unnatural, half-turned state that had sickened Jungkook before.

Jungkook blinked at Taehyung before sighing. “Okay. Yeah. No wonder I thought I felt this kind of shitty before.”

"We have to find a way out of here," Taehyung said, wincing as he tried to pull against the chains
again.

Jungkook made a sound of alarm, one hand grasping Taehyung’s elbow to try to get him to stop moving. “No. Tae… don't. Let me… I'm not chained down. I'll go look—”

Jungkook pushed himself to get up, but in his haste, he seemed to have overestimated his own strength, and crumpled back down, suddenly gasping for air.

"Jungkook!" Taehyung’s eyes widened, alarm jolting through his veins like ice. He reached out as far as he could, fingers barely able to brush Jungkook’s back. "You can't move, your body's fighting off an infection right now."

“Well, you can't move either.” Jungkook mumbled, panting as he slowly recovered his breath. And he groaned, flipping himself over. “Fuck. You're bleeding again.”

"When am I not?" Taehyung whispered, breathing in slowly. His mind was still swirling over what had happened, and he knew he couldn't avoid the truth any longer. "It was Junsu. The entire time, the traitor was Junsu."

Jungkook had slowly crawled back to Taehyung’s side, curling himself around the other, seeming to need the comfort as another wave of nausea shuddered through him. “Yeah, I had… A lot of time to think about it. Other than Dae-hyung, the only other person who could have fed me vampire blood was Junsu-hyung. He was the one who gave me that sports drink and after that I began to become hooked on it. But after Jin-hyung gave me a transfusion, I stopped craving it. Just thought I got tired of drinking it back then.”

"I would have never suspected him." Taehyung's hand found Jungkook's, holding on. "I… I don't understand why."

“I don't either, Tae.” Jungkook squeezed Taehyung’s hand back. “Everyone trusted him. It was like thinking that Dae-hyung could betray us.”

Taehyung shuddered, a bitter taste in the back of his throat as he thought of his long-time friend betraying them. One of the very first to swear to uphold Bogum's ideals, someone who'd been there when their leader died and grieved with them. Swallowing, Taehyung rested his head against Jungkook's and closed his eyes, breathing in and out slowly as the silver continued to burn.
“I'm so sorry, Tae.” Jungkook whispered, kissing the side of Taehyung's cheek. “But… he left us alive. Maybe there's a chance he's doing this against his will?”

"Maybe," Taehyung murmured, breathing in Jungkook's tainted scent. "I… maybe. Whatever the reason, we have to find a way out of here, warn the others. I can't break out of these chains until the silver is out of my blood."

“Do you think I could suck the silver out of you?” Jungkook asked — and he was only half joking. “I'm already filled with vampire blood, so a little more shouldn't do any damage.”

A hoarse snort escaped Taehyung. "…Doesn't work that way, Kookie." And Taehyung couldn't take Jungkook's blood for strength; the only thing stopping Jungkook from changing into a full vampire right there, was the fact no vampire had drank his blood yet.

In a building full of vampires, that was suspicious, but Taehyung was thankful that no one had taken that final step. "Just… rest, save your strength. I'll figure something out.”

Hopefully.

Jungkook sighed, closing his eyes. But he didn’t manage to say much more before the doors suddenly opened again. A single figure walked in, the doors closing behind him as he sauntered forward.

“Sorry for the wait. I would have liked to been here the moment you woke up, but you know. Rebellions don't run themselves. Busy, busy.”

Junsu.

Taehyung's whole body tensed. His eyes opened, finding Junsu's familiar figure standing just in front of the closed door. "…You can't be the traitor," he said, voice tight like a wound coil. "What's going on, Junsu?"

Junsu looked inordinately amused as he began to walk forward. “I can't be the traitor? Oh, Tae-Tae. You always said that your loyalty had to be earned, but that's such a lie. You're the epitome of blind faith.”
Staring at the other vampire in mounting disbelief, Taehyung's jaw ticked. "I trusted you," he said. "Bogum trusted you!"

“Bogum would have seen what we've become and changed his fucking mind.” Junsu’s eyes flashed, fangs extended in a snarl. And Jungkook instinctively shied back, afraid. He'd never seen the normally laid back and playful vampire like this. “I don't believe it was his intention for us to live like this. It doesn't make sense. We're the stronger race and yet we're cowering in fear that humans might discover us!”

"He understood what would happen if we came forward." Taehyung shifted in the chains, the silver clinking as he strained against them. "You know how many lives would be lost if humans knew about us! On all sides! Do you want to go back to the dark ages?"

“Well, there have been too many weak vampires born recently.” Junsu replied, almost flippantly. “I've recently opened up to the idea that maybe, only the strong should survive. There's too many vampires nowadays, and such little blood supply after all.”

Taehyung's expression was filled with horror as he listened to the words of the renegade coven come out of his old friend's mouth. "…What happened to you?" He whispered.

Junsu took a couple of steps forward, a sigh on his lips. And he bent down in front of Taehyung, a look of pity on his face. “Oh… Tae-Tae… Nothing happened to me. I've always been this way. We've always been this way. This is how vampires are supposed to think. Supposed to live. But, well, Bogum had a nice little idea. And it was idealistic, but definitely not practical. It's just that he took us in when we were both so impressionable that we never realized… how unnatural it was.”

"Wanting peace isn't unnatural," Taehyung shook his head, desperately trying to reason with Junsu. "Bogum's ideals saved me. Saved us ."

“I won't deny. They were nice Tae. But look where they've led us.” Junsu spread out his arms, as if he were making some kind of grandiose speech. “We're weak, Taehyung. There are vampires who can't even hunt for their own sustenance and need to depend on donations for blood. We cower in fear of discovery by creatures who should be ruled and governed by us. We're not meant to live like this. And I believe if Bogum were here to see, he'd have changed his mind.”

"You're a disgrace to his name."

Junsu frowned, but he didn't seem too bothered by Taehyung’s words. “It took me a long time to realize what I had. All those years of conditioning was hard to shake off. But... I believe you'll come around. You're one of my best friends, Tae. And you're strong. Oh so strong. You're definitely meant to live in the new world we're creating... so... I want to give you a chance.”

Junsu stood, walking over to the window, putting one hand to the blinds. “I'm offering you a chance to live, Tae. Both you and Jungkook. And I won't be unreasonable. I don't expect you to see things my way, not right away. All I need you to do is to promise me you won't interfere with my plans.”

Taehyung held back a snarl, straining against the chains. "I would die first."

“And leave Jungkook all alone?” Junsu raised an eyebrow, even as Jungkook bristled, trying to shift so that he was covering Taehyung. “I suppose that's a choice. I won't kill him either way. He's too much of an asset to waste. He's so strong of a human already, imagine what a strong vampire he'd be.”

"Don't talk about him like he's some pawn," Taehyung snapped. "Neither of us would ever help you put millions of lives in danger. Neither will Yunho."

Junsu shook his head. “I know Yunho wouldn't. He's too stubborn. But I was hoping to at least convince you to give me a chance. I'm giving you a pretty good deal after all. You get to live, turn Jungkook yourself, and live happily together with him.”

“Stop using me to manipulate him.” Jungkook suddenly snarled, tears in his eyes. “I wouldn't do what you wanted me to do anyway.”

Junsu raised an eyebrow at that, before shaking his head. “Like I said. I wouldn't kill you. But if you don't listen there's always ways to make you listen. If your Tae-Tae hyung cooperates, you'll live a good life beside him, not much different from what you have now. But if he doesn't, and you don't cooperate with us yourself... Well... fledglings are easy to manipulate after all... and with enough training, they're just like attack dogs.”

"Don't you fucking touch him!" Taehyung fought harder, injuries and silver be damned, hands grabbing the chains to try ripping them straight out of the wall. They clattered against each other, an ugly hissing noise escaping as his palms burned.
Junsu snorted even as Jungkook whimpered in alarm, hands going around Taehyung to try to stop him struggling. “I don't see how you're going to stop me doing that if you're dead, Tae-Tae. But again, if you promise me you won't try to do anything to stop me, I won't kill you. Not yet, at least.”

Taehyung paused his struggles, but the anger gleaming in his solid red eyes made it clear what his response would be.

"I am an Elder of South Korea. I will never join you."

Junsu stared searchingly into Taehyung’s eyes before his shoulders dropped in disappointment. “I’d hope you’d at least give me an excuse to keep you alive, even if you were lying just to buy for time. But just like Bogum, you've adopted that dumb, stubborn martyr stance. He could have still been alive if he allowed us to bring him blood, but… no. Of course not.”

Then, pushing himself away from the window, Junsu retreated backwards towards the door. The press of a button and a metallic whirl, the metal blinds at the furthest end of the room began to open, letting the strong afternoon sun stream into the room.

The sunlight hit Taehyung straight in the face. It hurt, so much more than the constant sting of the silver chains. He flinched backwards with a gasp of pain, skin that hadn't felt the sun's rays in hundreds of years prickling and quickly turning an angry red. There was nowhere for him to go, the chains anchoring him in place. "H- ah!"

“No— no, no, no, no—"

And then the sun was gone, shadow falling across Taehyung’s face. He gasped dizzily, forcing his eyes open.

Jungkook. Jungkook had climbed on top of him, using his own body as a shield against the sun’s rays.

“Wow. That's resourceful.” Junsu’s voice came in admiringly. “But the blinds are on a timer, and soon there will be sun from all directions — and as big as you are, Jungkook, i don't think you'll be able to shelter him from all around.”
Taehyung leaned against Jungkook’s shirt, the overwhelming heat of the sun settling around their bodies. He could recognize the truth in Junsu’s words; just with the one blind open, Jungkook had a hard time covering all of Taehyung. The chains kept his arms and legs spread, and Taehyung could feel slivers of exposed skin burning.

"J-Jungkook," he choked, a shaky plea, for what he wasn't sure.

“Tae… it’s ok. I'll protect you. Don't move… don't move.” Jungkook whispered almost pleadingly.

“No you won't.” Junsu shrugged, “but here's a secret. You'll be able to get both you and Taehyung out if you get Taehyung to turn you. You'll have enough strength to break your Tae-Tae hyung out and bring him over to this shadowy spot I left for you right by the door.”

"N-nh…” Taehyung tried to shift one leg so the skin by his ankle wasn't exposed. "Don't… don't listen, Kookie. Not like this… I… I'm not t-turning you like this, I won't."

Jungkook didn't say anything, only tried shifting himself to cover Taehyung better, trying not to let the tears that were gathering in his eyes flow.

Junsu watched the two of them for a moment before shaking his head. “Well, I'll leave the two of you to it then. Just remember, every hour, one more blind will open. And any time you wanna escape, Jungkook just needs a bite to be turned. But the longer you take, the harder everything will be, of course.”

Taehyung couldn't shout the expletives and threats he wanted to, throat closed with pain. He just curled his burned fingers into the material of Jungkook's shirt, body trembling and trying to make his lanky form as small as possible. He barely heard the door close after Junsu, leaving them both alone once more.

Jungkook swallowed above him, body shifting as he tried his best to cover Taehyung. “It'll be alright Tae… I— oh, oh. I can, take my shirt off, and pants… wrap around wherever is exposed. Okay? Please… Hang on, alright?”

Taehyung drew in a shaky breath, closing his eyes. "Okay," he whispered, shuddering at the uncomfortable heat. "Okay, Kookie."
Jungkook pulled back a little, pulling off his shirt and draping it over Taehyung's face. “It'll be okay.” Jungkook chanted as he began to pull off his pants. “You'll be okay.”

Taehyung wasn’t sure who he was trying to convince.

Chapter End Notes

/hides from angry screams

If you haven't seen it already, we got a commission for our upcoming fic made! It's up on my twitter, take a look:
“Playtime's over, little bunny.”

Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter? :) And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!
“Remind me how this is a good idea?”

The sun had finally dipped safely back under the horizon, and Yoongi found himself skeptically and irritably following Junhong, Jongdae, Namjoon and Jimin through the back alleys of Seoul. "It's a horrible idea," Jongdae replied, eyes on the GPS app on his phone. Their location drew yet closer to the marker he'd dropped hours ago. "But if Seokjin's sending us coordinates to somewhere, he wouldn't be doing it without reason."

It had been midday when their careful planning took a sudden detour, in the form of a very cryptic string of messages from Seokjin. Messages ordering them to get to four specific locations in Seoul, with little other explanation besides 'just do it'. Thankfully, their calls for help from whatever allies they could grab had been answered. There was no way any of this was going to end well.

"Or he could have been captured and this is a trap," Yoongi said, arms wrapped around himself as he glanced up and down the alley. He mindfully kept to the opposite end of the group from Jimin.

Jemin too was carefully staying away from Yoongi. The fledgling vampire looked up at Namjoon. "How likely is it that your sire would have gotten captured, actually?"

"...Seokjin's careful," Namjoon said quietly, the whole group taking care not to make too much noise as they walked. Who knew who was lurking around the streets. "It's unlikely, but it's not impossible, not if..." He didn't have to finish his sentence; too many people had been either captured or killed in the last 24 hours for any of them to really be safe.

Jemin heaved out a small sigh, rubbing his face. "Not very reassuring."

"Er. I don't think Seokjin-sshi would have been captured." Junhong suddenly spoke up. "I haven't know him for very long, but he strikes me as the super slippery sort. No offence, Namjoon-sshi."

"None taken," Namjoon blinked.
"It's a toss-up, really," Jongdae said from the front of the group. "Slippery or not, nothing's certain right now. But we can either cower indoors, or see what's at the end of those coordinates."

They weren't the only group advancing on coordinates sent by Seokjin; three other groups consisting of the Gong clan, Kim clan, and a handful of allies had their own coordinate sets to go after. So far none of them had arrived at their destinations.

That Yoongi could tell, anyways. He was just the tag-along human once again, because he was damned if he was going to sit at home and wait until the dust settled. These were his friends in trouble… This was Hoseok in trouble.

He may be only human, but he was damn well going to do everything a human could do to help.

“Well, whatever it is that Seokjin is sending us to, I hope that at least it isn't our doom.” Jimin commented. A split second later, Jongdae’s phone rang.

Jongdae glanced down at his phone, holding up one hand for the others to stop as he answered the call. "Hey Minji. What did you find?"

There was a pause. Then, even Yoongi with his subpar human ears could hear the Gong hunter’s slightly hysterical laughter from the other end of the line.

“What did I find, you ask? Well, maybe the biggest nest I've ever seen in my life.”

"...Well shit," Jongdae breathed, looking back at the others. "How many?"

“At least… I don't know. Fifty? Seventy? I just know it's a fucking damn lot. Hopefully we can get them all before they break loose."

From the looks on the other vampires' faces around Jongdae, they could all hear Minji's comments. "Fuck... okay. Keep me updated. If our location's clear we'll be there for backup soon." Jongdae hung up, immediately dialing the Kim clan's line as he started to hurry down the alleyway. "Jimin, check with your contacts."
Jimin had already pulled out his phone. Junhong’s eyes were wide as he stared at the rest. “Wait. Fuck. Doesn’t that mean the coordinates we’re headed to might be a nest as well?”

"Most likely," Jongdae said, steps quick and urgent. "If even one of those vampires escapes, it'll be chaos." It was still early in the evening, plenty of humans out wandering the streets. Too many potential casualties.

"Fuck." Yoongi’s jaw clenched, keeping up with the vampires as best as he could. His silver knife felt heavy strapped to his waist.

Jimin suddenly let out a curse, pulling his phone away from his ear. “Shit, the other location is also a nest! They barely managed to contain it!”

Jongdae hadn’t received any word from the Kim clan yet, but it was far too much to hope they hadn’t also been met with a nest at this point. "Hurry," was all he said. They picked up their pace, questions such as how Seokjin had gotten his hands on the locations of such massive nests and just how many were there across Seoul left for the moment.

They were about a mile from the location when Jimin skidded to a stop, nearly causing a pile-up as Jongdae and Junhong did the same, leaving Yoongi and Namjoon to almost run smack into them. The fledgling was staring off into one of the alleyways, listening hard. “Shit. Someone's being attacked!”

"What?” From Namjoon’s expression, whatever Jimin was hearing wasn’t immediately obvious to the other vampires. Yoongi strained his ears, but couldn’t pick up more than the distant hum of traffic.

But with the fledgling vampire’s keen hearing and the situation that was dawning on them, no one dared question him. Jongdae let out a series of colourful and extremely dated swears. "You lead!" Jimin immediately took off in the direction of the scream, Junhong nipping at his heels.

“There’s about 5 of them— fuck! We gotta hurry!”

Yoongi nearly lost them, struggling to keep up. But after an angry snarl rang out up ahead, he was able to follow the sounds until he crashed into Namjoon’s back. When Yoongi peered around the vampire to see why they’d stopped, he nearly lost his dinner.
It was a group of fledglings, and a human — or what had once been a human. There wasn’t much left of the man’s body that was recognizable, torn to shreds in a frenzy for blood. None of the fledglings seemed to even notice their arrival — until they caught Yoongi’s smell, one lifting his head with a snarl to leap for the human.

Jongdae caught the fledgling, pitching him off towards the wall before knocking him out with the butt of his knife.

But that seemed only to encourage the other fledglings to try their luck. And the rest of them launched themselves towards Yoongi, bloodlust motivating their every move.

None of them got anywhere close.

If Jimin was a good fighter as a human, he was terrifying as a vampire. He caught two of the fledglings in midair as they jumped at Yoongi, swinging one so that they would careen into the other, both knocking into the wall, “Yoongi-hyung! Back out!”

Yoongi took a step back. He’d pulled his knife out, but it might as well be made of rubber, brain going blank with fear. Namjoon intercepted the vampire to make it closest to him, struggling to keep the gnashing teeth away; if Yoongi had any doubts to Namjoon's claim that he wasn't a fighter, here was proof. It took Jongdae helping to knock the vampire out. "Fuck— knock them out if you can!"

Jimin snarled, smashing one of the two he was fighting into the wall, before yelling at Yoongi again. “Hyung! I said get out of here!”

"Don't move too far, we don't know if there's more loose!" Jongdae's words were cut off with a swear.

Yoongi backed out of the alleyway, heart thudding uncomfortably in his chest as he cursed his uselessness. Training or not, he was a piece of juicy steak in the middle of a vampire nest. Maybe he shouldn't have insisted so hard on following them all out.

No sooner than Yoongi had that thought, there was a menacing snarl. Yoongi had already backed out of the alleyway, and so telling where the direction of the snarl had come from took a moment. It was only blind luck that had him looking up to see a vampire leaping out at him from a nearby tree.
He stumbled backwards with a shout, that action saving him from having a vampire land on his head. But now he had a hungry fledgling advancing on him, fangs fully extended and eyes gleaming red.

"Fuck," Yoongi croaked, holding onto his knife tightly and keeping it between them as he slowly backed up. "I don't want to hurt you, but I swear to god I will stab you in the fucking throat if you —" He broke off with a shout as the vampire pounced, slashing blindly with the knife. He managed to land a decent gash on the vampire's arm, the fledgling howling and staggering backwards from the sting of silver. Then the vampire's eyes glowed and he charged again.

But before the vampire could get within arm's reach of Yoongi’s neck, there was another snarl, and suddenly the other vampire was knocked off of Yoongi by something travelling at an almost alarming speed.

Yoongi yelped, losing his balance and falling on his ass. The knife clattered beside him, and it took him a moment to focus again and look up to see just what the fuck that had been.

The two vampires were tussling it out with each other, but it was clear that one was winning, his movements not just quicker, but also more coordinated and trained. And the fight was over almost as soon as it started, the new vampire tearing out the other's throat.

There was a moment of silence, as if everything had gone into limbo. And then the vampire stood and turned, directing gleaming red eyes at Yoongi.

And of course Yoongi had recognized the new vampire the moment he laid eyes on him. How could he not? It was the face he'd been falling asleep to for the last couple months.

"Hobi," he breathed, sitting up slowly. The first thing he felt was a rush of relief, because Hoseok was alive.

By the time he realized Hoseok wasn't himself, it was too late.

Hoseok was on Yoongi faster than the human could blink. And he pinned Yoongi down, wrenching Yoongi’s head back as his fangs extended out, saliva dripping at the intoxicating smell of Yoongi's blood.

"Fuck!" Yoongi was trapped, like a mouse pinned under a cat's claw. His muscles froze, unable to
decide what to do; his knife was within reach, but this was *Hoseok*, not some random fledgling. His mind stuttered, the idea of hurting Hoseok not processing properly.

His indecision cost him and he choked back a scream when sharp fangs punctured his neck, tearing in their haste for blood.

He couldn’t move. Couldn’t even try to struggle, the grip on his arms bruising and pain overwhelming his senses. It wasn’t the controlled feeding of a careful, worried Hoseok who took the time to properly numb his skin and only take a small sip at a time… this was the frantic feeding of a starved fledgling who didn’t care who or what he was attacking as long as it had blood in it.

So Yoongi did the only thing he could do; he held on, arms wrapping around his boyfriend’s neck and fingers cradling the back of his head.

"You're okay," he gasped, voice gravelly and strained, pain stabbing up his neck as Hoseok drank recklessly. "You're gonna be okay Hobi, I've got you, I've— I've got you… I'm here…"

Hoseok didn't seem to hear, gulping down Yoongi’s blood like he couldn't help it— which he couldn't. Yoongi didn't struggle with him, even as dizziness joined the pain of the uncontrolled bite. His eyes shut and he massaged Hoseok's scalp with trembling fingers, breath shaking and heart racing.

"You're oka-ay… you're okay…"

It started off as a stutter, the flow of blood thinning even as Hoseok let out a soft whine, the hands pinning Yoongi suddenly shaking, grip loosening slightly.

"Hobi— f-fuck… Hobi, I'm sorry. I should have been there, I— but I'm here now, okay? I've got you, right here."

There's another shudder and another shaky gulp, and then as if with some almost inhuman effort, Hoseok pulled away. He pulled his mouth off Yoongi’s neck, hasty and fangs tearing the skin a little more, but he did it.

But Yoongi didn't let him move far. Even as he gasped for air, his hand grabbed Hoseok's wrist and held on. Panting heavily and blood dripping down into his shirt collar, he pushed himself up onto his
elbow with a pained groan.

Hoseok stared at Yoongi, the red gleam in his wide eyes dulling slowly to brown as he panted, coming back into himself. And he continued to stare, taking in Yoongi’s harried appearance, the blood pouring from the still open wound in his neck.

He gasped, voice hoarse and thick. “Yoon… Yoongi… hyung…”

Yoongi didn't say anything, dizzy and out of it from blood loss. He just yanked Hoseok in close, wrapping him up in a tight, desperate hug.

"You idiot," he mumbled into Hoseok's collar, no maliciousness in his voice as he sagged against Hoseok.

“Oh… oh…” Hoseok whispered, gently wrapping his arms around Yoongi. “Oh my god. Shit. Did I? Oh gods, I'm so sorry. Yoongi—hyung—I'm so sorry.”

"It's okay," Yoongi rasped, eyes closing. "You're okay now... you're okay."

“No. I… I'm so sorry. For everything. Oh my god. I missed you so much.” Hoseok whispered.

"I missed you too. I'm just so glad you're okay." It was getting hard to focus past the dizziness and nausea creeping up on him.

Hoseok swallowed, realizing that Yoongi’s voice was too soft, body a little cold. “Oh no. You're—we need to get you to a hospital. I… I drank too much.”

"No time," Yoongi mumbled, dimly realizing the others hadn't appeared yet. Had more vampires appeared? "There's... fledglings loose, the others need help. They're nearby."

“I—” Hoseok swallowed, pulling Yoongi closer. “But you're so cold. Yoongi I'm so sorry.”

Maybe he had lost too much blood, but Yoongi felt too comfortable with Hoseok's arms around him
to panic. He breathed out slowly, feeling fresh blood roll down the side of the neck from the torn skin. "Can you... close it?" Maybe being near his neck again was too much to ask, but if Yoongi continued to lose more blood, he really wouldn't last much longer. The front of his shirt already looked like a war zone.

“O-oh! Yeah. Oh god,” Hoseok huffed out a slightly incredulous breath. “I’m... I’m so sorry. Let me…”

He shifted Yoongi gently, and Yoongi heard the way his breath hitched in his throat, saw the flare of his nostrils. Hoseok was still so, so hungry. Even with all that he’d taken from Yoongi, it still wasn’t enough, and Yoongi wanted to ask… what had happened, where he’d been, who had done this to him. But he kept silent and let Hoseok concentrate on what he was doing. The vampire was gently licking the wounds he’d made, trying to spread enough saliva to at least slow down the flow of blood, hopefully stop it.

Yoongi knew he didn’t hallucinate the glimmer of unfulfilled tears in the corners of Hoseok’s eyes.

The human could feel numbness start to spread from the wound. It was a blessing right then, the stabbing pain worse than he’d thought possible. He wrapped his arms around Hoseok loosely, hands smoothing gently against his shoulders and back. "Thank you," he murmured.

“I'm just righting a wrong.” Hoseok breathed in shakily, closing his eyes. “I hurt you.”

"Wasn't your fault." It took a few good, long licks for the vampire saliva to start working its magic and slow the flow of blood from the ugly wound. As Hoseok worked, Yoongi focused on how good it felt to have Hoseok back with him.

“Not just this.” Hoseok whispered, giving the wound a final few licks. “You always get hurt when you're around me. Not just physically. But emotionally as well. I didn't mean to lie to you that day, Yoongi. I just… forgot to text you. I meant to tell you that I was taking that morning shift… because Momo had no one else left to ask.”

It took a bit for Yoongi's blood-deprived brain to figure out just what Hoseok was talking about. "... What?” He mumbled. "It was a favour? Why did... why didn't you tell me afterwards?"

Hoseok licked his lips, fingers curling a little into Yoongi’s shirt. “I… I messed up that first chance. You were still so angry and I fubbed up my words. But… After that. I just thought... I kept screwing
up. Making you angry because I was so fucked up from my earlier relationships… And maybe it was just better if we didn't date. I couldn't hurt you that way then.”

There was a brief moment of silence. Then Yoongi sighed, half tired, half exasperatedly fond. "You're an idiot." His hand found Hoseok's cheek, drawing the vampire into a soft kiss despite the fact that Hoseok tasted like blood.

Hoseok let out a small squeak before he melted into the kiss, tears prickling from the side of his eyes. “Oh.” He whispered after a moment, pulling away a little from Yoongi. “Hyung?”

"We'll talk more later," Yoongi said, voice still softer than normal and eyes half-open. "But I'm not giving you up for anything. Okay?"

Hoseok blinked before he swallowed, pressing another soft kiss to Yoongi's mouth. “Yeah. Ok. We need to get you to safety. You shouldn't be anywhere near here.”

"We need to check on the others," Yoongi said, wincing as he tried to sit up.

Thankfully they didn't need to move, Namjoon appearing around the corner with wide eyes. He took in the dead vampire to one side, before his attention snapped to Yoongi and Hoseok. "Hoseok?" He hurried to their side. "Are you both alright?"

Hoseok looked up at Namjoon a little shakily. “Yeah. I— it's a long story. But both of us probably could do with a little more blood in us.”

Namjoon gently took Hoseok's hand, and it was only then that Yoongi noticed the painful looking red marks around Hoseok's wrists. He'd seen those kind of wounds before — silver burns. "You two get out of here," he said quietly. "There's fledglings all over the place, we need to stay and clean up before any of them get out of the area. Take him to my place, okay? It's closest, there's blood in the fridge and snacks for his blood sugar." It would have to do for now.

“Okay.” Hoseok nodded, gripping Namjoon's hand. “I think… I was stuck in a nest. I'm not sure exactly how many fledglings were inside, but it seemed like a whole lot…”

"Yeah." Namjoon exhaled shakily, pulling Hoseok into a loose, one-armed hug. "I'm glad you're alright. Relatively. Can you get both of you to the apartment?"
“Yeah. Concentrate on this.” Hoseok squeezed Namjoon’s arm lightly. “I’ll get Yoongi back safely.”

Nodding, Namjoon looked up when he heard a snarl nearby. He quickly climbed to his feet, intercepting a fledgling who leapt at them, drawn by the heavy smell of Yoongi’s blood. "Go, hurry!" he ground out, forcing the fledgling back step by step.

Hoseok flinched backwards, before picking Yoongi up, hoisting him up in his arms. “Okay! Good luck!”

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As the two left the alley, Namjoon clenched his jaw and focused on the fledgling driven mad from blood deprivation. It took an enormous effort, but he cracked the other vampire's head back against the wall and watched him drop.

He couldn't just leave the fledgling here, but there was no time to tie him up properly. So Namjoon hoisted the unconscious man over his shoulder like a sack of flour before hurrying back to where he'd left the others.

They were all busy dealing with yet another wave of fledglings pouring out from god knows where. Jimin had just dealt with a couple more fledglings, his face pale and strained. “Joon! Behind you!”

Startling, Namjoon barely ducked out of the way in time. Jongdae came up on his other side, cracking a metal pipe he must have pulled from a railing over the new fledgling's head. The fledgling dropped like a rock.

"Is Yoongi alright?" Jongdae asked, wincing as one hand went to his side. His injuries had healed tremendously, but with the number of fledglings in heaps around them, the head enforcer seemed to be feeling the strain.

"He found Hoseok. Or Hoseok found him, I don't know, they're both getting themselves clear,” Namjoon panted, dropping the fledgling he was carrying to the side.
“Wait, Hoseokkie-hyung’s alive?” And Jimin’s expression brightened despite the situation. “Oh gawd. I thought this day would be just terrible.”

“You're counting your chickens before they hatch.” Junhong said as he panted, cracking another head against a wall before holding up his arm to block a fledgling coming at him. “Shit can still go down—”

And then Jimin suddenly went still, listening hard. This time, Namjoon could hear it too: the echoing crash of metal against brick. “I think… you might have just jinxed us, Junhong-ah.”

"…Well shit," Jongdae cursed. "Form a perimeter, we can't let any of them past us!" Namjoon scrambled to do as instructed, moving farther down into the alleys to catch the fledglings trying to escape into the city. He saw Jimin move into place beside him, and half a second later what seemed like an avalanche of fledglings poured out from one of the buildings.

Jimin caught one slamming them against the wall, before pushing another one back. But one escaped his grasp as he tried to grab for their wrist, and in his haste, he snarled, dashing forward too fast, hand piercing into the fledgling’s stomach.

Jimin’s eyes widened, “oh— oh shit—”

The fledgling choked, horrible gurgling noises escaping as he slumped to the ground. Namjoon stared in surprise, then startled when a fledgling tried to rush by him. He grabbed the other vampire's collar, yanking them back. "There's too many of them!"

There was no reply, Jongdae and Junhong all but buried under the sudden surge of fledglings as they struggled to keep up and not kill as many as possible.

But it was easier said that done. Namjoon had never been a fighter, and he struggled far more than the others in subduing all the fledglings. Beside him, Jimin couldn’t expand the extra energy to be careful, and had no choice but to kill one fledgling after another, his strength visibly waning the longer the fight went on. Jongdae was still handicapped, and Junhong took on the brunt of the fledglings surge to aid the others, to his own detriment.

"Look out!” Namjoon wheezed, looking up in time to see a fledgling jump down on Jongdae from above. The head enforcer went down with a shout. Jimin yelled, trying to break free in order to help
Jongdae, but couldn't, more fledglings swarming him.

And then, it finally happened. One fledgling broke free, racing out of the alleyway, and then another, and another. More and more began to pour out towards the street.

It looked like it was over.

Then Namjoon saw a black-clad figure blow past them all and dive into the sea of fledglings, pulling the one that had accosted Jongdae by the collar, holding it up like a child being apprehended. “Jesus, I thought you'd get more backup than this. Where’s Gyuri and Ryeowook?”

Jongdae coughed, deep scratches in his arms and across one cheek from the fledgling's frenzied attack. He looked up in surprise, jolting upright when he saw just who had come to their aid.

"Jin! Where the fuck have you been?"

“Really busy.” Seokjin looked tired despite his sass. He tossed the fledgling he was holding to the nearest wall, knocking it out with a harsh crack to the head. Then Seokjin reached down to pull Jongdae up. “You really have no idea.”

Jongdae accepted the help up, eyes darting around them as he picked up his metal pipe. "Gyuri is with the Kim clan, and Ryeowook's looking for our missing Elder." He swung the pipe at the next fledgling to come at them, before darting after one who was trying to get away. "Fuck, there's too many of them."

“Yeah,” Seokjin sighed. “I didn't realize that this would be the biggest nest, or I’d have warned you. But it's alright. I brought a little bit of help.”

And at that moment, Namjoon’s ears picked up a whole litany of footsteps and he looked up from the fledgling advancing on him in time to see a whole group of masked people appear at the entrance of the alleyways. The fledgling he’d been fighting against was swatted away like a bug.

He backed up, nursing several minor injuries as he looked around the alleyway at the group working with silver-threaded nets and blades. "Who're they?" Jongdae asked.
Seokjin opened his mouth to answer, but then someone seemed to materialise from the shadows, appearing at his side. “Sir, we’ve covered the immediate area and prevented most of the fledglings from escaping. But we need to scout for any fledglings escaping from other openings.”

Seokjin sighed, “you guys haven’t needed my permission to do things for a while. Why start now? Just do what you need to do.”

“Yes, of course…” the masked figure’s eyes slid to the side, glancing at Jongdae and then Namjoon.

“Of course, Phantom, sir.”

And before Seokjin or Jongdae could react, the masked figure ran towards the entrance, signalling to the group holding fort there, a few of them breaking off to join the masked figure.

“…” Jongdae’s eyes were wide in disbelief. "Phantom?" He repeated, stunned. Namjoon wanted to echo the same. Thankfully the new arrivals seemed to have the fledglings under control, because neither of them were paying attention to those fledglings right now.

Seokjin winced, looking away as he ran a hand through his hair in frustration. “What the fuck is the point of secrecy if you're just going to announce it to the fucking world like that?”

"You’re the Phantom," Jongdae reiterated dubiously. "The Elder no one knew the face of aside from a handful of now-dead people and who everyone assumed was female? You, Mr. ‘too much responsibility for me’, are an Elder?"

Seokjin sighed, “it was supposed to be a temporary thing. But next thing I knew, they were calling me ‘Elder’ without checking if I actually wanted to do it. And it was just easier to go along with it than to get them to stop. They're persistently annoying like that.”

Jongdae blinked at him. "Does Taehyung know? Shit, no… Taehyung thinks Phantom is dead." That much had been obvious from Taehyung's message before he suddenly disappeared.

Seokjin rubbed his face. “He didn't know. But he knows now. My enforcers are shit tired of me galavanting off to do my own thing so they're trying to tie me down by telling people who I am. Again.”
There were a lot of things in there Jongdae wanted to respond to, from the expression on his face, but then Jimin limped over, and if anything else was exchanged between Seokjin and Jongdae, Namjoon didn't hear it, too preoccupied looking his boyfriend over.

“I'm alright.” Jimin murmured, before Namjoon could ask. “Just would really like a blood pack, and to maybe shut myself away in a room alone with you for a long, long while.”

“Well, the first one we can do immediately, the second one might have to wait a while longer.” He looked up to glance at Seokjin and Jongdae who were still deep in conversation.

From the way Jimin's eyebrow twitched, he was probably eavesdropping too. "Okay. So you're the Phantom. What do you mean Taehyung knows, where is he?"

Seokjin glanced their way. “He found out who the traitor is. The hard way. He's on his way to deal with him, along with Fox. Which reminds me, we should probably go meet up with him. My team can handle the situation here.”

"...You are just full of surprises tonight. We better get a full explanation on the way." It took a moment for Namjoon to realize that Jongdae had shifted his attention to both Namjoon and Jimin. "You two ready to move?"

Namjoon nodded, expression grim. He ignored Jimin's curious expression for now — answers could come later. "Let's go."

****

Two hours ago

It was hot. Too hot.
Taehyung swam in and out of consciousness for the last hour, jolted back awake whenever either he or Jungkook shifted even the slightest and bare skin was exposed to the unforgiving sunlight. One at a time the blinds around the room had creaked open, until only two were left. Wherever they were, the windows were angled to make full use of the setting sun, bathing the inside of the room with a deep orange hue.

Sagging against Jungkook, Taehyung swallowed down his saliva and forced his fangs to stay retracted, his body instinctively trying to heal itself by craving the blood of the human curled up protectively around him. But he wouldn't. He couldn't.

Because biting Jungkook right now would turn him. And turning Jungkook would hurt him.

Taehyung would never do anything to hurt Jungkook — not if he could help it.

It was bad enough as it was already. As a human, Jungkook would have been dehydrated, exposed fully to the sun for the whole day, naked saved for his boxers — let alone pumped full with vampire blood as he was right now. Jungkook was the sort that tanned easily, but his skin was lobster red, a by-product of his half-turned state. He seemed to fade in and out of consciousness as well, head lolling a couple of times and jerking back to wakefulness whenever Taehyung let out a sound of pain.

Even then, Taehyung lost track of time, with his face pressed against Jungkook's collar and the human's shirt draped over his head casting a meager spot of shade across his face. And he may have been a little delirious from the heat when he mumbled softly against Jungkook's skin, "I'm sorry, Kookie."

Jungkook stirred at that, blinking slowly out of his daze. "Huh? What?"

"I'm sorry," Taehyung repeated quietly. "If it wasn't for your connections to me, you wouldn't be in this situation now."

And it was a grim situation; the next blind to open would seal Taehyung's fate. Leaving Jungkook alone to Junsu's wishes.

Jungkook seemed to take a while to process what Taehyung had said. Then he chuckled, pressing his face against Taehyung's hair. "Tae… if it wasn't for you, I'd be some sex slave to some sleazy old guy, or some blood bag to some rich sleazy vampire, or maybe a prostitute selling his body on
the streets, or maybe even dead. You have nothing to be sorry for. This is all on Junsu.”

"There were a lot of things I could have done to make sure you had a safer life," Taehyung said. "I guess I was just too selfish to let you go."

“Tae…” Jungkook huffed, “I wouldn't have wanted a safer life if I couldn't be around you. I loved you ever since that first day I bumped into you when I was five years old.”

"You thought I was a sparkly vampire." Taehyung smiled tiredly against Jungkook's skin, exhausted down to his bones. "I'm not so sparkly right now."

“You're always sparkly, Tae.” Jungkook whispered, “even now... You'll always be sparkly to me.”

Something crawled it's way up Taehyung's throat, scratching and clawing. He didn't realize he was crying until the coolness of tears soothed his too-hot skin, leaving thin lines of dampness down his cheeks and dripping onto Jungkook's stomach.

"I don't want to die," he choked a little on the sudden realization, because death had never phased him before. He'd always been so quick to throw himself into reckless situations, not caring whether or not he was alive to see the end of it. Maybe even welcomed the thought. "I don't wanna d-die, Jungkook. I wanna live with you, spend every day with you, I—"

Jungkook tensed, realizing that Taehyung was crying, and it must have frustrated him because he couldn't move, couldn't wipe the tears off Taehyung’s face. “Tae… I… I don't want you to die either. I— Tae… please. I know you don't want to do it this way, but… turn me. Turn me, and then I'll drag you to the shade. We'll survive and get Junsu back another day.”

Taehyung shook his head, as much as he dared lest the shirt on his head be dislodged and sunlight find his already-burnt skin. "I can't do that to you Kookie, I can't," he croaked.

Jungkook was begging now. Taehyung nearly caving from how miserable Jungkook sounded. “Please… please… Tae. I… I don't want you to die. I want to be with you forever. Please… even if the circumstances aren't ideal now… I was going to ask you to turn me anyway. I want to be with you… for eternity.”

The tears were flowing faster, Taehyung hiding them against Jungkook's chest with a wet sob. He
wished he could look up at Jungkook's face. He wished he could lift his head enough to kiss him, anything.

Beep.

With a whir the second-last blinds slid open, sunlight bathing the one side Jungkook didn't have enough cloth and skin to cover. Taehyung cried out in horrifying pain, body shuddering violently in Jungkook's arms.

Jungkook gasped, trying to shift so that his shadow could cover Taehyung more but to no avail, and the tears began to flow in earnest, shaking sobs. “Tae... hyung... please... turn me... please.”

Taehyung's arms jerked uselessly against the silver chains, muscles spasming and struggling instinctively to be free. Jungkook's shifting around compromised the parts he'd been just barely covering, and Taehyung choked as his body slowly started to shut down.

“No, no, no. Please. Tae... please... don't die. Please...” Jungkook was crying, but it sounded like he was so far away. Taehyung wanted to wipe away his bunny's tears, but it hurt. It hurt so much. “Tae!”

And then, all of a sudden, there was darkness.

It felt almost euphoric — the lack of sun. But what damage had already been done continued to throb and blister. He didn't understand what was happening. But Jungkook was trying to struggle beside him. Should he be struggling too?

There were sounds for a bit — people talking and yelling, sounds of metal breaking, falling on the ground. Then, shifting, like he was being moved?

Taehyung must have lost consciousness, because next thing he knew they were being set down somewhere that smelled heavily of gasoline and rubber — the inside of a vehicle. He shivered where he lay, body hypersensitive and senses scrambling to figure out what was going on.

But before he could, there was the sound of a very familiar, bossy voice, and then someone was shoving a blood pack to his mouth. “Heechul-ah, make yourself useful! Help me get Jungkook hooked up to the transfusion machine and get me a couple more blood packs! And that paste I was
mixing earlier!

The conversation took a moment to register as Taehyung gasped at the taste of blood — and he couldn't even complain about it being from a blood pack because he was guzzling it up like a starved man, sunburnt hand lifting shakily to grab at it. He drained that pack of every drop before managing to separate himself from it, fangs slowly retracting to a more manageable length.

"...Jin?" he croaked.

“Less talking, more drinking.” And another blood pack was shoved into Taehyung’s mouth. “I can't believe we're doing this again. At least you're not so burnt that you're unconscious.”

Taehyung's confused noise was cut off, and he drained that bag too, taking in all the blood his body needed to function and heal.

By the time he was done a third bag, his brain had stopped rattling around in his skull and he could think past the stinging pain. One hand tentatively pulled down on the edge of the blanket still wrapped around him, eyes focusing on his surroundings.

They were in a vehicle like Taehyung had deduced. But it looked like the inside of an ambulance, stuffed wall to wall with medical equipment. There were a couple of other people moving around, operating things. Jungkook was in a corner, his eyes wide and shiny in something like relief or disbelief, several tubes being pushed into his arm as he was hooked up to the transfusion machine.

“Here.” Seokjin cut open a fourth bag for Taehyung to drink, handing it to the Elder. “Drink this up and then I'm going to slather some of my paste to help with the burns— Heechul, why the fuck are you taking so long?”

“You didn't tell me where the paste was!” And Heechul — someone Taehyung had thought was dead — stood from where he’d been bent over, rummaging through one of the supply boxes lining the walls of the vehicle. “So give me a goddamn bloody second.”

Taehyung took the blood pack with shaky fingers. "Wha-at's going on? How are you here... how is he here?"

“It's… a long story,” Seokjin sighed, “but the short version is Phantom’s enforcers contacted me and
I managed to save Heechul in time. And we're using the fact that Junsu thinks we're dead to our advantage. Like we're going to use him thinking that you're dead to ours.”

Taehyung stared at Seokjin, trying to absorb all that. He looked to Jungkook, and he so badly wanted to crawl over and bundle his boyfriend up in a tight hug, never let him go again. But the scattered angry burns on his body were no joke, the rest of his skin an angry red that blistered in places.

He tore into the blood pack in his hands, draining it.

Heechul finally came over with a bowl of red colour paste, carefully not looking at Taehyung. “Here, your dumb paste. Is there anything else I can do to help, Pha— mmppphhh!”

Seokjin turned around as if he hadn't just tossed a blanket over Heechul's head and kicked him away. “Right, so where's the worst of your burns?”

Taeyung stared blankly at them, confused about what that had been. But he gestured to his left arm with a wince, the side Jungkook hadn't been able to cover. "Where's Junsu?"

“I'm not too sure actually. Gotta ask one of Phantom’s minions for that information.” Seokjin moved, beginning to slap some of the paste onto Taehyung’s skin. “Hang on. Minions? Are any one of you free?”

There was a pause, and then one of the people who’d been monitoring Jungkook’s transfusion detached herself from the group and moved over to Seokjin’s side. “You know, for someone who refuses to take charge most of the time, you're awfully happy to call us your minions.”

For all the times the others joked about Taehyung being exceptionally dense, he really wasn't (for most things). But after the trauma he and Jungkook had just been through, he felt he could be forgiven for needing things spelled out to him just then. “…What?” He croaked. "What's going on, Seokjin?"

“Nothing. Nothing’s going on.” Seokjin glared at the masked person, who batted their — her probably, from the sound of her voice — lashes at Seokjin. “I was just asking one of the enforcers of the Phantom what was the status update on Kim Junsu.”
“Well, he's running around at the moment, sir.” The masked person replied lightly. “But judging from his actions, he's quite likely to end up going after the Commander during the height of whatever he's got planned.”

That sent a jolt of panic through Taehyung's veins. Yunho. "We have to warn him, he doesn't know Junsu's—" He flinched as he moved too fast, shaky hands patting his pockets futilely; his and Jungkook's phones had long been taken away.

“Hey! Calm down. We can't call him. Not yet. Not right now. But I will call him. Okay?” Seokjin sighed, hands grabbing Taehyung's, stopping him from moving. “Just give me some time to find out the extent of what Junsu is planning.”

"We have to warn him," Taehyung countered. "He trusts Junsu, he'll let him get close, and Junsu won't try talking him into switching sides like he did with us!"

Seokjin’s lips thinned but he finally sighed. “Ok. I will. Just… keep still. Alright? Dahyun, could you go find my phone?”

The masked person, Dahyun, nodded, before saying in an impossibly bland voice. “Of course, sir. Phantom, sir.”

Taehyung stared at that. "…Phantom?" he repeated.

And it took him a moment to identify the lavender smell coming from the masked individual Seokjin had called Dahyun; the same lavender he'd smelled on the last person to show up to the Elder meeting under the name Phantom, who'd smelled nothing like the first person to do so.

Seokjin was glaring at Dahyun, whose eyes were sparkling cheekily behind her mask. “It's nothing. Dahyun was just leaving.”

“Was I, Phantom, sir?” Dahyun replied, tongue in cheek. “Of course I was. What the Elder says, the Elder gets, even if I have to pose as him and put myself in danger.”

Taehyung just stared. "…what?" His eyes went to Seokjin. "You're the Phantom? The real one?"
Seokjin looked up at the vehicle ceiling. “What is the ‘real’ Phantom anyway. They've been operating without me directing them for decades.”

"We were told the Phantom was dead. What is going on here, Seokjin? How are you an Elder? You... hate all that stuff."

Seokjin made a small sound a little like an elephant dying, “I do— look. It was mostly circumstance. They actually asked another person who I was good friends with. But he died. And I was in the wrong place at the wrong time. So, I agreed. It was supposed to be a temporary thing, but apparently I did such a great job, they didn't want me to go. But you're right. I hate such things, so I set it up so my Enforcers could do everything without my presence.” And Seokjin glared at Dahyun’s retreating back. “Except, it seems they're being bitchy about me escaping my duties all the time.”

Taehyung frowned down at his legs, taking that in. He wasn't sure how to feel; mostly confused, really. A lot would have been different if he'd known earlier. "...you would have gone forever without telling me the truth, would you?"

Seokjin sighed, before kneeling down so that he was eye level with Taehyung. “Is that what you're fixated about? No one was supposed to know. I mean, even to me, I'm not the Phantom. I'm just Kim Seokjin. My team of Enforcers are more the Phantom than I am. All I am is a figurehead really.”

"...Figureheads are important," Taehyung said, gaze lifting to Seokjin. "Even if you don't feel like it means anything, to others, it gives them hope."

Seokjin’s lips thinned a little. “The Phantom will never die even if I did. That’s the beauty of it. No one knows who the Phantom is, so anyone can be the Phantom. But… We needed the Phantom to be dead. Just for a little bit.”

"..." Taehyung shook his head. "I don't agree with any of that, but there's no point arguing about it now. We need to tell Yunho about Junsu."

“I know. I'm still waiting for my phone.” Seokjin yelled out to the rest of the vehicle. “But in the meantime, I need you healed up as quickly as possible. So—” and picking up the bowl of paste in a businesslike manner, he slapped some onto the skin of Taehyung’s left side.

Taehyung flinched at the sting to his burns, but after a moment the paste started to feel cool and soothing. He fidgeted uncomfortably, glancing again to where Jungkook was and wanting to move closer while knowing Seokjin would smack him over the head for moving from this spot.

Jungkook had his eyes closed, but as if sensing Taehyung’s eyes on him, he opened them again,
looking over at his boyfriend with a slightly glazed but relieved smile.

Taehyung smiled back, the relief in Jungkook’s gaze calming his erratic nerves just a touch. But as he was given another blood bag to drink while Seokjin worked, he knew they didn’t have the time to relax.

Sundown was in a couple hours, and when it arrived, Taehyung had to be ready to track Junsu down and make him pay.

****

Taehyung was alive.

It was the loudest thought in Jungkook’s brain as he sat in a makeshift seat of several boxes and a bright purple cushion, staring where Taehyung was being treated just opposite of him. He wanted to go over, touch and feel the beat of Taehyung's heart, but he was tethered to where he set by the wires in his arm, cleaning out the vampire blood in his system, the blood making him sick.

But underneath that loud thought were quieter, nastier thoughts. Thoughts that replayed the fear, the helplessness as he’d watched Taehyung burn in his arms. No matter how much he’d pleaded, Taehyung refused to change him. No matter how much he’d worked, Taehyung had still burned. He’d been so useless. So utterly useless.

Taehyung had nearly died.

But Taehyung was still alive. And Jungkook swore to himself that he’d do whatever it took to make sure that that would stay the same, for as long as he lived.

Chapter End Notes
Only 7 more chapters to gooooo

Ill try to reply to comments soon orz. Yeonah's been doing most of the work. I'm a terrible co-author orz

Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter? :) And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!
“I called Yunho.” Seokjin said about an hour before sundown. Jungkook’s transfusion had been over a while ago, and now he was napping at Taehyung’s side while the vampire continued to heal. “His entire three word answer: ‘let him come’.”

Taehyung’s eyes widened. "He must think he can reason with Junsu," he murmured, looking down at his bandaged hands. He couldn't remove them for another hour and a half at least, and even then they'd be painful to move for another couple days. But they couldn't afford a couple days; he’d have to work with what he had. "We have to back him up."

“It's also probably because this has been what we wanted — the ringleader panicking and rushing forward his plans and making all the mistakes. It's too late for prevention at this point, so what we need to do is to be fully ready to react when he executes his plan.” Seokjin tapped his fingers on his thigh. "Which is why I need you healed. You're the only one who can fight with Junsu on fair ground."

Taehyung’s expression hardened, and he nodded. Junsu was from a different time in their history; a time where vampires fought tooth and nail to survive. "What else is he planning?"

“Well, one of Phantom's— my enforcers discovered three huge nests at three different points in the city. So, I can only imagine he's trying to so what the renegades have been doing for years: trying to get vampire's existence out into the public eye. Which, is kinda dumb. There's more efficient ways. But I guess this is way more dramatic."

"...He's always been into dramatics," Taehyung said. "I'm assuming you have a plan for the nests?" They couldn't go after Junsu and target all three nests at the same time, especially if they were larger than the usual ones they found.

“Yeah. I sent Jongdae coordinates.” Seokjin rubbed his face. “I'm hoping they did the smart thing and got reinforcements at least.”
Taehyung let out a soft breath. He knew Jongdae well enough to know how his head enforcer would react. "Okay. Good."

He looked down at Jungkook, his boyfriend's head in Taehyung's lap while he dozed. Taehyung's bandaged fingers brushed through sweat-streaked locks of hair, ghosting over sun-burnt skin without touching. Junsu was going to pay for what he put Jungkook through. "This ends tonight."

But Jungkook stirred despite Taehyung's efforts not to wake him. The human was probably still on high alert, knowing that Junsu was still out there and their current relative safety could change any time. Jungkook made a small sound, eyes fluttering open. "Ngh... sorry. What did I miss?"

"Oh... nothing," Taehyung's eyes softened. He gently tapped Jungkook's nose. "Go back to sleep, bunny."

Jungkook wrinkled his nose, shifting so that he looked up at Taehyung. "I heard bits and pieces. You're going to deal with Junsu-hyung?"

Taehyung huffed softly, leaning back against the side of the van. "Yeah... I know his tricks, and his weaknesses."

Jungkook made a small sound. He didn’t sound very pleased, and Taehyung could already guess why. "Alone?"

"Well... I won't be alone. Yunho hyung will be there, with his own team," Taehyung murmured. "I'm just backup."

“But you're still going in alone.”

"I'll be okay." Taehyung smiled tiredly down at Jungkook. "He's not stabbing me in the back again."

(In front of them, Seokjin sighed, muttering, “can't believe you didn't immediately tell me about that first thing and fucking waited for me to discover it on my own.” He was ignored.)

Jungkook’s eyebrows furrowed more. “It'd be better with another set of eyes though. Could I go—"
"No," Taehyung quickly cut Jungkook off before he could fully voice what the vampire knew had been coming. "No... you're going to stay back here, okay? Junsu won't hesitate to kill you... or use you against me." Jungkook was Taehyung's Achilles Heel; Junsu knew all he had to do to make Taehyung slip up was target his human boyfriend. With how handicapped by his injuries Taehyung already was, and how dangerous this fight would be, he couldn't afford to show any more weakness.

Even if he was going to have to fight the man who’d been one of his closest friends for hundreds of years... he couldn’t afford any more weakness.

Jungkook’s expression had turned into a full out pout. “But... Tae... what if I hide somewhere? I know how to keep out of vampire’s smell and sight.”

"That works against today's vampires, Kook... Junsu was born in a different time," Taehyung said quietly. "I can't risk it. I don't want to see you in danger again."

Jungkook breathed in a deep sigh, eyebrows still furrowed, face stuck in that unhappy pout. "That's not going to work on me this time," Taehyung shook his head, not willing to budge. Jungkook’s face became truly unhappy then, but he just rolled over, burying his face in Taehyung’s thigh. Taehyung folded himself over Jungkook as much as he could, wincing when it pulled on the healing tissue of his back.

"Stay safe," he whispered into Jungkook's ear. "Please."

Jungkook sighed, sliding out from the vampire’s lap and pushing Taehyung back, “stop hurting yourself. Your skin’s still healing.”

"Okay, okay." The vampire just rested their foreheads together, closing his eyes and breathing in. Jungkook didn’t smell like himself, not after needing another transfusion. But it was enough for now.

Jungkook sighed, closing his eyes as well. “I was so scared Tae. That was the second time you nearly died in my arms.”

"I know," Taehyung murmured. "It won't happen again. I don't want to die, so I won't. I'm gonna stay with you forever."

Jungkook huffed a little, “I can't stay with you forever if you don't turn me either.”
"One problem at a time," Taehyung whined softly. "Okay?"

Jungkook sighed, but leaned in to press his lips gently against Taehyung’s. “Okay. But you better not die.” Taehyung kissed him back, rubbing their noses.

"Promise."

Then he looked at Seokjin beside them, who was staring at the pair with an expression of disgust. "What's wrong hyung, jealous? I'm sure we can find you someone to cuddle with."

Seokjin rolled his eyes, before saying slowly, and pointedly. “The two of you… are gross.”

Taehyung’s response was to wrap his arms around Jungkook's neck and start peppering his face with cute kisses.

Jungkook made a small sound of surprise before he started giggling, only giggling harder when Seokjin made a sound of pure disgust.

Nuzzling against Jungkook's nose, Taehyung sighed and drew his boyfriend close into a hug. He pressed his nose against the human’s shoulder, eyes watching the clock set up on the van wall slowly count down.

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At sundown, they moved.

They split up, Taehyung and one of Seokjin's enforcers heading east towards the safehouse where Yunho planned to make his stand against Junsu while Seokjin and the others went west. Taehyung shared one lingering kiss with Jungkook before leaving, a promise to return alive still fresh on his lips.
They make it a block away from the safehouse in the run-down neighbourhood when Taehyung smelled it: fresh blood.

"The fighting’s started," he murmured, crouching carefully around a corner. Junsu was already here, and he hadn't come alone.

“Yeah, he would have started not long before sundown. Needed to make sure all of Yunho’s forces would be here and not interrupting the things happening at the nest locations.” The masked figure who had crouched down beside him said. Seokjin had ordered Dahyun to follow Taehyung after the tenth puppy eye Jungkook had given the elder, so that Taehyung would have backup. “Anyway, Dahyun is ready to set forth at your instructions, Elder Bloodhound.”

Taehyung closed his eyes, drawing in a long, deep breath through his nose. Then his eyes snapped open again. "Alright, Dahyun. Follow me." He darted around the corner and through an alleyway, easily climbing up onto the flat rooftops.

Up on the roof, they were able to bypass the fighting happening on the ground as Yunho's enforcers fought the renegades back from the safehouse entrance. As much as Taehyung wanted to stop and help them, his concern was with what was transpiring inside the building. Anything else was a distraction.

Dahyun followed after Taehyung easily, focused on the task following him. Her slight build was obviously made for speed and agility. “Elder Bloodhound, do you smell the Commander and the Otter?”

"I'm picking up on Junsu's trail," Taehyung said, catching small traces of the other vampire's scent on the wind. "The safehouse is sealed too tightly, but if I remember correctly there's a side entrance around here."

He crept to the edge of the roof, peering down into the back row between buildings. When he didn't hear or smell anything, he dropped down into the narrow space and snapped the lock on the window. With a glance back to Dahyun, he slid the window open and climbed into the small storage room.

His first breath of air inside the safehouse brought more blood. Junsu's... and Yunho's.
Dahyun dropped down beside him, eyebrows rising as she caught the heavy stench of blood as well. But Taehyung didn’t have a chance to take more than a step forward before an echoing bang rang out.

“Junsu! Stop this madness!”

Yunho’s voice boomed, echoing through the safe house like thunder. Taehyung felt his heart tighten in his chest "Take care of any other renegades in the building, go!" And he broke through the locked storage door, following Yunho’s voice down the hall. He barely heard Dahyun’s confused alarm behind him.

There wasn’t any more talking up ahead, only the sound of snarls and thumps and crashes as the two fight tooth to nail. Junsu wasn't interested in talking to Yunho, like Taehyung had predicted. He was only out to kill.

A couple seconds later, Taehyung found them; in the safehouse basement, surrounded by dead bodies of renegades and enforcers alike. They were both wounded, little nicks and scratches of spilt blood unavoidable. Taehyung skidded to a stop at the doorway, eyes darting about as he searched for an opening.

If he hadn’t been so heavily injured, he might have been more careful. If he had been just a little more careful, the floorboards wouldn’t have creaked underfoot when he stepped wrong, drawing attention to himself when he hadn’t wanted it.

They both noticed him — Junsu first, because he'd always been Yunho’s eyes and ears. And he faltered, because Taehyung shouldn't be here — he should be dead.

For fighters like them, every tiny mistake can prove deadly, if they're fighting for the death. Yunho wasn't. He didn't take the chance given to him, instead faltering as well when he noticed who it was that had distracted Junsu.

Yunho hadn't been fighting to the death, but Junsu had been. And in that moment, he took his chance.

Taehyung saw it happen as if in slow motion. And for all his speed, for all his keen senses, he was helpless to stop Junsu's hand from plunging straight through skin and bone into Yunho's unguarded chest.
An animal's scream rang through the basement, shrill and broken. Half a heartbeat later Taehyung was there, catching Yunho as he fell.

Yunho eyes were wide, stunned with surprise. He didn't even to have seemed to comprehend what had happened, looking as if he was wondering why there was the taste of blood in his mouth. “T-Tae…?”

Junsu had been forgotten. Taehyung's hand pressed against the gaping hole in the centre of Yunho's chest, just missing his heart but pouring dark, dark blood. "No, no no no," he gasped, scrambling to cover the wound with cloth in a futile effort to stem the flow of red. "Y-Yunho, hyung, look at me, l-look—"

Yunho gasped, looking up at Taehyung with a pained expression. “Ah… I was… careless—” and he coughed, blood spewing and trailing from his mouth. “Careless. ‘Sorry...T-Tae…”

"No." Taehyung couldn't stop the tears from falling. "You can't leave me too. You can't. H-hold on, we can fix this!"

Except, logically, Taehyung knew there was no saving Yunho. Not with so much blood lost, his hand slick with red despite his efforts. It was a fatal blow… ironically, only a few inches higher than Bogum's injury had been.

Yunho stared up at Taehyung, before a shaky smile crossed his face. “Y-yah… Don't… cry… you… fine wi— out m-me…”

The younger vampire choked on a sob, shaking his head desperately. "Hyung… hyung …"

(He didn’t see Junsu slowly creeping up behind him.)

Yunho chuckled, shaking his head. “So… p-proud of y-you… be… happy… o-ok…?”

And with one last smile, one last burst of strength and speed, Yunho pushed Taehyung down, flipping their positions over just as Junsu’s hand came piercing down to where Taehyung's heart would have been.
The sudden flip cracked the back of Taehyung's head against the cement floor. When his vision refocused, Yunho was slumped on top of him, blood soaking into Taehyung's shirt from the second hole punched straight through his body as Junsu pulled his hand out from the dead vampire's back.

"Hyung," Taehyung sat up, wide, tear-filled eyes in disbelief as he cupped Yunho's bloodstained face, still and serene. A choked noise crawled out of his throat, tears mixing with the heavy blood staining his front as his whole face crumpled in anguish.

Then his eyes slowly lifted to Junsu.

Junsu was shaking his hand, blood trickling off and pooling on the ground. And feeling Taehyung's gaze on him, he spoke. “I'd planned to slowly wear him down. You know how he is. He's good at big bursts of speed, but he can't keep it up for long. His stamina is better after all these years… but I've been training for it. Unfortunately, you arrived. Not dead. So now I have to make time to deal with you too. Thankfully, your arrival distracted him, so now we're right on schedule.”

Hearing Junsu talk so casually about killing their mentor, their friend, broke something inside Taehyung. He gently lowered Yunho to the floor, thumb brushing away the blood splatter from one cheek and the sweat-streaked locks of hair from his face.

And then he disappeared, tackling Junsu hard in the stomach to send both of them crashing to the far end of the basement.

Junsu let out a grunt when they both landed, but he was up in a second, throwing Taehyung off. “Yes… perfect. Today we settle once and for all who the better fighter is, Bloodhound!”

And within the blink of an eye, he'd pounced, hands curled into claws as he tried to rake them across Taehyung's eyes.

With a quick duck Junsu missed his intended target, the edge of his nails just catching Taehyung's brow. Taehyung didn't even seem to notice the new injury, or the blood dripping down dangerously close to his eyes. All his injuries had been forgotten — the burns, the wound in his back, all of it — fangs extended and bared and his crimson eyes trained on Junsu with a single-minded purpose: to kill. His hands grabbed Junsu's arm, nails digging in as he spun and threw the other vampire into the cement wall.
But Junsu flipped midair, so that he landed feet first into the wall. Using the momentum, he bounced back off, launching himself…

Right past Taehyung.

But Taehyung didn’t let Junsu get behind him twice, ready the moment he saw the other vampire’s muscles flex. He span around, and immediately dropped to the floor to avoid Junsu’s hand plunging into his stomach. Hitting the ground, he swept his feet out to catch Junsu’s.

It continued like this for a while — the two of them evenly matched. Where one threw a hit, the other one blocked. A few hits landed here or there; minor cuts, scrapes, nothing more than minor annoyances to people too far gone to even care about them. They knew each other too well, could anticipate each other’s move. While Taehyung may have had a clearer advantage had he not been so injured, his handicap didn’t seem to have presented Junsu with the golden opportunity the other vampire expected. While Junsu had ambition fueling his actions, Taehyung had rage. And neither of them were going to back down any time soon.

Junsu knew this, and he was getting frustrated.

And then one of Taehyung’s mad lunges caught Junsu by surprise, enough to slam the other vampire against the floor. Taehyung pinned him down, arm pulling back to deal a fatal blow.

Junsu snarled, eyes flashing as his fangs lengthened. But just as Taehyung was about to strike the final blow, Junsu managed to wrestle one hand free, and in one swift motion, he pulled a small bottle out of his pocket and flung its contents at Taehyung’s face.

Taehyung jerked back, but wasn’t fast enough to do more than close his eyes to avoid being blinded. That hardly mattered a second later when the strong, overpowering smell of perfume sent stabs of pain through his brain. With a strangled yelp Taehyung was forced to roll off Junsu or leave himself vulnerable.

He crouched on the floor not far away, coughing and hacking as the perfume dripped down his face and his nose burned.

“Tch. I didn’t really want to do this, because it would have been too easy.” Junsu growled as he stood back up, taking a moment to push back his shoulder with a crack. It had dislocated in his haste to free it. “But I suppose playing dirty is a sort of strategy after all.”
And with a few steps forward, Junsu aimed a swift kick into Taehyung’s stomach.

Taehyung wasn't fast enough to scramble out of the way, and he collapsed with a gasp of pain. Fingers twitching, he stumbled his way back into a crouch, trying to focus on Junsu with his vision waverering and the harsh smell of perfume taking over his brain. It was the scent of apple cinnamon, but with the liquid splashed into his face the overwhelming smell of chemicals was all he could focus on.

Junsu probably could have killed Taehyung like this, but staring at Taehyung, he sneered, shaking his head. “Tch… look at you. Take away your nose, and you're nothing.”

And easily, Junsu ducked behind Taehyung giving him a swift kick on the behind.

Taehyung was shoved down onto his face on the floor, outstretched hand landing in the pool of expanding blood from Yunho's still body. "Fuck you," he growled, rolling himself to his feet.

He staggered, catching his footing again before throwing a wild punch. Junsu dodged it easily, laughing.

“Is this all you've got, Bloodhound? At this point, even a bumbling human could kill you. Which reminds me, where’s Jungkook? Did you hide him away so you wouldn't get distracted? You're so predictable, Taehyungie.”

Taehyung didn't dignify Junsu's taunts with an answer; far more concerned with getting the perfume off his face. With strong smells, his keen nose was a double-edged sword; the nausea and pain induced by the perfume was hampering his ability to fight even more than his injuries were. Hastily scrubbing his face with his sleeve, Taehyung lunged at Junsu again.

Junsu laughed. He dodged past Taehyung, grabbing his shirt and using it to pin Taehyung to the ground.

"Nh!” Taehyung grimaced at the pain of having his head slammed back against the ground again. For a moment his vision went grey before slowly coming back, colour lost around the corners.
“Seriously, this is like playing with a baby.”

Taehyung glared angry red eyes up at Junsu, lips curled in a snarl. Junsu sneered down at Taehyung, shaking his head. He leaned in close, voice overly sweet and one hand squeezing into Taehyung’s neck, finger digging in and drawing blood. “Hi, Tae~ Do you like the perfume? I picked it out just for you because it smells like Jungkook. I knew you'd hide him away, so I didn't want you to get lonely.”

Taehyung’s jaw clenched tighter, and he struggled to push Junsu off without leverage. “You're a monster,” he ground out.

“I just believe that vampires can be more than grovelling cowards hiding from humans.” Junsu tightened his grip, “I gave you more than one chance. But you didn't take it.” And his fingers dug yet deeper, Taehyung grimacing as he felt Junsu’s nail tear a small gash into his skin. “So now, I'm going go kill you.”

Watching Taehyung struggle even more, Junsu shook his head in derision. “I can't believe I offered you a place in our new paradise. You really have nothing more other than your nose—”

Flesh tore with a soft, sickening squelch.

Junsu went rigid above him, words choking out. Taehyung forced his wavering gaze to focus, and it was then he saw the shadow behind Junsu. And he saw Junsu’s eyes widen a fraction at the voice behind him — an all too familiar voice, his scent masked by the very perfume Junsu had thrown in Taehyung’s face.

“He has me, Junsu.” Jungkook said grimly, digging the blade deeper into Junsu’s back. “He has me.”

With a sudden rush of adrenaline, Taehyung surged upwards.

At the same time Jungkook pulled his blade out, Junsu was flipped over onto his back. Taehyung used his whole body to pin Junsu down, arms gripped tight and legs tangled. “Jungkook!”

Jungkook didn't hesitate, didn't think. All his life, he'd trained for this — he was a human, they were vampires. If he didn't fight to kill, then he would be dead in a second.
The knife plunged right into Junsu’s neck, the vampire giving a pained gurgle, even as Jungkook ripped the knife across Junsu’s throat so hard, the blade broke, burying itself even deeper into Junsu’s flesh.

Junsu twitched once, twice. And then, he went still.

For a long moment, there was only the sound of heavy panting in the room. The fighting around them had either ended or moved outside the building, the safehouse eerily silent. Taehyung looked down into Junsu's blank eyes, staring unseeingly up at him as if in disbelief at his own demise.

Slowly, Taehyung let go. He shifted off of Junsu's body to sit on the blood-stained floor, gaze frozen on the gruesome sight.

“Tae.” It was Jungkook who finally spoke first, dropping the knife handle on the ground and going to kneel by Taehyung's side, uncaring about the blood now soaking his pants. “Tae… Oh my god. Are you okay? There's so much blood…”

Taehyung looked up into Jungkook’s large, worried eyes. He could feel his fangs slowly receding back into his mouth, the bright crimson of his eyes shifting into brown again.

He lifted his hands, bloodstained fingers gently framing Jungkook's cheeks. Then he pulled the human into a tight hug, nose pressing into the crook of Jungkook's neck.

Jungkook let out a small sound, the worry still evident in Jungkook’s voice as he wrapped his own arms tight around Taehyung. “Tae…?”

Taehyung couldn't respond, couldn't bring himself to say a word. The fight was over, the traitor was dead, the renegades had lost their advantage and would be dealt with… but he couldn't feel any joy or relief. Junsu and Yunho's blood stained his clothes and dripped from his fingers, and all he could do was hold onto Jungkook and cry.

After a moment, Jungkook shifted the both of them so that Taehyung was sitting in his lap, one hand gently running through Taehyung’s scalp, the other gently smoothing down Taehyung's back. He didn't say a word, only closed his eyes, pressing his lips against Taehyung’s temple.
And that was how they were found, some time later. Footsteps made their way down the safehouse hallway, and Jongdae was the first person through the door.

"...Fuck." He blanched at the heavy smell of blood, eyes going between Jungkook and Taehyung holding each other, and the two dead bodies. After a moment frozen in the doorway, he slowly walked to Yunho's side, crouching down. There was no point checking for a pulse.

Seokjin was next to arrive, followed closely by both Jimin and Namjoon, Jimin actually rearing physically back by the strong smell of blood. Seokjin didn't pay attention though, taking in a shaky breath as he went over to Taehyung and Jungkook to check on the two of them.

Taehyung's eyes slowly opened at the approaching footsteps. His nose was still blocked by the perfume, but he didn't need it to guess who it was approaching them. Even so, his fingers curled tighter into Jungkook's shirt, promising pain to the first person who tried to separate them.

"...They're dead," he whispered.

Seokjin sighed, looking over where Jongdae was still looking at the two bodies on the floor. “Yeah. They are. It's all over. There were some human witnesses over at the last location, and Junsu revealed his final hand, posting evidence of vampires’ existence onto the internet but… my enforcers are dealing with that. It’s over.”

Taehyung's eyes closed again. "It's over," he echoed hollowly.

Jongdae looked up and met Seokjin's eyes, sadness heavy in his own. "...We should clear out," he said quietly, looking over at Jimin and Namjoon lingering in the doorway, the latter pale and wide-eyed. "Before the human police show up."

“Yeah.” Seokjin eyed Taehyung and Jungkook. “Can you two stand?”

Wordlessly, Jungkook only gathered Taehyung in his hands, and surprisingly, despite what must have been an ordeal, Jungkook stood without wavering, carrying Taehyung up. “It's ok, Tae.” Jungkook whispered quietly. “I'll take care of you.”

Taehyung didn't protest, nose buried against Jungkook's neck as the heavy injuries caught up with him. Watching them, Jongdae sighed and motioned Namjoon over. "Help me here."
Namjoon swallowed, nodding. He squeezed Jimin's hand before pulling away, moving to help Jongdae carry Yunho out after Jungkook.

Someone else would take care of Junsu. But they weren't leaving Yunho behind.

Chapter End Notes

It's finally over.

Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter. And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!
Chapter 39

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Time ticked away in Namjoon and Seokjin's apartment without word from the others. Yoongi had been half-conscious for most of the travel back, and hadn't really moved from where Hoseok set him down on the couch. He cradled the mug of hot chocolate the vampire had made for him in both hands, letting it warm him and the sweet aroma permeate the air as he watched Hoseok finish another blood bag.

He looked so soft and warm and— Hoseok was just really glad Yoongi was alive and safe. And he was really really glad that he hadn't accidentally killed Yoongi.

(It would take a while before Hoseok would stop hating himself for what he'd done. Unintentional or not.)

"Feeling any better?"

Hoseok startled a little, having been lost in his thoughts. But then, he smiled, tossing away the empty blood bag in his hands. "Much." Hoseok straightened, clearing away the utensils he'd used to make Yoongi's hot chocolate. "But it's easy to heal me. You… Not so easy. How are you feeling? Do you need more food? I can probably cook up something for you."

"I'm alright. Sugar and not running around everywhere is helping." Yoongi pulled the blanket a little tighter around his shoulders. "...A little cold," he mumbled.

Hoseok raised an eyebrow at that before chuckling. That was such a Yoongi thing to say. "You know that a vampire isn't exactly the best person to ask for warmth, right?"

But it wasn't like Hoseok was going to refuse such a huge hint of a request from Yoongi. He was by Yoongi's side in a flash, helping to peel the blanket off so he could snuggle in. "Gonna share the blanket with me, or do I have to fend for myself?"

"And listen to you pout?" Yoongi undid the edge of the blanket, letting Hoseok cuddle in close.
“A pout is an action.” Hoseok grinned as he snuggled into Yoongi’s side, making sure the blanket properly covered the both of them. “How do you listen to me pout?”

"I can hear your mental whining," Yoongi retorted with a tired smirk. He leaned into Hoseok, sighing softly. "I'm glad you're alright."

Hoseok sighed as well, nuzzling into Yoongi’s cheek. “I'm sorry. Junsu was bringing me to your place and then I suddenly realized that I saw him way before we even met him officially. It was at the back of the shop, when I was taking out the trash. I saw him getting into this black van… Which I realize they must have been using it to capture people, turn them and then bring them to the nests.”

It was clear from his expression that this was all news to Yoongi. "...Junsu?" He questioned. "Junsu is the traitor? Do the others know?"

Wait.

“Fuck—” He was such an idiot. “I forgot to tell them. Shit. Where's my phone?”

"Probably got chucked when you were abducted," Yoongi let go of his mug with one hand to fish out his phone, handing it to Hoseok. "Use mine."

“Thanks.” Hoseok took Yoongi’s phone, quickly dialing Namjoon’s number before absentmindedly placing a kiss on Yoongi’s cheek.

A few panicked moments later, Hoseok was off the phone again. Namjoon had answered fairly quickly but... “Okay, apparently they already knew.”

Yoongi looked up at Hoseok, pausing from sipping his hot chocolate. His eyebrows furrowed in worry. "Did they say anything about what's going on?"

“Apparently, it's all done. They're coming back here.” Hoseok’s eyebrows were knitted. He still wasn't too sure what to make of that. “Not sure what that means, but Namjoon said it would be easier to explain in person.”
"...That's not ominous at all," Yoongi murmured. He placed his cup down on the side table, opening his arms for the other man.

Hoseok placed the phone onto the coffee table before he smiled, bundling into the other's arms. “Well, before they arrive, I guess we should enjoy our last few moments of quiet bliss.”

"Yeah," Yoongi agreed, sighing. "We should also talk, about what happened."

Well, there was Hoseok’s contented and jolly mood gone. He swallowed, shifting with the sudden wave of fear he felt. “What do you mean?”

"You know what I mean, Hobi-yah." Yoongi said quietly. “I don't think it's right to just leave it without talking through what went wrong. That's just brushing the situation under the rug, and... I don't want our relationship to be like that. I want us to be on the same page. We talk about our problems and work them out, all that mushy shit. Right?"

Unfortunately, Hoseok did know what Yoongi meant. And as much as he wanted to deal with it another day, it probably was better they hash it out now. If they delayed, they were both the sort who would let inertia set in. He took in a shaky breath. “Yeah. You're right as usual. So… where do we start?”

"I'm going to start by apologizing." Yoongi rested his cheek against Hoseok's shoulder. "I didn't make it easy for you to tell the truth by yelling right off the bat. So I'm sorry for that."

Hoseok glanced down at Yoongi in surprise. Yoongi wasn’t one to apologize unless he truly believed that he did something wrong. “Oh… Well. You were justified though. It was my fault for not texting you. And it was also my fault when I didn't explain it properly when you gave me a chance to.”

"If it was a favour to a friend, I understand why you did it," Yoongi sighed. "I mean, I'm still not happy you put yourself in danger like that without even telling me, but… I understand. You're that kind of person, human or vampire doesn't matter."

Hoseok ducked his head a little. “Yeah. It was… A bit of why I agreed. Because you said you didn't want me to stop… being kind I guess? Especially if it was just because of you. But yeah, maybe I should have called you first. Asked you for your opinion.”
"Or even just a heads up so I could check in on you. Bring you extra blood bags… burn cream… something," Yoongi wrinkled his nose.

“Yeah. That was what I wanted to do. But it got so busy in the shop, I forgot.” Hoseok looked down at his hands. “That was my bad.”

Yoongi covered Hoseok's hand. "Next time, will you tell me the truth?"

It was stupid, but Hoseok felt his chest seize with a sudden anxiety. He wasn't sure why. Yoongi deserved to know the truth. But… “I… I do my best. But every time it's something that I think might displease you… I have the urge to just… cover it up.”

"That just makes things worse. I want to be a boyfriend you can confide in, Hobi.” It was a little unnerving, Yoongi staring right into his eyes, searching for something. “Even if I'm not happy with what you're saying, I can promise you I would never, ever leave you for telling me the truth.”

And Hoseok knew that Yoongi wouldn't — he wouldn't leave Hoseok.

He wouldn't.

It felt hard to answer for some reason. Like the words had been punched out of him. He procrastinated a little, hand sliding against Yoongi's, gently turning his hand so that their palms were pressed against each others. “I… I know that. I do. Just… it's bad habit I guess.” How many times had Hoseok's exes used that ultimatum on him before they finally did break up with him? He didn't know, but it'd been more than his heart could bear. “But… Sometimes it rears back up… and this is why I thought of… not telling you about the misunderstanding. To just… let us break naturally… ’cause… I've been fucked up by my exes. And it's not fair to you to deal with it.”

"You said the same thing when you were turned into a bloodsucker." The corner of Yoongi's lips quirked wryly. "How about you let me worry about what's fair or not, huh?” His fingers squeezed Hoseok's reassuringly.

Hoseok blinked, staring at Yoongi for a bit. How was someone so warm and kind and brilliant even attracted to a hot mess like himself?

Yoongi was staring at him carefully before he let out a rueful sigh. "Come here." He bundled
Hoseok up in his arms as much as he could, pressing a kiss to Hoseok's temple. “Geeze, Hobi. Why the fuck are you even crying?”

What?

“Oh.” Hoseok gasped a little, suddenly realizing the wetness on his cheeks was tears. “Sorry. I didn't mean to—” and he closed his eyes, more tears spilling out as he pulled Yoongi closer. “I love you so much.”

"Love you too," Yoongi mumbled into Hoseok's hair. "And don't you ever forget that."

Hoseok sniffled before he nodded. “Okay. Okay—”

“Er—”

The apartment door had cracked open in the middle of their confessions. Hoseok looked up to see a deeply embarrassed and frozen Junhong at the door, and he had to laugh a little as Yoongi let a humongous sigh of displeasure, even though he didn't even look up from holding onto Hoseok.

"Not a word," Yoongi grumbled, "We need this right now."

“Right.” Junhong shifted awkwardly in his feet. Jimin peered from behind him, an amused expression on his face. He had obviously heard, but hadn't bothered to stop Junhong coming in. From the pout he directed at Jimin, Junhong had guessed this. “I'll... just go put these into Seokjin-sshi's room.”

Hoseok watched them slowly file into the apartment, Namjoon bringing up the rear. Hoseok realized that neither Seokjin nor Jongdae were with them, and he wondered where they were.

Especially since the three who were here looked tired. Very tired. "What happened?" Yoongi asked.

"...A lot of things," Namjoon said, rubbing his eyes with one hand as he helped Junhong carry boxes of medical supplies in. "Junsu's dead."
Even though he already knew, Hoseok’s eyes went wide. He didn't know why, but it was strange to be proven right about something like this. “Junsu? So he really was the traitor? What happened?”

Jimin glanced at Namjoon, who shrugged. “We’ve only gotten bits and pieces of the whole thing. I think the only ones who know fully what went down are Seokjin-hyung, Tae and Jungkookie. But part of Junsu’s plan was to make several huge nests close to populated parts of the city and let them wreak havoc. And that was the part the three of us had to deal with.”

“Yeah,” Hoseok absentmindedly rubbed at his wrists. The red marks had already faded, but the memory of the burn was still fresh in his mind.

"Is everyone else alright?" Yoongi asked. Taehyung, Jungkook, and Seokjin had all been missing for long periods of time.

"Jungkook and Taehyung went through a beating, they're going to need some time to recover." Namjoon hesitated, before sighing. "I don't think either of you met him, but the Elder Commander, Jung Yunho, has passed."


Namjoon nodded, walking back to the couch. "Yeah... He and Taehyung were close. Now there's only Tae, the Fox, and the Phantom left."

“Oh.” Hoseok glanced at Yoongi at that. Even if Hoseok didn't know who this Yunho guy was, and he had no clue what Namjoon was going on about the Elder thing, but if Taehyung was close to this Yunho guy, then it was likely Taehyung was pretty torn up. “I... so... I'm guessing we won, but not without some cost.”

“Yeah.” Jimin nodded, running a hand through his hair. “For now, it's mostly cleanup, which Seokjin-hyung is heading. He'll probably come back and explain everything that happened in full detail once things have settled down a little.”

“Okay, I've put the stuff Seokjin-sshi told me to in his room.” Junhong cut in as he emerged from Seokjin's room, carefully not looking at Hoseok and Yoongi. “Is that anything else you guys need me for? Else I'm going to go help with the cleanup. Lots of new fledglings to settle.”
"We're alright here," Namjoon said, clasping the tall vampire's shoulder. "Stay safe out there, okay?"

"Okay. I will" Junhong smiled. "All of you guys get a good rest, okay?"

"Yeah." Namjoon watched him head out, before stopping in front of the couch. "How are you both feeling?"

"I'm alright." Hoseok squeezed Yoongi's hand lightly. "I think Yoongi-hyung's probably still recovering from blood loss."

"I need a nap," Yoongi grumbled into Hoseok's shoulder.

"I don't think it's safe enough for you two to go back home tonight," Namjoon sighed. "It'll be a little crowded in here, but I can pull out the couch for you both to sleep."

"That would probably be best." Hoseok gave Namjoon a grateful look. He didn't want Yoongi out there on the streets even if he were perfectly okay, right now. Let alone with the current situation. "If you show me how to do it, I could probably do it myself."

"You just pull from here," Namjoon showed him where on the couch. And it looked simple enough. Hoseok hoped he wouldn't forget it. "Whenever you two want to sleep, I'll get you the spare blankets and pillows."

He did that for them, placing the pile on the armchair. "Let me know if you need anything else, alright?"

"Alright." Hoseok glanced over Namjoon's shoulder where he spotted Jimin holding two mugs. While they'd been talking, the younger had gone to heat up some blood for both himself and Namjoon. "You should go get some rest too. It was a long day for everyone."

"Yeah." Namjoon smiled tiredly at them both. Hoseok watched as Namjoon followed Jimin into their shared room, the door clicking shut behind them. And for a moment, the living room was silent again.
Then Yoongi wrapped his arms clumsily around Hoseok’s waist and sighed into his shoulder, and Hoseok turned his attention back to his boyfriend with a smile.

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Jimin sighed, leaning against Namjoon. “That was… a long day.”

Setting his empty mug aside, Namjoon wrapped his arms loosely around Jimin. "Yeah... are you alright?” They’d had their injuries seen to before leaving the main group, but there was still a lot left over to heal. Not just physically.

“Yeah. I'm fine. Didn't get hurt other than some scratches.” Jimin closed his eyes, breathing in deeply. Namjoon caught the wince out of the corner of his eyes. “Ugh. We both smell like death.”

"Shower," Namjoon murmured. As much as he wanted to just fall into bed, the smell of blood and dirt would never leave their noses otherwise. He pressed a kiss to Jimin’s temple before steering him to the connected bathroom.

Jimin raised an eyebrow as he was pushed forward. “Together? We'll probably end up doing more than just showering.”

Namjoon snorted, shaking his head in tired amusement as they navigated into the bathroom. Even Jimin with his insatiable appetite had to be far too tired right then. "I just don't want to be far from you right now."

The look Jimin gave him was tinged with surprise, before it melted into amusement. He chuckled. “I don't know why I'm surprised by your sappiness anymore.”

"I don't know either. You've been hearing it non-stop for the past month, I don't know how you're not sick of it."
“Of course I'd never be sick of it. You're the first and only one who says such mushy things to me.” Jimin leaned up, pressing a chaste kiss to Namjoon's lips.

Namjoon returned the kiss just as softly. "...Come on. Let's get clean." He helped Jimin out of his shirt and pants, being careful for the healing scrapes and cuts.

It wasn't long until they were under the hot spray of the shower together, the soothe of water just what they needed. Jimin smoothed his hands over Namjoon's back. “So... the dust has fallen and there's just three Elders left. What happens now?”

"I'm not sure," Namjoon sighed. He rested his cheek against Jimin's damp hair, just holding his boyfriend close. He needed that closeness right now, after so many scares in a row. "The rest of the renegades still need to be dealt with, and we'll all have to work twice as hard to make sure no humans know of our existence. There's a lot of newly turned fledglings who will need guidance, and not enough Elders and enforcers left to do it. I... think I'm going to help them, as much as I can."

Jemin blinked at that. “Help? Like... becoming an Elder help?”

"No," Namjoon huffed out a laugh. No one would take a young vampire like him seriously as an Elder. "No, I'm... nowhere near qualified for that position. But the Elders need people they can count on working with the fledglings. I might not be a strong fighter, or have connections with donors, but I can help new vampires with their control at least."

“Pity. Elder Kim Namjoon has a nice ring to it. So like doing that as an enforcer? Or you're going to do your own thing?”

"I don't think I'm qualified for enforcer either," Namjoon snorted. "I'd have to be able to fight without tangling my own feet." He kissed Jimin's forehead.

Jemin giggled, before he leaned forward, smushing the side of his face to Namjoon's chest. “Joon... do you think I should become an enforcer? Do you think I can?”

Namjoon thought about that, smoothing his hand up and down Jimin's back and leaning against the cool shower wall. "There's no clear guidelines for being an enforcer. You just need to be chosen by an Elder. Different Elders have different criteria, but they need to know their enforcers are capable of carrying out their will and covering their backs if things go awry. Do you want to be an enforcer?”
“I dunno.” Jimin sighed, “it just seems like the most logical thing to do with my skill set. And I want to help too.”

"Think on it," Namjoon said. "Enforcer or not... I know Taehyung would appreciate your help while this mess is cleaned up. You two have been working together for a while, and he trusts you."

Jimin let out a small sigh. “But Tae… he's been through a lot. Do you think… he might resign from being an Elder?”

That was a valid concern. Taehyung was well-known and well-respected within the vampire community — maybe not in the same ways Yunho had been, but he was an Elder they knew they could count on, an Elder who inspired others. But as Jimin said… Taehyung had suffered a lot, and even the best of people had their limits. Namjoon could easily remember the heartbreak and loss in Taehyung’s eyes when they’d found him and Jungkook surrounded by blood and bodies. It was going to take him a long time to recover from Yunho and Junsu’s deaths, if he ever did.

"...I don't know," Namjoon murmured. "But while he and Jungkook are recovering, we'll help pick up the slack. Hm?"

Jimin traced patterns in Namjoon's skin, soft smile in his face. “Yeah. Yeah, we will.”

They slowly washed up, too tired to do more than share the occasional kiss under the running water. When all the dirt and blood was cleaned from their skin, they curled up on the bed with Jimin snug in Namjoon’s arms.

"Jin's still not back yet," Namjoon glanced at the clock beside the bed. It was only a couple of hours before sunrise.

“Jongdae is with him, right?” Jimin said sleepily, his eyes closed. “I think Jin-hyung will be fine. He probably just has lots of work to do.”

"Yeah." Namjoon sighed. He ran his hand up and down Jimin's back, feeling his boyfriend relax against him. "That was one more surprise today. An Elder hiding right under our noses."

“And of all people, it's Jin.” Jimin chuckled, “although I can sort of see it. He's really responsible even though he tries not to be.”
"He hides it well," Namjoon agreed. "But for all his grumbling he's always been an important figure in our community... people trust him, even if they don't know who he is. I don't think his secret will last much longer though."

“Yeah. Do you think he'll start making us call him 'Elder' at home? It sounds like something petty he might do.”

Namjoon chuckled. "Who knows. I guess we'll have to wait and see."

Jimin couldn't help the grin as well. “Yeah. You're right. Maybe we should… just sleep now.”

"Yeah," Namjoon lifted his hand, thumb brushing along Jimin's cheek and moving strands of hair out of his face. "You deserve a good rest... you worked hard today."

Jimin's eyes fluttered open, and his grin softened into a smile. “You too babe. You did real good today too.”

And he leaned up, pressing a soft, sleepy kiss to Namjoon's lips.

Namjoon returned the kiss, lingering. Then they settled down, and he wrapped the blanket snugly around them both. "Good night, love."

“Night.” was Jimin's soft reply.

And then, they were both out like a light.

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Jungkook felt maybe twenty years older than he actually was.

His skin was still prickly in some places, muscles he'd never known existed ached, and there was this tiredness in his bones that he was sure only elderly people would normally feel. All he wanted to do was to pull Taehyung into bed and snuggle up to him and sleep for a century.

The first two things he was doing, that was great. But unfortunately, he was also very much wide awake.

Because Taehyung was very much wide awake, and hurting inside, and Jungkook didn't want to leave him alone like this.

Taehyung hadn't said much from the moment they left the safehouse until then. Their injuries had been tended to (again), and they'd washed the blood and grime from their skin as much as possible before curling up in a nest of blankets, and still Taehyung hadn't said more than a few words here or there.

As they lay there his eyes remained open, unfocused and unseeing, mind hundreds of years away. The fight was over but the coiled, tense energy refused to leave his frame, braced for danger even as he held Jungkook close.

Jungkook glanced up at Taehyung's face again, expression tightening. He was terrible at talking, but, “Tae… what's on your mind? Do you want to talk about it?”

Taehyung's gaze came back into focus at Jungkook's gentle voice. He looked down at the human. "...You should sleep," He said, voice scratchy and quiet. "You went through an ordeal."

Jungkook sighed. “I wouldn't be able to sleep well, knowing that you're sad. Tae… talk to me? I might not be able to… understand fully, what you're going through. But it should be… Better than keeping it all bottled up.”

The vampire swallowed, eyes closing. Taehyung just looked so tired. Not just physically; it was a tiredness deep in his soul. There was so much hurt that Jungkook knew he couldn't soothe.

"I just can't believe they're gone," he whispered after a long moment of silence.
Jungkook's eyebrows furrowed into a deep frown. “They… Yunho and Junsu hyungdeul?”

Taehyung nodded minutely. "They were all I had, for a long, long time. We were going to make a better world. I don't know where we lost Junsu along the way." His voice wavered. "I don't know what went so wrong."


"I wish I knew if there was something I could have done.” Taehyung buried his face against Jungkook’s hair. "I can't get the smell of their blood out of my nose."

Jungkook made a small sound, tightening his hold around Taehyung's waist. “I'm sorry.”

"It's not your fault," Taehyung whispered. "I just... I just..."

His shoulders shuddered as he choked on a sob.

“Oh, Tae.” Jungkook lifted a hand to gently run his fingers through Taehyung's hair. “It's alright—or no. It's not. It's shitty. And I hate Junsu hyung for doing this to you.”

Taehyung nuzzled into him, tears dripping onto the pillow and into Jungkook's locks of hair. It took some time for him to calm back down, just weeping silently for what had been lost.

"I would have died with them if you hadn't been there," Taehyung said finally, voice muffled. "Thank you, Jungkook."

Jungkook's hand stilled for a moment, before he sighed. “I'm just glad I wasn't a burden to you. It probably was kinda stupid on hindsight, but I couldn't stop worrying about you.”

"I'm just glad you survived... I would have welcomed death if you hadn't."

Jungkook breath hitched a little. “Don’t… don't say that.”
"It's true," Taehyung whispered tiredly. "You're what makes me want to face tomorrow, Kook."

Jungkook made another small sound. “Well, no pressure, I guess.”

But he sighed, thinking about it before he said. “To be honest... if something had happened to you, I think I'd have been in the same situation.”

Taehyung's nose brushed against Jungkook's forehead, breathing in slowly. His hands found and gently framed Jungkook's face, tilting it upwards enough to press a kiss to the human's soft lips, just lingering there.

Jungkook kept the kiss light, but his hands had tightened around Taehyung's shirt, a feeling of nausea coursing through him that Taehyung could have been the one lying lifelessly on the floor.

Even when the kiss broke, Taehyung didn't move far, his nose brushing against Jungkook's as he curled around the human's body. "...Love you," he whispered.

Jungkook sniffled. “Y-yeah... love you too. Love you so much it's probably not healthy. But... Love you.”

Taehyung sighed, fingers hooking into the back of Jungkook's shirt. That conversation hadn't really eased the coiled tension from Taehyung’s muscles, Jungkook able to feel the tension in his body, still braced for something else to go horribly wrong as he curled up around his human boyfriend. Jungkook wished he knew how to get rid of that tension.

Wait.

There was one way…

“...Tae... do you want to, like... do something?”

"I..." Taehyung exhaled shakily, and Jungkook wasn't actually sure if the vampire had caught on the
implication of what Jungkook was saying. It sounded like it? "I don't know. I just... I can't feel safe yet. Feels like someone could come through the door any moment."

Jungkook's lips twisted, pressing his lips to Taehyung's jaw again. "We are safe. Even if we aren't, we got you and me. Between the two of us, we'll be fine."

"With me well-toasted and your wrist in a brace?" Taehyung murmured, closing his eyes at the tender kiss to his jaw.

"Yeah. Even then."

The corner of Taehyung's mouth quirked in the ghost of a smile. "Your faith in our abilities is outstanding. But I'm pretty sure both of us are too tired to get up to anything right now."

Jungkook actually agreed. But he'd already started down this rabbit hole. He was going to see it through. "Try me. What do you need?"

Annoyingly, Taehyung didn't take the bait. He took a moment to reply, just nuzzling against Jungkook's shoulder and neck, where his faded cinnamon scent was strongest. "...I want to feel safe. I want to stop thinking about everything that isn't you."

If Taehyung thought that was going to make Jungkook give up, then he was more tired than they'd both initially thought. "That... kind of sounds like you want me to fuck you."

The vampire couldn't help the soft snort of amusement, like he could practically hear the steam piling off Jungkook's ears with the embarrassment that had belatedly hit him. "You're tired, Kookie."

He was, but— "so? If you want me to, I'd do it." Jungkook said stubbornly.

"Not the point." Taehyung hid his face against Jungkook's neck. "I don't need sex, Kook. I just need you."

Jungkook whined, "it could help to get you relaxed though."
"You help."

Jungkook sighed, “you sure?”

Taehyung just nodded, not removing his face from the crook of his boyfriend's neck as his arms tightened around Jungkook’s middle.

“...Alright. If you say so.” Jungkook took in a deep breath, falling quiet for a moment.

Then, “not even a hand job?”

That startled a laugh out of the vampire, body shaking against Jungkook's as he shook his head. He pressed a soft kiss to Jungkook's neck. "...Sing to me?"

Jungkook raised an eyebrow before he smiled, nosing against Taehyung's temple. “Ok. Any requests?”

"Something... hopeful," Taehyung murmured, closing his eyes.

“Hopeful.” Jungkook repeated quietly, and he was quiet for the longest time before he began to sing softly:

“Snowflakes fall down,
And get farther away little by little,
I miss you,
I miss you.
How much longer do I have to wait?
How many more nights do I have to stay awake?
To see you,
To meet you.”

Taehyung didn’t speak, just holding onto Jungkook and listening to the human’s warm, angelic voice. And bit by bit, the tension slowly started to leak out of the vampire even as tears rolled down his cheeks onto the human's neck. Like Jungkook’s voice had settled something in his soul. Jungkook
continued to sing, gently stroking Taehyung's side. He forgot a few of the lyrics at some point, but mumbled over the tune. Regardless, it seemed to be working, his voice calming Taehyung down.

He didn't stop even when the song should have ended, afraid to do so, afraid to break the spell, and he continued to repeat the chorus, voice softer, more delicate each time, as if the tension in Taehyung was a frightened animal and he was coaxing it out.

And then... Taehyung was asleep. The faint ghost of breath brushed over Jungkook's neck, tears still glistening on his cheeks as his death grip on Jungkook's shirt loosened and fell away.

Jungkook's voice faded out cautiously, as if Taehyung might wake up if he stopped. But the vampire didn't, and thankfully Jungkook heaved a sigh.

He stared at the top of Taehyung's head for a moment, before he leaned down, pressing a kiss against Taehyung’s hair.

“Good night,” he whispered, before he, too, closed his eyes.

****

Seokjin flopped down onto the couch, bone tired and exhausted.

It'd been a long, long day. First the death of one of his enforcers while saving Heechul, and then the clusterfuck that was trying to deal with Junsu's plans and the even bigger clusterfuck that was dealing with the aftermath. And even after all that, Seokjin knew he'd still have to deal with all the blood bank stuff, especially with the huge influx of fledglings.

But it was especially terrible because Seokjin knew, despite how tired he was, he wouldn't be able to sleep. Not with the million of thoughts swirling around in his brain.

"I can hear you thinking from here." Jongdae's voice was somehow as wry as ever despite being just as tired as the older vampire. He walked around his apartment, closing the blinds to the windows.
before the rising sun could peek through. The place was dusty and hadn't been occupied for a while, but it was quieter than Seokjin's place right now. Jongdae hadn't even let Seokjin ask, driving them back to his own apartment without a word. Maybe he knew that as wound up as Seokjin was, he needed more privacy than his and Namjoon’s apartment could offer.

Seokjin snorted, “yeah. Well. You should have thought of that before inviting me home. I'm a terribly noisy thinker and I won't apologize.”

"You're going to have to ease up eventually." Jongdae grabbed the cooler they'd lugged in with them, heading into the kitchen to put the fresh blood in the fridge. The few bags that had been there before had definitely gone bad in his absence.

“Ah, means you've never seen me during a real crisis. I can stay up 24 hours just fretting if things still aren't solved. I could be a marathon fretter.” Seokjin sighed, tipping his head back and staring at the ceiling. “A hundred and forty three, Jongdae. Where are we going to find places for all of them?”

"Wherever we can." Jongdae’s footsteps approaching alerted Seokjin to his return. He could see the younger vampire out of the corner of his eyes, a cup of blood in each hand. "If we have to ship some of them out of the country to our allies, we will."

“I know. But my brain is jumping and doing logistics and worrying still. It sucks.”

Jongdae held out one cup to Seokjin. "Drink. You haven't had any blood all day, I'll bet."

Seokjin stared blearily at the cup, his eyes automatically turning red at its presence, but he couldn’t bring himself to react more than that. Too much effort. “I once had no blood at all for a week and by the end of it I was literally fairest in all the land.”

"I'm pretty sure there's like a million skin products for that now." Jongdae raised an eyebrow at Seokjin. "Drink."

“You were supposed to laugh. It was a joke. I think.” But Seokjin finally took the cup, automatically putting it to his lips.

Jongdae's lips curled. "You're too tired to be making jokes." He sat down beside Seokjin on the couch, sipping at his own mug.
“It’s my defense mechanism really. So the more fucked up things are, the more jokes I make. And this situation is… really fucked up.”

"Yep," Jongdae popped the ‘p’. "I think the last time things were this messed up in our world, I was still human. But we moved past those years, and we'll be fine now too."

“Yeah, except there were other people to make the situation fine. Except now it's kind of just me, Tae and Heechul. Heechul sucks in this kind of thing beyond providing funds, and Tae is heartbroken right now. So it's really just me.”

"Yah. Do I not count for something?"

“Did you not notice me naming only Elders?” Seokjin snorted at Jongdae’s raised eyebrow. “Of course you help. No doubt all the other enforcers too, and I think Namjoon and Jimin probably will end up helping lots. But you lot still look at someone to make that decision. Usually it's Yunho, but he's— anyway. I'm the one who has to make decisions where things will either end up okay or fucked up, I don't know why people insist on allowing me to make such decisions. Do I seem like a responsible person who won't screw up at all?”

"You seem like someone who will do their best." Jongdae took a big swallow of blood, lowering his cup. "You're right, most of our society looks up to the Elders. They're the best of us, and when it came down to the wire, they made decisions that could have saved or doomed us all. That’s literally how they were all qualified for the position of Elder in the first place."

He tapped his fingers against the edge of his cup. "But they never did it alone, and you won't either. You don't have to bear that burden on your own."

Seokjin sighed, lowering his cup a little as well. “I guess.”

"Maybe you were told differently when you were made Elder," Jongdae shrugged. "But I've been working under the Bloodhound for a few hundred years, and I will absolutely tell him when he's being an idiot making dumb decisions. We're a team. You need to work with people you know will be honest with you too."

Seokjin’s lips curled a little. “I don't really have that kind of team though. Phantom's enforcers weren't my own. I just… inherited them.”
Jongdae lifted his cup back to his lips. "Well, maybe it's time you made it your own, Elder Phantom."

Seokjin stared at Jongdae in surprise. "What?"

"An Elder has to have a team of enforcers they can rely on in whatever ways they need," Jongdae said. "Talk to your enforcers and be that team, or find new ones you know you can trust. Either that or denounce your position. That's up to you."

Seokjin blinked before he chuckled, "you know. I've been trying to denounce my position for so long, I'd given up."

Jongdae snorted. "Well, you don't have to make a decision tonight. That's just my two cents, as a head enforcer and a friend."

"It'd have been nice if you weren't working for Taehyung. I'd poach you in a hot minute."

Maybe it was Seokjin's imagination, how Jongdae's shrewd gaze softened a touch. "…It would be nice, wouldn't it. But Tae needs me. That doesn't mean I won't be around if you need someone to make sure you're not about to do something stupid."

Seokjin chuckled, "something stupid like what?"

"Like kidnap humans to fulfil the donor quota, I don't know," Jongdae rolled his eyes, finishing his cup of blood.

"You know what. That actually sounds kind of tempting at 6 a.m. after a long night and a headache."

"Okay," Jongdae snorted, pointing to Seokjin's cup. "Finish that, and let's go to bed. Before you go on a homicidal rampage."

"I'm going to lie awake on the bed anyway, you know." Seokjin informed, but he obediently put the
mug back to his lips.

Jongdae waited until Seokjin was done before standing, taking the empty mug from the older vampire. "Then I'll just have to tire you out so you have no choice but to sleep," He gave Seokjin a cat-like smile, heading off into the kitchen.

Seokjin paused halfway getting off the couch, eyebrow quirked. “Are we talking about sex now?”

"No, we're going to do jumping jacks until one of us passes out from boredom."

“Okay, then I'm going to lie down on the bed and stare at the ceiling for another five hours then.” Seokjin snipped back as he walked towards Jongdae's bedroom.

Jongdae joined him a few minutes later, the mugs all washed out and put away. He paused in the doorway and just looked at Seokjin sprawled out on his bed for a moment, an odd look in his eyes.

Then he walked over, climbing onto the bed next to him. "Enough thinking for one night," he leaned in, pressing a kiss to Seokjin's mouth.

Seokjin's eyes fluttered closed as he leaned into the kiss, then, he pulled away just minutely to murmur: “what happened to the jumping jacks?”

"Thought you'd like this more," Jongdae replied just as lowly, hand trailing down Seokjin's jaw and neck. He kissed Seokjin again, shifting closer. Seokjin shivered, hand moving to go around Jongdae's waist to pull him closer, leg moving so he could slide it up Jongdae's thigh.

When he broke the kiss again, it was to say, “we probably should have showered first.”

"Probably," Jongdae answered. He made no move to climb off the bed though, lips pressing kisses along Seokjin's jaw. "Tell me what you want, Jin. Tell me how I can distract you."

Seokjin moaned lightly, head arcing from the lips against his jaw. “Ngh… I don't wanna make… any decisions tonight, Dae. Just… Fuck me.”
"As you wish," Jongdae hummed, sucking a small hickey just under Seokjin's jaw. One leg slotted between the other vampire's, thigh applying pressure to Seokjin's groin.

Seokjin made a rather impressive noise at the pressure, eyes rolling back a bit. "Oh— fuck. It's been too long." He murmured, the hand around Jongdae's waist flicking to squeeze Jongdae's ass.

Jongdae grinned against Seokjin's skin. "Is someone sensitive?" He lazily rubbed against the growing bulge in Seokjin's pants.

Seokjin squeezed Jongdae's ass in retaliation for that comment. But Jongdae was right. He was fucking sensitive. And the next rub sent his hips canting upward a little, unable to help himself.

Teasing him a little more, Jongdae leaned back after a moment. His eyes gleamed as he started to undo Seokjin's shirt button by button, licking his lips unconsciously.

"So pretty," he murmured, leaning down to press his open mouth to one pink nipple.

“Tell me something new.” Seokjin rolled his eyes, even though his breath had hitched at the wet and warmth again his nipple, his free hand moving to tangle itself into Jongdae's hair.

Jongdae's response was to teasingly bite on the nipple in his mouth, cradling it between his teeth. "Nghh!” Seokjin jerked a little, hand squeezing tight both in Jongdae's hair and ass cheek. “Fuck.”

Pulling back, Jongdae soothed the bit of skin with his tongue, lips curled against Seokjin's chest. He trailed his mouth down the older vampire's chest and stomach, Seokjin losing his grip on the younger vampire’s ass as he moved out of range.

"So hard already," he teased, lithe finger running over the straining hard-on. "It really has been a while, huh?"

“Hah— fuck. Not like I can even jerk myself off with a room full of enforcers in the neighbouring room, specifically keeping a ear out in case someone attacks me.”
"No one here but us," Jongdae unzipped Seokjin's pants, easing them down the vampire's narrow hips. "They know I'll take care of you... in more ways than one."

"Hah. More ways than... hah... one." Seokjin breathed out when Jongdae unzipped him, the only barrier between his dick and freedom being his underwear.

Jongdae just winked up at Seokjin, playful as always, before that final barrier was removed and Seokjin's length sprung free. Fingers curling around the base of his dick, Jongdae lapped at the flushed head.

"Oh f-fuck." Seokjin closed his eyes, relishing in the feeling of Jongdae's tongue pressing against his dick. But, "shit. It's not a freaking lollipop Dae. Put the whole thing in your mouth already."

"So bossy," Jongdae snorted. "I thought you didn't want to make any decisions tonight?"

"That's not making a decision. That's giving— ngh! Fuck!" And whatever Seokjin had wanted to say was lost in a canopy of moans as heat enveloped him. Jongdae had sunk down his length, lips parted wide to take him in. "Fuck. Your mouth is so fucking hot."

There was no possible way for Jongdae to reply, and Seokjin would have bitched if he removed his mouth from the older vampire's dick just to snipe back. So Jongdae focused on making Seokjin feel good instead, bobbing his head and taking more of Seokjin into his mouth. Seokjin moaned, careful to control his hips so he didn't just smash them right into Jongdae's face, especially the more he took Seokjin in.

"Fuck Dae. Your mouth feels fucking good."

They had slept together on and off over the past century or so, more than often enough to pick up on each other's preferences in bed. And one of the things Seokjin liked about Jongdae the most was how perceptive a partner he was. Jongdae knew when Seokjin was in the mood for teasing, when he wanted to come fast and hard, what would coax the more vulgar sounds out of his mouth where only Jongdae could hear. His fingers twisted around the base of Seokjin's dick before he dropped down completely, nose touching the other vampire's stomach before bobbing back up, free hand smoothing circles against Seokjin's hip.

Seokjin let out a wanton moan, "oh fuck. Forgot you could do that." And both hands went into Jongdae's hair now, lightly tugging at his scalp. "Not gonna last long if you... Ngh... keep doing that."
Humming around Seokjin's length, Jongdae let him go with a pop. "So you want me to get on with it?" He murmured, voice raspy as he circled his thumb around the tip of the older vampire's dick, smearing precome. "I don't know… I kind of want to make you come over and over tonight."

“Fuck, that sounds tempting.” Seokjin groaned, “but unless you want me to — oh fuck do that again — to sleep through half of it, that's not gonna happen.”

"Please, don't insult me," Jongdae snorted. "You could never sleep through what I do to you." He pressed his thumb into Seokjin's slit before letting him go, pulling the other man's pants and underwear off his long legs and tossing them aside.

“I mean I'd be moaning in my sleep. But I really am— oh fuck. I really am that exhausted.” Seokjin wriggled a little, enjoying the chill of air on his now freed dick.

Jongdae's lips curled as he climbed off of bed to grab the bottle of lube from the side drawer. He pulled off his clothes along the way, the bruises he'd sustained from the intense fighting staining his ribs and arms bright colours that would be mostly faded by morning.

"Don't fall asleep before I even get inside you," he teased, settling between Seokjin's legs and smoothing his palms up soft thighs. "Old man." He pinched the inside of one thigh.

Seokjin yelped, not bothering to hold back the jerk of his body. “Oh— fuck you.”

"Nope, apparently you're too tired for that," Jongdae winked up at him, squirting lube onto his fingers before sliding one digit between Seokjin's ass cheeks, pressing into him.

Whatever Seokjin was going to say was lost as he let out a strained moan. “Fuck— the lube's cold.”

"Last time you complained I took too long warming it up." Jongdae adjusted Seokjin's legs as he slid in a second finger, stretching Seokjin out.

“They were true on both ah-accounts,” Seokjin wrinkled his nose, trying to appear annoyed. He managed for a grand total of five seconds before the expression dissolved into open-mouthed pleasure. Jongdae did know how best to stretch him, after all.
"Sure."

Jongdae just sounded amused, watching the expression on Seokjin's face with darkened eyes as he lazily rubbed the pad of one finger against Seokjin's prostate.

“S-shit.” Seokjin moaned and gave up any semblance of pride, shameless pushing down on Jongdae's finger. “You're a fucking dick.”

"But you love it," Jongdae drawled, rewarding Seokjin's actions with a third finger inside him. "Look at you, fucking yourself on my hand, so hot Jin."

“Shuddup.” Seokjin panted, groaning at the third finger. “Fuck, you're overestimating yourself. Three fingers.”

"That's not what you'll be saying in a minute." The sound of Jongdae's fingers moving in and out of the older vampire was obscene, lube making squelching noises as he pressed in up to his knuckles. Then with a pop the fingers were gone, Jongdae dripping lube onto his own neglected length. "How do you want it tonight? Missionary like a couple of boring virgins?"

“Are you saying you can't flip me over with your big strong arms?” Seokjin deadpanned, even as he continued to catch his breath. Jongdae knew him too well. “I want to stare in your eyes as you make love to me.”

That earned a moment of pause. Jongdae blinked, eyes flicking up to Seokjin's. There was a strange heartbeat, the space of a breath before that cocky smirk returned, albeit a little tighter. "Creep."

He lifted Seokjin's legs up to a more comfortable angle, tossing the lube aside as he lined himself up.

Seokjin took in a deep breath, eyebrows furrowing as Jongdae began to push in. The earlier jibe about Jongdae overestimating himself had been a joke. Jongdae was… sizeable. Sizeable enough that there was still a bit of a burn as Jongdae pushed in, a burn just riding the line of pain and pleasure.

Jongdae settled himself inside Seokjin, letting out a slow breath. Arranging themselves so the
position was as comfortable as it could be, Jongdae's lips quirked as he looked down at the other vampire. "Alright?"

"Yeah. Just. A minute." Seokjin breathed in, shifting a little. "And then you better fucking move like your life depends on it."

"Yes boss," Jongdae snorted. For all his sass, he was perfectly still as Seokjin adjusted to the intrusion, one hand lifting off the mattress to lazily stroke Seokjin's own length a few times.

Finally Seokjin didn't feel like his asshole might split the moment Jongdae moved, and he nodded, slapping Jongdae's ass with a pained but cheeky grin. "Alright. Let's go."

And Jongdae started to move; slow, shallow thrusts at first to make sure Seokjin was as okay as he said he was. When there was no sign of anything worse than mild discomfort on the other vampire's face, his strokes became longer and more confident, adjusting one of Seokjin's legs to get a better angle.

"Fuck... Jin."

"Ye— ah— yes... that's what you're doing." But there was no bite in Seokjin's tease, more hitched whispers and throaty breath.

The bed creaked under them as Jongdae moved, skin slapping against skin and forming a steady rhythm. Jongdae's lips curled before he changed his angle again, finding the one that without fail would make Seokjin scream.

And scream Seokjin did, even if the first one caught in Seokjin's throat at first, and came out more as a strangled whisper. But soon, he was chanting Jongdae's name with a fervent energy and reverence in the beat of pleasure that raced down his spine.

“Fuck, fuck... Fuck... Fuck! Dae! Fuck!”

Jongdae just groaned softly in reply, pace quickening. Seokjin may have been joking about looking him in the eyes while they fucked, but he could feel Jongdae’s dark, heavy gaze on his face as they moved in tandem. Watching every tick, every contortion, every moan that left his lips.
Seokjin let Jongdae keep the rhythm up until the point where the pleasure was starting to blur together in one big, giant lump. And shakily, he began to reach for his own dick, curling his hand around, and even though he expected it, his own touch made him moan.

"That's it, Jin," Jongdae breathed. "Fuck, you're so beautiful."

Seokjin panted, eyes fluttering open, gaze dark. “Am I?” He rasped. “Am I...ah… am I that beautiful?”

"The most beautiful."

Seokjin’s lips curled, his gaze cheeky yet soft. “Ngh… you just like me all messed up like this.” Seokjin threw his head back as he began to pump himself in earnest. “Want to see me with cum all over m— ahhh… hah… all over my face?”

Jongdae groaned, as if imagining how Seokjin would look. "Fuck, yeah... would you like that? Want me to come on you like that?"

Seokjin moaned, his eyes glittering. “Fuck, yes… yes, please. Mess me up, Dae.”

"You first. I'm not... mh... pulling out until you come all over yourself."

“Fuck.” Seokjin cursed, before he groaned, pumping himself yet faster. “So mean… Dae…”

Jongdae laughed breathlessly, eyes blown wide and watching Seokjin as if entranced. "Come on, Jin... Come for me."

Seokjin groaned, squeezing his eyes shut, as he began to feel that familiar boiling in his gut. And he didn't bother holding back, not even giving a warning other than gasping a little as he arched off the bed, white shooting up in an arc almost like a fountain and splattering all over his stomach and his chest.
Jongdae thrust into him as Seokjin rode out his climax. Then he pulled out, shifting further up the bed to Seokjin's side.

"Ready?" he panted, breath thin and holding on by a thread as he stroked himself and waited for Seokjin to respond.

Seokjin was still panting, shivering from the oversensitivity that usually came with orgasm. But he cracked open an eye, careless smile on his face as he said, “yeah. Fuck me up, Dae.”

Lips curling, Jongdae's strokes became more vigourous and purposeful as he shifted closer. "Fuck," he groaned, lips parting for unneeded gasps of air, feeling the pressure build up and up. "Fuck, I... J-Jin—"

He came with a groan, stroking himself to completion as cum landed in long strings on Seokjin's face.

Seokjin flinched a little at the feeling of something warm splattering on his skin. But he didn't shy away, letting the ropes of white paint his face, getting into his hair and onto his eyelashes.

When he was spent, Jongdae shifted back, breathing in and out slowly and heart rate easing back to something more manageable. His lips curled as he took in how thoroughly fucked Seokjin looked, cum splattered across his chest and face like abstract art.

"...Beautiful," he murmured, unable to help himself from leaning down, pressing a kiss to white-stained lips.

Seokjin hummed into a kiss, lips curled into a smile. “We're both so fucked up.” He murmured, curling fingers into Jongdae's hair.

"Nothing wrong with that," Jongdae replied against Seokjin's mouth, fingers brushing the older vampire's messy hair back out of his face as he kissed him deeper. Then he pulled back, lips quirking as he looked down into Seokjin's eyes. "I'll get a cloth," he said, thumb brushing against Seokjin's lower lip before he pulled away and climbed off the bed.

Seokjin eyes flickered closed, waiting for Jongdae to climb off before he asked, “what? Not licking it off me?”
"You'll fall asleep before I'm even half done," Jongdae shot over his shoulder as he disappeared into the bathroom.

Returning a moment later, he settled beside Seokjin on the bed, touch surprisingly gentle for how rough he'd been earlier as he wiped the mess off of Seokjin's face, hair and body. Seokjin had dozed up a little bit despite how gross he was. But when Jongdae returned, he opened his eyes, letting a soft, satisfied sound when Jongdae wiped him off.

“Mmm… you're being unusually nice.”

"Well... you've had a rough couple days," Jongdae said softly as he worked. "And you looked after me before all this, so... figured I'd return the favour."

Seokjin's eyes narrowed suspiciously. “I thought you would have taken the chance to get back at me for keeping you under bedrest.”

"That's you who would want revenge for such a thing," Jongdae rolled his eyes. "Let me do this, alright?"

“I'm not stopping you. I'm just suspicious.” Seokjin grinned, reaching out and pinching Jongdae's cheek. “Wondering what mischief this cute face is plotting.”

Jongdae snorted. "I'm too fucking tired for mischief." He tossed the soiled rag off the bed, slipping under the bedsheets and settling next to Seokjin. "Unless you consider cuddling like a koala 'mischief'."

Seokjin lips curled as he answered. “Yeah. The worst kind of mischief.” But he pulled Jongdae closer under the sheets, tucking the enforcer under his chin. Jongdae’s breath tickled Seokjin’s neck in a soft sigh, one arm lazily wrapping around the older vampire’s waist in return.

"Night," Jongdae murmured.

“Mnnh.” Seokjin gave a non-committed sound, his eyes already closed, already halfway towards sleep.
(But Jongdae didn't fall asleep right away. He just listened as Seokjin's breathing slowly evened out, body relaxing into the mattress as he gave himself up to sleep.

"...Making love, huh," he murmured, a tiredness to his tone before he sighed and nuzzled against Seokjin's neck, letting himself drift.)

Chapter End Notes

Old men boning enthusiasts make some noiseeeeee

(Also jin's an idiot)

Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter? :) And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!
"Are you sure it's alright for us to be here?"

Namjoon’s voice sounded as awkward and nervous as Yoongi felt. It wasn’t exactly every day a bunch of young vampires — including fledglings — and a human were asked to sit in on an Elder meeting. Even enforcers rarely took part in those meetings. And yet that was exactly what was happening, and while Yoongi could understand how some of the enforcers like Jongdae would be sitting in now… given how few Elders were left… he still didn’t know what the rest of them were doing here. Himself especially.

“Yeah. I said you can be here and I'm the most senior Elder, so my word is law.” Seokjin paused midstep, forcing both Jimin and Namjoon behind him to put on the brakes before they could run him over. “Well, not law. But they do carry a lot of weight.”

“Not saying that I don't believe you, but okay; maybe it makes a little sense for Jimin and Namjoon to be here, but us two?” Hoseok's expression was wary, even as he kept a firm hold on Yoongi’s hand. He was right though — Namjoon was Seokjin’s only childe, and even if Jimin was only a fledgling like Hoseok, he used to be a hunter. Hoseok was just a regular fledgling.

"And somehow I doubt a bunch of older vampires are going to like a random human tagging along to an important meeting," Yoongi muttered.

Jongdae walked along ahead of them, glancing back when they all paused after Seokjin. "The Gong clan will be there too, and a representative of the Kim clan. So you'll be in good company." Yoongi wasn’t particularly reassured by that.

“Jeezus. Just trust me, alright?” Seokjin rubbed his face, obviously exasperated by their lack of faith as he began to walk again. “I know having all of you here seems a bit ragtag and spans of us being low on manpower, but I’m seriously good at bullshitting, so be a little more confident alright?”

"Who’s not confident?" Yoongi commented dryly, even as they all followed him into the large office building that looked shut down for the night. There was a concierge in the main lobby, who took one look at them before nodding and waving them on.
“Me.” Hoseok's face was mired in a deep frown. “I'm very not confident.”

There was a small snort from Jimin. “It would probably help to know what we're actually here for.”

Seokjin sighed. “It's just a debrief meeting, alright. We're all just here to report what happened during the crisis and then discuss what we've been doing to help deal with the aftermath, and then maybe some of you guys will be volunteered to… help out more.”

They filed into the elevator after that, everyone except for Seokjin and Jongdae still looking pretty uncomfortable with what they were doing. Even so, none of the even suggested backing out. They'd all made a conscious decision to help in whatever ways they could.

There were two notable absences from their group though. "Taehyung wasn't up for this?" Namjoon asked Seokjin and Jongdae.

“He said he was,” Seokjin replied quietly, “I said he wasn't. He didn't fight me after that.”

Yoongi chewed on his lower lip, staring at the numbers at the top of the elevator door. Out of all of them, Taehyung was obviously taking the crisis hardest. But it felt odd going to an Elder meeting with a third of the surviving Elders missing.

The elevator opened with a ding onto a well-lit floor, the group filing out and following Seokjin and Jongdae to a large conference room at the far end of the hall.

The rest were already there — the representatives of the Gong and Kim clans, Heechul and his enforcers, and also, the Phantom's— well, Seokjin's enforcers. Yoongi saw Jimin twitch as the fledgling realized they were last, but Seokjin just waltzed in like he was on time and everyone else was early.

The rest of them shuffled in awkwardly, feeling distinctly out of place. They all took seats around the table, Yoongi's hand finding Hoseok's under the table.

"Looks like everyone's here, good," Jongdae said, sitting down on Seokjin's free side. "I'll be representing the Bloodhound in his stead."
“The Bloodhound is still recovering?” Heechul said, and although there wasn't any animosity in his tone, Jimin bristled. Even Yoongi knew about the beef between the two Elders at this point.

“Yes. He wanted to come, but it was at my request that he rest some more.” Seokjin said simply, ending the matter. “Now. Let's start with the meeting.”

The headswoman of the Gong clan sighed, aged hands clasped together on the table in front of her. "My clan pried the location of the last fledgling nests out of captured renegade vampires. There were fewer than expected; the renegades threw all their eggs into one basket with what happened a few days ago. A few renegades fled the city, but our contacts in the countryside are tracking them down.”

Seokjin nodded, looking over at Heechul who shrugged and continued. “We've been tracking human social media, and so far no mentions of vampires beyond the regular stuff mentioned after that initial burst when the nest in the university district escaped.”

“It's thanks to Phantom's idea to dress it up the whole affair as viral marketing for a movie shoot. There's still a bit of buzz on Twitter and Facebook actually, but it's all mostly debate on whether the movie would be good or not,” one of the girls sitting in Phantom's enforcers camp spoke up.

“...Thank you, Jeongyeon.” Seokjin said, before turning to Jongdae. “What's the situation with the training and relocation of the fledglings?”

"Our allies within the peninsula have taken on as many of the fledglings as they can within their districts, but that still leaves nearly a hundred fledglings unaccounted for," Jongdae replied, expression tight. "Ryeowook and Gyuri have flown out to China and Japan respectively to scope out potential relocations for the rest. The number of missing person reports have skyrocketed in the last week, and mainstream media has noticed. That's going to be harder to deal with than the movie marketing stunt."

Seokjin nodded before sighing. “And that probably is our biggest problem right now. Relocations, and dealing with the missing person reports. Relocations-wise, Bloodhound's team are working hard to find relocations as you can tell. But of course, if anyone has any other suggestions on what could be done, or any other contacts, they could be shared now.”

“Erm.” Hoseok suddenly raised his hand. “I was just wondering, why are all the fledglings er—” and be trailed off, realizing everyone's eyes were on him now.
“Go on.” Seokjin prompted gently, “why all the fledglings are what?”

“Huh? Oh. Er. Relocated. I mean, for myself, I received training while returning to my normal lifestyle. Of course, my best friend noticed, but he's kept mum about it to anyone who isn't involved in this world, so I was wondering why these fledglings aren't given the same sort of treatment.”

"Ideally, that's what we'd like to happen," Jongdae said with a sigh. "But there's been over two hundred new fledglings in the past couple months, let alone the new ones found this week. If we keep them all in Seoul and the surrounding metropolis, that's too many fledglings to an area. Too many fledglings in need of training and monitoring, too high a demand for bloodbags, and too high a chance of multiple slip-ups and the general public catching on."

Hoseok chewed on his lip a little. Yoongi squeezed his boyfriend’s hand under the table, offering what support he could to the fledgling speaking in a room full of much older, more powerful vampires. “What if we… let the fledglings tell their families that they're… going on some kind of. Trip? Or something? Or it's a work or study opportunity?”

Jongdae frowned in thought, glancing at Seokjin beside him. "That... might work on a case by case basis. The fledglings are currently being housed near the city, we can meet with them and see who that would work for."

"I can help with that," Namjoon said, sitting up straighter.

Jimin glanced over at Namjoon before nodding. “Me as well.”

Seokjin hummed thoughtfully. “So interview the fledglings… Maybe shortlist 50, and do 20 on a trial run first.”

"We've got the time before our enforcers return," Jongdae said. "It might set some of the fledglings' minds at ease, they've been thrust into a completely unknown world."

“Mmm.” Seokjin agreed before looking at Heechul and the Gong-clan matriach. “Any comments?”

“It's risky, but I suppose having a trial run would mitigate that. We just have to be careful after the first trial, not to go too fast.” Was Heechul's moderate comment.
"Agreed," the Gong headswoman nodded. "Angry families are just as terrifying to deal with as rogue vampires. If we can avoid so many missing person reports, then we should."

Seokjin beamed, “well then. That’s settled. As with the rest, we'll still continue to try to find places to relocate if they wish. Thank you, Hoseok, Jimin, Namjoon.”

Hoseok squeezed Yoongi's hand in relief, giving Yoongi a small smile.

Yoongi returned the smile, nodding. As much as he wanted to help with the fledglings, he knew he couldn't; he was a potential food source, after all.

"All the renegades have been accounted for?" Jongdae asked. "Or have some of that coven scurried back into the shadows they came from."

“We aren't sure how many of them there were in the first place.” Another one of Phantom's enforcers spoke up. “We've caught all those that were named, but seems like Junsu was careful to keep everyone separate. So we don't know the full scale of the organization.”

"We'll have to keep our ears open for the rest," Jongdae said, rubbing his temple.

"Will there be more Elders elected to fill out your ranks?" The Gong headswoman asked. "Three Elders is a dismal number."

“We should. But… should it be done now? Or should we wait until after the situation has died down a little? Do anyone have any candidates in mind?” Seokjin agreed.

Looking around the table, Yoongi watched those present shake their heads with small frowns. He glanced to Seokjin's other side, where Jongdae had leaned in to murmur something in Seokjin's ear.

Seokjin raised an eyebrow before he grinned. “Well, I have a suggestion then, I nominate my enforcer team, led by my head enforcer Kim Dahyun.”
One of the girls on the said enforcer team started choking on air.

Namjoon blinked. "…The Phantom's head enforcer?"

Jongdae leaned back with a smug smile. "She acted as the Phantom in all but name for centuries. And she already has the Bloodhound's blessing."

"Of course, there is the issue of her not being old enough." Seokjin added on. "Which is why I nominate that my enforcer team follow her. They're used to working together, a well-oiled machine. Many a time they have acted in my stead. I trust them."

Heechul stared at Seokjin. "Then… you won't have a team?"

Seokjin shrugged. "I'll just find a new one."

"What do you think of your nomination?" Jongdae asked Dahyun. "You can always decline."

Dahyun blinked, wide-eyed. "I… I think your nut— ow!"

The girl beside her, Jeongyeon, retracted her elbow before saying. "She accepts."

Yoongi raised an eyebrow at the lot of them. It was hard to believe sometimes they were all centuries old.

"The Bloodhound also has a second nomination," Jongdae said, glancing at Seokjin. "Though the candidate's not here to receive it."

"That would be Ryeowook." Seokjin clarified. "He asked me to offer that nomination as well. But Ryeowook is in China now, as mentioned earlier."

"Ryeowook?" Heechul raised an eyebrow. "Why not Jongdae? His Head Enforcer?"
"He asked. I declined," Jongdae's lips quirked. "Ryeowook is just as capable, if not more. He's just not as… noisy as the rest of the Bloodhound's team, so his contributions tend to slip under the radar. He's much younger than the usual Elder nomination, which is why Bloodhound left the final decision up to you both."

Seokjin shrugged. "I have no complaint."

Heechul eyed Jongdae for a moment before he said. "Ryeowook, on second thought, would be preferable for an Elder than Jongdae."

Jongdae just smirked at the older vampire, clearly thinking of when Heechul took it upon himself to 'interrogate' him.

"So should Ryeowook agree, that raises the number of Elders to five," the Gong headswoman said with a sigh. She paused then, looking between Jongdae and Seokjin. "Now that the dust has cleared, will there be services for Merchant, Temptress, and Commander?"

Seokjin stiffened a little at that question. And after a while, he said. "Temptress’ ceremony has already been completed. It was a small ceremony, surrounded by those close to her, as was her wish. There was a service for Merchant as well. But he wouldn't have minded another more public one. I think. Commander…” and Seokjin looked over at Jongdae.

Jongdae rubbed one hand through his hair, choosing his words carefully. "The Commander was a very public figure, so there will be a viewing open to the community. But the ceremony itself will be private to only a few people."


Heechul looked like he wanted to say something, but in the end he kept his mouth shut and simply shook his head. "None."

When everyone else confirmed the same, Jongdae glanced to Seokjin. "Was there anything else we had to cover?"

Seokjin shrugged. "I just had one more thing. I was thinking of asking Min Yoongi to be part of my enforcer team. Any objections?"
Yoongi's eyes widened as those around him startled. "What the fuck?" he blurted out, forgetting himself.

Hoseok hissed in response to Yoongi's reaction, squeezing Yoongi's hand. Seokjin didn't look fazed. “I just think Yoongi has the skill set I need. And really, I can get vampires with good fighting skills easy, but I need someone to help me enforce decisions, and I think Yoongi would be ideal for that.”

Looking around the table, Namjoon could tell everyone else looked just as surprised by Seokjin's declaration. Even Jongdae, though he looked like he was holding in a laugh. Yoongi was staring at Seokjin like the vampire had grown two heads. "...I don't know if anyone's noticed, but..." he waved one hand at himself, "not a vampire."

“So?” Seokjin shrugged. “There's no rule that I know against that. And honestly, if other vampires can't work with you and respect you, then they can't be a part of my team. Actually, make that under you. What do you think about Head Enforcer?”

Yoongi just stared, expecting Seokjin to call sike. When it became clear that wasn't happening his eyes went to Hoseok next, before he leaned back in his seat, confused and overwhelmed. "Can't I have some time to think it over?"

Hoseok looked equally confused, especially when Seokjin nodded. “Of course. But if, you know, it sweetens the deal, I usually pay my enforcers a handsome stipend. You can ask Dahyun how she affords her weekly guilt snack of To'ak chocolate.”

"Okay, I think we're done here," Jongdae snorted as that set off tittering across the table. "We'll have a proper swearing in and naming ceremony for Dahyun and Ryeowook when Ryeowook's returned."

Seokjin paused for as short a moment as he could before he nodded. “Alright. Meeting adjourned.”

One by one they stood up, the younger vampires bowing to the Elders present. Hoseok eyed Seokjin as the Gong clan and Heechul's clique began to filed out. “What do you think Jin-hyung's up to?” the fledgling asked Yoongi in a low whisper.

"No clue," Yoongi replied, still stunned by the sudden turn of events. Maybe vampires did go mad with age.
He heard Namjoon speak to Jimin off to one side as their group was left alone in the conference room with a couple of the Phantom’s enforcers. "What now?"

Jimin blinked at Namjoon, “like immediately now or in the near future now?”

"Both,” Namjoon said after a moment of thought.

"Well, right now I think some of you have decisions to talk over,” Jongdae said dryly, standing. "I'm going to check on Tae, and rendez-vous with those looking over the fledglings. When we figure out positions for those of you who want to help, we'll let you know."

“Do you think Tae is up for conversation?” Jimin piped up. “I want to ask him something.”

"He should be,” Jongdae nodded, glancing at Seokjin. "He just wasn't up for sitting across from Heechul for serious discussion, one of them would have ended up with their head halfway through a wall."

“True. Are you going to go see him now?” Jimin asked, while Seokjin just shrugged.

"Yeah. Hitch a ride," Jongdae motioned, heading to the door.

"I'll see you after?" Namjoon pressed a kiss to Jimin's mouth.

“Not coming with? Yeah. Ok. I'll see you back in the apartment?”

"Yeah, I'll be there," Namjoon smiled, straightening. Yoongi raised an eyebrow at the two, wondering what Jimin wanted to talk to Taehyung about. From the expression on his face, Namjoon either knew, or guessed.

“Alright,” and Jimin kissed Namjoon back. “See you.”
"...Your ride is leaving without you," Yoongi said dryly, Jongdae already out the door and halfway to the elevator.

Jimin rolled his eyes. "It was five seconds." But he walked quickly after Jongdae.

Seokjin was talking with Dahyun and Jeongyeon, but after he was done, he made his way to Yoongi's side. "Hi. Sorry to spring that decision on you."

"...It was definitely a surprise," Yoongi sighed, arms folded across his chest. "I don't know if I'm your best choice for an enforcer, let alone head."

Seokjin shrugged. "You work retail and F&B. You have no soul. Just like a vampire. You're perfect."

Yoongi blinked blankly at Seokjin. "That's your criteria for this very important position?"

Seokjin nodded. "Yup."

Yoongi rubbed his face with one hand. It was tempting to pinch himself — or pinch Seokjin, and see if that snapped him out of whatever insanity had prompted him to suggest Yoongi as a head enforcer in the first place. He was a human, not a vampire, and not a very intimidating human at that. He’d been practically useless against the fledgling nests. Unless Seokjin was looking for convenient bait, how was he supposed to be enforcer material?

"...I'm still not sure if you're fucking with me or not. I need to think it over."

"I'm not. The stipend is real. More than enough you can quit both jobs, sugar daddy Hoseok and still have time to write music. We can discuss it of course." Seokjin nodded, "but take all the time you need."

Yoongi nodded, free hand finding Hoseok's. "Come on, let's go." Yoongi was back to staying with Hoseok the last couple days, living out of a couple duffel bags again while the rest of his belongings sat in boxes in his new apartment.
Hoseok nodded, “bye Jin-hyung.”

They were out of the building before Hoseok turned to Yoongi with a wide expression. “What just happened?”

"You're asking me?" Yoongi grumbled, taking Hoseok's arm and pulling him down the street. "I want to go home, cuddle, and forget that even happened for the rest of the night. Any complaints?"

Hoseok laughed, following after Yoongi happily. “None. Well. I need a cup of blood before that. But the rest seems amazing.”

It didn’t take them long to reach the apartment, the streets feeling a little safer now that most of the renegades had been dealt with. Even so, Yoongi’s hand wandered to the knife strapped to his belt far too often, and he could feel Hoseok twitch beside him at sudden noises or movements. He held in the sigh of relief when the apartment door closed behind them, kicking off his shoes.

Hoseok sighed as well, taking the moment to flop against Yoongi. “Man, I'm beat.”

"And we hardly did anything," Yoongi snorted, patting Hoseok’s shoulder. "Go drink. I want to change and collapse in bed."

“It was mentally exhausting.” Hoseok countered, heading to the fridge, “I still can't decide if Jin-hyung was being serious or not.”

"Just the fact he's an Elder in the first place was hard to believe." Yoongi stopped by his duffel bags, yanking out a pair of pyjama pants and starting to change. "Do you think I should take it?"

“I don't know.” Hoseok sighed. “Part of me is… I'm worried. You're already deep enough in a very dangerous world. Now you're potentially going deeper.”

"I'm not sure I could get myself into anything more dangerous than dealing with those nests," Yoongi snorted. "I just... don't think I'm the right person for the job. If he wants a human enforcer, he should be picking one of the Gong hunters or something, someone who knows everything about vampires already and can defend themselves."

“That's where I don't agree.” Hoseok smiled, as he tore a blood pack open to drink. “Maybe you
aren't a badass hunter, but maybe that's what Jin-hyung wants? A perspective that isn't the usual.”

"He barely knows me," Yoongi pointed out, pulling on the pyjama pants. "And he expects me to be the same as what Jongdae is to Taehyung? There's so much trust and history there."

“Maybe that's not what he's looking for either.” Hoseok's lips curl. “Maybe it's because you barely know each other that he wants this. From what I heard... Junsu had a pretty boring job doing a lot of admin. And I don't know. It feels like it might have been part of what drove him crazy.”

"...so I'd be his highly paid paper-pusher?" Yoongi snorted.

“That's what most desk jobs are.” Hoseok shrugged. “I mean, you don't like F&B and Retail either. And at least this will pay much better. Jin-hyung promised you that you would have time to write music too.”

"Yeah." Yoongi rubbed his hands over his face, groaning. "I'm going to bed, I'll decide in the morning." He wandered into their bedroom to faceplant gracelessly onto the mattress.

He heard Hoseok join him in the bedroom a minute later, a chuckle echoing through the darkness. Then the bed dipped, and arms wrapped Yoongi up and pulled him against Hoseok's chest. “I was promised cuddles.”

Yoongi grunted, arms wrapping lazily around Hoseok in return. "You were taking too long," he mumbled, pressing his lips to Hoseok's neck.

“I didn't wanna choke.” Hoseok pointed out before he grinned, snuggling Yoongi close to his chest.

Yoongi sighed, hand smoothing down Hoseok’s back. "You're still in all your clothes. You're not sleeping like this."

“What if I just kicked off my pants?”

"Or... I can help you out of them," Yoongi suggested.
Hoseok snorted, “are you going to help me out of them or is this just a prelude to something else.”

"That depends on you," Yoongi shrugged, fingers finding Hoseok’s jeans and running along the inside of his waistband. He felt Hoseok grin and kiss his hair.

“Would I ever say no? But I’m just curious. How far will we go today?”

"Again, up to you," Yoongi snorted, pinching Hoseok’s ass. Too many questions, not enough affection. "Now shut up and kiss me."

“Your wish is my command.” And Hoseok pulled back so he could tilt Yoongi's head up, pressing an immediately deep kiss to Yoongi's lips, tongue probing and teasing as he delved in.

Yoongi moaned into the kiss, reciprocating in kind. He just couldn't get enough of Hoseok’s kisses, the dancer intoxicating. Their bodies shifted on the bed automatically until they were slotted comfortably against each other, Yoongi palming Hoseok’s ass.

Hoseok sucked in a deep breath, hand sliding past Yoongi's waist and dipping into the skin between the band of Yoongi's pants. And he pulled out of the deep kiss, giving Yoongi playful half kisses and nibbles instead. “Mm… what's your take on you riding me?”

"Fuck,” Yoongi breathed out against Hoseok’s lips. "Yeah, sure.” He squeezed Hoseok’s ass before letting go to undo the vampire's pants, pushing them off narrow hips.

Hoseok helped to shimmy out of them, before he turned his attention to Yoongi's pants, carefully palming Yoongi's ass before making quick worth of the loose and comfortable item. “Mnnhhh… I have lube in the drawer. Could you?”

Yoongi nodded, licking his lips unconsciously as he looked down at Hoseok sprawled along the mattress. Part of him still couldn’t believe he had this gorgeous man all to himself. Hoseok was all lean muscles and perfect skin, the kind of body that made other men weep all wrapped up with a heart-shaped smile and a personality as bright as the sun. He didn’t think he deserved Hoseok — no one did. But he wasn’t going to question why Hoseok chose to be with someone like him; he had better uses of his time.

Such as getting the lube. Yoongi shifted on the bed, crawling forward to reach the dresser and search
“Well, Mr Tour Guide, that's a gorgeous view you're showing me.”

Yoongi looked over his shoulder to see the way Hoseok was blatantly staring at his ass. "...Shut up," Yoongi groaned, ears red as he tossed the lube back onto Hoseok’s chest, closing the drawer. Hoseok didn’t lose his grin even as the lube bounced off his chest to the side. "Stop gawking and get that shirt off."

“Yessir. Of course, sir.”

Hoseok pulled his shirt over his head as promised, but he also was quick to pick up the lube from where it'd fallen, opening the cap and dumping a good amount on his fingers. “I'm just gonna warm up the lube first before we start getting you all worked up, alright?”

"I'm already worked up, you know." Yoongi had shifted back to Hoseok’s side by then, one hand trailing down the vampire's thigh and lips pressing to Hoseok’s bare shoulder.

Hoseok shuddered a little, trying to keep the lube from dripping onto the sheets. “Trying to concentrate here, babe.”

"And?” Yoongi smirked against Hoseok’s shoulder, sensing an opportunity. His hand ran back up the inside of Hoseok's leg, finding and palming the vampire's half-hard length.

Hoseok sucked in a breath beside his ear. “Unless you want cold lube in your ass, you should probably stop.”

"Nothing’s stopping you from warming it up." Yoongi could feel Hoseok getting harder in his hand. "I'm just making sure you don't lose interest on me." He traced his thumb along a prominent vein.

Hoseok shuddered at that. “Yah. As if that would ever happen.”

"You sure?”
“Uh…” Yoongi could hear the hitch in Hoseok’s voice as he started to stroke slowly. “Uhuh… fuck.”

It would never be any less satisfying, hearing Hoseok slowly lose control at his touch.

Smirking, Yoongi kept going until Hoseok was hard and throbbing in his hand, precome starting to bead — before letting him go, leaning back on the bed.

Hoseok let out a hiss, his eyes opening. “Oh… Min Yoongi. You're one mean bastard.”

"You told me to stop," Yoongi shrugged, unaffected.

“I did.” Hoseok agreed, deceptively calm. “And now I'm going to ravage you, you brat.”

And with that, he practically pounced, just a hint of fang out, pinning Yoongi to the bed with his clean hand, lips pressed hard against Yoongi's neck. Yoongi had no chance to retort that was no way to speak to his hyung, back hitting the mattress with an oof.

Hoseok didn't bite, instead just grazed his teeth against Yoongi neck, teasing. And the hand with the lube dripped on his fingers squeezed Yoongi's left asscheek, his index and middle finger trailing down Yoongi's left asscheek.

Yoongi drew in a breath at the lube-slicked fingers. "Fuck," his hand found Hoseok’s shoulder, holding on tight. "Get on with it, before I bite you."

Hoseok grinned, murmuring against Yoongi's neck. “Are you talking about me drinking from you, or this?” and with that Hoseok dipped one finger into Yoongi, and then the second, languidly beginning to stretch Yoongi out.

Yoongi drew in a breath, eyes closing. It had been a long time since he'd done this with anyone, exhaustion from work meant Hoseok and himself hadn't had the energy to process beyond various forms of jerking each other off. The second finger burned a little, even with the slow pace Hoseok was taking. He shifted his legs to make the position easier on them. "Both. Don't think I didn't... didn't notice your fangs sticking out."
“It's just a scare tactic, babe,” and Hoseok trailed his lips down Yoongi's neck, tongue flicking out to lick the dip of Yoongi's collarbone. “I wouldn't bite you without permission.”

"Since when... mm..." Yoongi groaned, head falling back against the pillows. "Since when did you know about vampire scare tactics?"

“Not vampire. Just mine.” Hoseok grinned, fingers going deeper, carefully stretching and rubbing against the wall. “So, this feel good, you brat?”

Pleasure shot up Yoongi's spine and his retort dissolved into a moan. "Fuck, Hoseok." He had no way to retaliate, his dick hard and curving against his stomach to give away just how much he liked what Hoseok was doing.

“Thought so.” Hoseok grinned, voice languid against Yoongi's skin. “But is it just 'cause I've got fingers up your ass? Or is it because you like this? Like being pinned down? By your dongsaeng no less, being punished for being naughty?”

Fuck. He'd forgotten how confident Hoseok was when it came to sex talk. Hoseok might be kind and cheerful and honestly a little too easily spooked, but he was also a fucking fiend in the bedroom.

Yoongi loved it.

Yoongi's moan came a little louder, a little more desperate. "Fuck," he whispered, hips rocking down against Hoseok's fingers as he got used to the burn. He couldn't move more than a little, completely pinned. "Hurry up."

“So you do, huh?” Hoseok grinned, pressing his fang down against Yoongi's collar bone. “And my, my, all these wants. You know, even brats need to say the magic word.”

"You're a dick," Yoongi got out, trying to grind down on Hoseok's fingers again.

“Not quite~” Hoseok gentled his fingers, moving and teasing, not giving Yoongi quite enough pressure to get off.
“Nh, fuck—” Yoongi squirmed, frustration lining his frame. “Please— Hoseok, please!”

“Well, since you asked so nicely.” Hoseok grinned before he slipped his fingers out of Yoongi, pulling his mouth away from his neck as well. Yoongi held back a groan at the loss, eyes opening properly to see Hoseok shifting to lie on his back beside him. His lube-slicked hand had wrapped around himself. “I'll prepare your ride for you.”

Panting quietly, Yoongi shifted to sit up and watch what Hoseok was doing. “Who’s the brat now,” he grumbled, adjusting to straddle Hoseok’s hips when he was done. “I’m clean, you? Or do vampires have some sort of immunity to all possible diseases.”

Hoseok rolled his eyes. “Yeah. I’m a very monogamous vampire. Didn't sleep with anyone outside those two relationships. So yes. I'm clean.”

“Just checking.” Yoongi batted Hoseok’s hand out of the way. Aligning himself, he sank down slowly with a long exhale, Hoseok’s length disappearing inside him.

Hoseok's eyes were dark, dark and darker as they watched Yoongi's slow descent. And past the slow stretch and burn, Yoongi could feel the vampire’s restraint pushed to its max, the temptation to buck upwards making the hands against his waist shake. “So tight. So fucking tight.”

“Been a while,” Yoongi breathed, feeling the sting all the way up his spine. He shifted a little, making himself a bit more comfortable. “Sorry, I… need a moment.”

Hoseok’s hands moved to grip Yoongi firmly by the waist. “Take… take all the time you need, babe.”

Yoongi breathed in and out slowly, looking down at Hoseok in the darkness of the bedroom. His hands smoothed over the vampire’s stomach and abs, waiting for the burn to ease. Then he rolled his hips experimentally, grinding down on Hoseok.

The effect was immediate, Hoseok letting out a moan, fingers tightening their hold around Yoongi’s waist a little. “A-ahhh.. Fuck. Give a man some warning, would you?”

"Just… making myself comfortable,” Yoongi’s lips curled. Repeating the motion, he started to move up and down in Hoseok’s lap.
Hoseok groaned, his hips jerking minutely each time Yoongi moved. And fuck, it felt really good. “Comfortable… eh?”

Yoongi nodded, breaths uneven as he settled into a slow pace. “Fuck… hah…”

His lips parted in a soft groan, the discomfort shifting into pleasure. Hoseok stared up at Yoongi, marveling at the expression on Yoongi’s face.

“Fuck, you're beautiful.”

Looking down into Hoseok’s eyes, a small grin curled Yoongi’s lips, gaze dark. His movements were lazy and languid, fingers curling around Hoseok's waist to support himself as he rolled his hips.

Hoseok's lips curled back, and his thumbs moved in circles on Yoongi's waist. “Yeah… that's it baby. You look so pretty, bouncing up and down on me like this.”

Hearing those words coming out of Hoseok’s mouth was as much of a surprise to Yoongi as Yoongi being obviously turned on by it probably was to the vampire. A moan was muffled by Yoongi biting his lips, grinding down on Hoseok again. "F-Fuck, Hobi…”

Hoseok wasn't able to quite stop his hips from jerking up this time. “Oh— holy. Fuck, Yoongi. So that does it for you, does it? You like to be praised? My pretty, pretty hyung?”

A low whine was the answer — though mostly because Hoseok's jerk upwards had pushed his dick against the spot Yoongi had been looking for, sending a shot of pleasure straight up his spine as he nearly lost his precarious balance.

Hoseok's grip tightened, helping to keep Yoongi upright. “Mmhhh… oh… fuck. That face… Is that where it feels good? Right here?” And Hoseok began to move his hips against Yoongi's rhythm, trying again to recreate what had happened.

And oh fuck did he succeed. "Shit… right there— hah—" Yoongi's thighs shook as he bounced in Hoseok's lap in earnest now, chasing that feeling.
“There?” Hoseok repeated as he jerked up the same way again. “Fuck. I love the sounds you make. The faces you make. Oh… do you think you could come like this? You fucking yourself like this, without touching yourself, just a bit of words of praise to help you along?”

A red flush crept up Yoongi's cheeks, fingers gripping Hoseok's waist tighter. "I… uh… I think so," he groaned, eyes closing for a moment at the roll of Hoseok's hips. From how hard his untouched length was, precome rolling down, he was already a good part of the way there. "Fuck, Hobi, don't stop."

“Oh… I won't. You're too fucking mesmerizing to stop.” Hoseok purred, the fingers of one hand roaming a little. “So pretty. My pretty little hyung. You're so fucking tight and good and perfect.”

A raspy moan escaped, Yoongi forcing his eyes open again to look down into Hoseok's eyes, panting from the effort. That dark stare and the strong desire he could feel rolling off the vampire brought him even closer to the edge, movements starting to lose their fluidity. "Hoseok, I'm…"

“Close?” Hoseok grinned, eyelashes fluttering as he thrusted upwards yet harder. “Mmm… that's good. I'm close too. Come for me, hyung. I wanna see how pretty you look when you come.”

Gasping, Yoongi shuddered and ground down on Hoseok again. "Nnh… fuck, fuck—"

The next snap of Hoseok's hips did him in, Yoongi's lips parting as he came all over the vampire's stomach with a low groan.

Hoseok eyes glittered in rapt attention, continuing to move against Yoongi, even as the human fell apart in his lap. And perhaps it was the look on Yoongi’s face or the way Yoongi had shifted a little, shuddering in oversensitivity, but Hoseok fell over the edge like this, with an almost elegant shudder, hips stilling in a final thrust.

There was a long moment where they were both still, the sound of heavy panting filling the room as they came back down from their highs. Then Yoongi groaned and tipped sideways to sprawl on the bed, completely spent.

Hoseok's eyes snapped open, suddenly worried, “hyung? You okay?”
"M'good," Yoongi mumbled, eyes closed and limbs ragdolled across the sheets as he caught his breath. "Tired."

Hoseok blinked before chuckling. “This is why you should work out more, hyung.” But he patted Yoongi's ass gently before pushing himself up to get a cloth to clean them both up.

Yoongi hadn't moved by the time Hoseok got back, nor did he show any inclination to as Hoseok cleaned up the mess on his skin, letting his boyfriend maneuver his limbs as needed. It would have been entirely believable he'd fallen asleep right there, except when Hoseok finally laid back down the human rolled closer to drape one arm around Hoseok's waist.

Hoseok was amused. “You really are like a rag doll when you're tired.” But he was more than happy to pull Yoongi even closer to cuddle.

"That was a lot of work," Yoongi snorted, snuggling sleepily against Hoseok's bare chest.

“I know. You worked so hard.” Hoseok murmured, rubbing one along Yoongi's back. “You did so beautifully.”

Yoongi hummed against Hoseok's collarbone, tired but pleased.

"Sleep. I'm not moving for anything short of a fire."

“Please, you'd ask me to carry you if there was a fire.” Hoseok corrected, “but I suppose it shouldn't be too hard.”

"After you destroyed my ass, you better carry me," Yoongi retorted.

“Technically you rode me, so you destroyed your own ass.” Hoseok teased back. “But I'll be the magnanimous person and carry you around.

Yoongi's response was a pinch to Hoseok's ass. Hoseok yelped.
"Sleep."

“Geez, bossy.”

All grumbling aside, it didn’t take them long to settle comfortably around each other. And they fell asleep like that, the rest of the world put on pause for a few blissful hours.

Chapter End Notes

Only 4 more chapters :

Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter? :) And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!
Taehyung smelled Jimin and Jongdae arrive before they even knocked on the door.

He pulled it open, giving them both a wane smile as he let them in. At least he was looking better today; the burn marks and other assorted injuries healing nicely. But even though his body was patching up once again, he just felt so… tired. So tired of everything. "How did the meeting go?"

"Smoothly," Jongdae said, slipping off his shoes. "Though I wish Ryeowook had been here to see the look on his face at your nomination. Hey Jungkook."

Jungkook had just walked out of the kitchen with a carton of takeout in his hand, and stared wide eyed at Jongdae and Jimin before looking down at himself. He was in just a ratty shirt and his boxers. "Er…"

"Eh, at least your clothes are on," Jongdae snorted. "I'm not here long, just checking in."

"What's next on your list?" Taehyung asked.

"Checking in on the new fledglings, and making sure they have enough blood bags. We're getting donations from across the country, but still, it's tight."

“A lot of things, essentially.” Jimin cut in, stepping out from behind Jongdae. “It sounds like you might need a bit of help.”

Taehyung blinked at the fledgling. "Yeah... probably. Especially with all the new fledglings, rehabilitating them. That's going to take a while."

“So… I was wondering if you need an extra pair of hands.” Jimin shrugged. “Officially.”

"...Officially?" It took Taehyung a moment to realize what Jimin meant. "As an enforcer?"
Jimin nodded, his expression set in determination. “You'll be down one more when Ryeowook comes back and gets sworn in as an Elder. And well, it's not like I can go back to being a hunter anymore.”

Taehyung tilted his head at that, taking in Jimin's expression, the look in his eyes. "That's something you want to be? You have a chance to step back away from that kind of life now, all the fighting, all of it. No one's going to make you do anything you don't want to anymore."

Jimin's lips curled. “It's not like I'm going to be fighting all the time. But I think I'd probably go crazy if I stay away for too long.”

Taehyung watched him for a long minute, searching Jimin’s eyes. Searching for any signs of doubt, anything to indicate Jimin’s train of thought. From the steadfast expression, Jimin had given this enough thought to know what he wanted. Taehyung knew from working with Jimin just how reliable the former hunter was — the kind of reliable he needed at his side. Jimin would follow him through hellfire and back — not without a few gripes, but Taehyung needed someone to question his actions and hold him accountable too. To hold him in check, keep him from going insane with the crazy situations he found himself in regularly.

Really at the end of the day, when Taehyung looked for a new enforcer, he looked for a friend… a true friend. And Jimin was one of the truest.

"Okay."

“—And in any case, I'm going to tag along— wait. What?” Jimin seemed stunned, caught off-guard by the quick acceptance.

"Okay," Taehyung replied, eyes crinkling a little. "You're an enforcer to the Bloodhound."

Jimin stared at Taehyung before he sighed. “Well, there goes my twenty minutes speech.”

"I've worked with you for months, so I know I can count on you in a pinch," Taehyung shrugged. "You have good instincts, and an even better heart. You will need some more training since you're fighting as a vampire now, not a hunter, not to mention training on being an actual enforcer, but I'd be glad to have you on the team. What do you think, Dae?"
"Since when do you ask me my opinion?" Jongdae snorted. "You went and brought in Junhong even though he was an annoying upstart." He glanced at Jimin, cat-like smile on his lips. "I'm a little confused why you chose the Bloodhound's team given Seokjin just gave up all his enforcers and is in need of new ones, but I have no complaints."

Jimin shrugged, "I work well with Tae. Plus, I think Seokjin is going to ask Namjoon too. And as much as I love my boyfriend, it probably wouldn't be a good idea working with my boyfriend along with his sire."

"Probably a good call," Taehyung chuckled. "That would be way too much family drama."

"Working under the Bloodhound is pretty chill," Jongdae shrugged. "We chase down troublemakers and lay down the law. The only thing we have to worry about is our Elder taking spontaneous trips to Hawaii and only remembering to tell us when he's on the plane." Taehyung wrinkled his nose at Jongdae for that.

Jimin sighed, "yeah well. Thankfully we have Jungkook to keep him on his leash right?"

Jungkook looked up at that, mouth still full of takeout and cheeks bulging like a cute hamster. From the familiar blank look in his eyes, he hadn't been paying a word of attention to their conversation. "Huh?"

"…Yeah," Jongdae snorted. "Anyways, I'm out." He stepped forward, giving Taehyung a tight hug.

"I'll do tomorrow's runs with you," Taehyung said, hugging him back.

"If you're feeling up to it, sure. But don't push yourself. Everyone understands."

“If you try to, I'll get Namjoon to sic Jin-hyung on you.” Jimin grinned, “but yeah. I'll probably go back too. Gotta spend more time with Namjoon before we both get more busy."

"If Jin actually offers an enforcer position to Namjoon…” Jongdae chuckled, pulling back from the hug. "Between him and Yoongi, the Phantom's team became a whole lot more interesting."
"He might not even keep the name Phantom since everyone knows who he is now… wait, what?" Taehyung blinked repeatedly at Jongdae. "Yoongi is one of his enforcers? How did that happen?"

“Dunno. That was one of the bombs he dropped.” Jimin shrugged, “he asked Yoongi to not only be one of his enforcers, but to be his Head Enforcer.”

Taehyung stared blankly at them. Then a genuine snort of laughter escaped. "…I'm not sure if he's a genius or just that pissed off at the whole system."

"Guess only time will tell," Jongdae shook his head, pulling his shoes back on. "See you two later."

“Yeah. See you.” Jimin slipped his shoes back on as well. “Dae, could you give me a lift on the way back? Not too sure if I can ride a taxi without supervision.”

"We'll work on that," Jongdae said as the door closed after them. Taehyung stood there for a moment, listening to them go to the elevator and head out, still talking. His lips quirked; Jongdae and Jimin would work together just fine.

Jungkook finally put his box of takeout down. “I have no clue what just went down.”

Taehyung smiled, turning away from the door to walk to the couch. "I got another enforcer. Can't say it's that surprising, but I was surprised he volunteered this early." He sat down next to Jungkook.

“Well. Yeah. That part I got. But what did they mean, Ryeowook is gonna be an Elder? And Jin-hyung is asking Yoongi-hyung to be his Head Enforcer?"

"I nominated Ryeowook for the position," Taehyung said, pulling his legs up to his chest and making himself comfortable. "He's always been Elder material, really. Keeps a cool head in a crisis, delegates tasks effectively… Most Elders have been at least 500 years old before they were nominated, but maybe it's time to change that. Same with enforcers only being vampires. Jin himself will probably explain his choice eventually."

“Huh. If Yoongi gets to be Jin-hyung's enforcer, can I be yours?”
Taehyung felt a jolt of alarm run down his spine. "…Can I say no on account of you being my boyfriend and already in too much danger on a daily basis?"

Jungkook was pouting. “I figured you'd say no. But I wanna protect you too.”

"You protect me already." Taehyung looked up at Jungkook beside him. "You don't need to be an enforcer for that."

Jungkook sighed, gently leaning onto Taehyung. Taehyung's arms wrapped around Jungkook's torso. “You just say that. But I'm really just a burden for you.”

"…You're not," Taehyung whispered into Jungkook's shoulder after a moment. "You're really not. You have no idea how much I rely on you, Kook… How lost I'd be without you."

“But I kept tripping you up. Even with… even with Junsu-h… with Junsu. We were lucky he sprayed that cinnamon scent so that I could sneak up on him. But otherwise… I think I would have gotten in the way.”

"I'd be dead right now if you hadn't done that. But relying on you isn't just about being able to fight."

Jungkook blinked at that. “Huh? You mean like everyday stuff? But I rely on you for lots of everyday things too, hyung.”

"There's nothing wrong with that… we rely on each other. Right? It might not seem like a lot to you, but to me… it means so much more to me than you fighting. I fought my whole life Kookie, but the rest? I didn't always have people around me to make the rest of life worth it."

Taehyung was never sure how to explain it… explain just how much he appreciated Jungkook’s presence in his life. He didn’t need help fighting, not really. But fighting all the time… that wasn’t really living. He hadn’t known that, long ago. He’d just wanted to survive. Bogum had been the first to change that, and when he died, Taehyung had felt like his very reason to live had died with him. Yunho and Junsu had been all he had left, and now they were both gone too. Leaving Taehyung behind.
But Jungkook... Jungkook was here. Jungkook kept his head afloat and saved him from drowning.

With his smiles and laughter, his games during long days and hugs after hard nights, he breathed life into everything Taehyung saw. And he was just so... so thankful.

Jungkook was quiet for the longest time. "You know... I've only known bits and pieces from things I've picked up over the years. But you've never told me before. Your past."

Taehyung hummed softly. "Not all of it is happy. And to be honest, I've forgotten the details of some of it... except for how it felt."

"It's fine even if it's not all happy. It's part of who you are. And I wanna know. Whatever you can remember."

The vampire nuzzled gently against Jungkook's collar, drawing the human closer until Jungkook's legs were slung over his own.

"I know I'm around or over a thousand years old," he said after a long pause, gathering his thoughts. "Bogum told me so, based off how long he'd seen me around. I know my family were farmers, but I don't remember where in Goryeo, how many siblings I had, or anything important really. But I do remember being the only one left alive when a coven attacked the village, and the only one turned."

Jungkook was quiet as he listened, even though they both could hear his heartbeat pick up. Like despite everything, he hadn't thought Taehyung would actually answer him. "The only one...? Your sire?"

"Never knew him," Taehyung shrugged one shoulder. "I refused to join the coven that turned me, and ran. Never saw them again."

Jungkook took in a tight breath, his hold on Taehyung tightening. "You were alone then. For how long?"

"I don't know," Taehyung murmured, eyes closing. "A long time. I had little control and no trust in others. I don't remember much of back then, it was just... survival. Pure survival, by whatever means necessary. By the time Bogum found me, I don't think there was much of 'me' left."
Jungkook gently kissed the side of Taehyung's head. “But… You met Bogum-sshi? How?”

"He stopped another coven from tossing me into the lake with a boulder tied to my ankle," Taehyung gave a quiet snort. "I was found hunting in their territory and they chased me down. I don't know what he said to them, but next thing I knew this strange vampire was pulling the chain off my leg. I broke his nose and ran."

“Wait, wait. You were about to get killed? And then you broke his nose?”

"Yeah. He never let me live it down either. Always complained his nose was never perfectly straight again."

“Wow.” Jungkook blinked, “he still went to go find you after you broke his nose?”

"I'm not sure if he went after me so much as we just... kept running into each other after that. On and off for over a hundred years. I didn't trust him at all, but time and time again he helped me out of bad spots without any compensation or even as much as a thank you.” A sad but fond smile curled Taehyung’s lips. "I suppose he wore me down. When he finally asked me to join his new coven, I took a leap of faith. It was just him and five or so other vampires at the time... including Yunho-hyung."

Jungkook smiled. “They became your family?”

"Yeah." Taehyung nodded. "I was more trouble than I was worth most days; still had little control, couldn't read or write, and solved problems by killing first and asking questions later. But they were my family... Bogum, Yunho... and Junsu joined the coven a hundred years or so after me. It was the first time in a long, long while that I felt safe."

Jungkook gave Taehyung a little squeeze. “I'm glad that you found them. But… you said before that Bogum… he was… killed?”

The vampire nuzzled back against Jungkook's collar. That part of his memory was as clear as if it had been yesterday... seeing Bogum lying still in a pool of red. "He was the most visible figure in the new Elder system... so he was targeted by vampires who opposed it. He died before the system was put into effect, but he would have been an Elder alongside Yunho."
Jungkook was quiet at that, and then he licked his lips, saying. “He sounded kind. I wished I could have met him. Thank him for saving you and taking care of you.”

"I think he would have liked you." Taehyung pressed a soft kiss to Jungkook’s neck. "My brave little bunny."

“Mmm… what happened after that? I just know there was some kind of war? How did you become an Elder?” Jungkook shivered a little at the kiss.

"Um… well… it wasn't so much another war as it was the rebellion against the Elder system stretching on for another couple hundred years," Taehyung wrinkled his nose. "Vampires change slowly, comes with living forever. So I was head enforcer under Yunho while we were in transition. Junsu took over that spot when I was nominated to Elder."

“Ah.” Jungkook nodded, “I heard from… I'm not sure where actually. But I think I asked someone before… how one would be nominated as an Elder, and it was… some sort of criteria? I know age is one thing, but I also remember something about contribution to the vampire society through their position or an act?”

Taehyung nodded at that. "Basically. I was nominated after I negotiated for the release of a dozen or so fledglings that were about to be killed by the Gong clan back when they absolutely hated all vampires. It was, um… in the middle of the day without much sun cover."

“So… you met in some building or something?”

The vampire winced. "…By a lake?"

Jungkook stared at Taehyung for a moment longer before he groaned. “Oh my god. Is this what Jinho is always talking about? About you getting barbequed? I thought that was just a joke!”

"I had a parasol?" Taehyung whined. "I wasn't that crazy. But negotiations went on for a while because the headsman wanted to see how long I'd last, and I wasn't leaving there without their oath the fledglings would be okay."
Jungkook groaned, pulling away a little so he could lower his face into his hands. “Seriously… I’m in love with a suicidal vampire. What is my life?”

"Kookie…” Taehyung's whining increased, and he bumped his nose against Jungkook's shoulder with pathetic puppy eyes.

Jungkook sighed, still not looking up, “no wonder Jin-hyun knew exactly what to do with your burns. And that was what he was bitching about earlier. It makes so much sense now.”

Taehyung pouted. "Just so you know, you would have never met Jongdae, Ryeowook or Gyuri if I hadn't been barbequed."

Jungkook looked up at that, squinted at Taehyung. “…are you pouting at me?”

"Yes," Taehyung answered with no hint of shame.

“Why?” Jungkook looked confused. “I'm not angry at you. I'm just exasperated. It's not like me being exasperated can change the past.”

"That's not going to stop me from pouting until you kiss me.”

Jungkook was back to staring again. “You want me to kiss you for being an idiot in the past?”

"…It's not being an idiot if it saves lives,” Taehyung grumbled, pulling back to sulk grumpily.

“I was being an idiot earlier and I saved you. How bad were the burns.”

"… Sufficiently toasted?"

“Means you nearly died.” Jungkook translated, groaning again. “No wonder no one was sympathetic whenever I complained about stopping you going out in the sun.”
Taehyung shrugged. "They're never too worried. I know exactly how much sun exposure is fine and how much will kill me."

Jungkook made a sort of dying noise, flopping down onto the couch and screaming into the nearest pillow on hand.

"...It's true though," Taehyung mumbled unhappily into his knees.

Jungkook finally looked up, before flopping onto Taehyung with a sigh. “It might be true. Doesn’t mean it’s not frustrating for me. You hate seeing me get hurt, don’t you? It’s the same with me. I hate seeing you get hurt. Even hearing about you get hurt makes me anxious.”

"I'm trying to be better about that." Taehyung leaned against Jungkook. "I am. I've been good the last century or so, but like I said... I didn't always see dying as a bad thing."

Jungkook sighed, finally threading his fingers with Taehyung's own and kissing the side of Taehyung's head. “Because you didn't want to stay alive?”

"It's not that I didn't want to. I just didn't care. At first it was living to survive, then after Bogum died I lived to fulfill his dreams. Not because I actually cared about my own life. You're the first person since Bogum to make me really look forward to tomorrow and being alive to see it with you."

Jungkook licked his lips tentatively, his eyes softening. “... on one hand. That’s kind of scary, because... you shouldn’t be living for just me, Tae. That’s not healthy. But on the other hand, that’s kinda sweet. And... I mean, I’d be a hypocrite if I say that it wasn’t true for me either.”

"I've given up on my life being healthy. I'm a thousand year old vampire." Taehyung snuggled gently against Jungkook again. "But that's why I say you are so much more important to me than you realize. You're my reason to... not just live, but live fully, enjoy living."

Jungkook let out a long, deep breath, the worried, exasperated look finally giving way to the soft, shy smile Taehyung loved, and he pulled away, shifting so that he could press his lips against Taehyung’s — kiss gentle and sweet. “And you're mine too.”

Smiling into the kiss, Taehyung wrapped his arms around Jungkook's shoulders and returned the kiss with one just as soft. "I can live with that," he whispered against Jungkook's lips. "Love you,
Jungkook.

Jungkook hummed, closing his eyes for a bit, before he pulled away, settling them back down again. “So what happened after your idiot ass burned yourself?”

Taehyung pouted but settled against Jungkook again. "A whole lot of lying around in bed listening to people nag. Yunho and Seokjin mostly. Seokjin took care of me, obviously."

“He’s a doctor right?” Jungkook suddenly asked, “I never really understood.”

"Now he is. Proper medical credentials and all that. Back when I met him, not so much," Taehyung snorted. "He just ended up learning doctor-ish things out of necessity."

Jungkook paused, “somehow I have a feeling the bulk of the reason he ended up learning doctor-ish things was you.”

"...Maybe," Taehyung agreed sheepishly. "Though to be fair, he tended to others pretty often too. Jongdae visited him whenever he was in town. Oh, after I was sworn in as Elder, Jongdae, Ryeowook and Gyuri volunteered to be my enforcers."

“Jongdae-hyung visited him whenever he was in town, huh?” Jungkook raised an eyebrow. “When was this? You mean Dae-hyung has been whipped for Jin-hyung for hundreds of years already?”

"Something like that," Taehyung hummed, closing his eyes. "They've been sleeping together for nearly two hundred years by now. Their smell was all over each other whenever Seokjin was back in town."

Jungkook flushed bright red at that. “Oh. But… they're not together?”

"Nope. Just sleeping together," Taehyung said. "Seokjin had a couple different fuck buddies... like Yunho.” Taehyung didn’t know whether the same was true for Jongdae or not, but from how he’d never smelled anyone else on his head enforcer, he doubted it. It was none of his business either way.
"Yunho-hyu— what the— okay. There's... a lot to unpack there. But... it's kinda obvious Dae is so in love with Jin-hyung. But he just... lets Jin-hyung sleep with other people?"

Taehyung just shrugged. "I've never talked to him about what they get up to. But Seokjin doesn't like... responsibility. Being tied down to things. It's why it was so surprising to hear he's an Elder."

"I mean, it's probably why he hid it well. I heard from Junhong-hyung that he was talking to Jin-hyung's enforcers and it seems they did a lot of the work and he just signed it off. But... he's still going to be an Elder isn't he? And everyone knows he's one now."

"Yeah. That's going to be interesting," Taehyung hummed. "I wonder what his plan is. He's got something in mind, if he's already bringing on Yoongi as an enforcer."

Jungkook shook his head. "Maybe. But somehow, I just feel Jin-hyung is just doing whatever the fuck he feels like."

The vampire laughed. "That is also very, very likely." He gave Jungkook a few more kisses. "I guess we'll have to wait and see, huh?"

"Yeah." Jungkook smiled a little. "I guess we do."

And for the first time in days, Taehyung felt a small breath of hope.

****

It was a little odd having the apartment to themselves for an hour or so, Namjoon reflected as he and Seokjin arrived back home. Whether it was Jongdae or Jimin, someone had always been there with them the past month or so. With Jongdae well enough to return home and Jimin visiting Taehyung and Jungkook, the apartment felt unusually empty.

"What're your plans for the rest of the night?" Namjoon asked, heading into the kitchen to open a blood bag.
“Lie down on the bed pretending to sleep but actually obsessing over all the things I have to do.” Seokjin sighed, cracking his neck. “What about you?”

"Probably wait for Jimin to come back," Namjoon admitted. "And catch up on all the emails I've been ignoring. I'm pretty sure I'm fired from my job by now." With everything that had been going on, his emergency leave never seemed to end.

Seokjin chuckled. “You’re probably not fired, but I think you owe your colleagues lots of meals for covering your ass. But well, since you’re waiting for Jimin, do you think I could talk to you for a bit?”

"Yeah, of course." Namjoon returned to the living room, two glasses of blood in his hands. He offered one to Seokjin.

“Thank you.” Seokjin took the glass of blood, before gesturing for Namjoon to take a seat beside him on the couch. “So… I wanted to ask you a very serious question.”

Namjoon raised an eyebrow at Seokjin's tone, sitting down beside his sire. "What is it?"

“Well, as you know I essentially released my whole team of Enforcers… so I need to find a new team.” Seokjin shrugged. “I was wondering if you'd do me the honour of being one of the first of my new hires.”

The younger vampire startled. "…Wait, what? Me?"

Seokjin nodded, “you see anyone else in the room?”

Namjoon elbowed Seokjin for that. "I'm not exactly… enforcer material though. Why would you ask me? You're going to need competent vampires on your side, not clumsy ones."

Seokjin raised an eyebrow. “And who says you aren't competent in your own way?”
"Maybe as a well-adjusted vampire functioning in society. Being enforcer is… more than that."

"Really? Tell me, Namjoon. What do you think an enforcer does?"

"They keep the peace," Namjoon responded, fingers curled carefully around the glass in his hands. "Whether it's diplomatically or if a situation goes sideways and a fight breaks out. They enforce the laws set by Elders… like the no-kill zones, or fledgling bans. They're someone an Elder can rely on."

"Mmm…” Seokjin nods, “disregarding the past year or so, how many fights do you think an average enforcer gets into?”

"I… wouldn't know, the only Elder I knew of was Taehyung, and he doesn't share most of what he does," Namjoon frowned.

“Ah. Right. Taehyung's team. Taehyung's team isn't the norm by the way. His team is special. They're sort of like the SWAT team of the Elders. The arm who comes down on those who don't follow the rules. But I can tell you, in my old enforcer team I think half of them would probably end up screaming and crying if they actually had to dismember someone.”

Namjoon blinked at that. "So… what did your team do, if Taehyung's took care of enforcing laws?"

“Internal affairs.” Seokjin chuckled, “we essentially kept watch over the other Elders. Also, we worked a lot with Temptress on covert operations. But more the information side, less actual spying?"

"…Information? Is that what you plan on still doing, now that everyone knows you're the real Phantom?"

“Nah. That's probably what Dahyun will be doing.” Seokjin shrugs, “it's quite likely I'll be taking over the Commander's role.”

Namjoon frowned, thinking back to what he knew. If the Bloodhound was the police and military of the Elders, and Temptress and Phantom handled spywork and information respectively… He wasn't sure exactly what Fox did, but he never seemed to run out of money. "The Commander handled most of the paperwork and legal procedures though."
Seokjin nodded, giving Namjoon a slightly amused look.

"Don't you hate that sort of stuff?"

Seokjin grinned. “What did you think enforcers were for again?”

Staring at him for a moment, Namjoon finally snorted. "So you want me to handle all the boring parts for you."

Seokjin chuckled, “trust me. Being an Elder is all boring. As much as I hate paperwork and legal procedures, I apparently have a knack for it, as Yunho used… used to tell me. But as an Elder, you don't have time to look through the details and the distribution, and all the stupid legalities, and that was what Junsu was doing most of the time. Spoiler alert: he hated it.”

"...I'll bet." Junsu had been a vampire of action, much like Taehyung was. But Namjoon couldn't feel sympathy for him, not after all he'd done.

Rubbing the back of his head, Namjoon looked down at his cup of blood as he thought. "...Well, I did want to help out with the new fledglings and everything else going on."

Seokjin smiled, “figuring out regulations for new fledglings, policies regarding them and initiatives to help them integrate back into society is one of the top things on my list.”

"Then I guess it would make sense to take your offer," Namjoon said, lips quirking. "Even if I still think there are plenty of other vampires better suited for it."

“Like who? You're a thinker, Namjoon. You see a lot of things other vampires don't see. If you're talking about how other vampires might be better at seeing, smelling, hearing… then posh. I don't need all those. What I need is a solid point of view, taking account of things I wouldn't think of, and that has always been you, my childe.”

Eyes lifting back to Seokjin beside him, Namjoon's gaze softened as his sire's words spread warmth through his chest. Knowing that he made the man who had been both a parent figure and dear friend proud was the approval he never knew he needed. "...That means a lot coming from you, Seokjin,"
he said softly. "I would be honoured to be your enforcer."

Seokjin grinned back, “don't be honoured so soon. There's literally a whole truckload of enforcers who would be the first to tell you what a terrible Elder to work for I am. But, before you change your mind, welcome on board.”

"I've been living with you for a couple decades Jin, I know full well what I'm getting into," Namjoon chuckled, leaning back into the couch. "Yoongi's going to need backup."

“I'm hoping that you two will work well together. A vampire's perspective, a human's perspective. And that way, we could get the best possible perspective.”

"We'll try, anyways," Namjoon agreed. He took a large swallow from his glass. "What do you plan on doing for the rest of your team? You'll need more than just the two of us."

Seokjin shrugged. “We need new blood. So I was planning to put up an ad.”

Namjoon squinted at him. "...A job ad? For the position of enforcer."

“Seems like it'd be fun, no?"

"...Well, it does seem like something you would do," Namjoon conceded with a sigh. "I'm glad right now you asked Yoongi to be head enforcer and not me."

Seokjin grinned, “well. That could always change. To be honest, there isn't such a position, but I was thinking you would be vice-head enforcer.”

"One step at a time," Namjoon wrinkled his nose. He looked over at Seokjin. "What made you decide to stay on as an Elder? Given what you've told me… I didn't think you were all that interested in continuing."

Seokjin sighed, “who else is left that can do it? I still felt okay shreking my responsibilities while Commander, Temptress and Merchant were alive. But, we're left with Taehyung and Heechul, and the rest are stepping up for the first time. I couldn't rest easy just leaving like that.”
And neither Taehyung nor Heechul were well suited for the sort of tasks left behind by the aforementioned deceased Elders. "I think… you staying on means a lot to everyone."

Seokjin's lips curled, “no idea why. I'm just a slippery dude who hates responsibility.”

"You say that, but you handled the blood supply in Seoul even more than Merchant did," Namjoon pointed out. "And supply and demand was his area of expertise. You've been keeping an eye on things all this while, haven't you? Nudging Taehyung in the right direction when needed, talking to Yunho, reigning in Heechul…"

Seokjin sighed, “not on purpose. It just seems to happen. And the blood supply was actually jointly done with Merchant. I wanted to scream when he was killed.”

"But you got through it. And on purpose or not, you handled everything that came up amazingly."

“I am Kim Seokjin after all.” Seokjin grinned before he slumped a little. “But Dae was right. It's hard doing it alone. So… I'm glad you agreed to join me.”

Namjoon's smile softened. He wrapped one arm around his sire's shoulders, hugging him close. "Anything I can do to help, I will. You, Yoongi and I will work hard together."

“I hope not too hard.” Seokjin smiled back, “hope we have some fun too.”

Chapter End Notes

3 more chaptersssss

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Chapter 42

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The public ceremony for the Commander was held on the Friday. Over four hundred vampires attended from all corners of Korea, and even several from other countries. Yunho had been well liked and respected as an Elder, even by those that didn’t always share his ideology. There were prayers given, and speech upon speech by those who’d known him the most.

On Saturday, a more private ceremony was held, where those closest to him could say goodbye behind closed doors. Just before dawn, Yunho's body was cremated.

And Sunday found Jongdae driving a small group of people to a remote site east of Gwangju, heading up mountainous roads and through dense forest. Taehyung was quiet in the back seat, distant gaze on the forest outside and arms wrapped protectively around the urn in his lap.

Jungkook was beside him, a small trunk at his feet, and he looked on worriedly at Taehyung, even as Seokjin turned around from the front seat to quietly say. “We're nearly there. Maybe another 10 minutes at most.”

Taehyung nodded to indicate he'd heard, eyes drifting along the treetops.

The road was unpaved and uneven, little traffic coming up this way. Aside from the occasional house hidden around inclines in the mountain range, there was no sign of others. But Jongdae kept driving, the silence in the car unbroken until the vehicle rolled to a stop.

"This is as far as we can go by car," he said, looking back at them.

Taehyung got out, the night breeze drifting through his hair as he looked around the dark forest. Another car rolled to a stop behind theirs, Jimin and Namjoon getting out.

Seokjin looked on as everyone gathered, before he turned to Taehyung. “Do you want us to follow you or it'll just be you and Jungkook?”

Looking back at Jungkook beside him, Taehyung exhaled slowly before giving Seokjin a small
smile. "I think… just us. If that's alright."

Seokjin shook his head. “Of course. Thank your time, okay?”

Jungkook had sidled up to the side, carrying the small trunk in his hands. “Ready whenever you are, hyung.”

Taehyung nodded, and together they started to walk away from the cars and into the forest. No one else followed them, the group waiting at the cars as they slowly disappeared into the darkness. Taehyung cradled the urn against his chest, eyes focused ahead.

Though their surroundings looked the same, Taehyung's path through the bushes was straight and sure. As if he'd been here before.

Jungkook followed after Taehyung, careful to stick close. He knew that if he tried on his own, he would totally get lost. They walked in silence for a few minutes, just navigating through the forest with only the moon to light their way. Finally, Taehyung came to a stop.

In front of them was a single stone pillar only reaching up to their knees, faded words carved into its surface. Taehyung exhaled slowly, walking to the pillar and kneeling down in front of it.

"...Hey Bogum hyung," he murmured, holding the urn close to his heart. "You're going to have some company from now on. They worked hard."

Jungkook's eyes were wide as he took in his surroundings. And he was late a beat, quickly scrambling up beside Taehyung to kneel down as well, carefully holding the trunk to his chest.

When Jungkook looked at his boyfriend, he saw Taehyung’s gaze was sad but gentle as he looked at the worn stone. "...This is Jungkook," he said after a short pause. "He's my boyfriend... my soulmate." A sad smile tugged at his lips. "He's cute, isn't he?"

Jungkook quickly bowed towards the pillar. “Er— er… nice to meet you, Bogum-sshi.”

Beside him, Taehyung reached out with his free hand. His palm rested against the smooth, worn
stone. He lingered there for a moment before pulling away and carefully setting the urn down. The vampire slipped his pack off one shoulder, pulling out a small hand shovel. "Here looks good," he said quietly, pressing the tip of the shovel against the ground beside Bogum's grave and starting to dig.

“Oh!” Jungkook quickly hurried to help as well, setting the trunk carefully down and opening it. Secured inside was another urn, a little plainer than the other, and another hand shovel strapped inside. “Should I help you with this hole or dig another one?”

"Can you make the second one? Right... right here." He rested his hand on the other side of the hole he had begun to dig.

“Alright.” Jungkook moved over to where Taehyung was pointing, kneeling down and starting to shovel away. “Let me know how deep, okay, hyung?”

"Yeah."

And they dug in silence for a few minutes, except for Taehyung instructing Jungkook on the size of the hole. The forest was alive with the sound of insects around them, small animals rustling in the bushes.

Finally, Taehyung set Yunho's urn down into the hole he'd dug. He brushed his hand against the lid. "Goodbye, hyung."

Jungkook put the other urn down into the hole he had dug. And staring at it, he felt a small lump in his throat. He didn't quite know how to feel, knowing that he was burying the guy who had brought so much fear, pain and suffering — yet the memory of him was a joyful, playful hyung who had been one of his boyfriend's best friends.

Taehyung looked at Jungkook beside him, eyes tired and sad. He reached out and covered Jungkook’s hands with his own, before drawing him into a tight hug.

Jungkook let out a small noise of surprise, before he leaned into Taehyung's hug, squeezing back for all he was worth. “I'm so sorry, Tae.”

Taehyung made no attempt to reply. He just buried his nose against Jungkook’s neck, breathing in
deeply. He held onto Jungkook for a good minute, fingers smoothing through the human's hair and
listening to his heartbeat.

Then he pulled back, reaching out to rest his hand on Junsu's urn. "...Rest well, you stupid otter."

Jungkook looked over at Junsu's urn, and then Yunho's, before he said quietly, “rest well. Thanks for
taking care of Tae before I knew him.”

And he looked over at Bogum's grave marker before whispering. “Bogum-sshi… thank you for
saving Tae, so that he could save me.”

Taehyung’s lips quivered, and in the moonlight, the glisten of unshed tears was clearly visible. The
vampire swallowed them back before straightening again. He touched Yunho's urn one more time,
before starting to slowly cover it in dirt.

Jungkook licked his lips before remembering something. “Ah— the…” and he picked himself up
dusting his hands on his pants before going over to the trunk, pulling two small grave markers made
of marble from it. “Tae… where should I put these?”

"Here, I'll show you.” Taehyung covered the urn with a layer of earth before taking one of the
markers from his boyfriend, settling it within the newly set earth. With a little more earth around it,
the marker stood straight and proud as Taehyung finished filling in the hole. Jungkook followed
Taehyung's actions, and in no time, the second grave had been fully filled, marker firmly in place.

Pushing himself up and taking a step back, Jungkook felt the lump come back as he read Junsu's
name etched into the stone, glancing over at Yunho's to see the same.

Taehyung didn't step back with Jungkook right away. Instead he bowed, forehead pressing against
the grass in front of the three graves.

He stayed that way for a long minute, in a final farewell. Then he stood, drawing in a breath as he
slung his pack over one shoulder and picked up the empty trunk. "Ready to go?"

Jungkook blinked at Taehyung. “Er— yeah. I just… you… you're ready to go?”
"Yeah." Taehyung looked back at the graves, smiling sadly. Then he turned and started to walk.

Jungkook began to follow after Taehyung before he suddenly paused. Turning around, he gave one more deep 90 degree bow, taking in a deep breath. But before Taehyung could walk too far away, Jungkook straightened, hurrying after the vampire.

The clearing was quiet in the wake of their absence, with nothing but the wind and the moonlight shining down on the dull gleam of marble.

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"Two more travel visas, done."

Jongdae sighed heavily, pushing the stack of papers away from him and resting his head on the desk with a thunk. "I hate paperwork. There's a reason I work with the Bloodhound and not someone who deals with legal bullshit on the regular."

But with Seoul calm for the first time in weeks, it was all hands on deck to send off the rest of the new fledglings to their new homes. And Jongdae couldn't really complain too much, because even Taehyung had taken on a stack of files. Mostly to help out Ryeowook, who had been sworn in as Elder with Dahyun but had yet to gather any enforcers of his own.

Jimin looked up from reading over the fine print of some of the documents Jongdae had filled. "You know. I'm surprisingly okay with this. If only because I get to pick out where you're wrong."

"Glad my misery brings you joy," Jongdae snorted. "I'd rather beat up more rogue vampires than deal with visas."

"Same, but the trick is to find joy where you can." Jimin grinned, putting away the documents. "So, seeing you miserable, and going home and fucking my boyfriend."

Rolling his eyes, Jongdae sat up and pulled the next file closer. "Your boyfriend is probably enjoying
his new job as much as me. Fielding all the nutcases that showed up when Seokjin posted an open application to be an enforcer."

“Well. Surprisingly, it makes the sex pretty interesting. He’s always a little more... free with his actions when he’s preoccupied and trying to get frustration out of his system.”

Then Jimin paused, tapping his chin. “I wonder about Jin-hyung though.”

"What do you mean?" Jongdae asked, opening the file in his hands.

“Dunno. Namjoon said he’s been all antsy lately. Like… he behaved like this before once and disappeared for five years kind of antsy.” Jimin made a small tutting noise. “But then it might be Namjoon just being paranoid. He has pretty wild conspiracy theories at 6 am.”

Jongdae frowned at Jimin’s words, finger tapping against the pen poised over paper. "...Never know with Jin. He likes defying expectations."

Jimin shrugged, “evidently. He's been shaking up the vampire world quite a bit, what with his human head enforcer and his enforcer applications.”

"Having a human enforcer is certainly hitting some vampires the wrong way," Jongdae said dryly. "We're going to keep an eye open in case support for the renegade movement starts up again."

“Maybe that's what Jin-hyung was thinking about. Trying to shake up vampires who don't like humans encroaching into our territory after being isolated from humans so long, other than for food. But yeah, it's pretty stressful.”

"Times of change always are. Vampires have been stagnant for too long, and that's how groups like the renegades came about." Jongdae tapped his pen lightly against the table. "A human enforcer, more no-kill zones, young Elders... the next hundred years are going to be exciting."

Jimin grinned, “they certainly are.”

But before he could say more, someone suddenly bustled into the room dramatically, before flopping
down into one of the empty chairs. “Jesus Christ. When I signed up to be an enforcer, I wasn't expecting to be running around like a crazy person doing fetch quests for the most uncool Elder in the world.”

“Hello, Jeonghan.” Jimin greeted one of Seokjin's new hires with an even wider grin as Jongdae rolled his eyes at the dramatics. “What's Seokjin-hyung having you do now?”

“Dunno, he's released me for the day. But he literally just had me drive him down to the airport before asking me to drive all the way back here to put the car back. Seriously, if he wanted me back here, couldn't he have taken a cab?”

"Sometimes it's better not to try too hard to understand Seokjin's reasons for doing what he does,” Jongdae said. His eyebrows furrowed. "...What's he doing at the airport?"

“Hell if I know.” Jeonghan shrugged. “He said something about meeting his replacement, but like you said, who knows what that means.”

Jongdae's pen paused against the form. "...His replacement?"

“That's what he answered me.” Jeonghan rolled his eyes. “‘Where are we going, hyung’, ‘Airport’, ‘What for?’, ‘Meeting my replacement’, and then he does that thing where he focuses on his phone and blocks out the world? Why is he so annoying and uncool? Do you think it's too late to switch to the Bloodhound's team?”

Jongdae ignored the question, standing up. That couldn't mean…

"Finish up this file and we're done for the day. I'm making a call.” He left Jimin at the table, stepping out into the hall. The door closed on Jimin’s confused yelp.

He pulled his phone from his pocket, dialing Seokjin's number and holding it to one ear.

His answer was a long flat line. Seokjin’s phone was disconnected.

Jongdae's lips thinned, hand clenching tighter around his phone. "...That fucker." He stuffed his
phone into his pocket and headed for the elevators.

It would be just like Seokjin to disappear without a single word.

It was nearly a half hour's drive to Gimpo airport, repeated calls to Seokjin's phone resulting in nothing. This late at night there was little activity around the airport, the last flights for the night on their way out. Jongdae parked the car and headed towards Departures.

There weren't many people around, and so it was easy to spot Seokjin from the entrance — immaculately dressed, standing smack in the middle in front of one of the display boards flashing through the gate information. He didn't notice Jongdae, staring up at the screens. A scowl curled Jongdae's lips, eyes narrowing as he strode right up to the older vampire.

"Yah!"

Seokjin startled, nearly falling over. And his eyes widened even more as he stared at Jongdae. "What… What are you doing here?"

"That's what I should be asking you!" Jongdae's open hands gestured at the airport around them. "Does anyone else know you're doing this? Or are you just going to take off and tell them when you're ten countries away? I thought we meant more to you than that."

Seokjin blinked at Jongdae confused. "I… what? Take off?"

"That's what you're doing here, isn't it?" Jongdae asked bitterly. "You met your replacement or whatever, now you're leaving. You always fucking do this! I don't know why I thought this time would be different."

Seokjin raised an eyebrow. “My… replacement.” He repeated.

"Do you really have nothing else to say for yourself?" Jongdae fumed. Seokjin just stared at him. "You're a fucking asshole, you know that—"

Jongdae’s rant was cut off by Seokjin’s kiss, full on his lips.
Some part of Jongdae wondered if this was just Seokjin's weird ass accentric way of shutting him up. And so, when Seokjin pulled back, Jongdae felt... wary. "...I didn't know we were doing farewell kisses now."

“Because we aren't.” Seokjin chuckled, “did you really think I would wear a fancy suit to ride in a plane?”

Jongdae's eyes narrowed at him. "It wouldn't be the weirdest thing you've done."

Seokjin waved a hand, “I'd wear a traditional outfit first before a suit. But anyway, I am meeting my replacement... As manager of the blood supply chain that is.”

Wait.

"...Your replacement for blood supplies? Not..."

“Not a replacement for an elder. No. Sadly, Elder Kim Seokjin is here to stay. Geeze, I really need to decide on a nickname. That's really a mouthful to say.”

"Oh." And Jongdae deflated, all the fight going out of him. "Oh. Okay. That's... that's good, then."

Seokjin snorted, “Good, huh. Just good?”

"Erm... yeah." A flush of embarrassment rose in Jongdae's cheeks as he realized his error. "I'll just— leave you to that meeting." He turned around to escape.

“Hey, come back here.” Seokjin reached out, snagging Jongdae's wrist. “Did you really think I was just going to run off? After I'd been practically sworn in, in the middle of holding auditions for enforcers. Do I really strike you as that flaky?”

Yanked to a stop, Jongdae glanced over his shoulder at Seokjin. "...Can you really blame me?"
“I guess not.” Seokjin shrugged, “but then. You reacted really strongly too. To come all the way here and scream at me about how this time might be different.”

“You weren't answering your phone. How else was I supposed to yell at you for running away?”

Seokjin chuckled, “that’s true. I sent Jeonghan back too. But it’s not what you think. It’s really because my replacement ‘likes his privacy’, which is just code for he likes his mystery too much so he like to put on all these theatrics—”

“Talking bad about me behind my back again I see,” a voice spoke out and Seokjin startled, before glaring at the man who had appeared, seemingly out of thin air.

“Seo Taiji-nim.” Seokjin said dryly. “Gotten your bags checked in already?”

Jongdae took in the man's put-together appearance, in a nice suit with carefully parted hair. After a moment he gave a small bow, because although he didn't recognize this vampire, he smelled old in the same way Seokjin and Taehyung did.

“Hmm. A polite young man.” This new vampire, Taiji, raised an eyebrow. “Is this the vampire whose gotten you to consider settling down?""}

Jongdae's eyebrows furrowed in confusion. "...Wait, what?"

Seokjin’s face had stiffened, and he was glaring at Taiji. “Shut up, old man. You did that on purpose.”

Taiji was grinning back, a mischievous look on his face. “Well, you're getting me to commit to this tedious thing. I have to get my kicks somewhere.”

A small frown tugging at his lips, Jongdae took a step back but didn't say anything, eyes going back and forth between the two older vampires. Taiji seemed to be waiting for Seokjin to say something, but when he didn't, Taiji just shrugged. “Well, it's already pretty much set. I'll just wait for the papers. Meanwhile, you two probably should talk, so I'll leave you two to it.”
And with that, Taiji left. Jongdae watched him go, before his gaze flicked back to the side of Seokjin’s head. "...What was that about?"

Seokjin let out a soft sigh. “I wanted to wait until things were a little more settled before saying anything. You know? There’s enough changes going. No need for more, right?”

"A little late for that." Jongdae folded his arms across his chest. "What did he mean?"

Seokjin huffed, looking up and away from Jongdae before his shoulders slumped and he said. “I found the letters. My letters. The ones that I’ve sent you over the years. All of them.”

Jongdae blinked before his eyes widened, because he knew exactly what Seokjin was talking about. "...Oh." He exhaled slowly, looking away towards the departures screen. He could almost imagine it — Seokjin opening his desk drawer and finding the carefully stored pile of old, old letters. It must have been the night he stayed over. "You can't let that go?"

“Let that go? What do you mean? Why would I let that go?"

An announcement played overhead, the polite female voice background noise to what was happening below. "You’ve always made it clear you don't like responsibility, or being tied down to anything," Jongdae said, breathing in deeply. "I've... had feelings for you for a long time, but there was no point in saying anything because all it would do is push you away. So I'm asking if you can let the letters slide."

Seokjin raised an eyebrow before he sighed, reaching into his inner pocket and pulling out what seemed like a small pack of… letters?

“I can't keep everything with me. You know how it is. Travelling. But I bring my favourites along with me.”

"Are those..." Jongdae took the letters in his hands, seeing the aged paper and faded scrawls of ink. "These are my letters to you."

Seokjin nodded after a moment. “Yeah. Well, not all of them. Just… my favourites. So…”
Jongdae swallowed, staring down at the letters. When he spoke, his voice was unusually tentative, like this all was an illusion that would shatter should he speak too loudly. "Does this mean... I have a chance?"

Seokjin sighed. “You've always had one. I just… you're right. I didn't wanna get tied down, so I didn't bother. But… now, the Elder position… making me stay. There's nothing stopping me for dating you too.”

The younger vampire frowned, not sure how to take that. "Elder or not, you're not obligated to do shit with me. I don't want to be another chain around your neck."

Seokjin let out a small sound of frustration. “You're not listening, Dae. Okay, let's try this a different way.”

And Seokjin stepped forward, pulling Jongdae into another kiss, but one deep, waiting and passionate. His hands left nothing to imagination, both planting onto the swell of Jongdae's ass.

Jongdae's response was a muffled protest against Seokjin's mouth, nearly dropping the letters in his grip. But it only took him the space of a breath to melt into the kiss and return it, his free hand trailing up to cup the nape of Seokjin's neck and draw him in closer.

Seokjin continued to deepen the kiss, hands kneading Jongdae's ass gently, before he finally pulled back a little. “I don't wanna date you 'cause I'm obligated to. I wanna date you because I've liked you for a while, but just been too dumb to act on it.”

Jongdae stared up at him, before his lips curled into something relieved and warm. "...Not what I was expecting to happen tonight," he murmured, before pulling Seokjin back down into another deep kiss, ignoring the humans milling around them giving them wide berths.

Seokjin moaned into the kiss, and he got sloppy about it, tongue diving into Jongdae's, eyes a little too dark when he broke the kiss a little to say: “fuck. It's been too long. If we continue we're gonna end up fucking right here in public.”

"Not seeing a problem with that," Jongdae answered, nose brushing against Seokjin's jaw. "Are you done with your meeting? We can kick Jimin and Jeonghan out of my place."
Seokjin groaned. “Yeah, yeah. Done. So done. Let's get a cab.”

They kiss all the way back in the cab. And thankfully, those two listened for once and an empty room greeted them when Jongdae opened the door. Because Seokjin practically tore the clothes off Jongdae the moment they stepped inside.

It was much later when they finally both ran out of steam, sprawled across Jongdae's bed with the sheets only haphazardly covering their bodies and one of Jongdae's arms draped over Seokjin's waist. When the sweat on their skin cooled, he hesitated only for a moment before shifting closer, pulling the sheets more securely up around them. "So that's why you've been antsy the last week or so? You weren't getting any?"

Seokjin opened his eyes, a rueful look on his face. “I was going to ask you out after the auditions were done and things were a little less hectic. Didn't seem right to go have one night stands just before I asked you out.”

"Sorry for screwing up your plans then."

Seokjin sighed, “you always did mess with my plans. But I guess I deserve it from stringing you along for so long.”

"I never said anything." Jongdae shrugged. "But that's in the past now, right? I don't have to pretend not to care if you walk in smelling like someone else?"

Seokjin ducked his head. “Wow, really not helping with the guilt. But yeah, if I walk in smelling like I had sex with someone else, you have permission to get full on jealous.”

"That's good enough for me." Jongdae's hand framed Seokjin's jaw. "Oh, and one more thing: I get to do this whenever I feel like it." He drew Seokjin down into a kiss.

Seokjin let out a small squeak of surprise, before laughing into the kiss. “Even in the middle of an important meeting?”

"If I feel like it, why not?" Jongdae chuckled. "Might stop you from strangling the others when they're being a bunch of idiots."
“And then they'd want to strangle us for public displays of affection.”

"Elders have a reputation for being unpredictable. You especially.”

“Yes. I totally built up that reputation so that you could kiss me whenever you want.” Seokjin rolled his eyes.

"I'm just saying. It would be a good use of it." Jongdae shrugged before settling back down beside Seokjin.

“Yeah sure. It's always fun to see Chullie get an aneurysm. Revenge for all the times he gave me one.”

And then Seokjin sighed, nudging Jongdae, saying, “help me pick a nickname.”

"You still don't have one?” Jongdae blinked. "What sort of name are you looking for?"

“I don't know.” Seokjin sighed, “it's not like I have significant characteristics other than being handsome as fuck. But as eccentric as I am, making people call me 'worldwide cutie guy’ or something would still be a bit over the top.”

Jongdae snorted. "People would just abbreviate it to Worldwide or something anyways, and then everyone around them would be confused. Hmm... Matron? You've sort of taken on the role," he teased.

Seokjin leveled Jongdae with a glare. “I'm not that fucking motherly. If anything, Ryeowook is more matron than I am.”

"Eh. I think he's got his own goals in mind,” Jongdae smirked. "Choosing the Sentry for his Elder name. For you though... how about... the Doctor."
"That's not all you do," Jongdae shrugged. "You fix things... diagnose problems. And it does fit your profession."

Seokjin blinked at Jongdae. “You're serious.”

"For Matron, no. Doctor? It fits you," Jongdae stretched out along the mattress. "It's just an idea."

“Doctor,” Seokjin repeated quietly. “I guess it's good enough a name as any.”

Jongdae hummed. His arm settled around Seokjin's waist again, drawing the older vampire close. "Decide after a nap."

Seokjin's lips curled, going in for a soft kiss.

“Best idea I've heard in a while.”

Chapter End Notes

I can already hear the collective "f i n a l l y" in the comments lmao

The next two chapters are gonna be epilogue chapters after a small time skip. And then we'll be done :) Thank you to everyone who's sent us love!! You guys are amazing <3

Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter? :) And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @eyondah and @curionene, and we have a moodboard thread here!
3 years later

The conference room was quiet, the majority of the chairs still unoccupied. It was still a good fifteen minutes from the designated meeting time, and most of the vampires who would fill the room preferred to either be right on time or fashionably late. It wasn't uncommon for the room to still be a barren wasteland ten minutes into their agreed start time.

But today one vampire at least was there early, arms pillowed against the table and dozing to the faint ticking of the clock on the wall.

Nose twitching as a new scent reached him, Taehyung opened one eye to peer at the door. It clicked open a moment later.

Surprisingly, the next Elder in was Seokjin. He normally rivalled Heechul in being the most 'fashionably late', which meant that today was one of those days where his young enforcers were stir-crazy and had been driving Seokjin nuts.

He doesn't comment about that though, instead seeing Taehyung immediately, staring with his nose flared. "Oh. Gross. You still smell like sex. Didn't you have a raid last night? What the fuck?"

"We did," Taehyung hummed with a nod, rubbing one eye while still sprawled across the conference table. "Didn't Dae tell you? It went well, so Kookie and I were celebrating."

“You two are insatiable.” Seokjin said incredulously. “Dae was so tired out he plonked onto the bed and fell asleep.”

"Kook was in an even better mood because his art assets for that new MMO were approved," Taehyung just grinned. "It took him awhile to fuck out all that extra energy."

Before Seokjin could reply, there was a soft cough coming from one of the chairs, and there Dahyun
was, staring at them with judgemental eyes. “The two of you… are disgusting.”

Taehyung wasn’t the least bit surprised, nose twitching at her familiar lilac and lavender scent. But it was fun to watch Seokjin jump at his former head enforcer’s sudden appearance. "Disgusting in love, you mean," Taehyung cheesed.

Dahyun made another disgusted sound, and Taehyung was amused to see that it fueled Seokjin’s desire to be annoying, a mischievous spark flaring in Seokjin’s eyes. “Oh, how much you’ve changed.” He bemoaned dramatically. “You used to be in such awe of everyone.”

“Yeah, well, that was before I realized how everyone here were just talented dorks.” Dahyun shrugged.

Taehyung gasped, sitting up straight. "That's the nicest thing anyone's ever said about me."

The door opened again, Ryeowook stepping in with an impassive expression. "I thought I heard your squawking."

"Wookie!" Taehyung flew up from his chair to give his former enforcer a hug, Ryeowook grunting as he was all but smothered by the taller vampire.

Dahyun sighed. “Meetings used to be a somber serious thing. Now they're this crazy fest. It's probably because of you, Doctor.”

Seokjin shrugged. It's not something he can deny. “You're probably right.”

"They also used to happen once every fifty years," Ryeowook said, voice muffled by Taehyung’s shoulder. He gave the other vampire a pat on his arm before pulling away to take a seat. "I think recent events have made it more than obvious that things have to change."

"One thing that will never change is weasel being late," Taehyung said with a huff, dropping down into his chair again.

“Yah. I heard that.” And the door opened, revealing Heechul, the last to arrive.
“It’s true that you’re always late though, Fox.” Dahyun snorted. “you know no one cares about being fashionably late, right?”

Heechul bristled, sniffing at Dahyun. “Seriously. Seniority doesn't mean a thing nowadays.”

But with all five currently-serving Elders arrived, they could take their seats around the table and start the meeting that had become a bi-annual occurrence. As per usual, Ryeowook already had the meeting agenda up on his tablet, eyes lifting to the others. "I suppose we can start with the extension of Seoul's no-kill law throughout Gyeonggi-do."

"Since it went into effect six months ago, we're still seeing a lot of pushback from cities like Suwon and Pyeongtaek," Taehyung said, chin resting in one hand. "I've enlisted groups of local enforcers in each region to help with the transition. We just finished a raid in Ansan last night to deal with a small coven responsible for fifteen deaths since the law was updated."

“Some of my enforcers were also involved in the raid last night. We've managed to retrieve a couple from the coven alive, and I've spoken to them.” Seokjin added. “After they were done spitting at me, I gathered from them that it was mostly the usual dissent of vampires being annoyed that someone was coming in to tell them what to do.”

"So the renegades had no influence on this group?" Ryeowook asked. It wouldn't be the first time they'd seen the renegade movement of three years ago have a lasting effect on other covens.

"Not that we could tell," Taehyung shook his head. "But there's been other covens sympathizing with them in the area, so it's too early to rule it out completely."

“Yeah. Dahyun and her team has been keeping an eye for it, correct?” Seokjin looked to her.

Dahyun nodded, “there hasn't been much noise about it in Korea other than the few problem covens we've singled out. And thankfully a lot of the publicized view it is negative — against renegade ideals that is.”

"Small favours," Taehyung hummed. "We'll just have to make sure it stays that way, with our proposed schedule of extending the no-kill laws to all of South Korea by 2050. That's fast for vampires."
“Yeah. But necessary.” Seokjin shrugged. “Technology is improving quicker than ever. We've gotta push for this faster.”

There was agreement all around the table at that. "...Here's a spot of good news to share," Ryeowook hummed, looking down at his tablet. "I received word the other day that the last group of fledglings sent out to China are cleared to return. Those who want to return, anyways." Most of the couple hundred fledglings had long since gotten control over their bloodlust and successfully reintegrated into society, but there had been a few hold-outs, those with such poor control they had needed to stay in regulated environments much longer.

Seokjin let out a cheer. “Great! Hoseok would be thrilled to hear that.” Hoseok hadn't ended up joining anyone's team, but he'd gotten hugely involved in that project, talking and encouraging anyone who needed it. And his phone had been always open to those who had gotten homesick and needed someone to talk to.

"Yoongi will be a little less thrilled, he gets to take care of the paperwork for that," Taehyung snorted, but there was a happy grin on his face. "That's fantastic."

“Glad to know you derive such joy from my Head Enforcer’s suffering,” Seokjin snorted. “Anyway. More updates on the blood bag supply. It's going steady as usual, but as you all know, Taiji has also started an official live donor project which allows humans to give consent for vampires to drink straight from the source under strict supervision and for a myriad of benefits. It's full swing now, and our donor pool has increased to 200 people. Which is really great.”

"That's good," Ryeowook said. "If it keeps gaining popularity, we could see about opening new locations in Busan and Kwangju."

Seokjin nodded. “We'd just have to be a little more careful there. Communities are a little more tight-knit, so they do notice things more.”

“Speaking of benefits, donation funds are at an all-time high, you're welcome.” Heechul interjected. “We should have more than enough to fund that new project and help those new fledglings get reintegrated.”

"Great. Your team will sign off on the traveling and lodging expenses?" Ryeowook asked, glancing at Seokjin.
“Yeah. Just fire an e-mail off to Namjoon. He’ll take care of it,” Seokjin replied brightly.

Taehyung muffled a snort in his sleeve, disguising it as a cough. Ryeowook rolled his eyes.

They went through the rest of the items on the agenda, catching each other up on what their separate teams had been tackling the past few months and planning out their next steps forward. With only five of them for an ever expanding community, they had a lot of ground to cover. And so it was well into the middle of the night when they finally wrapped up.

"Have a good trip to China," Taehyung said cheerfully to Ryeowook on his way out.

"It's not a vacation, you know," Ryeowook replied wryly.

Taehyung sighed. "I know. We need to get you more enforcers so you can shove all the menial tasks onto them." Ryeowook just laughed, thin shoulders shaking.

Seokjin grinned, “you should really hold open auditions. Look at me. I have 14 minions ready to alternatively help and annoy me.”

"And I'm amazed every day at Yoongi and Namjoon's ability to wrangle the other twelve into any sense of order." Ryeowook shook his head, turning to Taehyung to give him a hug. "I'm off."

Smiling widely, Taehyung hugged him back. From a scared fledgling three hundred years ago, Ryeowook had come a long way. "Yeah, see you when you get back." Ryeowook pulled away, bowing politely to Seokjin before heading off.

"Fourteen enforcers is too much," Taehyung snorted, watching him go. "Even by my standards. It took you a year to remember half of their names."

Seokjin shrugged, “I took half a year to remember half of their nicknames. But eh. As long as they respond.”
"Just stop sending Mingyu and Seungkwan to back me up on raids," Taehyung said as they walked towards the elevator. "Those two have no idea what stealth means."

“Mingyu isn't so bad.” Seokjin grinned. “It's just when he's with Seungkwan he gets… excited.”

"Excited is an understatement!" Taehyung whined. "You know what they started in the middle of last night's raid? A whistling contest. While we were staking out the coven's neighbourhood, I suddenly gained a couple of canaries. And they dragged Junhong into it!"

Seokjin chuckled, “maybe your targets thought they were canaries too.”

"No they did not," Taehyung huffed at him. "All three of said canaries nearly lost their heads. This is payback for something, isn't it."

“Is it?” Seokjin said airily, “I'm just sharing the joy that my enforcers bring into my life.”

Taehyung squinted at him. "You're getting revenge by setting your little minions on me." He sniffed, stepping into the elevator. When they reached the ground floor, he set off with a flounce. "I'm going back to cuddling with my boyfriend, you meanie."

Seokjin shrugged. “I'm not going to stop you. I'll probably do something similar myself, but with less cuddling and more fucking.”

"Who's the insatiable one now," Taehyung quipped over his shoulder as he started down the street. "See you later, don't break the bed!"

“My bed frame is titanium. If I could break it, it'd be a feat.” Seokjin waved as he turned the other way, looking at his phone. His driver was just down the corner apparently.

The ride back was quiet and uneventful, Seokjin staring at his phone the whole time even as the car drove towards the apartment complex that housed not only him, but also all his enforcers.

When asked about it, Seokjin would just say it was for convenience sake, but Yoongi and Namjoon would know it was mostly because a big bulk of the twelve he'd taken on either had been living hand
to mouth while renting a place or were having problems concealing their vampirism at home. The penthouse on the top floor served as their headquarters. Seokjin had said that he was coming back here to spend time with Jongdae, but sadly, he had some work to do first.

Thankfully, the bulk of his enforcers didn't seem to be in. Not so thankfully, Yoongi and Hoseok were there, and Seokjin was greeted by a very nice view of Hoseok's ass the moment he walked in.

Thankfully said ass was still very clothed, though somehow Hoseok had ended up half upside-down on the couch in what looked like play-wrestling gone wrong. Yoongi just looked highly amused, shoving Hoseok onto his side on the couch. They didn't live in the apartment complex with the others, but came by the penthouse every other day anyways. Yoongi had adamantly refused the first time Seokjin had brought up moving in, saying, "just because I work for you doesn't mean I want to see you every second of every day."

"Hey," Yoongi said when he looked up and saw Seokjin. "The meeting went well?"

“As well as most meetings go.” Seokjin squinted at the both of them. “Were you about to have sex on the community couch?”

Hoseok yelped, nearly falling off. “What the fuck— no!”

Yoongi rolled his eyes, reaching out and pulling on Hoseok's collar to keep him on the couch with what looked like instinct after three years of dating. "We were bored waiting for you to come back."

“So... you decided to have sex on the community couch?” Seokjin raised an eyebrow. “I mean I don't care, but you'd set the kids off for sure, and I'm sure as hell not answering any questions about butt sex.”

“What the fuck,” Hoseok repeated, only Yoongi’s tight grip keeping him steady. “No, we were just — I was trying to get to his ticklish spot, that's all!”

“I see. That's what they're calling it nowadays, huh?" Seokjin went over to one of the tables lining the wall, dumping his bag there.

Yoongi pulled Hoseok back up onto the cushion properly. "Jongdae disappeared an hour ago, you'll probably find him dozing on your bed.” Given how the Bloodhound's team had to move at a
moment's notice, even during the middle of the day, Jongdae liked to get his sleep when he could. "So, that's it? No update from the meeting?" Yoongi squinted at the vampire. "You gave me more work, didn't you."

Seokjin hummed, “I mean, the final phase of the relocation project is going ahead. We're finally bringing some of them back home.”

Hoseok clapped his hands in delight. “Really? That's wonderful!”

"…As long as you don't pass me all the paperwork to deal with five hours before the deadline again,” Yoongi frowned at Seokjin.

Seokjin shrugged, “that's on Ryeowook, not me.”

Yoongi just huffed, arm around Hoseok's waist. "Anything else we need to be made aware of? Or can we go home and sleep?"

“You had like a whole day to sleep. Are you sure you're not going back to do something else on the bed that's not sleeping?” Seokjin raised an eyebrow.

“Jin-hyung!” Hoseok whined, “in any case no. I do have to sleep. There's a recital coming up and my students have booked me full through the whole week.”

“A recital? Exciting.” Seokjin did look genuinely interested. “Good luck with that, even though I would still love to somehow convince you to quit and join my team of enforcers.”

"There's no reason why he has to stop doing what he loves,” Yoongi said, hand finding Hoseok's. "You've got fourteen enforcers already, and Taehyung has more than enough too.” Both Elders had been trying to convince Hoseok to join them ever since the young vampire got enough of a handle over his new body for them to realize just how ridiculously fast he could be. And agile. Taehyung had spent an hour gushing about how much of an asset Hoseok would have been on the Bloodhound's team.

“Well, you know. He could work part time.” But it's a tired argument, and Seokjin was really just doing this, because habit. When Yoongi was in trouble, Hoseok was literally somehow always there.
“Sorry, hyung.” Hoseok squeezed Yoongi’s hand to appease him. “But I won't be quitting for a bit.”

Yoongi relaxed visibly. While Seokjin’s human head enforcer was plenty comfortable in his new job these days, helped along by lots of sparring lessons with the Gong clan and a silver knife on him at all times, he was still agitated by any attempt to drag Hoseok further into the chaos Seokjin and Taehyung regularly found themselves in. "Namjoon and Jimin already confirmed they're going to the recital. It's in the shared calendar."

“Ah. Okay. Noted.” Seokjin picked up his phone. “I'll schedule it in. Wonder if Dae will wanna go.”

Hoseok whined, ducking his face into Yoongi's arm. “You guys don't need to come. It's just a recital.”

"Why shouldn't we go? It's for support," Yoongi chuckled, their hands squished between their bodies. "But the rest of the Doctor's thousand and one minions are not invited, we won't be able to even hear the music over their noise."

“You break the news to them then,” Seokjin says genially as Hoseok's heart suddenly freezes in very real fear.

“Hyung, did you… send it over to the group chat?”

Sure enough, a second later there was a ping on Yoongi's phone. The human scowled at Seokjin. "Asshole."

Seokjin shrugged, “you said it too late. I didn't realize you didn't want the kids there. They would have been so sad, realizing they weren't invited to their Hobi-hyung's recital.”

"Okay, we're leaving," Yoongi huffed, standing up and pulling on Hoseok's hand. "I'll deal with that fallout in the morning."

Hoseok yelled in surprise as he was pulled up, nearly falling over. “Oh! Er… bye, Jin-hyung.”
“Bye.” Seokjin replied, amused that even annoyed as Hoseok probably was with Seokjin, he still was polite. “See you guys tomorrow.”

And with that, the two left — leaving Seokjin alone in the penthouse, their voices echoing down the hall all the way to the elevator.

Seokjin shook his head in amusement, turning back to the bag on his desk and then looking around at the empty room around him. He wrinkled his nose before shaking his head and turning to look back at the bag. “I’ll deal with you tomorrow.”

And then, he flounced right out of the room.

He’d taken an apartment on the fifth floor — with no particular reason other than he liked the view. It was nice and neat, mostly because most of his stuff was stored in another apartment, and the majority of his medical stuff was put into the penthouse suit where a room had been converted into a proper operating room. It was a little messier now though, of course, because there wasn’t just one person living there anymore, but two. And for all his good traits, Jongdae could be a bit of a hoarder.

“I’m back.” Seokjin yelled as he came in, making a beeline into the toilet to wash his face. “Did you miss me?”

"Didn't even notice you were gone," Came the cheeky, very Jongdae reply from the bedroom. The other vampire was scrolling through news articles on his tablet, looking up as he saw Seokjin's shadow move past. "Meeting went well? Heechul didn't end up halfway through a wall?"

“It was all good.” Seokjin came out of the bathroom, towelling his face and flopping down besides Jongdae. “Tae was in a good mood because he and Jungkook fucked all night.”

"So he was too tired to start anything. Why am I even surprised," Jongdae snorted. He looked at Seokjin with a wry grin. "You look like you could use a good nap yourself. Those kids of yours are driving you up the wall."

Seokjin leaned onto Jongdae, burying himself in the younger vampire's side. “They are. Ungh. Some days I love them, but other days it's like herding a bunch of frat kids and I'm their stressed out RA.”

"I hate to say I told you so, but... I told you so." Jongdae placed his tablet aside. His arms found their
way around Seokjin's waist. "So did Yoongi and Namjoon, like... at least ten times each."

“I know. And I know what I was getting into. I just... need to complain about it a bit, otherwise I'll really go batshit crazy.” Seokjin huffed, “and for all their complaining, Yoongi and Namjoon have both memorized all their real names.”

"So have you, even if you had to pin nametags to all their clothes to do it." Jongdae leaned in, pressing a kiss to Seokjin's mouth.

“I memorized their nicknames. Damn, still have no clue what Woozi and Hoshi's real names are.” Seokjin mumbled into the kiss, moaning a little. “Geeze, you're distracting in the best way possible.”

"That's my job," Jongdae murmured teasingly, hand sneaking under the hem of Seokjin's shirt to glide against soft skin. "Distracting the Doctor from his many troubles."

Seokjin arched into the touch, pressing hot lips to Jongdae's jaw. “Funny, I thought you were... mmm... Head Enforcer to the Bloodhound.”


“Well then,” Seokjin grinned as he leaned back a little, teasing. “I guess it's time for a surprise evaluation.”

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The musicians in the square finished their set to light applause from their audience, the sound echoing through the peaceful night air. Namjoon would have clapped as well, except his arms were already plenty occupied where they were wrapped around Jimin's waist. He pressed up against his boyfriend's back from behind, nose tucked against Jimin's scarf; this close to the river so late in the year left the nights more than a little chilly.
It was no real problem for them, though. Between the cuddles and hands in each other's pockets, there was no lack of warmth to go around.

Jemin grinned, his hands free to clap enough for both Namjoon and himself. And he was in a good mood, the both of them finally free to go on an uninterrupted date for the first time in a long while.

“That was nice.” Jemin said once the crowd began to break. “Where do you wanna go next?”

"Mmm... let's just walk? And see what else is going on by the river," Namjoon chuckled into Jemin's scarf. "Unless you had something in mind?"

“No. Just happy enjoying your presence.” Jemin replied cheesily, pulling away so he could grab Namjoon's hand. “Alright, onwards to nowhere.”

Grinning, Namjoon linked their fingers together as they started walking again. It was nice to spend some downtime together like this. Between their various tasks working under the Bloodhound and Doctor respectively, it was hard to match their schedules. If Taehyung wasn't calling Jemin out for enforcement duties, Seokjin needed Namjoon in the penthouse going over documents or something else equally important.

"Hey... looks like that cider stand is still open," Namjoon blinked. Up ahead was a familiar sight, the stand they'd bought cider from on their first purposeful date.

Jemin squeezed Namjoon’s hand excitedly. “Oh! Maybe we should get one to share?” They couldn’t really drink that much. And they’d found that Jemin enjoyed human food even less than the average vampire, but that didn’t stop Jemin from trying.

"Yeah, why not." Namjoon couldn't help but grin at the excitement in Jemin's voice. They walked up to the cider stand, getting in line.

The smell of hot apple cider was nostalgic, and if nothing else, Namjoon still loved that smell even as a vampire. Paying the woman at the stand, he offered the cup to Jemin.

Jemin blew on the cup before he took a sip. “Ahh… doesn’t taste the same, but the warmth is nice.”
"It is." Namjoon guided Jimin out of the line with a careful hand against the younger vampire's back. There was a bench nearby, so they moved there to look out across the river. "It's been a while since we've last come by this way."

“Yeah.” Jimin agreed, pulling Namjoon to sit down with him and immediately snuggling up to him. “We’ve been busy for a bit haven’t we? It’s been… wow… three years.”

"It's passed by fast," Namjoon said, arm wrapping around Jimin's waist. "Hasn't it?"

“It has.” Jimin hummed, “a wonderful three years. But wow, can’t believe just three years ago my life was totally different. And very much less fulfilling than now.”

"Would you change anything?" Namjoon asked, watching the waves ripple across the river's surface. "Looking back on those three years."

Jimin wrinkled his nose. “Maybe I would have liked to be turned a little less traumatically. But other than that, no. Not really.”

Namjoon thought they all would have been happier if Jimin hadn't had to go through what he did to become a vampire. Turning his head, Namjoon pressed a soft kiss to his boyfriend's temple. "I'm really glad you're here, Jimin."

Jimi's eyelashes fluttered a little, and he ducked his head a little in a shy smile, “And I'm really glad I met you too, Joon-ah. You changed my whole world.” Eyes crinkling in joy, Namjoon hugged Jimin close with one arm.

They sat there comfortably, passing the cup of cider back and forth until it was empty. Then Namjoon set it aside.

"I have something for you," he said softly, reaching into his coat pocket.

Jimin blinked, expression bemused. “Oh… what's the occasion? It's not my birthday is it?”

"No, I just... felt it was right," Namjoon pulled out a small box, looking suspiciously like a ring box
Because it was, and he opened it a moment later to reveal the two identical promise rings inside — black tungsten each with half of a heart etched into their surface, and positioned so the halves formed the full heart perfectly.

Jimin stared for a long, hot minute. And then he reached out, one finger gently touching the rings as if they would crumble to dust if he pressed too hard. “Joon… These… These are…”

Namjoon watched Jimin's expression, feeling nerves bubble up his throat; because he wasn't sure if he was overstepping, even if they'd been dating steadily for three years. "Are they... too much?"

Jimin looked up, his eyes suspiciously shiny. “Too much? No Joon. It's just… I didn't expect…”

And Jimin couldn't complete his sentence, instead opting to tackle Namjoon in a full body hug.

Namjoon somehow avoided dropping the box, arms wrapping around Jimin in return. A long sigh of relief escaped before he smiled, hugging him and smoothing his free hand over Jimin's back. "I love you, Chim," he murmured, nothing but soft adoration in his heart.

“And I love you, Joonie.” Jimin replied, voice muffled into Namjoon's shoulder. “Fuck, I love you so, so much.”

Smile stretching into a grin, Namjoon pressed a kiss to Jimin's temple. "…Come on," he whispered after a moment, nudging his boyfriend. "Let me put it on you."

Jimin sniffled, but pulled back obediently. “I can't believe you actually found a way to be even sweeter than you already are.”

Namjoon kissed Jimin's mouth for that, thumbs brushing at the corners of his eyes before leaning back properly. He removed the smaller ring from the box, taking Jimin's hand and carefully sliding it onto his finger. Jimin watched in quiet awe, and he didn't even seem to dare to breathe, as if breathing might shatter the moment.
But after Namjoon slid on the ring, he took in a shaky breath, biting his lips. Namjoon could see the growing sheen in his boyfriend’s eyes, the tremble at the corner of his mouth. “It’s… it’s so beautiful. Can I put… yours on?”

"Yeah," Namjoon breathed, thumb ghosting over the smooth surface of the ring now adorning Jimin's finger. A declaration to the world that this beautiful man was his. "Yeah, of course." He held the box out to Jimin.

Jimin took the box reverently, plucking the ring out before taking Namjoon's hand. His own hands were shaking as he slid the ring on, but…

The ring sat on Namjoon's finger, gleaming — a match of his own for all the world to see.

The widest, dimpled smile formed as Namjoon looked down at the ring, feeling the solid weight. Then he looked up and saw the tears dripping silently down Jimin's cheeks. "Hey…” He chuckled softly, lifting his hands and brushing away the tears as best as he could, framing Jimin's face in both hands.

“Oh.” Jimin hadn't realized he'd started crying. “Oh. Shit. Sorry… I'm just… Fuck. I'm so happy.”

Namjoon laughed softly, pulling Jimin into an embrace. "Me too." He just held his boyfriend like that, hand smoothing up and down his back in slow circles. Jimin sniffled again, holding onto Namjoon as if clinging onto a lifeline.

“Fuck, Namjoon. You really… you've… you're just the love of my life, you know?”

"And you're mine, Chim," Namjoon mumbled into Jimin's hair, breathing in his boyfriend's comforting peppermint scent.

“No, like. You don't understand.” Jimin sniffled, “you're literally, the first one to treat me with… so much love. Like this. The very first. Fuck. All I'd known before you was physical pleasure and I thought that was good. You— you've just given me, so so much. Because you loved me, I finally… finally know what it's like to be loved. Really loved. You know?”

Listening to Jimin's heartfelt, tear-lodged words, Namjoon swallowed and pressed his lips together against the tears he could feel starting to gather. "…Oh Jimin," he sighed, hugging him tighter. "I
wish I wasn't the first, because you… you deserve so, so much more than what you got. I love you so much, I would do anything to see you smile."

“Well,” Jimin swallowed, “that's easy. As long as you're smiling, then I'll be smiling too.”

Namjoon laughed, pressing a kiss to Jimin's hair again. "Then we'll just have to stay together for a long, long time. Right?"

“Yeah. Yeah.” Jimin agreed before pulling back. “Can I kiss you?”

The older vampire's dimples reappeared in his smile. "As if I'd ever say no to that."

And Jimin smiled through his tears, leaning in to press a surprisingly sweet and gentle kiss to Namjoon's lips. Namjoon returned the kiss, their lips fitting perfectly together as his arm around Jimin's waist drew his boyfriend close. A lot had changed for them since the last time they'd sat on this bench, good and bad. Jimin had gone through a traumatic turning, the vampire community had been flipped on its head, and now they were both serving as enforcers to their close friends. Being enforcers meant putting themselves in the line of fire, especially for Jimin working in the Bloodhound's team. It meant danger; but honestly, between both of them being vampires and one a former hunter, danger was a given at this point.

Neither of them were certain what the future held, but as far as Namjoon was concerned, as long as he had Jimin secure in his arms like this, everything would turn out just fine.

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It still felt a little strange to be coming home from work to the apartment after so many years of being a student. Stranger to think that he actually earns his own income now — enough that he can probably move out and rent an apartment on his own. Not that he really needs or intends to.

He doesn't always need to go down to the office, not for his job. His boss is the sort of person who doesn't really matter how or where the work gets done, just that it does get done. So, he probably could spend more time in the apartment. But—
“Tae? I'm home! Are you in the-urk!”

— there's one huge fucking distraction preventing him from working at all at home.

"Hey Kook, welcome home," Taehyung leaned out of the kitchen doorway with a cheeky grin, the smell of chicken and spices in the air. "I'm making dakgalbi, it's just about done!"

“Hyung!” Jungkook complained, his face red as he tried to hide it behind his hands. “Where the fuck are your pants?”

Taehyung just shrugged, like he wasn't clad in one of Jungkook's oversized hoodies and absolutely nothing else — long, slender legs on full display with the hoodie just barely covering the important bits.

"In the closet."

“Hyung—” Jungkook groaned, “you shouldn't be cooking without pants. What if oil splatters and burns your dick. That isn't sexy at all!”

And this was far from the first time Jungkook had come back home to find Taehyung in some state of not-completely-dressed. When the vampire wasn't dealing with Elder business or sleeping off exhaustion, he got his kicks by discovering all the possible ways to fluster his boyfriend. That ranged from wearing only an apron when Jungkook got home, or sexting him all sorts of inappropriate suggestions while Jungkook was at work, or just straight up calling him and playing the 'what are you wearing' game. Or the one time he bought black lace lingerie from... somewhere, and proceeded to wear it under his clothes while they were out on business for the sole reason that Jungkook knew he was wearing it and couldn't do a single thing about it until they were away from the public eye.

Basically, Taehyung loved tormenting his boyfriend.

"That's what the hoodie is for," Taehyung grinned, bouncing over. He wrapped his sweater paws around Jungkook's wrists, pulling the human's hands out of the way for a kiss.

Jungkook made a small sound of protest, but still sank into the kiss. And after a while, he released his
hands from Taehyung's so that he could wrap them around Taehyung's waist.

His face was still pink when they pulled away though. And he muttered, “you're incorrigible.”

Taehyung just grinned at him, arms wrapping around Jungkook's neck. "But you love me."

Jungkook sighed, before a soft smile quirked at his lips. “Yeah. I do.”

That earned him another kiss before the vampire pulled away, heading back to the kitchen. "Go wash up, dinner's just about ready for you."

“Yeah, yeah.” Even though Jungkook had been inside in an air conditioned room all day, Jungkook was more than happy to take a bath. He liked being clean. “See you after I shower then. Please don't lie down on the table naked to greet me again.”

"You ruin all my fun, Jeon Jungkook!" Taehyung called after him.

“And you're working me to an early grave, Kim Taehyung!” Jungkook shouted back, even though the words were in jest. “Also, no hiding all the cutlery and saying that I have to eat out of your hands!”

An exaggeratedly appalled gasp. "I would never do that!"

There wasn't an answer. Both of them know Taehyung would probably do it.

Jungkook was out of the shower in no time flat, towelling his hair as he walked back out of the kitchen. As promised, Taehyung wasn't doing anything wacky when Jungkook returned (he still hadn't put on pants, but small victories). The steaming plate of dakgalbi and side dishes were waiting for Jungkook at the table, and the sun had lowered enough for Taehyung to open the blackout curtains, the city lights illuminating the inside of the penthouse. The vampire himself was watching the last rays of the sun dip below the horizon, the view a little murky today with smog.

Jungkook paused at the doorway, staring at the silhouette Taehyung cast against the window. And after a moment, he took a small breath, going up to Taehyung and wrapping his arms around
Taehyung's waist. “Penny for your thoughts?”

Taehyung leaned back against Jungkook, hands settling on top of the human's arms. "It's funny," he hummed, gaze drifting about the cityscape. "This world has so much wrong with it, for both humans and vampires. But somehow it's still so beautiful."

Jungkook gazed out of the window, staring for a moment before he sighed, “maybe the world is just a neutral party, and everything wrong with it is the humans and vampires.”

"That's a morose way of looking at it," Taehyung chuckled. "I used to think there was nothing beautiful left, but now... I think flawed or not, humans and vampires can be beautiful too. In their own ways."

“I don't think it's morose. I think it's logical.” Jungkook hummed. “You're right. Humans and vampires can be beautiful too, and that's where the world is beautiful. But where humans and vampires are bad, then the world is bad too.”

"Is this what all that modern education results in?"

“I think I've just been hanging around Namjoon-hyung too much.”

Taehyung shifted in Jungkook's arms to smile at him. "You know... we still haven't gone to see the northern lights."

Jungkook felt his lips pull into a smile in return. “Yeah. We haven't. I've passed my three month probation period, and I've got 21 days of time off I can take.”

"They keep you so busy," Taehyung huffed, arms wrapping around Jungkook's neck. "You don't even need to work, really. You can just be my sugar baby and let me dote on your every wish."

Jungkook blinked before he laughed, pressing a kiss to Taehyung's cheek. “You're the one who wants to keep me human, so you gotta let me experience all the humans things one should go through.”

"Hmm...” Taehyung hummed, lips forming a pout. "Fine. But I'm planning that trip for us soon. And you need to eat, I worked hard on that."

“Yessir,” Jungkook grinned, pressing a kiss to Taehyung's pout. “Maybe if you turn me, I'll consider becoming your sugar baby.”
Taehyung was suspiciously slow to respond to that, returning the kiss as he curled his fingers into Jungkook's collar.

"Eat," he whispered against Jungkook's mouth with a teasing grin. "So you can feed me after."

“Okay. Okay.” Jungkook grinned, before pulling away, going to sit at the dinner table so he could eat as Taehyung had instructed.

The dakgalbi was a little spicier than Jungkook was used to, but it was good. And still fit and with the appetite of a student, Jungkook cleaned out his plate fast, complimenting Taehyung on his cooking skills, because, it's Taehyung. Taehyung would pout otherwise.

Predictably, Taehyung spent the time Jungkook was eating alternating between asking him about his day and trying to sneak pieces of chicken (Jungkook usually let him have a little human food before cutting him off). After a while, he disappeared into the kitchen to do dishes before taking up residence on the couch, tapping away at his phone.

Jungkook joined Taehyung after washing his hands and face and rinsing his mouth, flopping down on the couch besides Taehyung, snuggling into the vampire's side. “Mmm… do you need to be anywhere today?”

"Nope. Everyone has a couple days off after that last raid, unless an emergency comes in," Taehyung hummed, dropping his phone and wrapping his lanky limbs around Jungkook. "Patrols have been easier since we matched our schedule with the Gong Clan's. I don't know why we didn't do it sooner. So, I'm all yours."

Jungkook hummed happily, pulling Taehyung closer. “That's good. Then you get some rest. And I get to dote on you. What do you wanna do first?”

"I like it when you dote on me," Taehyung grinned, nuzzling against him and slinging one bare leg over Jungkook’s lap. "Mmm... can I have a small snack?"

“Of course.” Jungkook pulled Taehyung fully up into his arms. “Where do you wanna have it?”

Settled in Jungkook's lap, Taehyung smiled, fingers brushing through the human's damp locks of hair. "Any preferences?"

“You can bite me wherever.” Jungkook said honestly. “But maybe somewhere accessible so I don't have to pull down my pants yet.”
"Damn. I was gonna say your thighs," Taehyung teased. He trailed a finger along the inside of Jungkook's arm, right above his wrist. "Here?"

“You can drink from my thighs later.” Jungkook rolled his eyes affectionately. “But yeah, arm’s fine.”

"Your thighs are my favourite. I get to have my snack in more ways than one," Taehyung winked, shifting in Jungkook's lap so he could easily reach the inside of the human's arm without making it uncomfortable on either of them. He ducked his head, licking a long strip up the inside of Jungkook's arm.

“Tae.” Jungkook flushed at the comment. But he didn't pull away as Taehyung licked at his arm, only shivered, eyes fluttering halfway closed. Taehyung hummed happily, diligently working to numb his chosen spot. He was a little more conscious about choosing spots that would be easy to cover whenever Jungkook had to work the following day; his bites healed quickly, but not fast enough for coworkers to not notice what looked like the most painful hickey ever adorning Jungkook's pale neck.

Even so, Jungkook knew that sometimes, his boyfriend just couldn’t help himself. His vampire instincts wanted to mark Jungkook where everyone could see.

When the spot was nice and numb, Taehyung's gaze flicked up to Jungkook's before he carefully sank his fangs into the skin, just enough to nick his veins and get a decent flow of blood.

Jungkook shivered when Taehyung bit in. It was numb, but the pressure was still there, the odd feeling of something tugging, and the feeling of something sucking on his skin.

There should have been nothing sexy about it, but Jungkook felt the first few wisps of pleasure curl up in his stomach. “Nhh… Tae…”

Pulling his fangs out, Taehyung watched the blood start to well from the puncture wounds and drip down Jungkook's arm. His lips curled and he lapped up the long lines of red. With a pleased hum he started to drink. From the coy flick of his eyes up to Jungkook’s face, he knew full well that Jungkook could see everything he was doing.

Jungkook let out a slightly laboured breath, the colour high in his cheeks as he watched Taehyung
drink from him. “Does it taste good Tae?” He breathed out, expression mesmerized despite having seen this oh so many times.

Taehyung separated himself from Jungkook's arm, red staining his lips as he smiled lazily up at Jungkook. "You taste so, so good, Kookie," he hummed, catching a few drops of blood before they could roll away. "So good."

“Good.” Jungkook whispered, shiver travelling down his spine at Taehyung’s gaze and the way the vampire licked the red off his lips. “Just wanna be good for you.”

"You're always good for me, Kookie."

Jungkook’s eyes fluttered at that, the stirring becoming more insistent at the praise. “I'm good for you.” He repeated.

Taehyung took a few more mouthfuls before closing up the wound with a couple long licks. He hummed lowly, pressing a kiss to Jungkook’s palm. "You are... you’re always so perfect, making me feel so happy."

Jungkook swayed into the kiss, lips curling up, content. “I love making you happy.”

"Mmm..." Taehyung gently licked away a few stray drops of blood that had rolled onto Jungkook's thumb. "You know how you can make me feel even better?"

Jungkook leaned forward, as if entranced. “How?”

The vampire pressed his lips against the pad of Jungkook's thumb, meeting Jungkook's eyes. "Make love to me."

Jungkook’s eyes darkened almost immediately, something in his crotch jumping to attention. And Jungkook surged forward, pulling Taehyung up into a desperate kiss. A low moan echoed against Jungkook's lips, Taehyung letting go of Jungkook's arm to wrap his own around the human's neck. His fingers tangled into his boyfriend's hair, shifting closer in his lap.
Jungkook knew what Taehyung liked by now, and he had no problem giving it. Once Taehyung was properly seated in his lap, Jungkook's hands began their good work, one cupping the back of Taehyung's head, fingers tangling into the wispy strands at the bottom, the other going around to cup Taehyung's beautiful ass.

And Jungkook was rewarded with soft noises into the heated kiss, Taehyung enjoying the tugs on his hair and firm grip on his bare ass. The hoodie had ridden up, exposing his thighs as they tightened around Jungkook's waist. Tilting his head, Taehyung explored the inside of Jungkook's mouth, moaning encouragingly.

Jungkook groaned, tugging a little at the bottom strands of Taehyung's hair. And they stayed like this for a while, before Jungkook finally broke off, gasping. “Okay, time to take my pants off.”

"Does that mean I need to move?” Taehyung whispered, nose brushing against Jungkook's jaw.

“Unless you can— ugh. Get my pants off without moving.” Jungkook groaned, “fuck, I'm so hard.”

Taehyung made a few noises of protest, hot lips against Jungkook's throat, before he gave in. "Fine, I'm moving.” He slid back off Jungkook's lap, sitting on the floor between his legs.

Jungkook whined, even as he began to pull off his pants. Ugh. Fuck. Why did he change into these pair of buttoned pants? Right, it was the first thing on the rack that he'd grabbed. Ugh. He should just set a policy of not wearing anything that had buttons at home. “Shit. Too many buttons. Why'd you go so far away, Tae?”

Taehyung just grinned. "So I can help, of course." When Jungkook managed to get the buttons undone, the vampire reached up and easily slid the material down his boyfriend's long legs and off. He tossed the pants behind him to be dealt with later, pressing a kiss to Jungkook's knee. "Better?"

Jungkook made a sort of a noise that was a moan and whimper before he sighed, nodding. “Yeah. Get back up here. I'm supposed to make love to you.”

"Yes sir,” Taehyung grinned against Jungkook's skin, pressing another kiss to his knee before climbing back up into his lap. A happy sigh left his lips at the brush of skin against warm skin, his legs settling on either side of Jungkook's.

Jungkook looked Taehyung up and down, chewing on his lip for a moment before he leaned forward, hands reaching down to trace the bones of Taehyung's ankles, his fingers gentle and soft.
And slowly, he began to run his fingers up Taehyung’s thighs, reverently, gently nipping the skin every once in a while.

Taehyung hummed at the gentle touch, eyes at half-mast and a soft red flush creeping into his cheeks at the care being taken. "So gentle," he breathed, smiling. "Kook…"

“Because that's how you deserve to be treated.” Jungkook murmured, stopping for a moment at Taehyung's hips, fingers tracing across the bone. “Every part of your body should be loved.”

The red in Taehyung's cheeks became more pronounced as he swallowed. It was rare for the vampire to be embarrassed over anything, but the words coming from Jungkook's lips seemed to do it. The human's hands glided over skin that had once been scarred, or skin that would carry their faded burns forever, and for his part Taehyung just watched the look in Jungkook's eyes, his own soft and entranced.

Jungkook was so focused, even as he slowly pushed Taehyung’s hoodie up, fingers gliding across Taehyung’s stomach. Humming softly, Taehyung's eyes fluttered shut.

The vampire was obviously half hard just from the heated kisses, a tent starting in the bottom of the hoodie, but he made no move to stop Jungkook from what he was doing. "Feels good, Kookie…”

“I love you so much.” Jungkook whispered, slowly hiking the hoodie higher and higher. “Can I take this off for you, Tae?”

"Mhm," Taehyung nodded, fingers uncurling from Jungkook's shirt. "Please."

And Jungkook pulled the hoodie over Taehyung’s head, tossing it to a side, a small smile on his face at the sight of Taehyung naked before him. “I don’t think I’ll ever get tired of seeing this sight.” He said, as he continued where he left off, smoothing his fingers up Taehyung’s chest.

"Flatterer," Taehyung said, eyes cracking open to see Jungkook's smile. His breath hitched at the gentle touch, one hand lifting to cup Jungkook's cheek. "Jungkook…”

“Hmm?” Jungkook hummed, before leaning in closer as his fingers flicked off Taehyung’s nipples.
Taehyung gasped softly, back arching. “I still find these so cute, Tae.”

"Ah—"

“And your reactions are even cuter.” Jungkook’s grin grew, and he leaned in, replacing his hands with his mouth, gently biting and nipping at Taehyung’s nipples.

Taehyung’s mouth fell open. "O-oh… Kook..." He keened quietly, fingers gripping Jungkook’s shoulder as the human’s hot breath ghosted over his skin. "Uh..."

Jungkook giggled, before he pressed his tongue over Taehyung’s left nipple, hands going around Taehyung’s waist to support him. “Mmm… you like this, Tae?” He breathed out against, Taehyung’s skin, careful to let his breath ghost over the gleam of Taehyung’s nipple.

"I— hah!— I do, I love it," Taehyung whined, legs pressing tighter around Jungkook's in an effort to get even a little relief. His hard length was pressing into Jungkook’s stomach. "I love w-what you do with your mouth, do it again, please."

“You know I’ll always do what you ask,” Jungkook murmured, pressing his tongue against Taehyung’s nipple again, carefully licking it like a kitten with a treat. Taehyung moaned huskily in the back of his throat, body curling around Jungkook’s and cheek resting against his boyfriend’s hair. “You taste so good, Tae.”

"Mmm… I’m the one who usually says that."

“Mmm… you are.” Jungkook smiled, “but that doesn’t mean you don’t taste good too.” Which wasn’t really true — vampires didn’t sweat so they didn’t really have the same salty taste as humans. But then, it was a little bit like the taste of water — so light and transparent that you couldn’t really place the taste, and yet it was oddly refreshing.

The vampire whined into Jungkook's hair. "Kookie, I want you, please."

“But I’m not done worshipping every part of your body yet.” Jungkook breathed out, moving his lips up to Taehyung’s collarbone. “You deserve to be worshipped.”
Taehyung made a noise that was part pleasure part frustration, head falling to one side. "You tease. Tease, tease, tease."

“Well, if you ask me, you know I’ll do whatever you want.” Jungkook murmured, nipping a little at the skin. “But do you really want me to stop?”

The vampire’s reply was a little garbled. "Yes. No? I don't know." His hands slid up Jungkook’s sides, pushing the material of his shirt up.

Jungkook shuddered a bit at the touch. It would be a lie if he were to say he was unaffected this whole time. “Unhhh… gotta give me clearer directions, Tae.” He mumbled as he began to nip and suck a mark at Taehyung’s neck.

If he'd really wanted clearer instructions, he knew that sucking on Taehyung's neck wasn't going to achieve that. If anything, knowing that Taehyung was even more distracted, the bloom of pleasure mixed with the vampire instinct of never exposing such a vulnerable area melting the other man’s brain, was the real motivation, and they both knew that. Taehyung just moaned helplessly, fingers gripping Jungkook's sides tighter.

The moans only spurred Jungkook further, and soon he had a deep mark on Taehyung's neck. Pulling away a little, his eyes dark and possessive, he couldn't help but growl a deep, and guttural “mine” into Taehyung's neck.

"Yours," Taehyung gasped in agreement, that growl going straight to his dick. "All yours. Jungkook, make love to me, fuck me so hard they'll smell you on me for weeks, make me scream for you, please, please —"

Jungkook took in a deep breath, before suddenly, he pulled Taehyung into his arms, lifting the vampire up in a surge of strength and carrying him towards the direction of their room.

Yelping, Taehyung wrapped his legs tighter around Jungkook’s waist, gasping as it ground their lengths together. "F-fuck, Kookie—"

“Soon—” Jungkook gasped out. And by some miracle, they made it, Jungkook barely stumbling against the edge of their bed, putting Taehyung down. “Let me… lube…”
Taehyung's fingers had found the front of Jungkook's shirt, tugging at it and getting frustrated with the buttons. "This needs to— off—" Two buttons popped off completely as he opened the shirt to expose Jungkook's toned chest and abs.

"Hyung!" Jungkook protested, flinching when one of the buttons hit him in the cheek. "Hang on— hah… lemme go get lube, then you can tear my shirt off."

The vampire pouted up at him, the edges of his brown eyes tinged with red. He pulled Jungkook down into a searing kiss and smoothed his thumb over where the button had struck skin. Then he let Jungkook go, scooting back onto the bed and whimpering as he touched his aching length.

Jungkook stood there for a moment, reeling, and then he let out a low whine before quickly going over to the cupboard, trying to pull his shirt off at the same time.

Thankfully, the lube was right on top where they always put it, and Jungkook tossed it lightly onto the bed. Not so thankfully, this was one of Jungkook's more fussy indoor shirts, and it was being annoying to take off.

Taehyung watched him struggle, one fang pressing into his lower lip and hand moving slowly. "Kookie, let me rip it off, I'll buy you a new one, promise."

"O-okay, okay sorry." Jungkook clambered onto the bed, hand going to Taehyung's dick and taking over. "Just— it's a stupid shirt anyway. I don't need it."

Groaning, Taehyung immediately reached up for Jungkook's shirt. When he pulled it open he was a little more conscious for flying buttons this time, though he wasn't so gentle the shirt didn't rip right along the seam. "Ah— there," he panted, shoving it off Jungkook's shoulders.

Jungkook was reaching for the lube with his other hand, trying to pop the lid open while continuing to pump Taehyung's dick consistently. "Ngh… Tae… Tae… how do you want this."

Taehyung moaned, his hands trailing along Jungkook's arms and feeling his muscles. "Like… like this is good. I wanna see you."

Jungkook huffed a little, "that's not very specific, Tae." He chuckled, but let out a sound of triumph when the lube bottle popped open. "Do you want me to keep touching your dick or should I get with
"Three years ago, you would have... have said to do both," Taehyung quipped, but he pushed Jungkook's hands away before tucking his knees up to give Jungkook a better angle.

Jungkook snorted, and somehow he managed to tip the bottle of lube so that he got lube onto the fingers holding the bottle. “Well then, your wish is my command.”

And continuing to teasingly pump Taehyung's dick, Jungkook dropped the lube bottle, lube-slicked fingers reaching down to circle Taehyung's hole.

Taehyung gasped at the cool touch. "That wasn't a challenge," he got out, spreading his legs a little more.

“Too late, it is now.” Jungkook gently began to probe in. “Sorry, too cold?”

"s'fine," Taehyung said, looking up at Jungkook with dark, red-tinged eyes. "Hurry."

Jungkook huffed, “you know, you said made love to you, not destroy your butthole right?” But he began to push his fingers in, adjusting his rhythm so that he moved his fingers on both Taehyung’s dick and in his asshole in tandem.

"You weren't destroying... hah... anything a-at that— that pace," Taehyung groaned. His thighs quivered as he held them up, pleasure coaxing low, breathy moans from the vampire as his head fell back against the pillow.

“Obviously, because I’m making love to you.” And it was so cute to tease Taehyung like this, especially since it was normally Taehyung who teased him. And he probed in deeper, searching for that small gland that would make Taehyung scream.

And when he found it, Taehyung's breathless protests dissolved with a long moan, grip on his legs tightening. "Fuck... right there, Kook. U-uh..."

“That feels good, huh?” And Jungkook needn't have asked. Taehyung's dick was a solid weight in
his hands. “Are you going to come from this?”

"N-No," Taehyung whined, opening eyes that had begun to close. "Want you in me first."

“You sure? I bet you're so close right now,” Jungkook edged Taehyung even closer, tightening his strokes on Taehyung's dick.

"A-ah—" Taehyung gasped, arching against the bed. "Kook!"

Jungkook continued to work Taehyung, enjoying the way Taehyung reacted beneath his hands. But once he sensed that Taehyung was coming too close, he immediately pulled out, leaning back from Taehyung.

The noise Taehyung made in return was an embarrassing one, eyes snapping back open. "Mean," he groaned, squirming on the mattress and feeling entirely unfulfilled. "So, so mean!"

“You said you didn't want to come until I was inside you.” Jungkook groaned as he wrapped the fingers he had in Taehyung’s ass around his dick, slicking it up. “Ngh….”

"I know," Taehyung huffed, not looking any less put out. "But that was still mean."

“It's called edging,” Jungkook grunted, giving himself a couple more pumps. “As you very helpfully gave me a first hand practical one day.”

Taehyung shifted around again, watching what Jungkook was doing with dark eyes. "I've created a monster."

“What goes around comes around.” Jungkook hummed as he shifted, climbing over Taehyung so that he could line himself up.

Taehyung settled his legs on either side of Jungkook, looking up at him with a dazed grin that was equal parts love and desire. "C'mon, Kook. I'm ready for you."
“That daring gaze makes me wanna just push all the way in.” Jungkook hissed a little as he pushed post the first ring of muscle, before leaning in to kiss Taehyung, a sudden desire to gripping him.

And Taehyung moaned happily against Jungkook's mouth, arms wrapping loosely around the human's neck and fingers tangling into soft locks of hair.

Then he seemed to decide Jungkook was taking far too long and took matters into his own hands — strategically placed heels pressing against Jungkook's ass and pushing him the rest of the way in.

Jungkook made a sort of gasp at the sudden warmth and pressure that engulfed him, and he groaned, not sure whether to feel scandalized or just… let himself go.

He decided on the latter.

Pulling himself away from the kiss, he started up a punishing pace as he trailed his lips down Taehyung's jaw to his neck again. “You're such a cheeky ass, you know that?”

Arching against the human, Taehyung just groaned in agreement, the sound of skin slapping against skin echoing around them. "But you... unh... y-you love me anyways," he gasped, fingers tugging instinctively on locks of hair. "Right— ah!"

“Always… Do… nhgh.” It was hard concentrate though, with the way Taehyung was moving. “Nghhh… Tae… Fuck… So tight—!”

A breathless laugh escaped Taehyung, before it morphed into another deep moan. The teasing quips had ended, and Taehyung let himself get swept up in the feeling --- forgetting everything that wasn't the human pressed so close to him, hot mouth against his neck as they moved. His boyfriend's name left his lips like a prayer.

"Jungkook... Ah! J-Jungkook—"

Jungkook closed his eyes, eyebrows scrunched as he tried to keep up a steady pace. And he groaned, beginning to suck another mark on Taehyung's neck, needing something to keep him grounded through the pleasure coursing up his groin.

Gasping, Taehyung's eyes fluttered shut for a brief moment. "Kook... So close," he whined, all the earlier edging making it hard to hold out. Let alone the mouth against his skin, and the way Jungkook moved inside him.

“Then.. mnhhhh.. Come…” Jungkook breathed out, eyes fluttering. “Come and I’ll come with you — ngh… I pr-promise…”
Well, how could Taehyung say no to that?

It didn’t take much longer, a few more hard thrusts and Jungkook’s teeth biting down on his neck before Taehyung came untouched, back arching with a choked cry.

And since when did Jungkook not deliver on his promises to Taehyung? And within seconds of Taehyung coming, Jungkook did too, giving one last thrust before spilling deep into Taehyung, his boyfriend’s name murmurs on his lips.

It took a bit for Taehyung’s vision to refocus, eyelashes fluttering and head tilting to the side with a soft hum once they’d stopped moving. Eyes opening slowly, he nuzzled against Jungkook's hair with a happy, warm sigh, hands smoothing along Jungkook's shoulders and back.

But Jungkook wasn’t quite done, and even as he pulled out, shifting so that he could pull Taehyung into his arms, he continued to nuzzled at Taehyung’s neck, hands smoothing gently across Taehyung’s side. “You’re so wonderful, Tae.”

Blinking at Jungkook's messy head of hair, Taehyung's lips pulled into a wide, tender grin, heart feeling like it could burst. "...Oh Kookie," he whispered, arms wrapping around his boyfriend. "I love you." He didn't think he could ever say it enough.

“I love you too, love you so much.” Jungkook whispered, kissing the mark that he’d made. “I'd love you forever if you'd let me.”

Exhaling slowly, Taehyung brushed his nose against Jungkook's template.

"You would? Love me forever?"

Jungkook blinked, wondering why Taehyung was asking a question he knew the answer to. “Of course I would.”

Taehyung smiled softly. He pulled back just enough to look into Jungkook’s eyes, the red gone from his own and returning them to a soft brown. There was a look in them that seemed to indicate there was some nuance to Taehyung's words that Jungkook wasn't getting.
"Okay," he murmured. "If that's what you want."

Jungkook stared into Taehyung’s eyes, expression slowly turning confused. And then his eyes widened. “Wait, do you mean—?”

Taehyung just nodded, a soft smile on his lips.

Jungkook just kind of stared at Taehyung, unblinking. He felt like a short-circuited robot who needed a reboot.

The vampire's eyes crinkled, and he leaned forward to give Jungkook a light smooch on the tip of his nose. Jungkook started before he sneezed in surprise, hand squeezing Taehyung's side involuntarily.

Taehyung snickered. "I need you to talk to me, Kookie."

“Ah… uhm…” Wow, his brain really stopped functioning. “You picked the moment that I have the least brain function to talk about this, Tae…”

"If you don't want it, it's okay," Taehyung whispered. "And it doesn't have to be now."

“No. I want it. I've always wanted it.” Jungkook shook his head, leaning in close to press his forehead against Taehyung. “Why did you change your mind?”

The vampire's eyes closed. "Because of you. And I guess… I'm a selfish man. I want you to stay with me forever."

Jungkook's eyes crinkled at that. “I'm glad. I want to stay with you forever too.”

“But… I need a few days,” Jungkook mumbled after a moment. “Need to arrange my work shifts… And stuff. Wow, I… didn't expect this at all.”
"You can take as long as you want," Taehyung chuckled. "The offer won't go away. It's a big change."

“But one I'm excited for.” And Jungkook's eyes were indeed crinkling as he curled up, suddenly riding a wave of bubbly happiness. “You're going to turn me!”

Taehyung blinked before he laughed, grinning as he snuggled against Jungkook. His fingers ran so gently through Jungkook’s hair. "Just promise me you won't change your mind in a hundred years, okay?"

“Never.” Jungkook declared, lips stretched wide. “Not a hundred, not a thousand, not a million.”

"We're going to be alive in a million years?"

“Dunno. But if we are, I'll be there with you, right by your side.”

Chapter End Notes

Second last chapterrrrr

Minjoon probably will remain disgustingly sweet and taekook will be insatiable for the rest of eternity

Leave us a kudos/comment if you liked this chapter? :) And if you're not already, follow us on Twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!
A couple days later, it was decided to hold a party at Seokjin's penthouse headquarters.

Why? None of them were entirely sure, though it may have had something to do with Yoongi agreeing to whatever the fuck Seokjin's twelve underlings wanted in exchange for not crashing Hoseok's recital (Hoseok didn't know Yoongi had made this deal, and he wanted to keep it that way). Though not even an hour in, he was already regretting it a little.

"I think they invited the whole fucking city," Yoongi mumbled from behind Hoseok, eyeing the gaggle of excitedly chattering vampires taking up most of the penthouse. It was a bit of an overexaggeration; he could recognize most of the people present as either enforcers, allies, or... vampires who were mostly annoying but overall harmless. Even so, this was far too big a crowd for the quiet human. "This is all Seokjin's fault."

Hoseok squeezed Yoongi's arm. He knew how his boyfriend was around crowds. "Probably, but I have a feeling Jin-hyung would have gotten you come some other way even if he didn't threaten you with his 12 minions."

Hoseok didn’t know the real reason this whole party had happened — he believed it was all one of Seokjin’s whims. Yoongi wasn’t going to correct him.

"Not reassuring," Yoongi grumbled, holding himself straighter than usual. He'd learned that to be taken serious in the world of vampires, he had to project confidence at all times, even when he was seriously lacking in it. "I'm pretty sure some of the people here have tried biting me before."

Hoseok's smile slid off at that, and he noticeably shifted closer to Yoongi. "If anyone tries biting you, I'll bite their head off."

Yoongi snorted quietly, hand finding and squeezing Hoseok's. He actually didn't doubt Hoseok would; three years of being a vampire changed a person.

But thankfully they didn't have to do anything so drastic. "Hey, Namjoon and Jimin are here. Looks like Namjoon's recovered from being a dumbass." A few old, human co-workers had invited him out for barbeque and drinks, and Namjoon had paid for it the following day.
Jimin still was hovering worriedly over his boyfriend, and hadn’t seemed to notice them yet. But after a moment, he looked up and waved. “Hey, Hobi-hyung! Hey, Yoongi-hyung!”

"Hey," Yoongi greeted as Jimin and Namjoon made their way over to their corner of the penthouse. "Here to enjoy the chaos?"

"I feel like a chaperone," Namjoon chuckled, narrowly avoiding bumping into someone walking past with a full glass of blood. "How did Jin agree to this?"

Hoseok blinked, ducking as a paper aeroplane flew over head, “wasn’t Jin-hyung the one who organized this?”

Namjoon glanced at Yoongi who was making small shakes of his head behind Hoseok’s back. "Er... yeah. Anyways, how have you two been?"

“Good, good.” Hoseok said, “I mean, you went to my recital.”

"And he can finally stop stressing over it," Yoongi elbowed Hoseok. "If vampires could get grey hairs, he'd be completely white."

Hoseok whined, rubbing the part that Yoongi had elbowed with a pout. “I just meant that Namjoon went to my recital, so he would know how I’ve been.”

Jimin snorted, “I think he meant since the recital. But I suppose after Hoseokkie-hyung finished his recital, the two of you probably had old people sex and then passed out on your bed for a whole day.”

"I resent 'old people sex'," Yoongi grunted. "And there's nothing wrong with taking a nice long nap after." With a good amount of cuddling, of course. Yoongi was a man of simple needs.

"Old people have the best sex," Taehyung’s voice came from behind Namjoon and he jumped away with a surprised yelp, Hoseok shrieking on Yoongi’s other side and nearly going ass over teakettle. "And vampires get the benefits without the threat of displacing a hip mid-coitus."
“Fucking— Tae! Don’t do that!” Hoseok protested.

"…Can you not," Namjoon sighed, one hand over his heart.

Jimin snorted, “he will not ‘not’. He was literally standing at one side, trying to time the best moment to enter the conversation and give you a heart attack.”

"Like sire like childe," Taehyung said in reference to Namjoon and Hoseok's similar reactions, grinning as his arms wrapped around Jimin from behind and rocked back and forth with his enforcer. "Aren't vampire genetics amazing? We should fund a study into the matter."

"Where's your babysitter," Namjoon snorted, looking around for Jungkook.

“There he is.” Jimin pointed, and Yoongi spotted Jungkook talking to a few of Seokjin’s enforcers — Minggyu and Jisoo. Yoongi was pretty sure that to this day, he and Namjoon were the only ones who could tell which of Seokjin’s minions were which. “Wow, you’re actually leaving him on his own, Tae?”

"Eh, he can handle himself," Taehyung said, chin resting on Jimin's shoulder. "And any vampire stupid enough to try anything with him in here would be jumped by like twenty people at once."


Jimin shrugged, “I think I saw him going out onto the balcony with Jongdae. Wouldn’t go out there for a while.”

"The balcony sounds like a good idea, actually," Yoongi said, seeing more vampire allies arrive to loud shouts and cheers. It was getting a little too crowded for him.

"I can pop out there and made sure they're fully clothed," Taehyung wiggled his eyebrows.

Jimin rolled his eyes, “or you could just duck into Seokjin’s office. Everyone knows better than to go inside.”
Hoseok was gently holding onto Yoongi’s elbow. “You alright? We could just go say hi to Seokjin-hyung and then leave if you want.”

"He'll cut off my balls if I leave this early," Yoongi said, though he was seriously considering whether he could live without them.

"Actually, Kookie and I had something we wanted to tell everyone," Taehyung hummed. "So I'll go check on Jin-hyung, meet me in his office!" He released Jimin and detoured to where Jungkook was, leaning in to whisper something in the human's ear before heading out onto the large balcony.

“Wonder what’s that about.” Hoseok blinked, as they watched Jungkook excuse himself, moving towards Seokjin's office.

"No clue," Namjoon said. Taehyung wasn't exactly a secretive person, more the sort to just announce things out loud to whoever happened to be nearby. "Guess we'll have to find out." He and Jimin started towards the office, the older vampire consciously setting up a path in the crowd for Yoongi and Hoseok.

Hoseok gestured Yoongi to go forward, taking the rear. It was more of habit than any conscious thought.

Once they were all in, Jimin raised an eyebrow at Jungkook, who didn’t seem surprised to see them all inside. “So what’s this all about.”

Jungkook fidgeted, scratching at his neck awkwardly. “Erm. I think we should wait for Tae first.”

It didn't take long for Taehyung to arrive, both Seokjin and Jongdae in tow. "Got'em," Taehyung looked far too happy with himself, closing the door after they were all in. Immediately the sound of the party outside was muffled.

Seokjin’s eyebrows were permanently raised. “Well, seems like quite a party outside.”

Hoseok blinked, “well, I mean, you did organize it.”
There was a pause, before Seokjin looked over at Taehyung. “I did?” Taehyung just shrugged unhelpfully, because the state of the penthouse was, for once, not his fault.

“…Why are we all crammed into the office, exactly?” Yoongi asked, giving Seokjin a very pointed look from behind Hoseok’s back.

“That’s for Jungkook and Taehyung to answer.” Seokjin shrugged, “they have an announcement to make.”

All gazes went over from Jungkook to Taehyung, and Jungkook flushed. “Erm. Yeah. We— er that’s… yeah.”

"…Are you getting married,” Namjoon raised an eyebrow at them. "I'm not even sure what a marriage license between a human and a thousand year old vampire would look like."

"We would have figured it out," Taehyung snorted. He slid up beside Jungkook, wrapping one arm around his boyfriend’s waist. His other hand reached up, gently poking Jungkook's cheek. "We just wanted to say… you get to look forward to seeing this cute face for a long, long time."

Jimin was the first to break the silence. “Oh. Wait. You mean, you’re actually going to do it?”

Jungkook flushed at the look and he nodded. “Yeah. I’ve already made all the necessary arrangements.”


"You've wanted this for years," Jongdae chuckled. "You sure you're ready?"

“I've always been ready,” Jungkook said bashfully.

Yoongi had a strong suspicion what they were talking about, like a tightening in his chest. But his suspicions were confirmed when Hoseok’s eyes lit up in understanding. “Oh! Tae… you're going to
turn Jungkook?"

Taehyung nodded, perching his chin on Jungkook's shoulder. "It's about the right time. If I wait too long, people might start thinking he's my daddy," he joked. Jungkook grimaced.

"It's already bad enough people mistake me for a vampire as a human. If people mistake me for his father I think I might have a brain hemorrhage."

"I'm surprised you agreed at all," Jongdae said with a small snort. "You were pretty adamant about not even bringing up the idea."

Taehyung just shrugged. "Well… I want him with me as long as possible. And so does he. And he's done all his growth spurts, so he'd have a good ten years or so he could keep masquerading as human and getting to do everything he wants to do."

Yoongi didn’t know how to react. On the one hand, he knew he should be happy for them both. This had been a long time in coming, and they’d given the matter a lot of thought… over three years of thought. No one deserved to stay together forever as much as Taehyung and Jungkook did.

But there was a part of him that… That wanted to protest. That needed to, to deal with the way his heart tightened in his chest when he glanced at Hoseok’s happy face beside him and wondered if his boyfriend was thinking of one day Yoongi deciding the same. "What about the fledgling ban?"

Taehyung didn't seem too concerned. "It's about time for it to end anyways. We'll keep monitoring for the next hundred years of course, but the ban served its purpose."

Seokjin sighed, “he literally filed for an amendment to the ban, that turning could be allowed on a case by case basis as long as permission is sought from of the council — so like in the case with Jungkook.”

"As long as permission is sought?" Namjoon repeated, amused.

Taehyung beamed. "Weasel voted no, but it was majority vote and both Jin hyung and Wookie love us."
Namjoon just shook his head, smiling. "So... when's the planned date?"

Jungkook glanced at Taehyung, rubbing at his neck. "Two days from now. Took a week off, but doing it Friday night means I have 2 extra days to train before I have to work again. I don't need to go back to the office, but we have a new game in the works and I need to churn out art assets again."

"There's gonna be so many blood bags in the fridge," Taehyung said, both arms around Jungkook's waist from behind. "And I've asked one of my regular donors to let him practice with her once he's got the bags figured out. We're all set."

"Sounds like you've got everything planned, huh?" Jimin looked amused. And he opened his mouth to say more before glancing at Yoongi and shrugging. "We should have another party after Jungkook gets turned."

"Yeah!" Taehyung beamed. "Once he's got his control down. And maybe just us; I mean I'm all for a free-for-all, but it's been a while since we hung out just us."

While the rest continued their discussion on the party, Yoongi's mind wandered. Jungkook was getting turned, which meant that he would be the last remaining human within their friend group. And while there was nothing wrong with that, it just...

"Babe? Anything the matter?"

Yoongi blinked, Hoseok’s worried voice and the arm tentatively wrapping around his waist drawing his attention away from his inner monologue. His gaze lifted to Hoseok, seeing the worried eyes looking down at him and the upside down line of the vampire’s mouth. The corner of Yoongi’s lips quirked, and he shook his head, leaning against the vampire as he looked back to the others. "No, nothing."

"You sure?" Hoseok leaned in to press his lips to Yoongi's cheek. "You seem a little uncomfortable."

"I'm fine." Yoongi squeezed Hoseok's hand in return. "Think I'll just take a small breather in here before going back out into the chaos."

"You need me to stay with you?" Hoseok asked. The rest were slowly going back to the main room,
Jimin giving Taehyung painful whacks on the back as they did.

Yoongi shook his head, giving Hoseok a wry smile. Hoseok was definitely more of a party person than he was. "Go on and have fun. I'll be out in a minute." His voice was almost lost when the door to the office was opened, music and voices filtering back in. Taehyung was laughing and swatting at Jimin while Jongdae shook his head at them both.

Hoseok squeezed Yoongi's wrist. "I'll come back to check on you if you're not out in 15 mins."

Soon, everyone had filed out in a noisy bunch, Hoseok giving Yoongi a peck on the cheek before joining them. But they didn't seem to notice someone else not joining them.

“Party not your thing?” Seokjin said, voice surprisingly quiet as he settled down beside Yoongi.

Yoongi made a noncommittal noise, watching the closed door. "I set all this up, I can see it through. Just need a moment."

Seokjin chuckled, “if you really wanna go back after this I think I've had enough of watching your pain to satisfy the annoyance of hearing the 12 kids whine about not going to Hobi's recital. But before that, maybe you could spare some time to talk to me?"

"You're not tired of talking to me every day already?” Yoongi raised an eyebrow, glancing to the vampire. "What's on your mind?"

“Nah. I just wanted to ask what's on your mind. Woozi and DK told me you asked them what it was like being turned.”

Yoongi blinked. He looked back towards the door. "Can't someone be curious? I work with vampires on a daily basis, knowing what fledglings go through is sort of important to my job.”

Seokjin tapped a finger against his knee. “Maybe, but somehow I don't think that's quite it.”

That earned a small shrug from the human, again noncommittal. "...I guess I'm just... weighing my options."
“Your options?” Seokjin's lips curled. “Like… you're actually considering being turned?”

"I'm not sure yet. That's why I'm asking questions, because… something like that isn't a decision to make lightly. You, Taehyung, Namjoon, Jimin, Hoseok… none of you really had a choice in the matter. Since I do, I want to do this properly."

Seokjin nodded, leaning back against one of the tables. “You're right. It shouldn't be something that should be made lightly. It's eternity after all. But, I'm offended you should ask Woozi and DK and not me. Am I not your vampire boss?”

Yoongi snorted quietly. "They were turned far more recently than you were."

“True, but I remember my turning like it was yesterday.” Seokjin waved his hand in the air where it was obvious that he was bullshitting.

The human just shook his head. "Tell you what. If I have any questions about things you would know more about, I'll ask you. And you should really learn your enforcers' real names, by the way."

Seokjin shrugged, “I'll learn them when I learn them.” And then he tilted his head. “So what are your thoughts about it so far? Does Hoseok know?"

"No, he doesn't. I'm not saying anything until I know one way or another what I want," Yoongi said. "No point in getting him worried about it." He sighed, leaning back in the chair. "I just… things are great now, but I'm getting older, and he's not. Eventually, that's going to be a problem. I don't want him to go through that."

Seokjin's eyes softened. “I've known a few human-vampire couples. Of those whose humans had chosen to turn, it's fifty-fifty on whether they remain together. But all of those who didn't…”

Seokjin trailed off before looking away.

"Yeah.” Yoongi scrubbed one hand through his hair. "So fifty-fifty, or nothing at all."
He closed his eyes. "I just want to be sure of what I want before I jump into something I'll have to live with for however long I'm around. It's not fair on Hoseok otherwise."

"Yeah." Seokjin heaved a sigh, pausing before saying, "And knowing Hoseok he probably doesn't want to push you either."

Yoongi chuckled. "That's how Hoseok is." He stared at the door for a long minute before rolling his shoulders and standing. "Okay, I better make sure no one's broken any windows."

"Why would breaking windows be a thing?" Seokjin lips quirked, "but anyway, I can handle it. If you're tired and want to go back, go ahead. The most important part is over after all."

"Their announcement?" Yoongi said, looking a little relieved at the suggestion. "We have at least forty vampires crammed into this place, if something doesn't break by the end of the night I'll be very surprised." Despite the fact he'd warned all Seokjin's enforcers that if any of their guests broke anything, it was coming out of their wallets.

"Yeah. They're the one who wanted to organize this party anyway. Jungkook was going to make a more public announcement at first. But then they changed their minds." Seokjin followed after Yoongi as he opened the door and stepped out. Immediately the sound of the party enveloped them again. But after three years of working under Seokjin, Yoongi knew the thought of going back to a party wasn't why the Elder was wrinkling his nose in disgust right now. "They're over by the kitchen — ugh. I bet Taehyung is trying to convince Jungkook to let him drink alcohol again."

"...Yeah, I'm leaving before that happens. Why does he keep trying to eat and drink things he knows will make him horribly sick?"

"He's a thousand years old. He gets bored easily." Seokjin groaned, "also he used to not care about his life and I thought he'd know better now that he has Jungkook to think about, but I guess old habits die hard. KIM TAEHYUNG YOU BETTER NOT TOUCH ANY OF THE ALCOHOL IN THAT FRIDGE. IT'S MEANT FOR MY HUMAN GUESTS."

Yoongi heard Taehyung's yelled "you have more alcohol than humans!" before they came into view of the kitchen. Sure enough the others were all there, most of them nursing cups of blood (except for Taehyung, who was very clearly hiding something behind his back).

Yoongi came up beside Hoseok, hands finding the vampire's waist. "Having fun?"
Hoseok smiled widely at Yoongi. “Yeah, they’re always so loud. It’s fun to be with them. What about you? What did Jin-hyung want to talk to you about.”

Yoongi was saved from answering by Seokjin practically jumping onto Taehyung. “Fucking hell, that’s my DIVA vodka isn’t it? KIM TAEHYUNG GIVE THAT BACK!”

"But hyung, I wanna know what diamond-filtered vodka tastes like!"

Yoongi steered Hoseok out of the way of the two oldest vampires behaving like a couple of toddlers. "You don't seem very concerned," he raised an eyebrow at Jongdae, who was holding a peaceful conversation with Jimin and Namjoon off to the side.

Jongdae looked back at the chaos before shrugging. "It's off work hours. He's Jungkook's problem now."

Jungkook didn't seem quite happy about that, standing at the side with his head buried in his hands. Hoseok made a small noise of concern. “Is Kookie alright?”

"He'll live." Yoongi winced at Taehyung's loud sound of dismay when Seokjin finally managed to wrestle the bottle out of his grasp. "Can we go?"

“Huh?” Hoseok blinked before he straightened. “Oh yeah, sure. Just let me finish this glass.” And he quickly drained the glass, putting it onto the counter. “Let's go.”

"Er… excuse me?"

Hoseok and Yoongi were prevented from leaving by a strange vampire approaching them. The vampire rubbed the back of his head, glancing towards the group in the kitchen before smiling at Hoseok. "Hoseok-sshi, right? It's, um… it's been a while."

Hoseok blinked at that, squinting at the vampire for a while. “Er… sorry… you are…?”
"Ah… sorry. My name's Seungcheol?"

Hoseok blinked again before he snapped his fingers. “Seungcheol… Seungcheol… I spoke to you like… on skype? Right? You're one of the vampires who got sent to China— oh! Yeah! I remember you! You're back! It's great to see you!”

A smile formed on the other vampire's face. Yoongi realized this had to have been one of the fledglings created during the revolt three years ago. Right… 'Seungcheol' was familiar. Yoongi was sure he'd filled out the travel documents for this vampire to return very recently, which meant he was one of the more unstable fledglings who'd only just been cleared to return to Korea.

"Yeah… I got back a few days ago, and wanted to stop by and say thank you to everyone."

“Ah… Hoseok nodded before a wide smile crossed his face. “You didn’t really need to. It was our pleasure helping you. Ah… I didn’t know you were back. If you wanted to meet we could have set up some proper time to go to a cafe or something, maybe we should do that another day — a welcome back party.”

"That isn't necessary,” Seungcheol waved one hand with a smile. "But I'm also here because I saw the Doctor's job posting for enforcer, and… I wanted to know if the position's still open?" Yoongi held back a wince.

"Oh.” Hoseok wasn’t quite able to hold back his wince as well as Yoongi. “Well… About that… Erm…” and he glanced at Yoongi because… Wasn't that ad supposed to have been taken down a month ago?

“Hrmhm? I thought I heard my name. Well, not my name. But you get what I mean.”

Hoseok nearly jumped five feet into the air. “Jin-hyung!”

Yoongi looked over his shoulder to see Seokjin had come up beside them, rescued vodka bottle in hand. Seungcheol seemed to immediately realize who he was talking to, bowing to the Elder. "Elder Doctor. My name is Choi Seungcheol. I was just asking whether the position of enforcer is still available."

("None of my enforcers bow to me," Taehyung huffed behind them, still sulking at being denied
alcohol.

Jongdae rolled his eyes. "Because we all know better.")

Seokjin blinked at Seungcheol before glancing at Hoseok and Yoongi. “Oh. Do you know this young man?”

“Ah— he was one of those who was sent over to China. He was having trouble adapting so I volunteered to help him a little whenever I could. He's just come back.” Hoseok said, suddenly feeling nervous.

“Huh. I see.” Seokjin tilted his head. “And… Seungcheol was it? You want to become my enforcer?”

"Yeah." Seungcheol straightened. "I owe you all a great debt for helping me get my life back together. I'd be dead now otherwise. And I admire what you do for other vampires. I'm strong, and my control is on par with anyone else's. They wouldn't have let me come back here otherwise."

Seokjin tilted his head. “You got a place to stay?”

"Er... not really," Seungcheol blinked. "I'm staying at a hostel right now while I get settled in."

“Okay.” Seokjin nodded, “do you need to get your stuff today?”

The young vampire looked confused, while Yoongi just held in a sigh. "What do you mean?"

“I mean, do you need to get your stuff right now? Or could you just stay over today and get it tomorrow. You have a lot of stuff to cover. Orientation, and all that nonsense.”

"... Eh? "

"...Let's go," Yoongi grumped, tugging on Hoseok's hand. He would deal with the fallout in the morning.
Hoseok chuckled, taking pity on Seungcheol as he was being pulled away. “Jin-hyung is saying that he accepts your application. You're an enforcer now,” he called over his shoulder.

Seungcheol’s completely baffled look was the last thing they saw before Yoongi was leading Hoseok towards the door. "Fourteen enforcers wasn't enough?" the human grumbled. "I swear, he lives to give me grey hairs. He complains of Taehyung being a bored millenia-old vampire but he's just as fucking bad."

And Yoongi could still hear Seokjin in the distance as they made their way through the crowd of vampires. “While you try to get your head around that, I think I'll just introduce you to Woozi and Hoshi first. They'll try to say their names are Jihoon and Soonyoung, but don't be fooled, their names are Woozi and Hoshi…”

Hoseok was still smiling as he was led out of hearing range. “I think he just has a big heart Yoongs. And don't lie. As much as you're grumbling now, you're going to have a soft spot for Seungcheol like you have all the other twelve of them.”

"I have no soft spots. My heart is made of coal." Yoongi sniffed. "It'll take Jin all of ten minutes to saddle that poor kid with a nickname too, and never actually use his real one." They managed to clear the crowd and reach the door.

“Probably. Wonder what nickname he'll give. And you're such a liar, Min Yoongi. Your entire interior is soft and squishy like the hugs you give me.”

"It is not." But Yoongi was smiling. "I'm tired of socializing. Let's go home."

Hoseok laughed, stopping the both of them in the middle of the hallway as he pulled Yoongi into a hug. “Okay, but I want to kiss you first.”

Yoongi didn't bother responding to that. He just grinned, arms wrapping around Hoseok in return and pulling his vampire boyfriend into a deep kiss.

Hoseok's lips curled into the kiss. It was a long minute before they pulled away, Yoongi breathing in slowly.
“I love you.” Hoseok murmured, lingering close.

And in the three years since this whole crazy mess had started, Yoongi’s answer stayed the same. From Hoseok’s sudden death and transformation, to the friends they’d met along the way, to the dangers they’d faced and continued to face together, there had never been any question of their feelings for each other.

"Love you too," Yoongi said against Hoseok's mouth.

"Aww, they're so cute."

Both Hoseok and Yoongi jumped. When they turned around, Yoongi realized they had quite the audience — a gaggle of their friends out in the hallway, including several of Seokjin's enforcers.

“...Why is everyone out here?”

Jungkook flushed, glancing around him like he didn’t quite know how this had happened either. “Erm... You forgot your phone.”

Hoseok raised an eyebrow, pulling away from Yoongi so that he could take his phone from Jungkook's outstretched hand. “And I see you needed an entourage to return me my phone.”

Taehyung shrugged unapologetically. "They were bored. Don't mind us, just continue with your normal activities."

Yoongi squinted at them all, Namjoon looking apologetic where he stood off to Jimin with one side, and Jongdae smirking next to Seokjin. "You know what? Fuck you all, we will."

He turned back to his boyfriend and pulled him into a warm kiss. He felt Hoseok startle, then melt into it. Yoongi smiled.

(As the crowd around them broke out into sounds of cheers and groans, Seokjin leaned over to whisper into Jongdae's ear. “Wow, for a human, Yoongi has really good breath control.”)
Jongdae rolled his eyes, wrapping one arm around Seokjin's neck to cover his mouth. "Oh shut up.")

End.

Chapter End Notes

Aaaaaand we're done!

Yeonah here, I can't believe it's actually over ;; The story ended up developing far beyond what we'd planned, and we're so happy to see so many people taking that journey with us. Reading your comments every week has given us life.

Thank you thank you for reading and giving us all your support <3 <3

We're open to questions about the AU! Feel free to ask in the comments, on Twitter, or over on Curious Cat.

Also, we're just about ready to start posting our next story! First chapter will go up on March 26, so feel free to sub on AO3 or follow on Twitter for updates :) @yeonah and @curionenene, and we have a moodboard thread here!
The week Jungkook had requested of Taehyung to make arrangements passed faster than he’d expected. Mostly because he was… busy making the said arrangements. A week off wasn’t an easy thing to prepare for when he worked in a medium-sized company with no one else to take over his job. Plus, he had to make his bullshit reason of needing to be home to take care of his ailing family member seem believable so that he had an excuse to work from home at least for a while. If that meant badgering Seokjin to make up some fake hospital papers, then so be it.

But it was done.

And along with it, the party that Taehyung had arranged to celebrate the last few days of Jungkook’s humanity. But more importantly, arranged to announce Jungkook’s decision to their closest friends.

It went as well as they could all imagine, and even with Taehyung trying to drink Seokjin's liquor, Seokjin gaining yet another enforcer, and Hoseok and Yoongi getting it on in front of everyone, it was a good night. The couple days following were spent between getting all the necessary arrangements in order and hanging out with their friends. That included another mini-party with just their circle of friends the evening of the planned turning. Jungkook felt great and happy even as he and Taehyung returned back to their apartment afterwards.

Even if Taehyung had insisted on giving Jungkook a piggyback ride all the way up to the penthouse. Honestly, there was no real rhyme or reason for what the Elder vampire did, except because he wanted to. Jungkook had long since given up protesting when Taehyung had these kind of whims. When they finally stepped back inside, Taehyung kicked off his shoes and deposited Jungkook on the couch, the human letting out a small ‘oof’ as he flopped down. "Did you have fun your last few days as a human, bunny?"

Jungkook looked up at Taehyung with a wrinkled nose. “Define fun. You tried to drink alcohol again, and I think you traumatised Jin-hyung's new enforcer for life too.”

"Hey, he should know what he's getting into while he still has a chance to run for the hills." Taehyung framed Jungkook's face in both palms, pressing a soft kiss to his boyfriend's mouth. The human almost rolled his eyes, but he couldn't resist returning the kisses, pulling Taehyung into his lap.
“I guess. But you could have still broken him in more gently. I think he was still wheeling from shock at how Jin-hyung just said ok at his application.”

"Jin's whole menagerie was there. There was no breaking anyone in gently."

“Jihoon and Soonyoung were trying.” Jungkook giggled a little, even as Taehyung brushed his nose tenderly against Jungkook's, a sweet eskimo kiss as the vampire wrapped his arms around his boyfriend's neck. “You just threw all of that into the wind.”

Taehyung's smile was almost smug, tugging wider at Jungkook's laughter. "That's what I do. I have a reputation to maintain."

“True.” Jungkook grinned, pressing another sweet kiss. “So, Elder Bloodhound, you said you were going to turn me.”

"I did,” Taehyung murmured against Jungkook's lips. "Are you ready? We do this at your pace, remember."

“I've been waiting for this like. Forever, Tae.” Jungkook frowned, flicking his tongue on Taehyung's lips. “But should there be stuff we should do first? Like. I dunno. Take a bath? Are you going to fuck me while you bite me? Or am I fucking you? How does it work?”

That earned a muffled laugh against Jungkook's mouth. "Slow down there. As much as I love the idea, we're going to do this properly. We're gonna make sure you're comfortable and relaxed while we exchange blood." He smoothed his thumb against the nape of Jungkook's neck. "We can take a bath if it'll help you relax."

“You know that nothing relaxes me more than a good fuck.” And three years ago, he might have blushed after saying that, but being with Taehyung did boost your tolerance for saying shameless things after a while, especially when you spent three years doing said shameless things.

Taehyung grinned. "That is true. But I don't want you to be sore either… hm. Okay. I know what we'll do.” He climbed off Jungkook's lap, hands finding his boyfriend's. "Follow me."

Jungkook blinked, taking Taehyung's hands and obedient following after. “Where are we going?”
"To take a bath," Taehyung winked back at him.

It took Jungkook a moment, but he realized that Taehyung wasn't leading him to the master bathroom like usual. Instead, he was bringing Jungkook to the other one; the one with the jacuzzi. “Are you gonna… Turn me in the tub?”

"No," Taehyung wrinkled his nose back at Jungkook. "We're going to relax first, then I'll turn you after. We're not in any rush, right?"

Jungkook felt… oddly disappointed by that. But then again, he wasn't sure he actually wanted to be turned inside a bathtub either. It didn't sound all that comfortable. “Okay. Okay. I'll try my best to get relaxed for you. But then, what are we doing in the tub?”

"Taking a bath," Taehyung repeated, framing Jungkook's face and pressing a kiss to his mouth. "Now strip." He poked Jungkook's tummy before leaning over the tub, turning on the water.

Jungkook wrinkled his nose, but obediently began to take off his clothes. “Okay?”

While Jungkook was pulling off his clothes, Taehyung set the jacuzzi to the perfect temperature. He removed his own clothes, kicking them into a pile in the corner to be dealt with at a later time. "That gym routine did you well," and Jungkook realized Taehyung was shamelessly watching Jungkook's muscles flex with each movement he made.

There was really no reason to get embarrassed, but Jungkook flushed, rubbing his arm. “Well. As long as you enjoy it.”

"You should do things cause you enjoy it Kookie, not cause I do," Taehyung sat on the edge of the tub. "I love your body no matter what."

“I mean, going to the gym is a great way to get my anxieties out and inspiration in, so it's not just for you.” Jungkook grinned, moving over to the tub. “Aren't you getting in?”

"Just waiting on the water." Once the jacuzzi was filled, Taehyung swung his legs over and settled down inside the tub with a happy sigh.
Jungkook didn't bother to wait. He stepped inside, sinking straight down into the water, stretching his legs all the way out. “I love being rich sometimes.”

Taehyung laughed, turning on the jets. The water started to bubble as he made himself comfortable beside Jungkook, pressing kisses to the human's cheek and jaw. "Your eyes bugged out first time you realized I had this. It was so cute."

Jungkook giggled, the bubbles a little ticklish as they blew against his skin. “I was ten. I'd only ever seen a bathtub on TV. Didn't even know Jacuzzis existed.”

"You walked around the apartment with your mouth open for a week," Taehyung teased. The jets provided a steady, soothing massage as his hand ran up and down Jungkook's arm, lips pressing to Jungkook's shoulder. "Even now, you're still so adorable."

Jungkook wrapped an arm around Taehyung's waist, hand gently caressing Taehyung's side. “For the longest time I didn’t wanna grow up because I was scared that when I became big you'd stop thinking I was cute and would abandon me.”

"As if I would ever abandon you." Taehyung's lips quirked. "And I still think you're cute. I just think you're hot too."

“Didn't know you could be both.” Jungkook sighed, stretching out, fingers dancing along Taehyung's side.

"You are the definition of both, bunny."

Taehyung shifted, settling in front of Jungkook in the jacuzzi with a small, boxy grin. "For now, let hyung take care of you," he hummed, pressing damp kisses to Jungkook's mouth as his palms ran along the human's chest. "Hm?"

Jungkook moaned a little, chest leaning up into the touch. “Nghh… You always take care of me, hyung.”

"But tonight's special... so close your eyes and relax." Taehyung's lips moved down Jungkook's jaw and neck, tongue gently lapping up a few stray beads of water and large hands caressing soft skin. "Tell me what feels good."
“That's like asking me if water's wet.” Jungkook's eyes fluttered, unable to help the hand reaching up and tangling his fingers into Taehyung's hair. “Everything you do feels good.”

Taehyung hummed in approval at the hands in his hair, lips curling against Jungkook's skin. His hands dipped below the water, running along Jungkook's thighs and curling under his knees to adjust them on either side of where the vampire knelt between them. As he lowered to his knees properly, the elevated seating area put them at the perfect height difference to press open-mouthed kisses to Jungkook's chest.

It was getting hard to think with all the touches, but— “Tae… what are you planning?”

"Don't worry Kook," Taehyung murmured, hot breath ghosting over Jungkook's chest. "Just lean back and enjoy, hm?"

“You tell me not to worry and then you breathe all over my chest, getting me all riled up.” And yeah, all the kisses were pretty much going straight to Jungkook's dick.

Taehyung chuckled, trailing his way down Jungkook's chest until his chin was dipping into the bubbling water. His hands had settled against the inside of Jungkook's thighs, smoothing up and down and massaging with his thumb.

Looking up into Jungkook's dark eyes, Taehyung winked before disappearing under the water.

It was at that moment, Jungkook realized what Taehyung was planning to do and felt both simultaneously thrilled and wondering why he'd been dumb enough not to see this coming from a mile away.

He also realized that he was pretty much screwed.

“Fuck— ahh...”

As much fun as giving blowjobs in a jacuzzi sounded, Taehyung didn't actually do it for Jungkook all that often. Mostly because whether he needed to breathe or not, getting water up his nose or down his throat wasn't exactly pleasant. And as he'd complained, he couldn't as easily hear Jungkook's
noises of pleasure under the sound of the jets, instead relying on the fingers in his hair to guide him.

But tonight was special, Taehyung said it was special — and Taehyung knew that few things would relax Jungkook more than a jacuzzi massage and blowjob.

Taehyung's tongue swirled around the head of Jungkook's dick, pressing flat against the tip before he sank down properly.

The only reason why Jungkook didn't jerk his hips up in surprise at the sudden pressure and warmth on his dick was the fact that Taehyung had done this before. Even then, it was hard to resist just bucking up into Taehyung's mouth. He whimpered a little, the fingers he had tangled in Taehyung's hair tightening. "Fuck… Tae…"

A low vibration traveled up Jungkook's dick; Taehyung had felt the tightening in his hair and hummed in return. The vampire's head started to bob up and down slowly.

"Oh… Fuck." Jungkook's free hand clenched at his side, head thrown back as Taehyung began to move his mouth. "Fuck. I'm going to end up come like a fucking teenager— like in five seconds… fuck."

Of course, Taehyung couldn't hear a word Jungkook was saying. But he wouldn't have stopped anyways, his hands continuing their slow massage of Jungkook's muscular thighs. He pulled back to suck on the head for a moment, giving it more attention, before sinking all the way down until Jungkook's dick hit the back of his throat.

Jungkook couldn't help his hips jerking up, feeling that resistance against his tip, and he cried out, pleasure radiating through his body. "Fuck… Tae… Tae…"

Taehyung's moan vibrated around Jungkook's length, a few bubbles escaping his nose as he kept moving.

"That's not— ah…" Jungkook closed his eyes as he felt the heat pooling. It felt almost as if his crotch would start to melt, his fingers feeling like they were this close to ripping Taehyung's hair out. "Tae… Tae… I'm so close…"

The more roughly Jungkook pulled on the locks in his grasp, the more Taehyung moaned, fingers
curling against the human's thighs. He sucked with earnest, coaxing Jungkook further and further.

It wasn't long before Jungkook let out a strangely melodic moan, his other hand grabbing wildly to join in curling into Taehyung's hair — a signal, but also to hold Taehyung there, the faux domination something he knew Taehyung loved. And it was like a coil had been realized, heat leaching out of his dick and into Taehyung's mouth, a volcano erupting it's lava.

Taehyung took it all, swallowing around Jungkook's length until his boyfriend was completely spent. Not a drop was spilled into the water, tongue swirling around the tip before he pulled off completely. With a soft kiss to the other man's inner thigh, Taehyung finally lifted his head back out of the water, shaking his head in an effort to clear the drops pouring down his face and dripping from his hair.

When he could open his eyes, his gaze lifted to Jungkook before he gave a warm grin.

Taehyung was just too beautiful.

Taehyung's mouth tasted bitter and a little sour as Jungkook dragged him up for a deep, rough kiss. But that was only to be expected. And Jungkook… Jungkook loved it. Because it meant—

“I love tasting myself in your mouth.”

Taehyung groaned softly, grinning against Jungkook's lips. "I love tasting you too." His deep voice was scratchier than usual after having Jungkook shoved down his throat. He wrapped his arms lazily around Jungkook's neck. "Was that good?"

Jungkook nodded, nuzzling against Taehyung's cheek. “Everything you do is good, Tae.”

"Not the point," Taehyung chuckled, leaning into him. "Wanted to make sure you're enjoying yourself."

“Since when do I not?” Jungkook murmured, “but, this was the point wasn't it? To suck my soul out of my dick. You already started the process of turning me without me knowing.”

That earned a soft giggle. "That's not needed to turn into a vampire, but it was still very fun." He
kissed Jungkook again. "When you can feel your legs again, let's move this to the bedroom."

Jungkook snorted into the kiss, “or you could just carry me.”

"Bossy," Taehyung teased. "Alright, let's go." He shifted to stand, arms wrapping around Jungkook to lift him as well. He sat Jungkook on the edge of the tub as he climbed out, turning off the jets and finding the fluffiest towel to bundle his boyfriend up in.

Jungkook looked ridiculously content, wrapped up in the towel, and he grinned at Taehyung, making his eyes go as wide and innocent as possible. “Carry me, daddy.”

Taehyung snorted as he toweled himself off quickly, beads of water still dripping from his hair. Tossing his towel aside, his arms wrapped around Jungkook and lifted him up, the sight an amusing one even with his vampiric strength. "To bed with you."

He carried Jungkook into their bedroom, Jungkook's old bedroom long since converted into an office space. Settling Jungkook down on the mattress, Taehyung pressed a cute kiss to Jungkook's nose. "I'm gonna be right back, okay?"

Jungkook whined a little, but didn't make to move from the mattress. “Come back quickly, okay, Tae?”

"Of course," Taehyung nuzzled against his cheek before straightening, heading back out into the rest of the apartment.

It was a bit nerve wracking, waiting. Even though Taehyung didn't take all that long. He came back with a handful of blood bags and a glass, having only taken a few moments. And yet— "Are you ready, Kook?"

Jungkook couldn't help the twinge of fear, even as Taehyung set the bags and glass on the nightstand, twining his fingers with Jungkook's own, “Ah… y-yeah. I've been ready for years.”

Taehyung must have heard his heartbeat pick up, expression dimming a little."You can still change your mind, if you decide this isn't what you want."
But Jungkook shook his head. He wasn't going to delay this. "No. I've been ready. So ready. Just…"

"It's just… you know. Still a big thing." He closed his eyes. "And I just realized… I won't be able to feed you anymore."

He only really realized this as he said it out loud, and the thought of this loss hit him more than he'd expected.

"No, you won't," Taehyung agreed softly. "Vampire blood doesn't taste all that good to other vampires. And there will be other things you'll miss, with time. But we'll be together, for as long as you can put up with a crazy man like me."

"Tae, that's the very thing that attracted me to this in the first place." Jungkook tugged Taehyung close. "I love you. Love you so much."

Taehyung smiled, feeling his eyes start to water. He leaned in, kissing his boyfriend long and gentle. "I love you too, Jungkook." His nose brushed against Jungkook's cheek, breathing in the cinnamon scent and memorizing it.

"I just wish I could continue to feed you and also stay with you for eternity." Jungkook murmured, "wish that was a thing."

"Mm... well..." Taehyung grinned. "You can feed me with your dick anytime."

Jungkook turned bright pink at that unexpected comment. "Tae!"

"It's true though, you fed me well just now," Taehyung laughed. Another soft kiss was pressed to Jungkook's cheek. "So don't feel too sad about losing the ability to give me blood... we'll find something even better to replace it with."

Jungkook ducked his head down before he turned, pressing his lips to Taehyung's own. "Okay. Okay. Well, whenever you're ready."

Taehyung kissed him back, long and sweet. Then he shifted back, easing Jungkook into a sitting position to make this easier on the both of them. "I'm gonna bite you first, okay?" He leaned in, kissing the side of Jungkook's neck.
“Mmm… well, I think we’re pretty done with the being turned with by drinking vampire blood first.” Jungkook shivered a little at the kiss.

"Yeah." Taehyung huffed out a small laugh. "This way is... a little more pleasant." At least Jungkook would have the endorphins from the bite to carry him partway through the transformation.

With that in mind, Taehyung prepared that spot on Jungkook's neck for the impending bite, lapping and sucking gently. Once it was properly numbed, he let his fangs extend before sinking them into the human's warm skin.

Jungkook was so used to this sensation, that he simply stretched his neck out so Taehyung could get easier excess. “Mmm… Tae…”

Taehyung hummed in response, pulling his fangs out and starting to drink slowly. He settled comfortably against Jungkook, perched on one of his boyfriend's thick thighs and hands smoothing over Jungkook's shoulders.

The sensation so familiar at this point — he'd been expecting things to be different

And Jungkook did understand that the more blood Taehyung took, the smoother the transformation would be, but… “Mmm… I'm going to start falling asleep at this rate. Was that what you were going for?”

Taehyung's response was to pinch the inside of Jungkook's thigh.

Jungkook jerked a little before snickering. “Okay, okay. But I'm really starting to fall asleep, Tae.”

"You know I like to drink slowly," Taehyung huffed against Jungkook's neck. With a couple more swallows of blood he pulled back, tongue lapping at the puncture wounds to close them.

"Okay… your turn, Kook." Taehyung brought his own wrist to his mouth, using one still-extended fang to tear a small gash over one vein. Blood welled up immediately, starting to drip down his arm as he offered his wrist to Jungkook.

It hit him suddenly, the lethargy. With how slow Taehyung had gone, Jungkook hadn't realized that the feeling of wanting to fall asleep hadn't been just boredom. “Oh— woah. Okay. Er…” and he lurched a little leaning forward, vision spinning the moment he tried to straighten up. And he nearly smacked his nose into Taehyung’s wrist as be tried to lap up at the blood. “Huh. Tastes like… blood. But. Musty.”
"Blood isn't supposed to taste good to humans," Taehyung snorted, holding his wrist to Jungkook's mouth. "Drink as much as you can."

“Yes, sir.” Jungkook mumbled, before starting to lap up, at the blood, eyes half mast. He was really starting to feel that blood loss, brain feeling all woozy.

He didn't notice Taehyung's careful gaze as he continued to lap up the blood. But he could feel Taehyung's arm wrapped tightly around his waist, keeping him steady as he pressed soft kisses to Jungkook's shoulder. "You're doing good, bunny."

Jungkook hummed, obediently continuing to drink. It tasted gross, but Jungkook had gone through worse dares in his time, and honestly, it was more the strange tightening in his chest, making it harder and harder to breath that was getting to him.

He didn't even notice when he'd stopped drinking, slumping entirely into Taehyung's hold, his eyebrows knitted.

He felt a kiss being pressed to his temple, a hand laced into his. Words whispered telling him that he did good and that all he had to do was to focus on Taehyung, but it was hard to concentrate because…

Because it hurt—

It was getting hard to breathe.

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Taehyung knew he was going to hate this.
“Hyung… it hurts…”

Jungkook was staring up at him, but his gaze was wandering, like he couldn't concentrate on anything other than the pain that must be growing in his chest.

"I know, bunny."

Tears had gathered in Taehyung's eyes, like he knew they would when this moment came. Because above all else, Taehyung hated hearing Jungkook in pain.

And turning from human to vampire was one of the most horrible pains imaginable

Because in Jungkook's body, Taehyung's blood may not have posed a threat on its own; a minor discomfort if nothing else. But the saliva from his bite held the catalyst that caused those blood cells to mutate — to multiply at an alarming rate, infecting anything they came across. Every cell in Jungkook's body was changing, and he could feel Jungkook's skin starting to heat up, his heart rate accelerating as his body realized it was under attack.

"You're doing so, so good, just take deep breaths and look at me. I love you, Kookie. I love you so much."

Jungkook gave another whine, louder this time, hold on Taehyung's hand getting tighter. And it was obvious he was trying to breathe deeply like Taehyung asked, but from the way his breathes were so laboured, his chest was getting yet tighter. He whined, whispering under his breath that it felt like his body was beginning to prickle all over, like someone was stabbing him with a million needles.

And then, Taehyung heard Jungkook's heartbeat suddenly seize, and he screamed.

Taehyung had to bite his lower lip to hold in the sob that tried to escape, tears dripping down his cheeks. But there was nothing else he could do; he'd done everything possible. All that was left was to wait for the transformation to run its course, his hand holding Jungkook's and the other running through his hair, whispering reassurances as Jungkook's cinnamon scent started to shift.

Jungkook kept on writhing in Taehyung's grip. He kept screaming, because it was the only way to get the pain out. He twisted and writhed, as if trying to see if it would stop that way. But it didn't, only growing with each second that passed.
“Tae… Tae… Hyung— ah! It hur-hurts… hurts… hyung… make it stop… make it stop!”

Taehyung did cry out then, the sob bubbling out of his throat. "It's gonna be okay Kookie… just a little longer. Just a little longer." And he sang softly, one of Jungkook's favourite lullabies, his words almost lost under Jungkook's screams.

Jungkook sobbed, hand squeezing Taehyung's so tight, all of their fingers were white. And the pain ran rampant in his body, coursing through his veins, until… until…

His heartbeat began to slow, growing sluggish yet steady. And slowly, slowly, the screams slowly eased, giving way to heavy sobs, as Jungkook's thrashing began to lessen… and then…

He stopped.

Taehyung's eyes closed, a shaky sigh escaping as he curled around Jungkook. The lullaby faltered a little but didn't stop, even as he smoothed his thumb over one flushed cheek, wiping the tears as they fell.

Jungkook let out a small gasp.

And then, he slowly opened his eyes, looking up in Taehyung's direction, eyes glazed with euphoric relief. “T-Tae…?”

His boyfriend just smiled down at him, teary eyes meeting bright, crimson red for the first time. "It's over," he whispered, hand cupping Jungkook's cheek. "You did it, bunny."

“I did?” Jungkook blinked up at Taehyung. He still seemed a little disconcerted — Taehyung didn't really blame him. “Mnh… hyung… my throat feels weird…”

"That's 'cause you're thirsty. Can you sit up?" Taehyung asked gently.

Jungkook stared up at Taehyung, suddenly frozen as he seemed to hyper focus on something. Then,
“hyung… your eyes are sparkling.”

Taehyung blinked at that. "Hm?"

“Eyes.” And Jungkook reached up, brushing thumb under Taehyung's eyes. “Sparkly.”

The corner of Taehyung’s lips quivered before pulling into a wide box-shaped grin, tears flowing again and dripping down Jungkook's thumb. "So… you're saying I'm still a sparkly vampire?"

Jungkook startled, his eyes widening as he immediately scrambled up into a sitting position. “T-Tae? Oh no… No, no. Don't cry. What did I say?”

Taehyung giggled, leaning in to press a soft kiss to Jungkook's open mouth. "It's okay. It's happy tears."

Jungkook made a small concerned sound, but the kiss seemed to distract him. No surprise, the sensation must feel oddly heightened and different to him. It was cute though, the way when he opened his eyes, he went a bit cross eyed as he stared at Taehyung's mouth, trying to figure out what was different.

But he also seemed to become suddenly aware of the burning he must be feeling in his throat, “ah… hyung… I'm really… my throat. Can I go get water?”

"Water's not what you need," Taehyung cupped Jungkook's cheeks, kissing him again before pulling back. He reached for one of the blood bags sitting on the nightstand, knowing better than to try pouring the first one out into a glass. Instead he nicked the corner of the bag with one fang, tearing it just a little open before holding it out to Jungkook.

Jungkook blinked, confused for a moment. But he also swayed towards the direction of the bag the moment it was opened, “ahhhh… that… that smells so good.”

Taehyung gently touched the open end of the bag to Jungkook's mouth. "Drink," he whispered.

There was a small 'oh' sound from Jungkook's mouth, and then, it was like Jungkook suddenly
relegated back to a five year old, trying to get the bag open wider as he tried to get more into his mouth.

Unable to help the small snort of amusement, Taehyung used the towel to catch the blood dripping down Jungkook’s chin, wrapping it in front of him like an oversized bib. "Like this, Kook." He adjusted Jungkook’s grip on the bag, tilting it upwards so the blood easily rolled down onto his tongue.

Jungkook let out a small, disapproving sound, but he began to gulp obediently, drinking until the bag was empty and then some. And once the bag was empty, he pulled away, opening glazed, red eyes to ask, “more?”

While Jungkook had been busy with the first bag, Taehyung had opened the second and poured it out into the glass. He hadn’t said anything, but he’d been a little surprised when Jungkook didn’t immediately lunge for the bag the second it had been opened. Just-turned fledglings had absolutely no filter when it came to bloodlust. So he took a chance, pouring the second bag out and offering the glass to Jungkook. "Here you go, bunny."

Jungkook made grabby hands for the glass, tipping it in his mouth way too fast, so that blood began to drip from the sides of his mouth as he drank.

He finished the glass in no time, licking his lips and savoring the taste. “Ahh…”

"How does that feel, Kook?" Taehyung asked, gently wiping at the edges of Jungkook’s blood-red mouth with the towel. "Better? Do you want more?"

“More would be nice.” Jungkook’s eyes flash a little bright at that, but they’ve dulled down a little, being more brown than dark red.

Taehyung smiled, reaching out for another bag. He tore the top open, pouring it out into the large glass and offering it to Jungkook.

Jungkook took the glass, and drank it down a little more humanely this time. But he still drained it pretty fast, a hint of a fang peeking out around the glass. But when he handed the glass back to Taehyung, his eyes has fully dulled back down to brown, fangs having receded entirely.
But he still looked a little greedily at the blood bags as he handed his glass back to Taehyung.

"Want another?" Taehyung took the glass, reaching for another blood bag. "You can have as many as you want."

Jungkook eyed the bag a little before he whined, “it just tastes so good, Tae."

"I know," Taehyung chuckled. "And you're going to be very thirsty for the next couple days. Tell you what... one more? Then we cuddle." He opened the bag, pouring the blood out.

Jungkook made a happy sound, guzzling the last glass, tongue sneakily poking out to lick the inside of the glass before handing it back to Taehyung. But obediently, he gave the glass back, before melding himself into Taehyung's side.

Taehyung placed the glass down and wrapped his arms around Jungkook with a long sigh. He nosed against his boyfriend's hair, closing his eyes and inhaling slowly. Just processing the twist to Jungkook's cinnamon scent, the slight bitterness that turned vampires away from drinking each other's blood.

But it was still Jungkook, still his precious, precious cinnamon bunny.

Jungkook too breathed in, and he hummed, lips twisting pleasantly. “Hyung... I can smell you now. Like... properly.”

"What do I smell like?" Taehyung asked against Jungkook's soft hair.

“Like perfume.” Jungkook inhaled, eyelashes fluttering. “You smell like lilies mixed with a bit of bergamot.”

A small smile curled Taehyung's lips. "...That's a nice smell. Not what people usually say, but I like yours better." He pressed a soft kiss to Jungkook's hair. "Are you feeling better now?"

“What do people usually say?” Jungkook played absentmindedly with the his fingers, stroking the skin on Taehyung's side.
"Less... nice things," Taehyung hummed happily at the gentle touch. "Dirt, blood. Jimin thinks I smell like brandy for some reason. I'm not sure his nose works as well as his ears do."


Then Jungkook paused as he shifted, and realized something very important. “Oh. I… forgot we were butt naked.”

Blinking, Taehyung giggled before kissing Jungkook's temple. "Mhm. Left our clothes in the bathroom. I'll clean it up later."

Jungkook snorted, “nah just.” And he started to giggle too. “I was screaming and writhing on the bed totally butt naked. Oh my god.”

Jungkook's amusement was catching, Taehyung cuddling him close with a smile. "Not the kind of screaming I like hearing either."

“Ah…” Jungkook pouted, pressing his lips into Taehyung's collarbone. “Sorry. It just… Really hurt.”

"I know," Taehyung murmured, closing his eyes. "That's why I drank as much as I did, and told you to do the same... it got the transformation over with faster."

Jungkook blinked, eyes shifting up to look at Taehyung before he frowned. “Was that… said from experience?”

"Maybe. I don't remember," Taehyung snorted quietly. "Too long ago. But I've seen enough fledglings turned to put as many odds in our favour as possible... I... don't like seeing you in pain."

Jungkook smoothed his fingers down Taehyung's side anyway. And quietly he mumbled, “thank you. It wasn't fun already anyway, the transformation. Can't imagine if it felt worse.”
"But it's over. You made it. You're here." Taehyung pulled back to look at Jungkook, grinning as one thumb gently lifted the corner of his top lip to expose a retracted fang. "And your baby fangs are so cute."

Jungkook made a small sound of surprise before he whined, “hyung. I’m not a baby.”

"Okay. Then I'll forget about the fangs and say your bright red eyes are going to be a horrible turn-on instead."

Jungkook pulled away a little to look at Taehyung. “...Are my eyes still red?”

"Nope. I'm just saying," Taehyung gave him a cheeky grin.

Jungkook pouted up at Taehyung before sighing. “So I’m not a turn-on right now?”

"Kookie..." Taehyung snorted, kissing that pout. "You are always a turn-on."

Jungkook made a small, happy sound. “That's better.”

Then he paused, “you know. Kissing felt very different just now.”

"Mmm... probably because all your senses are more sensitive now," Taehyung said. He drew Jungkook to lie down, snuggling close. "Smell, taste, touch... it's all better for vampires than humans."

“So…” Jungkook trailed off carefully. “Sex would be very different?”

"Guess you'll have to test that out yourself."

Jungkook shrugged nonchalantly. “Well, we're already naked.”

"You're not still recovering?” Taehyung raised an eyebrow at him. "You went through an ordeal just now."
Jungkook blinked up at Taehyung before he shrugged.

"Such excitement," Taehyung’s lips formed a wry smirk. "I don't know, I don't think you're interested enough."

Jungkook's eyes widened at that before he whined. “No. I'm— very interested—” and with a flip of his leg, he was suddenly sitting on top of Taehyung. “Very, very interested.”

Taehyung drew in a stuttered breath when their lengths ground together, eyelashes fluttering. "Interested in what? This?" His hands reached up, smoothing along Jungkook's shoulders and down his chest, flicking a thumb against one nipple.

Jungkook's eyes rolled to the back of his head. “Fuck— that's... do you feel like this when I do things for you?"

"Mhm." Taehyung pressed one fang against his lower lip, already able to smell the heady arousal coming from Jungkook as the younger man's length twitched. "Everything's just a little more... potent, huh?" He rolled Jungkook's nipple gently between his thumb and forefinger.

Jungkook groaned, pitching forward a little, rollings his hips instinctively when his hardening length ground against Taehyung's crotch.

"A-ah…" Taehyung's lips parted, hips jerking against Jungkook's. "We get to try everything all over again. See what you like most. What do you wanna try, Kook?"

“I d-dunno.” Jungkook whined, “fuck, this feels so good, Tae.”

Taehyung nodded, eyes wide and dark as he watched Jungkook grind mindlessly against him. "… Do you want to fuck yourself on me, Kook?"

Jungkook's eyes widened and he moaned at the thought. “Fuck— yeah… Fuck. Can we… Get away with… no lube? I don't wanna… don't wanna stop…’’
"But it's just… just in the drawer—" Taehyung moaned, back arching a little as Jungkook ground against him. His fingers curled tight around his boyfriend's thighs. "Unh… okay… but you have to let me prep you properly. Okay?"

Jungkook whined. "But I wanna be on your dick now."

"Impatient bunny." Taehyung pinched one ass cheek. "Will you let me prep you if I use my tongue?"

Jungkook's eyes widened. "Yeah— ok. Ok."

"Okay." Taehyung grinned up at him. "My tongue isn't on my crotch, so get over here." Jungkook swallowed before he turned around so that his butt was facing Taehyung, and he slowly moved backwards so his butthole was at Taehyung's mouth.

It was far from the first time Taehyung had done this, but Jungkook's new, vampiric senses added to the thrill. Gently spreading Jungkook's cheeks, Taehyung ran a line up his boyfriend's crack with his tongue, catching on the rim of his hole. Jungkook shuddered, groaning as he moved backwards a bit, wanting more of that wet, warm sensation. "Nghhh… Tae…"

Taehyung just grinned against Jungkook's ass. "Remember bunny, if you come from just this, you don't get what you want." He started to work his tongue inside Jungkook.

Jungkook whined, a bit of his fang extending as his eyes flashed red. "Tae! That's… That's hard… ahhh… shit."

Well, Taehyung supposed this counted as control practice too. He worked patiently with his tongue, dipping in and out and pushing as far into Jungkook as his tongue could reach. A bit of saliva ran down Jungkook's crack as he worked.

Jungkook shuddered, barely keeping from pressing his ass against Taehyung's face. "Hyung… Tae… it feels… so good. So, so good. Oh my god. Tae…"

When Taehyung was satisfied with how slick he'd made Jungkook's hole, he added his fingers to stretch Jungkook out properly. "You're doing so good, Kookie," he kissed Jungkook's cheek, feeding his boyfriend's extremely obvious praise kink. "Being so, so patient for me."
There was a groan, but Jungkook seemed to be satisfied with that and had deigned to be obedient. But then, not a few moments later, there was suddenly pressure against his dick, and wow, what—

It was then Taehyung realized that their earlier position had placed Jungkook's mouth extremely close to his dick. And normally, the human would have taken the opportunity to suck Taehyung off, but the fledgling must have had enough awareness not to try it, because pleasure normally did bring a vampire's fangs out. And if they were out, it would have been less pleasant and much more painful if Jungkook wasn't careful.

So the fledgling had gone the easy way and had just smashed his face into Taehyung's dick.

It was oddly endearing actually, and Taehyung could have cooed, except he was... kind of really hard right now. "Fuck, I'm just about done."

Jungkook snuck his tongue out, licking a stripe up Taehyung's dick. "Mnhh... Tae... doesn't matter. I wanna... mnhm.. Your dick tastes so good..."

The older vampire moaned, body trembling a little. If he was a little hasty in finishing up, no one could really blame him, stretching Jungkook out the rest of the way before pulling his fingers out. "Move," he smacked one ass cheek.

Jungkook gasped a little, face jerking past Taehyung's dick before he whined again. "Such a slave driver, hyung."

"You're the one who whined about prep taking too long."

"I was getting comfortable." Jungkook sniffled, but he pushed himself up and turned himself around, shifting so that his ass was lined up with Taehyung's dick.

Taehyung drew in a breath when he saw Jungkook's blood red eyes. "Fuck, that is a turn-on."

Jungkook's eyes narrowed in on Taehyung at that before he smirked. "You're telling me red contacts would have gotten me that reaction?" And carefully, Jungkook began to sink down, closing his eyes at the stretch and burn. "Ah— fuck."
Taehyung's jaw went slack, a low moan escaping as his head fell back against the pillow. His hands found Jungkook's thighs, just holding on.

Jungkook groaned as he continued to sink down oh so glacially. It was a little worrying — Jungkook had ridden Taehyung before, but this was without lube and he was a vampire now. Things would feel different. But Jungkook's expression seemed to only reflect pleasure, even as he finally sank all the way down, his eyes closed, panting hard as he tried to get used to the feeling of being filled.

"You okay, Kook?" Taehyung's voice was impossibly deep, eyes rimmed with red and half-lidded as he watched the expression on Jungkook's face.

Jungkook had braced himself with a hand on Taehyung's stomach, and Taehyung's low voice only went straight to his dick, making him shiver. “Ye-yeah… yeah… just… shit. I'm so full. Fuck you fill me up so well, Tae.”

Taehyung swallowed, fangs pressing into his lower lip and grip on Jungkook's thighs tightening a fraction. "How does it feel, with your new senses?"

“So…” Jungkook seemed to be hard pressed for words. “So good. Fuck Tae… I dunno. It's— indescribable. Fuck I wanna move so bad. But… I'm gonna fall apart right away if I do.”

"Then fall apart," Taehyung whispered, deep voice so soft only another vampire could have heard. "I'll always be here to catch you."

Jungkook swallowed, his eyes widening marginally before he licked his lips. “Okay… okay.”

And slowly, he began to move, a deliberate slowness as he began to push himself up, before sinking back down again.

After three years, they knew each other's bed habits pretty well. Taehyung gave Jungkook's praise kink lots of love, and Jungkook occasionally indulged Taehyung's desire for rougher sex when he was wound up tight. Jungkook knew Taehyung preferred being on the receiving end, except for when he offered otherwise. And whenever Jungkook got a ridiculous idea for sex in his brain, Taehyung was more than willing to try it out with him.

(That had ended with a disproving Seokjin saving them from their own stupidity more than once.)

And yet no matter how often or no matter what they did, Taehyung could never get enough of that blissful pleasure that took over Jungkook's expression, like they were doing this for the first time all
over again. And he couldn't help but roll his hips just so, as Jungkook sank back down completely.

Jungkook's eyes nearly rolled to the back of his head at that action, pleasure jolting up his spine. And he nearly pitched forward, only the hand bracing himself up keeping him from doing so. "Tae!"

"How was that, bunny?" Taehyung groaned, hands helping to hold Jungkook on his dick. "You feel so good, do you know that?"

Jungkook groaned, forcing himself to continue moving. It was already hard with Taehyung staying still, but now that the vampire was moving along with him? "Gurgh… Feel… good too… fuck… Tae…"

Taehyung grinned, waiting for Jungkook to settle into his rhythm again. Then he snapped his hips up again.

Jungkook's eyes widened dramatically even as he screamed, movements becoming erratic. "Fuck! Tae!"

"God I wish I could take a picture," Taehyung gasped, hands finding Jungkook's waist and steadying him. "You look so beautiful fucking yourself on my dick like this-- red eyes, fangs out-- I wish you could see yourself Kookie." His hips rolled up as he guided Jungkook back down.

Jungkook whined, the hint of tears escaping the side of his eyes — borne of all the conflicting and overwhelming sensations. It probably wasn't as bad as the first time that Taehyung had ever fucked him, but it was close. And it seemed like it was all he could do to just continue bouncing up and down on Taehyung's dick, trying to just keep up with all the sensations.

Taehyung was the one who guided Jungkook's movements as they became more and more erratic, sometimes holding himself still, sometimes giving a surprise snap of his hips to make Jungkook scream. He could hear Jungkook's heart racing, precome leaking down his length as it bounced in front of him.

"Come on Kookie," Taehyung groaned. "Fall apart for me."

“I'm already—” Jungkook sobbed, barely able to see straight at this point. “Fuck— I'm so— close… Tae!”

And then, as Jungkook came down, it happened to his that angle, and surprised, Jungkook jerked, a silent scream on his lips, and came without any warning at all.

Taehyung had been holding on by a thread, and the way Jungkook clenched tightly around him did him in. Gasping, his head fell back against the pillow again as he came inside Jungkook, filling him
Jungkook choked and sobbed a little, he seemed to be barely keeping himself upright as he tried to fuck himself through the aftershocks and not really succeeding. And his hand finally gave way, slipping off of Taehyung as he collapsed, half on the bed, the other on Taehyung's stomach, where he'd practically coated it with his own cum.

It took a couple moments for Taehyung to open his eyes, slowly coming back to himself. He sluggishly shifted Jungkook just enough to pull out from inside him, then pressed a kiss to the fledgling's forehead as he gathered him in his arms properly.

Jungkook was really gross, practically covered in cum at this point. But he didn't seem to care, snuggling comfortably into Taehyung's arm. “Mmn...”

Taehyung smiled, just holding him for a few long minutes, breathing in the cocktail of scents around the bed. "How was it?" He murmured finally, hand smoothing along Jungkook's back.

“So fucking good.” Jungkook mumbled, nuzzling into Taehyung's neck. “Oh god. I'm all gross. I don't even care.”

"We get to try everything all over again," Taehyung hummed, stretching his neck to give Jungkook more room. "See what you like."

“You already know I'm not that picky.” Jungkook nibbled at Taehyung’s neck. “Does this feel more threatening if I do it now?”

"Mmm... a little," Taehyung snorted. "But I kind of like that anyways."

Jungkook snorted, making one more nip before he settled down again. “Of course you would, hyung.”

Taehyung nuzzled against Jungkook's hair, smiling. "Sleep, bunny. The sun will be up soon." And tomorrow, Jungkook's introduction to living as a vampire would begin.

Jungkook sniffled a little, “I don’t know. I feel like I can go another round, you know? Like lots of energy leftover from the turning.”
"But you always feel like you can go another round, so what's new?" Taehyung teased.

Jungkook looked up balefully at Taehyung. "You've never stopped me before."

"I'm not stopping you now."

Jungkook grinned and you could almost see his imaginary tail start to wag as he pushed himself up again. "What are you feeling like?"

Taehyung just grinned. He could see keeping up with Jungkook was going to be... interesting from now on.

And yeah, he would miss a lot about human-Jungkook. Watching him grow up and mature, experience parts of being human Taehyung never had the chance to; watching him come and go without fear of the sun; tasting the sweetness of his blood; pressing his ear against Jungkook's chest and listen to the way air entered and left his lungs. Some aspects of Jungkook's old life were gone forever. But at the same time... there was so much more to learn, and explore together.

"Surprise me."

Chapter End Notes

So this was written up a while back and we thought we'd just share it with you as a little treat. Hope you guys enjoy it XD

If you're not already, follow us on twitter! @yeonah and @curionenene. Or you can check out the fabulous moodboard thread and give it a like and maybe a retweet. I swear I'll get Jimin's and Jungkook's ones out soon!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!